A TEXTUAL STUDY OF BERYL BAINBRIDGE'S

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD AND

A WEEKEND WITH CLAUDE

by

GLORIA ANN DUARTE VALVERDE, B.A., M.A.T.

DISSERTATION

IN

ENGLISH

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of Texas Tech University in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Approved

December, 1985
APPENDIX I: ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD
Accidentals of Another Part of The Wood

The following list juxtaposes all the accidentals (i.e., differences in punctuation, spacing, paragraphing, and spelling) between the Hutchinson edition of 1968 and the Duckworth edition of 1979. The first listing, preceded by page and line numbers, gives the passage of the Hutchinson edition. The page and line numbers after the bracket give the passage of the Duckworth edition. The abbreviation om. to the right of the page indicates the absence of a word or words. This list provides the collation for the two English publications. Because the 1980 American publication by George Braziller is a reprint of the Duckworth, a separate listing for it is not included.
[Title page] Author's name first, then title] Title then author's name

7.8 smile--too wide--too foolish, listening] 7.5 smile--too wide, too foolish--listening

7.20 [q] The Big House was] 7.14 [No q] The Big House was

8.1 pencil, showing] 7.21 drawn showing

8.16-17 and then modestly small, George David MacFarley, Flintshire.] 7.24; 8.1 and then,

modestly small, 'George David MacFarley, Flintshire.'

8.18 [q] The name Nant MacFarley Camp] 8.1 [No q] The name Nant MacFarley Camp

8.19 to the estate as] 8.3 to the estate as

8.25 sawn into logs there] 8.9 sawn into logs, there

8.26 planted; there was] 8.10 planted. There was

8.26 planted; there was drainage] 8.10 planted. There was drainage

8.29 steps to be cut. Hinges] 8.12 steps to be cut, hinges

8.30 warping, a porch was] 8.13 warping. A porch was

8.31 House, another shed] 8.14 House. Another shed

9.4 [q] Balfour called it the Labour] 8.21 [No q] Balfour called it the Labour


9.35 thrusting his arm forward and saying--'You] 9.5 thrusting his hand forward and saying

'You

9.36 [q] 'You must be Balfour.'] 9.5 [No q] 'You must be Balfour.

10.3 [q] 'How are things?] 9.6 [No q] 'How are things?

10.6 Daddy?] 9.8 Daddy?'

10.7 [q] Without waiting for an answer] 9.8-9 [No q] and without waiting for an answer

10.8 [No q] and Joseph, stretching his arms high,] 9.10 [q] Joseph, stretching his arms high,

10.10 said--'Wait a moment,] 9.10 said 'Wait a moment.
He dropped his outflung arms. He lowered his outflung arms.

"Gate—'t"

"In Liverpool, you know."

"The string was red knitting-wool."

"Speaking to no one, 'we had."

"Looking up, he saw."

"Joseph was moving."

"Cleaning the kite wool, Balfour."

"Expressing sympathy, he hoped."

"At Joseph, with."

"With eyes narrowed, and he bent."

"Silently, he removed."

"To the left."

"Mrs MacFarley."

"The Glen."

"Glen. She called."

"Roaming in the Gloaming in the Glen."

"Heads—'George."

"Really, 'said Joseph, 'Spot of colour."

"Followers, and spoke."

"Spoke to his son. 'You heard."

"Roland—you mustn't."

"Sang the child, 'George."

"'How high is he?'."
202

13.26 Ribena Kidney] 10.34 Ribena, he

13.35 living with the woman Dotty, a man] 11.5-6 living with a woman, presumably Dotty: a man

14.1 short acquaintance Joseph] 11.8 short acquaintance, Joseph

14.2 arch conformer] 11.8 arch-conformer


14.19-20 appearances you know,) 11.14 appearances, you know,

14.24 Stooping he picked up the cases] 11.15 Stooping, he picked up the cases

14.25 Dotty--'All right, Dot-Dot?] 11.16 asked, 'All right, Dot-Dot?

14.29 place behind him] 11.19 place, behind Joseph

14.29 martyred and stepped] 11.19 scowled, and stepped

15.6 echoed Joseph] 11.22 echoed Joseph,

15.7 on the path which had grown] 11.23 on the path, which had grown

15.8 then but her words] 11.24 then, but her words

15.13 uneven ground he strained] 11.28 uneven ground, he strained

15.18 trees--'/Bobby Shaftoe's] 11.31 trees: '/Bobby Shaftoe's

15.19-20 [Blocked] 'Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea/Silver Bottles on his knee....'] 11.33-34

[Indented] 'Bobby Shaftoe's gone to see,/Silver bottles on his knee...'

15.20 Silver Bottles on his knee....'] 11.34 Silver bottles on his knee...

15.24-25 [Blocked] 'He'll come home and marry me-e/Bonny Bobby Shaftoe-0.'] 12.4-5

[Indented and set off] 'He'll come home and marry me-e,/Bonny Bobby Shaftoe-0.'

15.24 me-e] 12.4 me-e,

15.27 [No 9] 'We're there;] 12.7 [9] 'We're there,'
18.1 stone or slate; one long room 12.10 stone or slate: one long room

18.2 opposite the door and the kitchen 12.11 opposite the door, the kitchen


18.28 [No 9] 'I've got another cold sore' 12.31 [9] 'I've got another cold sore

18.31 [No 9] Balfour, only fractionally shielded 12.34 [9] Balfour, only partly shielded

18.33 again. After all 12.36 again: after all

19.9 [No 9] His father glanced 13.7 [9] His father glanced

19.10 preparation; the denim 13.8 preparation: the denim

19.16 paper-backs] 13.9 paperbacks

'9 22 for the little boy, for Dotty, for himself,' 13.17 for Roland--for Dotty, for himself--

19.23 he said--'Well,' 13.17 he said, 'Well,


19.30 I'll bother if it's] 13.23 I'll bother, if it's

19.32 rocking chair] 13.35 rocking-chair

19.35 Meekly, unquestioningly the youth] 13.28 Meekly, unquestioningly, the youth

19.36 load and] 13.29 load, and

20.4 he was waiting to see] 13.31 he was, waiting to see

20.4 to him, but she] 13.32 to him; but she

20.11 persistence he put] 14.1 persistence, he put

20.12 washing up bowl] 14.2 washing-up bowl


20.19 valley] 14.5 valley,
20.26 slope yawning] 14.12 slope, yawning
21.1 washed it] 14.22 washed, it
21.9-10 Grunting with exertion he] 14.29 Grunting with exertion, he
21.15 bridge or] 14.31 bridge, or
21.18 shape] 14.34 shape,
21.22 strong he] 15.2 strong, he
21.36 wasn't] 15.12 wasn't,
22.5 [9] He rose and] 15.14 [No 9] He rose and
22.6 offending jumper,) 15.15 offending jumper
22.8 wicker basket he] 15.17 wicker basket, he
22.8 explanation—'That'] 15.17 explanation: 'That
22.16 effort and] 15.21 effort, and
22.33 'Yes please.') 15.25 'Yes, please.'
23.16 in the doorway] 15.33 in the doorway,
23.33 put it...] 16.10 put it...
23.33 try to be alone] 16.10 'Try to be alone
24.5 anorak] 16.8 anorak,
24.21 fleshily built?] 16.21 fleshily built--
24.21 Or too thin] 16.21 or too thin
25.9 matting. Not going] 17.3 matting--not going
some pretext, she
Recovering, but denied
forever
clinging, like the
sleep, they
Kidney wasn't really fat,
trembly, but
leaves; and then beyond,
part of a trunk, and
her arm, and
the window, she
shoulders.
smoke, but he
a line of hair, yellow
yellow as butter, fringing
As always, he
same time--the first
Dotty left the bunk bed
waist, and putting
of the iron stove attempted
several times, making
little sucking noises, until
George said--'No,'
30.3 she said and] 19.13 she said, and

30.3 at Balfour who] 19.14 at Balfour, who

30.13 from him, '1] 19.16 from him. '1

31.17 [9] 'At night one needs the ] 19.22 [No 9] At night one needs the

31.18 door and we light] 19.23 door, and we light

31.30 'We talk or we draw. Sometimes we] 19.26 'We talk or we draw,' said George. Sometimes we

32.4 [No 9] 'We're going to play] 19.3 [9] 'We're going to play

32.5 Monopoly though.] 19.31 Monopoly, though,'

32.12 [9] 'We play] 19.32 [No 9] 'We play

32.12 Well sometimes.] 19.33 Well, sometimes.

32.14 like but he] 19.34 like, but he

32.17 the debonair Joseph dressed] 20.2 the debonair Joseph, dressed

32.17 dressing gown, and] 20.2 dressing-gown, and

32.20 'Of course Kidney] 20.4 'Of course, Kidney

32.22 Joseph, 'but he tries and] 20.6 Joseph. 'But he tries, and

32.22 he tries and] 20.6 he tries, and

32.23 him but] 20.6 him, though

32.28 he's like. '] 20.9 Joseph's like--

33.17 inside--to my friend--Joseph's] 20.27 inside--To My Friend. It

33.19 sweet fanny all] 20.28 sweet fanny--all

33.19 uneven but] 20.28 uneven, but

33.21 'I mean he's] 20.30 'I mean, he's

33.23-24 inside--to my friend or my wife or my love--and] 20.32-33 --To My Friend, or
My Wife or My love—and

You see, and pulled, and
blue jumper, and
He had to stop after a time, he
school. All
be there except that
Slowly he continued
His mother, he thought, would
along the path, curving
out of planks of wood, and
a lavatory. Not
Willie, the odd-job man
of nails, but
'Funny,' he said,
his mother's friend, who
him, 'toilet's too damn refined.'
the door and that
For a moment his father
was silent, then he shrugged
Wash your hands,
comb away, 'We're'
not reading them, he had never read them--
41.16 dry hands--] 25.13 dry hands.
41.21 whilst] 25.18 while
41.24 Joseph said--'Oh,] 25.20 Joseph said, 'Oh,
41.26 call--wait] 25.22 call 'Wait
41.26-27 --wait for me--] 25.22 'Wait for me.'
41.27 me--then Joseph's] 25.22 me.* Then Joseph's
41.29 he said gently, 'come] 25.23 he said gently. 'Come
41.33 he said--'We] 25.24 he added, 'We
42.32 outside. Roland] 26.1 coffee, Roland
42.35 there alone in the field.] 26.3 there, alone in the field.
43.2 to herself 'earing] 26.6 to herself, 'earing
43.34 'I'm only next door, you're] 27.1 I'm only next door. You're
43.35 goodnight, boy.] 27.1 Good night, boy.'
43.35 goodnight.] 27.1 Good night.
44.9 his father and he saw] 27.8 his father, and he saw
44.11-12 All alone, my little boy, left all alone.] 27.10-11 'All alone, my little boy, left all alone.'
46.12 he apologised,] 27.24-25 he apologised
46.16 [No 9] and the girl got up] 27.26 [9] Dotty rose
46.19 on her haunches] 27.28 on her haunches,
48.4 'Tell me the truth, what] 29.2-3 'Tell me the truth. What
48.6 [No 9] When he was seated and they] 28.17 [9] When they
48.6 drinking Joseph] 28.17 drinking, Joseph
48.7 at Balfour,] 28.18 at Balfour
48.8 asked--'What] 28.18 asked, 'What
209

48.8 'What do you do.' 28.18 'What do you do?'

48.12 Tongue thick with alarm Balfour 28.19 Tongue thick with alarm, Balfour

48.13 'That is I'm a tool-fitter.' 28.20 'That is, I'm a tool-fitter.'

48.14 Joseph say--'A 28.21 Joseph say, 'A


48.15 fitter--how very obscene] 28.22 fitter. How very obscene

48.15 obscene but fascinating I'm sure] 28.22 obscene, but fascinating, I'm sure.

48.19 said George, 'with machines.'] 28.24 said George. 'With machines.'


48.20 echoed--'That's] 28.25 echoed, 'That's


48.21 'That's right, I] 28.25 'That's right. I

48.23 tumbler,'he's been wanting] 28.28 tumbler. He's been wanting

48.24 My father says'--] 28.28 My father says,--

48.26 Mr. MacFarley--] 28.30 Mr MacFarley--


49.1 Mr. MacFarley] 28.36 Mr MacFarley

49.6 said Balfour, then] 29.5 said Balfour. Then

49.6 then in a rush] 29.5 Then, in a rush,

49.9 here'--Giving] 29.8 here.' Giving

49.9 due he] 29.8 due, he

49.10 he continued--'Mrs.] 29.9 he continued: 'Mr

49.10 'Mrs. and Mr. MacFarley] 29.9 'Mr and Mrs MacFarley

49.14 I'm afraid I would] 29.13 I'm afraid--I'd
his Chablis: 'But
believe me, I could
Shaking his head, he
he affirmed: 'Very
You see,
square, and I...
enthusiasm. 'Terrible architecture,
all around them?
Joseph continued: 'You
'You see in
Balfour. 'I agree
Windsor street
mixer, 'it's not a question
There's this woman, Mrs Conran
There's this woman, Mrs Conran,
door--'Hallo, Mrs Conran--
they love that, "how's"
like," and she says, "Our
Whatsit," and I say
Mrs Conran,
Conran," and she says,
Mr Whatsit
Mrs. Conran's 30.25 Mrs. Conran's
above this head and 30.30 above his head, and
I say—'Not] 30.31 I say, "Not
Billy lad, wondered] 30.31 Billy lad? Wondered
to the club like," and Billy] 30.32 to the club like." And Billy's
Mrs. Conran] 30.33 Mrs. Conran
Mr. Whatsit."] 30.34 Mr. Whatsit."
Can you] 30.34 Can you
keep coming—'And] 30.34-35 keep coming. 'And
'And whilst] 30.35 'And while
Mrs. Conran's] 30.36 Mrs. Conran's
Ma Conran says—"Mr.] 31.1 Ma Conran says, "Mr
"Mr. Whatsit's here, Lil,"] 31.1 'Mr. Whatsit's here, Lil',
defiance but it was] 31.9 defiance, but it was
Joseph suddenly,] 31.14 Joseph suddenly
smiling, 'no idea] 31.15 smiling, 'No idea
vacated it—'I] 31.17 vacated it. 'I
he asked as] 31.23 he asked, as
I mean is] 31.24 I mean, is
the tool fitter] 31.26 the tool-fitter
tomorrow, he must attend,) 32.1-2 tomorrow. He must attend.
listen—there might,) 32.2 attend. There might,
'She's a blonde] 32.3 'She's a blonde,'
George, it's] 32.9 George. It's
a man and a wife, a woman] 32.12 a man and a wife--a woman

[No q] Order and growth] 32.33 [q] Order and growth,

Mr. Whatsit] 32.17 Mr Whatsit


and since his retirement from the mines] 33.4 because, since his retirement from

the mines,

Whilst the wife] 33.5-6 While the wife

night before and the visitors] 33.9 night before, and the visitors

the glen] 33.12 the Glen

[No q] He let himself] 33.12 [No q] He let himself

and what for and he] 33.15 and what for, and he

the cross-roads] 33.18 the crossroads

as if by rights, by habit his boots] 33.18-19 as if, by rights, by habit, his boots

well bent] 33.20-21 well-bent

daisies but he] 34.5 daisies, but he

blue eye; seven] 34.6 blue eye: seven

rider, removing one of the] 34.9 House. Removing one of the

the glen] 34.12 the Glen

responsible not being a] 34.14 responsible, not being a

he was off sick if he] 34.17-18 he was off sick, if he

his glen,] 34.22 his Glen.

the glen] 34.24 the Glen

Balfour had woken] 35.8 Balfour had woken

Joseph and Dotty] 35.14 Joseph and Dotty
with a single bud propped) 35.19 with a single bud, propped

[Indented] Outside the hut] 35.21 [Blocked] Outside the hut

into the sky.] 35.27 into the sky?

Puzzled he shook] 35.27 Puzzled, he shook

[Extra space] Only Kidney] 35.29 [No extra space] Only Kidney

Mrs. MacFarley] 35.31-32 Mrs MacFarley

blacker than black night] 35.33 blacker-than-black night

and said--'Out, Out'--and] 35.34 and said 'Out, out' and

Moth pale] 35.36 Moth-pale

in her voluminous nightgown she] 36.1 in her voluminous nightgown, she

with splayed knees thinking] 36.1 with splayed knees, thinking

water-lilies] 36.5-6 water lilies

above the earth; the] 36.7 above the earth: the

[Q] Little bear gone away,) 36.9 [No Q] Little bear gone away,


Grunting he put] 36.19 Grunting, he put


H sat up in bed] 36.31 [No Q] He sat up in bed

like a ship he thought,) 36.32 like a ship, he thought,

the black painted bars] 37.2 the black-painted bars

trees everywhere, not] 37.8 trees everywhere--no

near the barn, pieces] 37.9 near the barn there

white and just] 37.10 white, and just

Dismayed Roland] 37.15 Dismayed, he
62.12 barn but] 37.18 barn, but
62.13 far without his sandals] 37.18 far, without his sandals.
62.15 Daddy, 'he] 37.20 Daddy'. In
62.16 in the elm tree;) 37.21 in the elm tree and
62.20-21 horizontal bar] 37.24 horizontal bar,
62.21 for him alone] 37.24 for him alone,
62.22 bumpy ground] 37.25 bumpy ground,
62.28 Mouth open he] 37.27-28 Mouth open, he
63.3 closed, but no] 37.36 closed but no
63.4 Fist clenched he] 38.1 Fist clenched, he
63.9 [q] 'Hallo, boy,' he mouthed,) 38.4 [No q] 'Hallo, boy,' he mouthed,
63.15 saying ooooh] 38.11 saying 'Ooooh'
63.23 [No q] Roland had never] 38.13 [q] Roland had never
63.23 Roland had never to his knowledge] 38.13 Roland had never, to Joseph's knowledge,
63.25 eight, or was it seven,) 38.15 eight--or was it seven?--
63.27 Still he was] 38.15 Still, he was
63.34 [No q] Behind the barn] 38.20 [q] Behind the barn
63.36 [No q] Touching his cap] 38.22 [q] Touching his cap,
63.36 Touching his cap Willie] 38.22 Touching his cap, Willie
64.1 Mr. Joseph?'] 38.22-23 Mr Joseph?'
64.5 'Digging I see.] 38.24 'Digging, I see.'
64.8 Mr. Joseph] 38.25 Mr Joseph
64.8-9 Start clean as it were.] 38.25-26 Start clean, as it were.
Mr. MacFarley 38.26 Mr MacFarley

Best London style, 38.31 jacket. Best London style,

bit of a dandy and a woman 38.32 bit of a dandy--and a woman

very possibly if he ran true 38.33 very possibly, if he ran true

'He's no trouble, we get on very well.' 38.34-35 'He's no trouble, we get on very well.

When Dotty got up 39.1 When Dotty got up

else around, someone 39.4-5 else around, someone

Willie, not looking 39.10 Willie, not looking

from London, have you?' 39.11 from London, have you?'

hungry—not at home 39.16 hungry—not at home

with her parents, or in a cafe 39.16 with her parents, or in a cafe,

or in a cafe 39.17 or in a cafe,

Her hair, she knew, 39.21 Her hair, she knew,

was untidy but she 39.21-22 was untidy, but she

meaningfully, 'couldn't get in 39.32 meaningfully: 'Couldn't get in

at the door so he banged 39.33 at the door, so he banged

her's 39 om.

Actually I went on the swing.' 39.35 Actually, I went on the swing,

Willie said, 'I 40.2 Willie said, 'I

Mrs. MacFarley's 40.3-4 Mrs MacFarley's

not here back 40.4 not here, back

really very strange--Needing 40.7 really very strange.' Needing

toilet cleansing Welshman 40.8 toilet-cleansing Welshman
67.6 famished Dotty--‘there was] 40.10 famished Dotty: ‘There was
67.7 remember what,] 40.11 remember what record--
67.8 someone else there...] 40.12 someone else there...
67.8-9 He frowned wrinkling his forehead,) 40.12-13 Joseph frowned, wrinkling his forehead,
67.13 by Joseph; she could] 40.17 by Joseph. She could
67.14 her dreams and if she] 40.18 her dreams, and if she
67.18 Apart from that she loved] 40.21 Apart from that, she loved
67.20 ‘Of course--Nathan.’] 40.23 ‘Of course, Nathan.’
67.23 bed,’ repeated] 40.26 bed,’ repeated
67.30 ‘only Kidney.] 40.30 ‘Only Kidney!
67.33 went out, to a party or something,) 40.33 went out--to a party or something--
68.12 his own but he did,) 41.6 his own, but he often did,
68.15 baby up and after a while) 41.9 baby up, and after a while
68.16-17 having hurt it and he put) 41.10 having hurt it, and he put
68.20 talking to you--was Kidney] 41.12 talking to you. Was Kidney
68.21 ‘Yes he was:] 41.13 ‘Yes, he was.’
68.29 ‘Well he shouldn’t) 41.21 ‘Well, he shouldn’t
68.32 Dotty--‘Did you mind] 41.24 Dotty. ‘Did you mind
68.36 [Indented] Willie spent most] 41.27 [Blocked] Willie spent most
69.2 Hut 4 anxious not to miss] 41.28 Hut 4, anxious not to miss
69.15 Mr. George] 42.5 Mr George
69.15-16 those fag-ends] 42.6 those fag-ends
69.18 Mr. Joseph] 42.8 Mr Joseph
69.19 a lot of shouting and] 42.9 a lot of shouting, and
69.21 Mr. Joseph] 42.11 Mr Joseph
69.23-24 size of it, a big soft lump] 42.13-14 size of it--a big soft lump
69.30 in the glen] 42.20 in the Glen
69.35 to raise his legs but he just] 42.24 to raise his legs, but he just
74.21 [Indented] Joseph had gloomily] 43.1 [Blocked] At mid-day when Joseph
74.22 three of four days] 43.3 three or four days
74.25-26 Righteously indignant he] 43.6 Righteously indignant, he
74.27 agitating Willie.] 43.7 agitating Willie
74.30 'What's up now;'] 43.10 'What's up now?'
75.2 [No q] Grinning because] 43.12 [q] Grinning because
75.3 Mr. Joseph] 43.12 Mr Joseph
75.4 his woodbine] 43.13 his Woodbine
75.8 up the slope; she was] 43.16 up the slope. She had
75.12-13 the holiday hut, love waited.] 43.18 the holiday hut love waited.
75.18 She said--'Yes?'--] 43.24 She said 'Yes?','
75.22 [No q] He was emptying] 44.5 [q] He was emptying
75.24 she thought. Putting butter] 44.6-7 she thought--putting butter
75.26-27 her brassiere,] 44.9 her bra,
75.27 she said--'If] 44.9 she said, 'If
75.28 Finchley road] 44.10 Finchley Road
75.31 grocery box so we] 44.12 grocery box, so we
76.10 [q] And the cheese] 44.13 [No q] And the cheese
77.10 [q] 'Being in Roland's bed.'] 44.27 [No q] About his being in Roland's bed?
78.14 said Joseph 'several] 45.8 said Joseph. 'Several
218

78.24 her brassiere] 45.17 her bra

78.26 knife, 'and see if Kidney] 45.19 knife. 'And see if Kidney

78.28 Dotty going out] 45.21 Dotty, going out

78.31 He thought--Degas] 45.24 He thought, Degas

80.1 painting, not that the] 45.26 painting. Not that the

80.5 It was a pity but] 45.30 It was a pity, but

80.5 but sometime soon,) 45.30 but some time soon,

80.8 again but somehow] 45.33 again. But somehow

80.8 but somehow] 45.33 But somehow,

80.15 [9] 'Did you call Roland?'] 45.35 [No 9] 'Did you call Roland?'

80.18 When Roland came he] 46.2 When he came in, Roland

80.22 usual received no reply for Joseph] 46.5 usual, he received no reply, for Joseph

80.22 [No 9] and as usual received] 46.5 [9] As usual, he received

80.24 he told Dotty] 46.7 Joseph told Dotty,

80.26 Nescafe] 47.9 Nescafe'


80.27 the drink, to tell the truth] 46.10 the drink. To tell the truth

80.29 amongst them,) 46.12 amongst them--

80.30 Mr. Joseph] 46.13 Mr Joseph

80.31 Mr. Joseph?] 46.14 Mr Joseph?

80.34 'Yes from London] 46.17 'Yes, from London

81.1 Mr. Joseph told] 46.19 Mr Joseph told

81.5 like a pigeon] 46.23 like a pigeon,

Mr. Joseph had

Mr. MacFarley,

no, Mr. Joseph.

six years, seven more like.

on your hands does it?

here you know.

something to do there is.

Mr. MacFarley's

Roland said. 'He came down

Willie told him, 'can't have you

Mr. George

'Well now--'

I divine Mr. George,

Mr. George, I can't say

'You see it's like

Mr. Joseph,

Mr. Joseph, he was always

from Israel'--Willie

Mr. MacFarley remarked

he was mesmerised--

'The juniper tree you mean

you mean, the one

Kidney spoke apparently to Willie,

[9] 'I should have one
[No 9] 'I should have one
Joseph said—'I've

Willie saw

In anticipation he said—'Something

with his blood I think,

Mrs. Dotty

Mrs. Dotty—

know what—thank you, I will'

You see it's like

this. He gets sick

suddenly, very high

abroad, let alone

Dotty, but Willie was

Tell me. Bill.

pill taking

boy?... don't you agree?

Pushing back

Pushing back his chair he

said briskly—'Right—

'Right—everybody out--Lionel

--'Move--go on'--

'Just a moment

Kidney, something I want

not to disturb Roland...

say that didn't I?'
86.12 'Well?'...

86.23 [No 9] Trying to reach him 50.3 [9] Trying to reach him

86.23-24 at the table--'Why] 50.4-5 at the table. 'Why

86.29 'Well I don't know] 50.7 'Well, I don't know

86.30 you ought to--] 50.8 you ought to--'

86.30 --capitulating Joseph decided] 50.8 Capitulating, Joseph decided

86.33 'Who're They?'] 50.11 'Who're they?'

88.2 tried to see me but she] 50.16-17 tried to see me, but she

88.6 'Don't worry, you'll get] 50.20 'Don't worry. You'll get

88.16 'Here you are'--] 50.23 'Here you are,'

88.24 [9] 'It was a big hospital.] 50.26-27 [No 9] 'It was a big hospital'.

88.26 'He gave me my pills.'] 50.29 'He gave me my pills...

88.31 'In the morning you mean?'] 50.30 'In the morning, you mean?'

89.4 'Do you want a hot thing up you, sonny?'] 51.1-2 Do you want a hot thing up you, sonny?''

89.5 Joseph sat still[,] 51.3 Joseph sat still.

90.8-9 Clearing his throat he] 51.3 Clearing his throat, he

90.12 He merely said--'You] 51.4-5 but he merely said. 'You

90.15 [indented] It was the disgruntled 51.8 [Blocked] It was the disgruntled

90.15 [No extra space] It was the disgruntled] 51.8 [Extra space] It was the disgruntled

90.26 [No 9] 'Great God,' he shouted,] 51.11 [9] 'Great God,' he shouted,

90.3 2 handfuls] 51.15 handfuls

90.36 serve, 'are you sure?'] 51.19 arm. 'Are you sure?'

91.1 all over my woods'--] 51.20 all over my woods.'

91.3-4 his short legs--'come on up,] 51.22-23 his short legs. 'Come on up,
miraculously veined each] 51.27 miraculously veined, each

observed Joseph, 'I divine] 51.29 observed Joseph, 'I divine

Mr. George] 51.30 Mr George

along the path away] 51.30-31 along the path, away

[No 9] A little above the stream] 51.33 [9] A little above the stream,

above the stream] 51.33 above the stream,

footing, guillotining a foxglove] 52.4 footing entirely. Guillotining a foxglove

[Extra space] On the opposite bank,) 52.9 [No extra space] On the opposite bank,

[Extra space] Further along the stream,) 52.12 [No extra space] Further along the stream,

Roland was busy with his boat and] 52.14 Roland was busy with his boat, and

[9] The indignant eyes,) 52.23 [No 9] His eyes,

She moved] 52.25 [9] She moved

the pipe and as she struggled] 52.35 the pipe, and as she struggled

bushes; his cap came off] 53.2 bushes. His cap fell off

shouting--'George, George,') 53.6 shouting, 'George, George',

George told Joseph] 53.9 George told Joseph

Balfour suggested, 'It] 53.11 Balfour suggested, 'It

George said 'possibly] 53.13 George said, 'Possibly

'possibly it's hunger,) 53.13 'Possibly it's hunger.

hunger, he's been] 53.13 hunger. He's been

Authoritatively he strode] 53.15 [No 9] Authoritatively he strode

asked Roland as his father] 53.17 asked Roland, as his father

quite sore. Not burnt] 53.23 quite sore--not burnt,
223

94.28 sycamore wielding 53.24 sycamore-wielding
94.35-36 More like he was running 53.29-30 More like, he was running
95.7 [Extra space] As they drove 53.35 [No extra space] As they drove
95.7 a green Mini 53.35 a green Mini
95.9-10 'Can't stop old man,' 54.2 'Can't stop, old man.
95.10 man, somebody's died on us.' 54.2 man. Somebody's died on us,'
95.14-15 [No q] He heard the upward inflection 54.5 [q] Joseph heard the upward inflection
95.18 the cross-roads 54.8 the crossroads
95.33 [No q] Joseph came out 54.11 [q] Joseph came out
96.2-3 [No q] He did not reply 54.15 [q] He didn't reply
96.35 the cross-roads 54.25 the crossroads
97.3-4 past. Joseph pointed 54.27 past, Joseph pointed
97.33 to the car; about to shake 55.4 to the car. About to shake
97.34 to him he drew back-- 55.5 to him, he drew back.
97.34 he drew back--'Sorry, 55.5 he drew back. 'Sorry,
97.35 in the glen 55.6 In the Glen
97.35 glen . . . hands a bit sore.' 55.6 Glen . . . Hands a bit sore.'
98.2 [No q] and she giggled 55.9 [q] May giggled
98.9 [No q] Lionel said 55.15 [q] Lionel said
98.10 before; she thought 55.16-17 before. She thought
98.16 scenery was--'So unspoilt 55.20 scenery was. 'So unspoilt
98.17 giggled because 55.21 giggled, because
98.20 [No q] and Lionel opened his mouth 55.24 [q] Lionel opened his mouth
98.28 [Extra space] Over the brow of the hill 55.27 [No extra space] Over the brow of the hill
When the two groups met the grass and Dotty

Dotty said—’How is he?’

’How is he?’ looking

the stubbled chin, all

Welshman—’Home soon,

[Indented] May had never seen

one hand—the one with the bracelet about her wrist—]

told her—’Any casual

in drink, you simply

[No 9] He asked—’Is he ill, poor old fellow?’ standing

He told Dotty—’I think

’Ah, Roland’—Lionel

ea year earlier—’I’m

all right Is he?’

of the bed and he

towards the gate, Lionel

Seeing his glance, May

May with eyes lavender blue,

at all, he’s rather interesting.

Willie, warm in

his womb world
rumbled and he was aware) 57.19 gravy, and he was aware

his cap and his wife) 57.22-23 his cap, and his wife

stripe in it and the boss) 57.26 stripe in it, and the boss

They dug britties] 57.30 They dug barytes

paint, though God knows what it did,) 57.31 paint--God knows what it did,

as well and each year] 58.5 as well, and each year

Anyway the stairs] 58.12-13 Anyway, the stairs

glass weren't they?) 58.13 glass, weren't they?

corner. A damn big glass case] 58.18 corner--a damn big glass case

your life, coloured like beetles] 58.19 your life. Coloured like beetles

bottle green] 58.20 bottle-green

Davis would shout, 'just you] 58.21 Davis would shout. 'Just you

Course] 58.22 Course

about birds, not live ones] 58.22 about birds--not live ones

the drink off. Sleeping up] 58.26 the drink off, sleeping up

the dog, nice little bitch that dog,) 58.27 the dog--nice little bitch, that dog--

enough God only knows and] 58.30 enough, God only knows, and

such as it was; church) 58.33 such as it was--with church

Sunday; fishing down at the river; a bit of football in the winter; a couple of outings to

Shrewsbury and] 58.34-35 Sunday, fishing down at the river, a bit of football in the winter,
a couple of outings to Shrewsbury--and

at all, responsible] 59.2 at all. Responsible

those night] 59.4 those nights

nights, somehow.] 59.4 nights, somehow.
Mrs. Parry's window,
creeping in, like as not,
kind of knowing, though
to think because
[Extra space] He tried to sit up
[Indented] Balfour waited to help
May dropped
DuMaurier cigarettes
DuMaurier cigarettes and there was
floor covering
the other, about to scatter
the hedge, he stopped
and said 'Wrong'
on the bed, 'eggs and stuff.'
'Nothing to get out'
'Not going too fast'
well a c-couple
army training he supposed
shoulders, salt of the earth
his ginger moustache he confided
he confided--
'Reminds me'
old days this.
In the war you know. In the war, you know.  

his companion.  

'Before your time'  

time of course.'  

a reply, Lionel  

Lionel puffed on.  

'Best training'  

could have--best discipline  

life and make  

room life he would  

with exertion--they  

hut--May--Sweetheart--'  

May reply--'I'm here.'  

in a natural way--Balfour  

Balfour recognised that; it  

onto a sentence  

Sweetheart, sweetheart,]  

But then, they  

'Making tea, Dotty;'  

his ginger head; sounds  

a Roland--and such  

the ceiling--'Too big'  

big aren't you.']  

aren't you?'
107.27 no, no fear) 62.5-6 no. No fear
107.27 Lionel was loath) 62.6 Lionel was loth
107.30 Roland said--'nobody) 62.8 Roland said. 'Nobody
108.7 [Extra space] May sat smiling) 62.10 [No extra space] May sat smiling
108.10 Joseph, she'd told him,) 62.13 Joseph. She'd told him,
108.14 shops and things.] 62.17 shops and things?
108.17 Dotty too, but) 62.19 Dotty too--but
108.18 stranger and God knows] 62.20 stranger, and God knows
108.21 [Q] She had rebelled] 62.22 [No Q] She had rebelled
108.22 cactus] 62.23 cactus
108.22 cactus or whatever they were] 62.23 cactus, or whatever they were,
108.23 for a drink, not the Cumberland or the Mayfair Hotel or anywhere where she felt lost, but
   a proper pub, and somehow] 62.24-25 for a drink--not the Cumberland or the Mayfair
   Hotel or anywhere where she felt lost, but a proper pub--and somehow
108.31 Lionel had said in] 62.28 Lionel had said, in
108.32 delighted way he affected--'Why, look who's here'--) 62.28-29 delighted way he
   affected, 'Why, look who's here,'
108.33 and smile though] 62.30 and smile, though
109.1 drinks of course,) 62.33 drinks, of course,
109.2 Joseph said, 'We] 62.34 Joseph said 'We
109.2 must meet again soon'--and] 62.34 must meet again soon', and
109.3 Lionel, the idiot said] 62.35 Lionel, the idiot, said
109.3 'Oh, yes, when?] 62.35 'Oh yes, when'
109.3 when?'--and so on] 62.35 when?' And so on,
109.4 Joseph said—‘Why]
109.4–5 come down to Wales with me.] 63.1 come down to Wales with me?
109.11 made of himself--] 63.3 made of himself.
109.12–13 everything you said,' she] 63.4 everything you said?' She
109.13 she told him--'couldn't you see] 63.5 she told him. 'Couldn't you see
109.13–14 yawning his head off.] 63.5 yawning his head off?
109.17–18 for your monthlies--don't hurt me:] 63.9 for your monthlies. Don't hurt me.'
109.18–19 her monthlies as he called them] 63.10 her monthlies, as he called them,
109.20 not being due, not] 63.12 not being due--not
109.25–26 never got through to him; he was] 63.14 never got through to him--he was
109.28 it was stupid really because] 63.15 it was stupid really, because
109.30 normal, yes even normal in a way,) 63.17 normal--yes, even normal in a way--
109.34 the army and deep down,) 63.21 the army, and deep down,
109.34–35 way way down she] 63.21 way way down, she
110.10–11 about the war but she did] 63.31 about the war, but she did
110.12 Whilst Lionel] 63.32 While Lionel
110.12–13 Italy, she knew the route as well as he now,) 63.32–33 Italy (she knew the route as
well as he now),
110.15–16 the army issue blankets] 63.35 the army-issue blankets
110.32 he adored her, and why] 64.6 he adored her--and why
110.34 moustache all wet from kissing,) 64.8 moustache all wet from kissing?
110.35 they were married and the] 64.8 they were married, and the
110.35 Triumph Herald disappeared and] 64.9 Triumph Herald disappeared, and
111.2 flat and then the Maida Vale one] 64.10 flat, and then the Maida Vale one,
You'll be worth £3,000 standing up,'  
standing up he had 'standing up,' he'd  
her chests] her 'chests'  
He still promised her things, he still] He still promised her things. He still  
his shares were looking up. They always] his shares were looking up--  
they always  
whilst she made] while she made  
too short and he] too short, and he  
shoes, the instep must] shoes. The instep also must  
in the trenches apparently, those Italian trenches,) in the trenches  
apparently--those Italian trenches--  
that make a gentleman.')  
[9] 'Did it hurt,'] 'Did it hurt?'  
'Did it hurt,'] 'Did it hurt?'  
watched the telly and he set] watched the telly, and he sat  
dislike it, there was] dislike it. There was  
 experienced, it did make] experienced. It did make  
 balloon] balloon  
sweetheart)] Sweetheart  
ear and he would] ear, and he would  
he would moan--'Sweetheart,) he would moan, 'Sweetheart,  
how I love you--how you love me.')  
[Indented] 'Sweetheart,' said Lionel,) [Blocked] 'Sweetheart,' said Lionel,  
Presently he said--'Roland,) Presently he said, 'Roland,
making the tea, 'George' making the tea, 'George
these woods, Him] these woods--him
When he grows a bit] When he grows a bit,
a bit he'll be] a bit, he'll be
at his ankle, He hadn't] at his ankle. He hadn't
like a carnation and heavy with scent.] like a carnation, and heavy with scent.
that was incomprehensible to him--] that was incomprehensible to him.
'The one you liked--?'] 'The one you liked--'
deny this emphatically--'] deny this emphatically. 'I
'He never, Not] 'He never. Not
'In the Hope Hall--you said] 'In the Hope Hall. You said
May took out a cigarette and said--' Might] May took out a cigarette and said 'Might
a light, Lionel--'] a light, Lionel;
and he replied--'Sweetheart,'] and he replied 'Sweetheart,
sweetheart,' and was] sweetheart' and was
wanted a light, he] wanted a light--he
Anyway she seemed] Anyway, she seemed
hated him whoever he] hated him, whoever he
George and Lionel surprisingly] George and Lionel, surprisingly,
If he had been to Palestine?] if he had been to Palestine.
[9] 'What on earth is there to do round here?'] [No 9] 'What on earth is there to
do round here?'
The thing is the air] The thing is, the air
Dotty remember where May] Dotty remembered where May
to spend her nights—She said,) 67.18 to spend her nights. She said,

well you and Lionel] 67.20-21 well, you and Lionel

She asked spitefully—'Still] 67.22 She asked spitefully, 'Still

trying to be nice—'Anyway] 67.25 trying to be nice, 'Anyway

'Anyway you're] 67.25 'Anyway, you're

She said—'I] 67.34 She said, 'I

Honest to God, isn't it awful?] 67.35 Honest to God, isn't it awful?

May—'It's all so silly] 68.2 May. 'It's all so silly

Lionel cut all] 68.4 [No 9] Lionel cut all

funny things, you] 68.7 funny things. You

womanhood and all that stuff] 68.9 womanhood, and all that stuff

and private and he tells] 68.13 and private, and he tells

historical and it's really] 68.15 historical, and it's really

They both started to laugh; Dotty] 68.23 They both started to laugh--Dotty

Dotty loudly with her] 68.23 Dotty loudly, with her

a circlet of sunshine, May] 68.24 a circlet of sunshine. May

Roland went to bed] 69.1 [Blocked] Roland went to bed

the field after supper, the] 69.2-3 the field after supper--the

like water; its chillness] 69.5-6 face, its chillness

round the hut screaming] 69.7-8 round the hut, screaming

again; he scrambled free] 69.15 again. He scrambled free

catch him--'Catch me,) 69.17 to catch him. 'Catch me,
catch me.' he cried,) 69.17 catch me,' he cried,
Lionel had said--'Go on,) 69.25 Lionel had said 'Go on,
upset the plates and Lionel.] upset the plates and Lionel
Lionel said—'What's this] Lionel said, 'What's this
quivering and his face] quivering, and his face
smiling—and there was] smiling. And there was
two-shilling piece. A silver coin,) two-shilling piece: a silver coin,
two shilling piece) two-shilling piece
shouted 'all for Roland.] shouted. 'All for Roland.
end of it—'Come on, boy] end of it, 'Come on, boy.
'Come on, boy, bed] 'Come on, boy. Bed
he went still feeling] he went, still feeling
his hand. A lot of money,) his hand--a lot of money,
magic, there was an explanation) magic. There was an explanation
explanation, but he was] explanation. But he was
Lionel was a domestic asset.) Lionel was a domestic asset.
Ha, ha, ha, he went,) 'Ha, ha, ha,' he went
'This is the life, he cried,) 'This is the life,' he cried,
happiness, 'this is the life.') happiness. 'This is the life.'
'Isn't this the life, isn't] 'Isn't this the life? Isn't
isn't it sweetheart?'] Isn't it, sweetheart?'
sweatheart] sweetheart
Joseph fetched) Joseph fetched
at once, big protective Lionel,

... it will not harm you...

said. 'It will not harm you.'

song... it's only me

song... 'It's only me

[Balfour knew] He knew

my g-generation,'

my generation'.

Hope I die

said loudly... 'Come on,' said loudly, 'Come on,

Monopoly--do you good

Monopoly. Do you good

good George.'

go George, furthest from

Apart from Willie only

only Dotty smoked, but

in the day, it could only

in the day; it could only

laughing in anticipation, it was years since he had played, fetched

laughing in anticipation--it was years since he had played Monopoly--fetched

to Kidney he]

to him, he

Kidney or whatever his name

Kidney--or whatever his name

the dog or the iron?'

the dog, or the iron?'

'Oh, dear,'

her mouth and Lionel said

her mouth, and Lionel said

said soothingly--]

said soothingly,

'So you do]

'So you do,

'So you do my sweetheart]

'So you do, my sweetheart

sweetheart... poor little]

sweetheart... Poor little
124.13 Balfour chose the car and] 73.8 Balfour chose the car, but
124.14 Kidney it seemed] 73.9 Kidney, it seemed,
124.15 Reassured Kidney] 73.10 Reassured, Kidney
124.17–18 isn't it, Joseph?'] 73.12 isn't it Joseph?
124.19 Once in the early days to] 73.13 Once, in the early days, to
124.20 confidence they let him} 73.14 confidence, they let him
124.23 Whilst Joseph] 73.17 While Joseph
124.31 of course, myself and father] 73.23 of course--myself and father
124.36 a big house, Lionel?'] 73.27–28 a big house, Lionel.
125.1 modestly,'quite big] 73.29 modestly. 'Quite big
125.2 Remember I showed it] 73.30 Remember? I showed it
125.3 He had Taken] 73.31 He had driven
125.4 summer and they] 73.32 summer, and they
125.6 tartly 'be prepared] 73.34 tartly, 'be prepared
125.16–17 of gardening. And they had] 74.6 of gardening; and they had
125.25–26 them together. The counting] 74.14 them together--the counting
125.27 on community chest.] 74.15 on Community Chest.
125.29 quite right! Lionel] 74.18 quite right,' Lionel
126.1 [No 9] Balfour dared to speak] 74.23 [9] Balfour dared to speak
126.3 [No 9] Joseph said she was a fool.] 74.25 [9] Joseph said she was a fool.
126.6 'Well can I buy] 74.28 'Well, can I buy
126.7 'No it's my turn.'] 74.29 'No, it's my turn.'
126.12 whilst he bought] 74.34 while he bought
126.13 he told them, 'now,] 74.35 he told them, 'Now,
Dotty bought the Strand and Lionel. Dotty bought the Strand, and Lionel

wasn't fair, that he had wasn't fair--that he had

he shouted, it's he shouted. 'It's

the lavatory did he? the lavatory, did he?'

'Yes I believe Yes, I believe

'Come on, man.' 'Come on, man.

man, throw the bloody dice, you're holding] man. Throw the bloody dice.

You're holding

'Well don't give] 'Well, don't give

Lionel said--I'll take] Lionel said, 'I'll take

toilet paper, I'm used to] toilet paper. I'm used to

planning... taking that] planning... Taking that

per person times...] per person, times...

finger... 'times] finger... 'times

'times six, no seven,] 'times six--no seven,

mustn't forget myself--he] mustn't forget myself.' He

continued... 'twenty-eight] continued... 'Twenty-eight

sheets per day times] sheets per day, times

'Steady on, mind the} 'Steady on. Mind the

'Forgive me, sweetheart; Lionel] 'Forgive me, sweetheart.' Lionel

the table, 'you had to know) the table. 'You had to know

Lionel... you're utterly] Lionel... You're utterly

[No 9] and Lionel flung up his arms,) Lionel flung up his arms,

the stolid Kidney--'Kamerad,' the stolid Kidney. 'Kamerad,'
237

'Kamerad.'

'Kamerad.'

war ... who the hell cares]

army ... who do you think]

'Do you know.']

Joseph--'do you know]

indignantly and the shadow]

her laugh even if he was]

Lionel dropped his barricading arms and mistakenly guffawed]

funny do you?]

you big fat bore?'

nowhere May,']

himself--'Sweetheart,]

slowly, it ought]

May; her eyes] 77.13 May. Her eyes

dropping giving her face]

fingered his moustache,]

hand as if to reassure]

to the side of the barn leaning]

day's sun and he raised]

all about him and wheeled]

by Joseph and once he]
he said—‘Do I]

Joseph replied—‘What?] Joseph replied, ‘What?


shouldn’t think so, your] shouldn’t think so. Your

your go next, George,’ and] Your go next, George.’ Kidney

[Extra space] May was out] [No extra space] May was out

‘Thank God,’ and] ‘Thank God’, and

Balfour followed and then Lionel.] Balfour followed, and then Lionel.

Whilst waiting] While waiting

Whilst waiting for the water to boil he] While waiting for the water to boil, Lionel

of a yawn and water] of a yawn, and water

the tea towel he] the tea towel, he

Looking up he saw] Looking up, he saw

no resistance; amusement] no resistance. Amusement

water tap, ’a grand night,] water tap. ’A grand night,

those sort of nights] those sorts of nights

the war you know.] the war, you know.

about father] about Father

badminton he was certain,] badminton, he was certain,

there was father] there was Father

the war, it was just] the war. It was just

the past, there was] the past. There was

certain code, honour] certain code--honour
for father] 79.20 for Father
and mother, it was doubtless] 79.22-23 and mother it was doubtless
father, did have, a grand] 79.24 father-- did have-- a grand
Anyway father] 79.25 Anyway, Father
father had] 79.25 Father had
at the grave, once] 79.27 at the grave One
the word father] 79.32 the word 'father'
blossoms, it was] 79.34 blossoms. It was
as if father] 79.34 as if Father
as if father was saying] 79.35 as if Father was saying
Curious, that incident.] 80.3 Curious, that incident.
of course but] 80.22 of course, but
the same. A lack of backbone,) 80.23 the same: lack of backbone
told him, first class] 80.27 told him. 'First class
class my boy,) 80.28 class, my boy.
boy, I'm] 80.28 boy. I'm
you, but I don't] 80.28 you. But I don't
for your V.D. rates,) 80.29 for your V.D. rates,'
She thought] 80.30 She thought
depths; he could tell] 80.31 depths. He could tell
about that, he had done so,) 80.31-32 about that-- he'd done so--
lasted for ever and] 81.1 lasted for ever, and
Armistice Day.) 81.2 Armistice Day.
weeping and he ran] 81.6 weeping, and he ran
metal basin, and blinked] 81.7 metal basin and blinked

love fulfilled, for she did love him he knew,) 81.7 love fulfilled--for she did love him, he knew--

him, he knew] 81.8 him, he knew

Balfour who was] 81.15 Balfour, who was

repeated Balfour comforted. 81.16 repeated Balfour, comforted

blackthorn bush and they] 81.19 blackthorn bush, and they

of fun; he made] 81.24 of fun. He made

half-dead.] 81.25 half dead.

himself, it was so] 81.30 himself. It was so

exhilarating] 81.30 exhilarating

moon--he had to tell] 81.31 moon. He had to tell

[Set in] 'I must go] 81.34 [Indent] 'I must go

the table, 'lifted up] 82.3 the table. 'Lifted up

them, the hatred] 82.7 them--the hatred

May goaded, 'go on] 82.14 May goaded. 'Go on

'go on Saint Lionel.'] 82.14 'Go on, St. Lionel.'

Saint Lionel] 82.14 St. Lionel

[Set in] 'There was an old Jew] 82.25 [Indent] 'There was an old Jew

Jew of Belgrade.] 82.25 Jew of Belgrade
137.13 whore in a cave.
137.23-24 Mr. and Mrs. MacFarley) 82.36 Mr and Mrs MacFarley
137.24 have said there was an) 82.37 have said 'There was an
137.25 old Scot) 82.37 old Scot
137.25 Belgrade, but] 82.37 Belgrade', but
137.26 his blunder he helped] 83.1 his blunder, he helped
138.6 [No 9] 'Go on, George,) 83.4 [9] 'Go on, George,'
138.7 man, you can't] 83.5 man. You can't
138.8 yet...) 83.5 yet.
138.9 [9] Spooning sugar] 83.5 [No 9] Spooning sugar
138.9 his mug he kept] 83.6 his mug, he kept
138.32 alarm--'the wind] 83.22 annoyance. 'The wind
139.5-6 When he looked again the door] 83.29 When he looked again, the door
139.12 'There... there,) 83.35 'There, there,
139.13 sweetheart... there,) 83.36 sweetheart....There,
139.15 his shrapnel ploughed buttocks,) 84.2 his shrapnel-ploughed buttocks,
139.18 quite light sweetheart,] 84.5 quite light, sweetheart,'
139.26 lurching couple could not] 84.12 lurching couple, couldn't
139.27 the sound; on each occasion] 84.13 the sound. On each occasion
139.31 profusely--'Most] 84.17 profusely. 'Most
139.32 man... much appreciated... the little] 84.17 man... Much appreciated... The little
140.8 [9] 'You went on) 84.27 [No 9] 'You went on
140.9 Lionel.'where) 84.28 Lionel. 'Where
140.25 hurt; ice was forming] 84.34 coldness. Ice was forming
140.26 her eyeballs, she would die] 84.35 her eyeballs. She would die
140.29 her warmth--'I can't] 85.1 her warmth, 'I can't
140.30 I can't--')] 85.1 I can't.
140.32 in beddy-byes.'] 85.4 in beddy-byes.'
141.2 slenderness, splotches] 84.8 slenderness. Splotches
141.4 [No 9] It was only] 85.10 [9] It was only
141.21 his footsteps but she] 85.20 his footsteps, but she
141.24 flown like some terrible bird] 85.21-22 flown, like some terrible bird
141.30 through there eh?] 85.25 through there, eh?
141.31 army issue blankets] 85.27 army-issue blankets
141.35 double tiered bunks] 85.31 double-tiered bunks
142.2 A bit not on of course but] 85.31 A bit not on, of course, but
142.6 he called, 'we're all] 85.37 he called. 'We're all
142.12 kitchen opening. More privacy] 86.5 kitchen opening--more privacy
142.22 the kitchen doorway and] 86.15 the kitchen doorway, and
142.24 less warmth but it did] 86.17 less warmth, but it did
142.27 pretty good don't you think?] 86.20 pretty good, don't you think?
142.34 Shaken he went] 86.25 Shaken, he went
143.1-2 to him; imagination alone] 86.28 to him. Imagination alone
143.3 He said--'I'll just] 86.30 He said, 'I'll just
143.4 till Mrs.') 86.31 till Mrs'
May knew she
Balfour returned, but she
herself in a bucket of ice?
He called—'You can
sweetheart, it's all ready
that bed,' he
a bit not on, more than
a bit not on, Balfour was
He said—'I don't see
that bed and you sleep
other one and Batman,
'Well I'm not
he conceded, 'you just
mood! she just hadn't
'Yes I would.'
'Karate?'—Her
upwards—
How childishly amused
When he returned to the bed
of the dark, lying there breathing
other hut he said.
whispered sincerely—'My
old boy,' and
Would he move padded like a stallion with huge flanks?
huge flanks

147.18 kitchen endlessly turning] 90.15 kitchen, endlessly turning
147.25 back door, and stood] 90.23 back door and stood
147.33-34 merry laugh but there was] 90.30-31 merry laugh, but there was
147.35 himself aloft Balfour] 90.32 himself aloft, Balfour
148.7 to have passed; he poked] 91.2 to have passed. He poked
148.9 whispered Lionel,'are you] 91.5 whispered Lionel,'Are you
148.12 hissed angrily--'Go away,) 91.7-8 hissed angrily,'Go away,
148.15 wouldn't answer, she jerked] 91.11 wouldn't answer. She jerked
148.17 away from him, it was too] 91.13 away from him. It was too
148.18 direction and besides] 91.14 direction--and besides,
148.18 besides that man] 91.14 besides, that man
148.23 one... just you lie still] 91.19 one... Just you lie still
148.32 [No 9] She lay] 91.28 [9] She lay
148.36 weakly, 'sshh.') 91.31 weakly, 'sssh.'
149.4 breathed Lionel,'listen to me] 91.35 breathed Lionel,'Listen to me
149.4-5 sweetheart, this is the] 91.35-36 sweetheart. This is the
149.7 of the Lesser Bucharia,) 92.1 of the Lesser Bucharian,
149.9 of Kashmir, rested at Delhi] 92.2-3 of Kashmir rested at Delhi
149.16 of the rose...] 92.9 of the rose...

[Extra space] May did not hear] 92.10 [No extra space] May didn't hear
149.24 May or my daughter,) 92.16 May, or My Daughter,
my daughter, not sweetheart] My Daughter, not Sweetheart

... 'When he came] '... When he came

her toenails dyed] her toenails dyed

her hands...'] her hands...

with excitement; legs] with excitement. Legs

mind, ballooned out] mind ballooned out

darkness, leaving only his] darkness, leaving only his

... 'Abdalla] Abdalla

visited her it was] visited her, it was

Lalla Rookh--She] Lalla Rookh--she

he for her, it was just] he for her. It was just

... 'and now] ... and now

Eyes of mine, why do you droop? Golden dreams, are you coming back again...']

'... Eyes of mine, why do you droop? Golden dreams, are you coming back again':

Eyes of mine, why do you droop?] 'Eyes of mine, why do you droop?'

Lionel liked reciting--] Lionel liked reciting:

[Set in] But see [Indented] But see

across the glen--] across the glen:

'They come--the Moslems come--' 'They come--the Moslems come,"

'They come--the Moslems come--he] 'They come--the Moslems come," he

to his eyes--] 93.24 to his eyes...'

to his eyes--] 93.24 to his eyes...'

'slowly] ... slowly

... 'naked came] ... naked came
In the morning when Joseph
any kind; now,
the ash tray
the looking glass
yesterday's sunshine
Mist was covering the hills,
the glen, unfolding
What was wrong
Accordingly he stepped out
with grass he stamped
In Time.
Dotty was sitting
Joseph, 'couldn't'
Aspirins
he said, 'where's'
there... it was at home...
home... in Wales
Wales I mean and
attack coming"
He looked up
'I'm listening
listening, go on, I'm just
tobacco... go on... you said
you said "What"
155.15 "What shall I do?" 155.10-11 "What shall I do?"
155.16-17 Straightening up she saw 156.12 Straightening up, she saw
156.13-14 umbrella; underneath 156.21 umbrella. Underneath
156.32 'Well you] 156.35 'Well, you
156.36 'It is dirty] 157.3 'It is dirty
157.5 mummy] 157.5 Mummy
157.5 Health Man, and it's not] 157.5 Health Man and it's not
157.15 'When the Health Man came Mummy] 157.14 'When the Health Man came, Mummy
157.27 Roland, 'Mummy didn't] 157.24 Roland. 'Mummy didn't
157.35 denial; he kept] 157.31 denial. He kept
158.22 boiling Dotty;'] 158.15 boiling, Dotty;
158.25 you did he?'] 158.18 you, did he?
158.28-29 fussy Joseph—he says] 158.21-22 fussy Joseph. 'He says
158.34 Joseph said, 'I can't] 158.27 Joseph said. 'I can't
159.5 for warmth she sat] 159.33 for warmth, she sat
159.7 she wondered,] 159.35 she wondered?
159.10 Finchley Road, her] 159.1 Finchley Road—her
162.33 [Indented] As soon as he awoke,] 162.7 [Blocked] As soon as he awoke,
162.36 recollection; saturated; he walked] 162.10 recollection, saturated. He walked
163.24 boiling I expect;' George told him,] 163.21 boiling, I expect;' George told him.
163.24-25 him, 'if you call me] 163.21 him. 'If you call me
164.1 [No 9] Balfour made the tea] 164.25 [9] Balfour made the tea
164.1 Mrs. MacFarley's] 164.25 Mrs MacFarley's
164.6 he shouted, 'George] 164.30 he shouted. 'George
the other and I was the other, and I was

top like and he told top like, and he told
join you but I felt join you, but I felt
protested Balfour, 'nobody sang' protested Balfour, 'Nobody sang

them properly, they were them properly. They were
George said, 'he was' George said, 'He was

greet the day--like 'Lift up' greet the day, like 'Lift up
George said--'You could' George said, 'You could

He wasn't at ease He wasn't at ease

in the scrub, nothing in the scrub, nothing
beyond the Glen beyond the Glen

glen, the emotion of evil, waiting Glen--the emotion of evil--waiting
to him--he had too to him. He had too

of the Glen of the Glen

Methodically George Methodically, he

Methodically Methodically,

Scouts, looking in the direction Balfour looked in the direction

Loaded correctly, he was set Loaded correctly, he was set

We should lop We should lop

he said, 'from certain' he said, 'From certain

Balfour could smell Balfour could smell

funny girl standing there funny girl, standing there

of them--no one saying of them--no one saying

'What's all this about,' 'What's all this about?'
on the table. 'Call Roland, will you.'

untrue; she was huge. She was huge with hunger, but she slumped with hunger, but she sat

Kidney something to eat? Kidney something to eat?

told her. 'He's far.'

As if reading As if reading

he said--'Goon.'

Dotty, 'he writes them George. 'He writes them

do... all the time... you just don't Joseph. 'All the time. You just don't

'The mind,' The mind,' selves then, give vent selves then--given vent

doing? she asked. doing?' she asked.

wall, 'out there.' wall. 'Out there.'

'What's the matter,' 'What's the matter?'

'Aho there.' 'Aho there.'

What happened?' she shook What happened?' She shook

shook him--'go on.' shook him. 'Go on.

you mean--he told her stories? you mean, he told her stories?

'Well, funny ones, ones Well, funny ones--ones

to hear, but I did hear, like. to hear. But I did hear like.

I did hear, like. I did hear like.

to this lot--Joseph and Dotty to this lot--Joseph and Dotty

if they were dirty, not in artistic circles that is, if they were dirty--not in
artistic circles, that is--

176.16 or George--more like himself.] 104.14 or George. More like himself--
176.16 like himself, and] 104.15 like himself--and
176.17 dirty alright.] 104.15 dirty all right.
176.21 'Poor Balfour, don't you] 104.19 'Poor Balfour. Don't you
176.24-25 a bit rum aren't they?'] 104.21 a bit rum, aren't they?
176.28 I mean they really are,] 104.24 I mean, they really are,
176.30 'I mean look at Joseph,) 104.25 I mean, look at Joseph,
176.31-32 about the army and May saying] 104.26-27 about the army, and May saying
176.35 'Well you don't feel] 104.30 'Well, you don't feel
176.35 comfortable do you?] 104.30 comfortable, do you?
176.35-36 I mean it's obvious.] 104.30-31 I mean, it's obvious.
176.36 we first came, not that l] 104.31 we first came. Not that l
177.2 a few drinks, I mean like] 104.33 a few drinks--I mean, like
177.2 I mean like that] 104.33 I mean, like that
177.9 like he was now, sort of] 105.4 like he was now--sort of
177.16 he knew about, he'd got used] 105.8 he knew about--he'd got used
177.30 [Indented] Roland took] 105.12 [Blocked] Roland had
177.33 too cold to live so they were] 105.14 too cold to live, so they were
177.36 raining any more, even the] 105.17 raining any more--even the
178.10 eaten by something. Lots of] 105.24 eaten by something--lots of
178.13 all tatty looking.] 105.26 all tatty-looking.
178.14 been bitten, they smelt too strong, nor the] 105.27 been bitten--they smelt too
   strong--nor the
178.23 out there, nothing dangerous] 105.36 out there: nothing dangerous
178.23-24 no wire netting, like under] 105.36 no wire netting like under
178.28-29 about that war and bombs] 106.4 about that war, and bombs
178.29 on things and about Germany.] 106.5 on things, and about Germany.
178.31 going vista clearing] 106.6-7 going vista-clearing
178.32-33 pleased about it, jumping up and swinging his arms as if he were holding an axe, and
Lionel laughing at him, that it] 106.7-9 pleased about it--jumping up and swinging his arms
as if he were holding an axe, and Lionel laughing at him--that it
178.35 Lionel said vista came] 106.10 Lionel said 'vista' came
179.1 Vista sounded sad] 106.12 'Vista' sounded sad
179.1 saying good-bye.] 106.13 saying goodbye.
179.3 going vista clearing] 104.14 going vista-clearing
180.1-2 for the fire, no one really] 106.20 for the fire. No one really
180.2 go for them, it was just] 106.21 go for them--it was just
180.3 busy whilst they finished] 106.22 busy while they finished
180.7 it was always--'Lift that,'] 106.24 it was always 'Lift that,
180.8 big boy now,'] 106.25 big boy now',
180.9 Roland... higher ...) 106.25 Roland... Higher ...
180.9 you're big enough'--as if] 106.26 you're big enough', as if
180.12 on the tree, and climb] 106.28 on the tree and climb
180.12-13 do vista clearing] 106.29 do vista-clearing
180.26-27 to tell him only Lionel] 106.33 to tell him, only Lionel
181.10 [Extra space] He heard] 107.1 [No extra space] He heard
181.17-18 asked Roland, joining] 107.3 asked Roland joining
cotton, clinging to its trunk.) 107.12-13 cotton clinging to its trunk.

were hard-working] 107.13 were hardworking

clever, they would sting] 107.15 and clever. They would sting

pills in the bottle, you should] 107.25 pills in the bottle. You should

Roland shouted--'There's no] 107.27 Roland shouted, 'There's no

[Indented] The war talk went] 107.31 [Blocked] The war talk went

speak to Lionel, she was] 107.32 speak to Lionel. She was

The mirror was too small and when she] 108.1 The mirror was too small, and when she

her warpaint, and they had] 108.2 her warpaint and they had

swollen in the night, she felt] 108.4 swollen in the night; she felt

last a week, four or five days at the least, and] 108.10-11 last a week--four or five days at

the least--and

 convinced of it, she could] 108.13 convinced of it. She could

coin of his hidden behind it, and his] 108.21 coin of his hidden behind it and his

going boom--boom boom] 108.21-22 going boom--boom--boom

[9] It was such a small hut] 108.24 [No 9] It was such a small hut

chintz settee.] 108.28 chintz sofa--

settee, which was an odd piece of furniture to find in this place, but] 108.28

sofa--which was an odd piece of furniture to find in this place--but

Balfour said--'I watched] 109.3 Balfour said, 'I watched

on tele,) 109.3 on telly.

tele, it was sad.] 109.3 telly. It was sad.'

Churchill and Balfour saw] 109.6 Churchill, and Balfour saw

on tele,'] 109.7 on telly,'
May said—'I couldn't bear')

he wore... what did he]

Churchill, the historical figure was]

In his case clothes]

If she had the money she would buy a coat, the same]

with buttoned down collar]

patent shoes. And beige nail]

how British mad]

funny little thing, he]

to Carnaby Street--anything]

you were English. Like as if]

you were British made.]

[9] 'South American Powers;']

'South American Powers;'

Asiatic Powers, European Powers,] 8 Asiatic powers, European powers,

her gaucherie

feel freer, it allowed him]

the war, his War.]

he began, 'after Mr.]

Mr. Schickelgrueber]

at him, she wasn't feminine enough for that, but]

on her feet, size nine]
size nine by the look]

254

110.23 size nine, by the look

war was over, fancy that]

110.24 war was over. Fancy that

110.23-24 fancy that, not even a]

Fancy that--not even a

110.29 in bright, bright blue,

110.29 in bright bright blue,

110.31 candle-pink, and a strip

110.31 candle-pink, and a strip

110.32 comical really, not the burnt]

comical really--not the burnt

110.36 bird droppings, some of]

bird droppings. Some of

111.1 never--they reminded her]

never--they reminded her

111.2 of Father.

111.4 an uncle, though, who

111.6 played the piano, with his legs

111.8 Threads Among the Gold.'

111.9 Lionel was looking

111.10 'Incredible,' he said,

111.11 keep forgetting--not even

111.12 too young--aren't you,

111.12 Joseph said, patting

111.14 May smiled

111.14 smiled too, regarding

111.16 she was. She wasn't as old

111.19 Dotty volunteered. 'He was

111.21 Dotty explained. 'I've seen

111.22 photographs, but I never
188.7 his mind—'Clever) 111.23 his mind. 'Clever
188.8 Germans, good soldiers,) 111.24 Germans. Good soldiers,
188.9 a Nation of soldiers] 111.25 a nation of soldiers
188.9 of soldiers, it's the Prussian] 111.25 of soldiers--it's the Prussian
188.10 instinct for it just as we had] 111.26 instinct for it, just as we had
188.11 for Colonisation.] 111.27 for colonisation.
188.12 of the German Nation:'] 111.27 of the German nation.
188.23 [?] 'I have here'] 111.28 [No 9] 'I have here,'
188.23 here' Lionel] 111.29 here,' he
188.24 shirt, 'something that may] 111.29 shirt, a symbol that may
188.25 to anyone, I regard it] 111.31 to anyone. I regard it
189.1-2 metal chain but that was) 112.1 metal chain, but that was
189.4 the still munching Kidney,) 112.3 the still-munching Kidney,
189.7 a boy, same age as myself] 112.6 a boy. Same age as myself
189.8 actually, but make] 112.7 actually. But make
189.8 about it he was dead.') 112.7 about it, he was dead.'
189.17 in France. When he was] 112.15 in France--when he was
189.24 of Kidney, medicine versus] 112.21 of Kidney--medicine versus
189.25 go vista clearing] 112.22 go vista-clearing
189.30 single-minded enough] 112.27 singleminded enough
190.19 [Extra space] Lionel was still] 112.31 [No extra space] Lionel was still
190.24 [No 9] and the tall man rose] 112.35 [?] The tall man rose
190.36 scream of disgust--'Ugh.'] 113.7 scream of disgust, 'Ugh.'
191.3 him...it's all his fault.'] 113.10 him...It's all his fault.'
191.6-7 'That's super'--Dotty picked] 113.13 'That's super.' Dotty picked
191.7 her waist; it looked] 113.15 her waist. It looked
191.9 'Well I can't] 113.15 'Well, I can't
191.9 it...look at the creases] 113.15 it...Look at the creases
191.12 'Oh, come on,] 113.18 'Oh come on,
191.12 love, it's not as bad] 113.18 love. It's not as bad
191.23 she complained, 'it's those] 113.27 she complained. 'It's those
191.23 bloody Army blankets.'] 113.27 bloody army blankets.'
191.28 'My God'--May hid] 113.31 'My God.' May hid
191.29 the mirror--'Did he hear?'] 113.32 the mirror. 'Did he hear?'
192.4 first told me them'--May was] 114.3 first told me them,'--May was
192.7 of a shock I can tell you,) 114.6 of a shock, I can tell you,
193.2 in her mind, everything--) 114.15 in her mind, everything.
193.6 [9] 'Joseph won't touch me,'] 114.15 [No 9] 'Joseph won't touch me,'
193.9 'Really.'] 114.18 'Really?
193.18 Dotty wrote: Joseph:] 114.28 Dotty wrote: 'Joseph:
193.22 to go away, and in the end] 114.30 to go away and in the end
193.22 not going...] 114.30 not going...
193.27 But this time] 114.35 'But this time
193.29 I mean if I wasn't] 114.37 I mean, if I wasn't
193.30 Anyway I don't] 115.1 Anyway, I don't
193.32-33 your wife did that, always around I mean,) 115.3-4 your wife did that--always
around, I mean--
very far did it) 115.4 very far, did it?"

'Oh he's] 115.10 'Oh, he's

all right--he adores Joseph,'] 115.10 all right. He adores Joseph.'

She wrote--] 115.11 She wrote:

I know it's none] 115.12 'I know it's none

when I was little...'] 115.16 when I was little...

of him, she couldn't tell him] 115.21 of him. She couldn't tell him

or unworthiness, the concentration] 115.24 or unworthiness--the concentration

the galloping Major,'] 115.28 the galloping major.'

[No 9] and Lionel entered the hut,] 115.29 [9] Lionel entered the hut,

back seat or the boot or] 115.31 back seat, or in the boot, or

'Hallo, luv;'] 115.33 'Hallo, luv;

Lionel told them frankly,) 116.3 Lionel told them, frankly.

May said 'Christ' and] 116.5 May said 'Christ!' and

'Here;' she said, 'would you'] 116.6-7 'Here;' she said. 'Would you

'No'--the little boy] 116.13 'No.' The little boy

little boy, what's wrong,] 116.16 little boy? What's wrong,


Daddy don't you?] 116.18 Daddy, don't you?

bereft and she was] 116.28 bereft, and she was

The afternoon was warm and dry.] 117 [Chapter 7] The afternoon was

warm and dry.

The village to her surprise] 117.6 [9] The village, to her surprise,

village to her surprise turned] 117.6 village, to her surprise, turned
258

198.6 a cream-tiled cafe] 117.10 a cream-tiled cafe’

198.10 Honest to God I get] 117.13 Honest to God, I get

198.18 something else doesn’t it?] 117.19 something else, doesn’t it?’

198.20 him suddenly, ‘you] 117.21 him suddenly. ‘You

198.21 at first when we got here ...] 117.22 at first, when we got here ...

198.21 I didn’t notice anyway.’] 117.22 I didn’t notice, anyway.’

198.23 at the table...’It] 117.23 at the table. ‘It

198.25 mean ...’ she was afraid] 117.25 mean ...’ She was afraid

198.27 he confessed, ‘b—but] 118.2 he confessed. ‘B—but

198.27 Mr. and Mrs.] 118.2 Mr and Mrs

198.35 ‘No, there’s] 118.9 ‘No,’ there’s

198.35 I suppose ... it’s just] 118.9 I suppose ... It’s just

199.4 brushed that aside--’I hate] 118.13 brushed that aside. ‘I don’t

199.4 [No q] ‘I hate taking] 118.14 [q] ‘I don’t like taking

199.7 her mouth, ‘it’s so] 118.17 her mouth. ‘It’s so

199.23 and asked ... ‘Are you] 118.31 and asked, ‘Are you

199.23 angry with me love?] 118.32 angry with me, love?

199.23 love? ... you] 118.32 love? You

199.24 love? ... you are ... ] 118.32 love? You are, I

199.24 you are ... ’] 118.32 you are.

199.25 and passers-by] 118.33 and passersby

199.29 and metal rings; he hung] 119.1 and metal rings. He hung

199.30 accused him, ‘I irritate you,] 119.2 accused him. ‘I irritate you,

200.1 garments, ‘aren’t they] 119.8 garments, ‘Aren’t they
200.1 smashing... look] 119.9 smashing. Look
200.6 for Joseph... what do you] 119.13 for Joseph... What do you
200.8 hate it, he thought Joseph] 119.15 hate it. He thought Joseph
200.9 He said... 'I don't] 119.16 He said, 'I don't
200.9 know I'm sure] 119.16 know, I'm sure
200.9 I'm sure...] 119.16 I'm sure',
200.12-13 shopping and Balfour] 119.19 shopping, and Balfour
200.15 [Q] 'I did see it first,'] 119.21 [No Q] 'I did see it first,'
200.16 [Q] She was disconcerted] 119.23 [Q] She was disconcerted
200.19 shone; it was orange] 119.26 shone. It was orange
200.20 a mustard-yellow] 119.27 a mustard-yellow
200.21 ground and there were] 119.27 ground, and there were
200.29 stalking swathed in velvet through the bell-bottoms] 119.31 stalking, swathed in velvet, through the bell-bottoms
200.30 the bell-bottoms] 119.32 the bell-bottoms
200.31 [Q] They finished the shopping] 119.34 [Q] They finished the shopping
201.1 feeling unwell; his head ached] 120.3 feeling unwell. His head ached
201.4 attacks coming on, he told] 120.5 attacks coming on. He told
201.4 just tired and perhaps] 120.6 just tired, and perhaps
201.12 As he walked he looked] 120.7 As he walked, he looked
201.19 She stumbled, the joint of] 120.13 She stumbled. The joint of
201.20 retrieve it the road broke] 120.14 retrieve it, the road broke
201.32 'I'm so happy—Dotty,) 120.24 'I'm so happy,' Dotty
201.35 black; she was like] 120.27 black. She was like
202.6-7 and said --'Balfour'--] 120.31 and said, 'Balfour.'

202.7 'Balfour'--and he had] 120.31 'Balfour.' And he had

202.16 to sit down--you] 121.1 to sit down?' she

202.19 walk anywhere...)] 121.3 walk anywhere;

202.20 miles...not with him] 121.4 miles. Not with him

202.21 of course...Not any more.] 121.4 of course...not any more.

202.25-26 round it...in a circle still talking, and] 121.8 round it--in a circle, still
talking--and

202.29 He asked--'Don't you] 121.11 He asked, 'Don't you

202.34-35 Balfour made some sound, a grunt, the blood pounded] 121.34-35 Balfour made some
sound, a grunt. The blood pounded

203.1 [q] 'Sometimes, she] 121.13 [No q] 'Sometimes we

203.5 herself, it forced him] 121.15 chattering. It forced him

203.5-6 moving, it postponed] 121.16 moving. It postponed

203.30 calls him St. Stephen.')] 121.25 calls him St Stephen.'

203.31 meant to shout--] 121.26 meant to shout.

203.32 I mean I don't know] 121.27 I mean, I don't know

203.17-18 all the time, it was filling] 122.1-2 all the time. It was filling

204.1 [No q] She was walking] 122.3 [q] Dotty was walking

204.5 [No q] The hedgerows reeled] 122.6 [q] The hedgerows reeled

204.7 [q] He said indistinctly] 122.6 [No q] He said indistinctly

204.7 indistinctly--'Ditch,) 122.6 indistinctly, 'Ditch,

204.8 [No q] He could feel her arm] 122.9 [q] He could feel her arm

204.11 for him, she was pushing] 122.10 for him. She was pushing
'Please,' he begged.

shifting road: 'Please—'

During the afternoon,

drinking man. Or had not been

expected of him, and why not,

loving him as she did?

on the walk but she

the long Latin names--

Latin names

whilst they bound

silver wire. Four bundles

in ever decreasing circles,

no blood, their eyes soon

When hung, they were

He had not forgotten

forgotten even now, the

been there. In the

He put

May was

to him, she bent down

said bad tempered--

'But, my darling,' "But my darling,

I'm not, I'm merely

He didn't reply and she tugged
206.28 a pink brush--'That Balfour] 124.7 a pink brush. 'That Balfour
206.29 what you said, Dotty] 124.7 what you said. Dotty
206.29 Dotty told me--he was] 124.8 Dotty told me. He was
206.30 It infuriated her, she wanted] 124.9 It infuriated her. She wanted
207.4 long nails--'Little spitfire,'] 124.18 long nails. 'Little spitfire,'
207.9 her stocking--'Look] 124.23 her stocking. 'Look
207.12 enough, it had been clumsy] 124.26 enough. It had been clumsy
207.13 provocation, she was such] 124.27 provocation. She was such
207.15-16 his face, 'look what] 124.29 his face. 'Look what
207.20 Contemptuous of him but no] 124.33 Contemptuous of him, but no
211.26 [Indented] Dotty had dragged] 125.4 [Blocked] Dotty had dragged
212.3 shop two miles on or further] 125.15 shop two miles on, or further
212.34 [?] 'I'm so cold, Dotty.'] 125.28 [No ?] 'I'm so cold, Dotty.'
213.1 'Shall I go for Joseph now, shall I go] 125.31 'Shall I go for Joseph now? Shall I go
213.5 of course, we'll get warm] 125.34 of course. We'll get warm
213.5 right now...you leave it] 125.34 right now. You leave it
213.11 comfortable, the spongy grass] 126.4 comfortable. The spongy grass
213.14 [No ?] 'Put the coat over] 126.6 [?] 'Put the coat over
213.17 my jacket...is that] 126.8 my jacket? Is that
213.20 coat,' he whined, 'the dreamers] 126.10 coat,' he whined. 'The dreamer's
213.20 dreamers coat] 126.10 dreamer's coat
213.30 he said...'I'm sorry] 126.19 he said, 'I'm sorry
213.31 it just comes on] 126.20 it just come on
213.31 comes on like, no idea when] 126.20 come on like. No idea when
213.32 going to happen...]

213.33 I don't mind honestly, it's] 126.20 I don't mind. Honestly. It's

213.34 nice here; I'm quite cheerful really; I'm just] 126.22 nice here. I'm quite cheerful
really. I'm just

214.9 like the flu,' she said,) 126.28 like the flu?' she said.

214.9 she said, 'only much worse;' 126.28 she said. 'Only much worse.'

214.11 reassured her, 'at least not] 126.30 reassured her. 'At least not

214.12 I caught it all right but it's] 126.31 I caught it all right, but it's

214.12-13 dormant in me, it won't pass] 126.31 dormant in me. It won't pass

214.17 she thought, it was terrible] 126.36 she thought. It was terrible

214.22 in Balfour, she would never] 127.3 in Balfour. She would never

214.26 dancing. No trees or flowers.] 127.7 dancing, no trees or flowers.

214.29 disease that gripped her.] 127.10 disease that gripped her?

216.6 [No [ She was bending low] 127.11 [ ] She was bending low

216.8 no brassiere beneath,] 127.12 no bra beneath;

216.8 beneath, he could feel] 127.13 beneath; he could feel

216.10-11 Dim and dreamy with a temperature of 103 Balfour] 127.14 Dim and dreamy, with a
temperature of 103, Balfour

216.17-18 been so close... isn't kissing nice... it is nice] 127.18 been so close. 'Isn't kissing
nice. It is nice

216.18 it is nice isn't it?] 127.19 It is nice, isn't it?

216.19 to go home?... it must be] 127.20 to go home? It must be

216.28 [Indented] There was no air] 127.27 [Blocked] There was no air

216.28-29 the hut; the wood had burnt quickly and with great heat; already] 127.27-28 the hut.
The wood had burnt quickly and with great heat. Already

216.31 sofa, occupied by May,] 127.30 sofa occupied by May.

216.33 three men, four if she] 127.31 three men--four, if she

216.33 four if she] 127.31 four, if she

216.34--35 It was odd, Dotty not] 127.32--33 It was odd Dotty wasn't

216.35 expedition, it was] 127.33 expedition. It was

217.4 (No q] George was talking] 128.2 (q] George was talking

217.5 He said--] 128.2 He said,

217.6 (q] 'Today the modern] 128.3 (No q] 'Today the modern

217.18 belly; he had shivered] 128.15 belly. He had shivered

217.19 (No q] 'Excuse me;' ] 128.16 (q] 'Excuse me,'

217.33 Joseph's mind to be replaced] 128.29 Joseph's mind, to be replaced

217.36 bed, May had] 128.33 bed. May had

218.7 at Lionel, standing there] 129.2--3 at Lionel standing there

218.13 this morning, I distinctly remember] 129.8 this morning. I distinctly remember

218.18 Joseph asked--'What] 129.10 Joseph asked. 'You've

218.25--26 choose from. Better than] 129.17 choose from--better than

218.33 nice home. Whilst the] 129.24 nice home--while the

218.33 whilst] 129.24 while

219.32 to see Christine, well] 129.29 to see Christine? Well

219.33 well I hadn't.] 129.29 Well, I hadn't.'

220.6 he said, 'do you] 130.3 he said. 'Do you

220.9 his paper, 'do] 130.6 his paper. 'Do

220.15 you like, it's not] 130.12 you like. It's not
220.22 about--'Oh,) 130.19 about. 'Oh,
220.22 sit down... leave it] 130.19 sit down. Leave it
220.26 he said, 'I think] 130.21 he said. 'I think
220.27 youth whose eyes] 130.22 youth, whose eyes
220.31 for you... come on.'] 130.25 for you. Come on.
220.33 he said, 'please] 130.27 he said. 'Please
220.33 'please my] 130.27 'Please, my
220.36 whilst he] 130.29 while Kidney
221.11 with Joseph but George] 130.36 with Joseph, but George
221.16 Mrs.--')] 131.3 Mrs--'
221.16 Joseph faltered--) 131.3 Joseph faltered.
221.18 Mrs. Gosling] 131.4 Mrs Gosling
221.20 face--'sounds] 131.6 face. 'Sounds
221.23 blacked out hut] 131.9 blacked-out hut.
221.24 [?] 'Do you think so?] 131.9 [No?] 'Do you think so?
221.24 so?...Jewish...] 131.9 so? Jewish...
221.24 ...a bit,] 131.9 ...A bit,
221.27 'His nose you know...] 131.12 'His nose, you know...
221.28 Rebecca, I do know that, and] 131.12 Rebecca. I do know that. And
221.28 isn't it, it's] 131.12 isn't it? It's
221.30 George said--] 131.14 George said,
221.30 a michling'] 131.14 a Michling.'
221.33 quarter Jews.] 131.15 quarter-Jews,
221.36 by something if you were] 131.19 by something, if you were
... a lapsed one... said, 'A lapsed one...

intelligence talking] intelligent, talking

Agnes Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi;' 'Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,'

her point, 'Christe,' her point. 'Christe,'

Christi] Christe

'Christi, audi nos:' 'Christe, audi nos.'

effect on her; she curled up] effect on her. She curled up

What if he] What if He

reply, she could] reply. She could

just near the door, fancy that.') Just near the door. Fancy that

'Mrs. Gosling's] Mrs. Gosling's

'Fides quid tibi praestat,') 'Fides quid tibi praestat?'

praestat,' she] praestat?' she

[?] 'Lionel, you're not] [No?] 'Lionel, you're not

at her and she] at her, and she

Lionel, 'ah,) Lionel. 'Ah,

'ah, a baby.') 'Ah, a baby!'

[No?] That had moved] That had moved

him; he was] May. He was

priest says... What] priest says "What

of God and] of God?", and

is Faith and] is "Faith", and

What doth Faith] "What doth Faith
223.24 thee of and] 132.26 thee of?", and
223.24 says Life Eternal.] 132.26-27 says "Life eternal."
223.25 Joseph said, "life] 132.28 Joseph said, "Life
223.32 with assurance... 'Now] 132.34 with assurance. 'Now
223.32 boy, it really] 132.34 boy. It really
223.33 but love, well] 132.35 but love--well
223.34 well he did] 132.35 well, he did
223.35 ...' he shook] 133.1 ...' He shook
224.2 really, I mean really.') 133.5 really. I mean, really.'
224.3 you mean--really, really--how] 133.6 you mean, "really, really". How
224.22 [?] Lionel endeavored] 133.16 [No ?] He endeavored
224.23-24 he might his mouth] 133.17 he might, his mouth
224.24 glittered; he felt] 133.17 smile. He felt
225.16 Neither fear nor love] 133.29 Neither fear, nor love
225.17 'Plato,' suggested] 133.30 'Plato?' suggested
225.21 'Where oh where is] 133.34 'Where, oh where, is
225.33 George said--'l] 134.9 George said, 'I'm
225.33 Balfour... I feel] 134.9 Balfour. I feel
225.5-6 A preparation perhaps...'] 134.13-14 A preparation perhaps.'
226.8 irritated,'what way] 134.15-16 Joseph. 'What way
226.13 in speech...'] 134.19 in speech.'
226.18 [?] 'You've got a radio] 134.22 [No ?] 'You've got a radio
226.19 [No ?] Joseph said he had.] 134.24 [?] Joseph said he had,
226.21 [No ?] Lionel found himself] 134.26 [?] Lionel found himself
226.24  sweetheart; like a swimmer] 134.28  sweetheart. Like a swimmer
226.24  swimmer he threw] 134.28-29  swimmer, he threw
226.25  breast high] 134.30  breast-high
226.30  meat, flap, flap,] 134.34  meat. Flap, flap,
226.31  night, slap, slap] 134.35  night. Slap, slap
226.33  of darkness, line of hedge,) 134.36  of darkness--line of hedge,
227.6  Angry most likely.] 135.3-4  Angry, most likely.
227.11-12  she said, the road] 135.9  she said. The road
227.23  hill again, one more] 135.13  hill again. One more
227.27  daft, what else] 135.17  daft. What else
227.30  'Well I don't] 135.20  'Well, I don't
227.30  anything else.'] 135.21  anything else.
227.33  stiffly with the] 135.22  stiffly, with the
227.35  barn; he would] 135.24  barn. He would
228.1  she relented, 'I'll] 135.26  she relented. 'I'll
228.2  or something or that] 135.27  or something, or that
228.2  sick...I] 135.27  sick. I
228.6  seats, Lionel] 135.31  seats. Lionel
228.6-7  Lionel plump as] 135.31  Lionel, plump as
228.9  him, he made] 135.33  him. He made
228.18  abbreviations, and percentages,) 136.4  abbreviations and percentages,
228.18-19  gilt edged and gold leafed.] 136.5  gilt-edged and gold-leafed.
228.22  Awkwardly with the] 136.7  Awkwardly, with the
Good-night) 136.9 Goodnight

228.24-25 said Good-night gentlemen.] 136.9 said 'Goodnight, gentlemen'.

229 [Chapter 4] 137 [Chapter 8]

229.2 hands--'A photie] 137.2 hands. 'A photie

229.2 photie... everyone] 137.2 photie. Everyone

229.5 a pantomime; backcloth of] 137.4 a pantomime--a backcloth of

229.7 May encased in] 137.5 May, encased in

229.9 photographs, I always] 137.8 photographs. I always

229.11 [?] Still, she sat] 137.9 [No ?] Still, she sat

229.16 [No ?] Joseph assembled them] 137.15 [?] Joseph assembled them

229.27 were recorded, the winsome] 137.22 were recorded: the winsome

230.6 of himself, by] 138.2 of himself by

230.10-11 feeling exhausted he] 138.4 feeling exhausted, he

230.20 paraffin lamp had obliged] 138.13 paraffin lamp, had obliged

231.1 film. Stamped] 138.20 film, stamped

231.1 together, for ever] 138.20 together for ever

231.11 [No ?] Balfour turned over] 138.30 [?] Balfour turned over

231.27-28 his knees--the women were still within the hut--and walked] 138.32 his knees.

The women were still within the hut. He walked

231.30 [?] A twig snapped] 138.34 [No ?] A twig snapped

231.30 snapped, he straddled] 138.34 snapped. He straddled

231.31 eyes, there was] 138.35 apart. There was

231.32 sunbeams--he flung] 138.36 sunbeams. He flung

231.33 bow; a sound] 139.1 blow. A sound
232.7 pink tipped fingers.] 139.10 pink-tipped fingers.
232.11 he said, 'my head,'] 139.11 he said. 'My head.'
232.31 [No 9] Joseph was telling] 139.24 [9] Joseph was telling
232.34 meant something Dotty] 139.25-26 meant something, Dotty
233.2 distressed, it might] 139.27 distressed. It might
233.14 a tree, striking] 139.33-34 a tree; striking
233.21 done nothing, Joseph] 140.2 done nothing, Joseph
233.22 eyes; he dashed] 140.4 eyes. He dashed
233.24 lips spitting--] 140.5 lips spitting:
233.26-28 [Indented and set off] 'You horrid man!] 140.5-6 [Not indented or set off] 'You
horrid man!
233.27 your trousers/Filthy] 140.6 your trousers. Filthy
233.28 dirty stinker.'] 140.7 dirty stinker!
234.18 [No 9] Roland stuck out] 140.10 [9] Roland stuck out
234.21 cried mockingly--] 140.12 cried mockingly,
234.22 [9] 'Daftie Kidney,] 140.12 [No 9] 'Daftie Kidney,
234.24 you're not, you're daft.')] 140.15 you're not. You're daft.'
234.28 peevishly, 'this] 140.18 said. 'This
234.32 mountain, hidden] 140.22 mountain hidden
235.3 wanted that was safe.] 140.29 wanted, that was safe.
It's a bit primitive isn't it?

George said

hut, keeping

It was to

her legs sweat

nest... I told

mess you know.

Oh I love

amusing--that little

face, I think

Rhodesia my sweetheart.

father, you

muttered, that's

grass, don't you

Joseph reached out

'Little softie boy,'

cross then, didums

a fool--'

Tears flowed

cheeks, he was

relieved; he beat

May wanted

contented, she did
There were voices. 

Joseph said--'God.' Joseph said, 'God, it's that Bill,]

super, he's a] super. He's a

Willie, she]

'Mister George] 'Mr George

nest--bad that is.' nest. Bad that is,'

father--'Can I] father. 'Can I

out will you?'] out, will you?

Mr. George there.] Mr George there.

business, lucky it] business. Lucky it

[Indented] There were blackberries] [Blocked] There were blackberries

hedge, blue-black,] hedge--blue-black,

for Roland, he ate] for Roland. He ate

the cross-roads, one] the crossroads, one

hoof; once he] hoof. Once he

wide and blew] wide, and blew

away, he could not] away. He couldn't

square towered] squared-towered

towered--the graveyard] towered. The graveyard

steeply; there were] steeply. At last

ey; they came] too. They came

side, beyond the gate] side. Beyond the gate
246.25-26 sloping, down to a plantation of firs, shaped] 146.2-3 sloping down to a plantation of firs shaped


247.9 wall. They leaped] 146.9 arms they leaped

247.12 from them, they] 146.11 from them; they

247.22 hungry, he wanted] 146.20 hungry. He wanted

247.25 torturing himself, 'we] 146.26 torturing himself, 'We

247.25-26 Mr. Mahmood's] 146.26-27 Mr Mahmood's


248.3 open air, he] 147.1 open air; he

248.5 sports jacket, Ronald] 147.3 sports jacket. Roland

248.5 Ronald] 147.3 Roland

248.15 laboriously--'John Donne,] 147.11 laboriously, 'John Donne,

248.17 writing say, I] 147.13 writing say? I

248.22 Kidney for whom] 147.16 Kidney, for whom

248.29 veiled--'It means] 147.22 brailled. 'It means

248.32 'I don't know, I haven't] 147.25 'I don't know. I haven't

249.1 distance, he could] 147.28 distance. He could

249.4-5 [No 9] They had no] 147.32 [9] They had no

249.5 the trees, the path] 147.32 the trees. The path

249.14 teeth, out of] 148.3 teeth out of

249.17 mountain at all, now] 148.4 mountain at all now

249.17-18 there, the path] 148.5 there. The path

250.24 himself, 'it's a] 148.20 himself. 'It's a
250.31 the Princes in a Tower,' ] 148.25 the princes in a tower,' 
251.9 'Lear was King] 148.30 'Lear was a king
251.17 --'who had] 148.32 --who had
252.3 forehead,' why is] 149.10 forehead. 'Why is
252.16-17 the wall--'Mountains] 149.18 the wall. 'Mountains
252.18 like that... do you] 149.20 like that. Do you
252.26 [?] 'He only used] 149.26 [No?] 'He only used
252.28 legs, the stone] 149.28 legs. The stone
253.9 said pettishly--'Give me] 150.1 said pettishly, 'Give me
253.9 pills--you have] 150.1 pills. You have
253.10 no right...'] 150.1 no right.'
253.10 penis but his] 150.2 away, but his
253.28 Roland,'is it] 150.16 Roland. 'Is it
253.32 child,'what's] 150.19 child. 'What's
254.5 mountain he] 150.25 mountain, he
254.9 the Valley.) 150.29 the valley.
254.10 called;' he] 150.30 called?' he
254.16 'Pheno Barbitone,'] 150.35 'Pheno barbitone,'
254.16 Roland,'Pheeno] 150.35 Roland. 'Pheeno
254.16 'Pheeno Barberee] 150.35 'Pheeno barbeee
254.17 like vista and] 150.36 like vista, and
254.17 'Pheno, pheeeno] 151.3 'Pheno, pheeeeno,
254.35 had repeatedly] 151.17 had repeatedly
255.11 [Indented] Balfour woke] 151.28 [Blocked] Balfour woke
255.11 at tea-time] 151.28 at teatime
255.19 merged; his eyes] 152.1 merged. His eyes
255.22 the House.] 152.3 the house.
255.26 it up--'Honestly] 152.7 it up. 'Honestly
255.26 'Honestly I] 152.7 'Honestly, I
255.28 called, it frightened] 152.9 called. It frightened
255.36 knew, whilst] 152.17 knew, while
255.36 end the toughest] 152.18 end, the toughest
256.1 end the toughest] 152.18 end, the toughest
256.2 queen, why] 152.19 queen--why
256.2 why he] 152.19 why, he
256.6 in, why] 152.23 in--why
256.7 sugar, 'what] 152.24 sugar. 'What
256.7 way to go.] 152.24 way to go.'
256.9 elated, her] 152.26 elated. She
256.11 special; it] 152.28 special. It
256.18 twitching--'I'm not] 152.32 saucers. 'I'm not
256.19 go... obviously] 152.33 go. Obviously
256.29 hair, 'I] 153.4 hair. 'I
256.30 'I mean I] 153.4 'I mean, I
256.31 one moment he] 153.6 one moment, he
256.34 'I mean its] 153.9 'I mean, it's
256.34 its obvious] 153.9 it's obvious
me... it is... isn't] 153.9 me. It is... isn't

admitted, 'honest] 153.13-14 admitted. 'Honest

'honest I] 153.14 'Honest, I

go but I] 153.14 go, but I

feet--I'll] 153.15 feet. 'I'll

address and I'll] 153.16 address, and I'll

earnestly--you] 153.19 earnestly. 'You

won't, will] 153.19 won't, will

'N-Not a] 153.21 'N-not a

enough, 'if] 153.27 enough. 'If

earth then] 153.28 earth, then


Balfour anxious] 153.31 Balfour, anxious

noises--'And] 153.34 noises. 'And

Dotty--'Look] 154.3 Dotty. 'Look

Dot-Dot, how's] 154.3 Dot-Dot. How's

stream isn't] 154.8 stream, isn't

him; she] 154.9 him. She


its a] 154.28 it's a

support--'Do] 155.1 support. 'Do

looked a Joseph] 155.3 looked at Joseph

him... he's] 155.4 him... He's

sternly, 'I've] 155.6 sternly. 'I've
loudly; she] 155.8 loudly. She

all...he's] 155.9 all. He's

normal but he] 155.10 normal, but he

imbecile, there's] 155.13 imbecile. There's

top; she] 155.15 top. She

ways and] 155.16 ways, and

cups and] 155.17 cups, and

cried, 'a] 155.18 cried. 'A

hours...anything could happen...he looks] 155.20-21 hours...Anything could happen. He looks

Dotty but she] 155.24 Dotty, but she

him; she] 155.25 him. She

daring, 'they] 155.31 Balfour. 'They

told them, 'that] 155.33 told him. 'That

cow',] 155.34 cow.]

much you know] 155.35 much, you know

know...they've] 155.35 know. They've

independence...strike] 156.1 independence. Strike

said, 'same] 156.5 said. 'Same

said--'How] 156.8 said abruptly, 'How

--Security?] 156.12 '--security?'

housing....three] 156.15 housing. Three

Joseph, 'particularly] 156.18-19 Joseph. 'Particularly

'Yes, well] 156.20 'Yes--well,
262.19 well there] 156.20 well, there
262.19 conceded, 'different] 156.20-21 conceded. 'Different
262.21 The Dads] 156.22 The dads
262.23 more, the] 156.24 more. The
262.33 [9] 'I only meant] 156.26-27 [No 9] 'I only meant
262.33 club ... l] 156.27 club. I
262.34 ... you and] 156.28 ... You and
262.35 different, l] 156.28 different. I
262.35 that ... you] 156.29 that ... You
263.9-10 fiercely, 'where] 157.2 fiercely. 'Where
263.10 boy, just] 157.3 boy? Just
263.13 'I think it's terrible,'] 155.18 'I think it's terrible,'
263.21 Balfour--'Did] 157.12 Balfour. 'Did
263.23 said, 'Jolly] 157.15 said 'Jolly
263.23 good, 'looking] 157.15 good', looking
263.27 return; he] 157.18 return. He
263.30 elephant swaying] 157.20 elephant, swaying
263.35 bumping; he hoped] 157.23 bumping. He hoped
264.1 tomatoes but] 157.26 tomatoes, but
264.3 water but] 157.27 water, but
264.4 something, 'you] 157.29 something. 'You
264.6 tower; 'Dotty] 157.31 tower?' Dotty
264.6 know, 'was it] 157.31 know. 'Was it
264.6 real tower;'] 157.32 real tower?'
...it]

quickly, 'It]
good... One]
gone, wasn't] gone. Wasn't
[9] 'Kidney told me]
about the King]
heard--'Kidney]
Dotty not wanting]
thank you Dotty:'
gone; his] gone. His
[9] 'Kidney showed me]
themselves, nothing]
shrank; he found]
Joseph told him]
Lionel, 'that's my]
Roland was too tired]
teeth; Joseph]
insisted, the child]
cry... 'I don't]
Joseph disliked]
protest, he]
irritation... 'Oh]
then, let]
Dotty wanting to take the weary little boy on her knee but]
to take the weary boy on her knee, but

265.29 field, no breeze] 159.6 field. No breeze

265.31 Lionel, 'we] 159.7-8 Lionel. 'We

265.34 heavy; even] 159.11 heavy. Even

265.36 [No q] 'Good-night, old boy,'] 159.14 [q] 'Good-night old boy,'

265.36 night, old boy] 159.14 night old boy

266.3-4 boy, no pennies] 159.17 boy. No pennies

266.6 bedclothes--'What's] 159.19 bedclothes. 'What's

266.16 dared; it was] 159.27 dared. It was

266.18 wasps' moving,) 159.29 wasps moving,

266.20 that. He] 159.31 that? He

266.22 darkness; he] 159.33 darkness. Lionel

266.26 [No q] Lionel nodded,) 160.2 [q] Lionel nodded,

266.28 [No q] She knew something] 160.4 [q] She knew something

266.28 wrong, his face had] 160.4 wrong. His face had

266.29 collapsed; only] 160.5 collapsed. Only

266.31 'Asleep is he?'] 160.6 'Asleep, is he?'

266.32 [No q] The man nodded] 160.8 [q] Lionel nodded

266.34 milk...I] 160.10 milk. I

267.1 spoiled it all he] 160.13 spoiled it all, he

267.1 he thought, Dotty's] 160.13 he thought: Dotty's

267.2 holiday, poor Dotty, slouched over the table rolling her cigarettes,) 160.13-14

holiday--poor Dotty, slouched over the table rolling her cigarettes--
267.3 Roland's... He] 160.14-15 Roland's. He

267.6 vulnerable, she] 160.17 vulnerable. She

267.8-9 Roland... you'd get more information out of him... anything] 160.18-19 Roland. You'd
get more information out of him. Anything

267.14 --'If you're] 160.25 'If you're

267.17 [9] She gave a] 160.27 [No 9] She gave a

267.18 experiment... if he] 160.28 experiment... If he

268.1 head--] 160.30 head.

268.1 'Well he isn't is he?'] 160.31 'Well, he isn't is he?'

268.8 disturbed; he was] 160.32 disturbed. He was

268.11 everything they said lay] 160.34-35 everything, they said, lay

268.15 Joseph, she wasn't] 161.2 Joseph--she wasn't

268.17 on Kidney, what] 161.4 on Kidney? Taking

268.18 view he was] 161.4 view, he was

268.18 right, but there] 161.5 that; but there

268.20 family and blood ties and] 161.6 family, and blood ties, and

268.22 your Dad even] 161.7 your dad even

268.29 blood. Well] 161.12 blood--well

268.29 Well maybe] 161.12 well, maybe

268.29 loyalty. There] 161.12 loyalty: there

268.34 psuedo-nostalgia; they didn't] 161.15-16 limb. They didn't

269.3 him, it was Balfour he was looking at,) 161.17-18 him--it was Balfour he was looking
at--
269.7 quiet... 'not at] 161.21 quiet. 'Not at
269.8 'Rubbish... he was] 161.22 'Rubbish. He was
269.9 mountain... he's] 161.22-23 mountain. He's
269.15 sticking in the pocket] 161.29 sticking it into the pocket
269.18 greeting and then] 161.30 greeting, and then
269.19 saying, 'All] 161.31 replying 'All
269.19 best, 'as if] 161.31-32 'best', as if
269.21 chair separate] 161.33 chair, separate
269.29 drink... learn to drive or become religious--adopted] 162.5-6 drink, learnt to drive or become religious, adopted

270 [No chapter division] 163 [Chapter] 9
270.28 alarm but recognising] 163.5 alarm, but recognising
270.32 he said?'] 163.11 he said,'
271.1 Joseph... in the tower] 163.17 Kidney. 'In the tower
271.7 said, 'that's] 163.22 said. 'That's
271.11 boy, move] 163.25 boy. Move
271.26 arms he felt] 164.14 arms, he felt
271.27 within; voices] 164.16 within. Voices
271.29 the glen.] 164.17 the Glen.
271.34-35 Joseph--'Got] 164.22 Joseph. 'Got
272.9 paint, then we sanded, then] 164.30 paint. Then we sanded. Then
Of course, up] 164.32 Of course the

Door. Up] 164.33 Door, along

[No ¶] Dotty saw 165.1 [¶] Dotty saw

quietly, 'what's] 165.1-2 quietly. 'What's

muttering, I] 165.7 muttering. I

direction so that] 165.11 direction, so that

Kidney--'Please;' 165.13 Kidney. 'Please;

him, 'do tell] 165.14 him. 'Do tell

'A King;' 165.17 'A king;

May was uneasy] 165.21 [¶] May was uneasy

inconsistent; she] 165.24 inconsistent. She

spitefully. 'we'd] 165.27 spitefully. 'We'd

[No ¶] Out he went] 165.28 [¶] Out he went

'Well what] 165.35 'Well, what

accident, but] 166.2 accident, but

it but I] 166.6 it, but I

say 'isn't] 166.8 say 'Isn't

remarkable;' beyond] 166.8-9 remarkable?' Beyond

neatly folded] 166.9-10 neatly folded

top, feeling] 166.11 top, feeling

his hands behind] 166.11 his hands behind

Curiosity overwhelmed] 166.15 [¶] Curiosity overwhelmed

Dotty--'What] 166.15 Dotty. 'What
He told her, 'What for?' He cried, 'I will mind.'

'Because,' he said. 'I will mind.'

'She seized him,' she cried. 'My feet. You do see that. I'm awkwardly.'

The transport, it.
mad; still] 167.31 mad. Still
rudely--'I'll] 167.31 rudely, 'I'll
quiet if] 167.32 quiet, if
[No ¶] The partition] 167.33 [¶] The partition
sheepish, Dotty] 168.10 farewell. Dotty
ground; she could] 168.13 important. She could
the glen.] 168.15 the Glen.
[No extra space] Joseph had lit] 168.16 [Extra space] Joseph had lit
with beds; the one that] 168.18 with beds: the one that
Willie, propped] 168.19 Willie propped
leaving nor did] 168.35 leaving, nor did
car; he was] 169.1 car. He was
dear, mind] 169.2 dear. Mind
impulsively, 'please] 169.5 impulsively. 'Please
hedgerows, it's] 169.8 hedgerows. It's
Still she] 169.9 Still, she
free, if not] 169.9 free--if not
emotionally then] 169.10 emotionally, then
her, the relief] 169.11 her. The relief
throat; she swung] 169.13 escaped. She swung
May had seen] 170.1 [Chapter 10] May had seen
May had seen] 170.1 [Blocked] May had seen
279.33 sharply—'Did] 170.3 sharply, 'Did
279.33 drink Lionel?'] 170.4 drink, Lionel?
280.3 haunches probing] 170.8 haunches, probing
280.4 the wasp nest] 170.9 the wasps' nest.
280.7 moon-light] 170.12 moonlight
280.9 fern, kidney] 170.14 fern, kidney
280.20 [q] Aaaaah, he moaned] 170.16 [No q] He moaned
280.26 kidney, 'she] 170.20 kidney, 'She
280.35 [No q] Joseph had] 171.4 [q] Joseph had
280.35 refusal; he] 171.4 refusal. He
281.1 undecidedly—'Well,] 171.5 undecidedly. 'Well,
281.4 first as] 171.8 first, as
281.9 shelf carefully—] 171.13 shelf carefully.
281.14 both, 'he took] 171.17-18 both. 'He took
281.18 a criticism—] 171.22 a criticism.
281.19 [q] 'Rubbish,'] 171.22 [No q] 'Rubbish,'
281.19 said, 'They're] 171.22 said. 'They're
281.20 [No q] The harsh tone] 171.23 [q] The harsh tone
281.23 [q] She was instinctively] 171.25 [No q] She was instinctively
282.5 comment, she] 172.3 comment; she
282.10 Lionel but] 172.8 Lionel, but
282.12-13 alone... I object] 172.10 alone. I object
282.13 attitude... how dare] 172.10 attitude... How dare
282.14 this...everyone] 172.11 this...Everyone
282.20 'Take it Kidney,'] 172.17 'Take it, Kidney,'
282.21 tooth I know.'] 172.18 tooth, I know.'
282.22 for him the youth] 172.19 for him, Kidney
282.28 [Indented] There was a] 172.25 [Blocked] There was a
282.33 Mayfair. Then] 172.29 Mayfair, then
283.1 them; as] 172.33 them. As
283.1 property their transactions] 172 33-34 property, their transactions
283.4-5 [No 9] In one such] 173.1 [9] In one such
283.6 [No 9] 'Not now,'] 173.3 [9] 'Not now,'
283.12 Balfour, Fleet] 173.4 Balfour--Fleet
283.14 [9] 'Good, good;'] 173.4-5 [No 9] 'Good, good,'
283.21 'Well they] 173.12 'Well, they
283.30 him, 'and] 173.21 him, 'And
283.33 [No 9] He came to] 173.25 [9] Lionel came to
284.1 [Indented] It took him] 173.29 [Blocked] It took Lionel
284.8 blankets, and] 173.34 blankets and
284.14 secretly; once] 174.4 secretly. Once
284.15 cigarette, she] 174.5 cigarette. She
284.19 dreadful, she] 174.8 dreadful. She
mirror; it was)

son; he knew)

umbrage; she opened)

times.--'Have you)

desperately--'Lionel,)

[No?] May did not care)

protested coming)

[No?] Lionel pointed)

face, there were)

pills, he was)

alight, she)

Joseph looking)

country--' she)

affectedly, 'it)

looks... oh I don't know... as)

oh)

tea May;')

[No?] 'Oooh;')

her, 'I've)

protested--'You're)

out mate]

mate... you]

stations you know.')
"287.11 strain, 'perhaps] 175.21 strain. 'Perhaps
287.13 George--'] 175.22 George.'
287.14 Joseph--'I'll] 175.23 Joseph. 'I'll
287.17 candle, 'make] 175.26 candle. 'Make
287.3 [No extra space] In the barn] 175.32 [Extra space] In the barn
287.32 [9] It was not] 175.36 [No 9] It wasn't
287.32 child, he] 176.1 child. He
287.33 always it seemed] 176.1-2 always, it seemed,
288.1 sudden illumination,) 176.4 sudden illumination,
288.4 differently, he] 176.7 differently. He
288.5 should like a man drowning] 176.7 should, like a man drowning,
288.6 it, there were] 176.9 it. There were
288.13 really, there] 176.15 really. There
288.13 value, he] 176.16 value. He
288.16 stood up--'Bye-bye] 176.17 stood up. 'Bye-bye,'
288.20 laughter as if] 176.21 laughter, as if
288.22 moon perfectly] 176.22 moon, perfectly
288.25 table, Lionel] 176.26 table--Lionel
288.28 went in Joseph] 176.28 entered, Joseph
288.29 alone--'Take] 176.29 alone. 'Take
288.31 mate,' he] 176.30 mate?' he
288.32 asked, full] 176.30-31 asked full
Substantive Variants of *Another Part of the Wood*

The following list juxtaposes all the substantive variants between the 1968 Hutchinson edition and the 1979 Duckworth edition of *Another Part of the Wood*. The reading to the left of the bracket beginning with the page and line numbers is that of the Hutchinson edition. The reading to the right of the bracket beginning with the page and line numbers is that of the Duckworth edition. The abbreviation *om.* to the right of the page indicates the absence of words, lines, or entire passages. This list provides the collation for the two English publications. Because the 1980 American publication by George Braziller is a reprint of the Duckworth edition, a separate listing for it is not included.
5 For Daddy] 5 For Lilly and Cecil Tades

6 All day, the same our postures were, / And we saw nothing, all the day. / John Donne] 6 om.

7.1 shy, class-conscious shy, was] 7 shy, was

7.4 the weak sunlight] 7.3 the sunlight

7.5-6 bridge, roses in the garden of the cottage nearby trembled at their passing.] 7.4 bridge.

7.6-7 He observed] 7.4-5 He watched

7.6-7 He observed their trembling and the car's approach] 7.4-5 He watched the car's approach

7.8 listening with lashes fluttering] 7.6 listening with eyelids fluttering

7.11-14 George had asked him to meet the car, had told him to do so, he was not sure which; the request had come from so lofty a height--George was six feet eight--that he had not known how to refuse.] 7.8 George MacFarley had told him to meet the visitors.

7.14-19 You meet them and I'll make tea, George had promised. Right you are, Balfour agreed and half ran, half walked down the track to the entrance of the woods, bearing with him a picture of George standing idle at the door of the Big House.] 7.8-14 'You meet them and I'll make tea,' he had promised. 'Right you are;' Balfour had agreed, and half ran, half walked, down the track to the entrance of the woods, leaving George towering outside the door of the Big House.

7.20-21 The Big House was one large room with a kitchen built on at the back and a bedroom built on at the side] 7.14-15 The Big House was merely one large room with a kitchen built on at the back and a bedroom at the side.

7.21 and nailed to that another room.] 7.15 Nailed to that was another room,

7.24 This was George's bedroom. In it George kept] 7.17 This was George's bedroom, where he kept

7.26 His saw, always oiled after use.] 7.19 His saw, always greased after use,
7.27; 8.1 a plan of the woods executed by George in fine pencil,) 7.21 a plan of the woods which
George had drawn

8.2-13 trees. To Balfour the plan was meaningless but decorative and it gave him pleasure to look
at the absurd hieroglyphics that symbolised for George the presence of his cherished trees.
Some Balfour had interpreted; the circles signifying the beeches, the triangles of the
mountain ash, the clusters of dots that stood for pines, the crosses of the black poplar.
There were others Balfour did not understand. In the bottom corner George had printed
certain abbreviations--
DAI JAC BOA RUT MIRI CHI SAU HELPS SAR ADA JON AA ISA PAU C AI EPH DANI SHEB LEA
DIA]7.23 trees.

8.15-16 Underneath these several rows were the words--Plan of Nant MacFarley Camp, 1960,
and) 7.23-24 in the bottom corner were printed the words 'Plan of Nant MacFarley Camp'
and

8.18 was not unanimously used.] 8.2 wasn't always used.

8.19 Mrs. MacFarley referred to the Estate] 8.2 George's mother referred to the estate

8.22 Balfour accompanied them] 8.6 Balfour accompanied the MacFarleys

8.23 to the Resting Ground and returned to the factory bench] 8.6 to the Resting
Ground--returning to his factory bench

8.24 there were not] 8.8 there weren't

8.24 dead trees] 8.8 any dead trees

8.29 Hinges must be kept oiled.] 8.12 hinges to be oiled,

8.30 window frames examined for warping,) 8.13 window frames to be examined for warping,

8.30 a porch was to be built at the entrance of the Big House,) 8.13 A porch was planned for the
entrance of the Big House.
8.31 to house] 8.14 to hold
8.37 they toiled] 8.20 the MacFarleys toiled
9.1-3 ceasing. At night Mrs. MacFarley laid leaves between the mildewed pages of elderly books and pressed them flat with her strong hands.] 8.21 ceasing.
9.4 Despite this he had come to spend his summer holiday,] 8.21 Nevertheless he had arranged to spend his summer holiday,
9.6 his fourteen days away from the factory bench,] 8.23 his fourteen days away from the factory,
9.6-8 at the Camp together with Commandant George and friends known to George soon to arrive.] 8.23-26 at the Camp. Mr and Mrs MacFarley wouldn't be there; they had gone abroad. But Balfour had discovered on arrival that he wasn't going to be alone with George.
9.8-14 There was a woman expected and a man called Joseph who had a beard and was stimulating according to George, and someone called Kidney whom Balfour was convinced would be stimulating too, and he was at a loss to know how to greet such combined precise stimulation. There were two other people, friends of Joseph, not known to George, unnamed, due to arrive the following day.] 8.26-33 George had invited friends -- a man with a beard called Joseph and somebody named Kidney. What was worse, Joseph had apparently taken it upon himself to ask two other people to stay -- people whom George had never met. George said that very possibly Joseph would also bring a woman. He usually did. Balfour could tell that George was none too pleased about the arrangements, though he didn't say much. George never said much.
9.15-24 Whilst the car was yet to appear, Balfour shouted into the empty lane... Hallo, hallo... and then tried... 'Had a good journey?' -- dropping from his perch on the gate with what he hoped was the right, the exact amount of casualness. Only he landed awkwardly with boots
squelching and a hand extended like Groucho Marx, so he gave up and climbed back on to the
gate, plucking at his mauve lips with agitated fingers, looking at the sky, the puddles of rain
on the ground beneath him, the vacant lane edged with trees] 8 om.

9.25-29 The arrival of Joseph was much as he had imagined—a television commercial with a
get-away bloke in a get-away car fitted with radio, complete with blonde girl friend, and
between them, sat like an acorn, a child with a pom-pom hat on, and in the back seat a boy
with a rosy face.] 8.34-36 The car, radio blaring, stopped. Seated beside Joseph was a
fair-haired girl, between them a child in a pom-pom hat and in the back a youth with a rosy
face.

9.30 the dark blue bonnet of the Jaguar] 9.1 the dark blue bonnet

9.32 that somewhere, somehow, there was a place for them.] 9.2 that somewhere there was a
place for them.

9.34 Then Joseph got out of his car] 9.4 Joseph got out of the car

9.36; 10.1-2 Balfour: ‘It was a question or a definition and it left Balfour silent on his gate,
mouth still arched in a ventriloquist’s smile.] 9.5 Balfour.

10.6 and said petulantly,) 9.7-8 He said petulantly,

10.6 ‘Can we do the kite now, Daddy?’] 9.8 ‘Can I have the kite now, Daddy?’

10.7 Without waiting for an answer he began] 9.8-9 and without waiting for an answer began
10.9-10 high, maybe weary but only seeming to act out the signs of fatigue, said--] 9.10 high,
said

10.12 He dropped] 9.11 He lowered

10.13 purple Balfour still hunched on the black gate--] 9.12 still hunched on the gate.

10.14 --‘I picked up Roland from Liverpool] 9.13 ‘I picked up Roland in Liverpool,

10.16-26 Balfour saw two pictures clearly; the small child, the boy child struggling to release
his kite from the boot, plucked like a miniature milk churn from the side of the industrial city, and Joseph at the wheel of his sports car, ice crystals in the growth of his cinnamon beard, facing innumerable dangers across the breadth of the country.

Not aware of Balfour's visual imagination, Joseph continued--'Too many miles, too many cars. I often think life is becoming too much.'

Balfour looked at his face and his car and his son still wrestling with the handle of the boot.] 9 om.

10.26-28 He said finally, clearing his throat and taking care not to look at the fair girl now standing in the mud--'George is making tea.' 9.16-17 'George is making tea;' said Balfour, clearing his throat, too shy to look at the girl.

10.29 cuppa.'] 9.19 cuppa.' Joseph noticed his bad complexion and felt sorry for him.

10.30 Joseph made sounds of joy, of approval, and extracted the kite from the boot.] 9.20 He extracted a kite from the boot.

10.33 Roland. Leave[ 9.23 Roland,' he said. 'Leave

10.34-36 The other passenger, having neither formalities to observe or kites to fly, had remained where he was in the car.] 9.23 The other passenger had remained where he was in the car.

11.2 and he blushed.] 9.26 and blushed.

11.7-11 His grief intruded into every politeness; the high warbling notes of protest brought Balfour down from his perch and put him with salvation fingers into the dark puddles. Delicately he lifted the string from the path and rubbed dirt from the crimson line.]

9.30-31 Balfour got down from his perch and lifted the string from the path.

11.13 a long cardboard box of red and black--] 9.23 a long red and black cardboard box.

11.16 the tall blonde girl] 10.1 the blonde girl
11.17 a quick upward glance] 10.1 a quick glance

11.17 glance, ready to smile.] 10.1 glance.

11.17-18 She was looking however at Joseph with] 10.1-2 But she was looking at Joseph, with
11.19-26 again, squatting in the mud with hair untidy and ears burning. 'There, there,' he told the
child Roland, 'be all right in a moment.'

'This path is a disgrace. Poohs all over the place,' said the child. He shook his head,
tut-tutting his disapproval. 'You better tell George to clear these poohs up.'

'They're not p-poohs.' Balfour looked at the mud objectively.] 10.3 again.

11.27 Joseph, head up in the sunlight] 10.4 Joseph

11.28 addressed the figure in the car with sternness.] 10.4-5 addressed the figure in the car
    severely.

11.30-31 Jaguar and stood in the clay.] 10.6-7 Jaguar and stepped down.

11.31 looked at the ground seriously] 10.7 looked at the ground

11.35-36; 12.1 summer air. Like a rose his face bloomed beneath the high elms. Mouth sewed like
    a button, half sulky, half prim, ] 10.10 summer air.

12.2-18 A bad journey, thought Balfour, thinking of other more epic journeys across untracked
    land, wagons with settlers and Indians behind distant rocks, watching the calico bonnets of
    the pioneer women coming closer and closer, journeys no one took any more, thinking of the
    pity of it, watching all the time the plump youth moving round the chromium curve of the
    car, fat hands snatching up coats and rugs, a magazine, one thermos flask. Somewhere up the
    M.1 they had drunk tea from the plastic receptacle. How ordered, how tidy were the lives of
    the people George knew. He remembered suddenly and with anxiety his host back at Hut 2
    making tea, waiting for them all, imagined the calor gas heating the kettle, the quivering lid
    as the water began to bubble, the lonely figure at the doorway looking along the path with
lonely eyes. He said, momentarily brave, 'Quick, we must hurry, George will be
waiting.' 10 am.

12.19 They went in single file through the gate. 10.12-13 When the car was finally unpacked,

they went in single file through the gate,

12.20 the narrow path 10.13 the path

12.21 To the right of them the pines 10.14 To the right the pines

12.24 The air was loud with the hum of gnats. 10.17 The air hummed with gnats.

12.28-36; 13.1-7 The procession went slowly, treading over the roots of trees, eyes down to the
dappled track, not looking at the valley, each burdened with possessions. Balfour carried the
Monopoly set, bearing it like a tray, the admirable Crichton on the Island of Pines, followed
by his superiors. In Chelsea boots the bearded Joseph trod the yellow path, a pigskin case in
either hand, trailed by the woman Dotty with coats and rug, and the eunuch Kidney carrying
a wicker basket and a box of groceries. Seriously, with feeling, Kidney took biscuits and
Bemax, porridge and Ribena towards the settlement. Lastly, fretfully, dragging his
earth-bound kite, hopped the child Roland, dressed in jeans and jumper, the pom-pom of his
tea-cosy hat bouncing above his discontented face.

In the white sky grey clouds rolled above their bent heads. 10 am.

13.10 supposedly to the child, 10.23 apparently to the child,

13.11 bow with care around 10.24 box round

13.12 around the swollen purple heads 10.24 round the swollen purple heads

13.15 the brown path 10.27 the path

13.21 track disliking the insect-ridden air. 10.32 track.

13.21 is he? 10.33 is he? asked Kidney.

13.22 Kidney blinked 10.34 he blinked
13.22 blinked perspiration] 10.34 blinked sweat

13.23 his baby eyes] 10.34 his eyes

13.27-28 'Indeed yes;' said Kidney and clutched his box of groceries more firmly.] 10 om.

13.29-33 Their leader Balfour, not noticing the landscape, the birches, the poplars, the mountain
beyond the birches, the tender young fir trees, the grass trampled flat beside the path,
tried, holding his box of Monopoly to remember what else George had told him about Joseph.] 11.3-4 Balfour tried to remember what George had told him about Joseph.

13.33-34 Divorced from a wife who painted,] 11.4 He was divorced, apparently, from a wife who
paintied,

'3.34 administrator] 11.5 the administrator

13.35 living with the woman Dotty.] 11.5-6 living with a woman, presumably Dotty:

13.35-36 a man given to stimulating talk,] 11.6-7 a man, according to George, given to
stimulating talk,

13.36 talk, a teller of dreams, a] 11.7 talk, a

14.2 of all times] 11.9 of all time

14.4-16 Ahead, planted in the grass adjacent to the path was a piece of sculpture, a figure
originally destined for the plateau in front of the Big House, but abandoned by George as
unworthy. 'Dirty big muscles,' observed the child, sighting the figure and overtaking his
father. Bending down on a level with the sandstone face he poked with his finger where the
eyes might have been. 'Look, Daddy, I remember this.'

'Do you?' Eyes on the way ahead, the thick hair, burnt-umber, bobbing up and down on
his brow, Joseph passed the child and the sculptured mass. After a few yards he turned and
saw the boy and the stone together. 'Come on, Roland.'] 11 om.

14.16 He put the cases] 11 om. Joseph put the cases
14.18-19 The girl Dotty, halted by his toilette, looked at him with hostility.] 11.13 Dotty looked at him with hostility.


14.20-24 Balfour, who had turned wondering at the delay--'Roland thinks he remembers the figure back there. It's possible I suppose.' He flapped his white handkerchief in the air and returned it to the pocket of his trousers.] 11.15 Balfour.

14.25 and asked the silent Dotty--] 11.15 and asked,

14.26 He attempted to put] 11.16 He tried to put

14.28 scowled, rubbing her hip with one fist, her mouth martyred and] 11.19 scowled, and

14.30 behind him] 11.19 behind Joseph

14.30-31 Kidney, her face pale, her pale hair drooping.] 11.20 Kidney.

14.32-36; 15.1-5 The distant Balfour, arms aching, was too worried about the waiting tea-maker to question how often Joseph and his child had visited the labour camp. George, who was never informative unless moved, had not mentioned it and Balfour supposed they could have been coming every year at a time different to his own vacation. With a slight adjustment of the factory calendar he could by this time have been less in awe of Joseph, if not a friend then at least a camp acquaintance. 'You'll know where the huts are then,' shouted Balfour to the trees--'You're in Hut 4.'] 11.21 'George is making tea in Hut 2,' called Balfour.

15.6 'Hut 4, Hut 4,'] 11.22 'Hut 2, Hut 2,'

15.6 behind on] 11.22 behind him on

15.8 The girl Dotty said] 11.24 The girl said

15.9 Balfour, hastening up] 11.25 Balfour, as he hastened up

15.10 burden, hoping she] 11.26 burden. He hoped she

15.10 she had not] 11.26 she hadn't
on the ugliness of his backside or the strangeness of his face.] 11.27 on his acne.

other, ears pinkly burning, keeping] 11.27 other, keeping

the path below which lay the Big House and Hut 2 and the ever-waiting Commandant.]

the path.
The child Roland] 11.30 Roland

He sang] 11.30 He piped

delicately] 11.30 shrilly

'Bottles, bottles,' ] 11.36 'Buckles, buckles,'
exclaimed his father] 11.36 corrected his father

Sad, sad, thought Balfour, gaining the very top of the slope, mouth open and mind melancholy. ] 12 om.

he shouted] 12.7 Balfour shouted

shouted encouragingly to the visitors and] 12.7 shouted.

and jogged] 12.7 He jogged

jogged] 12.7 jogged thankfully

breast, thinking of the fair and fat Bobby Shaftoe with the salt spray drying on his

cheeks and the silver bottles clanking at his knee. ] 12.8 breast.

The Big House sat on a concrete foundation with its kitchen quarters nearest the hillside, overhung by a lip of rock, shrub-covered and protective, behind which the hill climbed to the field above and the telegraph poles and the road that wound about the valley. Somewhere up there in the field, nailed to the second telegraph pole was the letter box for incoming mail. Wearing boots and oilskins Mr. MacFarley would tread his way between the brown cows and the white ones to collect his political correspondence. In front of the big house George had laid two rows of grey slate slabs and made a table of wood with a
slate top and a wooden bench to sit on; there was a blue-leaved shrub without flowers in half
a beer barrel and at the edge of the plateau a line of Swan River daisies planted by Mrs.
MacFarley, and after that the ground fell away abruptly to the valley and rose again
endlessly sewn with trees, Hut 4 and the outside toilet hidden amongst them. Two miles
away, its tip on the level with the stone chimney of the Big House, was the mountain.

The girl Dotty paused on the path and opened her eyes wide. She would have liked to be
able to say something full of sincerity and wonder, something that would display how
sensitive were her perceptions and how expressive her exact feelings about the view below
her. Soundlessly she looked at the blue flowers and the slat tombstone; how
beautiful it was, everything a shade of blue, shrub, roof and distant mountain. She did open
her lips in preparation for words but the figure of Joseph preceding her, cases held with
precision, silenced her. How lovely, how lovely, she told herself, eyes narrow again, having
to run down the slope with Kidney behind her and the child slithering past her on his bottom,
the kite scoring marks in the grey mud. Balfour was resting his Monopoly box on the slate
topped table, watching with anxiety the child peering in at the window of the Big House.
'Don't touch the glass,' he said, seeing the muddy fingers planted starwise on the shining
surface.

'It's Old Mother Riley's house,' shouted Roland, pressing his nose to the window, leaning
his small weight against the pane, looking at the pine table within and the flower pots and the
pictures hung on the interior wall. 'I remember that picture. I remember that picture.'
Awed yet confident of his memory Roland turned with mouth agape to his father who had
reached the plateau and set down his cases and was now combing his beard. Balfour thought
his constant use of his comb was in the nature of bead tending, the action both soothed and
absolved him. 'It's me, Daddy. It's a picture of me that Mummy made.'
Bent at the waist, neck thrust out, appearing to study the room, Joseph regarded his reflection and completed his toilette. Replacing his comb once more safely in his pocket he remarked, 'So it is. Little Roland among the trees.'

'Aren't I sweet,' cried the child, leaning against the unyielding window, heavy with self-love, desperate to get closer to the sweet infant-self within the house.

'We better move on,' Balfour, fearful that Roland in his excitement would break the glass, picked up the box from the table and walked away.

'I want to sleep here, I want to sleep here.'

'You can't.' Dotty stood behind the child and pushed him with her foot from his place at the window. Arms full of rugs, voice friendly, she told him--'Go and find George. Go and tell him we're coming.'

The place was no longer lovely for her. It was just another place that she was occupying space in accompanied by Joseph. She did not look inside the house at the painting that had despoiled the landscape; she knew it would be talented and full of charm and look fairly like the small boy gone reluctantly to find George. It wasn't the picture or the painter or the subject that upset her. It was the relationship in which Joseph stood to the painting and the landscape. They had never been anywhere for any moment of time that he had not been to before with others or another, and she always hoped it would not matter and it always did.

Depressed, she followed Balfour and Joseph along the path.] 12 om.

18.2 the spirits of the visitors) 13.2 the visitors' spirits

18.3 another bench) 12.12 a bench

18.5-6 door. There were no shrubs and no white-headed flowers) 12.13 door.

18.5-6 but there were red curtains on either) 12.13 Red curtains hung on either

18.6-7 window and a table of pine and a rocking chair by the stove.) 12.14 window.
18.8 nails and from the path] 12.15 nails. From the path
18.9 was not visible] 12.15 wasn't visible
18.9 Neither was George.] 12.16 Nor was George.
18.10-12 His recent agitation that they were keeping George waiting now replaced by the
embarrassment on behalf of the unwelcomed Labour force, Balfour] 12.17 Balfour
18.12-13 Balfour could only lay down his Monopoly box] 12.17 Balfour put down his Monopoly box
18.14 tell them] 12.18 told them
18.14 could not imagine] 12.18 couldn't imagine
18.15 got to. 'I left him making tea,' he said,) 12.19 got to.
18.16 going into the kitchen without real hope, finding it empty and] 12.19-20 He went into the
kitchen but found it empty, and
18.19 other:] 12.22 other,' he said.
18.19-20 kitchen filled with resentment that] 12.23 kitchen, resentful that
18.22-23 felt any loss at the absence of George.] 12.25-26 felt any embarrassment.
18.24 chair,) 12.27 chair by the stove,
18.26 shelf above the stove] 12.29 shelf.
18.29 he told Balfour with bitterness,) 12.32 he told Balfour bitterly,
18.30 handkerchief stained with mud,) 12.33 mud-stained handkerchief.
18.31 only fractionally shielded] 12.34 only partly shielded
18.32 his arm] 12.35 an arm
18.33 complexion from the perfectionist beyond,) 12.35 complexion.
18.33 beyond, and dropped] 12.35 but dropped
18.34 he could not spend] 12.36 he couldn't spend
18.35-36 hidden and it would perhaps be better if Joseph found him unbearable.) 12.37 hidden.
19.1 had not been] 13.1 hadn't been
19.2 the spirits of the visitors] 13.2 the visitors' spirits
19.3-4 fallen. Hypersensitive to atmosphere he could only suffer and stand there contributing to
the general mood of depression.] 13.2 fallen.
19.6 himself like a small wave] 13.4 himself against
19.7-8 the face of the girl] 13.5 the girl's face
19.12-13 the kite purchased for Roland] 13.10 Roland's kite
19.15-17 intentions. So enthusiastically conceived, so full of promise and now like the kite given
to the child Roland, fragile and incapable of flight.] 13.14 intentions.
19.17-19 The journeying replaced by arrival it was as he had suspected; nothing was either better
or worse than anywhere else.] 13.12-14 Now that they were here, it was as he had
suspected: nowhere was either better or worse than anywhere else.
19.21 the cheek of Roland] 13.16 the child's cheek
19.22 for the little boy, for Dotty] 13.17 for Roland--for Dotty
19.24-25 in.' Hearing his voice, the stationary Kidney lifted his rounded limbs and took a step
towards the hut] 13.18 in.'
19.25-26 and Balfour mumbled, 'You're in Hut 4 on the other side of the stream.'] 13.19-20
'You're in Hut 4 on the other side of the stream,' mumbled Balfour.
19.28 in preparation] 13.21 in readiness
19.33 her narrow eyes] 13.26 her eyes
19.35 the robot Kidney] 13.28 Kidney
20.1 followed his source of energy and light.] 13.30 followed him.
20.2 ran from Dotty with the shut eyes, out] 13.30 ran out
20.3 with her.] 13.31 with Dotty.
the mouth remained closed in the closed face so she didn't, so

the insect the animal

causing it to contract its thin and obscene legs. om.

the sloping draining board the draining board

bowl attempted to lift the spider free. One leg detached itself from the squat body and clung wetly to the bowl. 'Ah, God,' groaned Balfour, stomach hot.

ramming the spider rammed the spider

turning the tap turned the tap

with violence violently

and not and how not

and snapped and snapping

and told told

Distressed by the journey in the fast car, the youth The youth

small and too forlorn small.

ball of wool had fallen

had gone had gone down

sofa, his large dimply bottom high in the air, and air and

carpet. Like rose thorns the tiny white teeth of the cat caught on his knuckles.

carpet.

sit clumsily again sit again

curved missing the warm green ball and its softness, looking at the minute indentures made by the cat and hearing the rapid clicking of the needles.

television television set

then up and up
21.18-19 shape and then away again and] 14.34 shape, and

21.20 and that his pullover] 14.36 and his pullover

21.22 to touch his garment] 15.1 to touch

21.23 went upstairs to the bathroom and cleaned his teeth] 15.2-3 would go upstairs to the

bathroom and clean his teeth

21.24 he had been unable] 15.3 he hadn't been able

21.24 to do this and] 15.3 to and

21.24-25 pulled out the needles to stop his jumper being in pain,] 15.3-4 pulled at the knitting

needles.

21.25 pain, and under] 15.4 needles. Under

21.26-28 away. He did then realise he had made an important discovery, that his pullover needed

the tormenting needles] 15.5 away.

21.28 needles, but his mother] 15.5 His mother

21.28-29 had been angry] 15.5 was angry

21.32 felt only disappointed] 15.8 felt only disappointment

21.34 and he folded] 15.10 He folded

21.34 the arms neatly,] 15.10 the pullover carefully.

21.34-35 neatly, stroking the wool with his plump fingers.] 15.10 carefully.

21.36 and when] 15.11 When

21.36 he wasn't] 15.12 he saw he wasn't

22.1 tears, and a frown between his golden eyebrows] 15.12 tears. Frowning,

22.2 arms of the pullover in] 15.13 arms in

22.5 pulling out] 15.15 pulled out

22.6 throwing it back] 15.15-16 and threw it back
22.7 Bending down once more) 15.16 Bending down

22.11-13 Each sentence, short, concise, strung like beads, aimed themselves at the head of Kidney and slid metallically around his russet neck. Joseph added for good measure--'Anyway'

15.19 Anyway,

22.16 with a great effort] 15.21 with effort

22.16-17 sat down heavily on the settee] 15.22 sat down heavily on the sofa.

22.18-27 Joseph took from the hamper several shirts and some small vests and a Wellington boot. He laid the shirts in a neat pile of blue and white on the wooden floor and flung backwards on to the settee the boot and the infant vests. Kidney looked at his pullover crushed under the heel of the hostile Wellington and at the blue knitted back of Joseph curved over his basket. 'Every one is made of wool,' said Kidney, 'or rubber or cotton.' He fondled the childish vests and knew he had once been little.

'What?' said Joseph.] 15 pm.

22.27-28 He turned to look at his difficult pupil and seeing him slouched golden and useless,

asked--) 15.23 Joseph turned to look at Kidney.

22.30-32 is?' He cleared his throat as if to point an obstruction that might be Kidney's own.

15.24 is?

22.35-36; 23.1-5 'Which day down the path please, Joseph?'

Squirming now on the small settee, as if Joseph's question had unbearably accelerated a need, Kidney desperately looked to him for more accurate directions.

'Turn right at the hut door. Just turn to your right and go down the path to the bushes and you'll see it.'

Still wriggling Kidney sat on and Joseph got up] 15.27 Joseph got up

23.6 taking his arm] 15.27 taking Kidney's arm
23.6 guided the blushing boy] 15.28 guided him
23.7 patiently and pointed] 15.29 patiently, pointing
23.8 and pointed down the mud path.] 15.29 pointing along the mud path.
23.10-12 Joseph tugged at his beard with magisterial sternness and looked unsmiling into the rose-madder face. Lashes beaded with tears and frowning with concentration, the width]
23.13 concentration the width of his] 15.30 Kidney. The width of his
23.13 so excessive] 15.31 so extreme
23.14 Kidney rolled] 15.31 he rolled
23.14-15 path and grunted under the beech trees.] 15.32 path.
23.16 Joseph stayed framed pastorally] 15.33 Joseph stayed framed
23.16-17 doorway of the wooden hut and] 1533 doorway.
23.17 and gazed] 15.33 gazing
23.17-18 around him; the wet field,] 15.34 around him--at the wet field,
23.19 trees, the bushes by the barn,] 15.35 trees.
23.20 and set in a brown field the mountain] 15.35 Out of a brown field rose the mountain,
23.21 He promised himself that tomorrow] 16.1 Tomorrow, he promised himself,
23.23 the tower built there] 16.3 the tower
23.23-31 Here he removed his hand from his hip and held it out palm upward, forefinger encircled by a thin band of gold, as if to enfold another, smaller hand. Dotty might want to come too, trailing behind them rolling her wafer thin cigarettes and discarding an endless spray of spent matches, but he would explain quite logically and dispassionately why she should not come. He thrust his pinnated chin forward aggressively and the tuft of feather beard quivered in the moist air.] 16 om.
23.31 His ex-wife) 16.9 His wife
23.32 not to take a woman) 16.9 not to take a girl
23.34-35 behind, a piece of advice he had disregarded but not maliciously.] 16.11 behind.
24.1 better adventures they would) 16.5 better adventures that they would
24.3 they would surely climb) 16.7 that they would surely climb
24.3-4 climb, roped together under the sky.) 16.7 climb.
24.4-5 to conjure up a grown Roland) 16.8 to imagine a grown Roland
24.6 As if to achieve this image he narrowed his eyes and focused with intensity the mountain]
16.11 He studied the mountain
24.12 might degenerate) 16.16 could degenerate
24.14-18 Shaking his head against this pessimism the mountain in its field shifted from side to
side and became still again. It was not essential that their little climb should be in the
nature of a triumph, it was more that they would be together. So he strove to convince
himself.) 16 om.
24.22 length of time?) 16.22 length of time, let alone love them?
24.22-26 Some people were able to love because the imperfections of others brought forth depths
of compassion, though he felt it was merely they found comfort in seeing their own
imperfections mirrored so faithfully and so tenderly.) 16 om.
24.26-27 He himself did not know) 16.23 He wasn’t sure
24.27 he held no tenderness] 16.23 he had no tenderness
24.33 she had not) 16.24 she hadn’t
24.34 always considered] 16.29 always thought
24.36 he could no longer recall] 16.31-32 he couldn’t remember
24.36 with certainty] 16.32 for certain
he did not] 16.34 he didn't

face, black eyebrows drawn with charcoal, broad] 17.2 face, broad

She was always it seemed coming towards him.] 17.5 She was always coming towards him, it seemed.

removed his hand] 17.11 removed his hands

him with dreadful intimacy and laid] 17.21 him and laid

could not sleep] 17.21 couldn't sleep

He remembered the names quite clearly. The tram lines shining under the lamps in Catherine Street, turn right into Huskisson Street, every house with a basement, left along Hope Street, on the cathedral side because he liked to trail his fingers across the railings and he did not want to see the house where he was born; left again at Upper Parliament, cross over to the Rialto cinema and three taxi-cabs at the kerb and into the short stretch of Upper Stanhope Street. Cairo Joe's, the chandler's shop with paper carnations in the window and the brick wall with We Love Bessie Braddock painted four feet high, too dark to read but he knew it was there, and round the corner into the Boulevarde with its twin rows of tattered trees and its broad avenue along which the carriages used to go. All the length of the Boulevarde they walked;] 17 om.

no doubt he held] 17.22 no doubt he had held

hand, that unremembered wife] 17.23 hand.

him, that she was] 17.27 him and was

Had he really thought that, or had she told him he felt that or ought to feel it? Was it her or someone else? They all cried, they all said things with varying degrees of articulation. He knew it had been his wife who said finally that she hadn't been born with the right tools to reach his love—that her nails were not long enough, her hair not smooth
enough, her skin not clear enough. The truth of this, the sad undeniable clarity of this, had
aroused in him a small heap of pity. But not enough. Ever since then he had suffered from
the belief that maybe he did have love in him, that she was right—that someone, some time
might have the special equipment needed to release him.]

26.31–32 and it was possible his whole problem] 17.32 and perhaps his whole problem

26.32–33 excess layer of tissue] 17.33 excess of tissue

26.33 tissue, nothing] 17.33 tissue and nothing

26.34 mother, and perhaps] 17.34 mother. Perhaps

26.35–36 Maybe then Kidney would] 17.36 Maybe Kidney would then

27.1 there would be no one] 18.1 there wouldn’t be anyone

27.4–10 He inhaled deeply and felt with satisfaction the expansion of his chest. He himself did
press-ups every morning without fail. The people in the flat below had asked him about the
dull regular thuds on their ceiling but vanity had caused him to give an explanation that was
not truthful. A good chest was to be admired but the struggle for its attainment should be
kept secret.]

27.12 Believing it, he looked] 18.5 Believing it, Joseph looked

27.13 forest and the pattern of light] 18.6 forest, at the pattern of light

27.14 and went back inside] 18.7 before going back inside

27.16 Balfour was helping Dotty to make scones,] 18.9 Balfour was watching Dotty.

27.17–32 scones, clutching the yellow mixing bowl to his nervous stomach, aware painfully of
the fair and angular girl standing beside him, one pointed hip thrust out, a cigarette burning
between her soft and brownish lips. She had not asked George, returned without explanation
or apology, if she might use the margarine and the flour. She had not asked Balfour if he
would care to mix the two together. She had leaned against the double-tiered bunks at the
end of the hut and stretching her arms wide in a crucified position, crossed her black-shod feet one over the other and looked first at the ceiling, causing her hair to fall back in a semi-circle over a portion of the grey blanket and only the rind of her chin visible to Balfour seated on his stool, and then down at the floor so that the hair swung back across her face and then he could only see the tip of her long and elegantly pointed nose.] 18.9  Dotty.

27.23-25  She had leaned against the double-tiered bunks at the end of the hut and stretching her arms wide in a crucified position.] 18.9-11  She was leaning against the double-tiered bunks at the end of the hut, her arms stretched wide in a crucified position.

28.1  Still supported by] 18.16  Supported by
28.2  and unbuttoned] 18.17  and unbuttoning
28.2  jacket and withdrew] 18.17  jacket withdrew
28.4  Turning round now completely] 18.19  Turning round now
28.6  her narrow shoulders.] 18.20  her shoulders.
28.7  did not smoke] 18.21  didn’t smoke
28.8  bent blank head] 18.21  bent head
28.8  her hands nudging and edging] 18.22  her hands pushing
28.10  her moist pink tongue] 18.23  her pink tongue
28.11  hunched] 18.25  crouched
28.12  hunched in her attitude of despair over] 18.25  crouched over
28.12  over the blanket,) ] 18.25  over the side of the bunk bed,
28.12-13  black feet turned inwards like a despondent boy, a line] 18.25  a line
28.17  the returned George] 18.29  George, returned without apology or explanation
28.18  on his raised right knee,) ] 18.30  on his knee.
28.18-19  knee, his other leg endlessly long stretching out across the wooden floor.] 18.30  knee.
28.20 his neck] 18.31 George's neck

28.24-36; 29.1-22 It did not help Balfour to believe that George's composure was in part due to his unbringing and the rest to insensitivity. Nothing helped Balfour when he was in such a mood of inferiority and anguish. He should not have remained for this week at all, not for a holiday, not if he wanted to relax. He did not know how he was going to manage six nights in the hut with two perfect strangers; and they would be perfect he felt sure, with the right accents and the right clothes and all talking about design and art and people he'd never heard of, let alone understood. Balfour felt that if he spoke at all, and it would be worse to remain silent, it would be like a lump of clay flung amongst them. It didn't even help to know that George was fond of him, that George's parents, the MacFarley's, were attached to him. They were always encouraging him, always showing him by words and invitation that they had chosen well to befriend him. Their voices were constantly telling him that he was worthy of their trust and their interest, that he was almost a second son, not flesh of their flesh but choice of their intellect, not a replica of George nor a replacement nor an extension, but someone who might in time stand alongside George in their affection, weighty as George. An Equal. Balfour. So it was he could never entirely feel peaceful with them, so much being at stake, so much being offered, so much expected of him. And what it was he did not begin to know. He felt constantly out of place, unsure, as if there was a key to a door that he did not know about. There they all were, six foot high and clothed in splendour, knights of the Round Table, Monarchs of the Glen, looking at him, the puny Balfour, with educated eyes heavy with meaning, handing him the key and urging him to use it, and not a bloody door in sight.

He looked again at the silent George, immobile and enormously long, nailed to the floor by his scarf ends.] 18 om.

29.25 limpid eyes not turned towards Balfour] 19.1 limpid eyes now turned towards Balfour,
29.27 the monstrous army boots] 19.3 his monstrous army boots.

29.27 The girl Dotty left] 19.4 Dotty left

29.28 left her bunk bed] 19.4 left the bunk bed

29.30 with the other hand touched] 19.5 with the other touched

30.2 lip, the hair drooping about her chin.] 19.13 lip.

30.4-11 them for her, recognising when he heard it the right tone of authority and grateful to hear it. When he struck the match for her she had to bend her head slightly, not much, but she was bigger than him, and his eyes were on a level then with her face and two hollows appeared on either side of the brown puckered mouth and a strand of hair swayed outward and touched the edge of his hand.] 19 them.

30.15-36; 31.1-9 'Of course.' They weren't Balfour's matches but George was looking down at his boots.

'I'm going to make us all some scones,' the girl told them. Her cigarette now glowing she seemed fatter and happier. She tapped George on the shoulder and asked brightly--'Got any margarine and flour.'

'They're in the back,' said Balfour quickly, because he knew George would not answer, at least not at once, and he felt suddenly that he was in charge and that he must show her privately before all the others arrived to silence him, that he wasn't a fool, that he did know how to influence people and win friends.

'On the shelf above the back door,' he explained, watching her in the outer kitchen, hands on her hips, puffing out smoke, looking up at the shelf above the back door. 'In that large tin,' he said and took one step and then stopped in time because he had to stand on tip-toe to reach the shelf and she already had pointed upwards one long arm and reached with long fingers for the tin and pulled it down.
"What do you keep it up there for?" she shouted, getting a wooden spoon from the drawer and finding the mixing bowl and beginning to unwrap the margarine.

"Ants," George said. He straightened his back and the neat piles of scarf unfolded and swung above the floor.

"Oh yes, nasty things." She appeared in the main room, thrusting the mixing bowl at Balfour, who had returned to his stool defeated once George had spoken, and handing him the wooden spoon, said, "Mix all that up. Do it properly." She took out George's matches and relit her cigarette, narrowing her eyes against the smoke and throwing the spent match to the floor. 19.19 Her cigarette now glowing, she seemed fatter and happier.

31.9 "Don't you] 19.19 She tapped George on the shoulder and asked brightly, "Don't you

31.12-16 His head nodding backwards and forwards, scarf swinging, making small whirling sounds in his throat, shoulders rotating as if an invisible hand was winding him up, the clockwork George became animated; at that moment, wonderfully, he smiled.] 19 om.

31.20-27 Balfour bent his head over the pudding basin, jabbing with his spoon at the ochre blobs of margarine and flour, waiting for George to involve him.

"Don't we, Balfour?"

"Yes, we do." Desperately Balfour laughed, sniggering over his scone mixture, sending a chalky spray of flour over his trousers. "It's s-smashing here at night," he embroidered for George, rubbing away the smear of flour with his hand.] 19 om.

31.28-29 'What do you do at night?' Dotty was looking out of the window watching for Joseph, her eyes searching the path.] 19.25 'What else do you do?' Dotty inquired.

31.30 'We talk or we draw. Sometimes] 19.26 'We talk or we draw,' said George. Sometimes

31.33 armpits, hating to be associated] 19.29 armpits. He hated to be associated

31.35-36 Besides George and his friends only discussed things on which Balfour's opinion was
worthless.] 19 om.

32.1-4 'I don't suppose Joseph will want to do any drawing,' Dotty said, leaving the window and going away from them into the kitchen. Water splashed into the enamel bowl in the sink and above it she shouted--'We're going] 19.31 'We're going

32.5 though. I've] 19.31 though,' Dotty said. 'I've

32.5 I've bought my Monopoly set.] 19.32 I've brought my Monopoly set.

32.6-11 She returned and emptied a cup of water into Balfour's pudding basin, bringing his mixing to a standstill, and asked--'Do you play, Balfour?' to which he said he did which was not true, and he ground his wooden spoon against the bottom of the dish and wished he could put his bloody hands in the stuff and force it together.] 19 om.

32.14 couldn't imagine] 19.34 couldn't imagine

32.18-19 cigarettes, all of them playing this game of Monopoly.] 20.3 cigarettes. All of them playing Monopoly.

32.23 but he hasn't the patience now:] 20.6-7 though lately he's lost patience.'

32.24 'How did Joseph meet Kidney?] 20.8 'Is he a relation?' asked George.

32.24-25 Balfour detected in George's voice the texture of reproach.] 20 om.

32.26-27 'He just met him at the college. He was going to do some sort of therapy, not in Joseph's department at all,] 20.9 'No,' said Dotty.

32.27-28 all, but you know what he's like.] 20.9 Dotty. 'But you know what Joseph's like--

32.28-30 She turned her head towards the two men, not at all sure that they did know, and looked away again.] 20.9-15 --he thinks he's God. Kidney was referred to the college by some clinic or other. To do pottery. Joseph just happened to see him in the canteen. He's got it into his head that there's nothing wrong with Kidney.'

'And is there?' asked George.
'Well, he's certainly thick or something,' Dotty said.

32.30-32: 'All sudden enthusiasm and overwhelming the boy with presents and words and do come home with me and listen to some good music. All that jazz.' 20 om.

32.33-36; 33.1-4: Balfour pushed his scone mixture round and round, growing confused at the implications. Surely Joseph wasn't some kind of a pouff. What if the enthusiastic Joseph chose to overwhelm him? Equally what would it mean if he was ignored? Would there be more glimpses of locked doors or would Joseph see what the MacFarleys could not see—that he was just Balfour, that he was nothing. The girl was saying—] 20 om.

33.4-10: 'At first it was all right. Joseph made his bed for him and told him all about his ex-wife and about his childhood in Wales, and all those dreary Freudian dreams he has at night, and Kidney really began to perk up. He really did. He began to talk a bit, not to me of course just to Joseph, and he began to listen to the records and things and he even attempted to play chess.' 20.15-20: 'There was a change at first,' she added grudgingly. 'When Joseph first took him over. He got him to come and live at the flat. He played music to him, read poetry, talked a load of rubbish to him. Kidney really seemed to respond... at first. He even began to play chess.'

33.11-12: stamping his boots with approval] 20.21: stamping his boots

33.13: was not] 20.23: wasn't

33.14: was not] 20.24: wasn't


33.16: He bought him] 20.26: He bought Kidney


33.18: and it was supposed] 20.27: It was supposed

33.21: if she contained] 20.30: if it contained
33.22 the same damn book] 20.31 the same book
33.30 She was not thinking] 21.2 She wasn't thinking
33.31-36; 34.1-23 Balfour was stifled in the hut, imprisoned behind his pudding basin. He
   glanced across at George and saw that he had withdrawn into his private world, elbows
   balanced on his daddy-long-leg knees, hands supporting the weight of his pale head; his
   fingers, spread at each temple, displaced his dark hair, uncovering the ivory imprints of the
   forceps used at birth. It was impossible to tell if he had heard the girl's words and Balfour
   felt lonely, which he did not want to feel, nor did he want to be made responsible for Joseph
   or the youth Kidney. Least of all the girl Dotty. He said loudly--'This stuff's ready, Dotty.'
   It was not such an effort to address her by name, not after all the things she had said, and he
   felt more at ease now calling her by her name like that. To emphasise his minor victory he
   repeated--'It's d-definitely done, Dotty;' and put down the bowl on the stove, stretching his
   aching arms above his head, thinking--one up and three to go--meaning there was only
   Joseph and the two strangers yet to arrive that he need be anxious about. There was no need
   to worry himself about Kidney. He sounded only a more advanced and privileged version of
   the numerous boys crippled by environment that he met and helped at the youth club in
   Canning Street. Better fed and cleaner too.

   'Yes it's done,' said Dotty. She stuck her finger into the creamy mixture and put it in
   her mouth. 'Not bad, but it could do with more sugar.' Cradling the basin to her, little
   finger moist with spittle, she meant to go into the kitchen; instead she moved to the window,
   looking at the world without Joseph.] 21 pm.
34.25 in the water, his] 21.5 in the stream. It
34.25-28 water, his red polythene boot, tiny on the narrow surface of the black water, dwarfed
   by the trees and the yellow clay banks on either side.] 21.5 stream.
boat, so bravely bobbing] 21.6 boat, bobbing

down, and he moved] 21.6 down. He moved

and still it rode] 21.8 and it still rode

did not care] 21.8 didn't care

had he not been alone] 21.13 if he hadn't been alone.

around his wrist] 21.15 round his wrist

moss fell then into] 21.18 moss fell into

pines grew, and he twisted] 21.23 pines grew. He twisted

his head round and] 21.24 his head and

and he thought] 21.24 and thought

Clutching his red boat to him he left the bridge and began the steep climb up the path to

Hut 4. He began to run up the steep slope towards Hut 4.

Though he kept his head down he could feel all the insect things flying around him,

making that humming noise, the stinging noise. He had been stung by an insect thing once in Greece, when he was on holiday with his mother. He felt alarmed but not as frightened as he had been then, for this was home and it was grey all about him, even the trunks of the trees were grey, and the path and the grass almost colourless, and up there where he dare not look, through the grey leaves, a washed out sky. In Greece it had been so white, so white it had hurt his eyes and out of all the blazing whiteness had come the stinging thing and he had screamed in the hot sun, standing on the white sand, and then fallen on his back and opened his eyes hopelessly to see the white sky looking at him and the white glittering sun like a pearl, with a black line all round it. He shook his head at the memory and began to run up the path on all fours, bumping his red boat against the stones as he went, not seeing anything but the ground under him and the roots of trees gripping the path, not hearing anything but
the noise of the insects in pursuit and above that, like round stones being thrown one after
the other, the drum beats of his heart.] 21 om.

36.12-13 he was just too tired, straightening upright on the path, pushing his little red boat into
his side to ease the pain, the stitch pain.] 21.27 he was just too tired.

36.17-18 along the path, arms dangling at his sides, the little red boat touching the grass verge.]

22.5 along the path.

36.21 room, her round white face all asleep, all] 22.7 room, all

36.24 her packet of cigarettes;] 22.10 her cigarettes;

36.24 her cigarettes would] 22.10 they would

36.25 he would not.] 22.11 he wouldn’t be.

36.30 He then remembered] 22.16 Then he remembered

36.30 Balfour had mentioned there was] 22.16 that Balfour had mentioned that there was

36.34-36 germs. Balfour had said he mustn’t use the can for anything but big things, that he
must piss in the grass.] 22.20 germs.

36.36 He looked] 22.20 Roland looked

36.36 looked at the grass worriedly,] 22.21 looked at the grass,

37.2 Balfour had said George] 22.22 Balfour had said that George

37.3 of his father and] 22.23 of Mr MacFarley and

37.4 He looked] 22.25 Roland looked

37.13 the web of a spider] 22.33 a spider’s web

37.15 looked half-fearfully, half-hopefully] 22.34 looked.

37.16-19 Licking his thumb he pressed it to the open door which swung on its hinges. George was
very clever. He peered at the imprint of his thumb, fading as he watched. Disappointed he
banged on the wood with his fist.] 22 om.
37.20 and something moved within the hut.] 22.35 Something moved within the hut.
37.27-29 glowed like round pale lemons. He would have liked to touch these fruits of Kidney's
limbs but he did not.] 23. 7 glowed.
37 31-33 He looked from the plump sad knees to the round russet face. The strawberry mouth
remained closed, the blue schoolboy eyes without blinking watched the sky.] 23 om.
37.33 Roland stepped back] 23.8 He stepped back
38.3-5 it had occurred to him that maybe Kidney was not doing important things and that would
be wrong. George would not like it.] 23 om.
38.6-7 Kidney cleared his throat and repeated--'Yes thank you.'] 23 om.
38.9 Silence in the big forest.] 23.16 Kidney wouldn't answer.
38.10-11 again, framing the interior Kidney.] 23.18 again.
38.12 'Are you doing a pooh?'] 23 om.
38.15 father. And found him] 23.21 father. He found him
38.16 He was turning] 23.22 Joseph was turning
38.16 He was turning with a nail file] 23.22 With a nail file Joseph was turning
38.16 a yellow screw] 23.22 a screw
38.22-23 know.' A pause whilst Joseph looked at the inside of the plug.] 23.28 know.'
38.29-31 Joseph, pressing an end section of scarlet wire against the ball of his thumb and filing
away at the plastic sheath.] 23.34 Joseph.
38.31-36; 39.1-2 tidy,' he explained, spacing his words as the covering came free and the fine
hairs of silver wire were exposed. He put his head back to show Roland his throat and the
hair growing there.
'It's like the muslin thing the people next door put over their baby,' said Roland.
Joseph bent his head closer to the plug and did intricate things with the wire.] 23.34
tidy.'

39.3 toile't:]} 23.35 toile't,' said Roland.

39.3 The child lay on the floor] 23.35 He lay on the floor

39.7 weight to this] 24.4 weight

39.7 Roland added, 'Mummy] 24.4 he added, 'Mummy

39.20-21 inside. He searched on the floor for the yellow screw and found it and put it inside his

hip pocket.] 24.16 inside.

39.23-36; 40.1-11 'We'd better go for tea, boy,' he told his son, taking a comb from his back

pocket and stroking the tuft of beard upward and then smoothing the brown hair back from

his brow. 'Come here,' he said, putting a hand on Roland's shoulder to steady him, combing

the fringe down in a straight line above the faint childish eyebrows. Roland stood very still,

face against the warm pullover of his father, smelling the perfumed smell from the soap

Joseph always used, like flowers, like rosebush flowers. He pushed his freshly combed head

against Joseph's body, standing with his sandals on the tops of his father's great dull

gumboots and leaned backwards clutching in each fist a portion of the warm sweet-smelling

jumper. 'Japanese bosoms,' he shouted and twisted over with laughter, collapsing on to the

floor as his father dug into his armpits with the tips of his sharp fingers.

'What a funny thing to say,' said Joseph, standing over the small boy and prodding him in

the stomach with the toe of his boot.

Scarlet with laughter the child dribbled at the mouth and curved over on the wooden

floor. He lay back exhausted, legs thin as sticks, and said again, weakly--'Japanese

bosoms;' but already Joseph had walked away and was combing once more, peering into the

small square of glass at the side of the door.] 24. om.

40.12-13 hut, paler than before, and looked at the child lying fragiley on the floor and] 24.18
hut and

40.13 and Joseph] 24.18 and saw Joseph

40.17-19 Kidney, avoided seeing the salmon coloured hands twisting and turning against each other, the contaminated hands that needed cleansing.] 24.22 Kidney.

40.24-25 sandal; in his eyes the beginning of tears and anguish at the gaze of others.] 24.26-27 sandal. He didn't like being shouted at in front of Kidney.

40.27 towel that Joseph] 24.29 towel which Joseph

40.29 one from home, one from the flat] 24.30 one from the flat

40.31 to the college] 24.32 to college

40.32 had not come] 24.33 hadn't come

40.34 exercises, and then the] 24.35 exercises, the

41.9 in his fat hands.] 25.9 in his hands.

41.10 nightgown with bare narrow arms and] 25.10 nightgown and

41.13-15 matches. If she did look at him it was not with dislike or with recognition. She looked at him as if he were not there or anywhere.] 25.12 matches.

41.15 face the hurrying Joseph.] 25.12 face Joseph,

41.20 Frowning, the martyred Kidney] 25.17 Kidney

41.21 looked at the floor, lost] 25.17 looked down at the floor, lost

41.25 out of the hut.] 25.21 out.

41.25-26 Roland struggling to his feet and running after him.] 25.21 Roland struggled to his feet and ran after him.

41.26 the little boy] 25.22 him

41.27-28 voice at the window, his big head thrust through the opening, a smile creasing his face,] 25.22-23 head appeared at the window.
With his hands on the windowsill, a fly circling round his freshly smoothed hair, grey eyes half-amused, half-sorrowful, Joseph looked at the plump boy within.) 25 om.

he added

The pretence of love flowed toward Kidney, drowning his misery and bore him up into the light which was beginning to fade from the sky outside. Like a dog hearing a familiar whistle he sprang clumsily and happily towards his beloved master, remembering too late the towel still in his hand, and seized with shame stopped in confusion before the window.

'Put it back on the hook,' said the patient Joseph, waiting on the path, looking out across the field at the mountain, thinking that at least was solid and climbable. If I look at everything around me, he thought, and close my eyes, it is within me. Outside remains the delusion. Before I go any further I must go back into myself. It was a noble thought and one not entirely original for him. 'The man who can master himself,' he told the emerging and adoring Kidney, 'has the wide wide world in his hands.' He then bent to attend to the dishevelled hair of his son, passively submitting this time to the inevitable comb, face tilted helpfully, dewy lips apart.

'Beauty, boy,' said Joseph, and set off down the hillside.) 25 om.

Kidney, smiling, began to jog trot down the slope of the path in an effort to keep pace with the leaping Roland and the boisterous Joseph.) 25.26 Smiling, Kidney lumbered out of the hut.

It had started to rain on the sea of leaves all around them; the wood was a bowl of green glass imprisoning the three marine creatures who fled along the curve of the path, now spaced evenly, now grouped together, separated momentarily by one tree or another thrown up by a wave of the hill, swimming one behind the other down the slope under the slate grey
42.29-32 Tea and home-made scones had been eaten in Hut 2, a supper of sausages and tinned tomatoes consumed in the Big House, and they were now in Hut 4 with paraffin lamp lit and door closed to the night outside.] 26.1 [Chapter 2] After a supper of sausage, followed by cups of coffee.

42.33-34 He had cried tears, which Joseph attributed publicly to tiredness ] 26.3 He had protested

42.36 Dotty agreed] 26.4 Dotty had agreed

43.3 could not sleep] 26.7 couldn't sleep

43.3 at his recollection] 26.7 at the recollection

43.8-10 arms; on his peach cheeks falling tears, on his pyjamas a pattern of rabbits, nothing on his kicking feet.] 26.11 arms.

43.11 his father entreated,) 26.12 Joseph entreated,

43.12-13 shy, holding the sad boy to his heart, wanting] 26.13 shy, wanting

43.13 wanting him to observe] 26.13 wanting Roland to observe

43.14 would not raise] 26.14 wouldn't raise

43.15-16 tree; keeping his face stubbornly against his father's jumper,) 26.15 tree.

43.17 swaying tree; keeping) 26.15 swaying tree. Roland

43.27 Taking a sterner attitude Joseph tucked) 26.24 Joseph tucked

43.28-30 boy; bending to kiss his cheek he found instead the soft smudge of mouth trembling in protest and drew back into darkness.) 26.25 boy.

43.33-34 nonsense: A pause in the lonely night and then ...] 26.27 nonsense.

43.36 would not reply,) 27.2 wouldn't reply,

44.2 paraffin-lit room,) 27.4 paraffin-lit hut.
44.5-8 night. Not consistently cross or everlastingly cross, he was never that, a just for the moment irritation that allowed him to indulge freely in his fantasy.] 27.7 night.

44.10 her little teeth] 27.9 her teeth

44.11 her violet lips.] 27.10 her lips

44.14 he did not dare] 27.13 he didn't dare

44.17-27 His grandmother had told him every star was a dead soul keeping watch whilst people slept. I am not alone, he thought, there's Poppa and Miss Warren and her dog who got squashed by a lorry, and Uncle David the man with the sore heart who had taught him a song about lollipops. He sang in his head--when you come to the end of a lollypop, to the end, to the end, of a lollypop, to the end, to the end of a lollypop, plop goes your heart--Every star was watching over him, coming to him in the forest, with Miss Warren's dog running to greet him, fur rippling across its back like brown water.] 27 am.

44.34 'No.'] 27.22 'No,' said George.

44.34-36; 45.1-36; 46.1-8 The only child sprawled in a rocking chair, tilted himself at Joseph and away again, eyes like a startled deer, hands clasped in his lap. 'Of course,' he reasoned to the wooden floor and the black shod feet of Dotty pointed in his direction, 'I did go to a mixed boarding school.'

And how, thought Balfour, watching the lengthy George on his jaunty chair, head shaped like an ancient Egyptian, thinking of him moving unmoved through the classrooms, cosmopolitan with both sexes, unaware of either.

'It's not the same though is it?' insisted Joseph, remembering his schooldays spent at a Welsh progressive boarding school. 'I went to the same sort of place, ghastly expensive, but I had Trevor and a younger sister. You were alone weren't you?'

George cleared his throat as if to answer but said nothing. Rocking wildly he propelled
his chair forward with massive thuds across the floor of the hut, chin to his breast, his scarf dangling—'I used to do this all the time as a boy,' he said, looking directly and with purity at Joseph, eyes melancholy and limpid like the child alone in the outer barn.

'Aaaah.' Seized with self-conscious laughter, Joseph doubled up in his chair, his face reddening. He spluttered into his beard and a little driblet of saliva ran from the corner of his mouth... there's a deep Freudian meaning to all that you know....

'Oh God,' Dotty said with distaste. She looked at Balfour and grimaced—'See what I mean?'

Back to the wall, Balfour could only manage a smile and a kind of non-committal nod. Blemished face shadowy in the light of the paraffin lamp, he nervously picked at his cheek and wished he could go away and sleep.

'What's that?' asked Joseph, still bent in his chair, laughing still, but his voice offended. Collecting himself he said in the manner he used at college—'You see Freud bases everything on sexual repressions. Rocking is one of them,' he ended lamely and inaccurately, silenced by the presence of the hostile Dotty.

'Oh yes,' said George, steadying his sensual chair, looking first at the girl, then at the floor and up at Joseph.

Balfour, unable to speak one word, blew his nose resoundingly into his handkerchief—so hard that water came into his eyes and the room swam about him.

'What's up eh, Dot-Dot?' asked Joseph, looking at the girl in defiance, giving her a hard slap on the knee and a sarcastic smile.] 27 om.

46.9 Balfour, clearing his eyes] 27.23 Balfour, dabbing his eyes

46.10-11 wiped dry the face of Joseph, now regarding him with grave attentive eyes.] 27.24 saw that Joseph was regarding him attentively.
46.11 He was compelled to speak. "Hay" 27.24 "Hay

46.12-15 apologised and could not tear himself free of Joseph and the sympathy that flowed from his sweet bearded glance. Oh God, thought Balfour, unconsciously parodying Dotty, don't let him overwhelm me.] 27.25 apologised

46.15-16 He blew his nose again violently] 27.25 and blew his nose violently.

46.16 and the girl got up] 27.26 Dotty rose

46.18 rummaged about inside] 27.27 rummaged inside

46.19-20 she looked like an athlete landing after a pole vault, chin down,] 27.28-29 chin down, she looked like an athlete landing after a pole vault.

46.20-21 down, smoke wreathing the profile of her bent head.] 27.29 vault.

46.22 doing?’] 27.30 doing?’ Joseph asked.

46.23-24 Chablis,’ she said, turning to Joseph with the bottle in her arms, hugging them to her.] 27.31 Chablis.’

46.25-26 for?’ He had not intended to sound so critical.] 27.32 for?’

46.29 ‘I did buy them] 27.35 ‘I did buy it

46.29-36; 47.1-11 And wished she had not said that. Joseph was so good about money, always giving money and buying presents--whole sets of patterned underwear--paying for rents and rates and abortions, taxes and alimony, hiring each and every one a beautiful animated television set, and gramophones and radios, and a cage with two birds inside. She herself had a tele and a gramophone, several pairs of knickers strewn with daisies, and a couple of Java sparrows, grey with red beaks, identical to the ones presented to the ex-wife and the girlfriend of a year ago; nor did she doubt that the next in line of succession, the dark girl at the college, with whom he was already having an affair, would in time find herself left in a room made vivid with moving pictures and acoustic with broadcasting voices. Not to mention
her daisy pants on the bathroom towel rail, wear these in memory of me, nor the book of poems by Donne unopened on her bedside table. Bitter, or angry, Dotty said--] 27 am.

47.11-12 George? She still held the elegant bottles to her denim breasts.] 27.36 George?
47.16-17 time, that there were more things in this hut than in most normal houses,) 28.5-6 shelf, that were more things in this hut than in most normal houses.
47.20-24 room, making visible Joseph combing his beard and George swaying unperturbed by Freud, on his rocking chair, and the girl Dotty, wine set on the table, two pale hands curved round two green bottles.] 28.7 room.
47.25 giving her the corkscrew] 28.8 giving Dotty the corkscrew
47.26-27 back, this time without the lamp, for tumblers, four in number.] 28.9 back for the glasses.
47.27 the corks] 28.9 the cork
47.27-30 herself, set on a stool, placing the bottles tightly between her thighs and holding them there, tongue gripped between her uneven teeth.] 28.9 herself.
47.32-33 tumblers, head sideways to judge if each glass was equally filled.] 28.11 tumblers.
47.35-36 wrong but concerned that Kidney should be ignored.] 28.13 wrong.
47.36 They turned] 28.13 He turned
47.36 turned then to look] 28.13 turned to look
48.1-2 where the forgotten and unsung youth was sitting,) 28.14 where Kidney was sitting,
48.3 illuminated and the two fists bunched on either knee.] 28.15 illuminated.
48.4 'I'm sorry, Kidney;' apologised Dotty, meaning it, whilst Balfour hurried] 28.16 Balfour hurried
48.6 When he was seated and they] 28.17 When they
48.8-11 do?' He shut out George, the girl now rolling a cigarette, the headless hobbledehoy in the
corner, his little boy asleep beyond the door, concentrating wholly on the interesting disciple before him.] 28.18 do?’

48.14 not disliking the taste [28.21 disliking the taste

48.17-18 At this Balfour tried to hide his hands clumsily one under the other, not wanting Joseph to observe his bitten nails.] 28 om.

48.24 says’—here his shoulders] 28.29 says,—his shoulders

48.29-30 drinking his wine] 28.33 He drank his wine,

48.30 and not noticing] 28.34 not noticing

48.31 for?’] 28.35 for?’ asked Joseph.

48.32-36 The questioning Joseph crossed his legs, elbow on one knee, chin supported by the palm of his hand, his band of gold lost in the tendrils of his beard. Balfour found a moustache growing on Joseph's upper lip, not noticed previously. He fixed his eyes on that, saying hoarsely, 'I—]' 28.36 'I—'

49.1 all. It's Mr.] 28.36 all,’ said Balfour: 'It's Mr

49.3-4 tell me.' Caressingly Joseph spoke the words to the lost Balfour.] 29.2 'tell me,' Joseph persisted.

49.7-8 answer---'we have] 29.6-7 answer, he added: 'We have

49.10 'Mrs. and Mr. MacFarley] 29.9 'Mr and Mrs MacFarley

49.13-14 Joseph, blinking his eyes rapidly,] 29.12 Joseph.

49.15 I would find it] 29.13 I'd find it

49.18 table and poured more wine for Balfour.] 29.15 table.

49.20 he did not know] 29.17 he didn't know

49.21-22 he could not guess] 29.18 he couldn't guess

49.25-26 aware his speech] 29.22 aware that his speech
49.28-29 --why did he sound like a bloody vicar--you'd) 29.25 you'd
50.18 laughed with delight, leaning) 30.13 laughed, leaning
50.21 'You see it's more) 30.15 'It's more
50.21-22 Balfour said, feeling suddenly a great mixer, 'It's) 30.15 Balfour said. 'It's
50.23-28 I--I go sometimes after some lad and I knock on the door and if I get a reply, some old
woman who's not more than forty, comes to the door and pops her head round in her curlers
and says--"Oh, it's you Mr. Whatsit, Billy's sick."

Dotty said--'Mr. Whatsit?'--] 30 om.
50.31 flat--on the game she is--and) 30.19 flat and
51.3-5 place and it's filthy, dead filthy and it's got nothing to do with the architecture that kind of
muck, it's more like they don't see it, and) 30.36 place and
51.6 both under two.) 30.27 both under three,
51.6 sucking something like milk) 30.27 sucking milk
51.7 bottle, and Billy Conran lying) 30.28 bottle. Billie Conran's lying
51.13 Mrs. Conran saying, "It's]) 30.34 Mrs Conran says, "It's
51.17 with a little Lascassan,) 30.36 with a fella
51.18 seaman, shiny as silk with yellow eyes and) 30.36 fella and
51.22-36 'But what about the babies?' asked Dotty, heart trembling. 'Does she beat them. Are
they all right?"

'The little kids? Oh, they're all right if you don't mind the dirt, and I don't think either
Ma or Lil have enough energy going to bash them ever. Ma and Lil are m-mentally defective.
Billy's E.S.N.'

'Educationally sub-normal,' translated Joseph, looking at Dotty.

'I know that.' Impatiently the girl shook her head and bit at the nails of her hand. She
hung her head, frowning. 'But it's 1965,' she told Balfour, 'and there's all this poverty and
pain. Something has to be done'--She was shaken by the things revealed to her, yet aware
she would forget quite quickly.] 31 am.

52.3-36; 53.1-7 Balfour looked at him, thinking maybe George was heroic. He needed a hero. He
looked from Joseph to George and thought Joseph the more heroic figure, but perhaps it was
only physical. George was too young, too tall and too inarticulate.

Joseph said--'Well, well, well'--and paused as if trying to recall what they had been
talking about--'I must say nothing you've told me convinces me it's very rewarding.'

'But you're wrong, you're wrong.' The bold Balfour hit the table with his fist, hair
falling over his forehead, mouth swollen in the lamplight, strong in his knowledge of Ma and
Lil--'It's the difference between there and here... seeing them among the trees...
t-throwing stones in the stream. C-c-climbing...' he stopped talking as his stutter took
control. Dumbly he put his hand on Joseph's knee and shook his head back and forth.

'You've got a Christ complex,' Joseph said, amused, 'you want to open your arms to them
all, you want to be a father figure.'

'Oh, be a father to me,' screamed the Inward Chablis-ridden Balfour, remembering the
Yogi Bear cartoons on tele that he used to watch at home, hunched on the sofa, munching his
cornflakes. 'Oh, be a father and mother to me, Joseph dear, and I'll never leave home again.'
He laughed immoderately, bunching his fist to cover his large neglected canines. Words
came to him from a cartoon about a Japanese mouse. He felt ears sprout and and tucked his
hands in the sleeves of his jumper, saying--'After a time one gets used to being invisible,
baby. He grew up like any other boy except at night when the moon was full he became
invisible. Rise, O philosopher, he who is not sick is real gone man.'

'How true,' said Joseph charmingly, yawning in spite of himself. He felt envious of the
so easily disorientated tool-fitter and more weary than he cared to admit after his long drive across the country. It was possibly the change of air that was making him so sleepy.

'Me mighty postal official, lick'ky every stamp in sight.'

Dotty laughed, stretching her long legs across the floor, pleased that her wine was appreciated, looking at Balfour with admiration. 31.6-7 'Oh Christ,' groaned Balfour irritably. 'Don't start that again.' He belched loudly.

53.9 Balfour half raised] 31.9 Balfour raised
53.9 was too] 31.9 was suddenly too
53.10 heavy and] 31.10 heavy for his neck and
53.10 across his scarred knees] 31.10 over his knees
53.10-11 knees supporting its weight in his hands, thinking] 31.10 knees, thinking
53.12-14 drown. Wanted the untinted water to rise level with the wafer ears, covering the pudding face, the wanton face sticky with cereal.] 31.11 drown.
53.14 He wanted] 31.11 He had wanted
53.15 fat little legs] 31.12 fat legs
53.17 looking into his hero's face.] 31.14 looking up.
53.23-29 'I wish you wouldn't keep implicating your Pa, George. I don't think he'd give a damn if Balfour stayed up all night.' Joseph leaned his head back the better to see the face under the roof. 'Where is your Pa anyway? I thought he was abroad.'

The mournful eyes, unblinking, stared at the closed and wooden door. 'Yes,' he said.] 31 om.

53.30 'Well, are you] 31.20 'Are you
53.31 Joseph wagged his beard] 31.21 Joseph wagged his finger
53.31-32 at the shadowy giant,] 31.21 at George, not
53.34 he was not 31.24 he wasn't

54.6 'The what?' 31.34 'He's off again,' moaned Balfour.

54.7-8 Edgar Balfour. George watched the trees moving in the darkness. 31.32 Edgar Balfour,' said George.

54.13-16 'You can have carpets you can afford at Cyril Lord's,' sang Balfour, waving his head about, conscious of what he was doing and filled with exultation that he need no longer feel responsible for words uttered. 31.37 Balfour tried to concentrate.

54.17 something about tomorrow.] 32.1 something about the people due to arrive tomorrow.

54.18 attend, must listen--] 32.2 attend.

54.19 blonde and] 32.3 blonde,' said Joseph, 'and

54.25 they are married,] 32.9 they're married,

54.31-33 hopelessly, lower jaw slack, squirming in his seat, bladder full, feeling hot and cold by turns.] 32.15 hopelessly.

55.9 dispatched without washing to] 32.27 dispatched to

55.12-13 close now they] 32.30-31 close now that they

55.16-18 '0 parting, always parting--whoever invented you?' shouted the stumbling tool-fitter in the tree-strewn darkness.] 32.34-36 'You can have carpets you can afford at Cyril Lord,' sang the stumbling Balfour in the darkness. [End of chapter 2]

55.18-25 darkness, following with abandon the lofty George, swinging his paraffin lamp ahead in the night, loping down the slope under his familiar trees, each one named--Aaron and Miriam, Boaz and Ruth--each one carefully docketed in his memorium mind--Sheba and Binya, David and Jonathan--increasing the distance between himself and the giggling Edgar Balfour, going down deeper into his forest of the Diaspora. [End of chapter 1] 32.36 darkness.
and since his retirement from the mines] 33.4 and because, since his retirement from the mines,

At that hour he no longer felt like an old man but a young one, lacing up his boots and smacking his lips to savour the liquid, scratching the head of the tabby cat yawning on the armchair behind him.] 33.8 He hadn't bothered to eat.

would possibly give him a tip] 33.10 might possibly tip him

cleaning out the lavatory.] 33.10-11 cleaning out the toilet.

out into the grey land[,] 33.12-13 out quietly,

treading softly] 33.13 treading gently

his wife] 33.13-14 the wife

he did not want] 33.15 he didn't want

pit and then Willie took control and planted them firmly in the top-soil of the Davies's field and pointed them in the direction of Nant MacFarley[,] 33.19 pit.

eyes flickering] 33.21 eyes darting

House, gripping the wood between his knees like a rider, removing] 34.8 House. Removing pocket, rolling it] 34.10 pocket, he rolled it

in the palms of his small hard hands] 34.10 between his fingers

close, as if he had courted a mistress hard and faithfully for long enough, and having proved his steadfastness could now relax his attentions a little.] 34.21 close.

glen, his fair lady clothed in green, for ever to be admired.] 34.22 Glen.

He himself, sitting on the wooden stile with the cows behind his back and the waist of his trousers on a level with his palpitating chest, was unaware that to the MacFarleys at least he was a romantic figure, an heraldic emblem. They saw him etched against a ground of black and white, his body tolling by night beneath the surface of the
earth, his head in its once checked cap emerging at daybreak into the ancient landscape, the
face mole-like, industrious, eyes small against the brightness of the sky, symbolising the
Welsh working man living out his existence between the two extremes of light and darkness;
a banner fit to be unfurled and raised high above the growing forest.) 34. om.

58.11-12 the romantic Willie shambled] 34.23 he shambled
58.18 Willie passed] 34.20 Willie had passed
58.20 in his seven league boots through the sunlit day to the kitchen] 34.32 through to the
kitchen
58.22-23 face without seeking confirmation of his exterior self in the square of looking glass.] 34.33 face.
58.24 glen and he liked to be with people and] 34.34 Glen and
58.25 He had had] 34.34 George had had
58.26 in a mixed boarding school] 34.35 in a boarding school
58.27 he was not conscious] 34.36 he wasn't conscious
58.29 Joseph had on occasions discussed] 35.2 Joseph on occasions had discussed
58.31 with his sense of order] 35.3-4 with his own sense of order
58.31-35 order, believing as he did that only the master can break the mould with his
experienced hand at the right moment, that where crude forces are in control only chaos can
ensue and no created form take shape. Joseph for him was the master, the experienced
hand.] 35.4 order.
59.1 it would not have spoiled] 35.5 it wouldn't have spoiled
59.6 into the sleeping bag,] 35.10 into his sleeping bag,
59.7-8 George, cradled his cold nose between his hands, thought] 35.11 George, thought
59.13-14 roof. There was another cubicle to the hut with another bed and] 35.15 roof.
and a chest of drawers on which Joseph was given to him by his ex-wife at Christmas, a bottle of green scented water with a spray attachment.

noting that the washing

noting the washing

neck where the speckled skin was moist under

looking up, up into the sky?

path to the toilet.

Dotty had gone

crouching reproachfully

she had crouched

but not her,

Waddling experimentally forward, she had felt like some duck

threading its way

threading her way

in a black pond.

pond, and stopped abruptly and stood upright peering down at her bare feet, recalling the round plates of cow dung she had seen on arrival. All the animal things there were in the countryside, the beasts and the birds and the insects, dreadfully close on every side.

She looked up at the dull clouds trying to list

She stood, trying to list

door of the toilet.

door of the lavatory.

lavatory. Then, bending low,
60.23 movement, his joints creaking,] 36.16 movement,
60.23-24 embraced the pan] 36.16 he embraced the pan
60.24 in his two short arms] 36.16-17 with his two short arms
60.25-26 shed. He staggered out under the trees and] 36.17 shed.
60.26 carried it up] 36.18 He carried it up
60.28 down with care on] 36.19 down on
60.29 with hand to his side] 36.20 with hands to his side
60.30-31 Shoulders rounded and back bent, he began] 36.22 He began
60.34 the baby living next door] 36.25 the baby who belonged to the people next door.
60.34 and thought he saw] 36.25 He saw
61.3 then after all it was only Kidney's face lying there] 36.30 then saw it was only Kidney's face after all lying there
61.4-5 sheet with a curving cheek and one ear coloured cream.] 36.31 sheet.
61.9 sixpences, and there was] 36.33-34 sixpences. There was
61.11-15 He's seen one of those before, not here, but somewhere he had seen one, and you unwound the rope and the rack came down with a bump, almost on a level with your head, and then you put wet clothes over it.] 36. om.
61.16 the grey blanketed bed,] 37.1 the blanketed bed.
61.18-25 He unwound the rope from the hook and let the rack fall slowly. Before he hauled it roofwards again he dangled his socks over the wooden rods, so that it would be more real. Bracing his legs he tugged on the cord and swinging gently from side to side the rack went up to the creosoted roof. Seven times his socks made the downward journey before he grew tired of the game, and rewound the rope on to the hook.] 37. om.
61.25-28 Taking his trousers and his jumper in his arms and kicking his sandals before him, he
opened the barn door and stepped down into the grass, quite unprepared for what it was like.]

37.2-5 He took his trousers and his jumper in his arms and kicking his sandals before him
opened the barn door and stepped down into the grass.

61.29-30 It was nothing like when they had arrived, nothing like he remembered.} 37.6-7 The
place had changed completely from what he remembered.

61.31 not grey any more,) 37.8 no longer gray,
61.32 but all the colours] 37.8-9 but all sorts of colours.
61.32-35 colours that he knew about from his mother’s paintings, all the shades of green and
brown, sage and lime, veridian and terracotta, sienna and yellow ochre, and one tree, one
fragile tree, the colour of rubies] 37.9 colours.

61.35-36 and in the bushes] 37.9 Among the bushes
61.36 pieces of flowers,) 37.9-10 there were pieces of flowers,
61.36; 62.1 cobalt blue and flake white] 37.10 blue and white.
62.1 hut a marigold] 37.11 hut in which his father was sleeping a marigold

62.2-3 grass. A tangerine marigold, come in the night whilst he slept, with a] 37.11 grass, a
62.3 with a wasp] 37.12 a wasp
62.4 the door] 37.13 the hut door
62.5-6 the knob of the door,) 37.14 the knob,
62.6-9 wasp to the left of his left foot, his bare foot only a wing-span away, pale outside his
pyjama trousers. Joseph had locked the door so it would not open.] 37.15 wasp.

62.9 Roland dropped] 37.15 he dropped
62.12 he did not care] 37.18 he didn’t care
62.13-14 sandals and he could not reach his sandals.] 37.18 sandals.
62.14 field shouting ‘Daddy] 37.19 field, he shouted ‘Daddy
In the middle of his pirouette he saw righting himself and he saw him righting himself. He flew giddily with arms held wide to ran. He new-flew and forced the new-grown marigold and the inaudible wasp, he, he ran to righting himself, he new-flew the level of the tangled hedgerow, diadem'd with blossom, and saw the mountain in the distance. After a time he rose above the level of the tangled hedgerow and saw the mountain in the distance.

Field, then. Field and side almost dislodging the wedge of wood from under him, side. He slowed the pendulum and slowed the swing. At a point he jumped clear and ground he jumped clear and the gyrating wasp, the wasp, his underfoot fear his fear of black snakes and white worms, of snakes and worms, he beat he continued to beat. Joseph woke from a dream. He sat up and saw his son outside the window.
vest, furious with himself) 38.5 vest. He was furious with himself

for letting Roland glimpse] 38.6 for letting Roland see

him and Dotty] 38.6 Dotty and him

in the same narrow bed] 38.6 In the same bed.

kissing the boy] 38.8 He kissed the boy

with pursed plum mouth,) 38.11 with pursed lips,

as the boy jumped] 38.11 as Roland jumped

arms, hating the sleeping girl shut out now behind the heavy wooden partition. He

couldn't be sure why he felt so upset, so filled with anger, positively baring his teeth in his

auburn beard--maybe it was the notice he always took unconsciously of his ex-wife--that

Roland wouldn't respect him if he was caught too often in bed with a different woman.]38.12

arms.

believe that] 38.14 believe anyway that

to his knowledge] 38.13 to Joseph's knowledge,

cought him before] 38.13-14 caught him in bed with a woman.

and he didn't believe] 38.14 Joseph didn't believe

he didn't] 38.14 Joseph didn't

equated sex with bed,) 38.15 equated bed with sex,

bed, bed--sleep that was, and did he really care to be respected? Still] 38.15 sex. Still,

he was distressed] 38.15-16 he was upset

child, dressing himself,) 38.16 child. Hastily he dressed,

contorting his face with laughter and half listening to] 38.17 hopping in the grass

with Roland clinging to his ankle.

the child who was saying...'you said we would, you said last night'...}] 38 om.
...and then he heard the digging sounds beyond the hut. Somebody coughed beyond the hut.

and went outdoors to investigate. Taking Roland by the hand, Joseph went to investigate.

Roland hanging on to the sleeve of his jacket, the same words still issuing from the curvy mouth, clearly very happy, no mention of Dotty or the sleeping arrangements at all.

Behind the barn was... Behind the barn he saw... that old fellow... the old fellow.

he'd seen in the past on several occasions, Bertie or Tommy or someone.

who worked for the MacFarleys--the odd-job man, Bertie or Tommy or someone.

Joseph? wiping his palm on his trousers and shaking Mr. Joseph by the hand.

Joseph?'

complain. Up and down went the tufted chin, up and down went the jacketed arm to which the talking Roland still clung. Digging...

see. Be quiet boy--go and get dressed or you'll catch cold. Hard at work already?'

...see.

Joseph, dragged sideways by the arm, trying to shake Roland free and to work out how much the old chap would expect to be tipped.

Joseph. He wondered how much the old chap would expect to be tipped.

'You keep the chemical in the shed do you? Everything on hand.'

'We always keep a good supply, Mr. Joseph, always a good supply. Mr. MacFarley's a very tidy man and I like to think I'm a tidy man myself.'

'Yes, I'm sure you are. Shut up, you'--this playfully and with a stab of irritation to the
boy Roland, pushing him to the ground and tickling him mightily beneath the armpits—'go and get your clothes on.'

Red in the face, pyjama trousers muddy at the ankles, the boy picked himself up and went into the hut.] 38.29 'Go and get your clothes on, Roland,' he ordered.

64.25 leaning on his spade.] 38.30 leaning on his spade,

64.26 taking in the trousers and the jacket of Joseph,] 38.31 taking in Mr Joseph's trousers and jacket.

64.27 style, bit] 38.32 style, he thought: bit

64.29 On the defensive, sensing] 38.34 Sensing

64.31-36; 65.1-20 A pause under the now blueing sky, the sun growing warmer, the trees growing greener.

'Seen George this morning?'

'No I can't say I have, Mr. Joseph. I expect he'll be up here by and by. Master George was never the one to stay late in his bed. Always busy he is.' He bent over his spade and asked his question under the peak of his cap—'Alone with the boy this time, Mr. Joseph?'

'No no. Couple of friends with me.' Joseph was eyeing the branch of a tree beyond the blackthorn thicket, remembering suddenly his resolution to try physical exercise on the blocked Kidney. Walking away from the workman he stood under the tree and jumped high, clasping the branch in his hands, hanging there by the length of his arms, beginning to raise his legs in the air on a level with his waist, observed by the resting Willie, whose breathing became constricted at such a sight, the pale eyes smiling, not quite with ridicule, thinking of the two women Mr. Joseph had brought along with him. He spat into the crater he had dug and made no attempt to resume his digging. Joseph let go almost at once because he was not suitably dressed. Already his wallet and comb had buckled from the inside pocket of his
jacket and fallen to the ground. Only a little coloured in the face he replaced his wallet and scraped at his chin with the comb.] 38 om.

65.20-22 passing the motionless Willie with a wry smile, not speaking, going into the hut to see about Roland.] 38.35-36 Nodding to Willie, he went into the hut, and after a moment Willie followed him.

65.25 table, silent, eating] 39.2 table, eating

65.25-26 eating bacon and fried bread] 39.2 eating fried bread and bacon

65.28 Someone that he was not] 39.5 someone he wasn't

65.28 was not] 39.5 wasn't

65.29-30 with. It made him courteous and charming in a theatrical way] 39.5 with.

65.30 and meant he wouldn't] 39.5-6 It meant he wouldn't

65.31-32 was. No, not lazy, just unhappy.] 39.7 was.

65.33 he said,) 39.8 Joseph said,

65.33-34 said, as expected, leaving his bacon frying and coming] 39.8 said, coming

65.35 Willie said,) 39.10 said Willie,

65.35-36 said, shallow eyes flickering about her long night-gown--just like the wife--not]

39.10 Willie, not

66.2 wheezing a lot.] 39.12 wheezing.

66.3-4 him, saying hallo to Roland,) 39.13 him.

66.4 sitting down beside him] 39.13 She sat down beside Roland

66.5 bacon and fried bread] 39.14-15 fried bread and bacon

66.5 with longing.] 39.15 longingly.

66.7-8 cafe or anywhere like that, but] 39.17 cafe', but

66.10 her face inclined away] 39.19 her face turned away
66.10 from his full gaze.] 39.19 from him.

66.11 there had not been] 39.19 there hadn’t been

66.12 if her make-up] 39.20 whether her make-up

66.14 if she did] 39.23 if she had known

66.19 Attempting not to care she asked] 39.27 She asked

66.22 mouth, not looking at her:] 39.30 mouth.


66.26–28 She turned her face then to him and he set his mouth primly, staring at her with

hostile accusation. The blame was her’s alone.] 39. gm.

66.30 swing,’] 39.35 swing,’ said Roland.

66.31 his father had remembered his dream;) 39.36 cried Joseph,

66.32 fat he told them--‘it was] 40.1 fat. ‘It was

66.36 ‘It was about Kidney]40.4 ‘I dreamt about Kidney

67.1 flat. He] 40.5 flat,’ said Joseph. ‘He

67.4 could not] 40.8 couldn’t

67.7 gramophone too,] 40.11 gramophone--l

67.7 remember what,) 40.11 remember what record--

67.8 He frowned] 40.12 Joseph frowned,

67.10-11 Dotty. She had to respond to him, even though she] 40.15 Dotty. She

67.15 she made up something] 40.19 she made something up

67.15 when he spoke] 40.19 when Joseph spoke

67.16-17 she just had to respond,) 40.20-21 she was forced to respond.

67.17-18 respond, just had to play some part in the process of reconstruction.] 40.21 respond.

67.21 her, making her feel clever and vital.) 40.23 her.
bed';) 40.25 bed,' Roland said.

67.25-27 youth and the cat hunched spasmodically against the jamb of the door, its tail fanned out against the grey paintwork, ears flat to its head.) 40.28 Kidney.

67.28 Kidney.') 40.29 Kidney;' said Roland.

67.29-30 Joseph coming out of his dream, 'only Kidney.) 40.30 Joseph. 'Only Kidney!

67.31 child did not reply.) 40.32 child didn't reply,

67.32 door, wishing it was with him at the table.) 40.33 door.

67.33 its parents) 40.33 the baby's parents

67.35 room and in the mornings) 40.35 room. In the mornings

67.35 he would wake) 40.35 Roland would wake

67.36 standing like a little white doll in) 40.36 standing in

68.1-6 He would say hello baby and the baby smiled back at him making funny rubbery sounds and stick out its little pink tongue. It was a shy baby, holding the bars with its fat fingers,

68.7 had a little blob of a nose, all shiny, and a pinkish) 41.1 had a pinkish

68.8-9 of gold hair,) 41.2 of hair,

68.12 he did) 41.6 he often did

68.16 and he was terribly sad) 41.9 He was sad

68.16 terribly sad) 41.9 sad

68.18 neck, there where) 41.11 neck, where

68.18 apple, lovely clean baby thing, and) 41.11 apple, and

68.27 He looked) 41.19 He peered
outside cautiously at the
the dwarf marigold
outside rautiously at the
the marigold

to see the wasp had gone.
to see that the wasp had gone.
against the tea-drinking Dotty--
against Dotty.
the toilet pan
the lavatory pan
cigarettes that she rolled herself
those cigarettes she rolled herself
Dropping matches and
She dropped matches and
too, a big soft thing, gliding
too, gliding
two thin and yellow feet
two thin yellow feet
George would
George, Willie thought, would
and there was a lot
There was a lot
and said he was too fat
He told the lad he was too fat
the boy
the lad
tree he had picked earlier, letting
that tree, letting

Dotty watched the spectacle from the kitchen window, standing at the sink washing the dishes slowly, cleaning the grease off the plates with a little mop. She would buy, she thought, a mop like this when she returned to London. It would look dainty on the window sill and domestic. She might even purchase several dishclothes and a whisk and a milk jug, possibly with blue and white stripes. Joseph had the best sheets made of red linen and casupupo rug in green and cobalt blue slung across the divan as a cover, but only two saucepans both without lids and one drying cloth that he used to shine his shoes with. No milk jug.

She heard Joseph shout--'Don't just stand there, raise your legs'... his back partially obscured the punishment tree and the fatty Kidney hanging like a catkin from the bough.
Thank God she was thin and not repulsive in that way. There were enough ways in which she
gave Joseph cause for revulsion without adding to them; the several spots on her shoulder
blades, the size of her feet, the precise amount of perspiration she secreted—some men
might pay for that sort of thing—the abnormal length of her periods, longer than most
women, women he had known or so he told her. Of course he was kinky about such things on
account of his childhood and all that. They had all, Joseph, brother Trevor, the younger
sister, the last two whom she had never met, come across something nasty in the woodshed,
mother or father or both, having it off with someone else. She supposed it must make a
difference to the way you felt when you became an adult, always supposing such traumas
allowed one to reach maturity. She could quite see how Kidney had been drastically curtailed
by his upbringing, but then how could Joseph hope to help him. A case of the blind leading
the blind. Roland was all right, a little spoilt and she wished Joseph wouldn’t keep kissing
him and calling him ‘beauty boy’, she wasn’t jealous, but he was quite balanced for his age.
Of course he might grow like his father, he talked like him and he walked like him, a shade
too gracefully, though surely it was environment that counted, not heredity. He probably
wouldn’t be such a nuisance either if Joseph only listened to what he said, really listened;
the child had gone off to sail his boat in the stream, his father being so occupied in
therapeutic remedies for Kidney. It was supposed to be Roland’s holiday. Kidney had come
because there was nowhere else for him to go, and she herself quite accepted, well almost,
that she had been brought along to do household chores of a kind. She scraped cigarette ash,
congealed in egg, into the water and two pieces of bacon rind.

He looked so beautiful out there under the leaves, in his narrow trousers, hands on hips,
his brown back naked, brown because he used a sun-lamp all through the winter, and the
hair growing low on his neck. Our relationship, she told herself, the relationship between
the beauty man and the half-revolting girl, is non-existent. She began to talk to Joseph as
she would have wanted to, given the courage and the opportunity, developing the theme
whilst she rinsed the cups with the little white moplet.

You ask me if we can begin again?--Joseph had not asked this nor would he ever, indeed
it was doubtful if they had begun in the first place--but you see I believe in love. Oh, you
needn't look like that, boyo. I know it means nothing to you, but it does exist, love I mean.
Something quite simple and normal. Faithful Love--True Love. I don't mean the home and
the little woman at the sink and Bisto-made gravy and the brussels sprouts arranged like
flowers, or the patter of tiny feet... she did mean just that, brussels sprouts and all... I
mean... I mean... What did she mean she wondered drying her hands on the tea towel, going
to the table for her cigarettes.

He was still there in the grass without her. The trouble was when she saw him like that
she didn't care what way love was meant to be, she'd put up with anything, being a
convenience, being someone he could shout at, anything as long as she was near him. And she
wasn't unintelligent or neurotic. Perhaps it was just as her mother said--she lacked
self-respect. The time he had said he was going to work and she had believed him. All the
times he had said he was going to see some colleague and she had believed him. And then the
times she had pretended to believe in his lies and his excuses and all the time he was going
off to poke other women. He had done other things to her, outraged her, humiliated her, but
it was the women that hurt most. He told lies all the time. She thought at first it was to
avoid hurting other people, only gradually realising that it was himself he wanted to save.
He could do what he wanted to do all along and by lying preserve his image. She didn't know
if this made him contemptible or one suffering from insecurity. It was better to be bad and
strong than weak and good. It was all a question of energy. The more powerful the battery
the quicker the toy train went round the track, the more watts to the bulb the more light to
the room. It wasn't that Joseph's energy seeped away, like the battery burning itself out,
leaving the top motionless on the rail or the bulb simply used up, leaving the previously
illuminated room in darkness, it was just that he transferred his energy source somewhere
else. You could understand the battery and the bulb giving out, no more power being
available, but not Joseph. He simply pulled out the plug and moved on. The way he descended
on people, enveloping them, overwhelming them, giving them his advice, his encouragement,
his attention, his money, his bloody book of Donne's poems. Anyone could get women or men
for that matter--Joseph didn't discriminate; it wasn't sex or power or anything remotely
understandable, just this energy at large--if they took enough trouble. No one could with­
stand such pressure, no one vulnerable that was, and he never attempted to win the strong
ones. Whilst one was the recipient it was all roses and moonlight and presents and romance,
such a sense of being someone, someone big as the world, full of glory, beautiful beyond the
dreams of avarice. And afterwards the let-down, the withdrawal, the lessening of pressure,
him starting off on his next conquest and that last one like a diabetic, unable to carry on
without the insulin supply.

You see, she told him, lighting her cigarette and swaying her hips in the wooden kitchen,
you are such a phony. No, don't look so hurt, you can't help being phony--what satisfaction
the word gave her--the definition of phony is counterfeit, sham, worthless, my boyo, which
is a definition of your emotions. You see it is not that it's phony not to love me, because I'm
not very lovable--that was phony too--but the truth is you do love me in a way only you can't
love properly. That's what is phony, boyo.

She felt she was becoming confused. If she was actually talking to the sham and worthless
Joseph he would reduce her argument to tatters within seconds. Maybe he'd say--But I don't
love you, Dotty girl. I've never pretended to--or--You mustn't generalise, Dot-Dot; you must not think your view is the right one. You must preface your remarks with--'In my opinion.'

In my opinion, boyo, you are Phony, Lost and Promiscuous. The definition of promiscuity is belonging to no one person--maybe it wasn't, she ought to look it up--therefore, boyo, you are a fake, without value, gone astray and belonging to no one.

It hardly helped her; already she was beginning to feel pain in the region of her heart.

You see it is possible to love and be loved, it really is, boyo. I have experienced it before and I will again.

Not true. What she had experienced before was an Idyll, a round complete circle of feeling, reciprocated, joyful and terminated with honesty. He had been as young as her, short and plain with a bullet head and a nine-week medical course at London University. During that time they were loving and faithful and gentle. After they had made love and before they slept he gave her a short lecture on a medical subject, either the causes of diabetes or the affects of alcohol on the bloodstream, heart and liver, and then he sang her songs from West Side Story. When his course was finished he returned to the States, his hospital in Brooklyn and his wife, and that was that. All she had left was a record of Scheherazade; a black jumper he bought her at Marks and Spencers, and a sketchy knowledge of the diabetic condition. Also a belief in love, True-Love. Nothing else had happened to her; nothing that is except Joseph.

'Phony.' she mouthed noiselessly against the glass of the window, looking out at the honey phony Joseph and the distressed Kidney came down from his cross, doing press-ups in the spinach green grass.

'Stay young and beautiful,' she sang, going out to join them in the sunshine.
'If you want to be loved.'

Willie was not given lunch but he was asked into the hut before the meal was over, to drink a cup of Nescafe.]

74.21 Joseph had gloomily looked at the food stores and realised] 43.1 At mid-day when Joseph was checking the food stores he was depressed to realise

74.24-25 the grapefruit juice gone] 43.5 the grapefruit gone

74.27 taking his ease] 43.7 who was taking his ease

74.30 he asked himself] 43.10 Willie asked himself

74.30-34 out loud, looking about him as if there were an answer in the leaves, hand arrested in mid-air at a point between the ground and his waiting lips, back upright, his two muddy boots sticking straight upwards from the daisies.] 43.10 out loud.

74.36; 75.1-2 Sounded a man of iron out there in the field, beard in curls of iron about his hard and shouting mouth. Someone better run quick to obey the iron Mr. Joseph. Grinning] 43.12 Grinning

75.3 it wasn't him] 43.12 it wasn't he

75.8 she was not particularly defiant, not anything] 43 om.

75.10-12 path, dazed by the play of sunlight on the flickering leaves, dreaming that behind her a man followed with love written on his face,] 43.17 path

75.12 dreaming that above] 43.17 that above

75.13 the hollow Joseph] 43.19 Joseph

75.14 throat, dragging him] 43.19 throat and dragged him

75.15 her lost white comb] 43.20-21 her lost comb

75.20 'Where is the cheese and where is the grapefruit juice?' 44.2 'Where's the cheese and where's the grapefruit juice?'
75.29–30 flat? Her egg-cup had runneth over and he brushed salt on to the floor.) 44.11 flat?’
75.32–36; 76.1–9 He recalled the incident perfectly now. He had asked her to hold the lid of the boot for him whilst he stored the food inside. Kidney being useless, and she had let it slip.

The tin of juice had fallen from the box and rolled on to the ground. Stung by the blow on his head he'd told her he couldn't bloody well be expected to do everything and that the tin was too big and she had picked it up without saying a word, going back into the house with the can in her hand. He hadn't meant her to do that as she very well knew. She was impossible at times and utterly irritating. There was no rapport between them. She was in another world, another generation. She didn't remember Tommy Handley and she thought the Western Brothers were a pop group.) 44 om.

76.10–12 shelf. You said everything had to go in tins.' She pointed at the biscuit tin on the second shelf.) 44.13 shelf:"

76.13 we've] 44.14 we have
76.14 'Oh.' It didn't] 44.15 It didn't
76.14–15 He'd brought raisins and rice] 44.15 He'd brought rice and raisins
76.14–15 He'd brought raisins and rice and paprika. Other things as well] 44.15 He'd brought rice and raisins

76.16 or Heinz soup] 44.16 or tins of Heinz beans
76.17 means I'll] 44.18 means;' said Joseph, bitterly, 'that I'll
76.17 I'll have to shop] 44.18 'that I'll have to shop
76.17–18 and I've already spent] 44.19 I've already spent
76.18–19 bomb. God knows what happens to the money:'] 44.19 bomb.'

76.20–24 Guiltily she looked down at her denim outfit, reflecting on the cheques he'd written on her account; he new sandals for instance.
Woundinggly he told her, 'Mustn't slouch, Dot-Dot. Yo look like Ringo in that get-up and
that attitude.' 44 om.

76.25 She sat down at the table. 44.20 Dotty sat down at the table.

76.25-30 Table, mournfully conscious of the size of her nose, putting her misery on somewhat
for his benefit. Hurt she was but used to it by now and it put him in a better mood if he got
some reaction from his cruelty. Either way it was making him forget about the grapefruit
drink. 44.20 Table.

76.31 'There's no need to go into a sulk,' he told her, 'You're slouching,' he said.

76.31-32 Her, already more cheerful, opening a tin of mushrooms at the sink. 44.21 said.

76.32-34 'I'm making a rice thing for lunch, so you might cut up the onions.' 44.31-32 'Here
cut up some onions. I'm making a rice thing for lunch.

76.35 'Roland hates rice things.' 44.23 'Roland won't eat it,' she said.

77.1-4 'Rubbish. He'll eat it if I cook it. His mother was a hopeless cook, not a bloody clue.'

'He likes sausages and chips,' she said, slicing an onion at the table, 'or egg and chips or
beans and chips.' 44 om.

77.5 He didn't reply. 44.24 Joseph didn't reply.

77.5-18 In silence they prepared the meal. When it was almost finished he said--'Do you think I
ought to say something to Kidney?'

'What about?' She did know but sometimes she pretended not to catch on.

'Being in Roland's bed.'

'I don't know. I mean it may have been a genuine mistake, or maybe he was cold or a bit
lonely.' [See D45.3]

He made a sound between his full lips expressing disbelief. 'If I say anything it might
make it more important than it is.'
'Why don't you just tell him the bed's not big enough for two? Did they say anything about sex when you took him?' She chopped gamely at the onions he placed in front of her.

'Do you think,' he asked, 'that I ought to say something to Kidney? About his being in Roland's bed?'

'I don't know,' said Dotty. 'What could you say?'

'I could mention the bed's not big enough for two. He might say something--give some explanation.'

'I doubt it,' Dotty said. 'Are you worried about sex or something?'

'Don't be ridiculous,' snapped Joseph. But he was worried.

'They' were the two doctors Joseph had gone to visit when his enthusiasm to save Kidney was at its height.

'No.'

'Well he looks at me in a very odd way sometimes when you've gone out.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well he looks at me oddly, and he just hangs about.' She hadn't felt it was that sort of oddness but who knows, Joseph might even feel jealous.

'He just doesn't know what to do when I'm out.' He was trying to remember any conversations he had had with Kidney, any indications of an interest in sex. He couldn't remember any.

They had asked him when he had begged to take Kidney to live with him, if there were any women in the house.

When he had suggested having Kidney to live with him, the doctor at the clinic Kidney attended had asked him if there any women living in the house.
but he hadn't mentioned Dotty.) Joseph hadn't mentioned Dotty.

partly because] because

he'd never thought of her as 'women' and partly because he thought she would have

moved on by now.] because he hadn't thought of her as being a permanent fixture.

'It's just that he's got a mental age of nine or ten. Just a child. He has to be told what to
do.'

'Yes, but he's got a physical age of eighteen. He may be mentally retarded but he

probably has urges.'

'Urges?' The idea filled him with distaste.

'He probably masturbates like hell.'

That was even worse. 'Very probably,' he said.] 45 om.

said.] 'He was probably just cold,' said Dotty. 'I'd forget about it.' [See H77.11-12]

'Still, he'd be in a home if he were really bonkers,' Dotty said.] 45-5 If he was really

bonkers--I mean, dangerous--he'd be in a home.'

Dotty said, turning the gas down] 45.5 She stood up and turned the gas lower

under the bubbling rice pan.] 45.5-6 under the pan of bubbling rice.

'they wouldn't have let you look after him.' It still] 45.6 It still

why they should have let Joseph take care] 45.6-7 how Joseph had managed to get

permission to take care

take care of the backward youth.] 45.7 take care of Kidney.

youth. She supposed he had overwhelmed them just as he did everyone else.] 45.7

Kidney.

It was almost done] 45.10 The rice was almost done

pan, feeling hungry once more.] 45.14 pan.
78.30 pale rinds of onions] 45.23 pale rings of onions

78.32–36; 79 1–36 How did he come to know that bit of useless knowledge? Ah yes, the book about the chap who wrote *The Three Musketeers*—no, not the Musketeers, something about a man kept in a dungeon for years and years—*The Count of Monte Cristo*. There had been a party and when the guests became hungry Delacroix made this omelette with all sorts of things added. He even challenged someone to a duel when they wanted to eat it. He couldn’t remember if the duel had taken place. Funny thing to do. Pistols at dawn in a field half white with mist, black cloaks slung across the raised forearms, the sound of hooves pawing the cobbled road, carriages waiting to take the victor or the vanquished to his home. Either way the contestants were heroic. There were always seconds to see fair play, best friends of the duelists. Everyone then seemed to have best friends. Where have all the best friends gone now, he wondered. He certainly had none now. Once perhaps, long time ago. Faces superimposed against settings of sea and shore and country. Smiling faces of children at school, no names, a boy with red hair, a boy with glasses, no names. A man at the seaside in a jacket the colour of stone, talking to him in the morning when he had gone down to the sea to bathe. Another man, name gone, every summer for four years at the farm at St. Asaph, leaning his head against the barrelled side of a warm cow, pulling down milk into a tin bucket. And the man his father knew, the pantomime dame with the several wigs of hair arranged on wooden blocks in his dressing room, on the pier at Southport, with seagulls in the air outside, and water slapping against the wooden uprights. His best friend the dame with the taglets of false hair, red and gold and black, better than his own gone mother, with sawdust bosoms twice as big as hers, singing a song for him alone—

*My husband is a Frenchman*
He makes me parlez-vous
Oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui...

What on earth did Delacroix paint? The Frenchman with the band-of-hope uniform and
the flute? Was that his? The man holding a rifle? Was it? 45 om.

79.36; 80.1 Pity Kidney had given up painting, 45.25-26 What a pity Kidney had given up
painting.

80.2 with pluffy clouds-- 45.27 with puffy clouds--
80.7 mean possibly he 45.32 mean he
80.7 he would have to go) 45.32 he might have to go
80.9-12 Kidney had told him once how he'd been put into hospital, into a mental ward by the sound
of it, on a compulsory order, and his parents not allowed to visit him. Sounded a bit
far-fetched. He must ask about that.] 45 om.

80.14 Dotty and the boy] 45.35 Dotty and Kidney
80.16 She had and he had answered, she told him,) 46.1 'Yes,' she said.
80.16-17 him, sitting down whilst Joseph piled rice, unburnt on to the plates,) 46.1 said.
80.18 When Roland came he 46.2 When he came in, Roland
80.18 he said nothing about the rice,) 46.2 Roland ate the rice without complaint.
80.19-21 rice, merely covering the mound with a layer of tomato sauce, which reminded him of
the tree red as rubies close to the barn,) 46.2 complaint.
80.21 that red tree called?') 46.3 that tree called?
80.21 father and] 46.3-4 father. 'The one beside the barn?
80.22 and as usual received no reply] 46.5 As usual, he received no reply,
80.24 'Waiting for his bloody tip,') 46.7 'He's waiting for his bloody tip,'
80.24 he told Dotty] 46.7 Joseph told Dotty,
80.30-31 lad with the pretty face] 46.13 lad.
80.31 was he doing] 46.14 was the lad doing
81.7-9 He felt a bit like a boy then, a Sunday lad with hair slicked down with water and his father's Sunday shirt on.] 46 om
81.14-15 MacFarley, handling his fork like a woman, not very hungry it seemed.] 46.29
MacFarley.
81.20 off the slumped and famished Dotty] 46.33-34 off the hungry Dotty
81.20 famished Dotty] 46.34 hungry Dotty
81.23-24 turned pink.] 47.1 scowled.
81.24 Talk about Taffy Joseph.] 47 om
81.27 Joseph was] 47.4 Mr Joseph was
81.30-32 Willie, trying to keep the ball of conversation bouncing, moving his boots on the wooden floor, wondering] 47.7 Willie, wondering
81.33 and if he would be offered one] 47.8 and whether he would be offered one.
81.33-34 one. 'Mr. MacFarley is a great--'] 47.8 one.
81.35 'Oh yes. Haven't] 47.9 'I haven't
81.35 Haven't seen old George] 47.9 'I haven't seen old George
81.35 morning.'] 47.9 morning,' said Joseph.
82.5 here] 47.14 here,' said Roland. 'I
82.6 hole for Kidney's pooh.] 47.15 hole.
82.7 he reflected,] 47.16 Willie reflected,
82.15 now--here] 27.23 now.'
82.16 floor, there being no longer a need to twist it between his fingers--] 47.23 floor.
82.22 a strange one,] 47.28-29 a trifle odd
one, a strange child and a strange man, but] 47.29 odd, but
half so strange] 47.29 half so odd
Israel?'] 47.30 Israel? said Joseph, startled.
Willie gave it three distinct syllables, as if he were singing the last line of a carol--]
Willie said,
mesmerised--again the partitioning of the word--'Mrs. MacFarley said like
as if he'd always been looking for something and he'd found it in Israel.' They were in fact
Mrs. MacFarley's exact words but Joseph was not to know. He thought it extraordinary of
the Welshman. He asked--
'And what was it he found, Bill?'
'Ah now, there you are. What did he find?' Mrs. MacFarley had not told Willie, so he
contended himself with flinging the question back at Joseph.] 47.33 mesmerised.
the child wanted to know,] 47.34 Roland wanted to know,
floor, tugging at the fruit with teeth on edge and chin smarting.] 47.35 floor.
told him, adding--] 47.36 told him.
'and get up and sit] 47.36 'Get up and sit
his questioning lips,] 47.36 his lips,
berries.'] 48.6 berries,' said Roland.
'Don't you go eating any berries,] 48.7 'Don't go eating any berries,
You'd get belly-ache.] 48.7 You'll get belly-ache.
Kidney spoke] 48.8 Kidney said,
Willie, gazing at him out of his pastel eyes, his golden brows furrowed.] 48.9 Willie.
about Balfour most) 48.15 about Balfour most

Willie saw she had already) 48.16 Willie saw that she had already

--taking the thin wafer) 48.19 He took the thin wafer

him with gratitude, temporarily silenced whilst he lit it--) 48.20 him.

Went away to Italy) 48.20 He went away to Italy

some time back) 48.20-21 some years back

awkward;') 48.25 awkward; remarked Joseph.

Joseph had little patience) 48.25 He had little patience

sickness. He thought it all neglect and self-indulgence.) 48.26 sickness.

did someone like Balfour afford to go) 48.26-27 had someone like Balfour afforded to go

let alone] 48.27 Not to mention

Israel in search of something or other.) 48.28 Israel.

mouth with the edge of the tea towel.) 48.28-29 mouth with the tea towel.

he could manage] 48.30 he might manage

something more exotic,) 48.30 somewhere more exotic

exotic, though) 48.31 exotic himself, though

went. It wasn't as if he felt there was anything left to look for, let alone find.) 48.32 went.

'Is he ill now?') 48.33 'Is Balfour ill now?'

and did not hear or pretended] 48.34 and pretended

hear for he was a little tired) 48.34-35 hear. He was a little tired

and didn't much care) 48.34-36 and he didn't much care

pill.') 49.2 pill; said Kidney loudly.

There were times when Kidney sounded as if he was capable of adult reasoning. He did so
'I may]

84.31-36; 85.1-20 'I expect you had good natural food and all the rest of it... country eggs... no tinned stuff and the like.'

'Never a sign of it. No, never a sign.' Prepared to humour Mr. Joseph, Willie shook his head as if deploiring all food in tins, gazing ahead of him, muttering a repetitive denial through his colourless lips, putting the inefficient fag-end into his pocket, relocking his two hands in front of him between his knees, mournful now in his attitude, expressing a nostalgic regard for things past and things remembered, all of which he was fully conscious Joseph would appreciate.

Everyone silent around the dinner table; only the child on the floor making sounds—draining juice from the last segments of his orange. Heads at different heights and different angles. Dotty well back in her chair, face to the ceiling, a little below the abundant scalp of the flushed and pill-pining Kidney to her right, whose eyes were on a level with the wide nostrils of the brooding Joseph, separated from him by a table breadth. He felt he was entering the dark entrances of Joseph's nose, touching the blood coloured walls with probing fingers, scraping nail on bone. Quickly Kidney wound his left hand in the frayed lower edges of his jumper, feeling through the wool for the leather curve of his trouser belt. Joseph noticed the faint agitation of the arm opposite him and recalled the distasteful assumption of the crude Dotty.] 49 om.

85.20 he said] 49.12 Joseph said

85.23 mugs, whilst they dispersed] 49.15 mugs.

85.24 went out through the door] 49.15 went out

85.29 later. Louder--] 49.19 later.

85.29 --'Move--go on--'] 49.19 Go on, move.'
not bothering to watch the child running with petulant face out of the hut.] 49.19-20

Joseph pushed both the child and Dotty towards the door. Kidney stood up.

85.32-36; 85.1 'Shall I help?'

'No get out, Dot-Dot. Go and see if the beds are made in the barn.' Which left Joseph

remembering the sleeping arrangements of the night before and the problem of Kidney, only

that moment moving himself slowly from his place at the table.] 49 om.

86.1 Kidney, something] 49.21 Kidney,' said Joseph. 'Something

86.3 The youth sat down again] 49.23 Kidney sat down again.

86.3-5 again in the curved chair, shielded behind an edifice of dirty crockery cleverly erected by

the architecturally-minded Joseph. 'Yes, Joseph?'] 49.23 again.

86.6 Roland...1] 49.24-25 Roland,' began Joseph. 'I

86.8 Eyes blue, mouth open but no words forthcoming, Kidney stared] 49.26 Kidney stared

86.11 With an effort--'Yes.'] 49.28 'Yes,'

86.11 'Yes:] 49.28 'Yes,' said Kidney.

86.19-20 sink, leaving Kidney exposed.] 49.36 sink.

86.22 seriously studied] 50.2 studied

86.25 pill?' and waited.] 50.4 pill?'

86.27 Skin like swansdown, lush mouth trembling[,] 50.5-6 Mouth trembling,

86.27 he repeated[,] 50.6 Kidney repeated,

87.1-32 It was all so boring now. At the beginning the challenge that Kidney presented filled him

with enthusiasm. He listened with impatience to the parents and the doctors, knowing within

himself how simple was the problem and how obvious the solution. He would simply care for

Kidney and give him life. And at first the response had been so quick and so direct that he

imagined the problem solved even sooner than he had thought possible. It was as if Kidney
had awoken from a deep sleep by the application of a hand on his brow. Only later did Joseph realise that the awakened boy saw only him. Neither the world without nor the self within held any reality. Only Joseph existed. He did begin to grasp the moves in chess, the workings of a motor car, he listened dutifully to music and looked at the printed words in books, but only if Joseph told him to, or stood near him. The pupils of the powder blue eyes reflected nothing save an image of his teacher. Once only had Joseph made him smile. He had never to his knowledge succeeded in making him cry. And there the progress halted. After a time Joseph stopped being wholly interested and the signs of improvement faded and then regressed. Joseph had first felt guilty, then irritated and then no longer certain there had been any improvement in the first place. He tried now, at the table in the woods, to remember if Kidney had said anything in the past that had filled him with hope, tried to think of words the boy had used to express his feelings. Were there any? Something about asking Kidney if he had ever felt anger and the boy saying—'Yes, when I want to fill up something left empty.' Had he said that? Exciting that. He said—'What did you say yesterday about everyone being made of wool? What did you mean?' 50 om.

87.33 lunch:] 50.16 lunch, 'volunteered Kidney.

87.34-36; 88.1 'When did you go to hospital?'

'They wouldn't let my mother come to see me. Not for two days.'

'Why not? Do you know?] 50 om.

88.2 'My mother] 50.16 'In hospital my mother

88.6 He went] 50.20 Joseph went

88.8-12 bottle under a brassiere belonging to Dotty, that had not been there when he had unpacked. He looked at the colour of it in disgust. Taking the bottle up he read the legend on the label aloud—'Take one three times a day.' He unscrewed the white cap] 50.22 bottle.
and poured the oblong containers into his palm, sliding the surplus ones back down the neck of the bottle. He took out an oblong capsule.

replacing the bottle] and replaced the bottle.

bringing the one pill, the after-lunch pill, laid flat on the palm of his hand, to the table. Here you are' he said, coming back to the table with the pill.

Kidney swallowed the pill] swallowed the capsule.

water. He seemed anxious to tell Joseph about the hospital. It was something Joseph could not have achieved. It would have stuck in his throat.

What did they say to you in the hospital?

That I must take my pill and that my mother would come.

What sort of hospital was it? Do you know? [om.

hospital;' he said.

There was a man...? [om.

man...?'] said Joseph.

He was...

Joseph kept silent. [om.

And what did you say?'] [om. 'That was friendly.'

of the cleared table.] of the table.
"Where was the hospital?" 50 om.

They have rules," said Joseph.

When I woke up it was night and the man said be quiet."

It was night and the man told me to be quiet.

'Be quiet, sonny?' 51.1-2 'The man said: "Be quiet.

still, looking down at the moving fork, an ache in his jaw, a feeling like tears behind his eyelids. He had read somewhere that before an epileptic fit the sufferer 'knew all.' And what did he know now? That he was emotional, sad, a failure, a man without substance. Not on Kidney's account, not on account of anybody. Unbearably moved by his own sensitivity he saw his mind fashioned like a viaduct over which the slow thoughts went aware of this abyss beneath. The man who cried out over yet another rejection was after all only the little boy weeping for the first one. In the ageing face the eyes remained the same the lachrymal glands still performed their function. The supply of tears and the reason for tears was limitless. All grief had the glamorous potential of the operatic film; if shared, the drama of the Greek chorus. No one could admit failure, no one dare admit an absence of love. Some tried in dreams, some tried by touching fingers in darkened rooms, some, the very few, succeeded, but only for a few days a few hours. The illusion, fostered from birth to grave that man belonged to man, that love existed. First the parasite growth, jelly wrapped in the womb, mother's little seed, and once born, wrapped in woolly blankets, all the uncles and aunts, the fathers, the brothers and sisters, the far-off cousins, the people next door, the cousins close by. Then gradually the sloughing off of the old shoots and the grafting of the new ones: the aunts and the grandfathers beginning to be buried, the mothers and fathers starting to die, the people next door moving on, the cousins dispersing and never heard of again, the brothers and sisters becoming strangers, to be replaced in their turn by
the wife or wives, the sweetheart or mistress, the lost love or the unrequited soul-mate, the sons and the daughters—-even the dog purchased for the children. When the children began to leave home the dog lay unable to move on the bed cover. A smell like rotting leaves came from the lining of its jaws. And then death and at that moment nothing but the self, nothing but the old man, bereft of man. Man alone. He. Joseph.

Raising wet eyes he saw the hopeless hut and the hopeless stretch of field and the hopeless Kidney.] 51.3 still. He felt distressed. 90.9-12 of breaking down the final barrier but the obstruction melted and his jaws refused to go on aching and the surface of his sentimental eyeballs dried, and he forgot what the barrier was.] 51.4 of saying something meaningful,

90.12 He merely said--] 51.4-5 but he merely said.

90.13-14 I'll be down soon] 51.5-6 I'll be down

90.14 when I've done the dishes.' ] 51.6 when I've washed the dishes.'

90.15-16 Willie, scraping his boots against the step of the barn, who] 51.8 Willie who

90.16-24 He was moving his shrunken lips in a muttered discussion with himself as to how he could get Mr. Joseph to tip him for his services to the toilet. He hadn't much time either because depend on it Mr. George would be up here damn soon and then he could say goodbye to his extra bit of cash. He took a quick glance at the path ready to double back behind the hut and go home the long way round, but there was no-one on the path and nothing glimpsed between the trees.] 51 am.

90.24-25 But there was a line,] 51.8-9 There was a line,

90.25-26 too thin for a branch growing as he watched,] 51.9 widening as he watched,

90.27 hell, chest forgotten, passing] 51.11 hell, passing

90.28-29 doorway, a tea towel in his hand--] 51.12 doorway.
90.29-30 fire. Willie shouted, jumping] 51.13 fire.
90.30 jumping like a wrestler] 51.13 He jumped like a wrestler
90.31 bracken of the slope] 51.14 bracken on the slope.
90.36 arm like a waiter about to serve, 'are] 51.18 arm. 'Are
91.2 the possessive pronoun, 51.21 the possessive.
91.3 sitting in the undergrowth] 51.21-22 He was sitting in the undergrowth
91.5 saliva dribbling] 51.24 spit dribbling
91.7 another like a kaleidoscope, each] 51.25 another, each
91.7 each thought] 51.25 each idea
91.11 in control;' and he went] 51.30 in control.' He went
91.15 him, somewhere to the left,) 51.33 him.
91.15 and he forsook] 51.34 He forsook
91.15-16 the path, plunging down] 51.34 the path and plunged down
91.16 half sliding, half leaping] 51.34-35 leaping and sliding,
91.19 he relinquished] 52.1 he lost
91.20-21 bush, snatched from the crook of his arm like the baton in a relay race, and] 52.2 bush
91.20-21 and
91.22 slopes, lost his footing,) 52.3 slopes missed his footing entirely.
91.23 and rolled] 52.4-5 he rolled
91.24-25 incline, laughter welling up in his open mouth, coming] 52.5 incline, coming
91.27 his two fists full] 52.7 his fists full
91.27-28 full of round smooth pebbles, cold as glass,) 52.7-8 full of pebbles.
92.2 with his head stuck] 52.16 his head stuck
92.6-36; 93.1-5 Balfour, George and Joseph fought the fire each in their own fashion. Balfour
with violence as if the blaze was an enemy to be battered insensible, tossing his blemished head savagely in the smoke-laden air, leading the frontal attack whilst the methodical George, arms moving with piston-like precision, followed up the rear, mouth composed in the melancholy Asiatic face, not unduly alarmed for the outbreak was mostly confined to the shrub; both of them outflanked by the leaping Joseph, trampling the burning bracken beneath his rubber boots, graceful to the last. Stripped to the waist he elevated himself with branch held high, the Nijinsky of the Resting Ground, descending with a sharp breaking of underfoot twigs and a fine shower of sparks, leaves caught in the mesh of his hair.

Joseph was aware that time spent in such a way was untimorable. Moments or hours could have passed since Willie first shouted the alarm outside the hut. He had fought a fire once in the flat in Catherine Street that he had taken as a bridgroom, leaving a piece of hardboard to kindle a fire in his studio whilst he made tea in the kitchen. Whilst he had drunk his tea the hardboard had fallen burning to the blind school matting, which had in turn set alight the long grey cupboard full of gramophone records and letters and postcards. The letters were mostly from his bride before their marriage, full of explanations and complaints and demands for love, the postcards from his mother, gone abroad, addressed to Master Joseph, explaining her departures and demanding he reply. The fire brigade brought hoses up the four flights of stairs and the smell of the drowned fire was bad. It had only been a little fire, as this one was, but still the activity and sense of danger shared thrilled him as he pranced about among the trees, able to enjoy himself because the possessions threatened were not his and the blame was not his, for he had forgotten the accusations of the hysterical Willie.] 52 om.

93.7-10 Willie was still sitting holding his water tap amid the grasses, watched by the curious Dotty who had been in the barn gazing into the looking glass at her unknown face, when the
raised voices had disturbed her.] 52.20–21 Dotty, who had been in the barn when the raised
voices had disturbed her, found Willie sitting in the grass.

93.13 The indignant eyes,] 52.23 His eyes

93.14–15 bush; the bloodless lips trembled as if he might laugh.] 52.24 bush.

93.18 drunk, so stiffly he sat,] 52.28 drunk. He sat so stiffly.

93.19 ground, but he] 52.29 ground. He

93.19–20 did not smell] 52.29 didn't smell

93.20–21 he looked baffled more than stupefied.] 52.30 he looked more baffled than stupefied.

93.21–27 It seemed as if he had seen visions or been struck down by an angel and so small he had
become, as if the experience of things unseen had dwindled him in size, till he sat there like
a mannikin, incredibly freckled with his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The eyes,
indignant, and of no particular colour, were completely round under his faded cap.] 52 om.

93.30 she did not know] 52.33 she didn't know

93.32–36 They were strangers to each other and he was an old old man, bloodless in the grass,
and there she was touching his hand like a lover, saying his name over and over into the
cavity of his familiar ear--'Willie, Willie... what's wrong, Willie... aren't you feeling
too good, Willie?'] 52 om.

94.1 She tried then to remove] 52.34–35 She tried to remove

94.2 and fell] 53.1 and collapsed

94.2–3 fell on to his back] 53.1 collapsed on his back

94.3 cap came off] 53.2 cap fell off

94.6 did not know] 53.5 didn't know

94.6 best, and then ran] 53.5 best. Then she ran

94.8–9 important at the same time.] 53.7 important all at the same time.
94.13 'Perhaps a stroke.' 53.11 'Perhaps it's a stroke.'

94.19 with the blackened Balfour] 53.16 with Balfour

94.21-22 bridge. His father wore his shirt open to the waist and his skin looked dyed.] 53.18 bridge.

94.29 wielding. For some reason he had become depressed, out of sorts.] 53.24 wielding.

94.33 'Do you think he's dead?'] 53.27 'Do you think Willie's dead?'

94.34 pace with him.] 53.28 pace with Joseph.

95.3 In the sunlight the leaves were blue; persistently, stubbornly] 53.33 Stubbornly

95.4 she ran behind him.] 53.33 Dotty ran behind him,

95.7 up the hill] 53.35 up the hill in the Jaguar,

95.8 corner and approached them, Lionel at the wheel.] 54.1 corner.

95.10 The perspiring face of the military Lionel slid past, showing the whites of his prominent

eyes. 'Just follow me,' shouted Joseph, driving on at speed, paying no attention to the

pleading girl.] 54.2-3 he called and drove on at speed.

95.14 'He can't follow you--the road's too narrow!] 54.4 'Was that Lionel?' shouted Dotty.

95.14-15 He heard the] 54.5 Joseph heard the

95.15 of her Liverpool voice] 54.5 of her provincial voice

95.20-33 No matter what happened Joseph always did as he wanted. No matter how much

inconvenience or embarrassment he caused to others. Afterwards he expected everyone to

behave as if nothing had happened. They usually did. Nobody else counted. She could not

even look at the trees and the flowers for the darkness cast by Joseph. There was nothing to

smell save the leather of the car seats under the sun, nothing to see out there in the white

road. There was a wooden trellis of plywood propped against the wall of the shop. There

were diamond pieces of whitewashed wall and roses climbing the trellis. She stared at the
bouncing garden and the pinks and the white washed wall and the cat stretched out on the grass.) 54

95.34-36 cream. When the shop door closed behind him a bell rang and the sound hung in the air above the cat and the windscreen of the car.) 54.12 cream.

96.1 she asked,) 54.13 Dotty asked,

96.3 did not reply) 54.15 didn’t reply

96.8-9 puzzled by the look of him.) 54 20 puzzled.

96.13-34 She looked at his hands, filmed with grease, gripping the steering wheel of the car, and

her stomach contracted. Something to do with her father, something to do with strong male relatives driving vehicles on Bank holidays and Sunday afternoons. Her mother drove a car too, but it wasn’t the same thing. Something to do with the casualness, the uncensored way men were allowed to drive their cars with their hands on the wheel, so properly, so mechanically, and yet, and yet all those hands, some clothed in gloves, some naked with gold-strapped watches about their wrists, were the same hands that steered and guided women into bed and did things to them. You didn’t have the same kind of thoughts when you saw men in swimming shorts or just suits, at least she didn’t, even if a man came at you without clothes at all—that was just plain sex—but hands, exposed so openly driving cars,
because it wasn’t an offence or indecent, were so suggestive if you thought about it. She thought about it and again the excitement was there, and then again but the excitement had gone and she slumped down in the car and tried to find her tobacco and realised she had left the silver packet in the barn.) 54

97.1-3 truce. Dotty saw the garter, coloured blue, bunching his shirt high on his arm, and one
cuff link glinting in the sunshine as the) 54.27 truce. As the

97.3 Jaguar went past.) 54.27 Jaguar sped past,
97.5 but did not turn his head.] 54.29 He didn't turn his head.

97.5 did not turn] 54.29 didn't turn

97.5-6 head, nor smile.] 54.29 head.

97.7-8 Dotty, her politeness jerking her upright in the passenger seat, swivelled] 54.30 Dotty swivelled

97.8-9 waved at the blurred face of May traveling down the road behind them.] 54.30 waved at the Mini.

97.9-12 She waved a lot and made signs and contorted her face and shouted things they could not possibly hear, to make up for the detached and unwelcoming Joseph. 'Not long] 54.30 ‘Not long

97.15-24 May waved back and told Lionel--'What an odd girl she is. Look at that jacket she's wearing.' She wriggled in the airless car, airless because she had made Lionel close the window on account of her hair, and put powder on her nose and colour on her mouth and cleaned her teeth with her sharp wet tongue and unwrapped a sweet and moved her painted toenails in her openwork sandals and stared out of the window of the car at the gesticulating girl, her gaze split by the dead bodies of insects splattered on the windscreen of the Mini.] 54 om.

97.27 manoeuvring with care,) 54.35 manoeuvring the Mini carefully,

97.27-28 off his engine] 54.35 off the engine

97.27-28 engine and let the little silver] 54.36 engine. He let the little silver

97.30-31 his darling May] 55.2 his darling wife May

97.30-31 his darling May] 55.2 his darling wife May safe

97.31-32 beside him flecked with powder grains and birds flying low over the hedgerows of the field.] 55.3 beside him.
98.2 she giggled] 55.9 May giggled
98.3-4 her white silk handkerchief] 55.10 a white silk handkerchief
98.4 handkerchief casually] 55.10 handkerchief tied casually
98.7 to stand at the barred gate] 55.13 and stood at the barred gate
98.8 view, her white head a perfect halo in the Gundog landscape] 55.14 view.
98.9 Mersey Tunnel had not been] 55.15 Mersey Tunnel hadn't been
98.10 crowded.] 55.16 crowded. Better than expected, in fact.
98.10 Dotty had not met] 55.16 Dotty hadn't met
98.10-11 he was nice and normal and very kind] 55.17 he was nice,
98.13-15 May, but possibly that meant she had misjudged the woman, and that, after all, May
    craved the nomely things of life.] 55.19 May.
98.17 countrified--and giggled] 55.21 countrified.' She giggled
98.19 May very nearly fell] 55.23 She very nearly fell
98.20 her petunia-clothed knees] 55.23 her knees
98.20 far side and Lionel] 55.23 far side. Lionel
98.21-25 alarm beneath his moustache the colour of rich ginger, endearing to Dotty who was
    watching him, for she was reminded of her grandfather, showing the thick curve of his
    serpentine tongue and some teeth filled with gold.] 55.24 alarm.
98.25 saying 'Take it easy, my darling,' attempting] 55.24-25 'Take it easy, my darling,' he
    cried, attempting
98.32-36; 99.1-2 More could be seen of the casualty than would be expected at this distance, for
    Balfour was leading and the discrepancy in height between himself and the lofty George at the
    head of the bed, caused the little Welshman to lie at an acute angle with his boots pushed
    against the iron bars and his arms stretched out across the mattress with hands dangling at
either side.) 55  om.

99.6  his eyes and nose covered] 55.33  for his eyes and nose were covered

99.9  the knees of the Welshman] 55.36  the Welshman's knees

99.13  anyone quite so long before.] 56.4  anyone quite so tall as George.

99.15  of the landed bed.] 56.6  of the bed,

99.17  he was not sure] 56.8  he wasn't sure

99.19  the excessively tall fellow] 56.9  the tall fellow

99.20  with the blemished complexion.] 56.10  with the spotty complexion.

99.29–30  He asked--'Is he ill, poor old fellow?' standing] 56.20  'Is he ill, poor old fellow?'

Lionel asked, standing

99.30  rather stockily] 56.20  stockily

99.34–35  somewhere with his sore hands and his gloomy thoughts.] 56.24  somewhere.

100.2  recalling the vanishing tricks] 56.27  remembering the vanishing tricks

100.8  and he took Balfour's place] 56.32  He took Balfour's place

100.10  Lionel marching ahead] 56.34  Lionel marched ahead

100.10–11  his shining brown shoes,] 56.34  his shiny brown shoes,

100.12  Balfour thought May was incredible.] 56.36  Balfour was astonished by May.

100.12–13  He thought she was the living reality] 56.36  She was the living reality

100.14  of female women] 57.1  of fair women

100.16–18  obscenities. He gazed fascinated at the scarf rolled about her throat that she would

unwrap and wave when saying goodbye for ever.] 57.3  obscenities.

100.19  he blushed, turning away] 57.5  he blushed and turned

100.20  to follow the receding menfolk,] 57.5–6  to follow George.

100.20–22  menfolk, carrying in his nostrils the undilutable essence of her perfume and in his
mind the dreadful curve of her amused mouth.] 57.6 George.

100.24 bracelet, looking at Dotty with something like candour.] 57.8 bracelet and looking at Dotty.

100.25-26 'Ghastly?' With surprise Dotty dwelt on the image of Balfour and found him attractive.] 57.9 'Ghastly?' said Dotty.

100.26 'He's not ghastly at all,'] 57.9-10 'Balfour's not ghastly at all.

100.29 Isn't he awful?'] 57.12 He makes me sick,' 100.29 awful?'] 57.12 sick,' said May.

100.29-36; 101.1-4 May made considerable play with her dark eyelashes, and the corners of her mouth trembled. She did not really want a denial. There were some little threads of blue in the whites of her eyes, round the surprised blue of the irises. Lowering her lashes she said--'He promised all sorts of things, you have no idea.' She glanced quickly at Dotty who could think of nothing to say but who was thinking secretly and with delight that everything was just as it ought to be. She wouldn't have grudged May her happiness, her normal husband, her safe arrival, she wouldn't have allowed herself to feel envious, but the evidence that nothing worked made her feel more secure, more on the winning side. Sticking up for Lionel, for she could afford to be generous to this disappointed wife, she said--

'I think he's super, May. He's very manly.'

'Oh he's manly, I'll give you that.' Dismissing the manliness of Lionel with a shrug of her gingham covered shoulders May continued--'I was going to do such a lot of entertaining for his business friends. We were going abroad, going to have a big house, a big car--'

'But you've got a car.'

'It's not his, though he'll pretend it is. He borrowed it to come here.' She bit her lip in vexation for in uncovering the deficiencies of Lionel she was uncovering her own. 'Look at
my ring... look, it's real. It must have cost a fortune.' She thrust a finger into the sunshine, tipped with pink, on which a diamond, rather large, was caught in a claw of gold.

Left alone in the field among the hillocks of grass, the two women, one dark, one light, though both their heads were pale, admired the real diamond in the real setting of gold and wondered at its possible price.) 57 om.

101.31 smell the potatoes in the gravy] 57.18-19 smell potatoes and gravy,
101.31 and his stomach rumbled and he] 57.19 and he
101.32 hunger, and he could hear] 57.20 He could hear
101.36; 102.1-2 as usual, or his mother, one of them, that he'd taken too much of the drink.) 57.24 as usual, or was it his mother?

102.2 'Drunk you are, Willie,' they said,) 57.24 'Drunk you are, Willie,' she said,
102.3 to resist the free drink] 57.25 to resist free drink
102.3 free drink given in the bar,) 57.25 free drink,
102.19-20 come to the hot-pot do's] 58.4-5 come to hot-pot do's
102.21 her hair got a little shorter.) 58.6 her hair a little shorter.
102.23-24 pub yard. There was a damn big pile of manure, blue-black under the moon, just by the stone wall) 58.7 pub yard.
102.25 and he could almost hear] 58.8 He could almost hear
102.27 the other folks) 58.10 the other folk
103.5-19 Bit of a painter he was, been an artist in the potteries, and a row of china plates on the shelf behind the bar that he'd done himself, beautiful they were, peacocks and birds of paradise. If he remembered rightly there was a picture too in a gold frame, old Davis had done, of cattle drinking at the river. Marvellous it was. Amber cows with ears like silk and the water reflecting them. Bloody big fuss the night someone pinched the egg from under the
stuffed stoat in the hall. You’d think it was the goose that laid the golden egg, the fuss there was. Disgusting thing it was too, that stoat, with a mean arch to its back and its muzzle drawn back in a snarl, vicious thing, hard as a rock and a lot of stuffing coming out from under its belly and the egg under that on a bit of straw.] 58 om.

103.24 remind you the flesh] 58.28 remind you flesh
103.25 They worked hard] 58.29 The men worked hard
103.28 till the nights] 58.32 to the nights
103.28-29 Most of them boys] 58.32-33 Most of them had been boys
103.29-30 church twice on Sunday;] 58.33-34 with church twice on Sunday,
103.34 it was like they’d never] 59.2 if was as if they’d never
103.35-36; 104.1-4 hot-pot supper night, and then you forgot and you pissed away alongside the stone wall and called each other names not used for years. Funny how you suddenly remembered the names, coming up from your inside almost as soon as the beer went down.] 59.3 hot-pot supper night.

104.9-10 devil. Only he seemed someone you really knew those nights,] 59.8 devil.
104.10 and all the lads] 59.8-9 All the lads
104.11 churchyard alive and whispering, shouting] 59.9 churchyard, shouting
104.12 like they were boys,] 59.10 like boys,
104.15-17 hand, ready to be sick into her pot under the bed, the one with the roses painted all over and the jug to match.] 59.13 hand.
104.20-21 dead long ago, and didn’t they nod to each other in the village? It wasn’t the same. Definitely not.] 59.15 dead?
104.32 the shining top] 59.25 the top
104.35 May dropped] 59.26-27 May had dropped
he told Balfour, Lionel told Balfour,

Lionel, carrying the bed] Lionel. They carried the bed

his red face] Lionel's red face

His thought bursting] The thought bursting

perspiration dripping] sweat dripping

if he did seem] if Lionel did seem

approve of the little woman] approve of his wife

He hoped Lionel would take] Balfour hoped he would take

room for himself] room to himself

Lionel;' and they put the bed down in the field and he turned round and saw her leaning

against the door of the hut and through the window a bending Dotty filling the kettle with

water.] Lionel: She was leaning against the door of the hut. Through the window

Dotty could be seen filling the kettle with water.

asked Lionel of his wife, gazing] asked Lionel, gazing

shade, and she dutifully stared at the field and the trees and murmured—-'Absolutely

marvellous'] shade.

it wasn't

sweetheart, he would tell her when they were alone,] Lionel would continue to name her when they were alone.

alone, how I love you, how your eyes gleam, how you love me.] alone.

were not going] weren't going

he said,] he called,

of the little woman's breasts] of May's breasts

of the air, marvellous, and] of the air and
107.4 scenery about them, marvellous, ran] 61.22 scenery about them, ran
107.10-11 perhaps with disgust,] 61.27-28 perhaps in disgust,
107.12 into the flung wide arms.] 61.29 into Lionel's arms.
107.12 He was swung] 61.29 The child was swung
107.16-17 archly, eyes coquettish, holding] 61.33 archly, holding
107.17-19 baby in his arms, pushing him playfully against the pink May seated at the wooden
table.] 61.34 baby.
107.20 Roland'] 61.35 Roland,' said May.
107.29 tenderness. He really seemed to love the child.] 62.7 tenderness.
107.32-36; 108.1-5 'Don't be silly, of course you knew. Why Daddy said at lunch time we must
clear up because Lionel and May were coming.' Dotty cold not bear them to think their visit was
unexpected. May might see through it but then she knew May well and it hardly mattered, but
Lionel, now he was so vulnerable, so obviously eager to be liked. It had been bad enough getting
Joseph to reply to Lionel's letter asking for directions to the woods. 'You just never remember
anything,' she reproved the child, feeling she was being unjust.] 62 om.
108.9 they were welcome] 62.12 they had been expected
108.17 Lionel never really knew them,] 62.19-20 Lionel hadn't really known them.
108.17-18 them, not really knew.] 62.20 them.
108.18 Almost a stranger] 62.20 He was almost a stranger
108.26 on Finchley Road] 62.27 on the Finchley Road.
108.26-31 Road and there was Joseph with a girl with a dark plait down her back, in a Quant
dress and a pair of shoes from Biba, looking not a day over thirteen, and she had half turned
her head, trying to slip unnoticed into the other bar, not wanting to be seen in her awful dress
and her worn down shoes.] 62.27-28 Road. There they'd bumped into Joseph and Dotty.
and Lionel had said. Lionel had said,

and she had. May had

and he had to stop. had had to stop

stop then and. stop and

because it made you feel. because they made you feel

‘together’--and off he went with the girl, stepping like a folk dancer in her Biba shoes, quite clumsy really, and the hem of the Quant dress undone at the back and a cotton thread hanging down to the calf of her quite thick legs. together:’

she had told Lionel. May had told Lionel

that he was bored. that Joseph was bored

He had just turned. Lionel had just turned

you are due. you’re due

behaved, unless she was to get cancer or something horrible like that. Her pulse was always very rapid and sometimes she had palpitations but she looked very healthy, Lionel said. behaved.

How she kept fighting him. How she fought him,

encased in a suit of armour. encased in armour.

she could not tell him. she couldn’t tell him

She hated him

she could not explain. she couldn’t explain

end, she did not doubt it was the end, with

husband who was just a pretender to the throne, with

And she was different from her family, she truly was. She was alive and gay and attractive and the men loved her and she tumbled from one bed to another not wanting her hair
to get mussed up or her mascara to run, working as a secretary in the day and going to
restaurants and clubs at night and so beyond the ordinary little London dollies with their
precise voices and their comfortable backgrounds.

It was something to do with her Northern environment, Joseph had told her once, something
to do with the personality having to struggle towards the light.] 63.36; 64.1 But despite her
complexion, she had ended up with Lionel.

110.26-27 And then she had met] 64.1 She had met

110.27 met Lionel] 64.1 met him

110.28 and she had been] 64.2-3 She had been

110.28 been so impressed] 64.3 been impressed

110.28-29 by his manners and his treatment] 64.3 by his manners and his treatment

110.29 She really felt secure] 64.4 She felt secure

110.30 him. She felt safe and youthful] 64.4 him.

110.30 and it didn’t matter] 64.4 It didn’t matter

111.1-2 they got evicted quite suddenly from the Bayswater flat] 64.9-10 they had to leave the

Bayswater flat,

111.2 and the one after that] 64.10-11 and then one after that

111.3 and still he said he was going] 64.11 He still said he was going

111.4 still he said] 64.11 He still said

111.4 he had told her,) 64.12 he’d told her,

111.9-11 day. He did buy her expensive presents and he did give her sudden sums of money and he
saw that she had her hair done.] 64.17 day.

111.13-15 disloyalty and it was like a dream, all of it; she didn’t know him and he didn’t know her,

and the days went by.] 64.19 disloyalty.
He thought he changed so as to be more free to caress her, but she only really tolerated him in his suit and his excessively clean shirt; then he did look something. In his night things his feet

stud and when he committed an offence, as he called it, his hair fell away from his parting and went to the other side and fell over his ear and he looked like a clown.] His feet

on the rented settee] on the mohair settee

and he followed her] He followed her

instep must be shone also: instep also must be shone:

men. How they must have laughed at him.] men.

from a shell scoring through] from a shell scored through

tray, sticking a plastic rose, a free gift offer from a packet of detergent, into a blue thin vase.] tray.

incongruous it was,] incongruous was the change

mouthing those] as he mouthed those

she was not entirely] she wasn’t entirely

For one thing, when he undid her bra, she remembered she had bought it at Etams in Oxford Street and that was London, and there was a smell in his ginger moustache of her perfume, bought a year before on her birthday by a young officer in the Guards. If only ]

if only

into the whorl of her ear] in the whorl of her ear,

cigarettes’—handing her the] cigarettes. He handed her the

the red packet] the packet

that huge boy] that huge lad
"That tall one who gave lift---" said Dotty.

He had bicycle clips round his trousers."

She was just pink and white.

'She pink and white, she asked peevishly."

May did not care.

'Not,' said Dotty.

'It's just as well.' She looked at the other woman's face in the mirror and the Tawfastic hand applying lipstick and felt bigger than her, a better person, and then affection for being
allowed this sense of superiority.

'When Lionel and I met him in the pub he had an extraordinary girl with him.'

'Did he?'

'She looked a fright.' As always, May obtained no pleasure from being catty. It just made her feel more discontented.

115.15 She said, trying

115.16-17 'I'm ashamed of Lionel. He makes me sick.' 67.26 'He's a fool.'

115.28 'so silly... it's all mad...' 68.2 'so silly... this love business.'

115.29-36; 116.1-2 '... you know, when you feel fine and quite pretty and you're with friends and suddenly you overhear someone saying--hasn't she got a big nose--and everything just crashes down and you--'

'It isn't very big.'

'I don't care... you know, walking down a street and you see yourself in a shop window and it's not like you feel at all... you hardly recognise yourself... I mean everyone with someone and all those words like I love you, and they say I love you too and--' 68.118 am.

116.3 'should.' 68.4 'should.' May looked critically at her reflection.

116.4-33 'It sounds like the same thing in the end... saying it... not saying it. All the fuss... all that wasted emotion... and the pain of it... and then you lean out of a window and look at the back view of someone going away, someone who meant everything, really everything, and they're going away for the very last time, head at an angle, not looking back... just looking at the gardens and the brick walls... quite unconcerned... it's just so monotonous... all those back views... as if one didn't exist. I don't have any identity... no identity'... She stopped, looking into the mirror, seeing the white-headed woman looking at her without expression and she wanted to say--That's what I mean, you're feeling it now... you don't know who I am or
what I feel—Her own face looked back at her and May was right. She didn’t exist, not as she
was, not as she had as a child; the image reflected in the splotched mirror was a caricature.

‘May said—‘I’d give my back teeth for your hair. Not the style but the colour.’

‘It hasn’t got a colour.’ Sulking Dotty shook her head and the colourless hair flew outwards.

‘Lionel gave me a choice of red and blonde. I tried both but I didn’t care for the red.’ She
looked at herself with genuine dissatisfaction. ‘I don’t know, it doesn’t look real.’

‘It’s fine, really it is.’ Dotty told her, envying her opportunity for choice even in so small
a matter as the colour of her hair. She herself had no choice in anything, not even in going to
the toilet.—‘He made me go into the field last night,’ she said aloud, ‘he wouldn’t let me use the
chamber pot.’]

116.34 bras.’ 68.5 bras, you know.’

117.5 what?’] 68.11 what?’ asked Dotty.

117.6 neck.] 68.12 neck; May said.

117.18–19 mouth wide open, her two feet] 68.24 mouth wide open and her two feet

117.21 bed without] 69.1 bed that evening without

117.23 the sun-down field,) 69.3 the sunset field

117.23 everything cool] 69.3 with everything cool

117.24 growing. Every blade of grass grey] 69.4 growing.

117.24 and the trees flapping] 69.4 The trees flapped

117.25 rags against the yellow sky.] 69.4 rags.

117.26–27 face like water; its] 69.5 face, its

117.27 chillness covered] 69.6 chillness covering

117.28 and he dropped from the swing] 69.6–7 He dropped from the swing

117.32–33 leg, dot, dot, dot, neat and satisfying.] 69.10 leg.
117.33-34 Too quick, Lionel held) 69.12 Lionel held

117.36 with his disappointed mouth open.) 69.14 his disappointed mouth open,

118.5-6 The other thing, the other reason that made going to bed so pleasant, was) 69.19 The other thing that made going to bed so pleasant was

118.13-14 biscuit tin close by the head of the yawning Joseph, and indeed) 69.26 biscuit tin and indeed

118.16 father, yawning, champing) 70.1 father, yawning, champing

118.21 fingers, very warm, tickled) 70.6 fingers tickled

118.21 and the probing fingers,) 70.6 His probing fingers

118.21 the probing fingers,) 70.6 His probing fingers

118.23 about the man) 70.7-8 about Lionel

118.24 his mouth and the little) 70.9 his mouth, the little

118.28 Queen like at school, sitting) 70.12 Queen sitting

118.30 keepings, he had said) 70.14 keepings.

118.30-31 and May gave) 70.14 May had given

118.30-31 May gave) 70.14 May had given

118.33 you’--and off he went) 70.17 you.’ Off he went

118.35 ear, and the silver money) 70.18 ear, the silver money

118.36 there was) 70.20 there wasn’t

118.36 no more) 70.20 any more

119.2-3 anywhere. Lionel had made it come in his ear, though he didn’t know how.) 70.21 anywhere.

119.3 Not really magic,) 70.21 It wasn’t really magic.

119.5 in the dark sea,) 70.23 in the sea.
388

119.6–7 sea, burrowing down in his black cot in the black barn, the King-headed coin in his palm, saying Goodnight, Daddy,) 70.23 sea.

119.7–8 and falling asleep at once.) 70.23–4 He fell asleep at once.

119.13 towel, though it was almost clean, rinsing] 70.29 towel, rinsing

119.18 the dusk. He hummed] 70.33 the dusk and humming

119.19 snatches of song] 70.34 snatches of songs.

119.19–20 song all the time he attended to his chores, making noises of pleasure.] 70.34 songs.

119.20 coming to rest finally in the open doorway,) 70.34 Finally he stood in the open doorway

119.20–21 doorway, flexing his muscles and] 70.34 doorway and

119.21 and taking great gulps] 70.35 and took great gulps

119.21 of fresh night air.] 70.35 of night air.

119.22 his visionary eyes] 70.36 his eyes

119.23 shining with happiness] 70.36 glowing with happiness

119.25–26 turning to put an arm about her shoulder, pulling her against him.] 71.2 turning to

her.

119.27 told him with irritation,) 71.3 told him, annoyed.

119.27–28 and caught Balfour] 71.3–4 She caught Balfour

119.28–29 gloom and opened her eyes that much wider.] 71.4 gloom.

119.30–36; 120.1–20 hut and laid the glass cowl down carefully on the table. He turned up the

charred wick and brushed his sleeve across the tip, asking Dotty for the matches, blowing the
wick free of dust whilst she fumbled in her pockets, his full lips swelling and the large silky
moustache quivering as he blew. May, watching his pursed mouth, wondered why the hair on
Lionel’s lips seemed so harsh and dry; she turned her head to look at the silenced man standing
beside her waiting to be illuminated, but the hut was already too dark for her to see his face
clearly, and his body seemed to have grown so that she couldn't get past the width of his shoulders and against her chair his whole weight appeared to lean. She put her two hands on the table top to steady herself, fearful that she was being overwhelmed. When Joseph had lit the lamp he trapped the flame quickly under the cowl, adjusting the wick fussily and exactly, so that the black smoke faded almost as soon as it had begun to rise and the light began to grow like a flower under the shining glass. May stared at the ivory light fascinated, and a moth, a large one with a horned head, flew in through the open window and dashed itself against the lamp. There was something so pale and blind about it, so furry and persistent. Body like a grub, a roll of dust, and wings as fragile as wood shavings. It clung to the base of the lamp and fluttered free again, but only a little way. So blindly insistent it was with its monstrous head and all its instincts pulling it to the flame.

120.20 Genuinely she] 71.7 May
120.20 she shuddered] 71.7 May shuddered
120.21 small hands] 71.8 hands
120.22-23 Lionel, with his handkerchief and his voice.] 71.9 Lionel.
120.23-24 handkerchief, three specks of Roland's blood at one edge, flared out and dropped] 71.9 handkerchief dropped
120.25 and his voice said... 'Don't be concerned...'] 71.10 'Don't be concerned,' he said.
120.26 and Balfour, startled] 71.10-11 Balfour, startled
120.26 by the sudden leap] 71.11 by the sudden flourish
120.29 I'm not sure about...'] 71.14 I'm not sure of...
120.30-34 about... looking at the couple, the man with his handkerchief still in his fist and the woman with her eyes half shut, and the dying insect on the table, wings turned to dust; its head throbbed and yellow matter oozed from the pointed end of its crushed body.] 71.14 of...
He knew.

three popular songs

two popular songs

my generation

it seemed deliberately to parody

affliction, and the Beatles song about the Day Tripper.

certain lines remained

You couldn't get more inarticulate than that. Also... she took me half the way there.

They sounded like eunuchs when they sang and he didn't call it singing at all, but when he tried to do it himself he realised it was quite clever. And suggestive too. She took me half the way there... he had an image of a girl at a sea-side town come in a coach with a raffia bag full of hair spray and Kirby grips lying down behind a sand dune with her little hands pushing at his foreskin and the grains of sand everywhere and he, Balfour, red in the face with excitement and longing and her suddenly getting up and going off to be in time for the return coach.

Leaving him, leaving him. The pain of it, the sandy frustration. The Beatles might not have meant that. More than probably not. Though they came from Liverpool and they might have gone along the esplanade at Waterloo long before they made a fortune. The way they were it must have been years since they had been left unfulfilled behind a sand hill. All those screaming dolly girls only too willing to take them all the way there, whilst he, Balfour, unmusical Balfour, had never known what it was, never not once, and he sat at the table slumped in his chair knowing that the May woman was reading his thoughts, with only the dead moth between them and the lamplight making shadows in her smooth and knowing face.

Joseph welcomed

table, moved his boots on the floor but said

cottage. He kept muttering words that had no meaning, so sunken had his mouth become.
He looked as if he had lost his teeth. Perhaps that was it.] 71.34 cottage.

122.15 There was always a first time.] 72.2 But there was always a first time.

122.16-32 He was not sure if he should tell Mr. MacFarley. His father would see the charred slope but he would wait for George to give an explanation. He would not be pressed to give an explanation. There was no point talking to Willie. After you broke a vase you weren't told you should have been more careful. His mother had never told him that. It was stating the obvious and there were so many, so many less obvious things to think about.

He frowned and scraped his giant boots once more across the rough floor. It was not that he did not hear when he was spoken to or that he considered some remarks too trivial to answer, it was that everything he heard was too important and too meaningful to be passed over. It was not easy for him to respond immediately. Take Joseph wanting him to play this money game—it was somehow important to Joseph that they should all play with him. He would have liked to understand the reasons for Joseph's need.] 72 om.

122.33 He would have liked] 72.2 George would have liked

122.34 about, just that moment, now,] 72.3-4 about at this moment as he sat

122.36; 123.1-8 A milky spiral of tobacco smoke, blown by the satisfied Dotty, wreathed about the twitching mass of his head. 'A good idea,' he said, watching Joseph unfold the black board, his face already turning brown from the sun, his eyes lowered as he laid out the pale green square. He began to count out the paper piles of money, pink and orange and sea-green, the white ten-pound notes, the yellow one-pound notes.] 72 om.

123.10 had played] 72.7-8 had played Monopoly

123.12 He realised the boy was not] 72.10 He realised that they boy wasn't

123.12-13 boy was not] 72.10-11 boy wasn't

123.13-14 he felt no blame] 72.11-12 he felt that no blame
123.14 attached to Kidney) 72.12 attached to him
123.15 the unresponsive boy.) 72.13 the unresponsive lad.
123.15 Now he set] 72.13 He set
123.16-17 him with his hand and rolled his friendly eyes at Kidney.) 72.14 him.
123.24-25 remained seated where she was,) 72.21-22 remained where she was, seated
123.28 played it a lot.] 72.25 played it often.
123.29 Any enjoyment] 72.26 Enjoyment
123.30 no hope for that tonight,) 72.27 no hope tonight,
123.32 the red-faced Balfour] 72.28-29 the uncomfortable Balfour
123.32 and the superior Joseph,) 72.29 and the snooty Joseph,
123.33 barmy Kidney] 72.29 potty Kidney
124.4 He always] 73.1 He himself always
124.5 exclaimed, wanting to laugh and wanting] 73.2 exclaimed, wanting
124.6 bath. She was so sticky and so bored.) 73.2 bath.
124.13 and after a moment] 73.8 but after a moment
124.15 held the motor car] 73.10 held it
124.17 That is a fact,) 73.12 That's a fact,
124.21-22 Dotty kept telling] 73.15-16 Dotty had kept telling
124.22 the bank owed] 73.16 that the bank owed
124.28-30 pleasure; almost, not quite, his voice achieved a treble tone as the schoolboy Lionel

fidgeted on the wooden bench--]) 73.22 pleasure.
125.3 He had. Taken her to Brighton] 73.31 He had driven her to Brighton
125.6 she had told him] 73.34 she told him
125.8-9 now.' So hurt his face, driving off in the car with the band going boom pa boom pa behind
them.) 73.35 now.

125.21 score. The grass stains on his pumps.] 74.10 score.

125.25 It did make them kind to each other, it did draw] 74.14 It did draw

125.26 The counting out of the money] 74.14 The counting of the money

125.29 hands, finding it just.] 74.17 hands.

125.29 just. 'Quite]' 74.17 hands. Even May clapped. 'Quite

125.30-32 table and dropped to the dark floor. 'Oh dear me,' he grunted, freeing himself from

between the bench and the table and going] 74.19 table and going

125.36; 126.1 laughter; spittle beaded the moist moustaches above their contorted mouths.] 74.22

laughter.

126.3-4 fool. 'You're a fool, it's the most] 74.25 fool. 'It's the most

126.24 George was frowning,] 75.10 George was looking stern.

126.24-25 frowning, holding the dice in his hand and staring] 75.10-11 stern. He held the dice

in his hand and stared

126.25-26 board. His dark hair hung down over his eyes.] 75.11 board.

126.32 money?' ] 75.17 money? ' asked George.

126.33 time ] 75.18 time,' Joseph said.

127.6 her small dyed hand] 75.28 her hand

127.18 May could not bear it.] 76.3 May couldn't bear it.

127.18-20 At first she had thought it funny but now unreasonably she hated him. He was a

common absurd hateful fat little man.] 75 om.

127.24 hard on the table so that one] 76.6 so hard on the table that one

127.35-36; 128.1-3 Had she been given a better education a less interrupted schooling, she would

not have needed to expend so much energy on attacking him. Her mind was good but her
vocabulary was limited. Still, she did her best and Lionel flung. It's Lionel, Dotty wanted to enlighten her, Lionel your sweetheart come back from the Front, on leave from the regiment. She understood why May seemed so angry but it was unfair how nobody ever got what they wanted. Lionel would never push May out into the chill night to pass water. Why he even loved her bowels.

May said, she added.

To the money-counting Joseph--

Her white hair

Lionel dropped his barricading arms and mistakenly resentment and irritation.


Again, struggling to make his expression equate with the genuine concern he felt.

The plump pad

He blundered he cried.

Her, 'May--'

She had then to return her hand to its first position against her mouth in order to block the laughter that threatened to escape. He would only imagine she found him lovable, and she rubbed the white stone of her ring against her soft lower lip to cause herself pain. He was too pathetic for words. Everything about him, his lately young hair, his toothbrush moustache, his small and sentimental eyes, made her want to laugh. How could she take him seriously. When they were alone she was too busy taking part in the fantasy he created to find him utterly the buffoon, and if she did catch a glimpse of him amidst the
complicated ritual they enacted, she felt only contempt and sometimes disgust. But with other people to substantiate her own reality she could not help seeing how ridiculous he was. How could she possibly be married to such a man?

'Her mother,' she said, the words breaking up and shaking as she spoke, because it was all so funny, so absurd, 'my mother said men would love me for my skin alone.'

'Oh yes,' commented Joseph, raising his head and looking at her out of his slightly malicious eyes, 'your skin alone?'

'That's what she said.'

'Skin alone, eh,' said Joseph, labouring the point, thinking she was an hysterical bitch and that she was ruining the game--'you'd have gone down well with the Germans, my love.'

'The Germans?' She widened eyes wide and stared at him. 'Why the Germans?' she begged him. 'Why, Joseph, why?'

'Don't you know about their do-it-yourself lampshade-kits?' he asked her.

'Their what?' She looked at Balfour appealingly but his eyes grazed the swelling slopes of her gingham blouse and he bent his head.

130.12-14 Joseph was always trying to be clever at other people's expense. He thought he was superior to everyone else but he was a fool too.

130.16-20 others. He knew who she was, even if he never used her name, she thought, watching the wounded Lionel sitting dejectedly on his school bench. His heavy checks glowing an offending rose, he sucked in his mouth.

130.20 fingering his moustache] 77.18 Lionel fingered his moustache,

130.20 moustache with one plump hand as if] 77.18 moustache, as if

130.21 was not pasted] 77.19 wasn't pasted

130.22-24 How pretty she was staring at him with her buffeted eyes and her white hair
130.24 How she loved him. How he loved her.
130.25-26 said, taking his protective fingers away from his face, 'must' 130.21 said, 'must
130.26 give him] 77.21 give Willie
130.32 and he held up his hand] 77.27 He held up his hand
131.2 black feathered shapes] 77.33 black shapes
131.6-9 earth. He had a wish to lie full length on the ground and fancy himself going with the slow
turn of the world, but the undergrowth was possibly damp and there was the game to finish.]
77.36 earth.
131.9-10 echoing the branches] 77.37 imitating the branches
131.10 branches of the trees all] 77.37 branches all
131.14 shrieked her alarm] 78.4 shrieked in alarm.
131.14-15 alarm and Lionel said--'Old Roland awake is he?'] 78.4 alarm.
131.17 the green squares] 78.6 the squares.
131.23 and he withdrew] 78.11 Kidney withdrew
131.27 He put the kettle on] 78.15 Lionel put the kettle on
131.29-31 yawned, exactly like a cat, he thought, with the tip of her pink tongue on the edge of her
teeth and her eyes opening and shutting.] 78.17 yawned.
131.32 he went outside] 78.18 Lionel went outside
131.35 out of the edges of] 78.20 out of
131.36 mascara bruises spread] 78.21 mascara spread
131.36 across the cheekbones of her exhausted face.] 78.21 across her cheeks.
132.6 the besmeared cheeks of his wife] 78.26-27 his wife's besmeared face
He came lamplight and he came. Lamplight. He came.
her cold eyes] her eyes.
He could not help. He couldn’t help.
he couldn’t be sure] he couldn’t be sure.
that his memories] that his memories.
between the parenthesis of his bow legs] between his bow legs.
legs and the wet sand sinking under his white feet.] legs.
He didn’t deliberately] He didn’t deliberately.
It couldn’t have been] It couldn’t have been.
if he’d been strict] if he’d been strict.
It wasn’t] It wasn’t.
for Lionel] for Lionel.
passed on.] passed on.
He had been] Lionel had been.
black. It gave him quite a shock to see them so dark and withered, almost like father.
must be under all that soil.] black.
they’d never met.] they’d never met.
met. But then, had the war not happened, he might not have known himself either.]
met.
of the war, his hand slipping] of the war. His hand slipped.
public lavatory] public urinal.
And before he reached up to pull the toilet chain he saw] He saw.
coin lying in the bowl, glinting] coin glinting.
the clouded water.] the water.
133.31 reaching down into the bowl to] 80.7 reaching down to

133.32–35 Ridiculous really when he thought about it, crouching over the porcelain W. C., thinner in those days with a less bushy moustache, almost like father but with mother’s eyes, yes, mother’s eyes] 80 om.

134.12–26 She would see through the friends she encouraged, the women with their lovers and the men with their divorces and their illegitimate children, she would see how sullied they were and she would turn to him, placing her little hand in his, telling him she respected him. He would do enough loving for both of them, it was respect she must give him. Of course they were going through a bad patch just at the moment, business was very slow, what with the present government’s policies, and it was regrettable that she lifted her head in the wind and sniffed the scent of the beasts that prowled beyond the little clearing he had made for them. All he could do was to see that she had her baths and that her toe nails were kept trimmed and that her hair was attractively styled] 80 om.

134.29–30 same. A lack of backbone, a deficiency of guts, an absence of moral fibre.] 80.23

same: lack of backbone, deficiency of guts, absence of moral fibre.

134.31 They were] 80.24 Those chaps were

134.36–37 she might scratch at him with her little tinted nails] 80.20 she might argue with him,

135.1–10 The smut they talked, the way they degraded their girl friends and their wives, discussing the most intimate details, the hatred they had for women. May did not know what beasts men were, how so many of them longed to tear a woman apart and leave their entrails trailing in the dirt. He had never been like that, never, not even during the war when standards were different. He could not give himself to any woman, not just like that, not unless he felt himself sympatico. May as yet was unable to understand that his way of life was
the only way) 80 om.

135.10 She thought] 80.30 May thought
135.10 thought to live] 80.30 thought that the only way to live
135.12 he had done so,) 80.32 he'd done so--
135.15 upright on two legs instead] 80.35 upright instead
135.17 carnage and the brutality.) 80.36 carnage.
135.19 till your own] 81.2 until your own
135.22 way. Because he loved her, his little lovely wife.] 81.4 way.
135.23 Such emotions] 81.5 Such emotion
135.33 He could not find] 81.14 He couldn't find
135.33 'Do you know it?') 81.14 'D'you know it?'
135.35 Balfour discomforted.] 81.16 Balfour, discomforted
136.4 reappeared, face brick-coloured, hopping] 81.22 reappeared, hopping
136.6 he had broken] 81.23 he'd broken
136.8 May pleaded, and hurriedly] 81.26 May pleaded. Hurriedly
136.8-9 he composed] 81.26 Lionel composed
136.12 He could not contain] 81.29 He couldn't contain
136.14-15 he had remembered] 81.32 he'd remembered
136.19 a tall, tall ship,) 81.36 a tall, a tall ship,
136.23-24 emptying it] 82.3 emptying them
136.32-33 The ladies in the company distorted their faces with mirth at his gallantry.] 82 om.
137.6 did not think] 82.18 didn't think
137.10 jokes.] 82.23 jokes. Balfour began to recite:
137.15 bit of--') 82.28 bit of a--'
It's only like the old nursery rhymes. You know, eeny, meeny, miney mo, catch a nigger by the toe—it's pretentious to take offence now that people no longer have prejudice. Joseph was too busy concentrating on the next throw of the dice to notice the way George was looking at him, his face partially in shadow, divided by the length of his beautifully shaped nose, one eye expressively sad, the other in darkness.

'I imagine there is still prejudice.'

'Not really, nothing worth mentioning.' Joseph did not want a discussion at this point in the game; he hardly thought about what he said or to whom. Lionel--George--Kidney--they were all only larger, less familiar versions of Roland. He chivvied the slow George round and round the board whilst he drank his tea.

George, pull,' shouted Joseph, 'Pull yet... pay up, fifty quid, old boy.' yet.

Kidney, a farmer's boy in corduroy, played Kidney played

Within the restricted area of illumination the five about the table sat with skins of infantile perfection.

dissolved, like old men forgotten, into

beautiful she had become,

stared at her peachy cheeks and her dewy mouth,

tiredness and shiny from the lubrications of her painted tongue.

May stretched

and turned her glittering and tormented eyes upon her husband and told

herself and told

and told Lionel
told him she was tired and wanted to go to bed.) 84.14 told Lionel she wanted to go to bed.

83 lamp will you?' 83 lamp.'

83 base in alarm-- 83 base in annoyance.

83.23 He opened the door

83.35-36 'There's quite a moon,' observed the lunar Lionel, putting used cups into the dark mouth of the sink.) 83 om.

83.7 the black roof 83.30 the roof

83.31 May hung on

83.32 her husband's jacket,

83.33 'It's cold,' she said,] 83.33 'It's freezing,' she said,

83.34 coat with joy and] 83.34 coat and

83.35 shoulders and her female fragility.] 83.35 shoulders.

84.10 stubbed

84.10 absurd sandals.

84.11 screamed thinly

84.12 couldn't become

84.20 hut. She] 84.20 hut. 'He's gone.' She

84.21 trees glittering

84.21 glittering in the night.

84.24 her toes

84.24 the grass.

84.26 moving and

84.13-19 'Are those mountains?'
'It's mist, my sweetheart, mist or fog rising on the hillside,' and he slipped his cool fingers further down her neck and stroked her shoulder warm under the gingham blouse and the man's jacket. Even as she looked the ridge of light rolled higher, bulging upwards against the darker edge of the sky.] 84 om.

140.20 She was so cold] 84.33 May was so cold
140.21-25 coldness and the base of her spine trembling and the skin of her breasts tightening painfully and her head shaking as if she were old, old; somewhere a dog barked, a sound so quick and keen that she blinked rapidly and even her eyes hurt;) 84.34 coldness.

140.33-34 The word made her laugh. She opened her cold mouth and her teeth showed white.] 95 om.

140.35 George came along] 85.5 George came back along
141.3 trunks and the ground about the hut turned a sour yellow.] 85.8 trunks.

141.13-19 Startled he opened his dark eyes wider and May said goodnight, willing him to look at her, and he did see her, staring at her without blinking, with his eyes like some animal, black-brown with the whites showing and his nostrils arched back and his black tongue darting out to lick at his upper lip, and his head well back just like some animal starting backwards to avoid human contact.] 85 om.

141.19 Then he went] 85.19 He went
141.20-21 goodnight, and she listened] 85.19-20 goodnight. May listened
141.21 she listened] 85.19-20 May listened
141.22-23 anything. No footsteps in those great giant boots, with all those rocks and things on the path. That's how animal he was.] 85.20 anything.

141.23-24 Maybe he] 85.21 Maybe, thought May, he
141.24-26 bird with his sad face turned to the wind and his black hair flat to his elongated head,
to) 85.22 bird to

141.31 his nostalgic hands] 85.27 his hands
141.34-35 the discomforted Balfour] 85.31 the discomfited Balfour
142.7 the bruised ends] 86.1 the ends
142.8 the deep cuffs of mud] 86.2 the cuffs of mud
142.14-15 they had carried] 86.7 that they had carried
142.15 together. It was becoming a habit.] 86.8 together.
142.16 May asked, eyes narrowing.] 86.9 May asked.
142.20 on the edge] 86.13 on the side
142.23 draping a blanket] 86.16 draped a blanket
142.32-34 moonlight and her mocking face turned in his direction, years and years away from

him at the window end of the room.] 86.25 moonlight.

143.1 make the little woman visible] 86.28 make May visible
143.4 stumbled then, not] 86.31 stumbled, not
143.6 appreciated that.] 86.33 appreciated his thoughtfulness.
143.27-29 Why was it never funny when there was just the two of them in space? Why did he

sound so real when there was nobody but herself to hear him?] 87 om.
143.31 slipped free her stained sandals] 87.19 slipped her sandals free
143.31 her stained sandals] 87.19 her sandals
143.32-36; 144.1-14 She looked down at him, with his hands holding her right foot, his fingers

uncurling the stubborn snail of her little toe.

'You're tickling,' she giggled, jerking forward deliberately so that her chests thrust
themselves against his forehead, feeling good-humoured because she knew she excited him, and

even if he could do nothing for her in that way, it did give her a nice feeling of power. She put
her hands on his bent head, so that now he could hardly breathe, kneeling there with her foot
in his hand, and felt the smooth patch of skin beneath her fingers. Frowning she drew back and
stared down at him. His eyes were shut; like a blind man or a baby he thrust his face forward
nuzzling into her warmth. Someone had spilt milk on his head, she thought, or lit a fire. She
smiled at that. A small group of jolly campers sat about the globe of Lionel's head, lighting a
little fire and brewing tea, burning a little circle of bare earth into the ginger grass.

Lionel opened his eyes and looked at her with tears.]87 gm.

144.19 She could not bear] 87.25 She couldn't bear
144.20 He must not sleep] 87.26 He mustn't sleep
144.25 to leap out of bed] 87.30 to bound out of bed
144.25 with embarrassment,) 87.31 embarrassed,
145.9 bound to feel she was leading him on.] 88.14 bound to get the wrong idea.
145.20 all those moths] 88.23 all those animals
146.3-4 Anyone could take advantage of her when she was in a certain kind of mood!] 89 gm.
146.12 she had said,) 89.13 she had asked,
146.16 her eyes were,) 89.16-17 her eyes had been.
146.16 were, or was it excitement?] 89.17 been.
146.18 mouth opening,) 89.19 mouth opened.
146.18 her hands flying] 89.19 Her hands flew
146.23 how she laughed,) 89.24 how she had laughed,
146.24-25 pale pink edge of her moist gums.] 89.25 pale pink of her moist gums.
146.32-33 kitchen and the concealing blanket in a heap beside her.] 89.32 kitchen.
146.33-34 the edge of her yellow hair,) 89.33 her yellow hair,
147.3 She was lying there] 90.2 She was spread out there
147.6-7 He said May was sleeping] 90.5-6 May was sleeping
147.8 He said he hoped] 90.7 He hoped Balfour
147.12-13 man's sweet breath] 90.11 man's breath
147.21-22 an edge of light] 90.18 a shaft of light
148.34-35 her in the darkness and the square thumb pressing underneath the lobe of her ear]
91.30 her.
149.15 nipples as red] 92.9 nipples as red
149.18 May did not hear] 92.10 May didn't hear
149.34-36 butterfly, and within the confines of his skull a diminished Balfour, one inch high,
with mouth wide open as if he screamed.] 92.26 butterfly.
150.14-18 Fancy her mother kissing her dad like she'd kissed some blokes in the past. It all came
out in the end, the happily married ones and the strangers, the cat and dog marriages, the
lonely hearts, the Eleanor Rigbys.] 93 om
150.19-23 You could think about the others, the passionate husbands and wives, everything in the
garden coming up roses, and it wasn't you, and they could think about you, and that made it sort
of equal. They were only the same.] 93 om
150.24 and he thought] 93.5 and thought
150.24 him, and she thought she didn't.] 93.6 him.
150.35 was the one about] 93.15 was the version about
151.1 donkey.] 93.16 donkey in Port Said.
151.16 Trees shook and hearts beat in the wooded night.] 93 om.
151.21 Rookh...'] 93.35-36 Rookh...'

It shouldn't happen to a d-dog, thought Balfour, grinding his teeth lest he moaned.
152.4 now, at once, triggered] 94.4 Now, triggered
152.6 the sloping draining board. 94.6 the draining board.
152.7 paper money] 94.6 Monopoly money
152.8 table. Two saucers full of match ends and ash and] 94.7 table and
152.11 for her] 94.10 for Dotty
152.12-13 He looked for the tea towel and sought the mascara smears in one corner. Of course she
    had used the tea towel.] 94. om
152.14 He was just wasting] 94.10 He had been wasting
152.14 wasting time] 94.10 wasting his time
152.14-15 use the roll of cotton wadding he had bought specially.] 94.11 use the saucer he had
    placed at her elbow.
152.20 skin, partly the effect of the shadowy brown hut, partly yesterday's sunshine.] 94.15
    skin.
152.23-27; 153.1-2 He pushed his face sideways with his fingers and stared boldly into the white
    circled eyes in the glass. About his hands the tendrils of brown beard curled. It was as if
    someone else were holding his head in their hands, with love or affection, shaking it tenderly
    backwards and forwards. Who was looking at him with love? Himself.] 94. om.
153.2-3 Smiling he walked away] 94.18 He walked away
153.4 green and brown] 94.19 green
153.10-20 Again he put his hands to his loving face and rubbed the skin beneath his eyes. He felt
    such anxiety, such disquiet, somewhere far below the surface of his skin, and yet dull, stifled,
    as if he were rolled in a thick carpeting of felt. He believed there was an explanation for
    everything. Personality could be altered by diet, character affected by exercise, the ego
    liberated by knowledge. If his heart beat too rapidly or his heart missed a beat, if his hand
    shook, if there was a tension within him, as yet unclassified, producing sensations as he now
experienced, there was a cause. It remained for him to find it.

Accordingly he stepped out. He stepped out.

nothingness like the mist across the distant fields.

himself bent over. He saw himself bent over.

of a tree, rosy mouth trembling... Dear...

feet and they came up from the ground yellow-coloured and slippery.

ash, high as Roland, circled]

Fifty years perhaps.

Then all the thoughts ran out of his head and he just stood there with the rope between his fingers; the sense of panic in him grew to unbearable proportions, chemicals began to secrete in his bloodstream, preparing his body for flight. A bird flew from the hedge and the bushes bounced lightly and showered raindrops on to the ground. He was somewhere behind the bearded line of his jaw, pressure thrusting his chin down depressingly on to his breast, his eyes stubbornly looking in an upward direction. His father was holding his neck, telling him to look at the mess he'd made. Look at it, look at the mess, Joseph. All at once he was free. His head came up and remembrance flooded back and he ran towards the hut to write down his dream.

felt if she rose]

woods and was]

in his hand--‘really exciting.’]

up and hastily]

she said,]

wall. ‘He said--“Don’t phone a doctor”’:]

‘He had a stroke before he died. I told you that. I told you Harold had a dicky
She kept silent. She thought her father had fallen off a mountain. She was sure Joseph had told her how Roland had never known his grandfather but how he had a confused idea that he had flown off a mountain side. Joseph had told her how the child referred to his dead grandfather as Hark the Harold Angels.

'I said, why not'--Joseph stopped speaking. He looked up from his notepaper and she could see the white curve of his eyeball. He looked emotional.

'What next?' she asked curiously, sensing there was something wrong.

'Well, there was someone else in the bed.' Joseph said. 'I'd forgotten that bit. I only remembered the father part.'

'All the bits you almost forget are the most important bits,' said Dotty. It was something he was always telling her.

'I know... I know.' He shook his head impatiently and rolled the pen backwards and forwards across the paper.

'Well?...']
the Barn and went in.

156.20 and there was Roland sitting] 96.23 Roland was sitting
156.20 sitting upright] 96.23 sitting up
156.21-22 Balfour floundered, 'they weren't stories really ...] 100.14 'They weren't stories really,' Balfour floundered.
156.23 his curling hair] 96.26 his hair
156.23 hair across] 96.26 hair spread across
156.25-26 holding one thin arm up] 96.28-29 holding up one thin arm
156.26 arm up for her inspection.] 96.29 arm for inspection.
156.36; 157.1-3 asserted 'there's all those cows doing poohs and there's sheep ticks and horseflies and worms and people's wee-wee in the grass.' He observed her upset face.] 97.3 asserted.
157.10 the baby flea comes] 97.10 the flea comes
157.20 back, opening his pink mouth and] 97.18-19 back and
157.20 and thrusting his feet] 97.19 and thrust his feet
157.21 sound halfway between] 97.19-20 sound between
157.29 knelt upright] 97.26 knelt
157.34 we'll go up the mountain.] 97.30 my Dad will take me up the mountain.'
157.35 boy did not look] 97.31 boy didn't look
158.8 with Daddy] 98.1 with Joseph
158.20-21 up, continuing to write, holding the red pen in his rather thick fingers.] 98.14 up.
158.22 Dotty,' jerking] 98.15 Dotty,' he added, jerking
158.33 the flushed and lovely swellings.] 98.26 the swellings.
159.2-3 together, making little crooning sounds of love, not] 98.31 together, not
159.7-8 wondered, looking at the flattened field and the hedge beyond the elm.] 98.35 wondered?
159.10 off Finchley] 98.36 off the Finchley
159.13-36; 160.1-36; 161.1-2 She began deliberately to remember the flat, not now, but before now, when they used to be happy.

There was a little room with the bright red sheets, and the table with the plates set out, ready for one of Joseph's spaghetti meals. When she was not disgusting to him he wiped her smeared chin with his handkerchief; looking at her with tenderness he kissed her on the lips. He lit candles in the little room to throw her shadow on the wall above the divan bed. You are beautiful, he said, looking at her beauty lit by the candles.

Beyond the darkness lay the windowsill above the street, the wide blue-painted sill on which they sat and talked about his childhood and the dreams he dreamt. She hadn't minded the dream-telling then, because mostly he dreamed about her; she wasn't forgotten even whilst he slept.

Her mind, posed fractionally between one thought and the next, dropped suddenly into a dark pit; against her will she saw herself lying within the circle of Joseph's arms. There was a certain comfort to be found there despite the danger of journeying even further into the past. It hurt, but there was masochistic pleasure too. When the pain became predominant, she quickly opened her eyes to let in the lumpy field bringing her forgotten cup to her mouth and sipping the scalding tea.

Trees were all right and so were fields, but having said that there was nothing more to say. A tree, a swing, a mountain. We lived in a field. It rained a bit. The End. Was it because she was only passing through this square of landscape, not living here, suffering, experiencing, that she found it so unreal. She hoped it was that. She was so proud of her sensitivity and her capacity for feeling.
She stared hard at the acre of grass and the hedgerow sloping towards the path, but it remained unreal. Stubbornly the map of Finchley Road intruded, spread out behind her frowning head, blotting out the field.

Ancoats Road at night, lying beneath the window of the flat, all the lamp standards bent over the empty street, melted like wax, light dripping from the steel buds of their drooping heads. A plane tree growing further up the hill with the light of six lamps splintering its branches like somewhere else; like Southport in the summer evenings, all the trees sewn with fairy lights, red and blue and gold--a rim of light around the circular brim of the municipal bandstand, red roses in aluminium, a white hat speared with electric roses under the night sky.

She had meant to take Joseph to Southport, but it was over too quickly, the time for taking a loved one to a special and lovely place. All they had was Ancoats Road. There was a traffic sign across from the window, a white lollypop with a black kiss drawn upon it. Kiss me quick, the sign said, before you reach the cross-roads. All the house numbers she could see climbing up the side of the hill. Eleven, puberty, thirteen, grammar school, fifteen, she was kissed, seventeen, she couldn’t remember, nineteen, hidden by shadow, twenty-one, quite out of sight and not yet reached. She wasn’t there yet, an uneven number, evens were this side under the window level. A bird making a high one-tone note, someone in the street beyond the privet hedge of Number 17--the lamps shining on the curve of the hill till it became a sheet of still water.] 99 pm.

161.5-36; 162.1-31 yawned with strength, her eyes swimming with moisture. 'Oh dear;' she said out loud, feeling healthy and contented. Roland came from the kitchen and played with the stalks of her hair, keeping up an endless flow of questions, pressing his knees into her curved and bony back. He wasn’t anything like the little boy she had known through Joseph.

When Joseph loved her, when he talked about his son in the first weeks she had known him,
she had passed through two distinct stages. The first was painful, based on jealousy of the ex-wife who had made the child. She felt that only the first-born counted, that no matter how many children she might produce for Joseph, they would be inferior, they would be second-born. When it became clear just how little he cared or remembered his ex-wife she relaxed and drifted into the other stage, the one in which she imagined herself in the role of stepmother to Roland. She would be the mother Joseph would have wished the boy to have; she would talk to him for hours, she would take him to the Zoo and the Science Museum. She was always aware, even then, that everything she imagined in relation to the child was romantic and fatuous. It was like the script of a second-rate film, badly played by herself and unbelievable, but she saw the film every day and each time she was enraptured. All the time she was with Joseph she played some kind of role, usually the compulsive picture goer. She entered the dark auditorium and was moved to tears by the cellulose images, and the vision of herself with Joseph, everything larger than life and music in the background. And why not? Everyone wanted to believe in true love, in romantic love, in separation and difficulties and love coming through unsullied and triumphant in the end, in the beautiful happy ever after.

She felt Roland's thin arms about her neck and was glad she didn't after all have to love him. She drew him down to sit beside her on the step, putting an arm about his shoulder. He did not smell as if she loved him, he was not flesh of her flesh, any more than Joseph was now, but she kept her arm about him for Joseph's sake, should he care to see them in the doorway. When Joseph had so cruelly withdrawn his love, her own capacity for loving had diminished. There was no longer enough for Roland. Still she liked him, he was a nice little boy, and even if she had suffered she was not yet twenty and optimistic and not really damaged in any way, and she rubbed affectionately at Roland's shoulder, listening to his high and rather whining voice telling her the rain had done something to the world.
'Just look at the world, Dotty;' he said, and she looked up and he was right. Someone had been putting a model landscape out there, paying minute attention to detail, painting the cardboard hills blue and the mountain purple, sticking fuzzy little trees in all the patchwork fields, erecting little houses all to scale, and a barn like a bar of chocolate and way to the right a cluster of toy cows, black and white, standing motionless; even a tractor, bright blue, no bigger than a matchbox, stuttering across a light brown meadow.

'How funny,' Dotty said, gazing at the detailed perfection of the view, 'the clouds must have been covering everything before.'

Seriously they began to count the hills and the cows, the sheep and the houses, the rows of little trees slung across the fields.] 99.5 yawned.

Dust, thick as oatmeal, clogged the lace holes of his army boots. He saw Balfour and left off working, holding his saw correctly downwards, straightening his back, eyes tranquil under the dripping brim of his father's trilby hat.

'Thought we better have some logs for the stove,' he said, a masthead on the shining deck of the plateau, the row of Swan River daisies bending in the rain.

Sometimes, Balfour thought, when he looked at you it was as if he were about to ask some question but he never did.] 99 om.

'C-cold I make] 99.16 'C-could I make

he asked.] 99.16 Balfour asked.

valley and wiped at his cheeks with his hand.] 99.19 valley.

slabs, violet under the rain, resting his chin on his knees and smelling the resin of the newly chopped wood.] 99.20 slabs.

'The kettle is boiling] 99.21 'The kettle's boiling

the hunched Balfour] 99.22 Balfour
He worked without effort, exerting little pressure as Willie had taught him, holding the steel lightly in his hand, letting the saw do the work. The powder shook free of the gashed wood and drifted sideways under the stool.

The primus stove was hissing in the wooden bedroom, the flame burning green at its heart, fanning out into the saucepan. The steam rose thinly and curled upwards partially obscuring George's plan of the woods pinned to the wall.

'tea up,' going back to sit on the bed. It was almost as if he wanted old George to pass some kind of moral judgment, him and his goodness and all that, but how could he talk to him about Lalla Rookh. Lalla Rookh—-he rolled the name about in his mouth and shifted off the bed.

George entered the door. George entered the door,

When George was not active the life drained out of him; he sat in an attitude of childish passiveness on the vacated bed, dangling his hands between his sharply pointed knees, waiting for his tea to be given to him. Balfour, cross-legged on the floor, stared at the luminous and brooding face under the pre-war hat, and attempted to speak. He moistened his unwieldy lips but his throat was blocked. Silently they inhabited the little bedroom, listening to the rain falling on the tarmac roof. George blew heavily on his steaming cup, the air rushed out thickly from under this tongue. Lalla Rookh he might have said. 'Do you know Lionel?' blurted Balfour, sucking at his tea, the liquid scalding the lining of his mouth.

'My father says we ought to paint the windowsills of the Big House. We might do it tomorrow if the rain goes away.'

'He's from Liverpool is he?' persisted Balfour, struggling to make contact.

'I don't know him,' George said. There was a pause. 'Do you know him?'

'No'--and quickly before it could be regretted--] 99 am.
'It was a bit rum in there, George,' Balfour said, blurring, 'Lionel put his p-put hep-put.
He looked as if George irked. He sat very still with the cup in his hand regarding Balfour, and regarded Balfour for several seconds.
He sat down and regarded Balfour, feeling the tender beginnings of a boil beneath the tattered collar of his shirt.
Balfour left off fingeriing his neck and was careful not to throw George off balance by appearing to listen to him. He kept his hand at his collar and stared at the floor..."

They weren't Irish. The Irish are very fond of singing.

'They weren't for anyone but her,' Balfour floundered, 'they weren't stories...'}
really.' Balfour floundered. 'I

165.23-24 this Lalla Rookh] 100.16 this fella O'Rourke
165.27 Palestine. He was an onlooker.] 100.18 Palestine.'
165.29 gently inflamed neck,) 100.20 inflamed neck.
165.29-30 neck, I can't do it, I can't tell him the bits I heard.] 100.20 neck.
165.30 if Lionel was awake now,) 100.20 whether Lionel was awake now,
166.1-2 to the plateau,) 100.27 to the rain-drenched plateau.
166.2 plateau, his boots striking dully the bleak slate slabs,) 100.27 plateau.
166.3-12 He must have been mistaken about the singing. Only the wind blowing through the
plantation of larch trees close by the entrance to the woods. He must tell Balfour to gather the
larch twigs before the rain penetrated through to them. The beaded wood would burn fiercely
and sweetly, kindling the logs into heat. It was fortunate the fire of the day before had been so
slight. He raised his eyes momentarily as if to reassure himself that the trees were still
growing down there in the glen, climbing the hillside above the stream.) 100 om.
166.13 was not at ease] 100.28 wasn't at ease
166.18 He did not wish] 100.33 He didn't wish
166.19-28 There was a calculated risk in living, but more so for some than others. Out of feeling
germinated personality and personality was nothing but the connected snapshots of the united
balance. Each separate personality was unique only in its degree of sensitivity to development.
Balfour, being so unaware of himself, might well become confused by the feelings aroused by
Joseph. The heart with its veins could only function if blood was pumped through the vascular
tubes--the emotions present could only radiate from the object that caused emotion] 100 om.
166.28-29 and no man could foresee] 100.33-34 No man could foresee
166.33 They would not] 101.2 They wouldn't
The remark of the night before, that it was pretentious to imagine prejudice existed, made whilst they played that property game, was the chatter of a tired man, a man caught up in the hostile world outside the valley. It was necessary to retreat from evil in order to see that evil existed. Everywhere. He was not interested in the manifestations of evil before he was born, nor in origins nor in historical causes, he was only curious in regard to the accumulating mass of evil in his own life span, in particular the massacre of the Jews. He did not identify himself with the aggressors or the victims, though he had christened his trees and fashioned his own memorial to the dead; rather he was obsessed by the emotional properties of evil, the residual particles of hatred and guilt lying dormant long after the act of violence.

His obsession had begun some years previously, shortly before he left school. In a book he had found a sketch of a compound made by an inmate of Belsen. The drawing was thin and uneven, the artist had used the charred end of a matchbox. It was a pyre of human bodies, shaped like a stack of wheat, propped upright against each other. They were bodies and yet they were the familiar branches of thin birch that his father chopped down in the Resting Ground. The image burned into his brain. Then began the twilight state of mind, half dreamlike, full of self-estrangement, which he alone was conscious of, for to his classmates and teachers it was habitual. But it was different. He was waiting for something, something indefinite, drifting aimlessly, listening without hearing to the words people spoke, as if they stood behind a thick plate of impenetrable glass, mouthing at him on the other side. He was uncertain, his memory would fail him for hours at a time; for instance he would not be able to recall the route from his home to the woods. He would begin the drive through the town, entering the Mersey Tunnel and then all the lights along the two curved walls would run.
together into a blazing sun of illumination and he would sit as if hypnotised, unable to proceed further. Afterwards he could put no description to this period of crisis. He imagined it resembled in some way the sense of existence possessed by a tree. When he became better he was filled with energy. He knew exactly what he must do. He went at once to the school library and searched among the shelves until he came to the writings of Martin Luther. In a notebook he copied down the following passage--

Herewith you can readily see how they understand and obey the fifth commandment of God, namely, that they are thirsty bloodhounds and murderers of all Christendom, with full intent, now far more than fourteen hundred years, and indeed they were often burned to death upon the accusation that they had poisoned water and wells, stolen children, and torn and hacked them apart, in order to cool their temper secretly with Christian blood. Now see what a fine thick fat lie it is when they complain that they are held captive by us. It is more than fourteen hundred years since Jerusalem was destroyed, and at this time it is almost three hundred years since we Christians have been tortured and persecuted by the Jews all over the world, so that we might well complain that they had now captured and killed us—which is the open truth. Moreover we do not know to this day which devil has brought them here into our own country, we did not look for them in Jerusalem. Yet they still complain that we have them and hold them in captivity. Yes, we have held them in captivity, just as I have captured my calculus, my blood heaviness and all other maladies....

From Luther he turned to others. He read of the earliest ghettos in ancient Egypt, the persecution of the Jews under the Emperor Caligula in A.D. 38. He began to understand that since the fourth century after Christ, there had been three anti-Jewish policies; conversion, expulsion and annihilation. The second, it appeared to him, was an alternative to the first and the third emerged as an alternative to the second. It was significant to him only in that the
annihilation policy had reached maturity in his lifetime, though in fact he was not born until
the war was almost ended. Nothing the Germans did in any way overshadowed what had gone
before save in one respect—they had succeeded.

When he was finished reading and comparing he withdrew even more into himself. His
parents were worried about his future; he himself seemed not to be concerned. His father
offered to send him abroad and he expressed the wish to go to Israel. It was that simple. He
worked six months on a kibbutz and found he was considered something of a specialist. The
skills taught to him by Willie as a boy stood him in good stead; he planted trees and laid pipes
and cultivated the soil. And within himself he began to make sense of his preoccupation, to find
a formula. There was order and there was chaos and there was Good and Evil. They were not
moral concepts, they were merely definitions. It was not for him to judge or to try to expiate.
He did not share in the guilt felt by many of his generation. He believed that order and
goodness were in any case only permitted by the vast mass of chaos and evil. They were not in
themselves virtues, they depended too much on the presence of Evil. He did not wish to reduce
Evil by doing good, or to diminish chaos by attempting order. He aimed at order in his life so
that he could observe the Evil that surrounded him. That was his role, his allotted place. He
was to be an Observer.

On his return he announced his intention of going in for industrial design and set about
getting the right qualifications for entrance to the university. Sometimes he thought he would
not need to be an Observer had he been born shorter of stature. He was so obviously cast for
his part; he was a tower, he was cut off from his fellows, an observation post. From where he
stood it was necessary to protect the pigmy Balfour, for he could see so much more. He would
need to divert Joseph from Balfour. When the object was absent the emotion either evaporated
or ran in driblets into something else—another object or death. To die in driblets, each day a
little death. The emotion, if vast enough, like the emotion of Evil, would in time engulf the next object on the horizon and soak a little into the spirit. Nothing was unabsorbent enough to withstand that kind of charged vapour.

He continued to saw the branch, and the beige dust flowed on to the toecaps of his boots.

After a while he called Balfour to the plateau. Balfour came from the bedroom with his head bent and his hand plucking into the neck of his shirt. George's hat was absurdly buckled at the brim, he thought. It made him look like a fugitive from the prohibition era.

'The wood,' George said. 'I'm finished now and you could help me carry it across to Joseph.' He straightened his back and kicked at the firewood with his boots.

Balfour began to gather the logs together; on one knee he turned and shot from the hip, firing imaginary ammunition from a birch gun with a sawn-off barrel. His target it seemed, wore a bullet-proof vest, his eyes scarcely flickered beneath the gangster chapeau.

'Use your belt,' George said, going off towards his bedroom to dry and oil his saw.] 101 om.

171.3 the detached commandant George] 101.13 the detached George

171.4–6 anxiety. When George returned Balfour was turned towards the path with the wood sliding free of his arm hold.] 101.14 anxiety.

171.8–9 'It's a Woolworth's belt, it's not very strong.' 'Put it down.'] 101 om.

171.10 George placed] 101.15 he placed

171.11 the leather belt] 101.16–17 a leather belt

171.13–15 'That's the way,' said Balfour pleasantly, not made conscious of his defects, for he had never joined the Boy Scouts.] 101 om.

171.15 Scouts, looking in] 101.18 Balfour looked in

171.15 and imagining] 101.18 and imagined
171.16 the red curtains] 101.19 the curtains

171.18 stream, George turning about] 101.20-21 stream, George turned about

171.24-27 bridge. He thought with regret of the farm eggs and the thick loaf of brown bread lying in the kitchen of Hut 2 and wondered if Lionel would prepare something for his temple goddess.] 101.26 bridge.

171.30-31 grass with the colourless stalks of hair cliging damply to her neck and her large feet]

101.28 grass with her large feet

171.32 gown. They were all funny girls.] 101.29 gown.

172.6 the narrow settee.] 102.2 the settee.

172.12 was lying spitting in the pan.] 102.7-8 was spitting in the pan.

172.15 in and shifted the pan off the light.] 102.11-12 in and looked anxiously at the frying pan on the cooker.

172.15-32 'What was it like?' she asked, staring at him, holding her nightdress a little above her feet, flapping it about to dry it. She looked like some bird that had fallen out of a tree very early on, all beak and lidless eyes. She wasn't very good looking. He moistened his lips, not knowing what she meant, and she said impatiently, shaking the bacon about in the pan as though it were him, 'In the hut--you and Lionel and May?'

He was going to reply, not fully of course, but say something, when Joseph came through and took the pan out of her hand. All his movements had become brisk and forceful. He slapped down plates and knives and forks, moving between Balfour and Dotty, back and forth, giving Balfour a short little smile that came and died without friendliness each time, fetching the tea, taking the teapot, bringing milk from the draining board, bending down over the tartan holdall and asking--'Is there any sugar in here?'

At once she was agitated and alarmed.] 102 om.
'You can't use their food, Joseph. It's not yours.'

That's not our food, Joseph,' she said.

May's and she refused,

May's and refused,

she slumped

she sat

'Do him good.'

No, I don't,' his hand carefully,

relieved his bad humour,

some bacon.'

made him generous,

some of Lionel's bacon.'

George wanted to know if his hands were blistered from the fire. He touched the

writing pad lying on the table and with its edge pushed single breadcrumbs into a little

mountain. Joseph said they were all right; he watched the long and slender fingers turning

over his dreams and leaned over abruptly and snatched up the pad.

dreams; said Dotty,' she told George.

She looked longingly at the remainder of the bacon wrapped in greaseproof paper,

amongst the debris of the table. When she was well away from Joseph and his moods and his

nightmares she would have huge breakfasts every day—rashers of thick frying ham and two

eggs and bits of tomato. She felt she was going to cry but she wasn't sure if it was hunger or

the realisation that she would go away from Joseph. She heard him say—

'do... enormously important to dig down beneath the surface of the subconscious.'

'do... cried Joseph.

recall them] remember them

'Do you dream?' George asked, turning inquiring eyes to Balfour, who thought maybe it

was an accusation, an attempt to make him doubt the reality of the story-telling Lionel and his

licentious Lalla Rookh. In a way old George was right, only it was Lionel's dream, not his.
‘Sometimes,’ he admitted; ‘not always.’] 103 om.

174.10 Joseph explained.] 103.2 he explained,

174.10-11 explained, hugging the writing paper to his chest, ‘is] 103.2 explained, ‘is

174.12 then, give vent] 103.3 then--given vent

174.13 the restraints] 103.5 the restraints

174.17 chair, he feared] 103.8 chair, fearing

174.20-23 Bobbing through the trees he saw the white pieces of the little woman’s hair. Dotty

was turning over cushions and feeling between the logs of wood strewn across the settee.] 103

om

174.24 she moaned] 103.12 Dotty moaned

174.24-25 distractedly, not sure ‘she had any tobacco left.] 103.12 distractedly.

174.26 the tiny cubicle] 103.13 the cubicle

174.33 she said,) 103.20 she asked,

175.1 and there was the sound] 103.23-24 There was the sound

175.1 footsteps entering the door.] 103.24 footsteps at the door.

175.2 vibrated with his presence.] 103.25 vibrated as he entered.

175.3-5 whispered Dotty, her lips curled back over her teeth, her eyebrows raised and hidden by

the drying mess of hair.] 103.26 whispered Dotty.

175.6 Anguished, he shook] 103.27 Anguished, Balfour shook

175.7 in the light rain,) 103.28 in the rain,

175.8-11 Still she looked at him with that expression of eager surprise on her white face and he

attempted to push the door towards her, but it swung outwards of its own accord. She would

not let him go.] 103 om.

175.12 it?’ she persisted,) 103.30 it?’ Dotty persisted,
She was conspiratorial and hunched.

pushing her washed-out face

He told her stories

him with less eagerness

I shouldn't think

'Rum?'

She let go of his arm and stood there dejectedly, as if she suddenly felt she was not nice to look at. He was sorry for her, standing with her thin arms hanging at her sides and her face all blank.

'When we got to the hut last night old Lionel asked me to move one of the bunks over, more private like for him and May, only later on he got me to move the other b-bunk along with his.'

'What do you mean?'

He wished she'd stop saying that, over and over as if he was speaking Hindustani or something.

'He put my bunk by his bunk see. He said May didn't like the dark. Then we all go to bed and after a bit he starts telling her some story about this goddes in a temple in India.'

Her eyebrows had vanished again; her eyes which he had thought another colour were black and baffled.

She said--'You mean dirty stories?'

That was tricky; he didn't

he thought

at all sure about Lalla Rookh.

conspirator again, jerking her head sympathetically from side to side.
conspirator again.

176.28-29 don’t you think they are?’) 104.25 don’t you think?’

176.29-30 are?’ She frowned at him; she really wanted to know.) 104.25 think?’

176.35 They’re all funny.’) 104.27 They’re all barmy.’

177.13-16 yet. As for May and Kidney, well she was not much different from the girls in the typing pool, all bust and hair-do’s, and he was like the lads at the club.] 105.7 yet.

177.17-18 something wrong about himself,) 105.9 something wrong within himself,

177.19-28 Joseph came out of the front door of the hut and walked towards the bushes, flinging tea leaves into the grass. When he turned he saw Balfour and Dotty in the angle of the wall and gave a polite smile. He shouted—’He’s here, George,’ and went in through the door. Dotty asked Balfour if he had a comb. He gave it to her without being bothered about his dandruff.

‘Not me, you,’ she said, reaching out and attending to him. He didn’t have to bend his head; she was taller than him.] 105 om.

177.30 Roland took his boat out with him into the field.] 105 om.

177.30 He had been told] 105.12 Roland had been told

177.32 stove thing by the settee.] 105.13 stove thing by the sofa.

177.34 they were not going] 105.15 they weren’t going

178.1-3 Some of it looked dead, yellow like straw, and the green bits were all limp. It was dangerous everywhere.] 105 om.

178.8-9 They laid their eggs in cows’ pooh. Poor little horsefly babies.] 105 om.

178.10 leaves on those trees] 105.23 leaves on the trees

178.16 told them] 105.29 told him

178.16 them in nature study that] 105.29 him that

178.22-23 it looked so clean and bare out there,) 105.35–36 it looked safe out there:
178.26 it was not much use 106.2 it wasn't much use
178.26-27 it had stopped raining, because he could tell Joseph didn't want 106.3 it had stopped raining. Joseph didn't want
178.34 it would not be kind 106.9 it wouldn't be kind
179.8 peppers. They had eaten all that food 106.19 peppers.
179.9-36 He walked a little way behind the barn to find the rubbish dump with all their left-over food. There wasn't much. Just some tins of mushrooms with a picture of them on the can, and the dark blue paper that the spaghetti had been in. Lots of egg shells though, all covered with tea leaves and pieces of Dotty's cigarettes. He expected when it got hot the flies would come to the rubbish dump. If he was a fly he'd make a home in an eggshell, a clean one, and lay his babies. George had said badgers came at night and turned over the bad food with their noses and made grunting sounds. They lived in a cave higher up the stream and came running up at night, under the stars, big as little brown dogs, and pushed aside the empty tins. No one had ever seen them but Willie knew them by the tracks they made. It made him feel pale, as if he were going to be sick. His mother said he was just like Joseph, not being able to stand being in the toilet when anyone was there, not being able to bear the sight of left-over food, not liking boiled eggs with the yellow bit all runny. Heredity, she called it, which was not a going-away word like vista. It was more rushing, more like a train going over a crossing. Joseph didn't seem to mind worms though. There'd been a fat purple one on the front step of the door that he stroked with his fingers. The wasps were better than the worms, they were harder and not so slow. There wouldn't be anything crawling or stinging on the mountain; it was black and smooth like the tin hat he got for Christmas, all empty and dark inside.

180.1 He did not have to get 106.20 He didn't have to get
their chat about war.) 106.22 their chat about the war.

At home with mummy she liked him little and little things he thought looked sweeter, like next door’s baby.) 106 om

he wasn’t large enough] 106.26 he wasn’t big enough

grow as fat as Kidney] 106.27 grow as big as Kidney

as Kidney for Joseph] 106.27 as Kidney

they would] 106.27-28 Joseph and he might

would do exercises] 106.28 might do exercises

He looked down at his arms and inside he liked them, the way his skin fitted over the bones in his arms and on his fingers, not like Kidney with all that whiteness.) 106 om.

Dotty said she’d] 106.30 Dotty had said she’d

He was going to make a story] 106.31 He would write a story

He’d written a story before breakfast only he wouldn’t let him look at it, and he couldn’t read joined-up writing and Joseph’s writing was all funny with drawings of flowers coming out of the page, masses and messes of flowers whenever he couldn’t think of a word. It was a true story of something that had happened to him whilst he was asleep.) 106 om.

It was a dream story.) 106.32 It would be a dream story.

if he ever had a dream,) 106.32 if he had ever had a dream.

He was starting

He had dreamed a dream once. There was a moon and his head was on his mother’s lap, not Mummy, his mother’s lap; someone said that in the dream, and his mouth was gaping open like a hole torn and the moon was shining in. It was a lovely dream really. He could not remember any others. He’d write that one down and perhaps a story that wasn’t a dream. All about the thistles here and the worms and the bluebottles. And a dead leaf and a
foxglove with four hanging bells, silver inside and floppy. He wasn't keen on going for the milk, not all on his own, not over that field. He'd seen a stare-cow there with red titties, looking at him with eyelashes. Not like the other cows, the big ones with the lovely milk stomachs swishing in the grass, moving as if there was something inside that was alive. They had big veins sticking out down there, running down the milk sack, veins bursting with cream.] 106 om

181.12-16 and saw Kidney coming out into the day, all plump and dressed. Kidney stopped to look at a thin tree with no branches all the way up, and then a lot at the top. He was frowning and pushing out his mouth at the tree.] 107.2 and saw Kidney.

181.17-18 him and peering at the white trunk going up into the leaves.] 107.3 him.

181.22-23 Kidney said, not touching the tree, continuing to observe it with the same frown.] 107.8 Kidney said.

181.24-31 There was a holly bush with its leaves growing close to the earth, shining like pewter above the yellow clay ground, and a bramble clinging round it, with a green stem, very pale, and green thorns, dark. He could hear a wood pigeon somewhere, a soft childish sound, just like the comforting noises the baby made before it fell asleep. He could hear a dog barking. He could hear a cow coughing.] 107 om

181.32 dried mud, and rock lying] 107.10 dried mud, and a rock lying

181.32.33 the bushes, and a piece of paper caught in the bramble and he could see] 107.10 the bushes, and he could see

181.34 its bark shiny after the rain,) 107.11 its bark gleaming after the rain,

181.34-35 and four ants] 107.12 and there were four ants

181.35 like a pink thread of cotton,] 107.12 like a thread of cotton

181.36; 182.1-3 trunk, tiny angry ants, so small, so pinkly moving that Roland thought they were
in his head, like the specks behind his eyes when he shut them as tight as he could. He knew
about those ants without knowing about them.] 107.13 trunk.

182.6 going in, like hot fat spitting.] 107.15 going in.

182.18–19 about that war'--watching the] 107.28 about that war.' He watched
182.23–26 huffy, and gave Dotty wan little smiles, never quite looking at her, making a ducking
motion with her white head as if she were in deep water and didn't care to be saved.] 107.32
huffy.

183.12–13 didn't wear through to the bone.] 108.19 didn't wear his skin through to the bone.

183.16–18 He looked as if he might easily be forty inches round the belly. He looked as if he
was going out for a round of golf.] 108 om.

193.20–23 He'd slept well, she could tell, though when she thought about it, she had fallen asleep
first, going down into the darkness of his voice whispering to her in the night about his sexy
Laia Rookh.] 108 om.

183.25 to breathe and so dark] 108.25 to breathe and it was so dark

183.26 they were in the hold of a ship] 108.26 they were in a ship's cabin

183.28 that chintz settle] 108.28 that chintz sofa--

184.7 Dotty said, blushing for him and miserable] 109.7 Dotty said, miserable

184.9–23 They had both gone to the funeral when they were happy. They had stood in Trafalgar
Square, quite near the television cameras, and she had waved in case her mother was
watching. He said it was sweet, her doing that. There they had stood in the crowd, pressed close
to each other, with a black scarf over her head and Joseph's arm about her neck. Everyone was
full of nostalgia that morning, so solemn and grand, standing under a grey sky. Even those
soldiers carrying the coffin, clothed in greatcoats, hot and Sunday heavy, seemed to carry the
coffin lovingly, almost lasciviously. Cheeks close to the flag, echoing crimson, a wood's
thickness away from the crumpled man within. The flagrant Garter a-top. The darling of the regiment, going with the muffled beat of the drums, down to the melancholy river.] 109. om.

"He had," said Lionel, 'a remarkable ability to get] 109.9 'He had a remarkable ability,'
Lionel was saying, 'to get

behind those suits.] 109.14 behind his siren suit.

May, putting her head down again into her waiting palm, pushing the cereal bowl from her, licking] 109.16 May, licking

at the waist, 1958, only just becoming fashionable.] 109.19 at the waist.

varnish, Mary Quant, and] 109.21 varnish and

her eyes, just on the corner] 109.22 her eyes, on the corner

It was just like Lionel] 109.23 It was typical of Lionel

deploring the fact that no one was patriotic, him and the Empire or something]

deploring the loss of the Empire or something,

He had just laughed] 109.30 Lionel had just laughed

he did not believe] 109.31 He didn't believe

believe that all the best] 109.31 believe her when she told him that all the best

Like as if you knew] 110.3 as though you knew

decadent and just awful,] 110.3 decadent and awful,

Lionel was going on about] 110.6 Lionel was now talking about

May, giving her age away.] 110.9 May.

He looked at her kindly thinking she was pretty when she stopped being so affected.] 110. om.

indulgently, a little red in the face at her interruption] 110.11 indulgently, a little annoyed at her interruption
186.4-16 Mr. Shickelgrueber, thought May, what a funny name. Like Tom-topia and Ack-Ack-Beer-Beer and This is the News read by Al Baba dell, Alia le dell, something like that. She used to listen to 'Itma' every Thursday night or was it Friday? Saturday was 'Saturday Night Theatre' with that play always on called Poison Pen about the vicar with the jealous sister. Funny how no one else ever seemed to have heard it, she had asked dozens of people, but nobody knew which one she was talking about. There were church bells in it.

'No, Lionel said; someone had asked him a question, Dotty probably, 'I got my injury in '44 in Italy.'

In the bottom, he should have said.] 110 om.

186.16-17 What was Dotty looking at him like that for, sitting there in that nightgown,] 110.9

May saw that Dotty was gazing at Lionel,

186.20 She was so drab,] 110.21 She's so drab,

186.20 drab, no] 110.21 drab, thought May; she's

186.20 drab, no idea how to exploit] 110.21 May; she's no idea how to exploit

186.24 that place they'd been at] 110.25 that place,

186.24 place they'd] 110.25 place, she wondered,with

186.27-28 They had gone to live there for a time when father went overseas, with a relative of mother's.] 110.26-27 They had lived there for a year during the war, after her father had been sent overseas.

186.26 In the trees and all the rich Jews.] 110.28 in the trees.

186.28-29 They were all dressed] 110.29 The soldiers were all dressed

186.35 like some fruit spotted] 110.35 like fruit spotted

186.36 some of them pushing each other] 110.36 Some of the wounded soldiers pushed each other

187.1 wheelchairs, all of them in pyjamas, going for an outing.] 111.1 wheelchairs.
18.7.5 who was in some regiment] 11.4 who had been in some regiment

18.7.6 and he came on leave] 111.5 and he came on leave

18.7.13 Joseph asked] 111.12 Joseph said,

18.7.14 patting her hand] 111.13 patting Dotty's hand

18.7.14-19 hand and wagging his beard, the gap between their ages and their experiences suddenly made delightful by Lionel. 'Just a little girl,' he said, meaning it, and she blushed furiously because she'd always been tall for her age, never truly a little girl, and always, always the longing and the need to be one] 111.13 hand.

18.7.25 shot down over Munich:] 111.19 shot down over Dresden.'

18.7.27-36; 188.1-2 Dachau, thought George, silent on the rocking chair, listening to every word and not contributing once to the conversation. Planes over Munich, dark birds in the night sky, bombs falling like black pears, over-ripe. Every time he went in an aeroplane, not often, he was shocked by the refreshments provided. All the bits of food to be eaten, crammed into the airborne bowels--pieces of sausage and liver pate', and the little cellophane packages with cake inside. The cherry squashed on its side. Anywhere in Europe a plane might pass above a once populated camp. Flying omnipotent, like God. No cries from below.] 111 om.

188.3-4 seemed genuine and misplaced.] 111.20 seemed genuine.

188.7 the dead relative] 111.23 the dead relation

188.12 His well-manicured fingers fumbled] 111.28 His fingers fumbled

188.14-22 Balfour, who during the discourse had identified himself more and more strongly with Dotty--their lack of first-hand knowledge of the blitz, their tender years--remembering their talk in the cubicle, the touch of her hand on his cheek, the way she had combed his hair, looked at Lionel in alarm. Did he like the Germans then? Was he going to bare his chest and give them a temple-inspired dialogue on the marvellous Mr. Shickelgrueber. He hoped not,
for old George's sake.) 111. om.

188.23 here' Lionel was clutching] 111.29 here;' he said, clutching

188.24 something that may illustrate] 111.30 a symbol that may illustrate

188.26–28 He covered with one hand the other bulging within his shirt, as if keeping from harm

some white dove that nestled to his heart.) 111. om.

188.29–31 Dotty was blushing again; it was the coin May had said he was bound to show everyone

as soon as possible.) 111.32 Dotty was sure he was talking about the coin,

188.31 She could not look] 111.33 She couldn't look

188.32 at May, her mouth twitched.] 111.33 at May.

188.35 at the extreme edge and] 111.36 at the edge and

'89.5 of bread. and wondering whether] 112.4 of bread. He wondered whether

189.21–22 the settee, going to the window and staring out at the view,) 112.19 the settee.

189.22–23 keeping the container hidden] 112.20 He kept the container hidden

189.28 slices of best white starch] 112.24 slices of white starch

189.28 starch he had just consumed] 112.25 starch Kidney had just consumed

189.28–29 were not exactly] 112.25 weren't exactly

189.29–30 he could not concentrate] 112.26 he couldn't concentrate

189.30 on the youth,) 112.27 on Kidney,

189.30 could not be] 112.27 couldn't be

189.32 mountain. The child seemed] 112.29 mountain, though the child seemed

189.33 forgotten about the whole idea] 112.29–30 forgotten the whole idea

189.33–36, 190.1–18 he was quite happy messing about on the swing and playing down at the

stream; still, he would have taken him today, would have insisted on the excursion, even if the

rain had kept up, but for that dream. He needed to be alone to think about its implications, to
roll it backwards and forwards in his mind like a drop of liquid, quickly, before it broke and seeped away into still darker and inaccessible channels. Being with George was like being alone, and the activity of sawing down branches would sweat the position out of him, leave him purged and thoughtless. It was always the same, this need to dig down into himself. He could not do it without the pictorial images given to him in dreams. He willed himself to do it, to excavate the strata of his life, seeking to expose the forgotten early layer over which he still grew. There were natural limits and natural laws, and will was only a willing because one simply had to, and free choice was non-existent in the face of the will; he felt that what was most loving in him had been driven with scolding from his heart, and will and fancy had submitted to stern compulsion. After many years, he found, seemingly free, that he was only more hemmed in than at the beginning.

190 21-22 God, how the man went on.) 112 om.

190 22-23 Joseph said roughly, putting the bottle of pills high up on the shelf above the sink, ‘Come on,’ said roughly, ‘Come on,

190 24 and the tall man rose] 112 35 The tall man rose

190 25 Balfour, with haste, joining him,) 112 35 Balfour quickly joined him.

190 25 George lowering] 112 36 George lowered

190 25-26 his dark head] 112 36 his head

190 29-30 waving her beautifully shaped hand] 113 3 waving her hand

190 3031 and he, made happy by his verbal liberty of the past half-hour, did] 113 4 and he did

190 32-35 May did not feel the youth counted as a man, hardly as a person. She was not concerned about him being there whilst she attended to her toilette.) 113 5 May didn’t mind him being there. He didn’t count.
191.6-7 a skirt, a hipster made of orange cotton and held it] 113.13 a skirt, held it
191.13-14 May would not reply. She stayed on her knees and made sounds of distress.] 113 om.
191.17 began to write something with the red pen. ] 113.21 began to draw something.
191.21 washed her hands with care and) 113.25 washed her hands and
191.28-29 the red towel] 113.31 the towel
191.29-33 she asked, patting, patting with infinite tenderness the vulnerable skin beneath her
now naked eyes. She hated her eyes when she’d washed them--she looked about 108 and as if
she’d just crawled out from under a stone.] 113.32 she asked.
192.9-28 'Is that Mary Quant face stuff?'

'Mmm.' Smearing the soothing mask into her skin May closed her eyes and obliterated the
hut.

Kidney wrote on the pad, on a clean page--War, Bombs. German Officer's Coin. He drew a
line under that and a drawing of a flower, like Joseph did. He frowned and stuck his tongue
between his even teeth, breathing heavily. Under the flower he wrote slowly--

A flower.

A flower grown from seed.

The whoring instinct of the germination.

'Why does he tell you stories?'--Dotty backcombed her hair and then smoother it flat
again. May had that effect on her. She was always so womanly, always pretty and perfumed
and pink. She made Dotty feel messy, uncouth and outsize.

'He just likes telling me stories.' May shrugged her shoulders and began the difficult task
of outlining her eyes and thickening the lashes.] 114 om.

192.30-33 She said--'He was awful really... he wanted to make love to me with Balfour up
there on the top bunk. He's dreadful that way, he wants it all the time.' ] 114.9-10 She said, 'If
he can't make love to me, he tells me stories.'

192.33-34 of Kidney recorded in the mirror. 114.10 of Kidney's face in the mirror.

193.2-5 everything--May's breasts, the size of them, her lovely nails, her own ugliness, her sense of inferiority, his cruelty, the phonyness of him. The craving for tobacco accentuated her need to write to him. 114.15 everything.

193.7 for her own notepaper. 114.17 for her writing paper

193.15-16 She was making them a tender pink, a moist and little-woman-pink. 114. om.

193.16-17 freckles, golden coloured. 114.24 freckles, gold-coloured,

194.15 Like this she could not possibly tell] 115.20-21 Without tobacco she couldn't possibly tell 194.15 she could not possibly tell] 115.20 she couldn't possibly tell

194.20 wanted a little packet of tobacco. 115.25 wanted a cigarette.

194.21 at the renewed May] 115.25 at May

194.21 May pluffing up her hair] 115.25 May, who was puffing up her hair

194.21 pluffing up] 115.25 puffing up

194.24-37; 1951-9 'Are you going to have any children, May?'

May did not answer, instead she said--'He's very like Joseph, though he's got his mother's eyes.'

'Has he?'

'Does she still live in that house in Hope Street?'

'Yes.' Despite herself Dotty was compelled to ask--'What's she like--his mother?'

'Funny woman really--May satisfied with her hair and face, seated herself at the table and began to file her polished and perfect nails--'A bit deep and quite witty. Looks a bit of a mess really. Terribly disorganised, no dress sense. She's a bit like you really'--she laughed, realising what she had said and Dotty said quickly--'That's all right, I know I'm a mess, you
don't have to worry.' She looked down at the half-completed letter on her knee and thought how hopeless it was. Maybe it would be better if she just vanished, no letters, no explanations, nothing. She had the notion, as May talked about the ex-wife, that everything she herself could do or think of doing to make Joseph aware of her existence, had been done by this unknown woman with more intelligence and subtlety and power than she herself possessed, and without success. She was out-classed.

Lionel entered

not in the compartment, nor the back seat

nor on the back seat or the boot or anywhere.

anywhere.

Roland's face was pale, his mouth drooped.

Dotty said, and he came

Dotty said, and Roland came

to the settee

to the sofa

lighter, gold and shining.

Dotty asked him, tearing

Dotty asked, tearing

of her notepaper

of her writing paper

boy flickered his pallid lids and attempted

boy attempted

attempted a smile.

attempted to smile.

Dotty had to go

Dotty had to go

He couldn't speak

He couldn't speak

When she had come to him so swiftly he had not been unhappy or forlorn, he had been taken by surprise by her sudden embrace, but now, with her two arms about him and the soft
pleading voice in his ear, tears came to his eyes.] 116. om.

196.12-13 her finger, saying--'A little tear from your eye, little boy, a little pretty tear.'

116.22 her finger.

196.17 to realise Roland was] 116.26 to realise that Roland was

196.21-36; 197.1-31 'Why don't we play cards?' she suggested, loathing the idea, but anything to stop all this depressing mawkishness.

There weren't any cards but Roland had now taken the pad away from Kidney and was looking at his father's writing--'What's it say?'

Dotty could not make much sense of it. She read the page to herself and shook her head. 'It's all funny.'

'Go on, read it.'

'Well, first--father in bed--it says. Then it says--A woman crouching, my mother, only a short vest, obscene...'

'Your mother?' The child peered at the sloping writing, baffled.

'No. Joseph's mother I think.'

'Where is his mother?'

'I don't know. Dead I think.'

'Didn't Joseph have a mother?'

'Of course you silly boy, everyone has a mother.'

She put the writing pad face downwards on the table and cut herself a slice of bread, scraping butter from the near-empty packet, pushing the food into her mouth. Roland slipped from her knee and took up the pen from in front of the quiet Kidney and began to draw a picture of his boat. Immediately he was absorbed.

When Lionel returned he rubbed his hands together and said it was turning out nice again
outside. The sun might yet break through. He looked with distaste at the remains of the meal still on the table and moved towards them purposefully.

'Leave them alone,' May snapped, angrily turning the water tap and rolling up the sleeves of her blouse. He could see the freckles on her arm, the little smooth bone in her elbow. 'Dotty and I are quite capable.'

After a while Lionel too found pen and paper and began to write. Whilst the two women did the dishes, Roland wrote a short story under the drawing of his red boat. It said—

I had a sister. She died in 1962. Their Daddy left home with a nitie and a bottle of whisky. Their Mother died too in 1962. The End.

Lionel wrote—

Oh my darling, I cannot wait to hold you in my arms again, my priestess of the temple. How you thrill me, how you excite me...]

After a moment Lionel returned and sat down at the table. He and Roland began a game of noughts and crosses.

197.37; 198.1-2 ciggies. She said she could not wait to buy tobacco, it would satisfy her more if she had some strong brand. She sounded like a drug addict.] 117.5 ciggies.

198.12 into her pale cheeks.] 117.14 into her cheeks.

198.15-16 another; I haven't any sense of taste or quality.] 117.17 another.

198.24 'It c-comes] 117.23 'It comes

198.27 Mr. and Mrs. M-MacFarley] 118.2 Mr and Mrs MacFarley

198.33 clock on the clinical wall.] 118.8 clock on the wall.

199.3 shed; 'Balfour said,] 118.12 shed,' Balfour observed,

199.4 'I hate taking] 118.14 'I don't like taking

199.14 She would not let] 118.24 She wouldn't let
on the corner of the street on the corner
hands with anguish hands in anguish
neither to proceed nor stand still neither to proceed nor stand still.
was illuminated with happiness was bright with happiness.
happiness. She was beautiful happiness.
for shopping for the shopping
she would not make she wouldn't make
He thought it was terrible Balfour thought it was terrible.
'What s-sort of coat is that?' he asked Dotty, who was holding it against herself and stroking the fabric with wonder.
'It's a coat of many colours... like the youngest son in the Bible... Joseph's coat.'

she would not wear it she wouldn't wear it
it would not go it wouldn't go
There were chestnut trees with black shadows on the road and he kept his eyes on those and when they had left the trees behind there were still shadows before him and he could hear the beating of his heart.

his last attack and he had been at home. He had just gone upstairs to his room and lain down on the bed and clasped his hands together hard under the blankets.

He must not imagine things, he must not let

The pain in his stomach had eased and it was only his head that bothered him.

he said, he said out loud,

himself, and she gazed himself. Dotty stared
his arms; bending to retrieve) 120.14 his arms. As he bent to retrieve
at Willie, disbelief and curiosity.) 120.17 at Willie, with disbelief.
afraid now, sure that he was ill) 120.19 afraid now, sure he was ill
the pale road stretching) 120.19 the road stretching
Dotty, shouting, ran ahead) 120.24 Dotty shouted, running ahead,
"Isn't life marvellous," she cried, a bit affected, but meaning it, exhilarated by the
exercise, the hard outline of the cigarette packet in her pocket, the lovely, lovely coat across
her shoulder.) 120 om.
She noticed the pallor) 120.29 She noticed the pallor
of him -- 'Balfour, I'm so happy about the coat, honestly... thank you very much. It
means something to me, it really does... I think you're very kind.'
He mumbled something, anything, that it was nothing to go on about.) 120.32 of him.
She stood so close she) 120.32 She stood so close to him she
to her brown and lower lip.) 120.35 to her lower lip.
down -- you) 121.1 down?" she said. 'You
a bit pale?') 121.1 a bit white.'
walked on, the girl slackening her exuberant pace the better to match his.) 121.2
walked on.
anywhere... I) 121.3 anywhere," said Dotty. 'I
can...') 121.4 'I can walk...
ican walk miles and miles...') 121.4 I can walk miles.
We did once go a walk together,)] 121.5 We did go for a walk together once,
long way, miles honestly, talking]) 121.6 long way, talking
talking going and not noticing it was such a long way...]) 121.6 talking all
the time...

202.24 things, and then we got to a] 121.7 things. When we came to a
202.26 and started going back home] 121.8 and started back home
202.26-27 We didn't talk at all going home... not a word.)] 121 om.
202.29 personal and fragile.] 121.11 personal and embarrassing.
202.29 go walking then, any] 121.11 go walking any
202.30 'No, not any more. We don't] 121.12 'We don't
202.30 We don't really do anything any] 121 12 'We don't do anything much any
202.31-33 more... he just wants to be somewhere else with someone else and I just want to be
nowhere... just out of reach of him being like he is.'] 121.12 more,'
203.1 'Sometimes,' she told him, 'we go out] 121.13 she told him. 'Sometimes we go out
203.4-5 her chattering, her ceaseless exposing of herself,) 121.15 her chattering.
203.7 road and give himself up to weeping.] 121.17 road.
203.8 'Stephen Ward... that] 121.18 'Stephen Ward,' said Dotty... 'that
203.8 that man Stephen Ward... ] 121.18 'that poor man.
203.8-20 I always think of him, all dressed up, smelling of perfumed soap... his paintings and
his pretty girl friends, rackets around a bit and not really being much use to anyone, but
then no one else is much good to anyone really unless you're Charlie Chaplin or Schweitzer in
the jungle or someone like that... I mean he was so safe and with-it, a real smoothie with
gear suits and old Lord Astor as his friend... all those weekends in the country...:
He had lost her. The light was growing stronger all the time, it was filling his eyes,
obliterating shapes and distances. [See D122.1-2] With the light he was becoming cold, the
tips of his fingers were growing numb. Her voice came back thinly--] 121 om.
203.21-22 ...'so every time we go round Hyde Park I think about him.] 121.18-19 I always think
of him when I'm going round Hyde Park.

203.22 Everyone's got posh cars,] 121.19-20 There's so many posh cars

203.22-23 cars, convertibles they all flash round the curve with people in expensive gear . . .

121.20 cars and everyone's wearing such expensive clothes . . .

203.23-25 gear . . . everyone tanned brown . . . girls in headscarves put on that special

way--you know--looking super . . .] 121.20-21 clothes . . .

203.25-27 He must have been like that, sitting in his flash car with Mandy Rice Whatsit or

Keeler in the passenger seat,] 121.21-22 I keep thinking he must have driven round the park,

all dressed up, with Mandy Rice Whatsit beside him.

203.27-28 seat, going to parties in London . . .] 121.22-23 him. All those parties . . .

203.28 London . . . really in with people.] 121.23 parties . . . all those weekends in the country.

203.31 Balfour had not meant] 121.26 Balfour hadn't meant

203.32 that far . . . I mean] 121.27 that far,; said Dotty. 'I mean

203.33-36; 204.1 but honestly when we go round Hyde Park Corner I could cry. I sort of keep

seeing him, going by at top speed, I want to yell something at him--something daft, like Hallo

Stephen . . . anything . . . even if it's only goodbye. She was walking] 121.28-33 But he must

have thought life was smashing. He felt so in with all that rich crowd and he thought they liked

him. When they closed their ranks, he couldn't believe it. He thought he was one of them.

Lord Denning said Profumo and that lot were misguided. He said Ward was evil.'

204.1 She was walking away from him,) 122.3 Dotty was walking ahead.

204.1-3 him, the hair bouncing on the collar of her jacket, the absurdly coloured coat dragging

from her shoulder.] 122.3 ahead.

204.3 'I bet you he hates] 122.3 'I bet you Joseph hates

204.4 my coat . . . I bet] 122.4 my coat,' she called. 'I bet
204.5 to look at him.) 122.5 to look at Balfour.

204.7 quick...quickly.) 122.7 quick...quick.'

204.9-10 shoulders, heavy as lead, her mouth opening and joining--'What, luv? What, luv?'

endlessly;] 122.9 shoulders.

204.12 on the bosselated surface] 122.11 on the surface

204.15-16 afternoon, Joseph and George being engaged in vista clearing, Lionel] 122.14

afternoon, Lionel

204.18-19 He would not define himself as a teetotaller but he was not a drinking man.] 122.16-17

Though he wouldn't call himself a teetotaller, he wasn't a drinking man--

204.20 had not been] 122.17 hadn't been

204.21 increasingly a small drink] 122.18 increasingly that a small drink

204.24 she refused, preferring] 122.2 she had refused, preferring

204.25 on the chintz settee,) 122.23 on the chintz sofa,

204.27 He would have liked] 122.23 Lionel would have liked

204.27-28 liked to have shown one] 122.24 liked to show one

204.29 a certain wild poetry] 122.26 a certain poetry

204.30-31 names--a pretty conceit lurking in every stanza.) 122.27 names.

204.32 knees, in a dark cave, darkened] 122.28 knees, the interior darkened

204.33 the haystack towering] 122.28 the haystack that towered

204.33-35; 205.1-3 car, a haystack crouching under a tarpaulin, only now drying out after the

rain, black and grey, a camouflage effect. A dark humped mound, precluding thoughts of rustic

lovers sucking straws, children squealing, going arse over tip, down, down into the stifling

smell of the dried hay.) 122.29 car.

205.4 There had been a holiday once in childhood] 122.30 He remembered a childhood holiday
thin and silver wire  

Two pints one quart, four quarts one peck, four pecks one bushel.  

skin of his boyhood face,  

till there was left a  

bald field, and the men took  

over the shaved ground,  

held like a bow against the wide scudding violin of the murderous sky.  

For days he had felt unclean, miserable; there was right and wrong and reality and logic, there was the transition to be made from what he felt was bad to what he felt was not bad.  

had not forgotten  

were not terrible, only  

and climbed red-faced over  

It was not his favourite  

She would not speak  

She said bad-tempered-- 'What are you following me about for?'  

in front of the elderly mirror.  

face contorted and the pink brush  

strike him, and he caught  

cheeks hugely inflamed  

eyes shining with enjoyment.  

throat, scratching his skin with
he spat, pinning her] 124.19 he cried, pinning her
get his superior arm] 124.19 get his arm
hair spilled out on the grey blankets.] 124.21 hair spilled out across the blankets.
you've done'--bending forwards] 124.24 you've done.' She bent forward
finger the white ladder] 124.25 finger the ladder
He could not apologise] 124.26 He couldn't apologise
to me,' falling back in] 124.30 to me.' He fell back in
the knee, down into the army blankets, fondling] 124.31 the knee, fondling
face, marked by her nails, good-humoured] 124.31 face, good-humoured,
stood up and began to remove] 124.34 stood up and removed
back to trousers and gingham skirt, taking her time, wriggling in the high barn.

There she was, his little woman, his wife, his strip-tease angel of destruction--those arch
and painted brows, that pinkly painted mouth, the false eyelashes glued to the upper lids, the
upper arms lifting, fatty fatty girl, the perfect bosom rising clean out of its little hammock,
nipples like moles on the pouting skin, midriff splendid with pudding flesh, colour of putty,
pitted with delicious marks. There she strutted, tossing her head, a Dagenham girl piper all
his own, thighs bulging; in the attitude of a chorus girl] 124.34
she peeled free her laddered stocking,) 125.1 She peeled the stocking free,
exposing feet pudgy] 125.1 exposing pudgy feet,
feet pudgy and delightful,) 125.1 feet,
At seven o'clock Joseph told Roland to go for the milk.
The cows had gone from the field, called to the sheds for milking, and unless he went now he
could not have his cornflakes. Roland had waited a long time for Dotty to return with his
notebook, he still waited, he would have preferred to wait in the hut, with the newly-lit stove
smoking, but he felt the milk-fetching was something that mattered to Joseph.

A machine had come in the afternoon, dragging chains across the rolling field, cutting down the thistles. They lay on the ground and stuck in his feet, pricking him through the slats of his sandals.

He couldn’t see why Joseph should not come with him, even if he was tired after vista clearing, just sitting there yawning and saying there wasn’t anything to eat. May had made Lionel an omelette for his tea, she asked Joseph and him if they wanted one, but Joseph said he would hang on a bit and he thought he would hang on too.

He turned round to look back at the hut and the swing but they had dipped down behind the thick hedge, only a thin line of smoke that unravelled and disappeared into the air. It puzzled him because the elm tree was close to the sky. The field must be a hill and the other fields on either side were hills too, the ground rising and falling, flowing into more land; even the telegraph wires pencilled across the sky flowed down into the fields, and high up, on the topmost hill, not the mountain, a puffed-up cloud, perfectly still with its edge on fire, the sun behind somewhere, going down, gone, only a thread left, slotting the cloud like a ribbon. If the sun had gone why wasn’t it dark? If England was so small an island why did the field look so big? Even though he walked fast across the limp thistles, the outline of the farm buildings was no nearer. He had never been out as late on his own in so desolate a place, with the wind blowing his hair back from his eyes, the sun vanished from the sky. It was a funny feeling, not on the outside, inside, being out like this on a hill; he wanted to leap in the air. He would have done but for the prickers underfoot.

At the farm gate the grass petered out and became mud, squelching right over the tops of his sandals and when he climbed on to the gate the ground sucked at his foot as if a hand held him. The farm dog was there, on the other side of the gate, wriggling its body, opening its mouth
wildly to bark, curving away from him, cowed, why cowed? It stayed still at the head and shoulders whilst its hind-quarters shook, half with pleasure, half with fear. Please pat me, scratch my ears. Not tonight, doggy, I don’t know about dogs, all the faces look the same, I can’t see if you’ve a friendly look. He was frightened of dogs. When he walked across the farmyard there was a white hen that was frightened of him, squawking as it ran to get out of his way, neck stuck out, pink eyelids shut down, praying for a miracle. Please God make me fly. And the prayer answered, not very well done, sending the poor hen in a clump of feathers over the low fence, not flying, but as if God had batted it from underneath with a tennis racket and plopped him over into the pen, squawking with relief.

The farm lady was nice to him, all her hair curling over her head, like his distant mother, telling him to sit in the big armchair whilst she put the silver tops on the milk bottles.

‘Nasty weather today—Don’t expect you’ve been very far—enjoying yourself are you?—that’s a good boy.’ There was a smell of mat in the oven that made him discontented with the cornflakes to come. The farm man came indoors with a bucket that he let fall on to the floor. Scared as a cat the following dog ran out of the house with tail held out.

‘Is it much kicked?’ asked Roland.

‘Never, not on your life. Funny thing to say. Timid he is, the strain you know.’ The farm man had a deep-lined face and hair cut short. He sat down in his chair at the table with grace and tiredness. ‘Been up the mountain today,’ he told Roland, ‘seeing to the sheep.’

‘I’m going up the mountain tomorrow,’ said Roland.

‘Oh yes. It’s bleak up there and there’s lots to be done. The Government has a scheme to reclaim the land, but it’s slow work.’

Roland said—‘Slow work is it?’ catching the rhythm of the man’s speech.

‘A hundred years ago there were crops growing on the mountain; you didn’t suspect that, did
'I didn't' said Roland, thinking of a hundred years ago.

'A lady then owned the mountain and she offered to sell the land, pieces of it, to the farmers hereabouts see, only they didn't have the money, and she sold it under them and they lost their crops, and the soil was uncultivated.'

'Fancy,' said Roland, just like his mother with the health man, talking about God and the bugs.

'Leave over,' said the farm woman, coming beside him and opening the over door to look at the progress of the meat within. 'Being a good boy for your Daddy are you?' she inquired, looking up at him sideways, and he hung his head in embarrassment.

'What are the Government doing?' he mumbled, seeing a spider run from the doorway to the hearth.

'Ah--well, they're giving grants to the formers now, to plant crops again you see. Doing the whole thing all over again and paying for it. I've got a hundred acres now.'

He was awed by the sound. Half of England, a whole continent, a yellow growing hundred acres.

'Gives a man satisfaction to see the land producing again . . . with God's help.'

'With God?' It was nice to talk like this, like his mother, asking questions and getting answers as if it were natural, not like at the hut when there was no answer or nothing you could really ask.

'There's a limit to what a man can do, see. You can plant the seeds and make sure they come up straight and prepare the ground, see the soil's healthy, but you have to have God to be on your side.'

'Give over,' said the farm woman again, wiping her hands on her apron.
'So that a storm don’t come,' said Roland.

'And pests and frost and storm,' added the man, 'faith most of all. It’s petrol and faith and God most like that gets that grand car of your Dad’s to London. He believes it will go, see.'

'It’s mostly the petrol,' said Roland, not wanting to be awkward.

'And faith. He got faith in you too most like. Care and protection and faith.'

Roland hung his head, drooping in the warmth from the stove. It was his mother who gave him the care and the protection most like. Maybe Joseph had this thing faith that grew the crops and claimed back the mountain. He looked up, seeing the darkness outside the open door, and got to his feet, holding his hands out for the ready milk, anxious to go now, saying thank you to them both, running out into the darkness of the yard with the bottles in his arms.) 125 om.

211.29–30 bag on the narrow road) 125.7 bag on the road.

211.30–31 for a ditch, like as if it was a drink of water that would slake his thirst) 125.8 for a ditch as if they were in danger of being machine-gunned.

211.34 She could not really) 125.10 She couldn’t really

212.1–2 as if he was compelled to vomit but never did) 125.14 as if he was going to vomit.

212.3–4 and Joseph, but he shook) 125.16 and Joseph. Balfour shook

212.4–5 his head, tears spurring out between his thick fingers,) 125.16 his head.

212.5 fingers, so she lay) 125.16 head. Dotty lay

212.5 she lay back,) 125.16 Dotty lay back,

212.6–18 In time it grew cold, shadows spilt deep and long into the grass, the man beside her continued to perspire, to tremble, his whole head shook free of his encircling hands as if he were having a fit. She was alarmed, asking him over and over what was wrong, but he would not reply; it made her angry the way he would not answer, she pushed at his broad shoulder.
pushing him flat onto his back on the chill ground. She could not see his face at all, down
beneath the black shadow of the hedgerow. She lay too, flinging her persistent arm across his
chest, breathing softly, putting the damp hair back from his forehead.

'Are you really sick then, boy? ... Are you really bad sick?' 125 om.

212.19 He was cold.) 125.18 Balfour was cold.
202.20 his side into the darkness,) 125.19 his side,
212.21-22 She tucked) 125.20 Dotty tucke
212.22-23 Almost dark,) 125.21 It was almost dark,
212.23 field blurring] 125.21 the field blurring
212.23 light gone past grey to ash,) 125.22 light gone from grey to ash,
212.26-27 like some ugly bird, not suitable for flight,) 125.25 like some bird,
212.28-30 the horizon, reflected in the pale road, a twin cummerbund of last light, curving away
into the sky.) 125.26 the horizon.
212.32-33 exhausted way, a complaint---) 125.28 exhausted way.
212.35-36 She was warm now that he would speak to her.) 125.30 She was relieved that he had
spoken to her.
212.36; 212.1 There was someone there to receive her warmth and sympathy.) 125 om.
213.2 for help?'--trying to perceive] 125.32 for help?' She tried to perceive
213.3 on his dimming face.) 125.32 on his face.
213.4 warm,') 125.33 'warm,' mumbled Balfour.
213.6 to me'... kneeling beside him] 125.35 to me.' She knelt beside him
213.8 her own arms right about his head] 126.1 her own arms about his head
213.9 face was brushed against] 126.2 face was crushed against
213.10 She was not herself comfortable,) 126.4 She herself wasn't comfortable.
was not herself comfortable,] 126.4 wasn't comfortable.

her trousers as she knelt, the balance of her body all wrong, echoing the hang of the
torn and tangled hedge above them.] 126.5 her trousers.

Balfour said, struggling] 126.6 Balfour whined, struggling

struggling peevishly to free] 126.6-7 struggling to free

She was taking the jacket off, one arm held up like some thin branch breaking free of
the hedge.] 126 om.

the dreamer's coat] 126.10 the dreamer's coat

He seemed to be asleep,] 126.17 Balfour seemed to be asleep,

the Joseph coat] 126.18 the coat,

about me. ] 126.19 about this, I

'I won't be able to walk for a bit.'

'Don't fret yourself boy, there's nothing to hurry about, you just lie quiet.'

'It'll get worse in a bit;' he said forlornly, full of self-pity.] 126 om.

The doctors did not know] 126.24 The doctors didn't know

bloodstream, no treatment, no] 126.26 bloodstream. There was no treatment, no

she said, and stopped because she had meant.] 126.33 she said and stopped.

I do love him,] 126.35-36 I do love Joseph,

he wouldn't let her] 126.36 he wouldn't let her

allowed that, even after the drudgery of love, she would want to cry for love of him.]

allowed that.

recover, always mourning for] 127.4 recover. She would always mourn

It was so stupid. There they were in the hut, she could see the

blood in his cheeks, and yet the recent days had gone, gone for ever and utterly disappeared. It
was a thing that she could not grasp, no one could, too dreadful to lament about; that everything
was gliding and flowing by, that her own self, unhindered, had glided from her out of a small
child, dumb and strange as a dog, that herself of last year and yesterday and this morning had
glided past too. She might put out a hand or cry out but nothing would halt the procession.
This moment, now, here in the night with Balfour was going too, she was not even aware of its
passing, she just let it go.

Balfour was in a shivering dream beneath the velvet cloth, soft as moss, second-hand coat
doing duty as a shroud. Who had worn it, what woman, never, not on your life, in Wales.
Wearing it for what, for whom? A wedding, a going away in 1910... a daughter, gone to the
dogs in 1912, come back to the village with her shame cradled in her arms... tucked in the
little Goldstone bag the flowery garment, remnant of a more florid life. All those buttons...
every time she wore it... snip, snip, snip, oh, the white skin pinched, the attempt at haste.
Left lurching by Mr. Who... Mr. Whatsit... Mr. Whatsit he cannot face the world, like. Like
out there in the cold. Everything whirling... he was strapped to a wheel varnished with
luminous paint, bowling down the edge of the globe, bumping his head on the earth's crust,
bones shattering, the eyes rolling from their sockets. Hold me, hold me... Rest... quiet...
darkness, no excitement. The flowered arms tightly tied about his waist, holding him close, a
constricted embrace, a dark face above him crowned with a hat with ostrich plumes, sweeping
across the surface of his shuttered lids, a thousand little feathery blows buffeting his cheeks.
He was not quite so cold, he was aware that his stomach burned, there was a rude filling of
blood, an awareness of engorgement. An erection. The erected Balfour, rocked in the maternal
Dotty's arms, babbled of Lalla Rookh... did this... did that... naughty naughty Abdalla.

'Did he say that?' She twisted her shoulders back and forth, giggling with excitement. 'He
must have known you were listening, that's why he made you sleep above them. He wanted you
to hear... he's a second-hand man, you know, living through others, letting you throb for him... honest to God I wish I'd heard.'

She wasn't at all shocked, she was laughing up there in the darkness, wishing she had heard the exact words. A large and liberated girl come from the North, his own age, holding his head in her lap.] 127 om.

216.7 over him, free] 127.11 over Balfour, free
216.9-10 his temple, her nipple filled the cavity of his ear.] 127.14 his temple.
216.11-12 craned upwards, the shawl about his moist face, kissed her] 127.15 craned upwards and kissed her
216.12-13 on the lips, greatly daring] 127.15 on the lips.
216.12-13 daring, was kissed in return.] 127.15-16 He was kissed in return
216.13-15 return, like some fruit in his mouth, full of juice, and then withdrawn from, as if it was commonplace, as if it was enough.] 127.16 return.
216.17 now they had been] 127.18 now that they had been
216.22-23 slowly, pushing the coat back from his head, saying sullenly, 'we better be off then...'] 127.23 slowly and
216.23 struggling to his feet,] 127.23 and struggled to his feet
216.24 the brambled hedge,] 127.24 the hedge
216.24-26 hedge, his illness receding in the face of what he took to be a rejection of himself.] 127.24 hedge as he rose.
216.26 himself.] 127.24 rose. Staggering, he set off down the road.
216.31 the chintz sofa] 127.30 the sofa
216.31-32 May, warmer now and lethargic.] 127.30 May.
216.35 Dotty not back yet] 127.33 Dotty wasn't back yet
216.36 midnight, though she had probably gone] 127.34 midnight. Perhaps they had gone
217.3 Joseph was not worried] 127.36 Joseph wasn't worried
217.3 she had not returned] 128.1 she hadn't returned
217.19 he said,) 128.16 he said to George.
217.19 'mislaid something,) 128.16 'I've mislaid something.
217.27 housing projects in Birkenhead ) 128.24 housing projects.
217.29 He said some] 128.25 He said that some
217.31 He said housing conditions] 128.27 He said that housing conditions
217.31 conditions directly related] 128.27 conditions were directly related
217.36 before he had gone to bed,) 128.32 before the boy had been put to bed.
218.1 combed his hair with care,) 128.33 combed his hair,
218.2 The child looked] 128.34 Roland had looked
218.2 looked) 128.34 had looked
218.8 his arms slackly] 129.3 his arms slack
218.8 at his sides and his mouth) 129.3 at his sides, his mouth
218.9 mouth fallen open] 129.3 mouth open
218.9 beneath the auburn moustache.) 129.4 beneath his auburn moustache.
218.14-17 comfortably into the settee, kicking a log to the floor with one bare foot, lying on her
back with her arms beneath her head and her bust raised high.) 129.9 comfortably.
218.18 asked--'what] 129.10-11 asked. 'You've lost it? What
218.20 He wasn't all] 129.12 Joseph wasn't all
218.36; 219.1-30 Such a sweet confusion. She dwelt nostalgically on the last of them, met on a
tube between Belsize Park and Camden Town, three weeks after her marriage to Lionel, asking
her for a coffee at his place, two o'clock in the afternoon, sat in an untidy bed-sitter with a
cracked cup in her hand. She could hardly talk to him, she felt she had been released from a
cage and was dizzy with the space outside; her hands trembled on the edge of her saucer and he
put his cigarette down into the brown quarter of her unfinished drink, covering her hand with
his, blotting out the new and golden wedding ring, the drenched cigarette making no
extinguishing hiss, filling out bloated with coffee, bleeding tobacco into the liquid. They were
so nice to see on her carpet, her all white and rounded, he so brown, a lovely tanned leg and
an arm covered with hair. It was marvellous because he didn't expect anything from her,
only that one thing, it did not matter about her face or her hair or her mind, she could just be
the other half of the whole they made. He said something about her being a girl of the moment,
just for now, and she had thought he meant she was up to the minute, a swinging wonder, but
later she thought maybe he meant she was just an easy lay. Which was sad really and all
wrong because she felt so passionate, her heart let loose, almost tears in her eyes, beautiful
brown man, looking up at him with the beginning of love, for that's what it was, love, that
awful confusion and weakness. Burying her head at the end in the warmth of his shoulder and
him asking her what on earth that noise was she had made and her giggling and saying it was
the Liverpool Sound. She had never seen him again.

220.3 The barn—-that's] 129.36 The barn, thought Lionel, that's
220.3 that tussle with his sweetheart] 130.1 He remembered the tussle with his sweetheart
220.5 now. He had to be sure.] 130.2 now.
220.15 barn,'] 130.12 barn,' said Joseph.
220.21 on the little settee] 130.18 on the little sofa
220.21 May flounced upright] 130.18 May bounced
220.22 her irritated hands] 130.18 her hands
220.24 at the slumped Kidney,] 130.21 at Kidney.
220.24-26  Kidney, in an armchair by the stove, his cheeks flushed, his hands clasped on his
large thighs.] 130.21 Kidney.

220.28 'Kidney, did you hear?' 130.23 'Kidney, do you hear?'

220.29-30 at once, round and shining, hair falling over his brows.] 130.24 at once.

220.32 He rose] 130.26 Kidney rose

220.32 the command, shoulders rounded,] 130.26 the command and

220.33 blundering] 130.26 and blundered

220.35 Joseph gave him] 130.28 Joseph handed him

220.36 standing over the boy] 130.29 standing over him

220.36 he wiped] 130.29 Kidney wiped

221.1 He took] 130.30 Kidney took

221.2 brushing each tooth] 130.31 brushing

221.2 attentively,] 130.31 assiduously,

221.2 gargling noisily] 310.31 gargling

221.3 spitting the water back through his lips.] 130.31 spitting.

221.3-6 He came up polished like an apple, with cheeks rosy and skin so clear that it took on a
greenish tinge in the light of the paraffin lamp.] 130 om.

221.6 Meekly he bowed his head and went out] 130.31-32 At last he went out

221.12 'Isn't he awful;' 131.1 'Isn't Lionel awful,'

221.12-13 bare toes in her hands,] 131.1 bare toes,

221.13-15 The blood ran through her head, and she said again 'Isn't he awful?] 131 om.

221.16 'What is your] 131.3 'What's your

221.21-22 said. His boots scraped on the wooden floor and] 131.7 said.

221.22 and she thought] 131.8 May thought
458

221.26 chatty, pulling a face in the darkness at the creepy George... ] 131.11 chatty.

221.31 'A what?' She tittered] 131.15 'A what?' she tittered.

221.31-32 tittered on the sofa, beginning to see the faint outline of window and door.] 131.15
tittered.

221.33 Jews] 131.16 Jews,' said George.

221.35 She supposed] 131.18 May supposed

222.2 him. 'Michling,' she repeated, taken by the name.] 131.21 him

222.3-9 Joseph said—'Like liebling, mein liebling... wel einst Lili Michling.'

He sounded terribly sad. May thought, not at all amusing, as if he were going to burst out
crying. Perhaps he was anxious about Dotty after all, jealous of her out there in the Welsh
roads with the stuttering Balfour, half cocked after his night of bedtime stories.] 131 om.

222.10 myself...] 131.22 'myself,' she said.

222.11 quite intellectual] 131.22 quite intelligent

222.11 talking like that] 131.22 talking like this

222.14 on the settle] 131.26 on the sofa

222.18 hers. An innocent bystander.] 131.29 hers.

222.21 He did not reply.] 131.32 He didn't reply.

222.23 'I've got his blasted penny] 131.34 'I've got Lionel's blasted penny

222.25-26 Joseph said, sounding as if he could make no real judgment.] 131.36 Joseph said.

222.27 Lionel entered bringing light,] 132.1 Lionel entered with the lamp.

222.27-30 light, showing George staring straight ahead at a point on the wall above the dying
stove, Joseph yawning above his piece of paper. 'Any luck?' he asked, almost sorry for the
man.] 132.1 lamp.

222.31 floor,] 132.2 floor,' he lied.
222.32 that. Lionel patted his chest to emphasise his recovery—"Sorry.
222.35-36 said Joseph, only a little curious as to who was speaking the truth, May or Michling
222.38 Gosling.] 132.5 said Joseph, humouring him.
222.40 square of notepaper.] 132.7 square of writing paper
222.42 shape, to settle her too ample breasts in their gingham blouse.] 132.8 shape.
222.44 Lionel was absent-mindedly fingerling his moustache, not really paying attention.] 132.10
222.46 Lionel wasn't really paying attention.
222.48 his precious keepsake.] 132.11 his precious token.
222.50 moved him, 132.22 moved him, thought May.
222.52 drag. Life eternal in the love of God.'] 132.28 drag:
222.54 defensively, 'I mean it is true.] 132.29 defensively.
222.56 He was quite] 132.30 Joseph was quite
222.58 a certain finger] 132.32 a finger
222.60 He might not know] 132.34 He mightn't know
222.62 by it.] 133.3 by it,' said Joseph.
222.64-21 'I'm always appreciated,' Joseph said wearily, rubbing his eyes. He would have liked
to convince Lionel, though the man was an obvious fool. 'I've loved and caused suffering
because I loved, and I've caused suffering because I didn't love. It all passes off,' again he made
that movement of his hand, 'we're all right when we belong to ourselves, but it's no bloody good
at all when we belong to someone else and forget who the hell we are.'] 133 om.
222.72 Lionel endeavored] 133.16 He endeavored
222.74 expression. Serious, deep.] 133.16 expression.
222.76 smile, his small eyes glittered;] 133.17 smile.
222.79; 225.1-2 'So many lives are spent in silence,' George said, possibly speaking for
himself.

'Don't you believe in love then, Joseph?' May merely wanted to know why he did not find her attractive. She knew he didn’t. He looked at her as if there were too much of her.

'Darling, you know how I feel.' He gazed at her ironically out of his guarded eyes. 'I think love's just wonderful. It happens so frequently. It's such a convenient way of keeping out the draught. A lovely way of stuffing the crevices of the heart. I'm all for it.' He thrust his chin forward aggressively, smiling at her without warmth.) 133 om.

225.6–7 'Tolstoy said'--George paid no attention to the little woman, speaking directly at Joseph--'that] 133.23 'Tolstoy,' observed George, paying no attention to her, 'said that

225.8 thrust his palms] 133.24 thrust the palms

225.9 at Joseph, with inquiry, as] 133.24 at Joseph inquiringly, as

225.12 It is impossible] 133.27 it's impossible

225.12 it is a] 133.27 it's a

225.13–14 Silence. Lionel clearing his throat, feeling his breast with nostalgic and deprived fingers.] 133 om.

225.19 Nevertheless, Lionel laughed,] 133.32 Lionel laughed nevertheless

225.20 show his sense] 133.33 show that his sense

225.24 feel unbearably tense,] 134.1 feel irritable.

225.24 tense, as if they] 134.1 irritable. It was as if they

225.31–32 shopping, comment on the delay.] 134.8 shopping, explain the delay.

225.33 'I am anxious] 134.9 'I'm anxious

225.34–36 ill,' lifting his head, serene, gazing at Joseph, arranging his long fingers neatly on each knee, nails slightly curled under, the thumbs tucked from sight.] 134.10 ill.'

226.1 worry, Dotty] 134.11 worry;' said Joseph. 'Dotty
'Did he say he wasn't feeling well, then?' asked May, alerted, intrigued by sickness and disease. [134 om.

said Joseph irritated.] 134.15 said Joseph.

George altered the angle of his head, closed the lids of his narrow eyes—'There] 134.17

'There

currents...changes] 134.17 currents,' George said. 'Changes

Joseph said, 'Oh, eye; giving up,] 134.20 'Oh eye,' said Joseph, giving up.

up, yawning vastly, mouth wide, wide, his eyes watering.] 134.20 up.

a half-used candle] 13 26 a candle

field, edge of sky following the swell of the hills, even] 135.1 field—-even

side, a bit like Napoleon, a fattish girlish profile, too little chin. 'I thought there were always stars in the country,' she said, 'I haven't seen any all the time I've been here.'

'Too h-high up,' he told her, though whether the countryside or the stars she could not tell.] 135.2 side.

the road dipping] 135.10 the road dipped

Balfour shouted—'I th-thought your J-Joseph might overwhelm me.'

'You what?' going over the bridge at a fast trot, shopping doing a jig in her arms.

'You said he t-took charge of people like, sort of swept them up.'

'Did I say that? Oh well, he's at a low ebb at the moment. He's re-charging himself, getting ready for winter.'] 135 om.

They were climbing] 135.13 Then they were climbing

road and then the farm, the] 135.14 road before they came to the

She was quite cross] 135.21 Dotty was quite cross
He walked Balfour walked

chin, licking at his dry lips with his swollen tongue. chin.

just about make it just make it

the squat Jaguar the Jaguar

Buddha, sat holding

listening with face serious to listening to

to the voice on to a voice on

signs, attempting to signs and attempted to

window he spilt wax on to the toecaps of his shoes-- window.

--they had gone past, slipping over They climbed over

hut, swallowed up hut and were swallowed up

field, thistles strewn like flowers under their feet, Dotty field Dotty

cabin sat Lionel sat listening

listening with some concentration to listening to

sound. Like himself and his sweetheart, his Mother of Heroes, Beggetter of Sons.

The best of Lionel out there under the hidden stars, doing harm to no one.

backcloth a backcloth

In a drawer or the pocket of an unused handbag. Scent of powder clinging to the

celluloid square.

Behind with folded arms, stern, Victorian, Balfour, Kidney, George. Behind, in a row, with arms folded, stood Balfour, Kidney and George.

thought he asked thought Joseph asked

his head propped upright on his head propped on
hand. The result was lyrical, romantic.] 137.19 hand.

included, the little timber cabin] 137.20 included, stood the little timber cabin

jovial Mr. Gosling,) 137.23 jovial Lionel,

raised, eyes] 137.24 raised and his eyes

eyes half closed, undoubtedly out of focus, following] 137.24 eyes following

a bird, the shifting of a leaf.] 137.24 a bird.

by forgotten friends] 138.2 by friends

seen, on winter weekends, summer Bank Holidays, property of other people who would

in the end never recall who he was, not even show curiosity.] 138.3 seen.

barn, removing] 138.5 barn the previous night, and

removing his shoes and wrapping him] 138.5-6 had removed his shoes and wrapped him

he had showed] 138.7 he had shown

a kind of tenderness] 138.7 a degree of tenderness

morning. This precise feeling remained with him so that] 138.8 morning.

Balfour, should he cry] 138.11 Balfour if he cried out.

Lionel and his sweetheart] 138.13 Lionel and May

May complained] 138.14 May had complained

of having lain awake] 138.15 of lying awake

night, though her eyes glowed and her hair appeared to have regained its bounce. She

was all shiny mouth and hectic flushes and the tips of her minute ears burned pinkly.] 138.15

night.

Joseph took several photographs in several positions. Behind the chairs, standing

chummily linking arms, Dotty close to Balfour, seated on the grass close-legged. Two of the

latter.] 138 om.
When it was finished they they felt as they had done at the beginning of the game of Monopoly, linked this time by photographic optimism, each stating they never looked]

When Joseph had finished taking photographs they all said that they never looked each secretly hoping this time] Each of them secretly hoped that this time be the exception.] be an exception.

a funny feeling] an odd feeling

each cramped together] all cramped

hours. He spoke quietly.] hours.
do that, nervously pulling at the grass with his fingers.] do that.

He could hear Lionel talking to Roland. Very knowledgeable.

...The modern architect is a constructor as well as a designer. He cannot expect though to combine all the engineer's functions...’ Here Lionel laughed as if the idea were nonsense...

‘industrial revolution...too complex...’

Balfour constructed in his head a skyscraper made of a pack of cards--floor upon floor.

...‘steel work...reinforced concrete...ventilation...sub-soil mechanics...acoustic experts...sanitation...’

The cards fell apart and Balfour contemplated the Palace of Versailles, seen once on a photograph, only one loo, the urine drying in the draughty corridors.

hut--and walked] hut. He walked

apart, blinked his eyes.] apart.
sound very like] sound like

of him, like an idiot child drenched with cold water.] of him.
him pummeling him] him, apparently pummelling him

May in the doorway] May ran to the doorway
232.5 voice, for it was he, not] 139.8 voice. It was she, not
232.5 it was he,] 139.8 It was she,
232.5 Balfour that screamed] 139.8 Balfour, who screamed.
232.6 screamed, shrank backwards,) 139.9 screamed. She shrank backwards,
232.6 hole of her mouth] 139.9 hole in her mouth
232.11 feeling the skin] 139.11 He felt the skin
232.12 contracting; a thousand] 139.12 contracting, as a thousand
23.12 Insects burrowing] 139.12 Insects burrowed
232.13 hair, not yet conscious of the wasp stings.] 139.13 hair.
232.15 hair with care, seeing] 139.15 hair, seeing
232.17 the wounds with] 139.17 the wasp stings with
232.17-28 swabbing each puncture mark meticulously, squeezing the cotton wool between his fingers so that the antiseptic ran in streams across the skin. As he worked he recalled the sentence uttered by the sick Balfour when he had put him to bed in the barn... 'The hammer is being lifted for the blow'-- Balfour had said, speaking slowly and distinctly, listless, not a trace of a stutter, wrapped in a cocoon of army blankets, eyes wide and dry in the light of the paraffin lamp. What blow, thought George, what hammer? Troubled, he again tucked blankets about Balfour and went indoors to put away the TCP.] 139 om.
232.31 with fear and pity.] 139.23 with pity and fear.
232.32-33 barn; the child watched his father's face as if he lip-read, not heard.] 139.25 barn.
232.35 under the settee] 139.27 under the sofa
232.36; 23.1-2 'What on earth did you hit him like that for?' asked May, lifting her smudged eyebrows, pressing her hands to her heart.] 139 om.
233.2 She was] 139.27 May was
bushes; all the warmth had gone out of the day. Lionel would have wished to have spared her the scene, to have turned away her face in time. Her little face was the colour of chalk.

'Necessary... necessary,' he murmured, though indeed it had not been.

to halt his blundering person he

to halt, he

bark, sliding)

bark, he slid

sliding in a heap to the

slid to the

ground. Like a large and grave beast, too monolithic to distinguish shapes.

ground

he sprawled there,

and sprawled there,

his wide eyes

his eyes

eyes blinking)

eyes fluttering

his heart.

his heartbeat.

He did not know

He didn't know

to Balfour, beyond

to Balfour except

and Lionel had

and that Lionel had

Joseph had not protested

Joseph hadn't protested

into his sparkling eyes.

into Kidney's sparkling eyes.

dashed them away)

dashed it away

head, talking out loud)

head, shouting

with pouting lips)

with lips

silent, fingerling the cloth of his shirt with sightless abstraction.

silent.

There was his mother and his father and their house in the suburbs and the cat he had almost forgotten about. There was the garden and the lawn mower and the tomatoes in the greenhouse, his toothbrush in the bathroom and his dressing gown, hung over his bed,
with the tassel trailing on the floor. There was the television and the magazines his mother let him cut pictures from with her scissors. There was Joseph, there was his room, the gramophone, the chessboard, the sound of music, the other cat, the hot baths with the perfumed bar of soap. There were women coming out of the bedroom in the morning who spoke to him. There were people who asked his name. There were some. He had been let live with Joseph because he was to be helped. Of late Joseph did not help him. Much. If only Lionel had hit him, then now, surely, he would be lying with his head on a pillow. Would no one hit him? Joseph had not run to protect Balfour. He would talk a long time to Lionel now and try perhaps to play chess with him. He would see Lionel. Kidney frowned; the blue sky above lowered for him, he followed for a moment the drift of a soft white cloud. Focusing upon the interfering sounds behind him, he turned his head, stiff necked, eyes strained, connecting over his shoulder with the intruding Roland.]

234.20 he half turned and]
234.25-26 head and let the yellow curls roll into his eyes.]
234.28 he said peevishly, 'this]
234.31 there;] Jerking] there,' he said, jerking
235.1 again, but Kidney] again. Kidney
235.6 the glass bottle of pills,
235.6 finding them, putting them inside]
235.8 No one stopped him.]
235.14 He said he] George said he
235.14 pour hot water] pour boiling water
235.15 'It's a bit]
235.18 but he wasn't going to with Balfour lying outside.]
the barn and the hut

eye on the sleeping victim.

Lionel had been in his car

He studied it

to object or hold

differing views.

his face, both

sun. Under his raised armpits reddish strands of hair grew; there was a sweet smell of ginger warmth coming from him.

on any one

knees and when she lay flat flies tormented her. She was a not unbecoming shade of orange with yellow undertones, streaked at the thighs and about the neck. The particular brand of instant tan she used had been applied the night before coming to the woods.

The light had been bad and she had been in a hurry.

She sat upright and looked

Dotty, now in a

dress

blue with a motif of a swimmer diving headlong towards her navel. She was long, painfully thin and with a skin like white of egg, blue veined and shining.

girl, sure that his temple mind was working overtime.

arm and licked at her melting lipstick.

sweetheart?’ he said.

him, rising to her feet, walking.

Not even bothering to look at her face in the mirror she left. She left

hut, passing Balfour.
236.25-26 As if drawn by invisible forces she went] 141.35 She went

236.26 the few paces] 141.35 a few paces

236.26 to the bracken] 141.36 into the bracken

236.27 and half turning] 141.36 and turning

236.28 her arm fractionally, apparently] 142.1 her arm, apparently

236.30 Straightening upright,) 142.3 Straightening up,

236.3 laughing slightly,] 142.6 laughing nervously,

236.35-36 Joseph, sitting upright, his book in the grass, 'come] 142.8 Joseph. 'Come

237.1-2 Roland went with May to join the group and allowed himself to be laid on the ground with

his head in her lap.) 142 om

237.9 at her, his ginger eyebrows limp with perspiration,) 142.16 at her.

237.12-36; 238.1-36; 239.1-36; 240.1-20 'Rhodesia,' she said, feigning not to understand,

lashing her lashes furiously, pouting out her lips, 'what's that, a disease?'

'Come now,' he admonished, thinking she had gone too far, fearful that the others would have

a low opinion of her.

'It's a kind of hen,' drawled Joseph, his arm covering his face. He was hot and dark and

white specks leapt behind his eyes.

'A kind of rose,' suggested Dotty, pushing at Roland's ribs with the pad of her bony toe.

'A sweet forgetfulness,' cried Joseph, opening his eyes and seeing the sky all grey and

swimming. He gave Dotty a special smile, out of habit, out of the past, occasioned by the

temperate day and the ludicrous Lionel. She did not receive it, lying flat as she was, looking up

at the sky. She found herself continually dwelling on the memory of the evening before, under

the hedge with Balfour and his Italian bug. Had she really thanked him enough for the coat?

She wasn't going to put it in her farewell letter after all. Joseph would not feel jealousy, it
was not important to him, he had told her as much last night when they returned.

'I was only,' he had said, 'only interested in the safe arrival of the food.' He had gone straight to bed and turned his face to the wall.

Balfour had smelt nice, she thought, wrinkling her nose, trying to put a name to the particular essence, but it eluded her. He was so eager, so unspoilt, nothing sure about him. He had trembled so violently when he had kissed her and it was not entirely due to his fever. Perhaps someone should have called a doctor for him. After a bout of sickness like that to be stung all over! Somehow no one seemed to want to take any responsibility with George about, he appeared so efficient. But would he really know when a doctor should be called and when there was no need. He was so strange. She rolled on to her stomach and laid her chin on her arms, looking at Balfour's boots sticking out from the shadows of the hut. There was no sign of George. If she finished her letter to Joseph tonight she could leave first thing in the morning and catch a train to Euston, collect her things from the flat and go and stay with--with who? There wasn't really anyone after all. Not anyone with a whole room she could put her books in and feel free to come and go, without the nagging feeling that she was sponging, under an obligation. Balfour's boots, fifty yards away, were sticking right up above her head, right over her, touching the sky. Fallen in battle, she thought. She wondered what it would have been like had she not suggested they move last night, if she had just sat there in the dark with his head raised up from her lap, and just gone on kissing. It could have been quite nice, it was just it was so uncomfortable sitting up like that on the damp ground. Position was very important and being clean, the ears washed out, the armpits rinsed. It wasn't as simple as just lying flat and letting everything happen. The American doctor had been just like her, really, that's what made it so safe. Lying at night on his stomach, as she did, arms at his sides, head turned to her on the dark blue pillow, as if he swam in sleep, brown like some kind of wood,
the white sheet turned right down, a wave breaking over their heels, neat, upward to the papered ceiling. All those little talks at first—'Do you like being kissed... you know, down there?'...

'No, not really... at least I don't feel clean enough for you.'

'I'm not clean either.'

'Oh you are, you are, you're lovely clean, really you are.'

'Sure you're clean... like washed fruit you're clean.'

When they woke in the mornings the birds made such a noise outside, pert, splintering birdsong, occasional muted car, the rattle of the milk float along the kerb of the wide street. Making tea, not much talk, no promises, no noble thoughts, no dreams, no quotations from the poets, matter of fact—Tea's good—must be seven—Have I a shirt that's clean?—do you want a smoke?—Kent cigarettes, blue-white between the brown finger and thumb, hair across the knuckles, the Jewish eyes faintly yellow in the whitening day.

Not like Joseph, hunched up away from her as if she was contaminated by some disease, his eyes screwed so tight there were lines there on his face all day, so tight as if he kept in dreams by force. Not like Joseph with his inconsistency, his love making that went from one extreme to the other, one moment as if he would swing at you from the chandelier, had there been one, and the next saying you were revolting. He was so egotistical, so sure he was the first and only one to arouse love. Not knowing it had all happened before, the tremulous smiles, the exploration, the real certainty that love had been found. He just mouthed words and depending on the response given, imagined he had opened the gates of Paradise. He was so sure it was him, so sure only he could be so bountiful. He did make it more articulate perhaps, but that proved nothing in the end. He defeated his own purpose eventually. He'd forgotten how to love, it was all in his head. You couldn't be that sincere, that often. He wanted
someone to submit to him and when they did he got bored and imagined love was somewhere else, and if he did find it lodged somewhere else he thought it was too difficult and so on and so on, amen. His idea of love was all messed up, doing more and more things for kicks, forgetting about the lovely sweet pushing in and out, like through thick water, through jelly, so close together, so innocent, no deviations, no contortions—in, out, in, love, out, in, you.

'You should put oil on your shoulders,' said Joseph, and she flicked her foot up and down and hated him. He knew nothing, all his simulated passion and weird positioning, the sadism he indulged in, the clowing adoration that lasted for hours, not days or months. He was a kind of drug, exhilarating at first, an extra perception, then habit-forming, only a drug, something induced artificially, a stimulant that made one degenerate physically and mentally. When she had removed herself and broken the habit, she would laugh aloud with relief. Confident, she rolled on to her back and wondered if she should go home to her mother.

240.21-22 observed, holding his foot in his hands, looking) 240.19 observed, looking
240.22 looking at it] 142.19 looking at his foot
240.25 underpants, a pale beige boy, shoulder] 142.21 underpants, shoulder
240.30 protested, straightening his long legs and pulling at the flesh of his calves.] 142.26 protested.
241.1 the discomfited little boy] 142.32 the discomfited little boy
241.5 emerging with face red and eyes shiny.] 142.36 emerging with hair tousled.
241.6 shouted, out of his strong throat, putting] 143.11 shouted, putting
241.9 he replied thickly,] 143.3 Roland replied thickly,
241.11 loll forwards pathetically] 143.5 loll pathetically
241.12 grass looking away into the trees,) 143.5 grass towards the trees.
241.12-13 trees, as if he were absorbed by something, something private.) 143.6 trees.
241.14-15 passed, tripping him, rolling with him down the slope.] 143.7 passed. He wouldn't let go.

241.16 he cried in] 143.7 he shouted.

241.16-17 he cried in Roland's ear, holding him in his arms--'didums] 143.8-9 he shouted.

'Didums

241.18 the little boy's cheeks,] 143.10 the boy's cheeks.

241.19 was angry] 143.10 was both angry

241.20 fists, hard as] 143.12 fists, as hard as

241.20-23 how, rolling over the ground with his father's face up there above him, beneath the

whirling trees, split with laughter, streaked with oil. He loved him dreadfully.] 143.12 how.

241.25 joint carried by Balfour] 143.13-14 joint that Balfour had carried

241.27 with perspiring faces] 143.16 with sweaty faces

241.28 May wanted] 143.18 Afterwards May wanted

241.29-32 He had the intention of combing every step of ground he had trodden the previous day,
in an effort to recover his Co-op penny.] 143.19-21 Determined to recover his Co-op penny, he had the intention of combing every step of ground he had trodden the previous day.

241.33-36; 242.1 shirt, as if he checked the beat of his heart. When lunch was finished Joseph

started on the washing of the dishes immediately, wanting things neat, not wishing to waste a

moment of the sunshine. Lionel told the little woman to sit quiet on the settee.] 143.22 shirt.

242.2 she would have] 143.23 May would have

242.4 Joseph expertly washed,] 143.25 Joseph had expertly washed.

242.4 washed, putting them in the little wooden rack,] 143.25 washed.

242.5 rack, taking care to] 143.25 washed. He took care to

242.6 least her expression] 143.26 lest her expression
She filed her nails and watched Dotty putting a fold of paper into an envelope.

'Are you going to give it him now?'

'Ssssh.' Dotty sealed the envelope and put it in the pocket of her jacket, buttoning the flap carefully. She was still in her bathing costume and without shoes. Her nose had become delicately flushed with the morning's sunbathing; her legs were long, hairless and the colour of chalk. She was holding Joseph's notepad in her hands and reading what he had written. She raised her eyebrows and winked at May, half turning her body from the men at the sink, passing the pad to her, putting a nicotine-finger to cautionary lips. 'Ssssh,' she warned again.

May flipped through the notes without much interest. It was only Lionel's personal correspondence that aroused her curiosity, the contents of his briefcase, the inner pocket of his jacket. Joseph's dream was beyond her. She found however a list written evidently by Roland, that touched her, sitting on the flowered settee, with the sun spilling through the open doorway.

My baby.

A round face.

Blue eyes.

five fat fingers.

A wet nappy.

Fat legs.

fair iberies,

yellow hair.

Blue nightgown.
beatful lips.
swacked nose
oval eyes
tumey bottom.

What a funny thing for a child to write. She laid the pad down on the floor and thought she might possibly fall asleep.] 143 om.

243.17-19 She did not know why she was so friendly to him. After all she did not know him and he was looking at her out of his yellow eyes as if she were an embarrassment.] 143 om.

243.20 He removed] 144.1 Willie removed
243.20-21 bashful, flat lips continually moistened by his tongue.] 144.1 bashful
243.23-25 to May, who watched her animated face with curiosity and amusement.] 144.3 to May.

243.26 'Is he?' she said.] 144.4 'Is he?' May said,
243.35 she could not qualify] 144.12 she couldn't qualify
243.36 May, regarding the] 144.13 May looked at the
243.36; 244.1 man, knew instantly who he was.] 144.13 man.

244.2 and was early acquainted] 144.14-15 and had been early acquainted
244.2 by both him and Dotty.] 144.17 by him and by Dotty.

244.5-7 There was some disjointed conversation between Joseph and Lionel and Willie. 'Of course, you were ill, on a litter as it were'--from Lionel, holding a tea towel in his hand.] 144 om.

244.8-10 is.' A jerking of his wrinkled neck, a stamping of regretful boots on the wooden floor.] 144.18 is,' said Willie.

244.11 'Quite recovered have you then?'] 144.19 'It was horrible,' cried Dotty.
Joseph, bending to his son, with the mop in his hand, but watching only the faded face of the countryman.] 144.22 Joseph.

then?' 144.25 then?' demanded Roland.

the boy.'] 144.26 the boy,' said Willie.

'Can I go?'

'Yes, yes, boy... take care...,' Afraid he might yet be stopped] 144.27-28 'You're right,'

agreed Joseph. 'It doesn't bear thinking about.'

the little boy ran out] 144.29 Roland ran out

the warm bales of] 145.2 the warm wood of

than the edge of the dense hedge.] 145.6 than the hedge.

a small horse.] 145.6 a cart horse.

The man was fat with a leather apron tied about his middle, hanging down past his knees. The horse was fat also, the colour of sand, it turned its sand coloured head when Roland moved into the open doorway and there was a vein running down the side of its nose and one eye, white and rolling. It jerked its neck nervously, dilating its rubbery nostrils. Roland could see the skin moist there, the shade of the stains on his fingers. The animal shifted on its three feet, not far, one leg bent and held securely by the elderly blacksmith, one sandy leg bent daintily, gripped in the crook of the man's arm, whilst he filed at the cuticle of the hoof[,] 145 om.

the horse puffing and blowing out air from its nostrils, the man puffing to, as if he'd run far, his] 145.10 The horse puffed and the man puffed too, his

Kidney held aloof, standing outside on the road, looking in the direction of the painted horse hanging on its board across the way, white as snow, pretty clouds piled about its head.]
A fire glowed in. Fussily, he bent. Furiously, he bent.
The little hoof. The hoof couldn't watch.
The horse's foot. He couldn't.
Church, square-towered. Church, square-towered.
Warmth, stillness as if everyone slept, though there were cows munching in the fields.
liked to have bought. Liked to buy.
He wanted to say—"We are going up the mountain, my father and I are staying with the giant—may I have some Tizer on account... on account of the heat?" But he could not say it any more than he could stay to see the small horse fitted with its fiery shoes. He was forced to thirst.

At last there were no houses, no cottages any more. No more houses or cottages.
Stopped too, the trees died off, one last mountain ash, stunted, berries blood red against the blue sky; they stopped too. They

When the gate swung behind him he felt he was shutting out the sunshine and the daylight. It was so lonely on the other side, a bleak plateau—

head, pointing its tip. Its tip pointed
He was quite Roland was quite

the very end and edge of the world, so high up against the sky that it curved away from him like the perimeter of a ball, blue and smooth, down into the edge of the blackening heather. This was the end of the world that the farmer said they were trying to reclaim, with God’s help, but he knew in his heart that it was impossible, the task; there were no trees, no houses, no God, everything desolate, low stone walls dividing up distances, but disintegrating, crumbling into fragments, no longer dividing, spilling across the hills. No grass, only heather, some gorse too, yellow and hugging the earth like broken lupin heads, brown rock showing and sheep standing amid the heather.

The sheep went in packs The sheep trotted in packs

his arms sheep flowed like a single fluid animal through gaps in a wall. They his arms they

camels, humped as they ran together over the stone debris, black camel, black

with ears laid flat with ears laid back.

back, shoulders flat, back, shoulders braced,

and did not reply. and didn’t reply.

‘There is none.’ ‘There’s none.’

shoulder, small and bulky upon the buoyant heather. He shoulder. He

He halted and waited He waited

sleek and fair eyebrows sleek eyebrows.

a thin path a path,

men who had grown wheat a hundred years ago men who had lived here hundreds of years ago
it could be sheep] 147.1 it would be sheep

'Nothing worse,' Joseph had said, once, a long time ago, 'than walking so close to someone that you scrape their heels. It's terribly irritating.'

to me.'] 147.8 to me,' said Kidney.

backwards to him] 147.10 backwards.

read your writing?] 148.13 read it.'

read it.'] 147.15 'What did he write?'

Without looking--'To my] 147.16 'To my possible?'] 147.18 possible?' asked Roland.

Kidney didn't answer.

braille, rubbing the inky incantation, eyes veiled--'It] 147.22 braille. 'It means he's] 147.22-23 means;' he said, 'that he's

It was not so far, the journey, as Roland had imagined.] 147.30

Roland looked back

sky. Below him

the tall sky,] 147.29-30 sky. Below him

the sky.

of firs, ruptured] 147.30 of firs lay ruptured

shadow, dense as a hedge of privet.] 147.31 shadow.

They were like ants on the hilly surface of the earth, crawling over the undulating rock,

black under a cerulean sky.] 147 om.

see it was] 148.1 see that it was

stone jutting] 148.2 stone jutted
249.13-14 half way, and pieces of stone jutting forth like] 148.2-3 half way. Pieces of stone

jutted like

249.16 It was not] 148.4 It wasn't

249.16-17 climb, not sheer rock face as he had supposed, hardly] 148.4 climb, hardly

249.17 now they were] 148.4-5 now that they were

249.18 the path winding] 148.5 The path wound

249.18-19 upwards, avoiding all arduous surfaces, leading] 148.5 upwards, leading

249.19 leading them gently] 148.5 leading gently

249.19-21 top. As they climbed, the mountain settled and lost its cone shape, spreading out

beneath and around them; there were] 148.6 top. There were

249.22 the summit, and no clouds swirling about the tower.] 148.6 the summit

249.23 Roland reaching the top, turning] 148.7 Roland, turning

249.29-30 'What see's that?' he said puzzled, come from the South and now knowing where he

was.] 148 pm.

249.31 'It's the Estuary of the Dee] 148.13 'There's the Estuary of the Dee,'

249.31 Dee and that bit's the Mersey'] 148.13 Dee,'  

249.31-32 Mersey,' Roland told him.] 148.13 Dee,' shouted Roland.

249.34-36; 250.1-17 'What's the dark bit?' Kidney asked, pointing a finger at the grey shelf of

land curving down to the sea.

'That's the Wirral too, only the sun's not shining on it... why isn't the sun shining all

over?' Roland studied the patchwork effect of light and shade before them. The reservoir was

in shadow, a slab of black treacle beside the foreshortened firs; the distant hills of Cheshire

bloomed golden, honey coloured, he was sure he could see a church spire two counties away. It

might even be the cathedral at the end of his street, with his mother hanging up washing on the
other side, taking advantage of the good weather in the grimy square of yard. She would be
looking up at the balcony of the house next door, with a cigarette in her mouth, she would
screw up her eyes against the rise of the smoke, calling out to the baby in its playpen, not
knowing her little boy was standing as high as the cathedral, looking across the world in her
direction.

‘Let’s see the tower,’ he said, homesick for his mother and his friend the baby staring out
solemnly between the painted bars.] 148 om.

250.18 down in, to stretch out if he wanted.] 148.15 down in.

250.20 anyway, ‘he said.] 148.17 anyway, ‘said Roland.

250.25–28 ‘Who wants to see it?’

‘People built towers in the old days for other people to see. Like Shakespeare.’

Roland knew about Shakespeare from his grandmother.] 148 om.

250.29–30 She had taken him to see a film about a King with a funny back who had a man drowned
in a malmsey butt.] 148.22–24 Roland remembered a film he had been to with his
grandmother. It had been about a king with a humped back who had drowned his friend in a
malmsey butt.

250.32 things, it wasn’t like this.] 148.25–26 things. My dad wouldn’t think much of this.’

250.34 had a tower,’ Kidney said,] 148.28 had a beard, said Kidney.

250.34 Kidney said,] 148.28 said Kidney.

250.34–36, 251.1–3 ‘he took childe Roland to a tower.’

‘Had he got a child called Roland?’

‘Childe Roland to the dark tower came...’

‘Is that a poem?’

‘It’s in King Lear.’] 148 om.
Kidney was scraping with his nail at a piece of yellow stone, soft as sugar, fallen from
the high wall.

'What's that?' the child wanted to know, coming close, 'what are you doing?' [148 om.

Shakespeare' ] 148.30 'Shakespeare,' said Kidney.

'I know him.'

'There was a tower--'

'Tell me about the tower,' pleaded Roland, interested, for he had not forgotten the film his
grandmother had taken him to see.

'There was an old man, too old to be King--' [148 om.

old?' ] 148.31 old?' asked Roland.

children, three daughters. He played a game with them, he said he had nowhere to go
and wanted] 148.32 children he wanted

live with them...'] 148.32 live with.

them...'] 148.32-33 with. They didn't want him.'

'Why not?' asked Roland.

'What about his palace?'

'One, the good girl, said she loved her husband more than her Daddy and he got very angry
and went to his other daughters, the bad ones, who treated him very badly, which is what he
wanted.'

'What did they do to him?' [148 om.

a walk and went mad on the heath and had a temper tantrum and his beard] 148.35 a
walk and his beard

for him and collected him and took] 148.36 for him and took

'That's nice,' said Roland.] 149.1 'Is that all?' said Roland.
'It wasn't really what he wanted,' Kidney said, frowning.

Kidney said, frowning, taking the small bottle of pills out of his pocket. He watched Kidney take a bottle of pills out of his pocket.

'Yes,' said Kidney.

Kidney, frowning, taking the small bottle of pills out of his pocket.

'Thoia.' shouted Roland.

The child reached out He reached out away, running with it to the He ran to the He ran to the 'Where does the tower come in and the child called Roland?'

'Nowhere.'

Birds, he thought, would not make their nests up there, get blown away into the clouds.

Blown up, not down, the little naked birds.

Into the dim tower into the tower

Mountains too Mount the Olive Mount the Mount of Olives

He thought Kidney might know some good ones; it had been quite a good story about Lear and the little girls. He didn't think Kidney would know any. It had been a rotten story about Lear and his beard.

'Take thine only son up the mountain for a sacrifice . . . ' Abraham in the Bible took his only son up a mountain,' Kidney said.

'sacrifice . . .' Kidney said.

'Oh that one, that one ... I know that one.' 'Oh, I know that one.'

at the risen Kidney, at Kidney who had stood up
Kidney, turned away from him, gone to a corner of the enclosure; and turned away from him.

a lamb; he said, 'only'

only a lamb

in a dusty rivulet

run sluggishly, reluctantly.

'Joseph would never

me never.' 'My dad would never

me,' shouted Roland.

flickering about before

do you believe in fairies, say you do or Tinkerbell will die--it

danced there, never still; was there glass somewhere that caused the reflection to move in this way, never remaining static? Up, down, down, up, and a fly, a bluebottle, making a loud buzz of business, caught in the snickering beam of sun, spiralling up and zooming down, dizzy,

blind, trying to locate something on which to settle its solarised legs.

dissolute

He felt weightless, drowsy, dazed

The fly,

wings. The noise ceased.

his flies unbuttoned

to tuck away his penis

the light and Kidney bent his head back on the thick column of his swelling neck

Kidney raised his hands

He would
would not reply] wouldn't reply
reply. He spread his arms wide and looked up at the sky.] reply.
The youth lowered his arms and rocked his stout face back and forth like a bear in
captivity.] om.
'ought not] 'oughtn't
he would not give] he wouldn't give
It was pink, dried up, like
the pink odourless heather] the odourless heather
following the sulky Kidney] following Kidney
path, but the child] path. The child
did not know] didn't know
meant and was holding the] meant. He held the bottle
the cap of the bottle] the bottle cap
more, and a fourth] more. He took a fourth
gate, back into the evening world. Ten,] gate. Ten,
He took ten capsules] He swallowed ten capsules
she could not sleep,] she couldn't sleep.
sleep, and the iron pills she mostly forgot about but were for her blood.] sleep.
were different kinds of things,] were a different kind of pill,
things to] pills to
Joseph would have been sad for him.] Joseph would have yawned.
and plump May.] and May.
wouldn't like him] wouldn't want him
her, someone being sick]
her, being sick)
her, someone being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)
her, being sick)

256. 9  her mouth kept smiling.] 256. 26  She kept smiling.
256. 9-10  smiling, she joked with him.] 256. 26  smiling.
256. 16-18  saucers, knowing It was a dramatic statement and her mood not equal to it, the corners
of her mouth twitching--] 256. 32  saucers.
256. 21  she would not be) 256. 35  she wouldn’t be
256. 22  were not going] 256. 36  weren’t going
256. 23  feel upset, before] 253. 1  feel distressed, before
256. 24  feel upset about] 253. 2  feel distressed about.
256. 24-27  He had not thought he liked her so much. It was like buying a pair of crutches before
there was anything actually wrong with his legs. It was a premature crippling] 253. om
256. 31  thought, he considered.) 253. 6  thought,
257. 5-17  Balfour was compelled to ask--'Was he the first like?'

'Oh, no, not him.' She looked away from his face quickly. She neither wanted to sound
inexperienced or wanton. 'The first in a way,' she said, 'I mean in the way I've been sucked
under.' She bit her lip and fiddled with the sugar bowl. Usually she was only too willing to go
into detail, to explain, but now she could not. She felt happy.

Balfour sensed she was happy, he could touch it but not understand. He imagined it had
something to do with his timid approach of the previous night. He had give her confidence in
herself. He felt depressed that he had made it so easy for her.

'But we must meet again... honest we must meet again.'] 253. om.

257.19  right.') 253. 17  right,' said Balfour, without hope.

257.21-36; 258.1-8  He knew they would never meet again and then he thought they must. They
were easy people after all to get to know, once contact had been established. She was not the
superior unyielding girl he had supposed. They were all adaptable and eager to be liked and put upon. He dwelt on the possibility of putting upon Dotty. He could see it clearly now, he had been wrong in his assumptions. They just had a flair for sounding different, for apparently seeming sophisticated, but it wasn't real; Dotty letting herself be used, May all kittenish and superficial, Lionel straight-backed and military. None of it was real. He could not begin to guess what they were like deep inside themselves, they were so hell-bent on putting up a front and being put upon. That was it, they were scared of being what they presumed was ordinary in case nobody noticed them, let alone loved them. All Joseph was doing was being blood-minded and awkward to avoid having to wait to be found out--sort of jumping ahead so as to get it over with. George wasn't like them. Where was the difference? The others talked too much, gave themselves away all the time--old George kept himself intact, secret.

It wasn't knowing them in the end that was difficult, it was the keeping in touch.]

258.13 She had not really] 153.22 She hadn't really
258.17 'I do hope] 153.26 'I hope
258.20 Which left him silent, filled with astonishment.] 153 om.
258.22 to the risen Balfur.] 153.30-31 to Balfour.
258.22-23 said, and Balfour] 153.31 said. Balfour,
258.23-24 given, went and lay] 153.32 given, lay
258.24 down on] 153.32 down obediently on
258.28 attacks, bad that is.] 153.36 attacks.
258.29 wasps... bad that is.'] 154.1 wasps.'
258.30-36; 259.1-25 George was standing in the centre of the hut, undecided, looking about him, at the walls, the stove, the floor, anything but Balfour. There was a smear of paint on his forehead--'The other evening in the barn you said something about a hammer being raised for
a blow. What were you thinking about?

Balfour was confused; he neither remembered nor understood what was asked. He looked at
George's face and the brown eyes studying the chintz cover of the settee.

'I wondered, asked George, 'if it meant something... to anyone?'

'I don't remember saying anything, George. What did I say?'

'The words were--the hammer is being lifted for the blow.'

The precise George fingered a blown rose on the faded arm of the sofa. Balfour coughed and
felt the swellings on his neck, not painful, tender to the touch, full of some internal fluid,
firm like the heads of studs. He recalled Willie working on the door of the store shed before
the arrival of Joseph. He had watched him working free the rusted nails with the fork of the
great steel hammer belonging to Mr. MacFarley. If he had said anything, it was probably to do
with that. He did say funny things when he was undergoing an attack, when he was delirious.
He was about to mention Willie and the hammer, then he changed his mind. He preferred not
to enlighten George. Stubbornly he closed his eyes and let loose pictures of himself and Dotty
at another time, in another place, knowing each other.

Outside the blue faded from the sky; it turned a pale white; the grass, the bushes, shone like
metal.

259.26 indoors, his skin] 154.2 indoors, skin
259.26-27 glowing, stomping his feet on the wooden floor,] 154.2 glowing.
259.27 showing his] 154.2 He showed his
259.34 would not tell] 154.9 wouldn't tell
259.36; 260.1 glancing with distaste at the spreadeagled Lionel,] 154.11 glancing at Lionel
260.1 Lionel, scarlet in the face, still] 154.11 Lionel, who
260.1 still reading] 154.11-12 who was still reading
260.4-5 him, wriggling her buttocks in the cool grass.] 154.14 him.

260.7 go. You told him to take care:'] 154.16 go. Several times in fact.'

260.8 He studied] 154.17 Joseph studied

260.8-9 air, his beard quivering.] 154.17 air.

260.10 'Extraordinary... well,' 154.18 'Extraordinary,' he said. 'Well,

260.11 hours; she said] 154.19 hours; May said

260.11-12 cruelly, getting to her feet and brushing at her clothes with her fingers.] 154.19 cruelly.

260.22-23 said, crossing her legs patterned by stalks of grass.] 154.29 said.

260.24-25 He faced her,] 154.30-31 Joseph faced her,

260.27 He's not] 154.33 Kidney's not

260.30-31 odd.' Though she shifted on her chair he could not budge her.] 155.1 odd.'

260.31 She turned] 155.1 May turned

260.34-35 him. His eyes were hostile, like some animal under attack.] 155.4 him.

261.1 is not simple] 155.6 isn't simple

261.2 once he] 155.7 once that he

261.6 Dotty reluctantly.] 155.11 Dotty.

261.8 him with incredulity.] 155.13 him incredulously.

261.10 her pink nails] 155.15 her nails

261.11 could not bear} 155.15-16 couldn't bear

261.11 his superior ways] 155.16 his supercilious ways

261.17 thought it was absurd] 155.22 thought she was absurd.

261.17-18 absurd what she insinuated. It was terrible to be made to feel he was irresponsible.]
don't,' he told her curtly, 'know what you're talking about.' He didn't know what you're talking about,' he told her sharply.

curtly] sharply

would not look] wouldn't look

He was asleep with his mouth fallen open. He was snoring.

Balfour greatly daring,] Balfour.

them] him.

shaking his head] He shook his head

disgust and striding out over the fallen thistles.] disgust.

difficulties, like, only] difficulties, only

gmitted] abruptly,

so? curt, brisk, his tone of voice at odds with his manner of walking, the slight sway of his hips.] so?

--'Security?' suggested Joseph.

bloodstream, he would] bloodstream. But he would

'Quite so, dear boy,' said Joseph.

Balfour could not bear the 'dear boy'. He wished it was sincere, his eyes almost, not quite, filled with tears... 'I didn't mean... I wasn't s-suggesting...'

Joseph was no help, his mouth was clamped tight in the profusion of his beard.] om.

different, like... ] different...

quickly along] quickly away along

son, his face dark in the fading light.] son.

heather in his fingers.] heather.

his father shouted,] Joseph shouted.
263.9 shouted, swinging the] 157.1-2 shouted. He swung the
263.21 turned triumphantly] 157.12 turned and called triumphantly
263.24 and the proud father and the silent Kidney] 157.16 and the silent Kidney
263.28 now, pale and high, without] 157.19 now, without
263.30-31 ground, lurching over the stile with] 157.21 ground, with
263.31 following, swaggering] 157.21 following, lurching
263.32-34 tree with the swing hanging thin and frail as a length of string, grasping at a great
handful of leaves as he went by, the sky] 157.22 tree, the sky
263.35 he was not going] 157.23 he wasn't going
263.36 He was gratified] 157.25 Roland was gratified
264.3 throat still felt dry.] 157.28 throat remained dry.
264.10-13 interesting? Kidney said it was like a tower in Shakespeare. I don't know, there
weren't any beds.'
   'In Shakespeare,' said Joseph, not understanding.') 157.35 interesting?'
264.14 and his children] 157.36 and some children.'
264.14-15 children who were rotten to him.'] 157.36 children.'
264.20 Lear and his little girls and him going] 158.5 Lear going
264.21 story.') 158.6 story,' lied Roland.
264.25-26 away, hating the congealed fat on his plate. His body slumped in the chair.] 158.9
away.
264.29 'You mean the story of King Lear?'] 158 om.
264.30 wee- wee.] 158.11 wee- wee,' he said.
264.31 Roland yawned] 158.11-12 He yawned
264.32 Lionel had laughed.] 158.13 Lionel laughed
laughed. He observed Joseph's serious face in the dimming room and closed his lips tight together, pursing his mouth primly, clearing his throat in a dry and apologetic manner.

He laughed and wished instantly he hadn't.

and prudish

old, but even so.

He nudged at her leg. He touched her leg

Roland but was intimidated

She crumbled a piece of bread between her fingers and looked

In the lamplight the child had shrunk;

Roland's throat hurt.

soldier. It's

It's time

the little boy

boy, wiped

wiped at his

smooth and sleepy face

said, like and unlike Lionel,

toothpaste in irritation.

out,' he shouted.

weary boy

so indistinctly Lionel

'May?'

features as if on them he would find an explanation, but the

final. Nothing became clearer.

He did not doubt
Lionel listened, finished he went back, finished went back. Lionel listened, finished he went back, finished went back. Lionel nodded. Lionel nodded.


Cigarettes, Roland's... cigarettes -- and Roland's. Cigarettes, Roland's... cigarettes -- and Roland's. Cigarettes, Roland's... cigarettes -- and Roland's.

The tooth-brushing. The tooth-brushing. The tooth-brushing.

Could not help.Couldn't help.

You ought really to. 'You really ought to. 'You really ought to.

He tried. Joseph tried.

Patient, careful. Patient.

Nowadays. 'Nowadays,' said May. Nowadays. 'Nowadays,' said May. Nowadays. 'Nowadays,' said May.

Alone that one. 'Alone that one--' Alone that one. 'Alone that one--' Alone that one. 'Alone that one--'

For? 'For?' asked May. For? 'For?' asked May. For? 'For?' asked May.

She was triumphant. 'You see,' she cried, 'you don't know what I'm getting at. She was triumphant. 'You see,' she cried, 'you don't know what I'm getting at. She was triumphant. 'You see,' she cried, 'you don't know what I'm getting at.

Kidney may be adolescent but Roland isn't, he's just a baby, he shouldn't be exposed to people like Kidney. You've only got to look at schoolboys--' Kidney may be adolescent but Roland isn't, he's just a baby, he shouldn't be exposed to people like Kidney. You've only got to look at schoolboys--' Kidney may be adolescent but Roland isn't, he's just a baby, he shouldn't be exposed to people like Kidney. You've only got to look at schoolboys--'

'Schoolboys?' He was looking at her in bewilderment. 'Schoolboys?' He was looking at her in bewilderment. 'Schoolboys?' He was looking at her in bewilderment.

'You should stand outside any school at nine o'clock in the morning and watch them going in--' 'You should stand outside any school at nine o'clock in the morning and watch them going in--' 'You should stand outside any school at nine o'clock in the morning and watch them going in--'

'I wouldn't dream of standing anywhere at nine o'clock--' 'I wouldn't dream of standing anywhere at nine o'clock--' 'I wouldn't dream of standing anywhere at nine o'clock--'

'--plasters on their faces where they've cut themselves shaving... and the trouble they have parking their cars.' '--plasters on their faces where they've cut themselves shaving... and the trouble they have parking their cars.' '--plasters on their faces where they've cut themselves shaving... and the trouble they have parking their cars.'
"You seem to know a lot about them," said Joseph, laughing, not really tense now that she was being absurd and Roland was home and safely asleep in bed. In the morning he would get up early and take the child down to the stream and make a dam. He would spend the entire day with Roland. They would talk and build a dam all day."

268.2-3 retorted, and bit at his beard bleached pale in places by the sun.

268.3 retorted.

268.4-7 'I t-think you should talk to Kidney, I think it would be a good idea.' Balfour, silent for so long was compelled to speak now.

'I have every intention of doing so.' 268 om.

268.9 different to him,] 268.13 different from him, 268.9 him, superior in some way, even 268.13 him, even

268.13 Kidney may have exposed 268.16 why he was worried 268.16-17 about Kidney, about the effect on Kidney,] 268.17 Kidney, what he was thinking 268.18 right, but 268.19 all, outside his understanding.

268.20-21 ties and all that and bashing some kid on the nose if he thumped your younger brother, and sticking 268.26-27 door. When it] 268.30 else. Somewhere] 268.32-34 limb. All their talk about childhood and environment was just a psuedo-nostalgia;
268.34–35 anyone or any place any more.] 161.16 anyone any more.

268.35–36; 269.1–2 They were all so concerned about the ones next to the ones closest to them.

He was overwhelmed by their superior social gracefulness and their implied freedom.] 161

om

269.11 of pink heather] 161.25 of heather

269.14 mine; he cried,] 161.28 mine; Joseph cried,

269.14–15 her, sticking] 161.28–29 her and sticking

269.15–16 shirt, pretending to be quarrelling, walking] 161.29 shirt.

269.16 walking away to the door.] 161.29–30 He flounced out of the door.

269.16–17 door, going out into the night to meet the milk-bearing Kidney.] 161.30 door.

269.19 voice saying] 161.31 voice replying

269.20 his discontented wife] 161.33 his wife

269.22 hair was her] 161.35 hair lay her

269.24 His little vicious wife] 162.1 His vicious wife

269.27 longer meeting, were] 162.3–4 longer acquaintance, one

269.27 meeting, were they not] 162.4 acquaintance, one found they weren't

269.27 were they not] 162.4 they weren't

269.28 Taken up smoking] 162.5 They had taken up smoking

269.33–34 subtraction. What remained was not recognisable. To know was to be in

communication.] 162.10 subtraction.

270.1–2 enough, the individuals and the situations became different, alien.] 162.12–13 enough,

one could be fired upon by one's own guns.

270.3–13 Regretfully he raised himself from the sofa and went to stand at the window, pressing

his sad and bulbous nose to the glass. There was Willie outside in the field, banging his fist at
the window, shouting that he was off now—'All the best,' he cried—and George's voice demanding more of Balfour, repeating that Willie was just off now, making him start up guiltily to flutter his hand in farewell, seeing no one, standing beside Lionel at the window, echoing Willie—'All the best... All the best.' Off went the little Welshman down the path to the stream, surefooted in the darkness, his natural element for forty years.) 162 am.

270.15-27 He stood in the dark square of field looking across at the light shining in the window of the farmhouse, and the small lump of hills on the horizon. He could smell the earth still warm after the day's heat and feel the night air against his skin, burnt by the sun, but his senses remained dull. He was drained of all energy, all vitality. He leaned sluggishly on the wooden stile and yawned repeatedly. Presently he heard Kidney approaching, the sound his boots made flattening the dried thistles as he walked. He put out his hands and took the bottles of milk from Kidney's arms, saying—

'Now listen, my boy, you heard what Roland said in the hut?' 163.2-4 He stood listening to the trees shifting in the darkness. When he heard Kidney blundering towards him, he called out, 'Is that you?'

270.28 The youth had stepped back) 163.5 Kidney had stopped

270.28 had stepped back] 163.5 had stopped

270.29 voice replied obediently, 'Yes Joseph.') 163.6-7 voice he advanced again. 'I've got the milk,' he said. 'I didn't drop it.'

270.30 'Well then, what did he say? You tell me.') 163.8-9 'Now look here, my boy,' shouted Joseph. 'I want some straight answers. What did Roland mean?'

270.32 'You do remember] 163.11 'You remember

270.32 said?] 163.11 said,' cried Joseph.

270.32-34 Joseph thrust his face close to Kidney's and his eyes growing accustomed to the
darkness perceived the full mouth, plump and serene--] 163.11-12 'Don't pretend you didn't.

270.35 'Come on, Roland said something about you showing him] 163.12 He said you showed him
270.36 words.] 163.14-16 words.'

'Yes,' said Kidney.

'Well?' demanded Joseph. He wanted to strike the fat youth across the face.

271.1 'I don't think I showed him Joseph ...] 163.17 'I didn't show him,' said Kidney.
271.1-2 I had to go to the toilet.] 163.17 I went to the toilet.
271.3-4 Joseph was satisfied with the explanation and ashamed that the others had forced him]
163.19-20 Joseph felt enormous relief, and anger that he had been forced by the others
271.5 it had not been] 163.21 it hadn't been
271.9-10 But Kidney did not come. He remained] 163.24 But Kidney remained
271.12 pills. He said] 164.1 pills,' said Kidney. 'He said
271.14 could not wait] 164.4 couldn't wait
271.18 hut. I put] 164.8 hut,' said Joseph. 'I put
271.19 He had not the] 164.9 He hadn't the
271.23-24 He thrust the milk at Kidney and stumbled] 164.13 He stumbled
271.31 Kidney was still stood] 164.19 Kidney was still standing
271.31-32 the bottles] 164.20 the milk bottles
271.33-34 stove his narrow head bent low.] 164.21 stove.
272.5-6 In my father's house, thought Joseph, are many mansions, and the painting of them will
be the death of me.] 164 om.
272.7 He ran] 164.28 Joseph ran
272.10 George improved.] 164.31 George said.
272.12 course, up on the shelf] 164.33 course the pills were on the shelf
272.12 Up with the hammer] 164.33 along with the hammer
272.14 placed them there[,] 164.35 placed them.
272.14-15 and found nothing.] 164.35-36 They weren’t there.
272.15-16 expression and went to the window to comb her hair at the mirror.] 165.1 expression.
272.18 her with anger, unable] 165.3 her angrily, unable
272.20 wrong?] 165.5 wrong?’ she repeated.
272.20 wrong? You look worried... was] 165.5 repeated. ‘Was
273.10 without one word,] 165.28 without a word,
273.14-15 loudly, rummaging about with his fingers in the chintz covers of the sofa.] 165.33-34
loudly delving into the covers of the sofa.
273.18 he could not sit] 165.36 he couldn’t sit
273.20 somebody hanged her] 166.1-2 somebody killed her
273.22-23 the dark field, his bushy moustache blacked out.] 166.4 the field.
273.24 ‘It wouldn’t] 166.5 ‘It wouldn’t
273.25 I did not say] 166.6 I didn’t say
273.26 on the settee] 166.7 on the sofa
273.29-30 the cold stove.] 166.10 the stove.
274.1 now, violently--] 166.18 now.
274.3-4 anger, her face went dark with resentment.] 166.20 anger.
274.5 she cried[,] 166.21 she said.
274.7 your bloody matches] 166.23 your blasted matches
274.9 the dark pool] 166.24 the pool
274.9 came into] 166.25 came back into
274.11 knees, the fury ebbing from her, the colour] 166.27 knees, the colour
274.14 her proud finger.] 166.29 her finger.

274.19–32 The decision torn from her, Dotty was gentle and lethargic; she was tenderly protective towards herself. She wandered slowly about the hut with her arms crossed upon her sloping breasts, thinking of herself walking off into the night, looking for anything she ought to take with her—her comb, a book, her sou’wester hat. It was on a peg at the back of the door. She supposed she should leave it behind. Joseph had bought it. She ought not to take with her possessions that would serve to remind her of him. She took the letter from her pocket and stood for a moment with it in her hand before replacing it. He would not read it properly, it would mean nothing to him. Their conception of each other was without foundation, beloved and lover equally unreal.] 166 om.

274.32 once; she said] 166.34 once; Dotty said

274.32 said out loud.] 166.34 said loudly.

274.33 looking to Balfour.] 166.34 looking at Balfour,

275.3 the narrow cubicle] 167.4 the cubicle

275.4 her, his shins pressed hard against the iron rim of the truckle bed, feeling] 167.5 her,

feeling

275.5–6 the wooden partition] 167.5 the partition

275.13 George the air] 167.13 George that the air

275.20 out with it all,] 167.20 out.

275.22–23 rose. Perhaps he needed hormone treatment.] 167.22 rose.

275.25 She could not bear] 167.24 She couldn’t bear

275.26 eyes, dark as stones.] 167.25 eyes.

275.34–36 like; adding hastily, for she was afraid of him, a little—‘You are a bit difficult to talk to you know... sort of detached.’] 167.32 like. It was like talking to a brick wall.
'It's not true,' he replied, 'I am... observing. I do not find it easy to make conversation but I like to talk. I am concerned... with certain things.'

'Oh I know, I can see that.' She would have said more, thinking he had finished for the night, but he continued--'I have studied a... problem... for some time... the problem of the Jews--'

She might have known it. She was furious with Lionel for being away too long.

'It is... a serious problem--'

Of course it was, everyone knew that. Very serious. She nodded her head several times.

'Prolonged contemplation of their... suffering... places one in an aloof position--'

Up a gum tree, she thought. She longed to tell him what it was like down here on the ground, trying to find the money to have her hair done, her shoes heeled. Suffering was knowing you were getting that bit older and there was one more line coming under your eyes and seeing your face all slack in the morning, when before, a long time ago, it was like a sheet drawn tight, smooth as anything. Just thinking about it made her angry--she asked slowly,

'You haven't got a girl friend have you?'

He had not heard, he went on about his Jews.

'For most of us, suffering can only be observed at second hand. At such a remove we find it... difficult to believe, despite proof, despite documents. We have been... taught... that love is involvement... that to love is to experience self-negation--'

That was a turn-up for the book, him mentioning love.

'... hence our sense of guilt when we find we cannot forget ourselves. We imagine that we can be transformed by... someone more generous than ourselves... but we are all alike... we hold up a mirror reflecting identical natures.'

She wasn't listening any more, she was thinking of Lionel stumbling knee-high in nettles
looking about for his precious bottle of whisky. She did not care about George, him and his Jews and his people being burnt. She was being burnt up every hour of every day by the dragon breath of her dreadful husband.

'We cannot ... care for other people. We can only observe. We have only enough to spare for own needs, we must give compassion ... to ourselves. You and I ... are alike--'

She thought she ought to be flattered, she hadn't heard him talk so much before, he was terribly clever and all that. She said giggling--'I don't think we've much in common, George, really I don't.'

'In the sense that we cannot care for anyone else we are alike. We do have ... ourselves ... in common.'

She wished she had listened more carefully to what he had said previously. Was he trying to tell her she was self-centered and selfish. She thought he had been talking about the Jews.)

167 om.

277.22 lamp, massaging the back of his neck.] 167.35 lamp.

277.22-33 'Are you feeling ill?' asked George, watching him with concern.

'My head,' said Balfour, pretending he was unwell, sitting down on the sofa and closing his eyes. If only old George would go away it would relieve the strain a bit. God knows what Mr. and Mrs. MacFarley would make of all this. The wasp stings had done him good, cured his virus attack in some way. Like the toothache lotion they rubbed into the gums of babies when they cut teeth, sort of irritated the whole mouth and lessened the load on one spot. He ought to keep a wasp or two handy, in a matchbox, like asthma sufferers with inhalers in their pocket.) 167 om.

277.34 Dotty, stood there with] 167.36 Dotty, standing there

278.1–3 anywhere. But no one stopped her; Balfour crouched on the sofa, eyes shut to her going.]
168.3 anywhere.

278.6 induced to walk] 168.6 forced to walk

278.7-8 Dotty would not meet] 168.7 Dotty wouldn't meet

278.8 and persuade him] 168.8 and ask him

278.11-12 farewell, half-defiant, half-sheepish, Dotty] 168.10 farewell. Dotty

278.13 a round moon,] 168.11 a full moon,

278.15 nose was not important.] 168.13 nose wasn't important.

278.15-17 Important. The earth smelt sweet and clean, pungent with the nightly mist that

gathered on the high ground; she] 168.13 important. She

278.18 trees edging the path] 168.14 trees lining the path

278.25 over this to] 168.22 over the cot to

278.28 sideways, mouth open.] 168.24 sideways.

278.30-31 He slept] 168.26 Roland slept

278.34 he had taken them.] 168.29 he had done so.

278.34-35 When they had built the dam. When he was asked.] 168.29-30 It had only been a

prank.

278.35 rubbed the candle flame] 168.30 snuffed out the candle flame

278.36 shut the door of the barn] 168.31 shut the barn door.

278.36; 279.1 barn with care, feeling the wax hardening on the pad of his thumb.] 168.31 door.

279.2-3 across the moon blanched grass.] 168.32 across the grass.

279.4 Dotty beyond the stile] 168.33 Dotty behind the stile

279.5 He expressed] 168.34 He had expressed

279.7 he was without direction, in a no-man's land.] 169.1 He was in a no man's land.

279.9 she nodded] 169.3 she had nodded
he did not turn he didn't turn
the black hedgerows the hedgerows.
such she such that she
imagined if imagined that if
escaped. A powerful and idiotic exuberance of humour swelled in her throat; she]
escaped. She
road, moon-struck in the lunar landscape.
She was standing with her back to the table dipping her hand inside the pocket of his
jacket that hung from the curtain rail. She drew out the slip of folded paper and read his
unfinished letter -- 'Oh my darling, I cannot wait to hold you in my arms again -- It was
absurd, meaningless, words written by a stranger.
She thrust the note carelessly into his pocket, crying out
She cried out sharply --
whisky, my dear; he
hut, his voice low-pitched, as if the remembrance of a time when she had been his
dear, saddened him.
watched the hounded man
watched George
blow or too strong a light.
He was transfixed, unable to help himself.
He didn't understand what was happening.
He heard the thin spluttering of water with awe and terror. Would the insects drown or
scald to death? Did wasps swim? Did they cling to fractions of twig and float for subterranean
miles under the forest to emerge in the daylight from another hole in the ground, damp wings
steaming in the sunshine, buzzing as their strength and purpose grew, until they rose in a
cloud above the trees and flew like arrows toward the hut and occupants.] 170 om

280.20 Aaaeh, he moaned] 170.16 He moaned

280.29 She would not go] 170.23 She wouldn't go

280.30-31 When he had washed his hands and observed the silence, the hostility in the hut,

George] 170.24 When he came back in with the kettle, George

280.33 faces with his bright eyes unblinking.] 171.2 faces.

280.34 manner of speaking.] 171.3 manner.

280.36; 281.1 room with his face burnt brick red by the sun and] 171.5 room and

281.23-24 Kidney had made the child swallow the pills] 171.26 Kidney had given the child the pills.

281.24-25 pills and she was maliciously desirous that Joseph should suffer.] 171.26 pills.

281.25 He thought she was a fool] 171.26-27 She thought Joseph was a fool,

281.27-28 consequences. She lifted her head and watched him with sharp and pitying eyes.] 171.28 consequences.

281.29-30 Balfour covered his ears with his hands and rocked to and fro deafly, telling himself

171.29 Balfour told himself

281.30 deafly, telling himself] 171.29 Balfour told himself

281.31-32 blame the child.] 171.30 blame Roland.

281.36 Lionel sat] 171.34 Lionel looked

281.36 Lionel sat with a pained expression on his features as if] 171.34 Lionel looked as if

282.2 utterly irresponsible] 171.35 irresponsible

282.2 all utterly irresponsible] 171.35 all, he thought--all of them--irresponsible

282.5 without comment] 172.3 without a comment

282.6-7 to be punished.] 172.4-5 to be shown up a fool.
his discomfort] 172.6 his discomfite

he would not return] 172.8 he wouldn't return

table, a spoon in each, rehearsing] 172.9 table, rehearsing
tell him] 172.9-10 tell Lionel
the youth] 172.19 Kidney
lamp was flickering] 172.21-22 lamp was guttering
thin smoke] 172.22 smoke
game] 172.25 game tonight.
with skill and quickness] 172.28 skilfully
throw of the dice] 172.29 throw
forward or go] 172.32 forward, to go
shirt touching his bereft and naked breast.] 172.36 shirt.
said, looking up from his paper heap of money, his eyes shining, and George glancing up
for a moment; two animals they were, Joseph with yellow eyes like a goat, red rimmed in the
light of the lamp, George staring at her, startled, liquid, the eyes of some running thing, deer
or antelope.] 173.3 said.

Joseph was occupied] 173.3 He was occupied

for having bought] 173.7 for buying

know.] 173.9 know,' May pouted.
species,' amended] 173.15 species does,' amended
are not sleeping] 173.22 aren't sleeping
barn,'] 173.22 barn,' said Lionel.
Her voice] 173.23 May's voice
He came] 173.25 Lionel came
stood close] 173.25 stood

283.33-34 gripping tight with his fingers about her plump upper arm--] 173.25 with his hand on her shoulder.

283.34 'You are.'] 173.26 'Shut your trap, May,' he said.

283.35 little, without playfulness.] 173.27 little, unplayfully,

284.1 It took him] 173.29 It took Lionel

284.4-5 The little chap looked] 173.32 Roland looked

284.5-7 frail. He would really not be able to play with him again, not with any success. The patience had gone out of him.] 173.32 frail.

284.7 He looked] 173.32-33 Lionel inspected

284.7 looked at the lids] 173.33 inspected the lids

284.7 of the shut eyes] 173.33 of his shut eyes

284.8 the dark blankets] 173.34 the blankets

284.10 heart the] 173.36 heart that

284.10 the boy] 173.36 he

284.11 had not told] 173.36 hadn't told

284.12 the buffed grass.] 174.1 the grass.

284.13 peaceful] 174.2 peacefully

284.17 shadows cast by the lamp.] 174.7 shadows.

284.20 were] 174.10 were inspired

284.21 from vanity more] 174.10 by vanity, not

284.21 vanity more than malice.] 174.10 vanity, not by malice.

284.23 This cold] 174.12 But the cold

284.23 This cold] 174.12 the cold
of his heart] 174.12 of the heart
that would mean adjustment.] 174.13-14 that was beyond adjustment.
change. He touched his grim mouth with his fingers and frowned.] 174.15 change.
the dim glass,] 174.19 the glass,
the purple lobe] 174.19 the lobe
large. Gone were his mother's eyes. He had been mistaken about that as he had been
mistaken about May. Like father, like son; he] 174.20 large. He
She thought] 174.23 She knew
He did not look] 174.25 He didn't look
'Lionel, George thinks he and I are alike.' He did take notice then.] 174.26 'Lionel, I'm
talking to you.'
'Indeed:
'Yes. We had a long talk about the Jews. Didn't we George?' She thought he was going to let
her down. After a while he remarked--
'We had a talk, yes... about how we should live... together.'
A shadow of agitation on the face of Lionel--
'Now, now, Lionel,' Joseph said, tapping him on the shoulder, 'we must accustom ourselves
to sharing. Mustn't be selfish. Your move old boy.'
'We must accustom ourselves,' said George, 'to live like angels or a man at the point of
death.'
George or Kidney, thought Lionel, like the mice and fleas, nothing to choose between them.
'Your move, I believe,' said Lionel, addressing Joseph.
May had been declared] 174.28 May was declared
he told her.] 174.29 he told May.
508

285.24 did not care] 174.30 didn't care

285.26 dabbled her foot] 174.31 dabbed her foot

285.29-30 board; his bent and balding head dipped beneath his directional arm as he studied his
next move.] 174.35 board.

285.31 May] 174.36 In the barn May

285.31 did not look] 174.36 didn't look

285.33-35 hundred. She was thinking of herself as gentle Miss Nightingale, watching over the
sick and the wounded.] 175.2 hundred.

286.1-4 normally. She was thinking it was sad beyond endurance that there was no one there to
see herself alone in the near dark, no one to see how pretty she was. When her thoughts
became too profound and ] 175.4 normally.

286.4 and she had] 175.4 When she had

286.4 to sixty-nine] 175.4 to sixty

286.5 ran with relief back] 175.5 ran back

286.10 so light out there... creepy] 175.10 so creepy

286.14-18 Balfour thought how frail she looked for all her bust and hips, the pink lips subdued,
the sapphirine eyes baffled; she was exhausted by the moon. He felt he had been unjust to the
pretty woman, taken her for less than she was. Everyone had the right to be taken seriously.] 175 gm.

286.19 said Joseph,) 175.13 ordered Joseph.

286.19-21 Joseph, rubbing at his arms which were pleasantly smarting after his excessive
sunbathing.] 175.13 Joseph.

286.23-36; 287.1-4 'There's no sugar.'

'Oh aye! No use having tea without sugar. That's what I call suffering.*
'You want to hear what George calls it,' said May, but George would not tell them. He stroked his heap of diminished bank-notes and smiled gently at Joseph.

May wondered why George admired Joseph so much. It was obvious that he did, his tone of voice, the expression on his face when he looked at his friend, told her so. And it wasn't just liking, it really was admiration. It was something she had always wanted for herself; not adoration such as Lionel gave her or affection such as she received from her doting mother but the particular kind of regard she could sense George held in his heart for the bearded man. She could not herself see that there was anything admirable about Joseph. Just the opposite.

Irritated she sought for her handbag and remembered she had laid it down beside her when looking at Roland.

She wailed, 'Roland,' she wailed, 'Roland,'

He glanced Balfour glanced

Balfour had put down Balfour put down

of the iron bed on the iron bed.

He touched the child's brow He felt Roland's forehead

the child's brow and the pulse at his wrist Roland's forehead and his pulse

He looked at the small boy and the pattern of baby rabbits on the faded pyjamas. Blue and white, possibly a touch of yellow or was it merely the light of the candle?

child's still warm fingers child's hand

own, observing the way the thumb lay in his palm the nails tinted pink, cool to his skin.

It was not It wasn't

could not feel couldn't feel

doctor, the door the MacFarleys had hinted at, and he had believed them and now}
door, and now

288.1 as they had promised.] 176.4-5 as he had imagined.

288.3 it was not] 176.6 it wasn’t

288.6 he could not do] 176.9 he couldn’t do

288.9-10 It would be soon over.] 176.12 It would soon be over.

288.13-15 value, he could not even summon up the conviction to condemn them, the other graceful ones; he was no hero.] 176.16 value.

288.16 cabin set Lionel, listening] 136.3 cabin Lionel set listening

288.18 bed, and went out] 176.18 bed. He went out

288.19 May saying words, and] 176.20 May and

288.21 hut, moonlit edged, cutting] 176.21-22 hut cutting

288.23 trees, broken like glass.] 176.24 trees glittered like glass.

288.24 grouped around] 176.25 grouped round

288.25 Lionel, golden May,] 176.26 Lionel, May,

288.25 the Commandant,) 176.26 George,


288.26 with the lamp blooming] 176.26 The lamp bloomed

288.28 When he went in] 176.28 When he entered

288.28-29 Joseph was cradling his property in his arms, telling] 176.28 Joseph was telling

288.30-31 he shouted, his skin moist, his mouth spluttering.] 176.29-30 he shouted. He looked up.

288.32 fun, a wild man with beard curling.) 176.31 fun, holding the paper money in his fist like a bouquet.
288.33-36 ached. He watched Joseph thrusting the paper money to his nostrils, a bunch of flowers behind which the sugar-plum mouth began to droop.

'D-dead,' said Balfour.} 176.32 ached. 'He's d-dead.'
APPENDIX II: A WEEKEND WITH CLAUDE
Accidentals of *A Weekend with Claude*

The following list juxtaposes all the accidentals (i.e., differences in formatting, paragraphing, spelling, and punctuation) between the Hutchinson edition of 1967 and the Duckworth edition of 1981. The reading to the left of the bracket is that of the Hutchinson edition, beginning with the page and line numbers. The page and line numbers which follow the bracket give the passage of the Duckworth edition. This list provides the collation for the two English publications. Because the 1982 American publication by George Braziller is a reprint of the Duckworth edition, a separate listing for it is not included.
date, it wasn’t very old, stated] 7.2 date (it wasn’t very old), stated
price, no he couldn’t go below that figure and] 7.3 price (no, he couldn’t go below that figure) and
them, yes, it was a lovely desk.] 7.4 them (yes, it was a lovely desk).
categories—the dealers] 7.6 customers: the dealers
lovers mad for possession who] 7.8 lovers, mad for possession, who
[Extra space] He stood] 7.10 [No extra space] He stood
garden. At the stalks] 7.10 garden, at the stalks
[Extra space] He had bought] 7.14 [No extra space] He had bought
wife Sally and] 7.14 wife, Sarah, and
yard; he bought] 7.16 yard, Claude
cat and people came in the end] 7.17 cat, and in the end people came
him as well] 7.22 him, as well
girls’ boarding school] 8.1 the girls’ boarding school
him but she lived] 8.13 him, but she lived
up North] 8.13 up north
somewhere, someone] 8.17 somewhere someone
humming, ‘Some day my Prince will come’,] 8.18 humming, Some Day my Prince will Come,
’Some day my Prince will come’,] 8.18 Some Day my Prince will Come,
he wanted, not that ever again,] 8.20–21 he wanted—–not that ever again—
pram, an expensive pram with] 8.29–30 pram, an expensive pram, with
15.1-2 went melon-hipped and honey-mouthed away] 9.3-4 gone, melon-hipped and 
honey-mouthed, away

15.5 [Extra space] Behind him in the barn] 9.6 [No extra space] Behind, in the barn,
15.5 Behind him in the barn] 9.6 Behind, in the barn,
15.5 whispering and he heard] 9.6 whispering, and Claude heard
15.6 man say... 'Yes,] 9.7 man say, 'Yes,
15.6 what we visualised... and] 9.8 what we visualised', and
15.7 his head because he] 9.8 his head, because he
15.14-15 man said just] 9.13 man said, just
15.15 behind him:] 9.13 behind him,
15.16 [q] 'Well, Mr White,] 9.13 [No q] 'My wife
15.25 [Extra space] The wife was] 9.15 [No extra space] The wife was
15.27 fretfully, and found] 9.16 darkness and found
15.28 [q] 'Oh look,'] 9.17 [No q] 'Oh look!'
15.28 'Oh look,'] 9.17 'Oh look!'
15.29 seeing it, 'a photograph] 9.18 seeing it. 'A photograph
15.30 [q] The letter and the photograph] 9.18-19 [ No q] She held them up
15.32 said Claud,] 9.21 said Claude,
16.19 [Extra space] 'Do come and] 10.5 [No extra space] 'Come across to
16.19 said Claud,] 10.5 said Claude,
16.21-22 Without waiting for a reply to his invitation he] 10.7 Without 
waiting for a reply, he
16.25 [No q] Julia at the stove] 10.10 [q] Julia had been peeling
16.33 [No q] 'Coffee;' said Claud,] 10.17 [q] 'Coffee;' said Claude,
16.33 said Claud.] 10.17 said Claude,
17.1 [No 9] 'You are naughty,' 10.19 [No 9] 'You are naughty,
17.1 naughty, Claud;' 10.19 naughty, Claude,'
17.4 [Extra space] 'What a charming] 10.22 [No extra space] 'What a charming
17.7 'Oh how sweet.' 10.25 'Oh how sweet!
17.8 polythene bucket beside] 10.26 the polythene bucket, and
17.10 sorry.' And stood there] 10.28 cried and stood there
17.10 whilst] 10.28 while
17.10 Claud knelt] 10.28 Claude knelt
17.13 [No 9] Kneeling as he was,) 10.30 [9] Kneeling as he was,
17.15 heart beating, beating] 10.32 heart beating--beating
17.21 a coat, and he] 11.3 a coat; and he
18.7 flesh. It had been] 11.9 flesh; it had been
18.14 children, which like her coat] 11.17 children which, like her coat,
18.22 'Only Nescafe'] 11.19 'Only Nescafe,
18.22 Nescafe' I'm] 11.19 Nescafe, I'm
18.23 watching Claud] 11.20 watching Claude
18.31 Claud went on] 11.28 Claude went on
18.34 Claud had] 11.30 Claude had
19.1 [No 9] There was no room] 12.1 [9] There was no room
19.1 the table and the] 12.1 the table, and the
19.5 half turned] 12.5 half-turned
19.10 said Claud,] 12.10 said Claude.
19.12 up and the cheque] 12.12 up, and the cheque
amongst the] 12.13 among the
[Extra space] Outside in the yard] 12.14 [No extra space] Outside in the yard
[No q] and Julia said:] 12.16 [q] 'Claude darling
said Claud] 12.23 said Claude
said Claud.] 12.29 said Claude.
13.5 said Claude.
[No q] and Julia went] 13.9 [q] Julia went
[No q] Presently they] 13.11 [q] Presently she
[q] 'My little lamb,] 13.12 [No q] 'My little lamb,
little honey take.')] 13.13 'little honey cake.'
[No q] A door upstairs closed] 13.14 [No q] and a door closed
[Extra space] 'Have you ever] 13.16 [No extra space] 'Have you ever
said Claud.] 13.16 said Claude,
for it of course.')] 13.19 for it, of course.'
sugar, it's the] 13.23 sugar--it's the
hunger, sometimes] 13.25 hunger--sometimes
more, but six] 13.25 more, but six
criing, crying because it's starving, and] 13.29-30 crying--crying because it's
starving--and
word breast.] 13.32 word 'breast'.
of Claud] 14.3 of Claude
Claude saying:
sugar. You] 14.7 sugar--you
patient screamed--For God's sake] 14.16 patient screamed 'For God's sake
For God's sake give us more love, and

Please, Mother

illustration and

head as if

garden. If it

was his child.

eyes focused

elation, 'but'

suit, and heard

[Extra space] Julia came back

[No space] 'I'm sorry to

fingers: 'The baby,]

said Claud,

'Oh how nice:'

desk but they

Claude was putting

'Oh that]

said 'Who's]

'that?', half

half thinking

furniture and small
24.9 to her by] 16.27 to her, by
24.10 of Claud's,) 16.29 of Claude's,
24.13 you, Claud?' 16.30 you, Claude?'
24.19 hair; she] 17.4 hair. She
24.20 in love with back home] 17.5 in love with, back home
24.22 love he] 17.7 love, he
24.23 him,'I have] 17.8 him, 'It
25.2 garden; the lens] 17.24 past. The lens
26 [Blank] om.
27 Maggie] om.
28 [Blank] om.
29 [No chapter number] 18 2 Lily
29.2 Anyway it's settled] 18.2 Anyway, it's settled
29.4 This morning when] 18.4 This morning, when
29.6 one but it would] 18.6 one, but it would
29.8 by Claud,) 18.9 by Claude,
29.19 haversack because] 18.15 haversack, because
29.20 up North] 18.16 up north
30.8 daisies; like me] 19.8 daisies. Like me,
30.8 me she's] 19.8 me, she's
30.10 herself, little and] 19.9 herself--little and
30.11-12 really, it's just that I've trained my mind to think these thoughts, and] 19.11-12
daisy--it's more that I've trained my mind to think these thoughts--and
I have it's blurred.) 19.13 I have, it's blurred.

with--Oh] 19.15 with 'Oh

with--Oh that's a lovely house,] 19.15 with 'Oh, that's a lovely house'

Oh that's] 19.15 Oh, that's

and--Oh] 19.16 and 'Oh

and--Oh, what a super house--at least I] 19.16 and 'Oh, what a super house'. At least I

house--at least] 19.16 house'. At least

[Extra space] I mean I feel fairly certain] 19.24 [No extra space] I mean, I feel fairly certain

I mean I feel] 19.24 I mean, I feel

adored but then] 19.24 adored--but then

a party and I] 19.26 a party, and I

meeting, that is if] 19.27 meeting--that is, if

if the person involved is lost enough or odd enough or something.] 19.27–28 if the person involved is lost enough, or odd enough, or something.

exception and he just] 19.31 moment, and he just

this weekend: for me] 20.1 this weekend--for me

anyone, well] 20.3 anyone--well

well not Edward] 20.4 well, not on Edward,

[Extra space] I thought I knew] 20.16 [No extra space] On the way here

here, but it was] 20.17 nearby. But it was

all; it was just like] 20.21 didn't. It was just like

with grass and the same] 20.22 with grass, and the same

I only remember one] 20.23 [No I] I remember one
31.22 said: 'My God,' 21.11 said, 'My God,

31.33 beautiful but] 21.10 beautiful, but

31.34 God)—Please make me beautiful—] 21.11 God 'Please make me better looking',

31.34 Please make me beautiful] 21.11 'Please make me better looking',

32.4 turn round and the) 21.13 turn round, and the

32.5 said, 'Aren't you] 21.13 said 'Aren't you

32.6 voice, a South African] 21.15 voice—a South African

32.7 said 'Yes'.] 21.16 said, 'Yes.'

32.7 said 'Yes'.] 21.16 said, 'Yes.'

32.12 fire God help us,) 21.23–24 fire, God help us,

32.15 night, Father would] 21.26 night Father would

32.15 shout out: 'Mary] 21.27 shout out, 'Mary

32.17–30 hat, proving to me how lucky I was in possessing greater sensitivity, seeing that I was

thinner than her but would have died rather than dance anything and show my muscular

calves, helped] 21.29–32 hat (proving to me how lucky I was to possess greater sensitivity,

seeing I was thinner than her but would have died rather than dance anything and show my

muscular calves), helped


32.33 band were playing] 22.5 band was playing

33.5 Anyway I remember] 22.11 Anyway, I remember

33.6 later in church I] 22.12 later, in church, I

33.6–7 enough and Matron] 22.13 enough, and Matron

33.9 umbrella but that] 22.15 umbrella, but I'd

33.16 [9] I haven't even told] 22.21 [No 9] I haven't mentioned to
When I first heard

Miss Evans the hair remover,

Miss Evans, the hair remover,

gum boots

There was a fire

There was a fire

my living room,

my living-room.

Oh ho,

luck--me

to lip-read

up North and

that serious.

Claude held

openwork sandal,

said Claude,

the living room

Edward, I wanted, to stand on tiptoe and pirouette on the Indian carpet and show him everything at once--but I

directions: the jade for Shebah, the Boucher nudes for Norman, and I

directions--the jade for Shebah, the Boucher nudes for Norman--and I

Claude was

Claud's room

Upstairs in Claud's room

Claude's room
I feel marvellous;
I did mean it;
living room
railways, at night,
Actually she desires
Last time when
fingers, and
sideways; the flaps
china things, a thousand
a thousand tiny
I think of you constantly. If I said come out here to me, with the children, would you?
I think of you constantly. If I said, come out here to me, would you?
night, the gum trees sprawl in the dust, we
summer dress...
summer dress...
A memory of
how callous-footed,
something, he
broke (shattered, a knife thrust into the personality can lead to loss of life).
shattered. A knife thrust into the personality, Claude says, can lead to loss of life.
'I have been'
'But I've been'
The old funny car
said Edward, pushing back.

him and I said: 'Of course,' him, and I said: 'Of course,'.

I said: 'Of course,' I said: 'Of course,'.

said Claude, said Claude.

Shebah and Claude Shebah and Claude

Please I love Please, I love

whilst we while we

Well, not really, Well, not really,

...Because I'm said, 'Because I'm...'

... said, 'No, Claud...'

Claude, no', and

Claude, no', and

darkness--though darkness. Though

not Claude, not Claude.

'Sweethearts' again, let us be Sweethearts.

once more...'] once more.'
61.30 shout almost] 41.32 shouts, almost
61.30 in tears . . . 'Though] 41.33 in tears, 'Though
61.31 mine, To forgive is Divine] 41.33 mine, to forgive is divine
61.31 Divine' . . . ] 41.33 divine . . . '
62.5 return Victorian] 33.1 Australia, Victorian
62.8 art] I think] 33.4 art] I think
62.14 [9] 'No, not] 33.10 [No 9] 'No, not
62.15 tight (split under one arm-pit)] 33.12-13 tight and split under one armpit.
62.15 arm-pit] 33.13 armpit
62.16 it, he likes] 33.13 it, he liked
62.21 effort, but am] 33.16 effort but am
62.25 sink, or maybe] 33.21 empty--or maybe
63.5 'Party Doll' on] 33.27 Party Doll on
63.5 hips, but suddenly] 33.28 hips. But suddenly
63.8-10 titles--'I'll never make the same mistake again', 'Sweetheart', 'Somewhere in France with you', 'Silver threads amongst the gold, dear'] 33.30-33 titles--'I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again, Sweetheart, Somewhere in France with You, Silver Threads among the Gold')
63.8-10 titles--'I'll never make the same mistake again', 'Sweetheart', 'Somewhere in France with you', 'Silver threads amongst the gold, dear'] 33.30-33 titles--'I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again, Sweetheart, Somewhere in France with You, Silver Threads among the Gold')
63.10 amongst] 33.32 among
63.11 and Tomorrow wasn't,] 33.33 and tomorrow wasn't.
63.14 properly and before) 34.2 properly, and before
63.30 perfumed; a fire burnt] 34.6 for him. A fire burnt
63.31 lions, the brass bed] 34.7 lions; the brass bed
64.3 black and white squares] 34.13 black-and-white squares,
64.4 white ones, hemmed] 34.15 white ones hemmed
64.10 silver paper already] 34.20 silver paper, garnished
64.24 [No q] A knock] 34.29 [q] A knock
65.1 tanned fingers,) 35.3 his fingers?
65.2 [No q] 'Go on, open it,'] 35.5 [q] 'Go on, open it,'
65.2 [No q] Inside the] 35.6 [q] Inside the
65.10 mouth, my lips] 35.13 mouth. My lips
65.18 time'...[35.16 time?
66.3 last, only the fire] 35.29 fire--only the fire
66.8 neglect, the filigree] 36.2 neglect. The filigree
66.10 soot; the whole room] 36.4 lions. The whole room
66.15 [No q] Dumbly I prepare] 36.7 [q] Dumbly I prepare
66.20 my face-cream] 36.7 my face-cream
66.23 [q] 'Hold the mirror] 36.8 [No q] 'Hold the mirror
66.32 the damp bleached hair.) 36.16 their damp, bleached hair.
66.32 [No q] At last] 36.18 [q] At last
66.33 comes--Your ankles] 36.18 said, 'Your ankles
67.31 [No q] In a welter of cloth,) 36.24 [q] In a welter of cloth,
68.34-35 under love and I went] 42.6 under love, and I went
69.3 Norman laugh] 42.8 Norman's laugh
69.4-5 into the darkness: '1) 42.9 into the darkness, '1
69.13-14 [Extra space] It was like looking 42.16 [No extra space] Being calm was like looking
69.14 landscape, very silent,] 42.16 landscape--very silent,
69.19 people moving, parents] 42.21 people moving: parents
69.20 matchbox car, and alone] 42.23 matchbox car and, alone
69.26 [Extra space] In the next room] 42.28 [No extra space] In the next room
70.7 Claud came] 43.3 Claude came
70.9 whilst] 43.6 while
70.23 Claud] 43.12 Claude
70.25 hair and Victorian Norman] 43.13 hair, and Victorian Norman
70.27 speak knowing how] 43.15-16 speak, knowing how
70.30-31 to whistle very shrilly the] 43.19 to whistle, very shrilly, the
70.31 tune of 'Sussex-by-the-Sea' 43.19-20 tune of Sussex-by-the-Sea.
70.32 living room] 43.20 living-room
70.32 living room and he] 43.20 living-room, and he
70.34 Shebah who stood still singing,) 43.21-22 Shebah, who stood, still singing,
70.35 audience, near the] 43.23 audience near the
71.1 'Oh, darling,'] 43.24 'Oh darling',
71.1 'Oh, darling,'] 43.24 'Oh darling',
71.3 Claud gave me] 43.25 Claude gave me
71.8 [No q] 'What's happened,) 43.29 [q]'What's happened,
71.9 darling? ...] 43.29 darling?'
71.12-13 together (Julia was in the bedroom repairing her lipstick),] 43.31-32
together--Julia was in the bedroom repairing her lipstick--
71.22 glory, men,'] 44.4 glory, man,'
71.27 deceive me'...'] 44.8 deceive me.'
72.5 [Extra space] When Julia came] 44.15 [No extra space] When Julia came
72.6 the room with adjusted hair] 44.15 the room, with adjusted hair
72.14 second in command] 44.20 second-in-command
72.26 brain...'Who are] 44.25-26 over, 'Who are
72.26-27 'Who are you, what's your name, don't lie, what's] 44.26 'Who are you? What's your
name? Don't lie. What's
72.31 unpleasant, there was] 44.29 unpleasant. There was
72.33 Claud nor] 44.30 Claude nor
73.2 prayer arc] 45.1 prayer, and
73.3 back yard] 45.1 backyard
73.5 far; anyway l] 45.3 far. Anyway, l
73.5 anyway l] 45.3 Anyway, l
75.27 Claud] 45.6 Claude
76.24 ribs,'however,'] 45.19 ribs. 'However,
76.25 informed...'Edward] 45.20 informed me,'Edward
78.12 living room] 46.9 living-room
79.12 [No q] and she replied] 46.19 [q] She said
79.13 'I've done,' and] 46.20 'I've done', and
79.14 Claud] 46.21 Claude
79.21 minimise it--'Oh] 46.26 minimise it,'Oh,
79.21 'Oh we had] 46.26 'Oh, we had
79.27 words...so sorry] 46.31 words,'So sorry
79.27 words... so sorry] 46.31 words, 'So sorry
79.30 children's party... and] 46.33 children's party... and
80.1 ... my mouth stayed] 47.6 said. My mouth stayed
80.1 After all she] 47.7 After all, Shebah
80.6 [?] 'How did it go.] 47.10 [No?] 'How did it go,
80.11 Claude] 47.15 Claude
80.19 Claude] 47.19 Claude
80.19-20 Claud shouted--'That's better, me dear, have a cup of tea'--] 47.19 Claude shouted,
'That's better, me dear, have a cup of tea',
80.21 the living room.] 47.21 the living-room.
30.25 Claud's cabinet] 47.25 Claude's cabinet
80.28 "Oh Christ" and you] 47.27 "Oh Christ", and you
80.28 'O] 47.27 'Oh
80.28 and Claud never] 47.28 and Claude never
80.29 Norman and I felt] 47.29 Norman, and I felt
80.30 and Claud] 47.31 and Claude
80.31 at me: 'Leave it] 47.31 at me 'Leave it,
80.31 'Leave it Shebah,'] 47.31 'Leave it, Shebah',
80.31 Shebah,'] 47.31 Shebah',
80.33 I said:] 48.1 I said,
80.34 [?] 'Oh it's] 48.1 [No?] 'Oh, it's
80.34 'Oh it's] 48.1 'Oh, it's
80.34 insured;' and] 48.1 insured', and
81.1 the living room] 48.4 the living-room
81.4 [No 9] so I went to see 48.8 [9] I looked to see
81.5 Claud) 48.9 Claude
81.5 Claud said) 48.11 Claude said
81.5 said loudly...'Stick) 48.11 said loudly, 'Stick
81.7 'Stick to her...there's great glory'... and] 48.11 'Stick to her, there's great glory', and
81.11 I said: 'Hallo, Edward,'] 48.15 'Hallo, Edward,' I said,
81.11 and Claud went] 48.15 and Claude went
81.13 Shebah and he looked] 48.17 Shebah, and he looked
81.14 silence till he said] 48.18 silence, until he said
81.14 he said: 'I love] 48.18 he said, 'A lot of
81.35 'Cooeee] 48.31 'Cooeee
81.35 'Cooeee darling'] 48.31 'Cooeee, darling,'
81.35 darling'...)] 48.31 darling,'
82.5 Claud] 49.1 Claude
82.5 the living room] 49.1 the living-room
82.13 hissing: 'Lie down,) 49.9 hissing 'Lie down,
82.18-19 impatiently--'But Claud,) 49.12 impatient: 'But Claude,
82.19 Claud] 49.12 Claude
82.19 Claud] 49.14 Claude
82.20 innocently with just] 49.14 innocently, with just
82.20-21 concern: 'Nobody] 49.15 concern, 'Nobody
82.21 [9] 'Nobody hit,] 49.15 [No 9] 'Nobody hit,
hit, eh, man?’"] 49.15 hit, eh man?’

82.22-23 loudly—’Yes,’ 49.17 loudly. ’Yes,

82.29 unbelievingly and one eye] 49.20 unbelievingly, and one eye

82.31 she said...’The dirty rotten Jew-baiter’...and] 49.21-22 ’The dirty rotten Jew-baiter,’ she said and


83.12 to Claud] 50.6 to Claude.

83.12 and Claud] 50.6 and Claude

83.16 [Extra space] Meanwhile we lie] 50.10 [No extra space] Meanwhile we lie

84 [Blank page] 51 [Chapter] 3

85.2 Claud] 51.2 Claude

85.6 [9] ’Hurry, Claud,’] 51.4 [No 9] ’Hurry, Claude,’

85.6 Claud] 51.4 Claude

85.7 [9] Shebah surprisingly] 51.5 [No 9] Shebah, surprisingly.

85.7 Shebah surprisingly had not] 51.6 Shebah, surprisingly, hadn’t

85.7 camera, minded] 51.6 camera--had minded

85.8 less in fact than] 51.6 less, in fact, than

85.8 isolated Edward who] 51.7 isolated Edward, who

85.23 added not quite] 51.14 added, not quite

86.1 ’Well it’s] 51.18 ’Well, it’s

86.5 ’Oh that] 51.21 ’Oh, that

86.9 Australia but he] 52.2 Australia, but he

86.17 [9] ’So she’s] 52.6 [No 9] ’So she’s

86.19 said Claud] 52.8 said Claude.
She frowned. But Claude didn't. He seemed, he seemed.

Quiet, but very nice.' }

Maggie really though they)

Claud had known)

Norman, because he]

collars and Maggie says}
90.28 It was him and yet
91. Victorian Norman
92. Blank
93.1 the wall. If not
93.4 salvaged were I
93.5 so long, or equally
93.6 Parasites I could say,
93.9 factory, Jean's father, for one might
93.11 [9] 'Courted my daughter
93.12 years and not a word
93.12-13 man and not even
93.14 years and still he never
93.16 Also his hair
93.26 emotionally whereas I have
94.9 altered, save that
94.16 smoking and for
94.22 if I did the effect is
94.24 Also I am
94.28 Integrity I did not
95.1 my fingers slippery
95.9 cherry dressing-gown
95.11 It's true of course that
95.30 and Godmother,
and Claud

The tragedy

of Claud

non-conformity

permissible they are lost

the seed-cake

Shebah being here

a day by day denial

For Maggie

that Claude's rifle

that Claude is

whilst his

that Claude cares

Coupled with and dependent on this

There are of course other

ninety three million

Also if

at Claude's

living room

offering and the liquid

still burning candles

men responsible for the safe conduct of Maggie's effects dropped

dead and crumbled
How sad.’
Claude has grown
Claude himself
A dressing gown
Claude would
Claude has grown himself
Claude would
Last night the head gardener
while
Claude would
administrations noisily
while
Claude had cut
toothbrush in an attempt
see it?’ she asked
unnecessarily, 'like milk,'
Norman?
Claude’s bathroom
in the air.
to bath.
Looking at her now
laugh is, in its way, like
Thus when
and Claude
of Shebah raised
101.2 harp and the beds] 65.15 harp, and the beds
101.13 For him the] 65.19 For him, the
101.15 Here, Claud] 65.21-22 Here, Claude
101.16 children, there] 65.23 children--there
101.19 Claud, hitherto] 65.25 Claude, hitherto
101.34 time Claud] 66.1 time Claude
102.8 mistaken though] 66.10 mistaken, though
104.11 nicotine stained hand] 66.19 nicotine-stained hand
104.19 said Claud,] 66.26 said Claude,
104.27 'Oh I] 66.33 'Oh, I
104.27 know darling] 66.33 know, darling,'
104.27 a belly full] 67.1 a belly-ful
104.28 Claud's remark] 67.2 Claude's remark
104.35 dead Daddy] 67.8 dead daddy
105.3 she said...'Mrs Ryan] 67.13 she said: 'Miss Evans
105.6 kitchen as if] 67.16 kitchen, as if
105.7 wildly as if] 67.18 wildly, as if
105.12 Claud, knowing] 67.21 Claude, knowing
105.19 me he raised] 67.28 me, he raised
105.28 feeling, a showy sigh] 68.1 feeling, a showy sigh
105.30 [Extra space] Hot steam had misted] 68.3 Hot steam had misted
105.33 and like a bird] 68.5 and, like a bird
106.2 firmly leaving] 68.9 firmly, leaving
106.4 excitement, the erotica] 68.11 excitement: the erotica
106.9 was as usual about] 68.15-16 was, as usual, about
106.10 room making] 68.17 room, making
106.16 concerned; the] 68.23 concerned. Her
106.18 Claud has] 68.25 Claude has
106.18 nothing it seems,) 68.25 nothing, it seems,
106.20 baby and found] 68.27 baby, and found
106.25 school. My] 68.30 school--my
106.26 Friend, please sit by me, you can drink my milk if you like.] 68.30-31 Friend, 'Please
sit by me, you can drink my milk if you like'--
106.26 please sit] 68.31 Please sit
106.27 like. A] 68.31 like'--a
106.29 to Claud] 69.1 to Claude
106.32 Yes honestly] 69.5 Yes, honestly
108.5 while, because] 69.11 while because
108.6 unseen Claud] 69.12 unseen Claude
108.7 time Julia] 69.14 time, Julia
108.9 watering Claud's] 69.16 watering Claude's
108.12 shadow in time to music crossed] 69.17-18 shadow, in time to music, crossed
108.16 shocked but I] 69.21 shocked, but I
108.22-23 loudly I am] 69.27 loudly, I am
110.3 her. To be always] 69.28 predicament--to be always
110.4 suffered. To wait] 69.30 suffered, to wait
110.5 comes.] 69.32 come!
110.5 why Claude's] 69.32 why Claude's

110.10-11 night raised high in complaint and demented laughter, one] 70.4 night, raised high in complaint and demented laughter, one

110.12 butchering Claude] 70.6 butchering Claude.

110.16 'She sounds] 70.7 'She sounds

110.18 abruptly and] 70.9-10 abruptly--and

110.18-19 besides the wine drunk in large quantities throughout the evening] 70.10-11 besides, the wine, drunk in large quantities throughout the evening,

110.22 outraged Claude] 70.14 outraged Claude

110.25 natural seeming conquest] 70.17 natural-seeming conquest

110.26 puritanism and the] 70.18 puritanism, and the

110.29 Claude's particular] 70.21 Claude's particular

110.32 undergrowth] 70.24 undergrowth, I

110.35 Claude's larger] 70.28 Claude's larger

111.16 [Extra space] It is a pity] 70.32 [No extra space] It is a pity

111.18 dramatic. A film set,] 71.1 dramatic: a film set,

111.19 by Claud,] 71.1 by Claude,

112.1 'Oh look,] 71.11 'Oh look,

112.4 fetch Claude] 71.15 fetch Claude

112.7 occasions, that a woman] 71.18 occasions--that a woman

112.11 or not because I] 71.22 or not, because I

112.14 there was, then as now, or] 71.26 there was then as now, or

112.16 responsive but a] 71.27-28 responsive, but a

112.18 to godliness] 71.30 to godliness
112.18 Godliness then you) 71.30 godliness, then you
113.4 it but I wanted] 72.16 it, but I wanted
113.13 of Claude.] 72.24 of Claude.
113.16-17 jerkily like an old film running backwards I] 72.28 jerkily, like an old film running
backwards, I
113.18 Claude’s features] 72.29-30 Claude’s features
113.18-19 features but] 72.30 features, but
113.20 relieved she] 72.32 relieved, she
113.26 tell Claud] 73.4 tell Claude
113.27 agree and] 73.5 agree, and
114.1 Claud standing] 73.6 Claude was
114.5 Claud, it] 73.11 Claude, it
114.8 Claud laid] 73.13 Claude laid
114.10 [Extra space] Shebah was] 73.16 [No extra space] Shebah was
114.11 the living room,) 73.16 the living-room,
114.16 Claud] 73.19 Claude
114.28 tried in part to] 73.28-29 tried, in part, to
114.35 [Q] Claud did] 73.30 [No Q] Claude did
114.35 Claud] 73.30 Claude
114.35-36 Shebah surprisingly was] 73.31-32 Shebah, surprisingly, was
115.5 Still singing we] 73.33 Still singing, we
115.5 the living room] 74.1 the living-room
115.7 dress but she] 74.3 dress, but she
115.10 in the guest room,) 74.5 in the guest-room,
all for various reasons or] 74.10 all, for various reasons, or

drink because] 74.12 drink, because

her I slid] 74.18 her, I slid

music hall] 74.20-21 music-hall

Claud] 74.23 Claude

avoidance her] 74.26 avoidance, she

myself I] 74.31 myself, I

Christ] 74.33 'O Christ!'

Christ] 74.33 Christ!

legal if not natural father] 75.5 legal, if not natural, father

imposes To be] 75.10 imposes: to be

[Extra space] Up to a point] 75.15 [No extra space] Up to a point

point last night] 75.15 point, last night

times she sank] 75.18 times, she sank

To Claud,) 75.21 To Claude,

dilemma I caressed] 75.33 dilemma, I caressed

about Claud,) 76.5 about Claude,

mistress without comment I] 76.7 mistress, I

'No I can't,) 76.11 'No, I can't,

'Yes you can,) 76.12 'Yes, you can.

don't, Claud] 76.13 don't. Claude

Claud will] 76.13 Claude will

floor I saw] 76.16 floor, I saw

from me, that] 76.22 from me--that
The denseness 76.25 After a time
Claude saying 76.27 Claude saying
Claude saying... 'You] 76.27 Claude saying. 'You
wise my dear] 76.28 wise, my dear,
dear... you] 76.28 dear, you
Claude staring] 76.29-30 Claude staring
beloved and] 76.30 beloved, and
met Claud] 77.3 met Claude.
globe in which] 77.10 globe, in which
told Claud] 77.20 told Claude
Claude, who] 77.20 Claude, who
it case and all in] 77.21-22 It, case and all, in
Claude, to be even,) 77.23 Claude, to be even,
The night before she] 87.33 The night before, she
girlhood. A delicate] 88.1 womanhood--a delicate
table. An attention] 88.3 table, an attention
to tea making,) 88.3 to tea-making,
girl guide utterance] 88.6 girl-guide utterance
gums or] 88.8 gums, or
When, the next morning,) 88.20 When, the next morning,
name, a slurred] 88.22 name--a slurred
about. All poppy] 88.25 about--all poppy
tears and a] 88.26 tears, and a
I have rationalised] 88.29 I have rationalised
122.28 lungs and an] 89.7 lungs, and an
122.30 hours but I] 89.9 hours, but I
122.31 drink she] 89.10 drink, she
122.34 [Extra space] Whereas Maggie] 89.13 [No extra space] Whereas Lily
123.2 Feeling this I can] 89.17 feeling this, I can
123.2 her but] 89.17 her, but
123.7 survive but only] 89.21 survive, but only
123.9 as Claude] 89.23 as Claude
124.35–36 Once coming home late to the house in Morpeth Street] 89.27–28 Once, coming
home late to the house in Morpeth Street, I
125.11 door and that] 90.4 door, and that
125.16 [?] Just in case,] 90.8 [No ?] Just in case,
125.21 Claud looks] 78.24 Claude looks
125.24 definitely, you've] 78.28 definitely. You've
125.31 through but I] 79.1 through, but I
126.7 Claud was] 79.6 Claude was
126.12 not Claude,] 79.11 not Claude,
126.14 doing so and in fact] 79.13 doing so— and in fact
126.21 the school mistress] 79.21 the schoolmistress
126.29 decay, 'vomiting] 79.30 Julia. 'Vomiting
126.34 shaggy Claud] 80.2 shaggy Claude
126.34 ever decreasing circles,] 80.2 ever-decreasing circles
126.34–35 circles, until] 80.2–3 circles until
127.4 Claud and] 80.9 Claude and
"Don't let me go to sleep," he used to say. 'If you]

Well, I

met, 'he's] His

lead; I wanted] lead. I wanted

down, and it was quite a healthy emotion] down (it was quite a healthy emotion),

hated Claud.] hated Claude.

blood suckers,] blood-suckers,

and Claud] and Claude

like Claud] like Claude.

And Claud] And Claude

man to man] man-to-man

behaviour liberating] behaviour-liberating

Claude bids] Claude bids

Shebah I wonder] Shebah, I wonder

c the body?] the body?

kiss damp face] kiss-damp face

mumbled--'little darling, little dove'--into] mumbled 'Little pet, little dove' into

little darling] Little pet

her Claude,) her Claude,

[9] He put] [No 9] He put

crooning... 'O God] crooning 'O God,
girl,) girl',

Claude with] Claude with
129.27-28 speak because] 81.31 speak, because
129.32 whistled 'Devon] 82.3 whistled, 'Devon
129.33 [Extra space] I'm not quite] 82.4 [No extra space] I'm not quite
130.2 answer . . . nothing] 82.8 answer 'Nothing
130.2 nothing] 82.8 Nothing
130.2 nothing.] 82.8 'Nothing'
130.2 nothing. A small] 82.8 'Nothing': a small
130.2 small round flat air-escaping] 82.8 small, round, flat, air-escaping
130.4 pyramid high] 82.10 pyramid-high
130.8 [Extra space] in the living room] 82.12 [No extra space] in the living-room
130.9 the living room] 82.12 the living-room
130.17 Claude still] 82.21 Claude still
130.35 and Claud] 82.27 Claude began
130.36 [q] ' . . . quite impossible] 82.27 [No q] ' . . . quite impossible
131.1 postures you know.] 82.29 postures, you know.
131.8 do man is] 82.33 do, man, is
131.11 more but I was] 83.3 more, but I was
131.12 Claud's exact] 83.4 Claude's exact
132.9 [q] ' . . . but] 83.13 [No q] ' . . . but
132.9 but she was] 83.13 but she was
132.22 fingers round my upper arm] 83.19 fingers, clamped round my upper arm,
132.33 like steel, the voice] 83.19 like steel; his voice
132.23 endlessly--] 83.20 endlessly.
132.29 the place nor had I] 83.27 the place, nor had I
132.30 shell pink walls] 83.28 shell-pink walls
132.31 half showing] 83.29 half-showing
132.32 Claud undid] 83.30 Claude undid
133.2-3 nor pleadings will] 84.4 nor pleadings, will
133.4 bed thrusting out his naked feet] 84.5 bed, thrusting out his naked feet.
133.7-8 until behind a cloud of smoke] 84.7 Suddenly, behind a cloud of smoke,
133.10 'Well yes] 84.9 'Well, yes
133.15 bed or about] 84.15 bed, or about
133.17 If so he] 84.17 If so, he
133.18 head and] 84.19 head, and
133.20 say I mind] 84.21 say, I mind
133.21 much, or would] 84.21-22 much--or would
133.33 me...' he] 85.1 me...' He
134.1 ....If it's] 85.2 ...if it's
134.8 mind and even] 85.10-11 mind, and even
134.16 look here mate,'] 85.14 look here, mate,'
134.17-18 mine, 'keep your] 85.15 large. 'Keep your
134.29 calmly: 'Study] 85.22 calmly, 'Study
134.31 dressing gown] 85.24 dressing-gown
135.11 living room] 85.29 living-room
135.12 of Claud] 85.30 of Claude
135.14-15 wrist circled with its handcuff bracelets twist] 85.32-33 wrist, circled with its handcuff bracelets, twist
while with a great deal of shuffling and groaning she. While, with a great deal of
shuffling and groaning, she
automobile she
has in a different way from me, has, in a different way from me,
Whilst I
Claude's statement,
mine is like the sun from the earth, mine, is, like the sun from the earth,
ninety-three
ninety-three, and yet
yet it appears, yet, it appears,
night—What night, 'What
What do you know, darling?' 'What do you know, darling?'
life she raised life, she raised
later when] later, when
Claude's china Claude's china
Claude's property,
job I lay job, I lay
Claude, returned
falling, and
Claude say
Claude say
say—'Yes my dear, you may be right'—'Yes my dear, you may be right',
calm, a calm: a
[Extra space] In the old days] [No extra space] In the old days
[In the old days] [No 9] In the old days
by now) by now,
not Claud's) not Claude's
(9] Maybe it is] Maybe the
Jean, a little,) girlfriend a little,
(9 No 9] Maybe the
Claude) Claude
Christ')' Christ'
Claude) Claude--apparently
me though] me, though
appreciation of beauty moods) appreciation of beauty moods
Claude) Claude
cried out--'Leave it Shebah'--] cried out 'Leave it, Shebah'.
Leave it Shebah) Leave it, Shebah
Claude came) Claude came
shoulder--"Well] shoulder. "Well
manly Claude) manly Claude
bottles, and
out--'But Life is Sweet, my children'--] 'But Life is Sweet, my children',
Claude with) Claude with
Claude's own) Claude's own
floor, but it] floor but they
and, turning] and taking
Claude's bed

This morning

Claude brought

windows, birds

In the bathroom

a hair grip

hair grip, belonging

Believing, as I do

Shebah, the martyr

Maggie following

night, and her wound

Even Claude

Maggie has been

me, Norman

me, Flower

ago, that

Claude's

om.

Lily has been

me, Norman

me, flower

ago, that

Claude

Chapter 5

Yes, they

Claude seemed

too, when

Lily, for

Claude
"they"

yes, almost

almost, carried

morning, not one

swine Claud

Here in all this luxury to

Hill, poor

me... Persecutor

or Abuse...

women, the jealous

jealous, petty female

Club, poor little me and my poor weak eyes

weak eyes--

me, me,

little Education

now which

University did

attend?,

crawling, yes crawling back

crawling--yes, crawling--back

Eichmann Hannah

all, and Reub

friends, 'and can

people,

loyalties!
550

156.25 and Claude] 100.2 and Claude
156.31 the World see] 100.9 the world see
157.1 envy as I] 100.15 envy, as I
157.2 them they all say in] 100.15-16 them, they all say, in
157.3 yes I] 100.17 yes, I
157.9 one tenth] 100.24 one-tenth
157.11 clever, she has] 100.26 clever. She has
157.19 this, we] 101.1 this—we
157.20 Her in] 101.2 Her in
157.20 protection.] 101.2 protection!
157.22 from her.] 101.4 from her.
157.22 College and] 101.4 College, and
157.24 feet.] 101.5 America!
157.24 Now he needed] 101.5 Now he needed
157.27 and—'How] 101.8 and 'How
157.28 Shebah?' and] 101.9 Shebah?' and
157.28 arrives as if] 101.10 arrives, as if
157.30 and just like taking off a pair of gloves] 101.11-12 and, just like taking off a pair of
gloves,
158.3 go. Like a] 101.20 go—like a
158.4 We went walks] 101.21 We went for walks
158.8 [Extra space] We didn’t go] 101.26 [No extra space] We didn’t go
158.10 knowledge, we were] 101.27 knowledge—we were
158.15 Oh I've] 101.33 Oh, I've
night All"

158.22 Institute and the] 102.8 Institute, and the
158.23 them, and that] 102.9 them--and that
158.30 her, easily] 102.14 her easily
159.26-27 songs though she] 102.28 songs, though she
159.27-28 wrong, not like me with my tremendous memory,) 102.28-29 wrong--not like me
with my tremendous memory--
159.28-29 sing 'The Army of Today's All Right',] 102.30 sing The Army of Today's All Right.
159.31 case, and] 102.32 case and
159.31 and Claud] 102.32 and Claude
159.32 moment, as I] 102.33 moment--as I've
159.33 times, when] 103.1 times--when
159.35-36 Joseph--There was] 103.5 say 'There was
160.1 endings and Agonisties] 103.6 endings, and Agonistes
160.1 Agonisties] 103.7 Agonistes
160.3 inaccurate), 'but] 103.8 inaccurate) 'but
160.10 rot or wet rot, and] 103.16 rot, or wet rot, and
160.23 [9] 'It gives,] 103.29 [No 9] 'It gives,
160.23 a wide candid] 103.30 a wide, candid
160.27 them, once they] 103.33 them once they'd
160.31 man and intelligent] 104.5 man, and intelligent
161.4 as if she were drunk,) 104.15 as if she was drunk,
161.6 of Thanksgiving,) 104.17 of thanksgiving.
161.9 Ireland) and I] 104.21 Ireland), and I
161.11 my dear father] 104.22 my dear father
161.11-12 laughing and Lizzie] 104.23 laughing, and Lizzie
161.12-13 streets and Norman] 104.24 streets, and Norman
161.14 about) and] 104.25 about), and
161.22-23 singing, 'Oh] 105.1 singing 'Oh,
161.23 'Oh it's] 105.1 'Oh, it's
161.23 a Home of your Own'] 105.2 a home of your own.'
161.23 Own'] 105.2 own'
161.24 critical, she can be a kind child, but] 105.2-3 critical--she can be a kind child--but
161.27 so called,] 105.6 so-called,
161.29 Claud [for] 105.8 Claude for
161.31-32 Street. Just to get into his yellow motor car and drive all those miles and arrive with bottles of this and bottles of that,] 105.10-12 Street--just get into his yellow motor car and drive all those miles and arrive with bottles of this and bottles of that--
162.3 afternoon because ]] 105.18-19 afternoon, because I
162.5 was Claud] 105.21 was Claude
162.5-6 kitchen stretched] 105.21 kitchen, stretched
162.13 insincerely: 'Shebah,] 105.27 said, 'Shebah,
162.13 Charters'... as if] 105.28 mine,' as if
162.14 Oh I felt] 105.29 Oh, I felt
162.19 try but] 106.1 try, but
162.21-22 Claud gave] 106.3 Claude gave
162.23 Maggie but sometimes] 106.5 Lily, but sometimes
Claud to entertaining, I have entertaining, I've

in Art in art

When we came When we came

Claude put Claude put

noises, and Julia noises and Julia

a mistress a mistress

rub rub rubbing rub-rub-rubbing

they were they were

ought, but oh ought--but oh,

oh the oh, the

private altogether private, altogether

artificial, snapping artificial snapping

teeth and yet teeth, and yet

meal, such meal--such

Claude kept Claude kept

there, it there--it

him with him, with

for him for him,

Claude the Claude, the

Claude the fool Claude, the fool,

Yes I do Yes, I do.

all together
said Claud.]

refilled and listened] refilled, and listened

sweet crazy] sweet, crazy

eyes... 'but] eyes, 'but

ourselves. Some] ourselves--some

Claud said,] Claude said,

young; and I] young.' And I

[Extra space] And I am] [No extra space] For I am

(though I did only move there just for somewhere to put my things, never intending to

stop twenty years).] --though I only moved there just for somewhere to put my

things, never intending to stop twenty years--

his handwriting.] his handwriting.

asked Claud] asked Claude

affair?] affair!

nerves and the] nerves, and the

done and I] done, and I

he heard] he heard

he said] he said

blackness: 'My] blackness, 'My

He had] He had

he bought] he bought

men, who] men who

American, Joel or Moley or something, and] American--Joel or Moley or

something--and
eyes— in
with him.]
charming and she] charming, and she
later...'] later, 'I
Shebah, you] Shebah. You
enough, I was] enough. I was
He thought] He thought
weeping and observed] weeping, and observed
knew, they all knew:] knew— they all knew—
'Isn't] 'Isn't
I said: 'What] I said 'What?'
'What?'] [No 9] 'What?'
said: 'Why] said 'Why
he's gassed] he's gassed
weep and I] weep, and I
Besides my poor] Besides, my poor
dowry and I] dowry, and I
mostly, except him,) stupid except him,
him, though] him, though
worry. That time] worry: that time
died, though] died— though
story, how she] story. How she
fool, 'Don't] fool. 'Don't
laughed with] 111.16 laughed, with

167.17 says... 'Why,] 111.17 said, 'Why

167.25 the Continent,] 111.25 the continent,

167.28 glassy-eyed with] 111.28–29 glassy-eyed--what with

167.31 and Claud] 111.32 and Claude

167.33 completely SANE.] 112.1 completely sane

167.36 by the sea.] 112.4 by the sea!

168.1 doctor but what] 112.5 doctor, but what

168.2 Anyway all] 112.6 Anyway, the

168.3 up and then we] 112.7 up, and then we

168.4–5 Depressives, and God knows I've been one of those for years without having books on it,

and] 112.9–10 Depressives (God knows, I've been one of those for years without having books

on it) and

168.4 God knows I've] 112.9 God knows, I've

168.6 Psycho–Analysis] 112.11 Psycho--analysis

168.18 [Extra space] There's something] 112.23 [No extra space] There's something

168.19 now but I] 112.23 now, but I

168.21 Claud was] 112.25 Claude was

168.21 me but he] 112.26 me, but he

168.25 God knows one] 112.29 God knows, one

168.28 whilst she] 112.33 while she

169.2 say, you] 113.12 say. 'You

169.3 [q] And those women] 113.13 [No q] And those women

169.3 saying... 'No] 113.14 said, 'No
So Claud and I | 113.17 So Claude and I
Claude and | 113.17 Claude and
living room | 113.18 living-room
living room and he | 113.18 living-room, and he
down' all | 113.21-22 down' all
time inciting | 113.22 time, inciting
that and they | 113.25 that, and they
sleep . . . . . . 'Dear | 113.26 sleep. 'Dear
man even if | 113.28 man, even if
head which | 114.2 head, which
repeated . . . 'How | 114.3 repeated, 'How
are' . . . and | 114.3 are', and
(oh my) | 114.4 (oh, my
sealing wax | 114.7 sealing-wax
nail varnish | 114.7 nail-varnish
him etc., | 114.13 him, etc.,
said: 'You | 114.14 said, 'You
see the wise | 114.14-15 see, the wise
communication and | 114.30 communication, and
ears, quite | 115.2 ears--quite
[9] I had gone | 115.4 [No 9] I had gone
weakness like | 115.8 weakness, such
like they | 115.9 such as they
170.35 cafe' sounds] 115.17 cafe sounds
170.35-36 us, hot water rushing out of the urn, and saucers being rattled and] 115.17-18
us--hot water rushing out of the urn, the saucers being rattled--and
171.2 mine and] 115.20 mine, and
171.7 knife, I saw] 115.26 knife--I saw
171.9 manager because] 115.28 manager, because
171.10 amongst the] 115.29 among the
171.16 assistance; down] 116.2 assistance. Down
171.19 catarrh... 'Oh] 116.6 catarrh, 'Ah
171.20 [q] 'Oh give him] 116.6 [No q] 'Ah give him
171.21 Aren't you human?'] 116.7 'Aren't you human?'
171.31 Anyway Claud] 116.17 Anyway, Claude's
171.31 Claud] 116.17 Claude's
171.34 However I] 116.20 However, I
171.34 Claud was] 116.20 Claude was
172.1 with: 'O] 116.24 with 'Oh
172.1 'O darling] 116.24 'Oh darling
172.1 darling... me... accepting... how] 116.24 darling. Me--accepting? How
172.9-10 beard...'Very] 117.1 beard, 'Very
172.10 true my dear, very] 117.1 perceptive, my dear, very
172.10 know. But] 117.2 know! But
172.11 Whilst we] 117.2 While we
172.27 [Extra space] Once when] 117.20 [No extra space] Once when
whilst he had
He, of course, had
myself. Only my
Claude's remark
while the
music, who better, but
better, but
want Claude
silence. 'Do
think Claude
Claude darling,
dramatic considering
said. 'Of
round, because
it... 'And
flickered, once, twice, beneath
flickered--once, twice--beneath
cannot, seeing she is the only contestant, give
contestant--give
Well, I
face and I
[Extra space] The rubbish
[No extra space] The rubbish
the Nuns
burning and
arrive, no one of any importance she stressed, purely a matter of business, but]
120.19-21 arrive--no one of any importance she stressed, purely a matter of business--but

175.24 voices and] 120.26 voices, and

175.30 floor amidst] 120.32 floor amid

176.8 Claud describes] 121.13 Claude describes

176.10 had !] 121.15 had! !

176.16 [Extra space] I went] 121.22 [No extra space] I went

176.21 looked pouring] 121.27 looked, pouring

176.26 man, with] 121.32 man with

176.28 he did] 122.1 he did

176.31 shouted--'Don't dare touch me] 122.4-5 shouted, 'Don't dare touch me,'

176.34 said--pleaded--entreated] 122.8 said--pleaded--entreated

176.34 entreated, 'What] 122.8 entreated, 'What

176.35 sake what] 122.9 sake, what

177.2 whilst he] 122.12 while he

177.3 shouting: 'Nothing,] 122.13 shouting, 'Nothing,

177.12 him, I suppose] 122.23 him; I suppose

177.21 relations. Always] 122.32 relations! Always

177.26 recall] 123.5 recall), but

177.26 his coat] 123.6 his coat

177.31 glory, damn,) 123.10 glory--damn,

177.32 [Extra space] I wondered] 123.11 [No extra space] I wondered

177.34 sweet, but] 123.12 sweet--but

177.34 know and] 123.12 know, and

178.1 told Claud] 123.18 told Claude
that it's] 123.18 that, it's

Claud has] 123.22 Claud has

he has it] 123.23 he has, it

[Extra space] After our little] 123.28 [No extra space] After our little

amongst all] 123.30 among all

antics but I] 123.31-32 antics, but I

when Claud] 123.32 when Claude

out... 'Ho] 124.1 out, 'Ho,

"Happy Birthday"] 124.6 Happy Birthday

shouted Claud,) 124.7 shouted Claude,

and Claud] 124.10 and Claude

voice... 'Happy] 124.14-15 voice 'Happy

Edward... ] 124.15 Edward'.

ill-feeling and Claud] 124.19-20 ill-feeling, and Claude

Claud put] 124.20 Claude put

protestingly... 'No Claud, no'... ] 124.21 protestingly, 'No, Claude, no',

'No Claud,) 124.21 'No, Claude,

Claud, no] 124.21 Claude, no

night but she] 124.33 night, but she

candles and hanging] 125.3 candles, and hanging

food] 125.10 food!

night but she] 125.12 night, but she

said: 'Happy] 125.13 said, 'Happy

179.29-30 living room] 125.18 living-room
179.31 was Claud] 125.19 was Claude
179.33-34 himself: 'Hallo,] 125.22 himself, 'Hallo,
179.34 [No] 'Hallo,] 125.22 [No] 'Hallo,
179.34 Shebah; 'and] 125.22 Shebah', and
180.5 of Claud] 125.30 of Claude
180.9 Sebastien,) 126.1 Sebastian,
180.14 tinkling invisibly] 126.6 tinkling invisible
180.15 see Claud] 126.7 see Claude
180.16-17 drawl... 'I reckon he's had enough attention'... and] 126.9-10 drawl, 'I reckon he's had enough attention', and
180.19 lovers which] 126.11-12 lovers, which
180.23 boy-friend's] 126.16 boy-friend's
180.29 'The Holly and the Ivy'] 126.21-22 The Holly and the Ivy
180.31-32 'Let's Start All over Again',] 126.24 Let's Start All Over Again,
180.35 see Claud] 126.28 see Claude
181.2 saying Claud] 126.32 saying Claude
181.7 arm; a dozen] 127.3 hair, a dozen
181.9 saintly Claud] 127.5 saintly Claude
181.15 well,) 127.12 well!
181.19 outside and Norman] 17.13 outside, and Norman
181.20 The professor] 127.15 The Professor
181.22 chair, only] 127.16 chair. Only
181.24 whilst] 127.18 while
181.24-25 Maggie supreme in her slum kitchen hummed] 127.19 Lily, supreme in her slum kitchen, hummed

181.28 course but comical] 127.21 course, but comical.

181.32 earth a boy] 127.26 Wales, a boy

181.32-33 working and just] 127.26 working, and just

181.36 bored because] 127.30 bored, because

182.8 pre-existent, October] 128.6 pre-existent--October

182.12 Anyway she] 128.11 Anyway, she

182.14 knowingly...'Ah] 128.13 knowingly,'Ah

182.15 interesting...'] 128.14 interesting...

182.18 'Well it] 128.16 'Well, it

182.18 2 which] 128.17 2, which

182.20 nines or 27 and] 128.18 nines, or 27, and

182.21 whilst] 128.19 while

182.26 the North] 128.26 the north

182.27 school and how] 128.27 school, and how

182.33 I said...'Go on, darling, that is clever'...] 128.33; 129.1 I said,'Go on, darling, that's clever,'

183.2 now, certainly] 129.5-6 now--certainly

183.3 mother gone] 129.6 mother, gone

183.13-14 Lyceum Henry] 129.18 Lyceum, Henry

183.15 of Robespierre] 129.30 of Robespierre.

183.16-17 Belle of New York] 129.28 Belle of New York

183.22 St Paul] 129.28 St Paul,
said, 'Darling'

'Well it is.' 'Well, it is,'

shorthand, what she) shorthand--what she'd

out... 'No,' out 'No,

now... later.] now--later.

now... it's] now, it's

was... 'And] was 'And

good.'] good'.

mind not knowing] me, not knowing

[Extra space] I asked Claud [No extra space] I asked Claude

Claud last] Claude last

[ Q] Claud walked] He began to walk

me ba-a-by] me, ba-a-by

ba-a-by?'] ba-a-by?

me. Eyes smarting] me: eyes smarting

bag, the agony] bag--the agony

was, a trim] was--a trim

Norman from] Norman, from

neck, such a lady-like column of a neck,] neck--such a lady-like column of

Maybe Claud] Maybe Claude

Friends.] Friends!

friendship and I] friendship, and I

disrespect and I] disrespect, and I
Claud came

said Claud,

while

dislike Claude.

comfort—'Very' beard, 'Very

Shebah... very

spilled without breaking

up and behind

be-a-by

me, when he

notice, just took

window, and began

lid A little

him, such a

soft textured creature

 leaned on and he

want Claud

asked Claud

I said and it

was unhappy

unhappy. So excited

deliberately and then I

ago and

said Claud.
realistic, unchangeable tears]
Claude's eyes,
almost--yes, almost--felt]
Claude's eyes,
Claude too
Claude too
want Claude
atmosphere so I
'sing, 'Let's'
'Let's Start All Over Again'.
Let's Start All Over Again.
remover--how
'conservative'
evil-smelling
diamond-white
Let's Start All Over Again.
I kept remembering
I kept remembering
Ryan. How
'REV
conservative'
evil-smelling
diamond-white
I got up
I got up
Claude's
Claude's
and while
Claude himself
Claude himself
fragile. A
fragile: a
amongst]
among
Edward and
Edward, and
Claude had
Claude had
agonised--in
re-charg
right though I] 191.31 right, though I
191.33 things, and I] 191.34 things--and I
191.34 know because when] 191.35 know, because when
191.36 courtship, even] 191.37 courtship, even
192.2 trees and] 191.38 trees, and
192.11 never goes walks] 191.39 never walks
192.13 fair there] 191.40 fair, there
192.14 Norman after midnight] 191.41 Norman, after midnight,
192.16 [Extra space] Ah, the walking] 191.42 [No extra space] Ah, the walking
192.24 suddenly like a firework display] 191.43 suddenly, like a fire-work display,
192.25-26 stars and a moon] 191.44 stars, and the moon,
192.25-26 moon perfectly round,] 191.45 moon, perfectly round,
192.27 black oily river.] 191.46 black, oily river.
192.33 meaning. At least] 191.47 meaning--at least
193.3 Whilst] 191.48 While
193.5 and Claud] 191.49 and Claude
193.7 Oh he] 191.50 Oh, he
193.11 moment and it] 191.51 moment, and it
193.14 admired Claud] 191.52 admired Claude
193.16 Shebah'--] 191.53 Shebah,'--
193.16 voice though] 191.54 voice, though
193.17 beautifully, and I] 191.55 beautifully--and I
193.18-19 all and the] 191.56 mistress, and the
193.19 between Claud] 191.57 between Claude
anyway, as

me!

it!

[Extra space] I half expected [No extra space] I half expected

met Claud., met Claude,

about Claud's about Claudia's

health, mental that is, though health—mental, that is—though

mental that is, mental, that is—

Maggie, only Lily—only

things Darling? things, darling?

darling?'

there, than there, than

socks; just socks--just

What's bedding, 'What's

Shebah? Shebah?,'

reply... 'Oh reply, 'Oh

God I God, I

Station... and Station', and

well shaped nose well-shaped nose

cold or cold, or

gale and gale, and

enticingly—with such warmth— enticingly, with such warmth,

stay, you stay. You

dimension or rather an old familiar dimension dimension—rather an old
familiar dimension--

196.1 hints and then] 142.22 hints, and then
196.12 eventually but I] 143.1 eventually, but I
196.14 his inscriptions] 143.3 his inscriptions
196.23 nothing about] 143.11 nothing, about
196.24 mother and then] 143.13 mother, and then
196.28 said--'Oh] 143.17 said, 'Oh
196.29 Darling, I] 143.17 darling, I
196.29 idea...just] 143.18 idea, just
196.29 here'--and] 143.18 here', and
197.1 call and though] 143.26 call, and though
197.5 else; no reason] 143.33 else--no reason.
197.7 Dover Road] 144.1 Dover Beach
197.14-15 help, though] 144.10 help--though
197.20 being but then] 144.15 being, but then
197.20 up and every] 144.16 up, and every
197.23 wall; a stuffed] 144.19 wall. A stuffed
197.25 bathroom furniture] 144.21 bathroom, furniture
197.32 silently, flowers] 144.29 silently. Flowers
197.34 cinnamon brown] 144.31 cinnamon-brown
197.36 as Claud] 144.33 as Claude
198.2 only debris] 145.1 only debris
198.3 then after all I] 145.2 then, after all, I
198.4 his Fathers,) 145.4 his fathers,
of Claude.

explanation, so we

perhaps

cool, efficient girl

gone, I wonder?

ways?

well-kept hands

Pathetic, rather.

Norman began

me. 'Where's'

Footless, it

Old girl of mine.

old pal of mine, I'm weary and lonely it's true...}

Footless, it

old pal of mine, I'm weary and lonely it's true...

true.... When

Dream, Edward

dressing-gown

'Yes, dear,'
the guest room  the guest-room
said; there was] said. There was
Malvolio that I] Malvolio, that I
shop. The marvels] shop--the marvels
done and at] done, and that at
Claud arrived] Claude arrived
half way] half-way
Claud darling] Claude darling
right, my love] right, my love
accident prone] accident-prone
prone nor] prone, or
darlings... 0] darlings. Oh,
0] Oh
0 darlings.'] Oh, darling.'
Claude was] Claude was
skull, the moment] skull the moment
Whilst] While
[For something,] [No 9] For something,
[Blank] [Chapter] 7
She put down] His wife put down
to Claud] to Claude
desk or do you] desk, or do you
hand but Claud] hand, but Claude
but Claud] but Claude
203.12 said Claud.) 149.12 said Claude.
203.13 Sometime] 149.13 Some time
203.13 week, maybe] 149.13 week--maybe
203.21 sometime] 149.16 some time
203.26 head as if looking for something and] 149.20 head, as if looking for something, and
203.27 [No ¶] When they had] 149.22 [¶] Julia went
203.28 Claude bent] 149.23 Claude squatted
204.2 [¶] There's that fellow's] 150.1 [¶] That fellow's
204.15 [¶] He entered the barn] 150.13 [¶] Entering the barn, he
204.34 'Dear Flower,'] 150.22 Dear Flower,
204.35 the garden?] 150.24 the garden.
205.1 Actually it] 150.25 Actually, it
205.4 now, I can] 150.27 much--I can
205.5 him either but] 150.28 him, but
205.14 sensible normal life--] 151.2 normal, sensible life--
205.20 of place...] 151.8 of place--
205.24 Blessings. M:] 151.13 Blessings, L
205.24 Blessings.] 151.13 Blessings,
205.26 Claud read] 151.17 Claude read
206.1 living room.] 151.24 living-room.
206.7 [Extra space] Sucking threads] 151.28 [No extra space] Sucking threads
206.13 [Extra space] The photograph] 151.30 [No extra space] The photograph
206.18 [Extra space] On the right-hand side] 151.31-32 [No extra space] On the right hand side
206.18 right-hand side] 151.32 right hand side
206.30 [Extra space] All of them] 152.4 [No extra space] The three friends
207 List of Already Published Works by New Authors Limited] om.
208 [A continuation of Published Works by New Authors Limited] om.
209 [Blank] om.
Substantive Variants of *A Weekend with Claude*

The following list juxtaposes all the substantive variants between the 1967 Hutchinson edition and the 1981 Duckworth edition of *A Weekend with Claude*. The reading to the left of the bracket beginning with the page and line numbers is that of the Hutchinson edition. The reading to the right of the bracket beginning with the page and line numbers is that of the Duckworth edition. The abbreviation *om.* to the right of the page indicates the absence of words, lines, or entire passages. This list provides the collation for the two English publications. Because the 1982 American publication by George Braziller is a reprint of the Duckworth edition, a separate listing for it is not included.
13.2 He had given the date] 7.2 Claude had told them the date
13.4 And walked away] 7.4 Then he walked away
13.5 down the long barn] 7.5 down the barn
13.5-6 doors in accordance with his practice not to breathe down the necks of potential clients.] 7.5 doors.
13.6-7 His customers fell into two categories--] 7.5-6 There were two kinds of customers:
13.8 were not open] 7.7 weren't open
13.11 He stood in the doorway and looked out at his] 7.10 He stood looking out at his
13.16 the house and the barn] 7.14 the house and barn
13.16 his wife Sally] 7.14 his wife, Sarah,
13.17 and for their four children six years ago.] 7.15 and their four children six years before.
13.17-18 She had liked the house, she said, and the children] 7.15 The children
13.18 the children put] 7.15 The children had put
13.19 he bought a dog and a cat] 7.17 Claude had acquired a dog and a cat,
13.19 cat and people came in the end] 7.17 cat, and in the end people came
13.20 antiques but to see his family] 7.18 antiques as to see his family
13.21 was the pub] 7.19 was a pub
13.22 playing darts there and 7.20 playing darts and
13.23 drinks and they 7.21 drinks. They
13.26 Maggie, his 8.2 Lily, his
13.26 school that Maggie, his dear friend Maggie, had gone to as 8.2 school where Lily, his friend, had gone as
13.28 realised she had gone 8.4 realised that she had gone
14.2 that Maggie 8.6 that Lily
14.2 had walked as a child 8.6 had walked in crocodile
14.3 When Sally had left 8.7 When Sarah had left
14.3 he telephoned 8.8 he had telephoned
14.3 telephoned Maggie 8.8 telephoned Lily
14.5 just not to be so alone 8.11 just so as not to be alone
14.7 He wanted her to come 8.13 He wanted Lily to come
14.7 to come to him 8.13 to come and visit him
14.8 problems, so all she could 8.14 problems, all she could
14.12 coming to love him, 8.17 coming to him,
14.14 it was Maggie 8.19 it was Lily
14.14 that needed 8.19 who needed
14.14 that, not him 8.19 that, not he.
14.15 telling her down the black mouth of the telephone that 8.20 telling her that
14.15-16 it was not love 8.20 it wasn't love
14.16 but peace 8.21 but amnesia.
14.19 health. Most important of all she had allowed him to love her 8.23 health.
14.20-23 no barn, no business, no reason for being alive, no knowledge that it was possible or
necessary to live this way, simply and without torment.] 8.24 no barn and no business.

14.25 He looked across] 8.25 Claude looked across

14.27-28 lunch. The glimpse of her filled him with warmth and a peace that did not pass his understanding.] 8.27 lunch.

14.28-29 Under the pale sky and against the wall,] 8.27 Against the wall,

14.30 of the wistaria tree,] 8.28 of the wistaria,

14.30 his son's pram.] 8.29 his youngest son's pram.

14.31 A big pram] 8.29 It was a big pram,

14.32 He recalled] 8.31 He remembered

14.32 recalled without feeling of any kind that] 8.31 remembered that

14.32-33 his other sons, his first-born sons, had slept] 8.31 his other sons had slept

14.35 woman, Sally] 8.33 woman, Sarah

14.35 Sally his wife, in] 8.33 Sarah, in

14.36 she laid] 9.2 she had laid

15.1 and went] 9.3 and gone,

15.5 Behind him in the barn] 9.6 Behind, in the barn,

15.5 he heard] 9.7 Claude heard

15.7 he did not care] 9.8 he didn't care

15.8-11 visualised. It was sufficient to stand like a figure in a painting in a half-open doorway,

 allowing a little of the interior to be glimpsed but leaving the landscape ahead entirely to the imagination.] 9.9 visualised.

15.12-13 breast. For comfort and from habit he massaged his skin with gentleness.] 9.11-12

 breast, massaging the skin for comfort and from habit.

15.13 He did not turn] 9.12 He didn't turn
15.16 'Well, Mr White, my wife and I' 9.13 'My wife and I

15.18-23 Then he did turn round, away from the garden's decline, and narrowed his eyes to adjust them to his customer's expression, which was an open one and mixed with pleasure, for the decision made and the desk he was soon to own and use, to set in his house somewhere among his other possessions in which he might or might not find delight.] 9. om.

15.25-26 rummaging with her hands inside the cool interiors.] 9.15-16 rummaging inside them.

15.27 narrow darkness fretfully,] 9.16 narrow darkness

15.28 she cried out with wonder, feeling] 9.17 she cried, feeling

15.30-31 The letter and the photograph she held aloft in her greedy fingers and waved about in the air.] 9.18-20 She held them up in her greedy fingers and waved them about in the air.

15.33-34 ago.' Which was the truth, only not altogether forgotten.] 9.22 ago.'

15.34-36; 16.1 her, to her scarlet mouth open in disappointment, to her female face misted with powder, and allowed himself to lose his detachment and smile at her winningly, saying:] 9.23-24 Her scarlet mouth was open in disappointment, her face misted with powder.

16.1 'So sorry, my dear, it's nothing.] 9.24-25 'So sorry, my dear,' he said. 'It's nothing

16.2 written me] 9.25 written to me

16.3 find. You] 9.26-27 find. If you'll look at the date you'll see it was written in 1960. You

16.5-15 All the time his own fingers were held to hers, as if they reached together to pluck an identical sprig of mimosa, and behind them the husband said, clearing an obstruction in his throat.

'Oh come on now, Betty, give Mr White his letter. We really must be moving.'

The dictates of polite behaviour overlaid the barn like a mantle. Cloud would have liked to snatch the letter still held in her on-high grasp and flick her meanly across the bridge
of her little tilted nose, there where the powder grains lay like pollen on her skin.

9.30-33; 10.1-2 The woman stood there, holding the letter and the snapshot out of his reach, not wanting to give them up. Claude would have liked to snatch the letter from her, to flick her meanly across the bridge of her tilted nose—there where the powder grains lay like pollen on her skin. They stared at each other.

'We really should be going,' said the husband.

16.15-17 He was forced to wait until her arm came down at last, and she handed him his letter, her mouth alone betraying a pouting obstinacy. 10.4 The woman's arm came down at last. She pouted.

16.19 'Do come and meet Julia,' said 10.5 'Come across to the house and have some coffee,' said

16.19 folding his letter] 10.6 folding the letter

16.20-21 in the breast pocket of his shirt, patting them flat with the tips of thanksgiving fingers.] 10.7 in his pocket.

16.22 for a reply to his invitation he] 10.7 for a reply, he

16.23 the yard into the house ] 10.8 the yard,

16.23-24 house. His hand stayed at his breast, fingers pinned like a brooch to the pocket of his shirt.] 10.8-9 yard, his hand pinned like a brooch to his heart.

16.25-26 heart. Julia at the stove looked up and smiled mildly at their entrance. The red slippers on her small feet made her appear young.] 10.9 heart.

16.26-27 She had been peeling] 10.10 Julia had been peeling

16.27 and also preparing] 10.10 and preparing

16.28-29 The thoroughness with which she did everything meant that most] 10.11-12 Because of the thoroughness with which she did everything, most

16.30 The diapers had been soaking] 10.13 The nappies had been soaking
half-washed preparatory to} 10.14 half-washed, before

would cause her to become irritable] 10.18 would make her irritable

the woman Betty.] 10.22 the woman.

at the two china heads,] 10.23 at two china heads,

sweethearts with apple cheeks laid against each other,] 10.24 sweethearts, cheek to apple cheek,

attached to the wall.] 10.24-25 attached to the white-washed wall.

Look Stanley, aren’t they sweet?] 10.25 Aren’t they sweet?

In looking she kicked] 10.25-26 As she looked she kicked

bucket beside the sink and a] 10.26 bucket, and a

‘Oh how clumsy, I’m so sorry.’] 10.27 ‘Goodness,’ she cried

patted her shoe dry with] 10.29 patted her shoe with

dishcloth. ‘Oh you really shouldn’t bother,’ she said, confused and looking over his head first at Julia and then at Stanley.] 10.29 dishcloth.

and beneath that his heart] 10.31 and beneath his skin his heart

It did not seem] 10.33 It didn’t seem

seem such a long time ago] 10.33 seem so long ago

since he was young,] 10.33 since he had been young,

since his wife had gone away.] 11.2 since his wife had left.

a coat, and surely she would not leave without a coat, and he] 11.3 a coat; and he

He had remembered that when he first met her it had been by a river and she had been sitting in the grass in a dress with a collar that did not quite fit, and he had thought, looking at her face, at the shadows of leaves that dappled her skin, I will make you my wife.
It was not so much love at first sight as the decision of a man who knew a beautiful thing when he saw it and wanted to own it. For which he had paid not in money but in pain, because he found there was no way of making her love him and no way of putting her out of his heart or his mind. She had moved through their life together completely self-contained, without emotion, without anger or compassion. Nothing he had done had reached her. The pain of this discovery at first resembled a length of elastic stretched tight across his whole personality. If he relaxed for a moment and allowed himself to dwell on her apathy towards him it snapped loose and bruised him violently. After a time the hurt slackened and he only ached. She had moved out of his life without looking back, without bothering to wave.

18.5 a year following her departure] 11.7 a year after her departure
18.6 he had not been aware] 11.8 he hadn't been aware
18.6 of the gradual accumulation] 11.9 of his gradual accumulation
18.7 been almost a surprise to] 11.10 been a surprise for him to
18.7--8 finally so large and bulky in his person.] 11.10 at last so large and bulky.
18.12 and with him] 11.15 and for him
18.14 she had not bothered to take with her.] 11.17 she had forgotten to take with her,
18.15-16 and they had been taken away.] 11.18 and finally she had fetched them.
18.16-21 It was something he tried, and failed not to think about. He rose slowly with the cloth in his hand and smiled at Betty. He had rather small white teeth between pink lips set in his crisp beard. 'Thank you;' she said, looking past him at her husband.] 11 om.
18.22 Julia had begun to boil] 11.19 Julia began to boil
18.23 afraid,' and paused,] 11.20 afraid,' she said and paused,
18.23-24 he would say] 11.21 him to say
18.24 it would not do.] 11.21 it wouldn't do.
18.24-25 But he chose not to hear the enquiry in her voice and was opening] 11.21 But he was busy opening
18.25 a box that stood] 11.22 a box which stood
18.26 china that he] 11.23 china he
18.26 china that he had bought earlier] 11.23 china he had collected earlier
18.28 Stanley was left standing] 11.24 The man who had bought the desk was left standing
18.28 the doorway without contact] 11.25 the doorway.
18.29 he would receive no reply] 11.26 he wouldn't get a reply,
18.29-30 reply. However, he could] 11.26 reply, but he couldn't
18.30 could not keep silent] 11.26 couldn't keep silent.
18.31 man?' and quickly, to fill] 11.27 man?' he said, and added quickly, to fill
18.33 now, Mr White?] 11.29 now, Mr Perkins?
18.34 his check shirt] 11.30 his shirt.
18.34-35 His forearms were squat] 11.30-31 His arms were square
19.3 water, so that the man was forced] 12.3 water. The man was forced
19.5-6 He half turned his head to look at his wife and in doing so his hand] 12.5-6 As he half-turned to look at his wife, his hand
19.6 his book] 12.6 the book
19.7 His half-completed signature] 12.7 The half-completed signature
19.8 retrieve it] 12.8 retrieve the book
19.10 Claud, 'don't bother] 12.10 Claude. 'Don't bother
19.11 to write a fresh one] 12.11 to write another
19.12 He did not look up] 12.12 He didn't look up
cheque lay on the table amongst the newspapers with its tear-stained name. Cheque with its tear-stained signature lay on the table among the newspapers.

distress or hunger. Of distress.

and Julia said: 'Oh, Claud darling, do get him;' bringing back memories of other babies crying in another pram who were not picked up until somebody was ready and who were none the worse for it. 'Claude darling, do get him,' said Julia.

'really look at these, aren't they nice?' 'Look at these,' he said. 'Aren't they nice?'

'Julia, look at these, aren't they nice?' 'Jula.

Claud held up [Julia's inspection.]

papers. Also a tin of biscuits. papers, and a tin of biscuits. Claude to the woman.

Betty, and he gathered] woman. He gathered on to the kitchen floor. on the kitchen floor. Stanley saw] The man saw

of a stool.] of a chair.

stool, but he said nothing.] chair.

'Shall I get the baby?' asked Betty of Julia who was getting spoons from a drawer. 'No, leave him.' Claud took her elbow and sat her down on a stool. She did not like to look at him directly. She sensed that he was hostile towards her and yet the moist mouth smiled.

for money things] for money objects

'Have you many things that you purchased when your first started in the business?' asked
Stanley. 'I suppose you've hung on to a few things,' the man said,

20.7 blight seemed so hostile. 13.3 blighter seemed aggressive.

20.7-8 And it had been his suggestion that they] 13.3-4 And yet it had been he who had suggested

20.9-11 'I had, but my wife took everything when she left.' ‘Oh.’] 13.5-7 ‘I haven’t. When my

wife left me, she didn’t even take a toothbrush. But later, when I was ill, she sent a van

and cleared me out, lock, stock and barrel.’

20.12 Betty sat quite still] 13.8 The woman sat quite still

20.12 table and Julia went] 13.9 table. Julia went

20.13 kitchen in her little red slippers, out into the yard,) 13.9-10 kitchen into the yard in her

red slippers.

20.13 her little red slippers,) 13.9-10 her red slippers.

20.13 out into the yard] 13.9 into the yard

20.13-14 yard, and the crying] 13.10 slippers. The baby’s

20.14 the child] 13.10 the baby’s

20.14 the crying of the child] 13.10 the baby’s crying

20.14 suddenly ceased.] 13.10 suddenly stopped.

20.14-15 Presently they heard her come into the passage and go up the stairs.] 13.11-12

Presently she came back into the passage, and they heard her talking to the baby.

20.17 take.’] 13.13-14 cake,’ she crooned. She climbed the stairs,

20.18 A door upstairs closed] 13.14 and a door closed

20.18-19 sweet words, the honey melody.] 13.15 sweet words.

20.22 looking into the face of Betty,) 13.17 looking at the woman,

20.23 a very good reason] 13.18 a good reason
20.25 'Oh, how's that?' 13.20 'Oh, what's that?'
20.25 himself, Stanley put] 13.20 himself, the man put
20.28 'Simple, man.'] 13.23 'Simple,'
20.28 'Simple, man.'] 13.23 'Simple,' said Claude.
20.29 sometimes much more.] 13.25 sometimes more.
20.32 'Really.'] 13.27 'Really,' said the woman.
20.32 Betty had never] 13.27 She had never
20.32-33 They had tried but had been unsuccessful.] 13.28 She had tried, but had failed.
20.34 'Oh it's perfectly true.] 13.29 'It's a fact,'
20.34 true.] 13.29 fact,' said Claude.

21.2-3 laid against the huge and purple nipple of his mother.] 13.33; 14.1 laid against his mother's huge purple nipple.
21.6 child that is denied] 14.4 child that's denied
21.8 there, you know.] 14.7 there.
21.12 some extremely interesting experiments] 14.10 some interesting experiments
21.14 doctors and they gave them] 14.12 doctors, who gave them
21.17 food out of reach, very swiftly, and] 14.15 food and
21.20 He opened] 14.18 Claude opened
21.21-24 floor. There was a silence in the kitchen. The man Stanley held his cup in his two palms and heard his wife ask in a high foolish voice:] 14.19 floor.
21.28-29 doubts, but the feeling of irritation persisted.] 14.24 doubts.

21.29-30 at the loudness of his own voice.] 14 25 at the irritation in his own voice.

21.30 this fellow White] 14 26 this fellow Perkins

21.34 'Oh, I do.] 14.30 'Certainly I do,'

21.34 do.] 14.30 do,' said Claude.

21.34 Else why should] 14 31 Otherwise, why should

21.34-35 you at this moment feel] 14.31 you feel

22.1-3 A laugh, however contemptuous, did not seem adequate, so Stanley said nothing and sweat accumulated] 14 33; 15.1-2 The man couldn't think of a suitable reply. Sweat accumulated

22.3 his striped and newly laundered shirt.] 15.1-2 his newly laundered striped shirt.

22.4 'you know that's why] 15.3 'That's why

22.5 sucked.] 15.4 sucked,' said Claude.

22.5 you are giving] 15.4 you're giving

22.6 Claud, eyes tender and amused, leaned forward] 15.5 He leaned forward

22.6 Claud,] 15.5 He

22.7 arm around] 15.6 arm round

22.7 Betty's shoulders] 15.6 the woman's shoulders

22.10-11 photographs in the normality of her own living room.] 15.10 photographs.

22.12 of beard] 15.11 of his beard

22.12 beard caressed her cheek,] 15.11 beard touched her cheek.

22.12-13 cheek, that his breath touched her skin.] 15.11 cheek.

22.13 She saw that Stanley's face appeared] 15.11 Her husband's face appeared

22.14 room, that his mouth] 15.12 room, and his mouth

22.15 ring given him by his father,] 15.13 ring his father had given him,
on it, because

the link between them would

man with his talk of breasts and

his large arm

shoulders. And there was a recollection in her mind that came quite unbidden, of

herself as a child in a back room with a mahogany sideboard with two drawers, and her mother

leaving her alone in the house for some misdemeanour, something wrong, and she had opened

the right-hand drawer of the sideboard and found a bag of sweets and eaten them one by one,

boiled sweets as round and hard as the stone in Stanley’s ring. She wondered if the woman

Julia gave her breasts to both the baby and the bearded man, if she called him her honey

lamb and dropped milk into his full mouth. Her thoughts only heightened her helplessness.

She leant her head against Claud’s shoulder and stared at Stanley’s hand which moved and

gripped the edge of the table, and then he laughed, which freed her from whatever it was

that held her, so that she sat upright.

husband, his face still split with some kind of elation,

his good grey suit

pocket. And was

again, and more than a little amused with this conversation in a kitchen with a man who

had lost his wife and who imagined that men took seriously all this talk of babyhood and

women’s chests.

Clearly he had an obsession with women’s chests.

back into the room in her red slippers, bringing
pale or so downcast; pale or downcast;

knew it was possible her absence had been scarcely noticed. knew that her absence had probably been scarcely noticed.

with her rather long fingers; with her long fingers.

table and lifting the pile of newly acquired plates and carrying] table. He lifted the pile of newly acquired plates and carried

give up] cheque being swept up

to Mr. White; to Mr Perkins.'

map; complained the woman.

Through the steam he said: 'Instead of which it] 'Instead of which,' he said through the steam, 'it

letter of Maggie's] letter of Lily's

that weekend last summer; that weekend in the summer.'

one; 'It was hard to tell how Julia meant that.] one,' said Julia. 'Where

She put her slim hand into his breast pocket and drew out] Julia drew out

ago. Poor dear Shebah; she said. 'Poor dear Shebah.'

Shebah; and placed it] Shebah.' She laid it

placed it] laid it

Stanley stared at it, at the three figures seated on the grass, a man a little to one side, another in the foreground, and a girl between them. Behind them in a chair was an old woman with a bandage round her leg.] The man stared at the photograph, at the two figures seated on the ground, a man and a girl. Behind them on a bench was an old woman with a bandage round her leg, and a man one seat away.
It wasn't a]

but he pointed at the face] but he pointed at the face

Julia said with calmness, touching the photograph gently with the tips of her fingers.

Julia said.

'Yes, for years.'] 'Yes,' he said. 'For years.'

For years and for years] For years and years

He and Sally] He and Sarah

had two rooms] had had two rooms

met Maggie] met her.

She lived up] She had lived up

up the Heath] up at the Heath

they lived] they had lived

she baby-sat] she had baby-sat

she cut] she had cut

cut Sally's hair;] cut Sarah's hair.

she told him] she had told him

about Joseph the student] about the student

one who knew] one who already knew

he advised her] he had advised her

to forget Joseph.] to forget him.

'I have to marry him. I will marry him, there's no other way unless he could die.' In

the end she had her way, Joseph being healthy, and in time after the children were born he

went away and left her.] 'It hurts.'
24.26-28 Her next lover had proved no more adequate at loving her in the way she desired--how could he?--and she had been left alone again. 17.8-11 Her next sweetheart, an hotel waiter, had proved no more adequate at loving her in the way she desired, and she had felt hurt again. She leapt from one piece of suffering to another.

24.28-29 Always Maggie brought her lovers to be seen by him. 17.11-14 She insisted that Claude meet all her lovers, because he might be able to persuade them to love her properly. 'You,' she had said, 'are my best friend. You'll know how to put my case.'

24.29-31 He hadn't liked Joseph and he hadn't cared for Billie; the last one, Edward, the much-needed Edward, she had brought to him last summer. 17.14-18 He hadn't cared for the student, or for the waiter, or for the half-dozen suitors who followed after. He had cared for Billie least of all. Edward, the much-needed Edward, she had brought to him four summers ago,

24.35 the man Stanley picked up] 17.21 the man picked up

24.36 photograph, looking again at] 17.22 photograph, scrutinising again

25.2 there in last summer's garden;] 17.24 there in that time past.

29.1 know if I've] 18.1 know whether I've

29.3 foolish to imagine] 18.3 foolish to believe

29.3 anything really settled.] 18.4 anything is really settled.

29.4 before the shooting of Shebah,] 18.5 before Shebah was shot,

29.5 I felt so clean and wide awake.] 18.5 I felt wide awake.

29.9-10 four of us, and the children,] 18.10 four of us, I

29.10 shouted very loudly] 18.10-11 shouted loudly

29.11 I was not confident] 18.12 I wasn't confident

29.13 month, not a night] 18.13-14 month, rather than for a night
There were the children's clothes for bed and extra jumpers in case it turned colder, and some cars for Boy and a doll for my girl, and a special little case of clothes for the doll, who is called Winnie. And Edward's case with shaving things and my nightie, though I don't often wear one. I just didn't want to wander round the house all night stark naked.)

18.14 morning.

29.19 had a haversack) 18.15 had his haversack.
29.19 he is going] 18.15 he's going
29.23 we each wanted] 18.19 we wanted
29.24 less in numbers.] 18.20 less of a crowd.
29.25 felt a bit proud and a bit ashamed] 18.21 felt rather proud and rather ashamed
29.26 I don't seem to have grown used, deep down, to having come] 18.22-23 Deep down, I don't seem to have grown used to having come
29.28; 30.1-6 odd, let alone being almost divorced and owning children and having funny friends.

Not funny really, not in the laughable sense, though Shebah could be defined so, if she was just looked at. She's not talking now, which makes her look different, clumsy because most of Shebah is how she throws up her plump arms so that the yellow bangles slither down, and all the words she uses.] 19.1-5 odd, not to mention having a flat with carpets. And my friends are a bit funny. Not exactly funny--not in the ha-ha sense--though I suppose Shebah is a bit comical. She's not talking at the moment, which makes her look different, almost clumsy.

30.7-8 She wanted to sit on the grass (too damp) because she appreciates the daisies;] 19.7-8 She likes sitting in the open air among the daisies.

30.9 thinking inside how] 19.8 thinking how
30.10 image of herself,) 19.9 image she has of herself--
30.11-12 I don’t really, it’s just that I’ve trained my mind to think these thoughts, and] 19.11-12 I don’t really think I’m like a daisy--it’s more that I’ve trained my mind to think these thoughts--and


30.18 front with Boy and] 19.20 front of me, and

30.19-21 neck and I felt happy making contact, because I thought it looked as if we had been married for years and me still adored. [19.21-24 neck, and I liked that, because I thought if anyone was watching us it looked as if we had been married for years and I was still adored.

30.24 known him] 19.25 known Edward

30.27 before Edward ] 19.29-30 before. They usually go off me equally quickly. Edward

30.27-28 Edward at the moment seems to be the exception] 19.30-31 Edward seems to be the exception at the moment,

30.29-30 And I just have to be this time, because of the baby not yet born, and that’s partly why we] 19.32-33 And I simply have to get married this time, because of the baby not yet born, and that’s why we

30.33 well not Edward, because] 20.4 well, not on Edward, because

30.34-36; 31.1-3 Edward, because he loves children so much and particularly mine and Boy worships him. All the way here on the bus he sat on Edward’s knee and chatted to him and Edward held him close and Shebah passed round sweets which we took because she never takes no for an answer, just keeps on delving into her bag and thrusting them at us.] 20.4-15 Edward, because he’s always smiling at children, and patting them on the head. I made Shebah and Norman come with me because they’re my friends, and they’ve spent most
of the weekend having little chats with Edward and putting me in a good light. They haven't told me yet what they said, but it must have been nice, and maybe tomorrow Edward will ask me to marry him. With a bit of an effort I could be a good wife. I could even help him in his career. I don't know much about geology—I haven't had time to go to the library—but rocks shouldn't be too difficult to brush up on. I've got to have this baby. It would hurt not to have it.

31.5-6 I thought I knew the road. I had been on the Green Line bus several times when I used to go to school here.] 20.16-17 On the way here I thought I recognised the road, since I went to school nearby.

31.6 it was only like] 20.17 it was like

31.7 there seem a lot of Indians] 20.18 there seem to be an awful lot of Indians

31.8 horses, when it's only the same Indian,] 20.19 horses, but it's only the same Indian on the same old horse.

31.8 Indian, and I kept thinking] 20.20 horse. I kept thinking

31.9 road, only I didn't after all;] 20.21 road, but I didn't.

31.13 I only remember one ride] 20.23 I remember one ride

31.13 dark, the first term,] 20.24 dark, my very first term.

31.14-15 term, with my hair waved permanently, and a grey school coat that had the same texture as my head, harsh and hairy.] 20.24-25 term. I'd had my hair permanently waved and it had the same texture as my grey school coat.

31.16 there were great dark trees] 20.27 there were shapes of trees

31.17-18 someone said we were there.] 20.28 someone said we'd arrived.

31.18 basement that might] 20.29 basement which might

31.21 One had little yellow curls on both sides of her ears] 20.31-33 One girl had bunches of
One had little yellow curls on both sides of her ears. One girl had bunches of yellow curls hanging like grapes above each ear.

A girl came in with a full face and long lobes to her ears and started to eat an onion. Girl came in and began to eat an onion.

At the tapes my mother had sewn on the blankets with my name on, and water came into the back of my eyes. At the name tapes my mother had sewn on the blankets, and tears came into my eyes.

I did not know how. I didn't know how.

I wasn't at all beautiful. I wasn't beautiful.

I told myself (no, told God)-- I said to God.

Please make me beautiful—and that. 'Please make me better looking', and that better. But there had been so many new things all that day, and in the train a man with a homburg hat had said I was intelligent, that I had omitted to tell God, so that I now felt just what I was, squat and shabby and plain. The tears on my cheeks were for that mainly, though I would have liked to make my bed up properly. better.

'Yes.' She must have been mixing me up with someone else, because I'd hardly had a beastly day off school for years; but it
'Yes'. It was easier] 21.18 years; but it was easier

1 had not got] 21.18 I hadn't got

1 was in possessing] 21.29 I was to possess

1 seeing that I was thinner] 21.30 seeing I was thinner

20-21 bed, whilst the other girl] 21.32 bed. The other girl.

21 looking more amused] 21.33 looking writer

22 I had better worry] 21.33 I'd better worry

22 about the misunderstanding] 22.1 over the misunderstanding

25-28 I should have shown Shebah the school. I expect she would have called me a bloody

rotten swine for having all that luxury and beauty around me, but underneath she would

have been impressed.] 22 om.

30 the schooldays] 22.2 my schooldays

30 schooldays that I remember] 22.3 schooldays I remember

31-32 winter term when we went on a Sunday morning to church] 22.4 winter Sunday when

we went to church.

32 church, and the flake were like daisies] 22.4 church.

33 and the Salvation Army band] 22.4-5 In the square the Salvation Army band

34 In', and though it was] 22.6 In'. It was

34-35 card I did feel like crying or did I cry, only it was I think mostly] 22.6-7 card, and I

think I felt like crying. I don't mean I was homesick or anything.

35-36; 33.1 only it was I think mostly that moments like that always move me off the idea of

how beautiful I was (am) and] 22.8-9 It's just that sentimental moments like that

generally make me forget how special I could be if only I had the chance, and

3-5 nothing. I might have felt like that because whilst the band played 'The Sea of Love Comes
Rolling in' the flakw of snow were raming down from a great height and getting lost underfoot.)

22.11 nothing.

33.5 the morning] 22.11 that particular morning

33.5 morning for that reason and because] 22.12 morning because

33.6 I did not kneel] 22.12 I didn't kneel

22.7-8 Matron behind tapped me with her umbrella, and I almost, not quite, contemplated

  turning round and striking her.) 22.13-14 Matron thwacked me on the shoulder with her

  umbrella, and I almost swung round and bashed her.

33.9 much the umbrella] 22.15 much about the umbrella

33.9-10 but that I was lost watching the vicar, and] 22.15-16 but I'd been day-dreaming about

  the vicar,

33.10 vicar, and was alternating] 22.16 vicar, alternating

33.12-14 idea of him and me going down on the Titanic together, with the violins playing, and

  Matron spoilt it all.) 22.18-21 idea of him being Charles Boyer in that film about the

  Titanic. We were sinking together with the violins playing--and Matron spoilt it with

  her brolly tapping.

33.16 I haven't even told Edward I went] 22.21 I haven't mentioned to Edward that I went

33.17-21 If I sat up now he would be watching me. He is watching me. He's also looking to see how

  close Victorian Norman is to my leg. That's because last night he stood at the top of the

  stairs and watched Norman and I leaning on each other. We were really laughing, though

  I was crying.) 22.22-30 Once or twice when I've told him little anecdotes about my past,

  he's given me a funny look. I'd like him to be jealous, but I don't want to overdo it. Men

  are funny like that--their way of showing jealousy is to disappear off the face of the
I've told Norman about the school. He was impressed, I think, despite his being a Communist. Anyway, he didn't laugh, which was a blessing.

33.21-23 Norman has got an awful laugh. A sort of current of air blown out of some horse with flaring nostrils, and sucked in again.) 22.30 His laugh is terrible; his nostrils flare like a horse.

33.25 heard it) 22.31 heard him sniggering

33.25 about a room in] 22.32 about a room to rent in

33.26 in our house] 22.32 in my house

33.26 Street. There] 22.33; 23.1-2 Street. I'm not really a Bloated Capitalist. The house had been left to me by my Auntie Edith, and it was falling down. Some of the windows are missing.

There

33.26-27 There was only me living there then and Billy the Wild Colonial Boy and Miss Evans] 23.2-3 There was only me living there, and Miss Evans,

33.28 remover, who pretended she didn't live there and changed] 23.4 remover, who changed

33.29 into mackintosh and gumboots] 23.4 into gum boots and a mackintosh

33.29-30 work at the end of the day,) 23.5 work because the place was so damp.

33.30 and carried a torch,) 23.5-6 She carried a torch

33.30-31 She did not like to use the light switches in case she got a shock,) 23.6-7 because she was afraid the light switches would give her a shock.

33.31-32 which was being a bit over-cautious,) 23.7 She was over-cautious,

33.32 her electrolysis career] 23.8 her career in electrolysis

33.33 Anna or Brenny or someone said] 23.8-9 Someone had told me

33.34 suitable to live in the house,) 23.9-10 suitable as a lodger;
33.34 as he was clean] 23.10 he was clean
33.35 quiet and did not like meeting people,] 23.10 quiet and kept himself to himself.
33.35 and I did need the money,) 23.11 I needed the money,
34.1-3 He does not really look so odd now, propped on one elbow, digging at the grass with bony
fingers, and his frown is not displeasure but just that he's thinking over the events of last
night. When I] 23.12 When I
34.4-22 he was small and Victorian and had straight-down trousers without a turn-up when
everybody else had turn-ups, and a high collar round his throat, with rounded edges like
the ones my father wore, and under the flat peaked cap a face like the German prisoner of
war I knew as a child, eyes turned down at the corners, and a nose with wide nostrils, and a
long thin upper lip. I hadn't remembered the German for a long time, and whilst I began to
do so Norman walked past me into the hall and like a very old film winding jerkily, ducked
his head, removed his cap, patted his hair, slapped his cap between his hands and gave his
laugh. Only I did not hear the laugh properly that first time because I was thinking of
where I used to meet the German prisoner, under the pale beech leaves by the pinewoods,
and remembering the long gummy strands that spiders spun and slung from tree to tree,
and the way they caught in my hair, and the sound a pheasant made rising up from the
ground with a great surge of wings, and I suppose that was Norman laughing.] 23.13-16 he
appeared small and somehow old-fashioned. He had narrow trousers and wore a detachable
collar with rounded edges, like the ones my father affected, and a flat peaked cap. He took
his cap off and sort of bowed.
34.24-28 room, which was a nice room, with Sicilian lions with tongues sticking out
wallpapered all along one side, and a brass bed and the piano and two samovars and the head
of a moose with a paper garland twisted round its horns, and the fire burning, and I felt]
23.17-22 room. I was proud of that room. The wallpaper had a pattern of Sicilian lions with their tongues sticking out, and there was a brass bed and a piano, and the stuffed head of a moose on the wall with a paper garland twisted round its horns. It wasn't everybody's cup of tea, but that room had style. I felt

34.29 and very formal.] 23.23 and I behaved very formally at the beginning.

34.29 I did like to be quiet,] 23.24 I liked to be quiet,

34.30 but he] 23.24 but Norman

34.30 did not stop] 23.24 didn't stop

34.30 listen, but advanced closer] 23.25 listen; he advanced closer

34.31 above the wing collar,] 23.26 above his wing collar,

34.32 collar, head inclined slightly, till] 23.26 collar, till

34.32-33 nose, and he squinted at my mouth, and my skirt] 23.27 nose, and my skirt

34.33 skirt began to catch fire.] 23.27 skirt began to smoulder.

34.34-35; 35.1 right, and on the thought was spun round with two hands low on my hips, and then held with one hand whilst he beat at] 23.28-29 right, and then he spun me round and beat at

35.2 he came to live] 23.30 he had come to live

35.3 like that, and I said] 23.31 like that. I said

35.5 understand properly and that was why] 24.1 understand what people were saying and that was why

35.7 but he suffered terribly for weeks] 24.3 but for weeks afterwards he suffered terribly

35.7 for weeks] 24.3 for weeks afterwards

35.11-23 He's looking at me now, a little groove at the top of his nose, and he's looking sad in his blue eyes. There, we met for an instant, and I don't feel so cheerful any more, though it's
only temporary. We did decide some time ago to treat life as a comedy, applaud loudly each fresh banana skin fall, bear in mind constantly that emotions are transient. This time, for the first time, we won't be able to go over this weekend with care, verbally smoothing the distress into recognisable symbols. We won't be able to reiterate till we have absorbed without possibility of forgetfulness every word, every inflection, every sentence, that Shebah uttered from the moment of arrival to the time the pellet hit her in the leg, and afterwards. This time we won't because I haven't had much chance to talk to Norman this weekend. When we lived in the same house we used to talk for hours. We haven't even been able to discuss Shebah being shot in the leg. We won't ever be able to talk about it, not for ages.

35.24-25 returning to the lightness of the new southern flat with the wide white window sills.

This time we won’t, because it’s all so 24.11-12 returning to my new bedsitter in London.

It's a pity there's not more time. It's all so

35.26 crusades, Norman terms it.] 24.13 crusades, in a sense.

35.27 serious. To find a father for a child.] 24.13 serious.

35.28 thought about Edward] 24.14 thought of Edward,

35.29 whether he thought he was suitable] 24.15 whether he was suitable,

35.29-30 but we haven't really discussed it.] 24.15-16 but Shebah's accident got in the way.

35.30 all, the] 24.17 all, according to Claude, the

35.31 I bear for myself.] 24.17-18 I bear myself.

35.31 It is always] 24.18 It's always

35.32 love.] 24.18 love, Claude says.

35.34-36; 36.1-15 Shebah has just moved one plump hand down reproachfully to touch her bandaged leg. It is as if one of the statues has stirred. In an instant she will groan and then
say something. Victorian Norman closes his eyes, waiting. There, she speaks... 'What's the bloody swine up to now?'

Edwards says pleasantly, taking the opportunity to clear his throat, 'Getting ready to take us to the bus."

The figure all in black falls back into the chair. A ladder moves swifter than the eye can follow up the apricot stocking. What was it she said last night, round the kitchen table, rose-red bottom lip drooping, eyes assuming a childishness she has never lost...? 'There is a moment when everything is too late.' Claude had bent low over the cottage pie, in sympathy, short fingers supporting his fierce head.

'Aah, dear Shebah... dear Shebah.'

Passively Julia went on eating.

'Late for what?' Edward looked at her, hands searching in his pockets for the cigarettes he wanted.] 24 \( \text{pm} \)

36.16 Yesterday, going through the door ] 24.19 Yesterday, when we arrived and went through the door
36.17 held out arms so wide] 24.20 held his arms out so wide
36.17 held out arms] 24.20 held his arms out
36.17–25 them. The gold beard brushed my half-open mouth, behind the smooth, vast perfectly hairless chest, a heart palpitated. Within the now-closed arms, pressed against the dilating blood machine, through half-shut eyes and strands of hair, I saw the shop. The tables of china and ornaments, the ceiling hung with lamps, the hamster cage, a drawing that I'd done two years ago pinned on a wall, a dozen mirrors reflecting a hundred glitterings and the bland face of Julia, gentle, smiling, waiting for a greeting.] 24.21 them.

36.28 trod on the foot of Shebah,] 24.24 trod on Shebah's foot,"
36.28-29 Shebah, the exposed foot in the openwork sandal.) 24.24-25 foot, which lay exposed in an open-work sandal.

36.29-30 The doorbell continued to ring and over it Shebah swore.) 24.25 She swore at him.

36.31 holding Edward by the fingers,) 24.26 shaking Edward's hand,

36.32-34 One hand touched his own naked nipple under the open shirt, the eyes became obliterared in the creases of a smile. Crooning he took Shebah forward, and) 24 om.

36.34 and then Julie said] 24.27 Then Julie said

36.34-35 said the right things, the nice things, and] 24.27 said nice things, and

37.7 pointed fingers quickly) 25.2 pointed quickly

37.9-10 the silver and the gold in a) 25.5 the silver in a

37.10 in a circle back to myself,) 25.5-6 in a sort of circle until I was pointing at myself.

37.10-11 myself, meaning for Edward, who wasn't watching, all this and me too.) 25.6-8 I suppose I really meant Edward to understand 'All this and me too'. Actually, it was wasted on him. He wasn't watching.

37.11 Claud was watching and) 25.8 Claude was, though, and

37.14 emotion is, as Shebah would put it, so wearying.) 25.10-11 emotion is so wearying, as Shebah would put it.

37.14-15 So like my papa am I, ready to weep at 'Silver Threads Among the Gold',) 25.11-13 I think it's inherited. My father always wept when they played Silver Threads among the Gold on the wireless.

37.15-33 and giving two-shilling pieces to the boys in blue during the late last war, and maybe rather charming now with my brown hair and full mouth and not so old, but what when I'm lately young, and the lines criss-crossing like a map in all directions under the eyes, and the little lanes going nowhere across the brow, meditation, bewilderment, lack of oil?
Shebah has a face that is old, but it's almost as if she is in disguise, when she is not talking, which is not often. First the moustache and the glasses, and the black hat with the pigtail attached, and the bags bulging with last decade's letters, and a photograph of her father in a little gilt frame, standing in a road going somewhere, with a waxy moustache and a secret Hebrew smile, showing nothing. That and the other photograph not often shown, but carried always in her bag (in case of what situation?), of herself, bosoms riding some little impudent waves, beside a promenade, black curls wind-blown, God knows how many outings ago.] 25 om.

that we did not have to talk for a little while.] 25.15 that for a while we didn't have to talk. 25.15 didn't have

I went through with Julia into a bedroom and she said... 'This is for you and Edward, I hope you like it... as if I had not been there before, which in a way I had not. Pink-washed walls and a china cherub on a shelf above the bedhead, and another with dimpled arms and a pot belly holding up a lamp bulb.] 25.15-19 Then Julia showed me into a bedroom with pink-washed walls and a china cherub with a pot belly holding up a lamp bulb, and she said, 'This room is for you and Edward. How are things? You look well.'

Outside the window combustion sounds as cars drove along the highway under a blue sky. Julia smoothed down her hair, only a habit, and behind the glasses the eyes were mild, kind, clear, healthy.

'How are things? You look so well. It's unbelievable.'

I had to look then into the blotched mirror on the wall to make sure I did.] 25 om.

told her, looking at the image of my face. 'It's a feeling of being alive, Julia.'] 25.20
told her.

38.13 I do mean it, I think I do.) 25.20 it.

38.13-14 There was loud laughter coming from the living room adjacent.] 25.20-21 Loud
laughter came from the living-room, and a sort of shivering sound as though someone had
touched the harp.

38.14-36; 39.1-29 Possibly Claud and Victorian Norman running suggestive fingers across the
painting of the nude girl above the fireplace. I looked for Edward and found him in the
room that the children were to sleep in, sitting on a top bunk, trying to mend a car for
Boy. Worried, stiff little bottom curved in denim shorts, Boy asked... 'I heard dogs,
where are they?'

Edward put the car down on the blue blanket. 'Try that, Boy,' he said.

Over the heads of the children we looked at each other, and I tried to be happy and failed.
The eyes were blue, only tighter, more like flowers, than those others, the bigger paler
eyes I had looked into across the same distance, only three weeks earlier. This face was
more patient, more human, more like a real face, though I don't know if I am being fair. If
I think at all about Billie's face or about Billie, I think of a large hearty boy, a buffoon
with a wide womanish expression, who moved with clumsiness exaggerated, because the
body was not clumsy but adroit, smooth, knowing just where it wanted to go, to walk, to lie
down in green pastures. When he spoke he inclined his head diffidently, as if he didn't
know how clearly, how specifically, with what charm he would say... 'Really, how well
you understand...' and then the laugh, the patter, the carefully modulated tone, and one
muscular hand (blond hairs thick across the knuckle bones) rubbing ruefully the back of
his neck, a big neck, a man's neck.

Victorian Norman has hands with hair on them, but the thumbs are thin and long.
Billie's were fat pads of flesh swelling out in otherwise small hands; they dug into the mohair skirt I wore for the cocktail party my mother gave, before my father died. I sat on a kitchen chair, low on the ground, and Billie knelt with hands round my waist and said with the drink, trying to be sincere: 'I love you... I do love you, little one.' And my father passing through into the scullery to wash yet more glasses, half spun on tiny feet, face white, as if to say... 'God knows I can't make head nor tail of this.' My mother came in then with another man, and she was less desperate than my father, more bothered about what people might think, and she mouthed 'Get up' and then laughed immoderately. Billie (a name for a comedian, a funny thing happened to me the other night) was on his feet... 'How very nice you look.'

Father, a figure painted by Roölt with staring eyes, the Christmas singer of 'Lily of Laguna', once sung in knickerbockers with just such hostility in his gaze, repassed without a word. 'Chickie', he might have said, but he did not.

My mother said later that she knew then that things were very serious between Billie and me, which was perceptive of her because I didn't know. I was still in love with Joseph, my lawful husband, who had introduced me to Billie in the first place and encouraged us to go about together, all of us being so artistic and unconventional and above things like jealousy and fidelity.) 27.18-33 I don't know why I'm so stuck on Billie. Maybe it had a lot to do with my mother. She liked him—you could say she encouraged him. She thought because he wore a bowler hat he must be a gentleman. She invited him to supper, and she didn't bat an eyelid when he stroked my leg under the table. It was quite obvious what he was doing, because I went bright red. She had practically screamed when the hotel waiter had put his arm round my shoulder; she thought hotel waiters were common. My father
didn't like Billie. I've got a photograph of my dad as a child in knickerbockers, taken after a board-school concert in the year dot, when he sang *Lily of Laguna:* he has a weird expression on his face, as though there was something nasty jumping out of the camera at him. He looked at Billie in the same sort of way—though, come to think of it, that was his normal expression.

39.31-36 Mrs. Ryan looked after the children that morning, as she did the night Billie and I first went out together. A charity concert and a large lady singing 'O Rose Marie I Love You', and then I was sick all over Billie's trousers, and such great convulsions of the stomach, and the noise of me being sick echoing all along the stone corridor.] 28.1-5 The first time Billie ever took me out we went to a charity night at the Empire Theatre. During a selection from *Rose Marie,* I was sick. Most of it went over Billie's trousers. He dragged me out of the auditorium. All the retching sounds echoed up and down the stone corridor.

40.1-34; 41.1-11 Was I happy? Was it me? Victorian Norman claims he knows me. Impossible to have knowledge of someone based on two years of sitting in a kitchen endlessly talking... talking. What about all the years before that, the foundling years, the baby years? Little lamb, who made thee? What about all that time I worked in the theatre, and the producer playing on a piano over and over, because it was the only thing he could play and indulge his lyrical mind, 'Sheep May Safely Graze', may safely, may safely... and so on until Joseph my husband-to-be appeared from the wings and called my name. I refuse to think that far back; that way, as Shebah would say, madness lies. And the time working in Scotland again with the piano-playing producer, the Catholic Saint with the handkerchiefs saturated in eau-de-Cologne (he loses more converts to the Faith than the Inquisition) and hiring a car to go a ride into the country so as to be bona-fide travellers and get some
whisky in the cold Sunday afternoon. How well I talked, how intelligent I was. Ending in a barren field, trees shaking in blustering wind against a thick white sky, lurching in step under the producer's duffel coat, and Madame Blanche, the Infanta of Navarre of next week's production (a princess of beauty and dignity), a tubby bundled woman with mascara mingling with her tears, standing on the little bridge of Kerriemur, trying to learn her lines and shaking disappointed hands. I had a flat in a tenement, a lovely flat, with a tram-line running right down the street outside my window, and a fire lit in the grate by my landlady each night. And all that business of becoming a Catholic.

The three things that may be thought necessary to commit sin. Full knowledge, full consent and grave matter. Even now the last condition strikes chill to my heart. Lean forward in a passion of grief, hitting the breast bone with contrition, watch the black smoke from the candles... through my fault, my fault, my most grievous.

Shebah said something then, but I didn't hear. Because of her leg, because of her accident, which was only an accident in that Claud had not intended to shoot her but someone else, what she said was probably brutal.

'You disgust me,' she may have said. Her egotism is such that she believes that Claud did indeed aim at her. 'I despise you, you disgust me'... 'I disgust myself', her heart may have echoed. 'I despise myself.' It is only ourselves we have charity enough to find truly disgusting.

Shebah has behaved well, coming here, that is.) 28.6-21 I'm not usually sick; I think Billie made me nervous. After that we didn't go out much. When I moved into Auntie Edith's house we played ping-pong in the evenings, on a small table. Billie didn't actually live
with me, in case my mother dropped in and accused me of being a whore. He stayed most
nights, though. Shebah hated him. She kept telling me she'd met him before in
compromising circumstances--at a poetry group, at a drama meeting, somewhere very
unlikely. 'It's not possible,' I said, but when they came face to face in the kitchen you
could tell she recognised him, though Billie denied knowing her from Adam. He was
probably telling the truth. Shebah's one of those people who once seen are never forgotten.
She wears bright red lipstick and her upper lip is quite hairy. Most people refuse to walk
down the street with her. Norman says she looks like a demented nun, but I think she's
more like a crazed pirate.

41.11 Norman refused] 28.22 Coming here, Norman refused
41.12 with her, but he put her] 28.22 with her. He put her
41.13-15 train and without compassion walked away in the middle of her hand-waving and her
sobbing, white scarf a-fluttering. She has always said that she] 28.23-25 train and then
walked away. She was wailing, he said, and waving all her scarves. Until this week-end
she'd always vowed she

41.17 possibility of her perhaps making] 28.28 possibility of her making
41.18 she would not see] 28.29 she wouldn't see
41.19 gets me down, darling,) 28.30 gets me, darling.'
41.19 darling, but] 28.30 darling,' she said, 'but
41.20 if I could just move] 28.30 if I could move
41.24 Through them she] 29.1 Through people, Claude says, she
41.24-28 body (sixty or more years) and constantly moves through crowds, watching for the
sideways glance, half fearing, half revelling in the eyes that turn towards her with their
expressions of surprise, dismay, recognition, and on a bad day, rejection.) 29.2-5 Body.

She's over sixty now, and I don't think she's ever looked any different. She has a photograph in her handbag of herself as a girl on a charabanc outing, and even then there was a shadow above her top lip.

41.28 Her conception of] 29.5-6 Claude says her conception of

41.30-36; 42.1-4 Blackpool, the too clever girl of forty years ago, never wavers entirely. With Norman and me it is rock strong, but she finds an exquisite masochism in risking consciousness of her limitations, her downy lip, her myopic eyes behind the double lenses, the uniform of black skirt and jumper, worn, it would seem, to confirm her conviction about those other rotten bloody swines with their cars and their villas, dressed to kill.

Where were you educated? 'The University of Life, darling.' Her real and imaginary tormentors, real in that they do exist, the dressed ones, the owners of cars, though imaginary in that they are unaware of her, are always female.] 29.8-9 Blackpool, is based on a snapshot taken forty years ago. She thinks other women are out to get her.

42.5 darling, if I] 29.10 darling; she often tells me, 'if I

42.5 to dress, darling.] 29.11 to dress up, darling,

42.6-10 God,' the smooth arms fly upwards appealing to heaven, then hang downwards, palms open, as if to say, Here I am without guile, without trappings, the yellow and green bangles slide to rest on the arthritic wrist bones, 'they'd] 29.12 God, they'd

42.12-36; 43.1-7 To the men she is more generous. The worn lipstick in her bag, sticky at the edges, is taken out and colour placed on the bottom lip, the voluptuary lower lip, and above the mouth incredibly the nose comes forth chiselled and disciplined, a delicate pink suffusing the vomer of the nostrils. After this she will talk. It is a verbal seduction. The
miasma of words begins in the eyes, they spit out through the ruined mouth, and the
shoulders and the arms and the hands take part in the performance. Because it is a
performance. Only the short legs (bent at the knees at this moment) look out of place.
They are so Edwardian, so shapely, not a vein, not a hair blemishes the whiteness of the
full calves. The bandage round her ankle she regards as a stigmata... ('2,000,000 of my
people in the gas ovens, darling'). I wish I had learned about Jews before I became a
Catholic. Shebah gets such comfort out of all the persecution.

The day before I married, for I did get married, I rode a bicycle through the village,
trying to find a priest to whom I could make a confession. There was mist rising up from
the fields and a locked church door and some dead flowers in the porch. So that the next
day, the wedding morn, dressed in cream and beads and crowned with a hat of flowers,
April flowers, I moved up the aisle in a state of sin, watched by the pews of non-believing
guests, to join my atheist bridegroom with the bowed bearded head, and two lines of Latin
later I was no longer a miss, or a nymphet of the pinewoods, but a married woman to all
intents.

Did I go through floods for this, to lie here on the grass staring up at a sky, white (not
blue because I am looking directly at the sun), and really having learnt nothing? Last
night we all sat drinking Spanish wine.] 25 om.

43.9-10 Last time when Billie was here, if he really was here, we had French wine. He sat near

25.23 Last time I came here, I saw Billie. He sat near

43.10 with his fingers, and] 25.24 with his knuckles and

43.11-13 flaps on either side of his driving cap, stupid cap, echoed the slightly closing mouth.

Minute shiverings from the little glass things] 25.25-27 flaps of his stupid flying
helmet swung on either side of his face like a spaniel's ears. Everything in the room
trembled—all the little glass things

Well, I must be off... I'll call tomorrow... if I may?' A charming hesitant bending of the balding head, the knowing eyes quite sure, quite unmoved.

The following day we went to the pub next door and sat on high stools, and] 25.28-31 It was Claude's idea that we should meet here. Natural ground, he called it. Just talk to him, he told me. He said I might get Billie back if I found the right words. When it came to it,

spent apart, and the millions] 25.32–33 spent apart and the years spent together and the millions

paper and posted in boxes, we sat silent... ] 25.33; 26.1-2 paper when Billie went away to Australia, all the words seemed the wrong ones. I remember in my head what he had written in letters--

me, with the children, would] 26.4-5 me, would

on the balcony] 26.6 on a balcony

overlooking the harbour, Sydney Harbour, and] 26.6 overlooking Sydney harbour, and

drove in the bush] 26.7 drive into the bush

A memory of the few warm days in the back yard of Morpeth Street. A smudge of dirt on a stomach under sun oil, a line of black specks, a necklace of sooty beads across a throat. There I lay imagining me beautiful and loved and unsullied, wholly unaware (O happy days) of just how pitiful,) 26.14–19 I hadn't been able to begin to imagine what sort of heat he meant. Sometimes, when we had a warm day in the backyard of Morpeth Street, I had put sun oil on my stomach. Across my throat had spread a line of black specks, a necklace of sooty beads. I had lain on the paving stones unaware of just how pitiful,

footed, stringy-breasted, unbelievable] 26.19 footed, how unbelievable
I did not then believe. I didn't believe.

did not then believe didn't believe

The skin, the placing of the limbs—I thought. I thought.

thought all juxtaposed by thought everything was juxtaposed by

thoughts, enough to make a thing of glory out of nothing. thoughts.

And you, little Billie, dear heart in your funny hat, told And Billie told

truth. Which is not true, not true. It is not true. We went that last morning, after the

drinks in the pub, the silent drinks, in separate cars, to Julia's home for lunch.

truth. Which I couldn't accept.

he must help me to rebuild He had to help me rebuild

the image that image

he so cruelly broke (shattered, a knife thrust) he had so cruelly shattered. A

knife thrust

personality can lead personality, Claude says, can lead

Being deaf to my heart Billie did not hear anything I did not say, but Claud put us in a

room, a room of flowers and low tables, to tear each other to pieces, a glass at each elbow.

Why doesn't Claud come into the garden now? I need to see him.

'She's a sick girl,' Claud told Billie, shutting the door behind him. I had washed my hair,

I really had, but it fell in strings on to my shoulders, and all that beauty I am so fond of

talking about could hardly minimise two years of neglected sleep and nourishment. A

naked face is more obscene than other things, the eyes burn without shade.

love you' (shut up, shut up), can I?' Billie had said finally.

The reasonableness of the charming voice was something not to be denied.

Quickly, quickly, before all the air is let out of the sagging tyre, before we get to the
iron rim, tell him, tell him . . . . 'But] 26.30 'But

44.28–29 ill, I have been ill. It was my father dying and the business with Joseph, and the baby . . . .'] 26.30–31 ill;' I told him. 'It was my father dying and the shock of you coming home.'

44.30–33 Aaah, we are down and out and flat and nothing more to hurt. Moving heavily from little table to little table, fingerling the naval sword above the fireplace, Billie my Wild Colonial Boy extricated himself painfully from his dilemma.] 26 pm.

44.34 that, you would] 26.32 that;' he said. 'You would

44.36: 45.1 Dear God, a kick in the face, a removal of front teeth, would be preferable to this.] 26.34; 27.1 I would have preferred a kick in the face, or a removal of my front teeth.

45.1–3 Summon enough air to say the words which are not after all true, but will help to stop the blood flowing quite so quickly . . . . 'I suppose] 27.1 'I suppose

45.3 really' (did I say it?) 'I never really loved you.'] 27.1–2 really I never really loved you.' I lied.

45.5–7 The big boy spins round, an echo of all the other imaginary woundings, the old, for one instant, lovely sentimental Billie, the blue orbs fill slowly and clear immediately . . . . 27.3–4 He spun round. For an instant he was the old lovely, sentimental Billie . .

45.8 you.'] 27.4 you;' he said.

45.9–10 Silence. Love's last word is spoken, cherie. Such an emptiness, such arid desert in the heart.] 27.5 We didn't say anything else.

45.10 actualities, but] 27.6 actualities, Claude says, but

45.13 The old funny car, the one Billie and I had loved in . . .] 27.8 The vintage car, the one Billie and I had made love in,

45.14 yard. Claud and Lionel tapped the bonnet smiling . . .] 27.9 yard.
45.14-15 The round face at the wheel) 27.9 Billie's face at the wheel

45.15-22 cheerful . . . a big wave, a touch to the cap on the head, a thin trail of exhaust rising in
the warm air. Nothing more to do but hunch the shoulders and bow low to protect the
damaged heart. Except to go for a walk with Claud along the road and cry out at each tree,
because there was no one around to hear, and an arm round my shoulders (already not
drooping quite so much) and a little chill breeze making us walk faster and faster.

27.10-17 cheerful. He waved, he touched the cap on his head. A thin trail of exhaust rose
in the warm air. There was nothing more to do but hunch my shoulders and bow low to
protect my damaged heart. I went for a walk along the road with Claude and cried out at
each tree, because there was no one to hear, and Claude put his arm round my shoulders
(already not drooping quite so much) and a chill breeze made us walk faster and faster.

45.22-36; 46.1-36; 47.1-36; 48.1-36; 49.1-36; 50.1-36; 51.1-36; 52.1-36; 53.1-32 And
the problem of what to do nowhere near resolved, as it is now, quite satisfactorily and
with some sort of excitement. When Billie had gone Julia's mother made tea and Lionel,
Julia's father, pressed me to feel his muscles, the tight little globes in the shrunken
arms.

'Very strong, you know, my dear,' he said earnestly, looking into my pain filled eyes,
closing my fingers together whilst he flexed his wrists.

'It's just stormy weather, sail out of it soon, my dear.'

'Absent and sea-faring friends,' said my father every Christmas, raising his glass
reverently and taking a quick look round to note the suddenly solemn faces . . . . 'God bless
them.'

I hadn't any sea-faring friends then, absent or otherwise. I haven't now. Except Lionel,
who is retired anyway. With what delicacy he talked, over the bread and butter, of islands he had known and dances he had danced, garlands round his neck, the skin on his face ('Here my dear, feel') permanently roughened by harmattan winds blowing from Africa right up, right up (my fingers were slid up now to underneath the baffled eyes) to the upper New Guinea coast. Hot, dry, unbelievable.

The mind boggles, as Victorian Norman would say, sitting in the kitchen with the gas cooker lit for warmth.

How many nights sitting there, two years of nights, though I did go out sometimes. To the pictures, to the club, once to a matinee with Shebah, when she got hysterics in the interval, because she imagined the play directed at her, an accusation.

'Suspect goodness above all things,' she muttered. Wild laughter eddied from behind the locked toilet door; a woman applying lipstick half turned, a smear of scarlet appearing on her chin.

Other evenings, before Billie left, a fire in the grate, a candle on the piano, the papa pa of a ping-pong ball on the wooden floor. A kiss for the winner, a kiss for the loser, a burying of faces on the sofa, a reaching out for compassion. No callers, no knocks sounding from the brass knocker; once a visit from Claud beginning in the afternoon, and Mrs. Ryan standing at the nursery window waving his car on, past the house, Billie's bowler hat on her head. The net curtain agitated. 'Later, not now sir, call back later.'

Surely then there was love. Impossible to remember.

Edward saw a bowler hat in the shop last night. His hand half reached up and fell again. The excitement of a bowler hat, the rakish delight it can evoke. Billie wore his bowler when he came to call when Joseph was sick in bed with one of his thrice-yearly illnesses,
three days of reading, because he never had time normally, eating meals off a tray, a red muffer round his neck! 'How kind, how very kind'--eyes still on the page of his book, reaching out for the orchid Billie held, the friend come to pay a call, an excuse for us to whisper in the hall, to wrap arms about each other. Tonight, tonight, the stained waistcoat of the city suit--there's a button missing--a hand kneading my buttocks ('Up to the buttocks in mud they were, the cricketers of Flanders') a merry shout to the invalid upstairs, past caring, and the fingers reaching up to the row of pegs for the black and dashing bowler.

All this sun makes me dizzy. All this lying about in the grass among the daisies. One of the dogs has begun to bark, the one Claud says is feminine, the brown one, not the white one. Feminine for what reason?

'Be more feminine, don't scowl,' said Billie a year ago, speaking truthfully with the drink.

We sat with our backs to a wall, with a beach behind, sheltered from the cold. I wasn't brown at all. I wasn't really wind-blown, just a mess, with a rim of sand around my mouth. I resented our being there when we had so little time, when we could not return the hospitality (all lies, I was just so ugly), when all the women in the straggling garden were so well dressed in their casual clothes, and the right kind of sandals.

'Yes, I was there actually, at the time of the earthquake, were you?' The man in the denim shirt inclined his glass, not looking at me.

Billie bent his balding head in mock apology.

'No, I wasn't actually. Do tell me about it'... and so on and so on until... 'She's a television actress, aren't you?' His elbow, too sharp, dug into my ribs.
'No, I've walked on twice in Birala.'

But it hardly mattered because the man was already turning away to have his glass refilled. Billie and I walked back in silence to the hotel. Not quite sober he pushed me heavily into the white bedcover. 'I won't, I won't,' my voice low in case they heard in the next room.

'This is the first time you've ever resisted me.'

'You're a snob. You have to keep trying to impress people.'

'I can't help it if I like meeting people. It's not snobbishness to talk to people who have boats and holiday villas.'

'Why can't we get married?'

'I couldn't do it. If you knew the number of times I've arrived from London, tired and hungry, to a badly cooked meal in that sordid house...'

Tears dissolving pictures of long preparations for dream meals, the money taken from the gas meter to buy salad and bottled beer. It's not fair... I tried. I did try. Weakly the body abandons itself to a love act in name only; hem with its edges curling stares upwards from a cracked plate. Grains of sand, leaving my hair, slide down the starched surface of the white pillow. The faces in the hotel dining room of an evening turned to catch words murmured over the limp curves of melon. No need to worry about the hotel proprietress, understanding perfectly why Joseph, having brought us all to the seaside, could not be accommodated in the same hotel.

'I may have a friend coming tomorrow,' I tell her. Already the Wild Colonial Boy is thumbing a lift across the counties, bowler hat in carrier bag along with the soiled pyjamas.
'Among the dropped linen, the chemical apparatus,' said Shebah (something learnt in the
days when she could see to read), 'there is a kind of loving.'

'Will you have a room for my friend?' Head down I stumble through my explanation.

'My husband is leaving tonight, though he will come back for us at the end of the week.'

The hotel-keeper whirs her cake mixture round and round the bowl. There is a room.

Soothingly the spoon goes round, smoothing away lumps, creaming into perfection.

'Make the most of what time you have,' she tells me, 'never waste time.' She is not
talking about my holiday, incredibly, this woman with the unremarkable face and the
nothing remarkable figure. But then there is a husband in the outer parlour, clothed in a
dressing gown, constantly drinking, allowed at last to devote his time to it, without fear of
breaking yet another promise. 'It hardly matters now,' she confides, 'it being no longer
of any importance what he does.'

Four days on a windy beach, a drink of coffee in a shop at night, some drinks in a garden.

'I can't, after all, marry you,' and up the road goes my love with thirty shillings of mine
and the bowler on his head, and Joseph coming round the corner in a hired car, and me
changing my despairing departing wave to the figure shambling up the highway, to one of
greeting, with fixed smile and... 'Here comes Daddy, children.'

If only I could understand, though Victorian Norman and I between us have analysed it
with precision, so I should understand why it hurts, being loved, not being loved.

A sharp burst of laughter is needed this moment on the grass.

Of course the children don't suffer, have not suffered. Do banisters smile? Do cows go
to sleep in chairs? Last night it was Edward who went upstairs twice, away from the
smoke laden kitchen to see if they slept peacefully, were covered by the blankets, were
safe in their bunk beds.

Billie said that last day, in the room with all the low tables... sat by Claud... 'You neglected them dreadfully. I shall always be ashamed that I participated in their neglect.'

Was it neglect when I spooned egg into my girl baby's eye? The moist, tiny morello lip (dark with Ribena) quivering, the eye blinking, the fresshet of crying. Or the sheets, not quite clean in the painted cot?

On the morning of March 26th Billie woke Colonial brown under striped sheets and said he would go to an hotel for a shower. The big boy, who had lived in a room full of leaves (the window would not close) with a dozen bags of old and rotting socks, a mound of clothes, stained and used to clean the car, fingers of nicotine and toenails far too long, half leaning on an elbow and looking with distaste or detachment at the grown children, desiring to have a bath before nine in the morning. Right, let him go to an hotel, don't mention the dream of getting on a bus together to take Boy to school, my clean house, my cleaned shoes; how my hair would shine if he chose to look.

June 9th, in Claud's kitchen, fifteen minutes to Edward's birthday, let us celebrate. Victorian Norman laughs wildly, the yet uninjured Shebah, eating with gulsoty, rocks in a spasm of delight.

'Ah darling, a birthday, happy birthday to you, happy...'

'Not yet, wait, it's not time yet.' Claud, only half convinced he is having a good time, brightens at the thought of more hours of words and verbal torment. Of us all, he alone knows why we talk so much, of us all he is the one to meditate with. On the telephone we called our partners by their initials. S, for Sally, gone with the children, never to return, and J for Joseph. Now J and S we said (like a chain store, buy your underclothes
at J and S) should really have married. Same types, an element of detachment, able to be
cool and put aside emotion.

'All right, all right, so some girl opened her legs to me, but do we have to be so intense?'

'Oh please don't talk like that, it's love you're taking to pieces.'

'Keep your voice down. Let's be civilised.'

'Living with you is like standing on guipure lace. It looks like beauty, but it's full of
holes.'

'Oh very poetic. I'm going out for a walk.'

Under the table on my right Edward presses my knee; Victorian Norman on the left
pushed my shoe with his own. Our eyes do not meet, only Claud looks at me, he mouths
without sound, I love you, I love you. Only Shebah sees, and lets her mouth grow petulant.
Any admiration or attention should be directed at her.

Edward has been so good this weekend about the children; shielding them from the dogs,
from being afraid.

Billie tried to be nice to the children but they were very young. He did take them to the
Park, packet of bread a piece to feed the ducks. Two ducks on a pond, a blue sky beyond,
something and something to remember with tears. That very first contrived meeting...
an afternoon in winter, baby girl in her pram, a pink outfit, the woolly hat on the bald
pale head, fontanelle palpitating, small particles of soot at the corners of the closed infant
eyes. 'Hallo,' the bowler hat is lifted not quite comfortably, the black shoes splay out as he
walks. 'She's very white,' looking down at the sleeping baby.

Was that the moment that he knew it was impossible, in spite of falling in love, because
the child was so small and the pram so grubby?

'I think you're wonderful...'. Boyishness oozes from him.
I had never known a man who went into pubs, who smelt of beer, who smoked tobacco, who went to football matches, who drove a car and had men friends.

Concerts I went to, until I whistled too loudly once and Joseph said I didn't really like music, and evenings with red and white wine in a circle with nobody speaking a word of English and no one bearing a name you could possibly pronounce. And exhibition openings, and walks round the docks in the early evening, twined together, Joseph with his arm about my slender pre-marital waist, eyes moony with love reflecting the early moon above and the little lights strung out like beads across the river, and staring down at the rusted decks of the foreign boats sitting squatly in the oily water, with ropes like snakes curled in mounds and a cat licking its paws, and everything, because of the moon and the lights and the love, flaming and shining with points of brilliance. And then the dinners for six or seven, wine with each course and... 'Well, you see painting doesn't purely represent the visual aspect'... and... 'I thought Bernard played a little too fast'... and... 'Maybe I should take up philosophy.' Of course we must lead beautiful lives, only I thought that was what we were doing, and quick put out the light before the positions assumed become too ugly. I did like music. I had a boil once on my face that swelled and swelled and would not come to a conclusion until one night at the Philharmonic they played a great loud thundery piece of music and a man at the back with a waxed moustache stood up and held wide his arms and clashed his cymbals together whilst my boil split open and spilled slowly down the side of my nose.

Billie and I went dancing. Oh, I love you, I love you, the jigging up and down to the steel band.

'Let's meet somewhere away from here for a drink, if you can get out. The Railway Hotel, Widnes.'
A beer, a whisky, and two pieces of pie, six men in the bar, papers out, smoking cigarettes, an octuple of wet lips sucking at glass rims.

'Let's sit in the car by the canal.'

Let us do that for God's sake. An impossible car, huge and conspicuous and splendid with leather seats cold from the rain drifting down. Darkness, a faint spattering of rain on the bowler hat, ploplets in the canal as rats moved, hand fumbling on impossibly thick suitings. 'Please touch me... please.'

A nonsense of threshing bodies, grunts stifled, the bitter taste of beer on his tongue, and a dozen small boys swarming and squealing about the bonnet. And more dancing and more evenings in the kitchen, and then the other public houses, the one in China Town with the paper lanterns with the little figures going round and round and the landlady, vast bosom enclaved in papal mauve, smiling, nodding the face under the purple hat so that the feathers waved and trembled pianissimo, and me on a stool aware of my face in the mirror behind the bar, a parched mouth painted red, two eyes, a lot of hair hanging around my neck. On the stool Billie's thighs splay out, he pats himself tenderly to make sure the buttons are secure....

'Go on, another whisky.'

'Why do we always go to places with lots of people? Why can't we be on our own?' The drinking is making me aggressive, making me say things I mean.

'I thought you liked being out. I thought you wanted to come here. I could do with something to eat'... mildly the blue eyes try to catch the barmaid's attention, the feet stand square on the floor. The man's stance, a firm hand reaches into the back pocket of his trousers, the jacket rides up above the hips, on the top of the balding head hydrosis beads form and glisten under the lanterns.
'Oh God, you always think of your stomach.'

The body turns, an arm jerks me clear of the stool, my feet in their heeled shoes twist on the lino. Home, the dark hall in the dark house, the kitchen door opening, Brenny the baby-sitter calls... 'Everything's all right.' The door into the living room is ajar, it remains so throughout. It is not yet nine o'clock.

'It's not always my bloody stomach. It's not. It's not.'

The springs of the worn sofa sag, my spiked shoes catch in the fabric. I cannot breathe. Without removal of clothes, without pause for words, without the chemical apparatus, orgasmic love occurs, begins, continues, for a year, for two years, everlasting, perdurable, God only wise. Not quite everlasting.

Claud sent me three drawings to hang above the brass bed. Tacked up with red drawing pins the Black Brunswick departs; tears trickle down the cheeks, percolate into the cavities of the ear... 'I'll send for you. You'll see, I'll find myself...'

'Your hundred best tunes' on the wireless, a last lingering look, the door with the brass knocker closes behind the Wild Colonial Boy. Years begin to pass in months and days. Not a week goes by without a letter from the Black Brunswick, now at the front, whisky bottle by his side, moths circling around a balcony overlooking the Tasman Sea. An insect, something hot, nipped then at my wrist lying against the grass. Shall I give a mew of pain, for protection, to break this silence and let Edward touch my hair?

Everything had turned out so well, so much better than desired. Last night the sentences flung across the shepherd's pie....

'Oh, you're terrible, darling, you're no fool, you always get what you bloody well want, and so innocent with it.'

'I reckon we never get what we want, or only the half of it.'] 27 am.
At the funeral the hearse kept vanishing in the fog whilst we followed slowly; we almost reached him but then he eluded us. At the church, four paid gentlemen in black took him away in his wooden box on their shoulders and bore him away into the mist, so that it was a double shock, bent in the pew, to straighten and see the coffin, oh such a little coffin, right alongside me, near the altar rails. White wood with one wreath of flowers on top, and underneath a cold blood relation. A lot of words about how cheerful he was and how he always had a cheerful word (God forgive him for the years and years of never speaking) for everyone, not mentioning the fact that he suffered from severe melancholia at least once a month, nor mentioning the misery he caused my mother (the long evenings sitting in the bedroom with red eyes, the sugar bowl dented because it missed her and hit the wall behind, the smashed window in the hall—‘The blitz, you know, surprising isn’t it?’) nor the nights he lay huddled in a blanket face to the wall, grey, bitterness travelling deep grooves in his yellow face. My mother in the front pew cries tears, snuffles fan out the veil of her hat. The deaf man in the coffin, the child’s coffin painted prettily nursery white, lies feet pointing at the vaulted roof. ‘Don’t cry, my pet, don’t let him upset you, run out into the garden and play.’ The four men swoop down easily to lift him up, fog rolls up the aisle, they walk towards the black hole at the mouth of the church, and feet shuffle after them. One luminous tear rolls on to my brother’s nose and is wiped clear with his handkerchief. How slowly we move behind him, one foot after the other, following him, but not all the way, the procreator of my hooked nose, my callid eyes, my skeleton of bones; how dark it is, how sad it is, how high the curved roof. One foot after the other we track the vanishing body... going now my Lily of Laguna, out of the door, O he’s my lily and my rose, gone, carried by four strangers towards a millenium of sleep.)
On the way to the church the hearse kept vanishing in the fog. At the kerb, four men in black took my father away in his wooden box and bore him off into the mist. It was a shock, bent in the pew, to straighten up and see the coffin, such a little coffin, right alongside me near the altar rails. It was made of white wood and had a wreath of flowers on top. The flowers were supposed to be from me and my mother, but I hadn't contributed anything to them because I hadn't any money. The vicar spoke a lot of words about how cheerful my father was and how he always had a cheerful word for everyone (God forgive him for the years and years of never speaking). He omitted to mention that my father suffered from severe melancholia at least once a month; nor did he mention the misery he caused my mother, the long evenings she sat in the bedroom with red eyes, the sugar bowl dented because it had missed her and hit the wall behind, the smashed window in the hall ('The blitz, you know. Surprising, isn't it?'). My mother cried noisily, her snuffles fanning out the veil of her hat. The deaf man in the coffin lay with his feet pointing at the vaulted roof. Many a time we'd rolled cursing in each other's arms on the kitchen floor, each of us struggling to get the upper hand, me trying to bash his head on the fender because he made my mother cry, and he spitting out that I was a little bastard, a filthy animal with no respect, a dirty little beast who should have died in the grass. My mother generally hid if there was a row, but eventually she'd come downstairs and she'd say, 'Don't upset yourself, my pet. Run out into the garden and play.' She never said that at the funeral. After the vicar's speech, the church doors opened and the four men swooped to lift my father up. Fog rolled like a carpet down the aisle. We followed the coffin, one foot after the other, tracking him, the procreator of my hooked nose, my skeleton of bones. How sad it was, how dark it was! The organ music was pretty mournful; I'd have
preferred them to play Lily of Laguna as they carried him towards the grave. I'm sorry he's gone. I think babies ought to have grandfathers, I expect he would have known how to be loving second time around.

It was nothing to do with my father, me wanting to get married and have this baby. I'm more scared of my mother than I ever was of him. I'd like to win her approval and have a wedding. I've led rather a rickety life and it's not much fun for her; neighbors are always leaning over the fence and asking her, 'How's your Lily? Not married yet, I suppose?' She probably tells them I've got better things to do, but she's upset about it, I know, and if I don't settle down soon she'll stop going out altogether and she'll draw the curtains against the world. She'd do it to spite me. And really I haven't anything better to do. I never had. I expect that's what drove Billie away to Australia. He wasn't brave enough to say right out that he didn't consider me suitable to be his wife. He said we'd have a house in the country and we'd get a dog for our children, and all the time he was talking about the dog and nice things like that he was enquiring about tin-mines, and sending off for emigration papers.

[See H60.17-21] During that first year, after he'd gone, he only wrote every three months or so. I thought it was very good of him. *Suspect goodness above all things,* Victorian Norman says. But then later, in the middle of the second year, Billie wrote to me every day--love letters--and he asked me to marry him. I'm glad I had the sense not to tell my mother and raise her hopes needlessly. Thinking about it, I imagine it wasn't sense that stopped me, but disbelief.

57.10-36; 58.1-29 'It was a bloody marvellous hat,' Victorian Norman said, wiping bread round his plate, head thrust forward on his thin neck. The way he looked at me he was not quite sure whether it was genuine grief over my father or the presence of Edward.
Claud somewhere in the house has put a record on the gramophone. Music covers the garden. It should soothe Shebah but of course it might incense her. She does not move. I cannot tell if her eyes are open or shut behind the dark glasses. Billie did not like her ever. She kept telling me she'd met him somewhere before, at a poetry group, at a drama meeting, something very unlikely. 'It's not possible,' I said, but when they had come face to face in the kitchen they had known each other, and he would not, could not say why he disliked her so, though it was probably that he knew she distrusted him, was not sufficiently dazzled by his charm, resented him being in the kitchen, because finally it would be her that would be led up the hall, talking volubly, stalling for time, leaning in mock or real exhaustion against the wall, festooned with parcels and carrier bags (her little bit of fish for tomorrow, her bottle of cooking oil, the carefully wrapped quarter of wurst in greaseproof paper, last Sunday's paper folded at the theatre criticisms) the belt of her third coat buckled at the middle. She who would be handed from step to railing, which she would clutch in a frenzy, other arm held out to balance her, a one-sided Christmas tree, the carrier bags hanging straight down; she who would be waved to as she ran stumbling along the gutter, the Black Nun of Morpeth Street (I never took the vow of silence) hearing the big door with the brass knocker close behind her, imagining me running full tilt up the hall and into the arms of Billie, our two laughs mingling, our faces touching. Which is what did happen.

Later, when Billie had gone away and become the Wild Colonial Boy, there were nights when she did not go, winter nights when beginning to run along the gutter buffeted by wind and rain, in black darkness I would call—'Shebah, stay, don't go'—and the little Hebrew figurine would pad back along the passage, detesting her dependence on me, for more talk,
more stewed tea (you turn your back whilst I wash), the grey pigtail would be released, the boots removed, the two coats, one macintosh, two pairs of gloves hung up to dry, the bed made up for me on the sofa, the light extinguished for modesty (hers as much as mine) the groan as she hauled herself on to the high plateau of the brass bed, the wild squeal of laughter as she lay half in half out, the call to God for help, the cry of damnation on all her bloody relations, the wind rattling the shutters, a child in the adjoining room, coughing once, twice, at last... 'Good night, darling'... and silence in the room, one-in-the-morning silence. To be broken at two by Victorian Norman walking as if up a rock face along the hall and into the kitchen for his clock, the muttered chat on the telephone with his automatic time exchange... 'Thank you... thank you very much'... the sound of the clock being wound, the locking of the door, a wild explosive sound of rage from the brass bed, but nothing articulate, and then two sets of snoring, one loud a foot or so away from me, one faint, from the recumbent Norman, stark naked and arms flung wide on the trundle bed in the room above.

Actually I think she was jealous of Billie. She resented his being in my house, spending hours with me which should have been given to her. Shebah had all the time in the world. She still has. When I used to tell her to go home she'd stall for time, talking and fidgeting, leaning in mock exhaustion against the wall, festooned with her parcels and carrier bags. She always carried a little bit of fish for tomorrow, and last Sunday's paper folded at the theatre criticism, and a quarter pound of wurst in an envelope. She detested my opening the front door and helping her down the steps. She clutched at the railings like a suffragette, determined not to let go, her fish and her paper and her wurst falling among the milk bottles. She knew when I shut the front door that I would pelt back up the hall to Billie with my arms open. She was overjoyed when he skedaddled to Australia, because then there
were nights when I would call her back and tell her she could stay. I liked her. She’s good company. We drank stewed tea. When we went to bed she told me to turn my back while she removed her boots, her two coats and her three cardigans tied round the waist with darning wool. I slept on the sofa. I thought it was more dignified for her, being old, to have the bed to herself. She groaned as she hauled herself on to the brass bed, shrieked with laughter as she lay half in and half out, called on God for help, damned all her bloody relations, and coughed as the rain beat against the broken windows. Regularly at two in the morning, Victorian Norman used to walk, as if up a rock face, along the hall and into the kitchen for his clock. We heard his muttered chat to the automatic time exchange... ‘Thank you... Ta very much’; then the sound of the clock being wound, the locking of the kitchen door, an explosive cry of rage from the brass bed (nothing articulate); then two sets of snoring, one loud, a foot or so away from me, one faint, coming from the recumbent Norman, stark naked and arms flung wide on the trundle bed in the room above.

Norman’s fond of her too, even if he won’t travel with her. They’re a bit alike, the way they think. Or rather, the way they’ve both been schooled in the University of Life. That’s what Norman calls it. He’s awfully clever. You’d never think he worked in a factory. He never stops reading, and his mind’s very active. He’s always quoting things at me. His reaction to what I tried to do after Billie came back from Australia was strange. I thought he’d be kind to me and show lots of sympathy, but he said I was stupid. He didn’t even seem glad I’d survived. I don’t suppose I really meant to die. I just wanted a bit of peace. I remember going to see Peter Pan when I was small and thinking how weird it was when Peter said to the lost boys that to die must be an awfully big adventure. I didn’t like it when my father died. I didn’t even know he was poorly, though I thought he ate too much and took too little exercise. When my mother rang me up and said he was dead, it didn’t seem like an
adventure at all. The funeral was terrible. I nearly missed it because it was foggy and the trains were late.

53.33-36 'I think it's a bloody marvellous life.' Three pairs of eyes turn to Victorian Norman. Julia and Edward drink more wine. What are they thinking behind the bland expressions? We also serve who only stand and wait.] 38.16-20 'It's a bloody marvellous life,' said Norman, and he hit Edward on the back in friendly fashion. Edward is a man of few words. He just grunted. Shebah, of course, said life was rotten. We were all swine, she said. She didn't know what Norman found so marvellous about living.

54.1-9 'You mean that?' Claud is merely leading Norman on, waiting for him to become entangled.

'Yes.' Emphatically the grape-intoxicated mountaineer thumps the table. 'Yes I do. I live, I copulate' (a snort, an animal noise of contempt from the nun with the bangles), 'we had a bloody wonderful time in Morpeth Street. Good friends, damn fine evenings round the table, eh?' The nostrils flare as the laugh billows out, an arm, roughly to hide its sincerity, crooks my head and shakes me like a dandelion.] 38.21-23 'I drink,' shouted Norman, 'I copulate.' He was only trying to annoy Shebah. She hates sex being mentioned, particularly when she's eating.

54.10-13 'I reckon,' says Claud, 'you're right. I reckon that Edward here should cleave to this woman. More wallop, man?' He shakes the victor's shoulders.

'No, no more.' Edward is thinking of later, and so is Claud.] 38.24-27 'I reckon you're right,' said Claude. 'I reckon that Edward here should cleave to this woman.' He held the bottle towards Edward. 'More wallop, man?'

'No, no more;' said Edward.

54.14-36 hat... I loll weakly against Edward, (pretending), so that he will feel I belong to him. The little girl with the innocent eyes, bewildered (I've had so much unhappiness) begins to
tell the story, making herself so lovable. Apart from Shebah they do find me lovable.

'I've had that hat for years, a wedding hat, not actually that really but a chapeau de la wedding, and I've always worn it on certain occasions. I wore it when I fed the children in the night and when that policeman was calling and chained his bike to the railings, and when we all went to the club, and that night Claud came and he wore that Indian frock coat that somebody left behind....'

A trill of loosed laughter from Claud. 'Ah, that little blonde going with me to the chippie for those Chinese roll things, with all the little bits inside... such a dear sweet thing. She thought I was a priest.'

Victorian Norman spatters his remembrance, the nostrils curve backwards. He remembers the blonde with delight.

'Do you remember, she got attacked the night of my father's funeral....' I begin to tell about it but trail off, because of Edward. Should one joke about a funeral, about my Papa, my little plantation weed with the cheekbones and the stained homburg hat?] 38.28-33; 39.1-12 hat,' I said, lolling weakly against his shoulder so that he would feel I belonged to him. I began telling him about the hat I wear on festive occasions. 'I wore it,' I said, 'when that policeman was calling and chaining his bike to the railings, and when we all went to the club, and that night you came, Claude, and you wore that Indian frock coat that somebody left behind...'

'Ah, that little blonde,' cried Claude, 'going with me to the chippie for those Chinese roll things... such a dear sweet thing. She thought I was a priest.'

Victorian Norman wriggled on his chair. He remembered the blonde with delight.

'She got attacked the night of my father's funeral,' I said. I started to mention the fog but trailed off, because of Edward. I wasn't sure whether he'd appreciate my being jokey about a
funeral, about my Papa, about my little plantation weed with the cheekbones and the stained homburg hat.

55.1-7 'Yes, you told me.' Claud does not know but he understands my dilemma, his head wags and a globule of red wine shakes from his gold beard and stains the cloth. His eyes wrinkle at the corners with tenderness, the moist mouth is wiped, I have to look away. Julia puts the kettle on, a wing of dark brown hair falls across a smooth, smooth cheek (the saviour of the world, she saved Claud's life, I owe her my sanity), lights the gas.] 39.13-16 Claude understood my problem. His head wagged, and a globule of red wine shook from his gold beard and stained the cloth. I had to look away. Julia put the kettle on. Edward looked embarrassed and lit another cigarette. [See H59.1-2]

55.8-36, 56.1-10 I did wear my hat the night they buried Father, the night they attacked Lizzie, the little blonde and giggling Lizzie, in the foggy street. All morning I travelled on the train to reach the church, and it took two trains to get there, because one could get no further in the fog, and I and others (several women, two little girls, a man with a cough) sat in a waiting room for a long time three miles from the village. Minutes ticked by in the frozen room, no lipstick on so that I would look more grieved (ill, sad), more suitable. Little Dad, not possibly dead. The only night for months I had (intended) an early night. The sea of covers on the brass bed, a needle of insistent noise niggling the brain. Footsteps coming downstairs; I won't answer, sticky darkness, waves of sleep, and Norman standing by the bed and saying... 'Flower, it's your mum. I think you had better talk to her.'

I know what it is but I pretend I don't as I pad up the hall. Last Sunday he didn't leave the car to see me and the children on to the train. That irritated me; I thought he ate too much and took too little exercise. [See D30.31-32] When the train passed the crossing, the car was still there, the children pressed stubby fingers against the glass and waved to the old
man bent over the wheel. I meant to ring him when I got home to see if he felt ill, but I
never did.

"He's dying Maggie ... he's dying." The voice, doll-sized, twelve miles away, moaning in
my ear ... 

"Now don't be silly, keep calm."

And further off still, and yet clearer, another voice ... o my darling, o my darling, o my
darling.

All the way to the house I just wondered what to do if he had died and I could not cry. And
he had died and I did cry, only not for that. A 'phone rang ("You answer it, Maggie"--a
kitchen of neighbours, but me the only relative, the next of kin) and the quiet surgical voice
of the doctor ....

"He never reached the hospital. He died in the ambulance."

Mouths in the doorway, all open, black holes waiting to swallow the news.

"Oh the poor man, the poor man."

I held my little mum and put her on the sofa; my hand still holding a cigarette spills ash
on the white cover. In the midst of death be careful of that ash, and the tears starting, big
ones, tired ones, noisy ones. 39 om.

58.31-36; 59.1-2 Victorian Norman knows a lot, understands a lot about me, about Claud, about
Edward and about himself. What about Julia? Did he really seduce Julia last night whilst
Shebah was talking words with Claud? Maybe on the bus he will have time to tell me. Last
night it was nearly Edward's birthday.

"Ah, darling"--Shebah sounded reproachful when told, as if it should have been her
birthday. Edward looked embarrassed and lit another cigarette. 39 om.

59.4-13 We stayed round the table and its dishes, beginning not to be so conscious of our
separateness, prepared to imagine we were truly friends and comrades. Above Claud's head were nailed two little painted heads in china. Two lovers with ruddy cheeks, and hats on, temple to temple, mouths pouting as if to turn and kiss. The smoke curled up into the air. A lone car drove past the window, headlights caught the painted heads for an instant and froze them, made them ugly. Cracks minutely appeared across the china faces, and then they fell back into the shadows, tender, gentle as before.

59.24 Julia, and Shebah 39.28 Julia. Shebah

59.25 rustic lovers.] 39.29 rustic china lovers on the wall.

59.28 birthday;] 39.32 birthday; I said.

59.30 present. Change] 40.1 present;' I said. 'Change

59.31 coverlet of the bed.] 40.3 coverlet.

59.32 perfect;] 40.4 perfect;' he said.

59.34 you;] 40.6 you;' he told me.

59.35-36 in case whilst we kissed his lighted cigarette burnt the blankets.] 40.7-8 in case his lighted cigarette burn the blankets while we kissed.

60.1 teeth;] 40.9 teeth;' I said.

60.2 hear them talking] 40.10 hear the others talking

60.7 took so much time] 40.15 took too much time

60.8 some perfume of Julia's] 40.16 some of Julia's perfume

60.8 on my tummy.] 40.17 on my stomach,

60.9 I went and got] 40.18 I went back and got

60.11-12 anyone, and there were so many things going through my mind.] 40.21 anyone.

60.15-16 My cheek on his shoulder, damp with heat, eyes wide staring into the darkness.

40.24-25 My cheek clung to his shoulder, damp with heat. My eyes stared into the
darkness.

60.17-26 Billie said we'd have a house in the country eventually and we'd get a dog for the children. Did he think about what breed of dog for what number of children even whilst he enquired about going away, even while he worried about emigration papers and formalities? [See D32.22-26]

My grandmother when asked how she felt used to say... 'Very nicely now. I had my womb scraped and the doctor said I've been a good clean girl. Now that's something, isn't it?'... at eighty-four the good clean girl smiled childlike into the inquirer's eyes.] 40 om.

60.27 Edward?' 40.26 Edward?' I asked.

60.28 to cushion my disappointment.] 40.27 to ease my disappointment.

60.29 really, but] 40.28 really,' he said. 'But

60.29 doesn't:] 40.30 doesn't.'

'You're sure?' I said.

60.30 mantelpiece'] 40.31-32 mantelpiece,' he suggested.

60.31-36; 61.1-2 We laugh, he wraps huge arms about me, delighted at the image of our home, our mantelpiece. Silently he roamed over the floors of a dream house.

Not quite so lonely. I could almost tell him, only I know at the end it would leave me purged and reborn and anxious for physical contact and he would be withdrawn and miserable. And Victorian Norman said I must not] 40.33; 41.1-6 We laughed. He wrapped his arms about me, and I felt very cheerful. Surely he was implying it would be our mantelpiece. I was so grateful I nearly told him about Billie, only I knew at the end it would have left me anxious for physical contact and Edward would have been withdrawn and miserable. And Victorian Norman had told me I mustn't

61.1 I must not tell] 41.6 I mustn't tell
61.18 beneath the noise] 41.23 Over the noise

61.4-5 fingers.

They felt like paper and smelled of tobacco and] 41.9 fingers—which felt like paper and

smelt of tobacco—and

61.6 I cannot help] 41.11 I can't help

61.8-10 misery, a dreadful superficiality that is as much a part of me as my hooked nose and my

large mouth, which I can do nothing about.] 41.13 misery. I'm like the bubbles in a glass of

fizzy lemonade. I keep rising to the top.

61.11 happy.'] 41.15 happy,' said Edward.

61.12 The mouth closes on mine, eyes close, hearts beat faster. Outside] 41.16 Outside

61.13 a chorus begins.] 41.16 a chorus began.

61.15 There is a great deal] 41.19 There was a great deal

61.16 begins to turn] 41.20 began to turn

61.16 turn the handle of the door.] 41.20 turn the door handle.

61.16 I laugh loudly] 41.21 I laughed loudly

61.17 know it's] 41.21 know that it

61.17 it's a great joke,) 41.21 it was a great joke,

61.18 against the smooth breast of Edward who lies stiffly,) 41.22 against Edward's shoulder.

61.18 and beneath the noise Julia] 41.23 Over the noise Julia

61.19 Julia says . . .] 41.23 Julia said,

61.19 they move away] 41.23 they moved away

61.21 I tell the] 41.25 I told the

61.22 they don't, at] 41.26 they didn’t, at

61.23 either, just that they] 41.27 either. It was just that they
61.23 they want to protect me. 61.27 they wanted to protect me.
61.25-26 Heads on the pillow again, breathing into one another’s faces, faintly I 61.28 Faintly I
61.26 I can hear Shebah] 61.28 I heard Shebah
61.26 singing alone.] 61.28 singing,
61.27-28 When she has sung it enough times she’ll stand up and dance to it.] 61.30 It’s one of her
favourites songs. Usually she dances to it.
61.29 lines she’ll gather up] 61.31 lines she always gathers up
61.29-30 lift one plump shoulder and shout] 61.32 lifts one plump shoulder and shouts
61.31 fault it was mine.] 61.33 fault was mine.
61.31-32 a long pause then a toss of the now youthful girlish head of thirty years ago, a
coquettish] 61.33 Then there’s a pause, a coquettish
61.35–36; 62.1–4 How the Black Brunswick would have doted on that sentiment. Clasping his
Emma to his military breast he pleads that she forgive him. On the wall above the brass bed
the Black Brunswick’s Return curls at one corner. The drawing pin has rolled under the
carpet. He is so tall, so protective, so splendid. She is so forgiving, so winsome, so
drooping.] 42 om.
62.5 before Billie did return] 33.1 before Billie returned
62.5 return Victorian] 33.1 returned from Australia, Victorian
62.7 you?’] 33.3 you?’ he asked.
62.8 think.’] 33.4 think,’ I said.
62.9 smock and he] 33.5 smock and Billie
62.9 he said] 33.5 Billie had said
62.12 skirt, dark, and] 33.9 skirt and
62.14 really.’] 33.11 really,’ he said.
62.15 A brown and black dress.] 33.12 I tried on a brown and black dress.

62.15-17 arm-pit and too short (my legs are funny), a dark background for a naked face, eyes
    forgiving, a winsome expression.] 33.13 armpit

62.17 Norman likes it.] 33.13 Norman liked it;
62.18 he likes the] 33.13 he liked the
62.19 that hangs down.] 33.14 that hung down.
62.20 I say, and take it] 33.15 I said, and I took
62.20 and take it] 33.15 and I took it

62.23 Norman laughs and goes] 33.19 Norman laughed and went

62.24 Nothing seems] 33.20 Nothing seemed

62.24-25 wear, my face looked empty in the blotched mirror over the sink, or] 33.20-21 wear.
   Reflected in the blotched mirror over the sink, my face looked empty--or
62.25-26 it is my face that is blotchy. I have] 33.22 it was my face that was blotchy. I had
62.27 if I have frowned] 33.23 if I had frowned

62.28-32 What's the date?' I ask Norman, hidden behind the newspaper.
   'March the 24th,' Norman says, reading from the newspaper.
   Two years ago and two months. With tears and love and... there are no words, only
   enormous dreadful emotions.] 33 om

62.33 I ask Norman,] 33.25 I asked Norman,

62.34-36; 63.1-4 'Last time I attempted an early night was when Father began to die.
   Norman puts down his paper on the table and rises to his feet. There is a look in his eyes
   that I clearly recognize. He even finds the dark circles under my eyes attractive.
   'Shall I put a record on?' I ask him, and busy myself with the gramophone so as to avoid his
   attentions.] 33 om
63.5 I put 'Party Doll' on) 33.27 Later I put Party Doll on
63.5 on and] 33.27 on the gramophone and
63.7 we made a noise] 33.28 we had made a noise
63.10 the gold, dear')} 33.32-33 the Gold)
63.10-11 mornings were prophaciable] 33.33 morning had been predictable
63.11-13 wasn’t, and Norman may have been uneasy because he wanted me to be happy and we both
knew it was going to be (disappointing, sad, not a miracle... did we?) so I went] 34.1
wasn’t. It wasn’t to be an ordinary day. I went
63.15-16 truly I did feel different.] 34.3 truly I think I did feel optimistic.
63.16-18 hopeful and almost innocent and I closed my eyes with the image of myself so wonderful,
quite intact and perfect.] 34.4 hopeful.
63.20-30 Edward said, out of the darkness... 'I don't want this to be like anything else.'
Had he said something before that? A long pause.
'I want it to be permanent, Maggie.'
'I want it too. Only I want time.' I didn't really. I couldn't afford to want time.
'Why?' Calm, reasonable Edward, my bedfellow. 'Why do you want time?' A cavalcade of
reasons, none of them the real ones, strung out across the dark pillows of the visitors' bed.
On the 25th of March the Black Brunswick returned. At six the children went to bed.] 34
pm
63.30 at six-thirty I was washed, combed, perfumed;) 34.5-6 The following evening at
six-thirty I was washed and ready for him.
63.31-32 lions, the brass bed under the white cover spun golden in the firelight.] 34.7-8 lions;
the brass bed under its white coverlet glittered in the firelight.
63.32-34 At the blue table in the kitchen I arched my eyebrows and thought beautiful thoughts to
make my face tender, and folded my hands] 34.8–9 At the table in the kitchen I arched my eyebrows and folded my hands

63.35 of the dark plaid skirt,] 34.9 of my dark plaid skirt,

64.1–3 New linoleum on the floor carried painfully all the way from the shop two days before, an outsized waxy roll of honour, black and white squares oily under the rain.] 34.11–14 There was new linoleum on the floor, carried painfully all the way from the shop two days before, an outsize roll of black-and-white squares, oily under the rain.

64.4 New curtains on the windows,] 34.14 There were new curtains on the windows,

64.4–7 white ones, hemmed with blue cotton (though only showing now and then), closed against a back yard under soot, a frail mountain ash leafless between slabs of concrete, five cats on a high brick wall.] 34.15–17 white ones hemmed with blue cotton and drawn against a backyard under a layer of soot and a row of cats on a high brick wall.

64.8 house next door (boat-deck the] 34.17 house next door the

64.8–9 the husband throws washing-up water in a flood down the wooden steps, loses] 34.18–19 the husband threw washing-up water in a flood down the wooden steps and lost

64.9–10 noise and slams the door into the kitchen.] 34.19 noise.

64.10–14 Two chops in silver paper already garnished and rubbed with garlic, on the draining board, a pan of sliced potatoes under water, two packets of frozen vegetables, one yellow.] 34.19–24 Two chops in silver paper, garnished and rubbed with garlic, lay on the draining board. I'd prepared a pan of sliced potatoes under water and there were two packets of frozen vegetables one yellow,

64.15 told me only the day before.] 34.25 told me two days before,

64.15 is the expression] 34.25 was the expression

64.17–24 Practise it, liquefy it, it must be understood. I am here magnificent with confidence,
over half a globe none more beautiful than I. Aaaaah... across the blue table half begins a moan, the throat constricts the ululation of defeat, a fist (mine) pushes apart my lips and touches the edges of teeth. Who are you? Name, address, parentage, don't lie, be kind to me, be kind to me. Under the innocent gaze I'm old and tired as well. Pity me, pity me.

34.27-28 Let him know who you are, she said, and let him know where you are. I am here. I told myself, but who am I?

64.24-25 A knock on cue shatters the house, throws echoes down the hall, through 34.29 A knock shattered the house; through

64.25 keyhole I can spy] 34.29 keyhole I spied

64.25 the Wild Colonial Boy,] 34.30 the returned Colonial Boy,

64.26 Boy, a blurred outline] 34.30 Boy, outline blurred

64.27 smooth his evaporating hair.] 34.31 smooth his hair.

64.27-30 Cold air as the door opens, a voice the ear does not after all wish to recognise, a face the eye fails to memorise, only a coat, a check coat, clean, beautiful and alien, comes into the house.] 34.31-33 Cold air rushed in as the door opened; all I could see was a coat, a check coat, clean and alien. The coat came into the house.

64.31-34 'Why?' again asks Edward.

   Beyond in the other room, among the china, Shebah is still singing. Slowly the white stretch, the bangles begin to slither, the penitent cries... 'Though the fault it was mine...'] 35 om.

64.35 Was I to have known the sun] 35.1 How was I to know that the sun

64.36 on the cheekbone,] 35.2 on his cheekbone,

65.1 tipped the tanned fingers;] 35.3 tipped his fingers?

65.1 fingers; the palms open and show cream as he hands] 35.3 fingers? His palms opened and
showed cream as he handed

65.1 the palms] 35.3 His palms

65.2 open it, it's for you.] 35.5 open it,' he said. 'It's for you.'

65.3 the paper wrapping] 35.6 the tissue paper

65.3 is a box,) 35.6 was a box,

65.5 a girl opening her very] 35.9 a girl looking at her very

65.6 a tender tremulous smile,) 35.10 a tender smile,

65.8-9 inside, unwrapped the paper, and placed the sweet upon my thick and bosselated tongue.)

35.11-13 inside the box. I unwrapped it and placed the sticky sweet upon my thick and

waiting tongue.

65.10 lips would not close.] 35.13 lips wouldn't close.

65.10-14 close. The figure opposite me, my defrocked priest, tapers down under the beautiful

coat to two legs in light grey cloth, and there are two shoes, slightly pointed, new, dazzling. To

avoid this, this stab of light illuminating my two years of darkness and sloth,) 35.13 close.

65.14-15 I turn to the meat robed in its silver paper and light] 35.14 I turned to the meat, bloody

on its silver foil, and lit

65.14-15 meat robed in its silver paper and] 35.14 meat, bloody on its silver foil, and

65.15-17 grill. I have been too long entombed, too long used to neglecting my teeth, I have not

begun to remember when it was I forgot the body can be a mirror to the soul.] 35.15 grill.

65.18 'And you have been here] 35.16 'You've been here

65.18 you have been] 35.16 You've been

65.18 time'... the question is rhetorical,] 35.16 time?' Billie asked.

65.19-30 the stranger's eyes (blue irises circle the black pupils) narrow to take in without

compassion, the dirt,) 35.16-17 His eyes took in the dirt,
cooker, a car half hidden under the chair with the snapped back and a seat of green velvet textured with dust, and rest at length, twin orbs of empty brilliance, on my dark clothes, my white face, my fingers stained with meat juice.

cooker, the cobwebs on the ceiling.

subastral love flickers] 35.20 love flickered

love flickers, struggles to evoke some past echo of wonder and delight, and begins]

love flickered, struggled to evoke some past echo of delight and began

of wonder and delight,] 35.21 of delight

Still I fight] 35.21 Still I fought

some interglacial period] 35.22 some period

reprieve, cooking the food, eyes] 35.22 reprieve, eyes

my blue-eyed doxy] 35.24 my blue-eyed bully boy

station. I ought] 35.25 station, 'he said. 'I ought

He cannot be serious.] 35.27 I didn't believe him.

bed go straight down without a wrinkle, laundry fresh and pristine.] 35.28 bed were

laundry-fresh.

I cannot answer] 35.28 I couldn't reply

answer] 35.28 reply

I cannot answer, words lie locked in the cupboards of an ailing mind, I cannot even turn round, bilboes of disappointment shackle my feet to the chessboard floor.] 35.28 I couldn't reply, I couldn't breathe.

We stand in the room with the fire at last,] 35.28-29 At last we reached the bedroom with the fire--

We stand in the room with the fire at last] 35.29 At last we reached
66.3 the fire is nearly out] 35.30 the fire was nearly out
66.3 I have not] 35.30 I hadn't
66.3-4 I have not the heart to put more coal on, and he keeps] 35.30 I hadn't the heart to put
more coal on, and he kept
66.4 he keeps looking] 35.31 he kept looking
66.4 he keeps looking at each picture,] 35.31 he kept looking at everything. And when I looked
too, at each picture,
66.5 each article] 35.32 at each article
66.7 alcove, and when I look too,] 36.1 alcove,
66.7 nothing shines any more, nothing glitters, everything bears] 36.1 nothing shone any more,
nothing gleamed, everything bore
66.7 nothing glitters,] 36.2 nothing gleamed,
66.9 samovar is cracked,] 36.3 samovar was cracked,
66.9-10 the dulled eyes of the dusty moose stare at the Sicilian lions under a thin coating of soot;]
36.3 the glass eyes of the moth-eaten moose stared dully at the Sicilian lions.
66.10-11 room is a monument] 36.5 room was a monument
66.11 to despair, girdled in memories that are no longer of importance.] 36.5 to despair.
66.13-15 tired.' (I too am a ruin of memory, submerged under dust. Feebly I shake myself and
moths, paper thin, fly about the room.)] 36.6 tired,' he said.
66.15-20 night. The face washed with soap, the skin rubbed with the red towel (turn round--
don't look), just for a moment I imagine myself an object of desire, and with the exposure of
rice-coloured skin and the donning of the pink nightgown, huge, voluminous and ridiculous,
realise my conceit.] 36.7 night.
66.20 I find my face cream and sit] 36.7 I found my face cream and sat
I am of course trying to be natural, clean, a honeysuckle girl not afraid to show a naked face. I was trying to be natural.

me.

What am I doing? With each

I rubbed away

love; fingers without sensitivity destroy, erase the thin protective membranes of desire, and

and I sat finally exposed

and sat

suburban, masochistic,

move towards

the other figures

travelling; brown shoulders emerging from white shifts, golden girls

travelling, those golden girls

from baths and showers

showers raise slender arms

raise

the damp

At last it comes--

are so thick,'


‘Thanks for telling me,' I said.

City white in a pink nightgown, padding with flat yellow feet across the
lino-covered floor, I take my swollen ankles.

Edward sits up suddenly in bed, dislodging Billie Boy. He reaches across the crumpled bed searching for a reproachful cigarette. I touch him for reassurance, his own, above the ribs where the skin is pouches.

'You see,' I tell him, though the explanation is for me alone, 'I've never had a bathroom before, or a bedroom that wasn't a living room or a kitchen that didn't let in the rain.'

A sound of air contemptuously escaping from his pained lips.

'A somewhat materialistic attitude.' The end of his cigarette glows in the darkness. 'Besides, I can well afford to let you have a bath and a bedroom seeing you place such importance on living accommodations.'

'Baths are important. Having a wardrobe to hang clothes in is important. It's not materialistic. It's romantic.'

My lips finish forming words and close to kiss his shoulder. Had I had a bathroom, a bedroom, a wardrobe, wouldn't Billie have continued to love me?

Scurrying away from Edward I carry my skirt, my shoes, my underclothes into the bedroom that is a living room and lay them on the piano, and get into the brass bed quickly, taking my thick ankles with me. One of my shoes falls on to the dusty keys of the piano and a slight clear note is struck.] 36 om.

67.24 morning,' says Billie.] 36.20 morning,' said Billie.
67.25 'Yes.'] 36.21 'Yes,' I said.
67.27-28 Sword by his side, the Black Brunswick from his place above the bed stares down at my upturned face. His arms in their military coat encircle the slender clinging Emma.] 36 om.
67.29 'tender,' says the Wild Colonial Boy, bending down] 36.22-23 'tender,' said Billie
suddenly, bending down

67.29 says the Wild) 36.22 said Billie

67.29 bending down] 36.22 suddenly, bending down

67.30 kiss me. Neither he nor I can understand what this may mean.] 36.23 kiss me.

67.31 in a dazzle of check overcoat,) 36.24 in a smother of check overcoat,

67.31-32 with a convulsive roll that is very adroit, a] 36.24-25 with an adroit convulsive
roll a

67.33 untender takes place,) 36.26 untender took place.

67.33-34 place. and a curtain of tears covers my face and swings sideways into my hair.)

36.26-29 place. There was toffee in my teeth. He wore his coat all night. It might have
been a coat that opened and sheltered me. I could have lain warm within it, if he'd bothered
to unbutton it.

67.35-36; 68.1-31 'You did have a bathroom in Morpeth Street.' Edward sounds accusing. 'A big
one.'

'But I couldn't use it. Victorian Norman says it was dangerous. The geyser leaked.'

Behind a wall of flame Victorian Norman calls for help. In the bathroom he stands
dripping on his tiny black satin underpants, sulphurous flames sear up the copper side of
the antique geyser.

'It caught fire once, Edward, when Norman was in the bath. So we all used the sink in the
kitchen after that.

Edward does not reply. Maybe behind his eyes he is consumed with the image of a room in
flames.

The morning after the Wild Colonial Boy returned he reared up in the bed, the whites of
his eyes luminous against his brown skin. He is like some animal. The children come in for
his inspection, they stand watching him passively, faces placid. Every hair has been shaped so that he will say how lovely, every thought and idea planted so that he may say how well I have cared, trained, fashioned them. The long legs, the soft moist eyes, are Joseph's, eyes of Boy, bewildered, are my own. They watch without emotion the figure covered with hair. He says nothing at all. On the bus alone with them, fiercely I scan the lovely ones, the gentle ones, flesh of my flesh, tears endlessly and painlessly flow from my eyes and obliterate the streets we pass. Heavy lidded I laugh walking back to the house because I feel I am such a comic figure, and not for a moment to be taken seriously. What happened to the day I had dreamed about, those long hours of winding exploration, fingers tracing lines of unknown experiences on faces wet with tremulous emotion? I stood alone and watched with pity and with panic the blond stranger facing his disenchantment and could only turn away because apart from the ugliness of my weeping willow countenance, I irritated and appalled him.

36.30-33; 37.1-33; 38.1-15 In the morning I went out to buy some bacon for his breakfast and when I returned to the house he'd gone, and Norman sat stricken, and the turtle's back had gone out of the hall, and the brass horn from the piano top, and I never saw him at the house again. Victorian Norman did. Billie came back for his boxing gloves when I was in hospital. He said I had deteriorated physically and that he preferred me as I was before. Then he and Norman shook hands and Billie went down the hall as he had done so many times in the past, only this time I wasn't there to put my arms about his shambling waist, and out he went never to return. Positively a last appearance, if indeed it was he who had returned in the first place. He left behind nothing, nothing beyond the new lino in the kitchen and the new curtains already turning a rich grey. Of course, that's what I thought at the time. I never guessed what he'd left behind, in me. And if I'd known, I wouldn't have done what I did. I don't remember planning it. [See H74.29-36; 75.1-18]
I sat at the kitchen table, the blue oilcloth franked by the ringed impressions of a dozen mugs of tea, my head in my arms, and I waited. On the table was the bacon I’d bought and one large empty bottle of gin, purchased duty free at the bar of Billie’s homecoming ship. I only wanted to sleep, to cease upon the midnight with no pain. I heard a sound from the telephone, like the buzzing of a fly trapped behind glass. I remember picking up the receiver and hearing a voice repeating my name, making a persistent enquiry, until with boredom, because it wasn’t Billie’s voice, I dropped the earpiece with a dull plastic thud on a white square of lino, the third from the closed and paper-choked door, and fell beastlike on all fours. I slid finally, the toes of my winkle-picker shoes curled up, cheek to cheek with the cool surface of the floor, one finger held up for silence in the small groove under my nose which Claude says is the imprint of God’s finger in the wet clay. With mouth clumsily ajar, first with a gentle sighing of air, then with a frantic galloping of hooves, I went into a long cave of dreamless sleep. I suppose it was wicked of me; my friends would have missed me and my mother would have cried. [See H77.1-25]

Claude told me I must never tell Billie what I’d done, but I did. After all, I’ve never attempted anything as big as that in my whole life, and it should have made Billie proud. Not everybody knows somebody who’d die for them. Anyway, it didn’t work, and that’s why this weekend is terrifically important to me. I wish I didn’t have to lie to Edward. It would be nice if the baby were really his, and I could have told him the news as a sort of birthday present. He was twenty-nine yesterday. Last night Julia cooked a celebration dinner. Shebah was cross at us for making a fuss over Edward. She thinks any admiration or affection should be directed towards her. We drank bottles and bottles of wine.

68.32-33 ‘Never mind,’ said Edward, ‘it’s my birthday,’ and he stubbed out his cigarette and I]

42.4 Edward stubbed out his cigarette and I
the future, blotting out all thoughts of Billie, only hearing above the sound of our breathing Shebah in the outer room, still singing her song.] the future.

From a distance later] From a distance
the bathroom and I lay crumpled and said into] the bathroom. I said into
'I don’t mind about those things, the bath and the wardrobe, I do love you.'] 'I do love you, you know.
And Edward replied, Then replied, sleep drowning, on his pillow: 'Then] replied, 'Then I felt calm and almost peaceful and a bit clever, until I remembered again all those other things, and had to turn away from him lest I might have clung to him and spoilt everything. I felt calm and a bit bumptious and I had to turn away from him lest I cling to him and spoilt everything.
est I might have clung to him and spoilt everything.] I cling to him and spoil everything.
It was like looking at an aerial landscape.] Being calm was like looking at an aerial landscape--
and small walls made of stone] and small stone walls
handkerchief fields, and everything] handkerchief fields--everything
in each square little groups] in each square groups
relations and Joseph,] relations and the hotel waiter,
ear a river, the children and I, looking] near a river, myself, looking
a graspable scale and size that] a graspable scale that
that I felt the pattern] that I felt that the pattern
was not so complicated] wasn't so complicated
All I had to do was take the children, one by each hand, and step. All I had to do was to step.

Another field to find something equally of comfort and delight. Somebody would hold my hand.

Shebah continuing her burletta and Claud raising his voice to say some word or other. Shebah still singing.

Very carefully I moved. Very carefully I moved.

Make sure Edward still slept. I opened the door and shut it after me and went.

I went. I went

Comb my hair and see what my face looked like. Whilst I thought, Here I go,

Pink-striped nightgown, solid legs and bare feet, hair so naturally, so wonderfully straight,

A fringe over one melancholy eye, all in dark and lips moving to verbalise the description of myself, I put.

Round-shouldered, lank-haired, hooked nose. Round-shouldered and hook-nosed,

Hooked nose endlessly coming out of the Jewish intelligent horse face, a disappointment as always, and

And in the corner Victorian Norman. And Victorian Norman

Bathroom and one arm reached out. He reached out

He said, 'Nice time, dear one,' and smiled. 'Nice time, dear one,' he said, and smiled

The blue eyes. His blue eyes

Eyes took in with care. Eyes took in
the smooth pink face of Julia.] 43.6 Julia's pink face.

Julia, the mouth open showing small irregular white teeth, the two buttons] 43.6 face.

Two buttons

the two buttons undone] 43.6-7 Two buttons were undone

blouse, and the eyes with black pupils enlarged, blinking once more behind the restored
glasses. He laughed then and buried his head into my neck[,] 43.7 blouse.

and said very low, 'Good God, girl,' and I] 43.7-8 'Good God, girl, he said, very quietly, and I

and said very low, 'Good God, girl,' and I] 43.7-8 'Good God, girl, he said, very quietly, and I

appear normal, and it is] 43.11 appear normal--it's

it is all] 43.11 it's all

it seems so if you are one of them (Victorian Norman's expression) and he licked his fingers to rub away a splodge of toothpaste on the mirror,] 43.11 feeble.

but Julia, being definitely not one of them, but trusting and good and unsullied by endless repetitions of endless situations, found it convincing and followed Claud] 43.11 Julia was upset, I could tell. She followed Claude

Claud worriedly as he moved out of the doorway with slightly bowed head.] 43.12-13 Claude worriedly out of the doorway.

So I combed my hair] 43.13 I combed my hair

rubbing out the stains on the glass] 43.14 rubbing at the toothpaste stains on the glass,
glass, 43.14-15 glass, shrugging his shoulders

himself, and I] 43.15 himself, I
I didn't speak. If he hadn't been interrupted, he wouldn't have been interrupted. He started. Sea, and look at his reflection. Sea. Then we went. Entered so that I leaped. Braceleted arms. A note, a high caressing note, and said. And with entreaty, and entreatingly, as if it were my wedding night and I had turned up at the celebrations. As if she thought I shouldn't be there. And a Woodbine and a ciggie. Nightgown. Because of Billie I'll never willingly show my ankles again. In the big velvet armchair, and Shebah hovered above me, a pale swollen moth, furry and threatening, with eyebrows rising and falling and eyes dilating, voice hushed and confidential. 'What's happened, darling? Are? demanded Shebah. 'Are...? and behind her the lovely room glittered and spun in a coalescence of glass and silver and gold. Darling? There we were all. There sat all. And the fourth, the black, music-hall nun, mad for half a lifetime, giving off tenderness,
emitting signs of sensitivity.) 43.33; 44.1 and Shebah, the music-hall nun, mad for half a lifetime, emitting signals of sensitivity.

71.16-21 Victorian Norman, the amateur mountaineer, tight calves curving beneath the light grey cloth of his trousers, head respectfully and deeply inclined, listened with his eyes to the moving mouth of Claud, a small pink hole opening and closing among the tendrils of the climbing beard, speaking articulately and no longer with feeling, about his departed wife.)

44.2-3 Victorian Norman was listening respectfully to Claude, who was talking about his departed Sarah.

71.22 glory.'and we smiled) 44.4-5 glory.' Claude and I smiled

71.23-24 room, a smile that was split and finally obliterated as Shebah) 44.5 room as Shebah

71.24-25 and stood with heavy loving face above me, peering] 44.6 and stood peering

71.27-28 me'...(It's possible she's right) and the broody lower lip swung lower and] 44.8

me.'

71.29-30 and the eyes, sticky as sweets, searched my expression for some sign of response,]

44.9 Her eyes, bulging like marbles, searched my face for some sign of distress,

71.31-32 bridal bed, and a fat consecrating hand came down with a shiver of bangles to see if my forehead was hot to the touch.) 44.11-12 bridal bed. Her fat hand came down with a shiver of bangles, to test whether my forehead were hot to the touch.

71.33 Shebah.) 44.13 Shebah,' I said.

71.34-36; 72.1-4 cigarette.' I shook away the pressure of her hand and leaned my head against the amber fabric of the chair back and noticed, as I folded my hand on my knee, how silver tipped the nails of my fingers. With my ankles towed away, clad only in candy-striped cotton, with such a hand upon my knee, I could be any one of the golden girls, untalked about, that the Wild Colonial Boy had known.) 44.14 cigarette.'
mouth, we all blurred together, came out of focus. She was so clean, so decorous, without guile, she represented reality, normality, we became stuff that dreams are made of, shadows in an over-crowded room. Shebah] 44.16 mouth, Shebah concentrated on her. Shebah stood with hand on hip and began to talk to Julia.] 44.17 She stood, hand on hip, talking to Julia. The rubber mouth] 44.18 her rubber lips Rubber mouth] 44.18 rubber lips Like a welfare worker disguised as a woman explaining to her second in command what the blanket situation was,] 44.19-20 like some welfare worker explaining the blanket situation to her second-in-command. Explaining to her second in command what the blanket situation was] 44.19-20 explaining the blanket situation to her second-in-command. Explaining to her second in command what the blanket situation was] 44.19-20 explaining the blanket situation to her second-in-command. Was, and I was an evacuee (lately young) waiting to be billeted.] 44.20-21 command. I might have been an evacuee waiting to be billeted. Billeted. It made her laugh, what I was thinking, and Claud looked away from Victorian Norman, and I gestured at Shebah, but he looked at my hands and I blinked quickly and moved my wrists about and wondered if he thought my nails beautiful too.] 44.21 billeted. Felt a bit tremulous and hysterical with all the drinking and smoking.] 44.21-22 With all the drinking and smoking I felt a bit hysterical, Felt a bit tremulous and hysterical] 44.22 I felt a bit hysterical, tight, and there was the check coat coming through the door.] 44.23 tight, and there was an image of Billie's check coat. And it was as if a hand, any hand, had suddenly caught hold of my heart, which was
round and hot and rolling about above my ribs like an orange waiting to be squeezed.

44.23-24 It was as if a hand had suddenly caught my heart and squeezed it.

72.25 squeezed, so that I dug my teeth] 44.25 it. I dug my teeth
72.25-26 lip and said over and over into my brain... ] 44.25 lip and asked myself over and
over,
72.27-29 name?'... and the typed particulars stuttered out across the red birth certificate like
a train going full tilt with swaying carriages, until gradually] 44.27 name?'... until
gradually
72.30 the heart filled out) 44.28 my heart filled out
72.30-31 again, no longer in distress, only bruised.) 44.28 again.
72.31-32 a kind of masochistic elation] 44.29 a kind of pained elation
72.32 elation that I wanted] 44.29 elation I wanted
72.32-33 my eyes letting them be pain-filled, but neither] 44.30 my eyes, but neither
72.34 room to be appreciative, and] 44.31 room and
72.35 grief is evidently secretive,) 44.32 grief is secretive,
73.1-2 I watched my fingers for a little, and then got up and went down] 44.32-33 After a while
I went down
73.3 shop in darkness into the back yard] 45.1 shop to the backyard
73.4-5 leaves and grass, sprinkled with maimed statues floodlit by the room upstairs.] 45.2
leaves. Broken statues lay in the grass.
73.6 noticed sitting at a wrought-iron table at night.] 45.3 noticed.
73.7-36; 74.1-36; 75.1-25 I only really exist through other people (Joseph's opinion,
pontification through the plum-soft lips), only start to breathe when mirrored in another's
eyes. And why not? But something is altered, something is not quite right. It was lovely
(decorative) in the garden last night, the day and the night I was circled by friends; there is a feeling, however, of strain at the roof of my mouth, as if I have started to yawn but forgotten to complete it. My mind never seemed to have spaces but more and more there is space, and the only thought I really have is visual, the check coat, and in the garden last night, seated at the iron table, when I looked at the wisteria tree with its twisted stem clinging to the centre wall of the house, leaves shifted, and there was the coat again, made out of fingers of light, black and white, with three round moving buttons. I cannot really see the coat if I actually try to imagine it, but it's always there when I don't expect it. I cannot see it now lying here on the grass, because I'm watching an ant nibbling under a pinpoint of soil, and perhaps given time, as Victorian Norman tells me, the picture will vanish altogether. The coat isn't a noun, it's almost a verb, it's I coat and You coat, though it's difficult to explain, most of all to myself, but fortunately I am by nature so transient, so superficial, that in time I'll stop thinking about it. [See D45.28-33; 46.1-6] It might have been a coat that opened and sheltered us both. I could have lain warm within it, just as the kitchen could have witnessed small fluting kisses and smothered words, a beating of hearts, a cautious exploration of emotions not entirely innocent. But he was so hostile standing in the cloth coat, wrapped up in it, hands in his pockets, in the middle of the kitchen.

In the morning we had gone a ride up an escalator past a garden party of hats, straw made and garlanded with flowers, like wedding hats, and there was a long mirror across the whole of one wall so that there were two rows of roses trembling on two rows of steel stems, and two check coats, and two checkered arms resting on the moving rail, and two of me, with sulky face, love locked out, wearing my grief like a pair of blinkers over puffy eyes, resentful as we slid upwards to the roof of the store. I cried in little pieces all day, turning to get a knife from the drawer, bending to pull up the cover of the sacrificial bed; when I filled the sink
with water the muscles of my eyes contracted and tears spilled out, and inside I began to
slide away and saw everything all around me, the lino (just for you), the curtains (just for
you), dissolving like bubbles in a glass. I didn't see Billie's face at all, because by now it
wasn't a face I knew, and his voice said... 'Hurry up, the taxi will be here in a moment,'
whilst I just went on touching the plant in its pot, and touching the table, and Brenny made
tea and nobody said another word.

In the taxi I sat far away and didn't mean to say it but did say it: 'When are you going?'
'I'll go tonight.'

A silence for years.

'Well you don't really love me....'

'Yes I do, you know I do.'

A coward's reply. And the taxi stopped and while the check coat turned to pay the fare,
repeating some action we learnt in childhood, and unchecked, the sulky woman moved and
ducked and ran down the lighted street full of buses and cars all in procession, and when I
returned to the house later, much later, but not so late, he'd been and he'd gone, and Brenny
and Norman sat stricken and the turtle's back had gone out of the hall, and the boxing gloves
from their rail in the nursery, and the brass horn from the piano top, and I never saw him
at the house again. Victorian Norman did. He came for some pictures and to say I had
deteriorated physically (poising a cup of tea on the blue oilcloth) and I did use to wear my
hair up to show my shell-like ears, oh yes, and then they shook hands and he went down the
hall (a pity, a hell of a nice bloke) as he had done so many times before, only this time I was
not there to put from behind my two arms about his shambling waist, and out he went, never
no more, no more ever to return, positively a last appearance, if indeed it was he who had
returned in the first place, leaving behind nothing, nothing beyond the new lino in the
kitchen and the new curtains turning already a rich grey and the top drawer of the chest in
the hall stuffed full of letters in air-mail envelopes. If he had known (how could he?) as he
went down the steps carrying his pictures, the landscape and the stags at bay, bending the
pale flat tips of his stubby fingers to grip them more fiercely as they flared outwards in the
sudden rain-filled gusts of wind, what he had left behind, would he have paused, borrowed a
pencil perhaps and written some consoling words and thrust them through the brass mouth
of the magenta door, to be added to all the other words on all the other bits of paper? [See
D36.30-33; 37.1-14]

Last night at the wrought-iron table, under the pink-striped nightgown I pushed my cello
thighs against my rice-white stomach, not yet swollen, and like a cow lowing in deep grass,
swung my bell head, the hair swishing about my shell-like lobes, my darling, my lamb, my
baby blue Colonial Boy, till blood sang in my ears.] 45. om.
75.26-28 Then another sound, a continuation of sensation, a hushed exhaling, and through the
moving strands of thin hair, Claud stripped] 45.5-6 I sat down at a wrought-iron table and
heard a funny noise like someone pumping up a tyre. It was Claude, stripped
75.28 the waist, arms aloft, wielding] 45.7 the waist, wielding
75.29-32 insecticide above his unbloomed roses. Caressing the sounds voices make in gardens
after midnight, lungs gently rising and falling under pale rinds of sky, a hissing as the pump
moved up and down and... ] 45.7 insecticide.
75.32-34 submit... this to the arch submitter in the night attire, the peachy one, mushy to the
core, crouched over a wrought-iron table.] 45.8 submit,' he said.
75.35 'There's little else] 45.9 'There's not much else
75.35 can do.' ] 45.9 can do;' I agreed.
75.36; 76.1-5 I do think it's my suburban loyalties and limitations that keep me from being
utterly an enemy of the people, at least in spasms, like last night when the father in me stirred, an icon head of narrowness with raised Victorian eyebrows, watching a disinfestation of roses at past two in the morning. Of course it was wholly me sitting there, but the foundling thoughts of puberty (not possibly could I have sprung from those Lily of Laguna loins) had receded altogether to be replaced by inherited modes of thinking, and the eyes that saw the near naked landscape gardener where his eyes, alien, askance, bed before eleven, complete decorum in dress; but it was I who said with lullaby lips...

'Have I done the right thing, Claud?' Meaning the birthday boy Edward upstairs in the visitors' bed, asleep all alone, and Claud said...

'Mmm. I reckon you have. He's allright that one.' [45.9-13] I didn't really know what he meant, but that's not important with Claude. 'Have you managed to have a talk with him yet?' I asked. 'Have you told him nice things about me?'

'Wait and see;' he said.

76.16 before coming to rest] 45.14 before coming to sit
76.17 by my table.] 45.15 by the table.
76.17-19 There we sat with one arm stretched out, his, and a hand circling my cold little foot, my meek little toe-nails, and a moth] 45.15 A moth
76.19-21 and a moth, feeble in a ray of light from the upper windows, fluttering clothe soft and obscene above our heads.] 45.15-16 A moth, feeble in a ray of light from the upper windows of the house, fluttered above our heads.
76.22 love,' he amended insanely,] 45.17 love;' said Claude insanely.
76.23 rubbing a porous fold of diaphragm above the barrel of his ribs,] 45.18 rubbing a fold of skin pouched from the barrel of his ribs.
76.24 He raised glossy eyeballs to] 45.19 He raised his eyes to
and informed... 'Edward) 45.20 and informed me, 'Edward

'Edward has just gone from bed to bog for the third time.'

 presently,'] 45.22 presently,' I said.

 should,'] 45.23 should,' he replied.

 I leant the hard bone of my jaw against] 45.24 I leant my jaw against

 against my rounded knees] 45.25 against my knees

 and a musk smell, faint from the folds of pink nightgown, rose pleasantly to my
 nostrils, dilutions of excitement long since over.] 45.25 and sniffed my own musk smell.

 The hand at my foot moved upward, surmounting the obstacle of my
 clasped hands and began to stroke the surface of my head, through which thoughts hop like so
 many sheep over fences.

 The kitchen table in Morpeth Street spread with blue oilcloth, franked one dozen times by
 the ringed indentures of a dozen mugs of tea, and my head with the medusa strands of hair
 down in two folded suffocating arms, safe from harm, deaf among the bristly fronds of a
 moaning purple jumper, part of the homecoming trousseau. One large empty bottle of gin,
purchased duty free at the bar of the homecoming ship, perched like a skittle close to my
 fragile scalp, pulsating under the dark brown, mid brown bunch of hair. A wish to sleep and
 with the desire, a craving for the extension of sleep, a deathly oblivion, a ceasing upon the
 midnight (mid-day) with no pain, a desire not to be fulfilled as a sound very like the
 buzzing of a fly trapped behind glass, issued from the telephone with its black cradle hard up
 against the door. A voice, alas, not his voice, repating a name, my name, making an enquiry,
persistent, till with boredom I drop the earpiece with a dull plastic thud precisely on a
 white square of lino, the third from the closed and paper-choked door, allowing myself at
last to fall beastlike on all fours, and slide finally like a leaf with the toes of my winkle-picker shoes curled up, cheek to cheek with the cool surface of the floor, one finger held up for silence in the small groove under my nose (the imprint of God's finger in the wet clay) and went with mouth clumsilyajar,first with a gentle soughing of air, then with a frantic galloping of hooves, into a long cave of dreamless sleep. [See D37.15-33; 38.1-2]

Somewhere in the midst of all these painful recollections I had risen from behind my wrought-iron table and gone back into the house, leaving Claud alone with his roses. On the stairs I met Victorian Norman and we embraced beneath the benediction of the praying angel, and in the middle of something between a laugh and a sob I raised my eyes and saw Edward at the head of the stairs, standing above us wrapped in a peacock dressing gown belonging to Julia, a long tassel hanging from his waist to the toes of his big white feet, and I went quickly towards him and through the living room where Shebah sat owl-eyed and unseeing on the arm of the sofa, and into the visitors' bedroom, presently to be followed by Edward, who allowed himself to forgive me, and I fell asleep. I dreamt I was in the kitchen again at home, and there was the tiny shivering sounds of distant bells that Fred the mouse made, in his little cage on the window sill, going round and round on his metal wheel, treading his little golden road to Samarkand.

In the morning, this morning, early, without benefit of sunshine, only pale, cold dawn light, I crept from the visitors' room to go to the children, lest they awoke and finding me not there came in search of me.] 45.25-33; 46.1-8 It's odd how other people's smells are awful and your own's all right. Unless you really like someone.

It was nice sitting there, but something was wrong. There was a feeling of strain at the roof of my mouth, as if I'd started to yawn but forgotten to complete the act. When I looked at the wistaria with its twisted stem clinging to the centre wall of the house, leaves shifted-- and
there was Billie's coat again, made out of fingers of light, black and white, with three round moving buttons. I can't actually see the coat if I try to imagine it, but it's always there when I don't expect it. The coat isn't a noun, it's almost a verb. It's I coat and You coat, though it's difficult to explain, most of all to myself. Fortunately I'm so superficial by nature that in time I expect I'll stop thinking about it. [See H73.10–29]

I didn't sleep very well. Nor, I believe, did Edward. Several times I awoke and he wasn't there.

78.12–16 I went all huddled through the dim living room and saw through my dishevelled hair the sleeping body of Victorian Norman, safe in the bosom of the deep, the sofa, face turned from me, and a dog, the feminine one with the white face, sharing his temporary bed. 46.9–11 Victorian Norman slept on the sofa in the living-room. When I saw him this morning, he was still asleep. A dog, the one with the white face, was sharing his bed.

78.16–17 On the threshold of my other room I stepped. 46.11–12 On the threshold of Shebah's room I stepped.

78.17–18 scarf tossed from the dancing neck of my Liverpool Salome, and] 46.13 scarf and
78.18–20 and came down sharply with the yellow sole of my left foot on to something like glass that bit into my flesh. 46.13 and trod on something sharp, like glass.

78.21–36; 79.1–7 When I awoke hours later, with the remembrance of two loving arms about my neck, my little daughter's arms, rosy and possessive though now absent, I heard rather than saw Shebah, only a few feet away from where I lay in the lower bunk, stretched out on a camp bed, the black circumference of her beret showing above the army blanket, grey pigtail sticking out like a skein of wool, and groaning softly. [See D46.13–17] Whilst I heard the gentle moans I still experienced, as I do most mornings, the split-second delusion that everything is all right, that Joseph, no Billie, loves me, and then reality and there I
lay, the girl wonder with a mouth sour with nicotine and tongue swollen, entering the second day of a weekend in the country. I began to write an imaginary bill in my head, on a piece of paper neatly ruled, something to send to Billie, an account rendered for suffering received, itemed one, two, three, but I couldn't think of suitable words. So instead I imagined him somewhere, a party, a pub, anywhere, loosened with drink, telling someone, anyone, how a part of him still loved me. I do, you know, he intones, raising mild blue eyes angelwise to a blue heaven for ever out of reach. Wherever you are, however many years hence, my lovely William, may your well bred mouth droop in unutterable despair. Amen. I don't mean that, I don't.} 46 om.

79.7-9 Whilst I had these thoughts for which I may not be forgiven, Shebah groaned louder, called upon her Hebrew god and articulated... 'What] 46.13-17 Shebah was stretched on a camp bed, the black circumference of her beret showing above an army blanket, her grey pigtail sticking out like a skein of wool. She was groaning softly. [See H78.24-26]

Suddenly she cried out, 'What

79.11 And I asked across the felt carpet... 'What's up, my dove?' 46.18 'What's up, my dove?' I asked.

79.12 and she replied in desperate tones--'Oh darling,] 46.19 She said in desperate tones, 'Oh darling,

79.13-15 and I lay trying to fathom it all out, only was interrupted by Claud entering bearing tea on a tray made of tin painted all over with flowers.] 46.21-22 I was trying to fathom it out when Claude came in carrying tea on a tin tray.

79.16 the side of my bed] 46.22 the side of the camp bed.

79.16-17 bed and took hold of my chin in his fingers and shook my face a little from side to side.] 46.23 bed.
whispered, and he replied.

and he got up kindly and sat at the bottom of the camp bed and pushed at something approximate to the buttocks of the moaning Shebah,

He pushed the buttocks of the moaning Shebah,

blanket, with a head of fire

Baptist, rolling eyes and all.

Through the savage gusts of breath I made out I made out

then the head

Like a professional dancing partner Claud rose again and came over to me and sat down.

again,' he said,

said, absentmindedly stroking my shoulder.

tsaid. My mouth

she was my friend,

'No, one or two things,' said Claude. 'Only one or two things,

one or two things,

worry,' and he broke into a smile and the eyes crinkled at the corners and he kissed my forehead.

worry.' He poured out the tea.

night?' The moist little tongue licked out a tendril of beard.

right. What?

anything, because we know beforehand. We now merely make symbolic sounds and let our thoughts run on and round the mile or so of electrical circuit inside our knowing heads.

anything.
Shebah had stopped crying. One eye larger than life, with a fearful glint of mock repentance, blinked naked over.

Oro eye, lit with a fearful glint of mock repentance, blinked over. She scuttled frantically in the welter of bedclothes. dreadful.

Claude shouted, and he put the mug. Claude bellowed. She gave a loud hysterical laugh.

Claude shouted and sat down, but... nice to me, but. Here she gave. She gave a loud laugh of hysteria. Her ruined mouth.

I looked to see whether Edward was awake. The hospitable tea-bearing Claude. 'Hallo, Edward,' I said, 'I love you,' as if that was the only thing he had to compete with against the breakages of the tipsy anti-semitic, and all the duplicities of Claud and Norman and myself. Myself mostly. He said, 'A lot of things happened last night.' I suppose he meant us.

And I do love him, will do (all this loving), and when I was getting my clothes on he
moved suddenly and touched my belly with his hand and smiled into my eyes, so that I nearly said something like, do you realise that I may very well be pregnant after last night's carry-on, only I couldn't say it because he looked so happy and so good, and when I looked at my stomach it was quite flat really, so I just finished dressing quickly because outside the sun was shining, and we went downstairs and through the shop and out into the back garden among the statues, and it was warm and apricot golden. Like now, only it was so much earlier and that much fresher, and we had, or so it appeared, the little garden of grass beyond the courtyard entirely to ourselves. We kissed in the open air beneath the trees; there was dew on the grass and in the grass tiny white-faced daisies, and a bird sang on two notes, one high, one low, and I knelt down and put my two arms around his knees, and then came three sounds, or rather four, one after the other, like this--] 48.19-30 I do love Edward--or will do soon.

When I was getting my clothes on he stared at my stomach. I don't know why. I nearly said something like 'Do you realise I may very well be pregnant after last night's carry-on?--only I couldn't say it because I didn't know how he'd react. He was looking thoughtful. When I patted my tummy it was quite flat really. We went downstairs and through the shop and out into the back garden among the statues, and the sun was shining. We kissed beneath the trees. There was dew on the grass beyond the courtyard, and a bird sang on two notes.

81.35-36; 82.1-2 darling... a hidden recovered Shebah spotting Edward among the branches.

A laugh from the flaring nostrils of Victorian Norman, somewhere on the right.)

48.31-32 darling; called Shebah. She sounded quite cheerful.

82.3-4 A gun shot, and following the bright ping of sound, maniacal laughter not without humour,) 48.32-33 Then suddenly I heard a gun being fired and, following the bright ping
of sound, maniacal laughter.

82.4 and standing up on the instant I saw Claud at the open window] 49.1 Claude was in the open
window

82.6 off the metal barrel,) 49.2 off its metal barrel.

82.7 barrel, beard mingling with the wisteria leaves] 49.3 barrel.

82.7 as he leaned far out,) 49.3 He was leaning far out,

82.8 one eye screwed up,) 49.3-4 one eye screwed up as he took aim.

82.9 low moan from] 49.5 low moan rose from

82.10 and Shebah, a] 49.6 and there lay Shebah, a

82.11 Then another shot) 49.8 Then there was another shot,

82.12-13 and Victorian Norman with clean collar and well-shaven face coming over the grass at
us quickly, hissing] 49.8-9 and Victorian Norman ran over the grass towards us, hissing

82.14 mad,' and obediently) 49.10 mad.' Obediently

82.14-15 fell down into the grass, like the spokes of a wheel, heads all touching, breathing on each
other,) 49.10 fell down.

82.16-17 and Norman laughing with his lips drawn back over newly brushed teeth and sweat
running down the side of his nose.] 49.10-11 Norman was laughing, and sweat was running
down the side of his nose.

82.18 Then blessedly the voice of Julia saying mildly, impatiently--] 49.12 Then came Julia's
voice, Impatient:

82.19-20 and Claud shouted innocently] 49.14 Claude shouted innocently

82.22 feet and shouted back] 49.16 feet and called back

82.24-26 Then I got up and ran to her. There was a long felt pause. The little invisible bird
whistled sharply above the body of the stricken Israelite.] 49 om.
82.26 She] 49.18 Shebah
82.26 lay on her side,) 49.18 was lying on her side
82.27-29 starwise. A tiny breeze blew grey hair in strands across the bunched drooping face in the grass.] 49.19 starwise.
82.30-31 hatred. The early morning lips parted] 49.21 hatred.
82.31 and she said ... 'The dirty rotten Jew-baiter' ...] 49.21-22 'The dirty rotten Jew-baiter,' she said, and
82.32 cover the exposed knee] 49.22 cover her exposed knee.
82.32 knee with her too tight skirt.] 49.22 knee.
82.34 the thimble of whisky] 49.24 the thimbleful of whisky
82.34 whisky that Claud brought, between] 49.24 whisky between
82.35 enjoy herself a little.] 49.25 enjoy herself.
82.36 damage was after all superficial.] 49.25-26 damage was superficial after all.
82.36 A slug] 49.26 A pellet
83.1 statues close to the fence] 49.26 statues by the fence
83.2 to her ankle] 49.27 to Shebah's ankle.
83.2 It hadn't even lodged] 49.28 It hadn't lodged
83.2-3 flesh, but struck and trickled into the grass.] 49.28-29 flesh, merely struck and trickled into the grass.
83.4 top of the stocking,] 49.30-31 top of her stocking.
83.4 stocking, and throughout Shebah grimaced] 49.31 stocking. Shebah grimaced throughout
83.4 throughout Shebah grimaced] 49.31 Shebah grimaced throughout
83.6 put her in an easy chair] 49.33 put her on the wrought-iron bench
83.6-7 door, under] 50.1 door on the paving stones, under
to prop her injured leg on,] to prop up her injured leg.
round her, and the sun shone and she] round her: she
and she] her: she
car rally, and laughed wildly with elation.] car rally.
seemed to give her the] seemed to present her with the
ham, and it] ham. It
I could stretch out my hand towards Edward.
Claude is going to take a photograph of us before we
I like photos of me and people I know. I’m a lucky girl to be surrounded by friends.
said Stanley after a time.] said the man.
Claude didn’t
Claude didn’t reply.
He touched the white plates in the sink with his fingers and looked out into the yard,
He stared out into the yard,
where Maggie and] where Lily and
she had said,] she’d said,
hadn’t minded
had minded it less
ignore Maggie’s hand] ignore Lily’s hand
she had tried
him. But for the snapshot there was no reason to suppose there had ever been a
gathering on the grass. It was the same old problem. When he cared to close his eyes did that
tree by the wall cease to exist? When he chose to forget entirely his wife, to let her fade into
oblivion, did she in reality no longer breathe and live in the world? His world? He
remembered, too, all the other snapshots he had taken, all the other images, all the arms about all the waists, and all the faces, the same face, her face smiling into the sunshine, lips curved, with his arms about her so that they looked as if they were together.) 51.10 him.

85.21 'She's always] 51.11 'Lily's always
85.23-24 She added not quite sincerely--'I have the greatest admiration for her.' 51.13-15 'I have the greatest admiration for her,' she added, not quite sincerely.
85.25 'What exactly is the trouble?] 51.16 'What sort of trouble?'
85.25-26 trouble?' Stanley touched with his fingers the cheeks of the sweethearts glued to the wall.] 51.16 trouble?'

85.26 For the moment he had forgotten] 51.16 The man had forgotten for the moment
85.27-28 For the moment he had forgotten that he wanted to get away in his car with his wife and drive to his home.] 51.16-17 The man had forgotten for the moment that he wanted to leave.
86.1 really to say,'] 51.18 really to explain,'
86.1 Julia and proceeded to attempt to say it...]] 51.18 Julia.
86.2-4 'She had an unhappy marriage and then she met a man called Billie and then she got pregnant.'] 51.18-20 'She had several unhappy love affairs. Then she met a man called Billie and got pregnant.'
86.5 Stanley said--'Oh that sort of trouble'--] 51.21 'Oh, that sort of trouble,' the man said,
86.5 Stanely said--] 51.21 the man said,
86.5 saw his wife] 51.21 saw that his wife
86.8 'No. No, he] 52.1 'No, he
86.8 he knew Maggie] 52.1 he knew Lily
86.10 But then she] 52.3 Then she
86.10-13 else and they were going to get married, at least they were when the photograph was
taken, only he went away too, and then she found she wasn’t pregnant after all.’] 52.3–4
else who wanted to marry her.’

86.14 Betty) 52.5 the woman
86.14–16 Betty was angry about the unknown woman who hadn’t been pregnant after all. And she
wasn’t by nature uncharitable, she told herself.] 52.5–6 the woman sounded angry.
86.19 ‘Maggie will never] 52.8 ‘Lily will never
86.20 ‘Oh.’ Julia looked at his back, at his two elbows moving as he soaped his china in the sink.] 52 om.
86.22 ‘Do you really know, darling, or do you mean it’s inevitable?’] 52.9–10 ‘Do you really
know that?’ said Julia. ‘Or do you mean it’s inevitable?’
86.23 Betty] 52.11 The woman
86.23–24 Betty was startled at the use of the word, of that particular word, coming from
someone like Julia.] 52.11 The woman was surprised at that particular question.
86.24–26 Julia. It did not seem reasonable that Julia should talk in the same complex way as the
bearded man who had put his arm around her shoulders.] 52.11 question.
86.28 she did not] 52.13 she herself didn’t
86.28 did not feel influenced] 52.13 didn’t feel influenced
86.28 by Stanley.] 52.14 by her husband.
86.30 wasn’t quite right.] 52.15 wasn’t right
86.30–32 Neither Claud nor Julia was discussing anything very complicated, it was just that
they managed to make things appear so.] 52.15–16 Nobody at this moment was discussing
anything complicated.
86.33 and said before Claud could reply . . . ‘I] 52.17 and said, ‘I
86.36; 87.1 And found Stanley looking at her face, as if she had betrayed them, as if she meant
they were merely putting up with each other.) 52.20-22 She saw that her husband was staring at her, as if she had betrayed him, as if she had meant that they were merely putting up with each other.

87.5 sink with soapy arms he 52.25-26 sink he

87.6 smiling. He was no longer aggressive.) 52.26 smiling.

87.6 you have ever been] 52.26 you've never been

87.6 ever been] 52.26 never been

87.7 Maggie or myself,'] 52.27 Lily or myself,'

87.7-9 on, drying his hands on the same cloth with which he had dried Betty's foot, 'you] 52.27 on, 'you

87.9-11 applies. In fact it's just the opposite. Those who put up with it give in, those who cannot put up with it, cannot give in.'] 52.28 applies.'

87.12-14 'Oh come now,' said Stanley, feeling liberated by the sudden friendliness apparent in Claud, in spite of words, 'you must admit there's an awful lot of letting go these days.]

52.29-231 'You must admit,' said the man, feeling liberated by the sudden friendliness apparent in Claude, 'that there's an awful lot of letting go these days.'

87.15 quite cheerfully,) 52.32 cheerfully,

87.15-16 cheerfully, and took the photograph] 52.32-33 cheerfully, taking the photograph

87.18 and she smiled up at him.] 53.2 and she leaned against him.

87.18-22 him. She relaxed against him as if in confirmation of the fact that upstairs, stomach full of mother—lovely milk, the baby slept, flesh of their flesh, petal lips shaped against its cot sheet in much the same fashion as her own mouth lying crumpled against the front of Claud's shirt.] 53.2 him.

87.29 there was not time) 53.10 there wasn't time
That woman Betty, so smart in her costume with her pretty legs and her poor little unkissed breasts. And that unissing husband Stanley, hopelessly normal and quite unable to communicate. Maggie would say that no one was normal, that in everyone abnormality was dormant, waiting to be released. He was not so sure. His wife had been normal, his lovely and his lost wife with the rounded arms that had never tried to encircle him, and the detached cool mind, terrible and vistalless as the floor of a glacier, upon which he had rolled and slid helpless as an infant. Victorian Norman was normal too. An army of strong and superior people marched through his head brandishing their normality like swords. If he could only rationalise why it was she had never loved him, it would not matter. It was the fault of her relationship with her father, the fault of her mother for letting her cry at birth. . . the fault lay with her, with others, the fault was that she had never loved him. And it was not in him to be humble enough to accept that he was not lovable. Or that he was not normal. Everyone said that given time he would heal. Everyone said that Time was the great helper. If he wanted to be healed or helped then he would not now regard Time as an enemy. This was precisely the paradox. Time had given him his great love, his not to be stolen love, in Summer Time by the river, among leaf shadows. In Time he had walked with her and talked with her and slept with her, and soon time would come and take away his memories and his recallings, removing them far off so that he could no longer see them clearly.

He could not find

he went back

the man and woman.

gress, and seeing nothing turned and went up

stairs, under the wooden angel nailed to the wall.
88.27-28 and saw Stanley holding his gun) 53.17-18 The man was holding a gun
88.29 shoot, old man ‘) 53.19 shoot, old chap,’
88.29 man:’) 53.19 chap,’ said the man.
88.30 really) 53.20 really,’ Claude said.
88.32-33 eh? Stanley looked at Claud to see if they had a regiment to share,) 53.23 eh?’
observed the man.
88.34 but Claud did not) 32.25 Claude didn’t
88.34 did not answer,) 53.24 didn’t answer.
88.34-35 answer. The last time he had handled the gun had been that morning Maggie returned to
London,) 53.24 answer.
88.36 the gun from Stanley and) 53.25 the gun and
89.3-4 He pushed wide the window and pressed) 53.28-29 Pushing wide the window, he pressed
89.5 barrel. A tree, two trees, a patch) 53.30 barrel at a patch
89.5-6 grass, a tub of marigolds, a rusted frame) 53.30 grass, the rusted frame
89.6 a rusted frame) 53.30 the rusted frame
89.6-7 tricycle, a statue, headless, with one arm held out,) 53.31 tricycle and a statue without a
head.
89.7-8 trigger, as he had that early morning when Shebah had been in the garden,) 53.32
trigger,
89.9 and fired an imaginary) 53.32 firing an imaginary
89 9 bullet at) 53.32 pellet at
89.10 he told Stanley,) 54.1 he told the man,
89.11 gun along the piano top,) 54.2 gun on the piano top,
89.14 ‘Is it capable of killing?’) 54.5 ‘But hardly capable of killing?’
89.14-15 asked Stanley, thereby eliminating any idea that he might have served in the Gunners.] 54.5 asked the man, uneasily.

89.16 'No. No, it's not capable of killing,' said Claud. 54.6 'No,' said Claude.

89.17-27 window. He stood staring down at the piano top, sucking at the strands of beard that clung to his mouth. 'It is capable of making a wound though. It will establish contact with the flesh.'

Another pause, during which Betty sat motionless on the large sofa with her hands folded in her lap. For some reason she wanted to keep her wedding ring hidden from view. His view. The man at the window. Accordingly she put the fingers of her right hand about those of her left, covering the thin band of gold.

'It does establish reality;' Claud continued, 'a precise accoustical reality that one can hardly ignore.'] 54.6 window.

89.27-36 He went and sat on the arm of the sofa, close to Betty, and frankly smiled down into her face.

'Are you happy, girl?' Again his arm went about her shoulders and quickly, to avoid talking to him so intimately, she asked Julia:

'May I see the photograph again, I didn't get a proper look at it?' and was grateful to Julia for joining her on the sofa and showing her the little square of card with the four strangers grouped together.] 54.6-8 He sat down on the sofa beside the woman. She was now wearing spectacles, studying the photograph.

89.36 'Who is that?'] 54.9 'Who's that?'

90.1 Whoever it was] 54.10 Whoever he was

90.3 Edward, the one that was going to marry Maggie.] 54.12 Edward,' said Julia.

90.5-6 Claud, and quickly to avoid his comments Betty asked Julia:] 54.14 Claude.
'And who is that . . . ?' 'And who's that?' added the woman.

'that old woman on the chair?' 'That person on the bench?'

Shebah, A] Shebah;" said Julia. 'A friend of Maggie's;] friend of Lily's

devoted to Maggie] devoted to Lily

Maggie really though] Lily, though

Betty looked] The woman looked
girl who thought she had been pregnant.] girl who had been pregnant.

the untidy hair.] her untidy hair.

hair. Did they mean she had been having a baby only she had taken something, or just that she had been mistaken?] hair.

and had he sat often,) and whether he had often sat

sat often] often sat

shoulders asking her if she was happy.) shoulders.

when she came] when she'd come

shop and had it begun like today had begun?) shop to buy something?

She didn't look like the kind] She didn't look the kind

Julia said: 'And that] 'And that one's Norman,' said Julia.

that one is] that one's

Maggie says] Lily says

and lives in the room above Maggie.] and he once lived in a room above Lily.

above Maggie.] above Lily.

At least he did until Maggie moved away. He doesn't like to say how old he is either. I
don't know why because he's only young.') 54.32-33 He's self-educated. He doesn't like to
say how old he is either'.

90.27-28 peered through her spectacles at the recorded image of Victorian Norman.] 55.1-2
peered at the celluloid image of Victorian Norman.

90.28-29 yet it was not him] 55.2 yet it wasn't him
90.30 the high rounded collar] 55.4 the high collar
90.31 but it was in the end only] 55.5 but in the end it was only
90.32 the nostrils] 55.5-6 his nostrils
90.32-33 the nostrils of his nose were] 55.6 his nostrils were
90.34 peculiar to him alone...} 55.8 peculiar to him...
33.2 then put outside] 56.2 then at least put outside
93.9 factory, Jean's father, for] 56.10 factory--my girl-friend's father, for
93.19 plead there were] 56.21 plead that there were
93.19-20 control that made it possible] 56.22 control which made it possible
93.23 affection for Maggie] 57.2-3 affection for Lily
93.26 I have accomplished it] 57.6 I have done it
93.28 Maggie left] 57.7 Lily left
94.1 so that she finds now with grief that] 57.9-10 so that now she is sad to find that
94.2 but the ruins.] 57.10-11 but ruins.
94.3 At thirty years of age] 57.12 At thirty!
94.7 The shiver] 57.15 It was the shiver
94.7 who had not till this moment known] 57.16-17 who until this moment had not known
94.7 till] 57.16 until
94.8 With Maggie gone.] 57.17 With Lily gone,
by having watched her] 57.33 by my having watched her
Indiscriminate] 58.1 She has indiscriminate
her bimestrial attachments.] 58.12-13 her numerous attachments.
Indiscriminate tenderness, indiscernible from the real thing, so that lulled]
jewel. Lulled
soap, a shoal of little fishes would begin] 58.15 soap, would begin
ribs, sliding upwards, would flicker in and out between her globy breasts, only]
Towel draped
Maggie's very own] 58.25 Lily's very own
as I choose with] 58.26 as I like with
It is true] 58.27 It's true
Maggie herself] 58.27 Lily herself
sitting there on the grass] 58.30 sitting on the grass
Maggie very] 58.32 Lily very
It is to be hoped] 59.1 It's to be hoped
of Maggie] 59.4 of Lily
Maggie's choice] 59.9 Lily's choice
Maggie will hold] 59.12 Lily will hold
and Maggie] 59.15 and Lily
brief seclusion] 59.19 brief seclusion
female.] 59.23-33; 60.1-21 female.

Though I do not believe in God, despising with true party fervour the opiate of the people, I
am wrapped tight in childhood bands of Sunday school faith. That I am mortal--meaning that I
am doomed to die—does not, as it does for Shebah, cause me to be in mourning for my life.

When I climb mountains I am intensely aware of my healthy body breathing air purified by height, and were I to receive some warning of impending death I would most certainly lift up mine eyes to the hills. Though as a Marxist I would be conscious of the puerile sentiments of my dying mind, as a sensualist I could only sink down on my knees with heart-felt praise. The little things that hold me close to the centre of my own universe fling Lily into the void. I have no illusions as to my usefulness in the social scheme of things. That I work for a fair wage does not mean that privately I contribute constructively to anything but my own shadow. I more than accept the realisation of my own unreality, whereas Claude and Lily and the biologically tormented Shebah wrestle day long, life long, in a ludicrous attempt to tear the stars from the sky and bring them within reach of their destructive fingers. That they never succeed only darkens their blood and does any amount of damage to their overloaded brains. It would not surprise me if Lily died of an explosion in the head, eyes charred in their sockets, features contorted with agony. I shall merely fall into a profound sleep, and only a pocket mirror held to my lips will show that my lungs have ceased to function. Likewise my little Julia. Last night I received nothing and everything from her inhibited being. That is to say, I was given in abundance the sweet smell of her hair and skin, the trusting proximity of her body, the dulcimer tones of her ladylike voice. [See H107.4–36; 108.1–2]

96.10 she is sufficiently restricted] 60.24 she was sufficiently restricted

96.10-11 discretion guarantees that she remains] 60.5 discretion guaranteed that she remain

96.19 to Jean] 61.1 to my girl-friend

96.20-21 The business of lying extensively is exhausting] 61.2-3 I find that the business of lying is exhausting

96.23 For Maggie the truth itself is a lie.] 61.3-5 Lily has no such difficulty. She would hardly
recognize the truth if it hit her in the face.

96.26-27 to turn away from the consummate eloquence of her tender eyes.] 61.8-9 to be torn from the eloquence of her eyes.

96.29-30 marksman, so I cannot believe] 61.12 marksman. Therefore I cannot believe

96.30 It is possible that he fired] 61.13 Perhaps he fired

96.31-32 mistress, and that she, the same] 61.14 mistress. Perhaps the same

97.2 and Maggie care] 61.20 and Lily care

97.2 Maggie thinks] 61.21 Lily thinks

97.3 her golden boy.] 61.22 Lily's golden boy.

97.4-5 Her magnificence] 61.3 Sheba's magnificence

97.5 Maggie attributes] 61.3 Lily attributes

97.8 Coupled with and dependent on this] 61.26-27 Coupled with, and dependent upon, this

97.9-10 of her imagined excellences.] 61.28 of imagined excellence.

97.10 imagined excellences.] 61.28 imagined excellence.

97.10 and Maggie would] 61.29 and Lily would

97.11 As to her arrogance] 61.30 As to Sheba's arrogance

97.12-13 Jews went so patiently and so gently] 61.31 Jews went so passively

97.14 Between Maggie] 62.1 Between Lily

97.14 Between Maggie and I] 62.1 Between Lily and me

97.15 distance that is due] 62.1 distance which is due

97.17-18 people caused by the class system, that is measurable.] 62.4 people that is measurable, caused by the class system.

97.20 Maggie is] 62.7 Lily is

97.21-23 feel against my shoulder blade, her spatulate bare toe protruding from her openwork
sandal, irritably jigging up and down.] 62.8-9 feel her bare toe protruding from her openwork sandal, irritably jigging up and down against my shoulder blade.

97.22 her spatulate bare toe] 62.8 her bare toe
97.25 my frail spinal column,] 62.11 my spinal column,
97.33 Maggie's best friend] 62.20-21 Lily's best friend
97.36; 98.1-6 company. I would not be here if it was winter. It might be snowing and to lie face downwards in the white drifts would be eccentric.

Claud probably does just that, all winter long, searching with his microscopic eyes for signs of life. He is going through his good earth phase, just as last year or the year before he underwent his religious revival. His pre-Julia existence.] 62.22 company.

98.6-7 Across his lemon pale face] 62.23 Across Claude's face
98.7 lemon pale face] 62.23 face
98.7 flitted the expression] 62.24 flits the expression
98.8 he said,] 62.25 he says,
98.10 Maggie's living room.] 62.27 Lily's living-room
98.10 living room.] 62.27 living-room in Morpeth Street.
98.10 candle in its brass holder dripped] 62.27 candle dripped
98.14-18 appearance; the abundant hair, haloed faintly by the candle-light that flickered above the sofa back, the yellow beard in tendrils about his dewy mouth, the eyelids bosselated by the hidden eyes. For all his study of the Bible his encephalic cavities still strove with fleshling thoughts.] 62.31 appearance.
98.19 told Maggie] 62.32 told Lily
98.21-22 pissed with a high cavatina of sound into the Victorian chamber pot] 63.1-2 pissed into the Victorian chamber pot
98.22 on the small table) 63.2 on a small table
98.25 waking Maggie,] 63.5 waking Lily.
98.29–30 to the mother of the Wild Colonial Boy.] 63.9–10 to Billie, the Wild Colonial Boy.
98.30–32 Boy. When he returned to collect his pictures and his brass horn and his boxing
  gloves, he would also have taken his pot but for the geranium stub embedded in clay.] 63.10
  Boy.
98.33 Maggie's effects] 63.11 Lily's effects
98.33 effects dropped] 63.11 effects when she left Morpeth Street, dropped
98.34 pot going down] 63.12 pot as they descended
99.4 said Maggie,] 63.17 said Lily,
99.4–5 her, without real depth of emotion.] 63.18 her.
99.24 that I would not employ my time in his absence pursuing Julia.] 64.5–6 that in his
  absence I would not employ my time pursuing Julia.
99.28–29 lying tender amid] 64.10 lying amid
99.30–31 of me minutely whilst] 64.12 of me while
99.36 nostrils a tender pink] 64.17 nostrils pink
99.36 and her hair grown long was in a bun] 64.18 and she wore her hair in a bun
100.1–2 her white, her glossy hyaline neck] 64.19 her white neck
100.2 caused Maggie] 64.19 caused Lily
100.2 scrub hers] 64.19 scrub her own neck
100.3 with her toothbrush] 64.20 with a toothbrush.
100.7 When I saw this weekend] 64.24 When this weekend I saw
100.8–9 why Julia has a neck that is lily pale.] 64.25–26 why Julia has such a neck.
100.9 Street holds no] 64.26–27 Street held no
There is a copper geyser that sags
A copper geyser sagged

smell of gas forever
smell of gas hung forever

the divan
a divan

on the divan under the window
on a divan beside the bath

morning, unless fortunate enough to be suffering from insomnia, partially
morning partially

Maggie, having
Lily had

Maggie, having the children, had
Lily had

at her
Lily

me my sound
me that my sound

absurd. I do not know how otherwise to give vent to my feelings when she lies so close
to my heart.
absurd.

hair, so repugnant to my family, a
hair, a

rang its angelus yesterday
rang yesterday

to enfold his soul-mate, I
to enfold Lily, I

confusion. The small white teeth of Claud bit softly into the extruded lower lip that
Maggie laid against his mouth.
confusion.

intimacy. With well-bred patience Edward stood and seemed not to see the embrace.
intimacy.

A gentle flush
A flush

the rounded cheeks of the mild Julia.
Julia's rounded cheeks.

mild Julia.
Julia's

Maggie had told me
Lily has told me

had told
has told
about all the pictures.) 65.14-15 about the pictures.

about the harp] 65.15 the harp.

design, about the cupids holding up the many lamps.] 65.15 design.

when I saw it] 65.16 until I saw it

myself. Like a salvo from a gong the laden rooms sent out their shimmering waves as
Claud, talking with the accents of one who constantly rehearses his role, led us to the upstairs
room. Maggie, childlike in her delight, stood with legs well apart, puckering her nose;
surprisingly dimples appeared in the drawn face, the phosphor eyes shone emotionally.] 65.16
myself.

the room,) 65.20 the upstairs room,

to Maggie] 65.25 to Lily

time, trailing his fingers across the strings of the lurching harp.) 65.25 time.

roses. Shebah and he eyed each other with veiled welcome. They became the oldest
opposites in the world. Time without number, under every conceivable circumstance, what
they would say to teach other had been said.] 65.32 roses.

Shebah,' he said.

greeting. Enacting a ritual, though she has never been here before, and never will
return, Shebah raised her arms, the palms of her hands turned to the ceiling. Well pleased
with each other they laughed.] 66.1 greeting.

did Claud] 66.4 did he

to offer him one] 66.5 to offer one

Edward, 'I've got one.'] 66.6 Edward.

fumbled again in] 66.6 fumbled in

these,' and having accomplished something, though what, Edward will never know, Claud
returned to Shebah. 66.8 these,' Claude said.

102.7 room Julia told] 66.9 room I heard Julia tell

102.7 Julia told] 66.9 Julia tell

102.8 Maggie how] 66.9 Lily how

102.8 she is looking.] 66.10 she was looking.

102.8 Julia is mistaken] 66.10 Julia was mistaken

102.9 I saw Maggie] 66.11 I saw Lily

102.12-16 face. Billie asked me in the kitchen that May night if I did not think she had
deteriorated physically. He leant his arms on the table and stared at me, part bewildered, part
aggressive. Only having seen Maggie constantly I could not understand him. Now after this
passage of time it is conceivable that he was right.] 66.14 face.

102.17 It is also plausible] 66.14 It is possible

102.17 plausible that] 66.14 possible that

102.19-36; 103.1-36; 104.1-7 'I did love her, you know, Norman,' said Billie, emphasising with
his fist the past tense of declaration. He rested his burning cheek on the oilcloth of the table.
As he repeated his statement his mouth rumpled, the dry surface of his underlip clung to the
cloth. Across the bald crown of his head the shadow fringe of the light shade swung back and
forth.

'I just couldn't bear the mess, Norman. I just couldn't get used to the dirt everywhere.
Not just the children's things, but when I opened cupboards and a pile of soiled clothes and
paint rags fell out. And all the furniture was falling to pieces. Backs of chairs and handles
off the doors, and all the time she kept up this pretense of not being aware of it. I could
never win an argument, never. She had an answer to everything. She had this dreadful
capacity for making me feel petty, for being so bloody strong about everything. A flood of
words and ideas and twisting me round and round till I wanted to just run. It was her self-deception that finished me, I simply couldn't compete. I hadn't the words. The funny thing was that when I went home to my mother's for the weekend, the tidiness there got on my nerves. And Maggie used to gloat over that. I kept watching my mother cook beautiful meals and hearing Maggie say how degraded women became through housework and how the only important thing was the mind. And I could see that my mother's mind wasn't all that stimulating, but she did cook eatable food, and I couldn't decide which in the end was most important to my well-being. The food or the mind. I wanted it to be the mind, I really did, but I just couldn't change.' He looked sideways at me; the blue eyes rolled up, leaving a blind curve of milky eyeball. It was evident that talking about it made him more undecided than ever. 'You see, there wasn't any happy medium. It was all discussion and probing and burnt bacon...'' His voice faltered and stopped against the cool surface of the plastic cloth. After a moment he said:

'The awful thing is that if only she had washed a bit more and looked a bit prettier and cooked just a bit better, I'd have married her. I really would. Was I wrong, Norman? Was I really wrong?''

Maggie pressed me to tell her every word we spoke together. I omitted to tell her my response to the tamed Colonial Boy. I would have lied had I told him he was wrong. Besides he did not wish to be told that, being so convinced that he was. The large lobe of his ear buckled on the table top. Even the hairs in the cavity of his ear were bleached by the sun.

'You've no idea, Norman,' he said, 'what it's like out there. The sun and the showers and the clean streets and air you can breathe and no dirt anywhere. There just isn't room for any dirt.'

By now the bloom will have faded from his skin. The new clothes, along with the traumatic
check coat, wil have frayed at the cuffs, a line of grease will encircle the insides of his

collars. Bowler hatted and city white, the rugby forward calves swelling in his pantaloons,

he will be again the untidy lubberly boy that Maggie knew. If he worked on the assumption,

false, that he was safe if he moved for cover before the explosion, he will know better now.

It had already happened to him; the bang did not herald his destruction, merely followed

after. Clutching his pictures, dangling his boxing gloves, he stumbled into the night, a man

partially restored. I did not think it worth while to tell him of the atomy being he had

deposited with Maggie, the apodixis of his own disorder, later to become no doubt Edward's

joy, his angelet in a dark and naughty world.} 66. om.

104.9-10 Last night Edward twice left the table around which we sat in Claud's kitchen to see if

the children were safe.] 66.16-18 It is hard to tell how Edward sees Lily. Being a geologist

it may be that he will not commit himself until he has dug a little deeper. Last night he

became assertive.

104.10-11 Boyishly he excused himself, laying a nicotine stained hand] 66.18-19 Boyishly he laid

a nicotine-stained hand.

104.11-12 across the grateful shoulders of his lady love.] 66.19 across Lily’s grateful shoulders.

104.17-18 at bay, forking heaped quantities of cottage pie into her starved and painted mouth.] 66.25 at bay.

104.19 Claud, not intending to sound American, 'that] 66.26 Claude, 'that

104.21 She almost choked] 66.28 Shebah almost choked

104.23 want. None] 66.30 want,' said Claude. 'None

104.25 Edward, moving on his hard chair, looked] 66.32 Edward looked

104.25 at Maggie] 66.32 at Lily

104.27 darling. Life's] 66.33 darling,' said Lily. 'Life's
Maggie tried against the broad shoulder of her best friend Edward. Either she felt that particular night. 'Mrs Ryan had to stay the night.' 'Miss Evans stayed downstairs. Depravity. Her mouth hangs down in a plum-ripe lobe of obscenity. Pain. A thin scream of protest exploded in her teeming brain. With mischief that my hand under the heavy table caressed that, under the table, my hand caressed the heavy table. Her white sandalled feet to her sandalled feet. Thoughtfully he stroked the springing hairs of his beard, head a little on one side, watching me standing openly at the sink with my arm about Julia. at half past eleven. She hardly knew what to do, but made a great show of washing the dishes. In honey-thick tones of disapproval Shebah asked. For all I was for all that I was. Her voice going upstairs was heavy. As she climbed the stairs her voice was heavy. Vowels were laden with feeling. The narrow shoulders. Caught in a spasm of laughter I removed. I removed with its beak open. 'O Norman!' 'Don't, Norman'
105.34-35 and in the protest 105.35-36 mouth, not heavily but lightly, because I was not sure of her reaction. 105.36 mouth. 105.37 across the smoothness of her cheek. 105.38 across her cheek. 105.39 to its furthest limits, 105.40 to their furthest limits. 105.41 furthest limits. 105.42 furthest limits. 105.43 limits, so that I found 105.44 limits. I found 105.45 apron, worn to protect her linen skirt, I put 105.46 apron, I put 105.47 lap, sitting on a chair by the table, and we 105.48 lap and we 105.49 about Maggie, 105.50 about Lily, 105.51 Maggie, well away in the guest room 105.52 Lily, safely tucked away in the guest room, 105.53 last three years I have been endlessly involved 105.54 during these 105.55 discussions upon Maggie, 105.56 discussions about Lily-- 105.57 Maggie) 105.58 Lily 105.59 Maggie, about her past, 105.60 Lily--her past, 105.61 thinks it a bit 105.62 thinks it's a bit 105.63 She was really concerned; 105.64 Julia was genuinely concerned. 105.65 the soft mouth 105.66 Her mouth 105.67 Maggie and I 105.68 Lily and I 105.69 amusing. In infantile form the Wild Colonial Boy clenches his tiny fists with hunger. 105.70 amusing. 105.71 hand, lying on the surface of the table. A little hand with polished nails, curved like a 105.72 soft paw under my fingers. 105.73 hand. 105.74 Claud and for Claud she] 69.1 Claude she
envy her.) 69.4 envy Lily.

know;' she told me.

Honesty and with envy the little hand moved in my palm. 'Of course it wouldn't
be the same for Claud, a baby I mean.' Her mouth against my cheek opened in a small gush of
laughter, causing her to squirm on my knee.] 69.5 do.'

warm, smoky] 69.5-6 warm and smoky

smoky, the pointed tongue flickered out between the even teeth and withdrew again.] 69.6
smoky.

abruptly. With the laugh and silence and the warmth of the little kitchen
clean as an apple, without so much as the ticking of a clock, the world flew on.

Though I do not believe in God, despising with true party fervour this opium of the
people, I am wrapped deep in childhood bands of Sunday school faith. That I am mortal,
meaning doomed to die, does not, like Shebah, cause me to be in mourning for my life. When
I climb my mountains I am intensely aware of my healthy body breathing air purified by
height, and were I to receive some warning of impending death I would most certainly lift up
mine eyes unto the hills, and though as a Marxist I would be conscious of the puerile
sentiments of my dying mind, as a sensualist I could only sink down on my carnal knees with
heartfelt praise. The little things that hold me close to the centre of my own universe fling
Maggie into the void. I hold no illusions as to my usefulness in the social scheme of things.
That I work for a fair wage does not mean that privately I contribute constructively to
anything but my own shadow. I am a blind one-dimensional nonentity in a pipe-dream
paradise. I more than accept the realisation of my own unreality whereas Claud and Maggie
and the biologically tormented Shebah wrestle day long, life long, in a ludicrous attempt to
tear the stars down from the sky and bring them within reach of their destructive fingers.
That they never succeed only darkens their blood and proceeds to do any amount of damage to their overloaded brains. It would not surprise me if Maggie died of an explosion in the head, eyes charred in their sockets, features contorted with agony, whereas I shall merely fall into a profound sleep and only a pocket mirror held to my composed lips will show that my lungs have ceased to function. Likewise my little Julia. In the kitchen I received nothing and everything from her inhibited being. That is to say I was given in abundance the sweet smell of her hair and skin, the trusting proximity of her body, the dulcimer tones of her ladylike voice.] 69.8 abruptly. [See D59.23–33; 60.1–21]

108.3 Norman. You] 69.9 Norman,' Julia told me. 'You
108.4–5 appreciation and nicely my head spun in a foxtrot of titillation.] 69.11 appreciation.
108.7 Not wasteful of time] 69.14 Never wasteful of time
108.9 Claud’s thirsty roses.] 69.16 Claude’s roses.
108.9–10 roses. We are one flesh, my love and I. His roses are my roses.] 69.16 roses.
108.13–14 distraction that would end in Claud’s annihilation.] 69.19 distraction.
108.16–18 laughing as I uncrumpled her much crumpled body. A face of \textit{papier mache’} with eyes of Indian ink lolling against my arm.] 69.22 laughing.
108.18–19 So often, taking her home at night, has she suddenly flung her arm across her eyes and leant] 69.22–24 When I used to take her home at night from Morpeth Street, she would often fling her arm across her eyes and lean
108.20 The catonic pose] 69.25 Her catonic pose
108.20–21 until, sensitive to what was proper.] 69.25–26 until, sensing that I was becoming impatient,
108.21–22 a groan of funereal depth.] 69.26 a funereal groan.
108.22 Having heard wolf cried] 69.27 Having heard her cry wolf
Once only have I been stirred by her dilemma, occasioned by the arrival, unexpected, of a German professor, come in hopes of courting Maggie. A kitchenful of people made his mouth droop in absurd disappointment, but we gave him chips in a little folder of newspaper and Maggie, face shining with mock hospitality and that particular animation that makes her glow lantern bright, sat close to him so that in a little while he was all smiles and eager-beaver politeness. But the little room was so hot and so squalid in its dimensions that the conversation beame more personal. The professor, grey flannel trousers impossibly wide at the ankle, perspiration running into his candid eyes, was asked about East Germany. The plump hand that was in the act of forking fried potatoes into his mouth was arrested in mid-air. Foolishly he stared at us over the pronged vegetable, blinking rapidly as if the upper part of his face had been caught in a high wind. Attempting to articulate, his lips twitched to form words.

'It is inhuman,' he told us, 'a system not to my liking.'

Shebah moved sullenly in her wicker chair.

'Now in West Germany'—and here his hand, the one still holding the forked potato, jabbed at the surface of the snow-cemented brick wall as if to point a geographical position—'we are free.'

My mind in all its automatic record player glory began to repeat its party lines.

'You Germans have always been a materialistic race, along with the rest of Europe, but you are distinguished mainly for your efficiency.'

At this his bland face rumpled and a drop of salty distillation slid from the lobe of his right ear on to the blue table top.

'I do not follow you. How so are we efficient?'

'In your method of killing,' said Maggie, who knows my line of argument even better than
myself. All the time she looked fixedly, as if into a crystal, at the little globe of sweat upon the cloth. In Nuremberg gloom we shifted on our chairs until the little Jewish judge dressed all in black, disorientated beyond repair through ovarian loss, opened her crimson crinose lips and spat into the silence—

'Six million of my people in the gas oven, darling.'

Alone we might have retorted that Shebah had never seen anyone inside a gas oven except perhaps the gas man but the presence of the German from Berlin kept us silent. He, thrown as he was by the endearment wrapped round the handle of the knife, stared at us without courage. Then Shebah, seeing the little frantic movement of his agitated adam's apple, smiled her small persecuted smile and said: 'Oh it's nothing personal, darling'--and allowed us to begin to restore the evening. For the rest of the night, though, she sat without speech, hands clutching her black bag stuffed with documents, weighed down with a massive melancholy.

Then, yes then, I did feel sorry for her. To be always I do understand her predicament—to be always

crucifixion one craves,) 69.29 crucifixion she craves,

5 Messiah that] 69.31 a Messiah who

never comes.) 69.31-32 will never come!

Claude's accidental, and it was surely that, gun wound has become for me an action of

abundant charity.) 69.32-33 Claude's action this morning could be interpreted as an act of charity.

Claud. The houseguest turned violent.] 70.6 Claude.

roses, one arm gleaming palely in the dusk, glanced) 70.6 roses, glanced

glanced now and then at] 70.6 glanced at
695

110.14-15 window. A fluted giggle escaped her composed lips.] 70.7 window.

110.16 cross:] 70.7 cross,' she said.

110.21-22 it was nobler] 70.13 it were nobler

110.22-23 or be content] 70.14 or to be content

110.26 can turn into] 70.17 can turn a woman into

110.26-27 the most shy suddenly a changeling] 70.18-19 the shyest woman can suddenly become a changeling

110.30 In spying me] 70.22 In catching me

110.35 house, containing] 70.27 house, and contained

110.36; 111.1 on her psychiatric couch in the consulting room] 70.29 on her couch in the room

111.1-11 light. With the tremor of air caused by the door closing behind us, a gigantic female torso, a ship's figurehead of nautical desire, swung gently above our heads suspended from the roof by almost invisible hawsers. Ah God, to be thus exposed to such a mammoth piece of timber curved in mammiferous splendour. Red mouth set in a salt sea smile, she swayed her ballooning breasts across the barn. Tiny cracks like veins ran along the varnished apples of her cheeks. Her nippled shadow sliced across the furniture piled beneath her.] 70.31 light.

111.11-15 Tables, chairs, sofas, cabinets, in long rows clear to the end of the barn and between the rows narrow corridors of space, along one of which Julia began to walk. Though I had to relinquish my hold on her waist I could admire the round little buttocks moving in front of me.] 70.31-33 The place was filled with tables, chairs, sofas and cabinets, clear to the end of the barn.

111.17 to tell Maggie] 70.33 to tell Lily

111.20 me, and my marine arcedian beauty flying aloft[,] 71.3 me and

111.21-23 me, a small pallid ear on either side of her round neat head, and a dozen hair clips
sliding from her soft blown hair.) 71.3 me.

111.28-30 divan. I could not take my eyes off its dim orchard depths. The figurehead, now out of

    sight, had constricted my throat; I sat] 71.8 divan. I sat

111.30 on the velvet sofa] 71.9 on it

111.31 breathe and listened to the loud uneven beating of my heart.] 71.9 breathe.

111.33-34 surface through short-sighted eyes with) 71.11 surface with

111.34-36 interest. Her arm, raised to touch the wood, hid entirely the docile bosom buttoned
    beneath the silken blouse.] 71.11 interest.

112.1 'a little hole--) 71.12 'a little mark--

112.2 Eyebrows high with alarm] 71.13 Eyebrows raised in alarm

112.3 I was afraid her] 71.14 Afraid that her

112.4 make her run at once to fetch] 71.15 make her fetch

112.4 Claud so I left] 71.15 Claude, I left

112.7 Maggie had told] 71.18 Lily has told

112.7 had told] 71.18 has told

112.12 Maggie's advice] 71.24 Lily's advice

112.13 use, but I did] 71.24 use. I did

112.13 she liked me] 71.25 Julia liked me

112.13-14 me and I remembered] 71.25 me, and remembering

112.15 ever, and pulled her] 71.26 ever, I pulled her

112.20 loud exhalations] 71.32 loud exhalation

112.23 keep her upon it] 72.2 keep her on it

112.24 but rather a strong] 72.3 but rather by a strong

112.27 under glass, inside a vacuum, and] 72.6 under glass and
ears. And I had a picture in my mind of her little soft paps limp and rose-tipped
  crushed against my shirt and her thighs pressed close together and in the middle of my
  thinking] 72.8 ears.

she suddenly stopped] 72.8 Suddenly she stopped

inert along the green sofa.] 72.9 inert beneath me.

as Maggie] 72.10 as Lily

only she had decided] 72.10 only that she had decided

it over as] 72.11 it over with as

tight, arms crossed meekly over her buttoned blouse, spectacles] 72.12 tight,
  spectacles

clothes behind the sofa.] 72.14 clothes.

even care to leave] 72.15 even leave

hands but my skin,) 72.18 hands except my skin,

faintly goose-pimpling] 72.18 goose-pimpling

goose-pimpling with the chill air.] 72.18-19 goose-pimpling in the chill air.

up in a quiver of energy, bare] 72.19 up, bare

hostess with the tightly closed eyes, pausing] 72.20 hostess, pausing

before, and outside] 72.23 before. Outside

fractionally, the sardonic face] 72.24 fractionally, I glimpsed the sardonic face

book, moved sideways and back in] 72.26 book, jiggled in

I re-dressed again] 72.28-29 I dressed again

again watched by the smiling face without.] 72.29 again.

she adjusted her glasses and raised] 72.32 she raised

clips in her hair] 73.2 clips of her hair.
Claud, stroking his beard as always, underlip glistening with enjoyment from the repeated
caresses of his tongue. Julia broke into a little run towards him, a little trip of speed to tell
him about the decaying table. He nodded his head kindly and smiled all the time at me over the
top of her neat and anxious head, and with an increased flurry of heart-beats I followed him
out of the barn without a backward glance at my busty Madonna of the air. I waited whilst
Julia relocked the heavy door.

Claud standing by his roses, not] Claud was waiting for us. He was standing by
his roses, not

just following the] just watching the
he would have continued] he'd have continued
to watch] to spy
Knowing or rather not knowing Claud,] Knowing Claude,
Julia, and as we went] As we went
sitting as if under sedatives in] sitting in
reproach; the lover who has been wronged. Oh my darling, how could you? Keep your
mind on gas ovens, Shebah my love.] reproach.
Claud poured us all] Claude poured us all
drink, omitting Julia who had to ask for one, and he pretended not to hear. He then
suggested] drink and then suggested
to Maggie] to Lily
the name-day bedroom] the bedroom.
bunched like a posy of assorted and unnamed flowers outside] bunched outside
Maggie opened her chapped and curvy mouth to emit a slight oof. It has constantly hurt that our own closeness has meant that she has been cruelly offensive to me. I could imagine her lying in the bed, encircled by the large and friendly hands of the placid Edward, her face split by a smile, eyes open, playing the eager acquiescer to an empty room filled with darkness.

Lily gave a slight oof. Shebah, unable to sit still, thrust out her lower lip and blinked rapidly under the crystal chandelier. Shebah, posturing sternly, placed her pig-tailed head. She started to sing, she needed to exhaust herself in some way and without an outlet she might have engaged Julia in conversation.

Maggie opened her chapped and curvy mouth to emit a slight oof. Shebah, unable to sit still, thrust out her lower lip and blinked rapidly under the crystal chandelier. Shebah, posturing sternly, placed her pig-tailed head. She started to sing, she needed to exhaust herself in some way and without an outlet she might have engaged Julia in conversation.
74.27-28 room, furry lip opening drowsily.) 74.18 room.
74.29 against the exposed knees of the seated Julia.) 74.19 against Julia's knees.
74.31 red fingers bitten short scrabbling] 74.21 red fingers scrabbling
74.33 Claud, ignoring this precocious child up long past her bedtime, weaved) 74.23 Claude
weaved
74.35 She misunderstood] 74.25 Shebah misunderstood
74.36-11 partner her and tossed her head haughtily.) 74.26 partner her.
74.38-3 her mouth crumpled like a rose falling apart. Claud's back expressed nothing at all.)
74.26-27 she scowled.
74.34 Maggie, had] 74.27 Lily, had
74.4-15 was. Claud's head in the cupboard might have been distorted with grief, tears stinging
the lids of his blue and oceanic eyes, might, but more likely he smiled at the memory of me in
the barn, naked, as his fingers closed round the slender bottle of Spanish wine. Behind him,
skirt hitched high to where, if pigs could fly, there would have been a stitched and lacy
garter, Shebah continued to entertain. Bidding a much-tried and now elderly lover to
forgive and forget, lower lip impossibly drooping, now folding her squat arms bare to the
elbow across her parched bosom, now flinging both arms wide to embrace his return, she
filled the room with ascensional entreaty.) 74.28 was.
74.30 assail Maggie.] 74.30 assail Lily.
74.32 When Maggie] 74.32 When Lily
74.35-36; 74.1-36; 74.1-5 The fat and charming Billie may be her love, but an absent and
unreliable one, and she can after all find solace for a long time in the overcrowded fields of
her past memories. Besides, my knowledge of Maggie leads me to believe that she will
transfer her love like a hat to another peg in the hall, from the Wild Colonial Boy to the
chain-smoking geologist, without too much difficulty. Really looking at him now, sitting upright in the grass, engraved in the sunlight, he is much to be envied. The qualities, imagined, that she will endow him with. Not now but later when her belly, unmarked, has yielded up its fruit, she will stand on some chair in some room and declare her love for him. The baby, the miniature Colonial Boy, chubby fists clenched with hunger, will gradually assume the features of the beloved and contented foster father. With a shrug the menopausal Maggie will disavow the seed that kindled him, and not until, if ever, a bowler sits upon the prematurely balding head, will she recall her Billie Boy.

I did not envy Joseph his brief husbandhip. When I first wanted a bath in Morpeth Street Joseph had to be sent for to light the strong-willed geyser sagging on the wall. In an elegant flurry he struck the match and leapt backwards as the gas ignited. At the mild explosion his head twitched sharply. Maggie said that marriage had given him nervous habits. Separately at first then all at once, he would twitch, blink a hazy brown eye, and grind his teeth. Later when he increased in sophistication he wore a rubber band on his wrist and found comfort in pulling it clear of his flesh and letting it ping back with force. Maggie called him Father and God and Flower.

'Tell God the tea is made.'

'Tell Father to put Boy on the pottie.'

'Ask Flower to lend me ten shillings.'

That Maggie refused to change her laddered stockings or darn her ragged jumper filled him with distress.

A beautiful painting, he told me, whilst waiting for the geyser to explode, needs a decorative frame.

At our first meeting we nodded eagerly at each other and suffered misunderstandings.
Neither of us was aware that we were equally and partially deaf until Maggie explained it.

‘Norman prefers not to hear the cups and things rattling in the Kardomah,’ she told him,

‘so he lets the wax accumulate.’ And to me, ‘Joseph had a mastoid operation as a child which

was a failure.’ She looked thoughtfully and with admiration at his well-shaped ears. ‘The

surgeon was a friend of his father. They used to go climbing together in the Alps and they

said it was so cold that the only time they felt warm was when they did a wee in their pants,

and then it froze almost at once.’

‘What?’

‘That’s what your father told me anyway.’

‘Surely he never referred to it as wee?’

Shebah liked Joseph passionately, until, as she put it, money rotted him. I found him

consistently charming and thought, as Maggie did, that he had married beneath him.] 75 om.

118.6 When I marry Jean I shall have married sensibly.] 75.7–8 When I marry my girl-friend

Jean, I shall be happy enough.

118.8 limitations such] 75.9 limitations that such

118.9–10 in Maggie’s world] 75.11 in Lily’s world

118.19 hand limpidly reproachful hung] 75.20 hand hung

118.21 in exile on Elba, brooding] 75.23 in exile, brooding

118.23 river, parasol shading her face, trailing] 75.24 river, trailing

118.26–30 No reply but an animal snarl and I rolled sideways to focus on Claud and wink at him.

He said something to her but I no longer cared to listen for, rolling back into position

beneath Julia, I found my mouth conveniently close to her ankle, and laid my lips on it at

once.] 75.29–30 She didn’t reply, merely snarled. My mouth was conveniently close to

Julia’s ankle. I licked her skin.
in case she kicked) 75.32 in case she kick

into the creased and damp bend) 76.1 into the damp bend

mistress without comment] 76.7 mistress, I

whispered with spirit into my ears] 76.9 whispered.

urged, sliding my hand across and above her polished and stockingless knees] 76.10 urged.

briefly, most briefly, felt] 76.17 briefly, felt

men, unmet, who never] 76.17 men who wear

nobility. My feet are completely free from corns or blemishes. Maggie, when dousing her feet in a bucket of water, constantly bemused her distorted and unsightly feet. Her father apparently had possessed arches like a ballet dancer's but failed to pass on their perfection.

nobility.

The denseness of the carpet] 76.25 After a time the denseness of the carpet

was affecting] 76.26 affected

When I allowed my lids to close the room] 76.26-27 When I opened my eyes the room

Opening them the pattern of the Persian floor covering slowed to a humdrum spiral of elaborate design, and I heard Claude saying] 76.27 I heard Claude saying

With that my head jerked upright like a shuttlecock, light at the top, and I jumped]

With that I jumped

stairs, under the angel everlastingly praying] 76.31 stairs.

'Bless you, my darling angel,' I said, holding in my arms nothing. The obsessional hi-fi tones of the lately young. My darling, my angel. Unlike Claud I'm not fussy about my dream love. She doesn't have to be a Princess of the royal blood. Any woman will do. She laid her hot little cheek against my own as I went into the kitchen. I did hope] 76.31 I did hope
120.11 by Maggie] 77.2 by Lily
120.12 It is of] 77.3 It was of
120.15 give Maggie] 77.6 give Lily
120.17 round finally to wave to those
120.20 like water in a glass.] 77.12 like a fish in a pool.
120.20-22 glass, the bubbles of her misery rising slowly to the surface and dissolving away.
120.23-24 and wrote ‘Murphy was Here’ on the edge of the drawing.] 77.13-15 and underneath the drawing I wrote: ‘This is a picture of a pregnant girl.’ Then I put the date.
120.28-30 ‘I have,’ he told someone after the last butchering visit, ‘been with friends in the country. He’s an antique dealer, advises the museums from time to time, you know.’] 77 om.
120.31 With a diffident smile he purchased] 77.18-19 When he was here he purchased
120.35-36 concrete. The exhaust smoke from the bottle green Crossley dropped like a veil and covered the shining pieces.] 77.23 concrete.
121.3 taking Maggie] 77.25 taking Lily
121.5 she told me.] 77.28 Lily told me.
121.6 that Maggie] 77.29 that Lily
121.8 explain to Jean what] 77.31 explain what
121.10 Intend her] 78.1 intend anyone
121.11 understand, but I] 78.1 understand, though I
121.11-12 the air, its freshness that is, the view, very nice] 78.1 the air, the view,
121.12 muscles, the convolutions of the mind, ah yes particularly those, each item clear but external.] 78.2 muscles when climbing.
I do not tell her of the fertile images my mountains bear. I do not even betray myself whilst telling her by the use of the possessive pronoun. I never refer to my mountains as female, nor do I betray myself by the use of the possessive pronoun.

But Maggie. When Lily
But Maggie when she talks about her pain. When Lily describes her pain,
They become in the end. In the end she talks
They become in the end abstractions. In the end she talks of abstractions.
when Maggie. when she
when Maggie attempted to die. when she attempted to kill herself.
she went. she had gone
through the motions. classically through the motions
of betrayed girlhood. of betrayed womanhood--
time ago. time before.
A careful cleansing of teeth interrupted briefly whilst she uttered a moan of pain, followed by a girl guide utterance of obscenity. Carefully she cleaned her teeth, following this with a girl-guide utterance of obscenity.
tell if. tell whether
the interlude. the expletive
gums or due to. gums, or by the
of the Wild Colonial Boy. of Billie.
Boy. She said. Billie. Perhaps it was due to the toffee she insists Billie gave to her, nestling within a jewellery box. I cannot make that part of her story out. She had not yet got at the gin bottle and it's hard to see how she mistook a wrapped sweet for an engagement ring. She said
in the bridal bed] 88.19 in the bed

I rang,) 88.20 I telephoned,

predictable Maggie] 88.21 predictable Lily

her telephone] 88.23 the telephone

to the floor,) 88.23 on to the floor,

floor, caused a golden stream of melitose terror to run through my brain.) 88.23-24

floor, filled me with alarm.

not 'phoned) 88.24 not telephoned,

'phoned for Brenny to go to the house, had she not so conveniently met Arthur on the

steps unlocking the front door, returning quite by chance for an application form for his
driving licence, Maggie] 88.24 telephoned, Lily

Maggie would] 88.24 Lily would

we had so often talked] 88.25 we have so often talked

That she would have replied] 88.30 She would have replied

if she had not] 88.30-31 if she had not

Billie; that the alcohol had] 88.32 Billie. The alcohol had

speak; that the gas] 89.1 speak. The gas

Lastly, that her way of life had led her to a) 89.3 Lastly, her emotions had led her

to a

her way of life] 89.3 her emotions

The mother love she so often elaborates upon] 89.5 That love of life she so often

e elaborates upon

of Maggie] 89.6 of Lily

mind impossibly seeking] 89.8 mind seeking
I do not accept. I can't accept.

Whereas Maggie. Whereas Lily.

but no longer feel. but I no longer feel.

I can watch from afar and marvel at her stupidity allied to an educated mind. I can watch from afar and marvel at her stupidity allied to an educated mind.

only Maggie. only Lily.

Lily's continued.

her curving upper lip. her upper lip.

live, it is a duty to live when there are children to be mothered. In due course should the unsuspecting Edward prove less than helpful, the local authorities may be called upon to remove the children into safe keeping. My harsh judgment, bearing in mind Shebah's edict that goodness should be suspected above all things, leads me to think that underneath I weep for golden girls all turned to dust. The face in the drawing on the wall in Claud's kitchen is not Maggie's face. It is only her conception of herself. Nothing more than a goose girl.

live, I do feel that we have no right to choose the moment of our death.

I almost ran back last night, like Dorian Grey, to see if the portrait oozed corruption, but instead I walked slowly upstairs again. Though air of paradise should fan the house and angels office all, nothing would in the end cause Shebah to cease her murmurings of hate. Loud and clear she abused the silent Claud, obscuring his face with her outflung war-like arms.

I looked at the drawing again and then went upstairs. Shebah was shouting at Claude.

so that I slipped.

soop, the molested Julia stood.

Julia stood.
friendly and her eyes were mild.] 78.17 friendly.

they did not understand] 78.23 they had not understood

Maggie was always her most loquacious with me after having refused me the solace of her bed.

'There is something here,' she has said, 'which would positively ache if I were to be unfaithful.' Touching the region of her heart. There would follow a long and detailed discussion upon her current lover--his minute perversions, his vast inhibitions. They were all inhibited one way or another. Never having gained the citadel I cannot be sure if Maggie is equally repressed. To be frank it would have been impossible to find a time when Maggie would not be in a position of unfaithfulness, her affairs came so thick and fast; thus she was spared a cardiac spasm induced by me. Any breathing space between lovers was in the nature of a few days, and those were taken up ritualistically with grief and melancholy and such statements as--

'Oh God, I'll never go through that again, Norman.'

'If you knew how it hurt... here.'

'I'll never feel the same again.'

'Why was he so strange... sick... odd... bitter?'

'I feel so sad. Honest to God I feel so sad, Norman.'

Oh how her poor heart ached. It still causes distress that I never managed as it were to break into the magic circle and become the next tormentor. I was so suitably placed too, living only one floor up. One night she would be all sighings and lamentations, restless but quite resigned to a life of seclusion, and the next, when coming in for the alarm clock which was always kept in the food cupboard, she would be renascent with delight, all pluffy with hope and girlish giggles, head snapping back on her thin neck like a peony caught in a high
wind, and saying, "You see I met this man in the road, just by the railings of the Cathedral,
armed with his rain-drenched hat, very nice with blue eyes and sort of lost looking. "Ho-ho,"
I said, "would you like to be a decoy? A real live automatic decoy with stuffed wings at the
ready and beak all cleaned out?" And he said..."

124.36 the heavy front door] 89.28 the front door
125.4 I listened to the rapidity of my heart before] 89.32 I listened before
125.5 before turning the handle] 89.32-33 before opening the door
125.5 of Maggie's room] 89.33 of Lily's room.
125.6-7 light and used my handkerchief as a duster before looking at the brass bed.] 89.33 light.
125.7 Maggie] 89.33 Lily
125.7 Maggie, alone, in] 89.33 Lily, in
125.8 sat up alive and] 90.1-2 sat up in bed and
125.9 eyes. 'Could you intend rape?' she asked me,] 90.2 eyes.
125.9 reaching for] 90.2 She reached for
125.11 about the open door] 90.4 about the front door,
125.13 attacker's body] 90.6 attacker's face
125.13 her silver-tipped nails] 90.7 her nails
125.15 her assassin.] 90.8 her assassin.
125.17 shutting out the moon] 90.10 excluding the moon
125.20 asked the hair-combing Julia.] 78.24 asked Julia,
125.24 him.] 78.28 him.' I said.
125.25-26 truth. She had held his whirling head to her breast like a child and cuddled him to
health.] 78.29 truth.
125.27 the bottles of whisky] 78.29 his bottles of whisky
eggs in beakers to swallow.) 78.30 eggs to swallow.

125.30 nocturnal half words] 78.32 nocturnal words

125.30 in the recurring] 78.33 in recurring

125.31 Maggie tried] 78.33 Lily tried

125.31 he went through] 79.1 he had gone through,

125.32 All to do] 79.2 it had to do

125.35-36; 126.1-6 destruction. Aaah, goes he. Pit-a-pat of the heart which will be damaged beyond repair by the weight of the distraught mind's obsessional neurosis. Unless the nerve endings can be cauterised out of feeling, madness will follow from a haemorrhage of grief. Every thought doing a tittuppy dance of self-annihilation, un governable. A cremation of the soul, a deglutination of the will. Let the sclerotic coating of the eyeball become cobwebby with tears.] 79.5 destruction.

126.11 it was Maggie] 79.10 it was Lily

126.11 that told me] 79.11 who told me

126.14-15. But it's the way they analyse] 79.14-15 It's the gusto with which they analyse 126.15-16 and flagellate themselves with self-induced guilt.] 79.15-16 and the self-induced guilt with which they flagellate themselves

126.16 guilt] 79.16 themselves that annoys me.

126.20 the nipples of her body.] 79.21 her nipples.

126.28 sick he was] 79.29 sick Claude was

126.29 said Nurse Julia,] 79.30 said Julia.

126.29 Julia, studying her teeth for decay,] 79.30 Julia.

126.33 cap the gyral Julia] 80.1 cap Julia

126.34 round ever] 80.2 round in ever
'Don't go,' Maggie had cried, two nights after she returned to Morpeth Street, following her illness. 'If you go the coat will come out of the walls at me.'

"Don't let me sleep." Julia was speaking with the calmness of one who is no longer buffeted by storms but home and dry. "Don't let me go to sleep." he used to say. "If you do I'll see that damned ring."

'How did you keep him awake?'

'I used to read him things, mostly from the Bible.'

I could well imagine. For a period Claud carried his Bible round like a talisman. He could give us a part but never the whole. We must however cleave to one another. It was a piece of advice that I could appreciate. I wondered how long it had taken Julia to cleave to him.

My head felt like lead.

Maggie in bed
Claud any time
mate and Bible thumping chum
Something about
I have during the last two years become
Maggie's thigh
gave the photograph
His habit
his performance
Mrs Ryan in Morpeth Street had some relations who went on holiday to Spain with their mother-in-law, who died of old age suddenly in Andalusia. The formalities of burial were so complicated as to be impossible and she was put in a polythene bag on the top of the car for the sad journey home. As Mrs Ryan said: 'Them poor children asking for their grannie and she up on the roof under the boiling sun, like a chicken laid out by the heat.'

Just near the frontier the family went a short walk only to find on their return that the car and Grannie had been stolen. Neither was ever recovered. It does not seem feasible to hope for such an occurrence in the peace of Hertfordshire. We could have put Shebah in the little plot under the trees, if only to benefit Claud's rose bushes. The tears that would have rolled down the cheeks of the mourning Maggie during the furtive burial service would have been no more indicative of despair than those of a child with gravelled knee. An episodal wound soon forgotten. Healing would be rapid and complete. 'Though the fault was mine, to forgive is divine', Claud would hum softly in the summer nights of his careful pruning.

Maggie has

stomach, the blackheads between the shoulder blades, the waxy ears, the pubic hair not copper rinsed or bleached, the feet with yellow soles-- I

the gentle obliterating

a mild and tender mingling

little darling, little dove

her so busy had I been with my spectacle placing and my words of comfort.

Maggie stood

mistress, and the tide of blood sweeping under the surface of her burning cheeks as she turned to grope for her spectacles.

around Maggie

round Lily
Maggie and Lily and but Maggie but Lily curiosity and then Claud laughed into the warm skin of her shoulder. curiosity.

and Maggie stayed and Lily stayed mirror, lips curved in a Giaconda smile. mirror.

Maggie feels, Lily feels, structures. I am unhappy she will say, and like Pavlov's dog when the bell rang, the saliva of her suffering begins to dribble. structures.

at Maggie at Lily of the angel-protected Julia of Julia.

as long as so long as

for the debauched Maggie for Lily Maggie Lily, who sat like

wine without her knowledge into the glass that the gesticulating Shebah held aloft like a flower she might yet toss to her forgiving lover. wine for Shebah.

Shebah had not by now heeled over Shebah had not long since keeled over

room. Claud was standing in front of me, touching his breast bone through the open front of his shirt, the fingers playing a slow scale of notes across the hairless skin. Whilst I looked at him, try as I might, like a tired man nodding towards sleep, I kept sliding off the glittering arc of his eyeballs. Each time he moved his head I was flung outwards and everything in the room was shiny and moving with moist light and there were a series of snapshots—a girl in a nightgown of silly pink, an old woman waving her arms in anguish, a
Dog with its head on its freckled paws--] 82.27 room.

[30.34-35] and Claud was talking:] 82.27 Claude began to tell me something:

[30.35 Claud] 82.27 Claude

[30.36 '... quite impossible to tell] 82.27 '... quite impossible to imagine

[31.4-7] nostrils. Julia appeared a little to my left with pale combed hair and Shebah, chest

puffed out with billowy scarves, flew like an owl towards her.] 82.32 nostrils.

[31.12-14] it, and seeing him twenty years ago in air-force blue, dapper and bonny with beardless

chin] 83.4-6 it. I was seeing him twenty years ago in air-force blue, dapper and bonny

with beardless chin.

[31.14-36] chin and the plum mouth unprotected, and how long I could keep my hair combed

forward so as to minimise its thinness, without being affected and running the risk of a chill

breeze lifting it clear and exposing the waxy dome. I take great care with my diet and with all

the getting up my mountains, not to mention my more erotic exercises. I should stay slender

for another thirty years. But I do worry about my hair. It's all right for the Wild Colonial

Boy to sport his weathered bald crown. His particular height and porky-boy belly put him

into a defined category. As Maggie has told me, there is something extremely attractive about

the man running rapidly to seed. Like a cabbage grown purple and out of all proportion the

mind is filled with sinful thoughts. But the small man, me, the precise man, must take care

not to degenerate into an elderly whippet running like hell with emaciated flanks after the

mechanical rabbit in the Waterloo Cup. There and then I decided to abandon my flat cap, and

was aware of Claud still talking....

'*... advertisements, television commercials, everything bent on the image of the

uplifted breast beneath the clinging sweater. Not a nipple in sight that's meant for lactation,

only for the visual stimulation of the male. Too much erotic sex, too much mental
titillation, leaving the common man unfit for reality copulation, any fit for woosome twosome masturbation.] 83.6 chin.

132.1 goes on is simply] 83.7 goes on, 'Claude was saying, 'is simply
132.2-3 between jumping] 83.9 between the jumping
132.3 jumping lines of] 83.9 jumping print of
132.6-8 lips. The ball of wool that was his beard climbed up his cheeks and thrust strands into the craters of his ears.] 83.13 lips.

132.10 not Maggie] 83.15 not Lily.

132.10-19 Maggie with her lemon shaped breasts trapped within her safety-pinned brassiere. '... there was real glory, man. Real glory.'

With a final collision of his percussion lips the last notes of his orchestral work vibrated to a close. A fleck of dew was flung trembling from the flat leaf of his tongue. With a warm smile the maestro glanced across at Maggie who fondly returned his look until Shebah blacked out their view with her dark-garbed body.

'A remarkable woman,' said Claud. Shebah or Maggie? I presumed Shebah.] 83.15 Lily.

132.20 cocker:'] 83.16-17 cocker,' he continued,

132.20-21 He was taking me] 83.17 taking me
132.22 The fingers] 83.18 His fingers
132.22 fingers round] 83.18-19 fingers, clamped round
132.23 the voice] 83.19 his voice

132.25-26 It is the nature.] 83.23 It is nature.

132.32 beneath a cushion,] 83.30 beneath a pillow,
132.32 cushion, whilst Claud] 83.30 pillow. Claude

133.4 on the bed] 84.5 on to the bed
furrowed, like a girl concentrating on blowing away the seedling head of a dandelion—he loves me, he loves me not—] 84.7 furrowed.

Suddenly, behind

abruptly and looking at a point on the wall above my head, 'Did] 84.8 abruptly, 'Did no;' I said.

emerged with

skin shone perfectly] 84.27 skin was perfectly
and without blemish.] 84.28 without blemishes.
blemish] 84.28 blemishes
informed the pink wall,) 84.29 informed me,
to do further once] 84.30-31 to do once
to pace, Nelson-wise, across] 84.32 to pace across
armpit. Surely there was hair there? It seemed strange that his face and head were so overgrown. A little bit of ginger warmth where the honey sweat trickled free.] 85.2
armpit.

... utterly loyal ...] 85.2 'She's utterly loyal ...'

As he turned to continue with his self-imposed sentry duty the light caught his face and reflected moisture on the surface of his eyes. It may have been caused by the smoke from his cigarette and it may have been tears. If so they were unshed and blinked clear before I could be certain, and he moved very quickly and seized] 85.11-12 He stared out of the window for a moment. Then he turned and seized

large, fiercely keeping his eyes on mine,) 85.15 large.

The little broken veins under the surface of his hair-strewn cheeks were suddenly engorged with the surge of anger that stained his face scarlet. He] 85.16 He
[34.25 pouty mouth firmly] 85.19 mouth firmly
[34.25-26 closed, blue eyes round as buttons, hard and unrelenting.] 85.19 closed.
[34.32 room towards the fragrance of his roses] 85.25 room.
[34.32-33 Alone and unmolested I flattened] 85.25 I flattened

134.36; 135.1-10 neat. Outside the window a curve of main road lit by lamps and some new houses built like boxes with low brick walls, was not unlike the street I will finally settle in when Jean and I are married. There was a light burning in the upstairs room and I peered closely to see a human figure removing its garments. The glass was cold against my nose and I could see no one. The structure of the Hive, as Claud could doubtless tell me, is based on a geometric principle. Everything within is precise and fragrant. In the garden of the house opposite a plaster gnome stood under a bush clutching a plaster spade.] 85.28 neat.
135.10-12 I warmed my nose with my hand and considered it safe to return to the living room.

   It was empty.) 85.29 When I returned to the living-room it was empty.
135.12 and Maggie] 85.30 and Lily
135.14 the white fat wrist] 85.32 her fat wrist
135.20 manoeuvred her vehicle to] 86.5 manoeuvred to
135.22-23 head; a smear of lipstick lay petal-shaped across the powdery chin.] 86.7 head.
135.25 with Maggie] 86.9 with Lily.
135.27 Maggie's Friday] 86.11-12 Lily's Friday
135.29 Maggie gave] 86.14 Lily gave
135.30-32 whole. Endlessly restless and unfulfilled the tortured Israelite jiggled her bottom in the upholstered chair and swung her trembling calves.] 86.15 whole.
135.33 fat around her hips] 86.16 fat from
135.33 her hips] 86.16 Shebah's hips
135.33 waist, to draw back] 86.16 waist, draw back
135.33-34 of the ruined face.] 86.16-17 of her ruined face.
135.34-36; 136.1-12 face, stain each blade of hair with black; and give back lustre to the eyes.

The disguise penetrated, the Gaiety girl of forty years ago stirred and fixed me with a look of insolent disdain. The bossy maiden arched her brows and declined to go into the garden with me. Tossing back the blue mantle of her hair, the Ilse Koch of Morpeth Street slaps at her plastic galoshes with a rawhide whip. Anti-semitic to the bone she clears the synagogue of money lenders and finds herself alone for Yom Kippur.

'A misunderstanding,' she cries. 'Always I have been misunderstood.' With a sea-wave curl of her upper lip, heavy with crimson dye, she transforms her friends, in a misunderstood way, into mortal enemies. Running from one end of her life to the other she asks the same unanswered question—‘Why me?... Why me?’ 86.17 face.

136.15-16 her clever thighs] 86.21 her thighs
136.22-23 arm wearily and] 86.28 arm and
136.23 her scarlet-tipped fingers.] 86.28 her fingers.
136.26 Because she is] 86.31 She is
136.29-34 I had gone downstairs to find Julia and met Maggie and held her in my arms, whilst she enacted one of her loving friend's scenes for the benefit of Edward, who had materialised out of nowhere and stood at the top of the stairs, his black hair ruffled from slumber, almost cross but finally relenting and leading her back to the nuptial chamber.] 86. om.

136.34 Julia, ever busy] 87.1 Presently Julia, ever busy
136.35 property,) 87.2 property, came in,
136.35-36 crouched down behind the sofa and began] 87.2-3 and crouching down behind the sofa began
strings, and secure] Secure
Claude, returned from the garden, sat
the piano stool
his eyes.
rising and falling,
fall in a cadence of sound and
have been sickly
Maggie's]
Lily's
Lily's pillow at
Maybe it is the difference between town and country, between the windows flung wide
to the summer night and the broken panes in the frames nailed fast for fear of thieves. On
all the beds here clean sheets and in the kitchen the supper dishes washed and in the garden
the roses free from parasites. Maybe]

Maybe the difference is in the atmosphere created by
in the atmosphere was created by
my seated host with the face of repose,]
lay and I was]
thought of Jean,]
thought of my girlfriend
Maggie]

and Maggie, a lot, and myself most of all] and then of Lily, and then of myself.
with such people]
with Lily
to their mode] to her mode
in analysis]
in analysis
Maggie and I had decided to obtain some stained glass from the partially
demolished church near to the house. Maggie had some idea, never executed, that she would make a big framed panel and place it in the back yard. Years ago when she was very young and had been going to visit Joseph in the studio he had in the next street, she had sat in the then resplendent church in order not to seem too eager and to keep him waiting. 'It will be a kind of memorial,' she told me, 'to Joseph and the past, and it will be a perfect foil for the sunflowers.'

The half-caste boy next door, borstal educated, had told us about the glass. 'That coloured bastard me dad,' he said, jerking an eloquent thumb in the direction of his limping parent, 'seen it lying about all over the place.'

When we found the church the only window intact was high up on the southern wall, encased in lead and anchored in cement, but I knelt down and Maggie climbed upon my shoulders and I straightened myself very carefully and she lunged forward with her Woolworth's hammer. 87 pm.

138.6-12 There was a dull thud and then a high shivering vibration which was too real to be just in my mind, and at first I thought I had plucked one of the harp strings by mistake, and sat there bemused with the rag in my hand.] 90.13-14 I was feeling unexpectedly disturbed, thinking about all this, when I suddenly heard a thud.

138.20 till Julia knelt] 90.14 Julia knelt

138.21 sofa and said] 90.15 sofa and she said,

138.23-25 When I looked over the top of the sofa back with my arms dangling like some surf-rider breasting a large and embroidered wave, Shebah] 90.17 Shebah

138.25 wall, hands to her face.] 90.17-18 wall, hands covering her face.

138.25-27 face, and Claud still on his stool staring at her with wide open eyes. A clock chimed in the shop below.] 90.18 face.
often has she cried) 90.28 often she has begged

had not Claud) 90.31-32 if Claude hadn't

had not) 90.32 hadn't

cradled the desperate art-lover] 91.1 cradled Shebah

arms and led her to the sofa] 91.2 arms.

her ruined head] 91.2 her head

the nose of Julia] 91.3 Julia's nose

'0 darling, I'm so sorry:'

The penitent fumbled with her near blind comforter in an effort to restore sight. Claud)

man'--and] 91.5 man; he said, and

Rough winds continuing to shake the darling buds of May, in this case Julia's breasts on

whose swellings Shebah continued to roll, I sank] 91.6-7 Shebah continued to wail and I sank

began moving] 91.12 began collecting

bottles on to a tray and] 91.12 bottles, and

the broken Shebah] 91.13 Shebah

her round] 91.13 a round

had been wont to cry] 91.13-14 had often cried

drifted from her bowed shoulders to] 91.19 drifted to

pale exhausted lips] 91.24 pale lips.

and waited on the sofa] 91.27 and lay on the sofa.

sofa. I folded my hands in my lap and felt like an adolescent girl, except that my feet were

impossibly large, and the hands that hid the one thing that prevented me being a blonde maid

were dusted across the knuckles with sandy hairs] 91.27 sofa.
I went... I rose and went... a little porcelain box] a little box... that was] which was... that seemed] which seemed... dress and cap] dress and bonnet... stand, head hung low, fist] stand, fist... towards me with a lolling little bird] towards me. A little bird perched... face, who leaned on a spade] face... ivy. I took one in each hand and carried them to the light] ivy... they were perfectly intact] both figures were intact... intact. In my palms they lay pale as milk. My thighs in the lamp-light looked yellow and thick. The elasticated top of my socks had printed a pink ridge across my calves... intact... dropping one of the figures] dropping them... it rolled] they rolled... upon the carpet] on the carpet... The dog, asleep] The sleeping dog... its silken ears] its ears... I picked up the little manikin and took him and his companion] I took the china figures... I laid a towel] Laying a towel... and, turning the taps in the hand basin] and taking the precaution of turning the taps of the hand basin... knelt down and struck] I bent down and struck
The little man's leg broke into two pieces.  

I looked again for the missing button from the dress of the china girl but I was unlucky, there being nothing but dust. 

I looked to see if there were any chippings on the floor, but found nothing but dust presumably to Julia.

and Maggie, and Lily. 

Maggie is, Lily is 

I do not either, I do not, 

as Maggie does, as Lily does, 

I do not expend 

I am aware that my parents, like the vast majority of the English working class, are ignorant and childish. Under a different system they would be educated sufficiently to be neither childlike-pattern repeating nor ignorant-uninformed. Maggie and Shebah, not being childish or ignorant, I am forced to the conclusion that possibly education alone is not enough. 

capitalism puts me in
Shebah, recognizing

dangerous and to be discouraged.

and Maggie

her breakages

sunk her in a coma

satisfaction, sitting in her white cane chair.

bench,

white cane chair,

to travel home on

her mock swooning

her carmined mouth

plate; little dribbles of masticating laughter came from the corners of her lips.

plate.

Maggie has been

He has played with the children and thrown

which he possibly is.

Maggie tells

definite. It is to be hoped that she does not ask Claud what it was he

said to Edward when she and Julia were in the bedroom.

Maggie and I

memories over the cups of coffee held between tremulous fingers.

Scotland, stockinged folkweave fashion in homespun wool of darkest green.

Scotland,

Maggie, if
her white fringed head) 94.33 her white head

my bony knee.) 94.33 my knee.

Now tell me] 95.1 Tell me

what happened all] 95.1 what went wrong

that night] 95.2 that weekend

at Claude's?] 95.2 with Claude?'

leaves. Then we shall recall no doubt with awe Shebah's heroic tolerance of
cold and rain, the insatiability of her curious mind grubbing for truths in books grown
mildewed. I shall long since have read nothing save the columns of the lately dead and the
newly born, like my father before me, in the local evening newspaper, seated in my chair by
the fire in my little mortgaged box with the neat clippered hedges outside. My mouth, corseted
by teeth not my own, will fill with spittle, a reservoir of juice shallow as the microscopic
follies of my youth, which I shall swallow and regurgitate anew, till the dates and names of my
little life finally dry into a hard crust at the corners of my fallen lips.

Nothing to remember about this weekend at all. Someone perhaps found a daddy to rock the
baby's cradle and bestow on it a surname to round off the Christian name of William, and
someone perhaps found extreme pleasure in the minute wound in the flesh of a swollen ankle.
But I cannot be sure I shall remember, being so uninvolved.

Maggie has just stretched out a loving hand to the quiet Edward. She smiles, a fantasy
smile in the afternoon garden.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, I ask you, how much more proof do you require of this woman's
duplicity? You have heard the evidence against her, you have been aware of the many
witnesses called in her defence, a vast swaggering line of improbable human beings, apart
from the gentleman in the Victorian collar. He at least, though refusing to take the Biblical
oath, has not lied.' The sunlight pours through the window, cathedral rays about the head of
the one and only beatnik landlady as she raises angelic eyes in the direction of the judge. A
moment of indecision, a pause for reflection, then... 'Case dismissed.' And with the
dismissal a roar of triumph from Claud rising to his feet with out-stretched arms, a groan
from Shebah, an audible sigh is the Professor slumps forward unconscious, and seconds
later in the corridor beyond, Maggie, vindicated, tweaking—because Havelock Ellis says it's
permissible—the nipples of the judge. His wig falls from his rocking balding head...

'Please,' he supplicates, 'let me come and visit you.'

'Of course. Tea next Friday. Only a little intimate group.'] 95.6 leaves.

144.27-36; 145.1-4 Quite so. As Baudelaire tells us... Nothing that is not misunderstanding.
Claud in his frock coat helps us all into the yellow car. Miss Charters, shuffling endlessly
in the peel-strewn gutters, lifts eyes filled with momentary recognition... 'Ah your daddy
goes to sea'... Like a round of applause the sky cracks and rain pours down. From
somewhere a voice begins to sing what Maggie calls 'our song'...

'I wandered today by the hills, Maggie,
Where you and I were young....'

The mind if it ceased from boggling could multiply the fantasies without end.

If one was involved.

If one cared.] 95.7-9 As Baudelaire tells us, There is nothing that is not
misunderstanding. Claude is determined to take a photograph. The camera, like the gun,
points at us all.

147.1-16 'What did you say he was called?' asked Betty.

'What?' For a moment Julia's eyes behind her spectacles were devoid of expression. She
looked at Betty and did not see her.

'Oh Norman. You mean what Maggie calls him?'

'Yes. The name Maggie calls him.'

With the use of the name Betty felt the unknown woman was suddenly in the room.

'Edwardian Norman, wasn't it?'

Claud gave a lusty laugh of short duration and removed his arm from Betty's shoulders.

She felt cold and unprotected almost at once.

'Wrong period, my dear. Victorian Norman.'

He got up and moved about the room without much purpose. He passed Stanley twice and each time gave him a half smile to which the man responded with embarrassment.

147.17 asked Betty.) 96.1 asked the woman.

147.17–22 She felt she was putting too many questions but suddenly did want to know. She noted that Stanley at the other side of the room was looking at her with surprise. It occurred to her that his face was like a blank sheet of paper, crumpled with no message to be read. 'I mean,' she continued, 'they're so] 96.1 'They're so

147.22 Maggie and] 96.2 Lily and

147.25–27 different. Julia still sat with the photograph in the palm of her hand. 'I suppose they are very different, but they all seem] 96.5–6 different,' agreed Julia, though they all seem

147.27 they're together.] 96.6 they were together.'

147.27 seems] 96.6 seemed

147.28 they're together.'] 96.7 they were together.'

147.28 A frown creased her smooth forehead.) 96.7 She frowned

148.1 'No you're not.] 96.9 'No,' said Claude. 'You're not.'

148.1–2 Claud stood beside her, not touching her, but looking down at her.] 96.10 He looked
thoughtfully at her.

148.3 girl, my very dear girl, that's
girl, that's

148.5-36; 149.1-27 A tide of scarlet pleasure suffused her face; even the tips of her small ears
glowed. Claud thought to himself that it was the truth. His own dear girl, the girl that was
dear to him. Someone to whom he belonged and who belonged to him. At least it was the truth
this moment in time whilst he felt it. He had written to Maggie only a week ago and told her
to seek what he had found. They had not met for months though they had telephone
conversations.

'How is it, my love?'

'Not too bad, my love.'

'Can't you come here, my love, with the children and get strong?'

'How can I, love? I can't keep wandering about like a lost tribe. They've missed so much
school already.'

'It's so peaceful here, my love. Julia doing the ironing and the baby asleep in its cot. Not
great glory, my love, but beautiful. Can't you come?'

'No, I can't. I don't really know what to do. The man from the National Assistance didn't
come.'

'Didn't he, darling?'

'No. I was all ready you know in needy sort of clothes and the new iron hidden in the
cupboard and he just didn't come.'

'Shall I send you some money, my love?'

'No. I don't want any money really. I just want something. Honest to God I just want
something.'

'I reckon you do, my love. Can't you find some good old boy, simple and uncomplicated?
Can't you, darling?

'Oh, you and your hairy roadsweepers. I don't know any good old boys or simple farm hands or carpenters...'

And a lot more about the latest lover who had been going to be the last and how now he wouldn't be after all because he didn't really love her. Of course he still said he loved her but she knew he didn't. She always knew that. Then the tears unlinking in her throat making her voice not quite steady and a long pause and then...

'I must go, love, the phone bill will be awful.'

'All right, my love. I'll write you a letter.'

'Yes, do that.'

'Good night, my dear love.'

'Good night Claud. Take care.'

And at the other end of the line a click as the phone was replaced and an image of Maggie in her flat, at her desk, with wet cheeks and her hand held to her mouth, touching her lips that are trembling, and her other hand, the one with the silver ring, searching for cigarettes.

He was not too worried about her, though she was too restrained, he felt. In the old days when he had phoned her twice daily and sometimes in the middle of the night, when he was sick, he had howled down the phone like some animal in pain. Perhaps it was the drink that had helped him not to care what he said, what words he chose. Behind Maggie's conversations were the unsaid sentences, held back, which he knew about, the words that would let loose the grief, and as she told him, how could she do that when she had to take the children to school in the morning, and she had to keep calm? He comforted himself by thinking that soon there would be someone else to absorb her attention and give her happiness, even if only for a while. Not the long endless contentment he was to know with Julia and his new children,
but something.] 96 om.

149.29 Stanley said.] 96.12 The man said loudly:

149.29 Look here, Mr White, we] 96.12 'We

149.29 we really must go.] 96.12 'We really must be off.

149.30 up so much of your time] 96.13 up a great deal of your time

149.30–31 already and I have to go to the office this afternoon.] 96.13 already.

149.32–33 'What's your line of business, man?' As if passionately interested Claud stood before

him and waited.] 96.14–17 'What takes up your time?' asked Claude.

The man stared at him blankly.

'What's your line of business?' persisted Claude. 'Your job? Your racket? What puts

the money in your pocket?'

149.34–36; 150.1–3 'Oh I'm in advertising actually. Not very interesting I'm afraid, but I do

quite well.' He seemed almost to be apologising for his calling in life, his manner of earning

his daily bread and paying for antique desks. 'It was my father's business originally, in a

much smaller way of course in his day and I've expanded it a lot, you know.'] 96.18–20 'I'm

an insurance broker,' the man said stiffly. He grew a little red in the face. 'It's an

established firm. Originally, it was my father's.'

150.4–27 Betty was uncomfortable listening to her husband, watching his scrap of a mouth

opening and closing, saying a lot of unimportant things. It wasn't that she was ashamed of

him, it was more that she felt they were wasting time, that in this room or any other room

that this man with the beard happened to be in, there was something she could learn. She

said quickly: 'Was your father an antique dealer, Mr White?'

'Good God no. Nothing like that.' He gave vent to another burst of laughter. 'Good that, eh

Julia?' Julia was looking at the photograph again; unwillingly she gave her attention to
Claud.

'What, dear?'

'They want to know if my old man was in the antique line. Wanted to know if he was a dealer.' Again he laughed. His lips opened to show his teeth and the tip of his small pointed tongue. 'Good that,' he repeated, 'A dealer. More of a sadist I reckon.' He turned to Stanley and looked at the knot of his tie. 'My father was a very hard man. Took great pleasure in beating the daylights out of me every moment he could spare. A dealer in punishment. I was afraid of him all my life, all my childish life that is. Now I just dislike him.' He hoped he was not sounding too obvious. In the last few years he had realised he was becoming obvious. The way the woman Betty was looking at him he thought it would not matter how obvious he became, but about Stanley he was not so sure. 'All our.' 96.21 'All our

150.27 problems now,' 96.21 problems,
150.27 now, our.' 96.21 problems,' said Claude, 'our
150.28 backwards to our childhood experiences.' 96.22 'backward to influences in childhood.'
150.29-31 He saw that he was amusing Stanley or embarrassing him; the beginnings of a smile
150.29-31 drifted across the man's face, but Claud forced himself to continue: 96.23 'I dare say,' the
150.31-36 Betty felt terrible. He was looking straight at her and she could not think how to
150.31 'Take Maggie.' 97.1 'Take Lily
150.31 instance. When.' 97.1 instance,' continued Claude. 'When
150.32 doesn't really love her.' 97.2 doesn't love her,
150.33 what is.' 97.2 what's
150.33 saying eh? What's she really saying?.' 97.3 saying?'

150.34-36 Betty felt terrible. He was looking straight at her and she could not think how to
150.34-36 answer. She didn't even know what the question was. She moistened her lips.' 967.4-6 The
man fidgeted with his tie. Claude was looking straight at him, and he couldn't think how to answer. He didn't know what the question was.

and thankfully heard Claude say: 'She's saying,' said Claude,

"they"

saying her parents'] saying that her parents

her because

saying if] saying that if

In the silence Stanley said mildly, 'I got on very well with my old man.' He said it deliberately. He hadn't in actual fact but he saw no reason to bare his innermost soul just for the hell of it. The man was so damned self-indulgent and so damned feminine and Betty was simply making a fool of herself. He looked at his wife sitting on the sofa beside Julia, her eyes fixed on the antique dealer.

'Victorian Norman,' said Julia, 'had a perfectly normal childhood. He told me so. He was very happy. How do you explain him?'

'Ah well,' Claud said, 'he's just intelligent. He's a perfectly adjusted but intelligent human being. He can have the best of both worlds. And he's well adjusted because he had a happy childhood.'

'Yes, but he's not normal,' insisted Julia.

'That's because he's intelligent.'

'Oh come now,' said Stanley, 'surely you don't claim that anyone who is intelligent is not normal?'

'I do, I do, man. It's impossible to be normal and intelligent. Intelligence is merely the definition of the faculty to be able to reason. And the man who can reason all this mess out, this chaos, can't be normal.']
middle of some sort of nightmare. He found the word 'love' acutely embarrassing.

151.27 'Where is the life we have lost?' 97.15 'Where's the life we've lost
151.28 'eh?' 97.15 'eh?' shouted Claude.
151.28 'Where have all the flowers gone? Where are] 97.16 'Where are
151.30-36; 152.1-8 Stanley laughed openly at this. He found Claud very charming. The man
151.30 talked such nonsense with such authority, but Betty's face was serious.
152.1 'Is Maggie very intelligent?'
152.2 'Not really. She's just a woman. Women have a way of understanding most things. Do you
152.3 know what Gertrude Stein said when she was dying, girl?'
152.4 Betty did not even know who Gertrude Stein was. She wasn't on the photograph at any
152.5 rate. She said in a small voice: 'No, what did she say?'
152.6 'She said "What is the Answer?" And when no one replied she said "What is the
152.7 Question?" How's that, eh, girl, how's that?'
152.8 'Did she really say that,' asked Julia, 'did she really, Claud?'
152.9 'Yes, really, my love. That and "A rose is a rose is a rose".'
152.10 'It sounds like Iesbah,' said Julia.] 97. om.
152.9 go now, Betty.'] 97.17 go,'
152.9-10 Stanley came over to the sofa and held out his hand to his wife.] 97.17 the man said,
152.10 speaking to his wife.
152.10 on.'] 97.18 on,' he ordered.
152.11 She ignored his outstretched arm and looked] 97.19 She ignored him. She was looking
152.12 photograph on Julia's knee.] 97.19 photograph.
152.12-15 The old woman with the bandage round her leg sat on her cane chair. Her eyes were
152.13 veiled by the thick lenses of her curious glasses. A rose is a rose is a rose, thought Betty, a
The old woman was sitting on a bench. There was a bandage round her leg.

If there is] 98.1 If there's
as Maggie] 98.7 as Lily
Sitting here] 98.9 I'm sitting here
wish Maggie] 98.10 wish Lily
would not keep] 98.10-11 wouldn't keep
I cannot bear] 98.11 I can't bear
It is unbelievable] 98.15 It's unbelievable
Did I not run] 98.17 Didn't I run
those bloody relations] 98.23 those damned relations
would not believe] 99.1 wouldn't believe
the jealous petty] 99.10 those jealous, petty
war the way they] 99.12 war they
me and my] 99.13 me with my
football and still they] 99.16 football. How they
still they] 99.16 How they
and Reub] 99.23 even Reub
Oh before all that he was] 99.26 Once he was
he could not afford] 100.4-5 he couldn't afford
Maggie supported] 100.5 Lily supported
together by a] 100.8 together with a
there was not] 100.15 there wasn't
that did not hold] 100.15 that didn't hold
I have encountered I've encountered
Maggie's clever Lily's clever
I never had I never had
To take To take
Maggie Lily
that does who doesn't
doesn't need doesn't need
America with a head like a cap of fur and such little womanly feet America!
rocks and he, poor Edward, all among the grass smoking his cigarettes (the money they all squander), rocks because of poor Edward
his blue eyes completely blinded He's completely blinded
he and Maggie he and Lily
Maggie told though only because Lily told
Maggie told Lily told
and lately and lately
I scrounged for him
doesn't understand
him; she
'get a man to support her', told me.
'He always
had strange
good, I don't want to offend him. I have
met Maggie met Lily
I thought she was a devoted dog. And there she sat playing at being a wife and mother with a fat little baby on her knee like a bowl of shiny fruit, and nursing it and dressing it, and continually giving it her breast to suck on, quite charming I suppose, and then another baby, and dressing and feeding that one, and looking at me when I said 'Where's Joseph?', and saying in that lost child's voice, which is diabolical really...

'He doesn't live here any more... he's gone.'

Of course I had heard rumours, but the whole place was like a great manure heap of steaming half-truths, and I wasn't sure so I said...

'O Maggie, O darling, O no.'

And she says, touching the little fat thing kicking on her lap... 'O Shebah, O darling, O yes.'

Just like that. All the time I'd been going there, though I did not see a lot of Joseph, there was never a sign, never a hint or a suggestion. Oh sometimes she did look a little sad and pale, but then she has got a melancholy cast to her features and plays on it, but I never dreamt that things had gone so far. Though when I told her she disagreed with my choice of words. 'Things,' she said, 'have not gone far. Joseph has merely removed himself further off.'] 102.19–23 thing. When it gradually became apparent to me what sort of life she was leading, and I even went so far as to call her a certain name, she merely disagreed with my choice of words. 'Tarts get paid for it,' she said. She didn't seem put out.

that should it have been real,] 102.24 that if it had been real,

the face] 102.27 her face

bones, with the naked eyes staring at me under that untidy fringe of hair. Then the
baby let loose a little dribble of a cry and she became busy and domestic again.) 10.272

bones.

159.26 Later on we sang] 102.27-28 Later she cheered up and we sang

159.29 Right', so I did.] 102.30 Right.

159.30 I had not started] 102.31 I hadn’t started

159.31 might not have shot] 102.32 mightn’t have shot

159.32 There is a] 102.33 There’s a

159.32 I have told] 102.33 I’ve told

159.33 everything is] 103.1 everything’s

159.34-35 As Maggie told me, in the kitchen, pointing to the absurdly fashionable photograph of herself and the bridesman Joseph--] 103.1-5 Of course they constantly steal my words and refuse to give me credit for them--like the night Lily, pointing at a photograph of herself and some young man in the catering trade, had the nerve to say

159.34 Maggie] 103.3 Lily

160.5-6 alongside all the other pictures and the large] 103.11 alongside the large

160.6-7 of the two young girls] 103.12 of two young girls

160.7 girls with white dresses] 103.12 girls wearing white dresses

160.8 Maggie called] 103.13 Lily called

160.8 them, having found] 103.13 them. She’d found

160.9 and put it] 103.14 and she put it

160.9 and a vase] 103.15 and set a vase

160.13 could not taste] 103.19 couldn’t taste

160.14 since Maggie] 103.20 since Lily

160.17-18 in the chair] 103.24 in the same chair
but she took] 103.25 but Lily took
Maggie would] 103.27 Lily would
they had left] 103.33 they'd left
they would not] 103.33 they wouldn't
Her poor father, such a] 104.4 Her poor father was such a
of Maggie] 104.8 of Lily
all that long fog-wreathed day,] 104.8-9 that entire fog-wreathed day of her father's funeral,
a number twelve bus,] 104.10 a No. 12 bus,
And to arrive] 104.12 And then to arrive
Street and the kitchen crowded] 104.12-13 Street only to find the kitchen crowded
and Maggie] 104.13 and Lily
boats, and behaving] 104.14 boats, behaving
sympathy, only an air] 104.17 sympathy, merely an air
And Mrs Ryan and I shedding a little pity over the table for] 104.17-19 Miss Evans—the hair-removing woman—and myself were the only ones who shed a tear for
was no great loss] 104.20 was no loss
how I was ill] 104.22 how ill I was
ill for so many weeks when] 104.22 was when
There was so much laughing] 104.22-23 They were all laughing,
Maggie told] 104.25 Lily told
father had sometimes] 104.26 father sometimes hadn't
had sometimes not spoken] 104.26 sometimes hadn't spoken
Vicar said] 104.27 Vicar had said
such a jolly man.] 104.27 a jolly man.

Sitting there] 104.27-28 She sat there

(Mrs Ryan)] 104.32 (Miss Evans

having been pressed] 104.32 having pressed

Maggie was] 104.33 Lily was

she has been callous] 105.4 she's been callous

Just to get] 105.10 just get

Maggie would] 105.12 Lily would

day with the children to care for, and] 105.15-16 day, what with her job to go to and

abandonment, and that dreadful Miss Charters taking tea every afternoon.] 105.18

abandonment, I shall never understand.

Maggie for] 105.20 Lily for

'Hallo,] 105.22 He said, 'Hallo,

swine--and this] 105.24-25 swine--and there was this

doll, showing what the children call her dangerous teeth,] 105.27 doll.

and Maggie saying so sweet and nice and pie and so insincerely:] 105.27 Lily said,

Maggie] 105.27 Lily

'Shebah, this is a friend of mine, Miss Charters'...] 105.27-28 'Shebah, this is Miss

Charters. She's a friend of mine,'

I could not bring] 106.1-2 I couldn't bring

Maggie said] 106.2 Lily said

I cannot afford] 106.5 I can't afford

to Maggie] 106.5 to Lily

Oh I know] 106.7 I know
I have done.] I've done
I have) I've
Julia and chocolate drops for the children, and I] Julia, and I
setting, all so beautifully] setting, the place so beautifully
everywhere and the cut glass, but] everywhere, but
If you are not] If you aren't
there is simply] there's simply
that is] that's
seems to really bring] seems really to bring
that Maggie] that Lily
see their motives] see that their motives
round Maggie] round Lily
teeth, each one sitting in the pink gums fair and square and milky, and after] teeth, and after
and the fascinating glimpse of the mauve lining] and I had a glimpse of the lining
and the back molars] and his back molars
molars pitted with gold.] molars were glittering with gold.
I have seen] I've seen
Maggie spewing] Lily spewing
Oh, Julia did] Julia did
offering them all, running] offering, running
glasses up to] glasses to
could he] could Claude
on Maggie's] on Lily's
calmly, as if asking to leave the table, and calmly and
Maggie to go Lily to go
without any more without more
Maggie sitting Lily sitting
I could not disagree I couldn't disagree
house, even if I was shot down like a bird of prey, and house--and
and it would only imply and anyway I didn't want to imply
I wasn't
For I am
younger by far far younger
divan high divan in my room high
I only moved
I can't imagine
hall was mostly in darkness hall was mostly in darkness
the director of the dramatic society wanted
who's she who's she?
we hadn't
spoken. After
poetry. He had such
a sombre face a sombre face
Maggie called Lily called
of fat,
blubbery eyes--
proud, and the night
166.21 would not speak] 110.17 wouldn't speak
166.21-22 me, a positive gathering] 110.18 me. There was a positive gathering
166.25 like Maggie.] 110.21 like Lily.
166.26 exhilarated. And those] 110.23 exhilarated, with those
166.26-27 mine, thoral eyes, he said, though I never gave that a thought, giving] 110.23 mine
giving
166.28 then, but I was] 110.24 then. I was
166.30-31 I was, am, though] 110.27 I was, though
166.31 it was just my eyes] 110.27 it was mostly my eyes
166.32 The day I came] 110.28 I shall never forget the day I came
166.33-34 and one said,] 110.30 and Mr Cohen said,
166.36 and he said:] 110.32 and Mr Cohen said,
167.6 stupid mostly, except] 111.15 stupid except
167.9 responsibility.] 111.8 responsibility it must entail.
167.9 strength they all have.] 111.8-9 strength it must require.
167.10 Maggie nearly died,] 111.10 Lily nearly died--
167.12 with all that] 111.12 with that
167.14 her and said, because] 111.13 her, because
167.15 darling,'] 111.15 darling,' I warned.
167.16 And she laughed] 111.16 She laughed
167.17 and says] 111.17 and said
167.19 dinner and 'how do you make gravy, Shebah?' and] 111.19 dinner
167.19-20 and 'have you brought the black bread?' and] 111.19-20 and asking me if I've brought
 the black bread and
167.23 it's all schizophrenia) 111.23 it's schizophrenia

167.26 what he made) 111.26 what that American made

167.28 with Victorian] 111.29 what with Victorian

167.33 And he had] 112.1 The American had

167.33 he had] 112.1 The American had

167.34 torment visiting] 112.2 torment of visiting

167.35-36 ever, 'he asked me, 'had a day by the sea?' 112.3-4 ever had a day by the sea? he asked me

168.1 poor little fool.] 112.5 poor fool.

168.1 Maggie made] 112.5 Lily made

168.2 all the professor's] 112.7 the atomic professor's

168.3 neutrons we parcelled up] 112.7 neutrons were parcelled up,

168.4 Depressives, and God knows] 112.9 Depressives (God knows

168.4 Everyone had such] 112.13 Everyone had had such

168.10 that he made] 112.15 that the American made

168.15 of her eyes,) 112.20 of Lily's eyes,

168.15-17 again and it might have been that, though of course she's so deep and she never told me.)

112.21-22 again, though of course she's so deep and it might just have been tiredness.

168.21 night Claud] 112.25 night that Claude

168.23 which are not] 112.28 which aren't

168.24 recitations of his wife] 112.29 recitations about his wife.

168.24 him (and God] 112.29 him (God

168.26 Maggie, and] 112.30 Lily, and

168.26 I cannot see] 112.31 I can't see
"Julia says, "I couldn't see."

"I imagine it."

"She wanted me out."

"Brains said, 'Dripping in such abundance from habit and beauty round you.'"

"Claude could strew on about his beauty round you."

"Tell Maggie."
really, and her] 115.3 really, with her

170.21-22 face without expression.) 115.3 face devoid of expression.

170.29 I had not been] 115.10-11 I hadn't been

170.29 and I brought] 115.1 and had brought

170.29 brought] 115.11 had brought

170.30 mouth, and was about to] 115.12 mouth, about to

170.31 saw him] 115.13 saw this lout

170.36 urn, and saucers] 115.18 urn, the saucers

170.36 an isolation of recognition] 115.19 a moment of recognition

171.8 Manager:') 115.27 Manager,' I shouted.

171.11 assistants, and the man] 115.31 assistants. The man

171.20 'Oh give] 116.6 'Ah give

171.26 sat still with] 116.13 sat with

171.31 Claud is] 116.17 Claude's

171.34-35 compliment and I] 116.21 compliment when he said I was wise, etc. etc., and I

171.36 liked to have done, being] 116.23 liked, seeing

171.36 being a guest] 116.23 seeing I was a guest

172.3-4 impressions he] 116.27 impression that he

172.5-6 I would long ago have decided] 116.29 I would have decided long ago

172.6 they were] 116.29 that they were

172.10 'Very true my dear, very true.) 117.1 'Very perceptive, my dear, very perceptive.

172.16 people or brown people clutching] 117.8 people clutching

172.32 eyes luminous and unseeing.] 117.24 eyes unseeing,

172.33 surprise, no black pupil enlarged at the image of my suffering.] 117.25 surprise.
He then mounted. He mounted
women who came
I shouldn’t
Lily used
used to have
women that came
I can’t enjoy
cyclone of violins.
there’s
I’m
what they are
until Lily
Lily, which
Lily needs
his hand
face wasn’t
healthy. No blood flowed under the surface, only the mouth glistened as the pale flat
tongue lubricated the lower lip.
Maggie has
Lily has
She’s
She won’t, she can’t
She’s
That’s
his face
I hadn’t
174.35 so again] 119.33 so again

175.4 Maggie has] 120.4 Lily has

175.4 She is] 120.4 She's

175.5 Maggie religious.] 120.5 Lily religious.

175.6 she is a] 120.6 she's a

175.12-13 herself full of transport and divine grace.] 120.13-14 herself in ecstasy and full of
divine grace.

175.14 She has never] 120.15 She's never

175.17 the knock] 120.19 his knock

175.22 door l] 120.23 door to him l

175.28 insane comments,] 120.30 crazy comments,

175.31 swillage, Maggie] 120.33 swillage, grovelled Lily

175.31 Maggie and] 120.33 Lily and

175.31 Billie.] 121.1 Billie--what an absurd concatenation.

175.32 different Maggie] 121.1 different Lily

175.32-33 great eyes shining,] 121.2 eyes shining,

175.35 plaster on] 121.5 plaster stuck on

175.36 chin, and such a seductive insincere voice.] 121.6 chin.

176.1 liked him.] 121.6 liked Billie.

176.2 hands, amidst all] 121.7 hands, in the midst of all

176.3-5 him.' Jumping on a chair and moaning through her teeth--'O I love him, I love him.'

121.9 him, I love him.'

176.8 is not courage] 121.13 isn't courage

176.11 lay Maggie] 121.16 lay Lily
glands that] 121.24 glands, which
there did not seem] 121.30 there didn't seem
me, and when] 122.1 me. When
touched nervously the lapels,] 122.12 touched the lapels nervously,
walked very slowly] 122.14 walked very slowly back
I did not wait] 122.15 I didn't wait
My exultation was for a time] 122.18-19 For a time my exultation was
after all this time?] 122.22-23 did I behave like that?
I am bigger than anyone I have ever] 122.27 I'm bigger than anyone I've ever
There is so] 122.27 There's so
there is no] 122.28 there's no
I cannot keep] 122.33 I can't keep
tell Maggie] 123.3 tell Lily
face, which I don't remember.] 123.6 face.
I am truly] 123.7 I'm truly
there is an] 123.9 there's an
Maggie has] 123.13 Lily has
 urge] 123.15-18 urge. Or maybe I've got it wrong. Maybe it was Norman she was talking
about when she said he'd use a keyhole if it was handy.
with him,] 123.19 with Norman,
perhaps he] 123.19 perhaps Claude
would not seem] 123.23 wouldn't seem
I have not done] 123.25 I haven't done
I had not drunk] 123.26-27 I hadn't drunk
78.12 he was) 123.28 Claude was
78.13 a little while.] 123.29 a while
78.13 quite pleasant] 123.29 almost pleasant
78.27 unobservant not] 124.12 unobservant as not
78.31-32 a regular synaxis by friends, so called, and very stimulating, and even I felt]
124.15-16 It was very stimulating. Even I felt
78.34 Maggie laughing.] 124.18 Lily laughing.
179.3-4 drink; it was all so exciting. And I felt that way I might] 124.23-24 drink; I felt
through drink that I might
179.4 impaled about by my own] 124.25 impaled upon my own
179.6 Maggie's song] 124.26 Lily's song
179.8 I have sung] 124.28 I've sung
179.10 to Maggie] 124.30 to Lily
179.11 Maggie invited] 124.31 Lily invited
179.12 our Day] 124.32 the Day
179.14 people have deserted] 125.1 people had deserted
179.15 me, and when I] 15.2-3 me. When I
179.19 little rolls on them] 125.7 little rolls of bread on them
179.20 saucer, and on the] 125.8 saucer. On the
179.20 board a bottle] 125.8 board there was a bottle
179.29 me, and led me] 125.17 new, leading me
179.30 living room and there on] 125.18 living-room. There on
179.30 sofa, lying reading] 125.19 sofa, reading
179.32 he had been sick,) 125.20-21 he'd been sick,
179.32 I had thought] 125.21 I'd thought
179.34 looked at me] 125.23 regarded me
179.35 as if he was] 125.23-24 as if he were
180.1 unexpected and people kept] 125.26 unexpected. People kept
180.7 then the dark hall length to the cool] 125.32 then to the cool
180.9 except Maggie] 126.1 except Lily
180.11 sink, with his arms] 126.3 sink. He stood with his arms
180.13 to Maggie] 126.5 to Lily
180.15 when Maggie] 126.8 when Lily
180.16 to him,) 126.8 to Claude,
180.18 she always does adopt] 126.10-11 she does adopt
180.21-22 Patricia, quite a refined girl in many ways, whispering] 126.14 Patricia, whispering
180.25 Maggie so] 126.17 Lily so
180.25 she is quite] 126.18 she's quite
180.26 Maggie down.] 126.19 Lily down.
181.1 anger, then they] 126.30 anger. Then they
181.4-5 The whole evening hours went by] 127.1 Hours went by
181.7 hair, and lengths of arm; a dozen] 127.3 hair, a dozen
181.12 Maggie didn't] 127.9 Lily didn't
181.16-18 well. Feeding Boy with a spoon, with his helmet on the draining board, a real man in
    blue, with silver buttons immaculate, making himself quite at home.] 127.12 well!
181.21-22 detachment, an obstruction in his throat not allowing him to speak.] 127.15
detachment.
181.22 the vast body overlapping] 127.15-16 His vast body overlapped
His vast body

his upright chair

his eyes

eyes remained alert,

philandering. He accepted

his mug

Maggie]

Sullivan, a smile of exquisite correctness on her assassin's face.

me that the day

her moment

entry into life, the

away, under the earth in the Llŷn Main Colliery in Wales, a boy

opened this particular boy’s

it's possible

she pretends

we sat hunched over

little and evaded her

finally made

rolling through

have we got?'

'Ve've]

'Ve've got seven
'Exactly,' she said. 'At seven that there was something dreadfully wrong last night, long before I ran into the china cabinet.
A feeling that they were all waiting and expecting something to happen. I did have rather a lot to drink and I was elated by everything around me, but I did feel they were all separately willing a disaster. Norman and Julia were very close, though Norman always does talk to one nose to nose, and she was more animated than I can ever remember. Though I don’t know her very well. She did come once with Claud to Morpeth Street, but I think Norman was up his mountains. Oh the strength of them. The journeys they take, the cars they drive, the mountains they climb.

184.36 Claud walked about restlessly 130.30-31 He began to walk restlessly about the room

185.1 I could not catch 130.32 I couldn’t catch

185.1 except something like 130.32 except for something like

185.10 of light 131.9 of the light

185.15-17 warmth. And while I sulk behind chairs it’s only the big outward me that’s showing little white milky teeth, edges sharp as a razor, and I feel so gay. 131.14 warmth.

185.18 asks Victorian Norman 131.15 asked Victorian Norman

185.18-19 somewhere in his abrupt way 131.16 somewhere.

185.21 of Claud’s young lady 131.18 of Julia.

185.24-25 Norman, and I was still feeling so pretty and delightful 131.21 Norman.

185.25 Maggie did 131.21 Lily did

185.26 sitting down on 131.22 sitting on

185.28 I cannot imagine 131.24 I can’t imagine,

185.29 she could not 131.26 she couldn’t

186.2 Maggie for 132.1 Lily for

186.10 smiling at myself, though 132.10 smiling, though

186.12 he croons 132.12 he crooned,
754

186.13 feet, so that behind us] 132.13 feet. Behind us

186.19-20 him. Anyone would have done I suppose--I mean anyone to hit would have done just as

well.] 132.19 him.

186.22 I cannot remember] 132.21 I can't remember

186.24 that Maggie] 132.23 that Lily

186.27 how Maggie] 132.26 how Lily

186.30 fingers still touching the beard for comfort--] 132.29-30 fingers playing with his

beard,

186.31 I cannot help] 132.31 I can't help

186.36, 187.1 ashamed, and two moist liquid globes of grief welled] 133.3-4 ashamed. Suddenly

two tears welled

187.1 in his eyes] 133.4 in Claude's eyes

187.4 but nothing followed] 133.7 but fortunately nothing followed

187.4-5 tears and his eyes] 133.8 tears. His eyes

187.8 he said,) 133.12 Claude said,

187.9-10 gently and sweetly,) 133.14 gently,

187.10-11 then, that singular) 133.15 then, in that singular

187.12 were not in] 133.16-17 were no longer in

187.17 an ornate candlestick] 133.21 an orange candlestick

187.20 with minute eyes] 133.25 with glass eyes

187.26 tree and] 133.31 tree below and

187.27-28 he played] 133.33 Claude played

187.29 they were not] 134.2 they weren't

187.32 about Maggie,) 134.5 about Lily,
loves him?' 134.7 loves Edward?' 134.4 true. Like a colander spouting a dozen jets, riddled with escaping emotion,] 134.14 true. 188.7 Maggie will][134.14 Lily will 188.7 Billie, that plap of little pain, will][134.15 Billie will 188.10 Maggie. And][134.17 Lily. And 188.11 about him] 134.18 about Billie 188.12 I met Brenny] 134.20 I met Norman 188.13 street and hadn't I heard--] 134.20 street and he said, 'Haven't you heard? 188.13 'Maggie is] 134.20 Lily is 188.14 I don't know even now] 134.21-22 I don't know what happened, even now, 188.14-16 now and maybe Claud knows, but he didn't say anything, just kept on fingering the little leaves of the wisteria, but] 134.22 now, but 188.16-18 herself. Imagine, with those two little golden children to care for and all her life in front of her.] 134.22 herself. 188.18 But it] 134.23 It's 188.18 it is hard] 134.23 It's hard 188.18 about Maggie.] 134.23 about Lily. 188.19 and here she] 134.24 and yet here she 188.21-22 goddess, instead of a sick woman with a divorce on the way and God only knows what else behind her.] 134.26 goddess. 188.24-25 progress and she laughs quite normally and still has the strength to continue.] 134.27 progress. 188.27 Oh dear, it's all so dreadful. And so real sometimes.] 134.29 I did feel it was real for a moment.
They are the precise liquid memory. They seem so truly. I had crossed them all from me. I had not. I had not crossed them all from me. I hadn't. But in some me. It did not occur. I had crossed them all from me. I hadn't. They were busy thinking. They are busy last night thinking. They are busy last night thinking. Had now gone from the room. Had now gone from the room. Had left the room. Had left. From the room. The room. Long golden hair. Long hair. I did not care. I didn't care. Maggie had said. Lily had said. Maggie had said. Lily had said. About Mrs Ryan. About Miss Evans. Ryan. Evans, the hair-remover. She had gone. She'd gone. Claude's sky. Claude's garden. I could not see. I couldn't see. House empty. House was empty. Eichmann Hanna removed. Eichmann Hanna had been removed.
softly between his two pink lips, picking bee, pushing inside the corolla of a flower, incessantly burrowing for honey.)

bee.

easier and whilst) easier. At

easier and whilst I did so Maggie.) easier. At that moment, Lily

Maggie, in) Lily, in

of her birthday Edward) of Edward

did not look] didn’t look

only very peaceful) in fact rather peaceful

rosy and rather childish in] rosy in

and dealing with the children and so much wine,) and drinking!

have not had] haven’t had

Maggie says] Lily says

throbbed exquisitely.) throbbed.

which the energies are directed) which energy was directed

the baby) a baby

Maggie never) Lily never

Greek, meaning uterus.) Greek for uterus.

through that broken) through the broken

myself never experienced) myself have never experienced

it did exist) it does exist

began. A man on his knees in the rose pale gravel, clasping a pair of infinitely white gloves to his beseeching breast. A bride going (practically) unkissed with beating heart to her bridegroom’s side. Hat, veil, and gloves drop to the hotel floor like the petals of a rose.)
138.17 began.

192.8 Maggie could] 138.17 Lily could

192.10 she could not] 138.20 she couldn’t

192.11-12 anywhere. The children are of course a little young.] 138.21 anywhere.

192.13 never seems to take] 138.22 never takes

192.20 later, not long after, a] 138.30 later, a

192.22-23 strongly, and the feel of my tiny fur collar at the nape of my round neck as I] 138.31 strongly as I

192.24 eyes, and then] 138.32 eyes. Then

192.25 sky encrusted] 138.33 sky would be encrusted

192.25 a moon] 139.1 the moon

192.26-27 trailing wreaths of vapour and sliding sideways above the] 139.2 would rise above

the

192.31-32 continually through my unkissed lips were] 139.7 continually were

193.2 Perhaps Maggie] 139.13 Perhaps Lily

193.2 Maggie a] 139.14 Lily does a

193.2 when she is] 139.14 when she’s

193.4 was not] 139.16 wasn’t

193.10 I cannot remember] 139.22 I can’t remember

193.12-14 burning, only the polished nails were cool, trapped metallically in my palm. My own

hands seemed bloodless and damp by comparison.] 139.24 burning

193.14 much Maggie] 139.24 much Lily

193.17 she shapes] 139.28 Julia shapes

193.18 mistress after all and] 139.30 mistress, and
and Maggie) 139.30 and Lily
audacious as always,) 139.32 audacious as ever,
hovel, whilst) 140.3 hovel. Lily
Maggie sat] 140.3 Lily sat
I cannot bear] 140.7 I can't bear
Sweet peas and tender] 140.9 Tender
I cannot stand] 140.12 I can't stand
being so without] 140.13 being without
up Maggie] 140.18 up Lily
about Maggie.] 140.28 about Lily.
about Maggie,) 140.29 about Lily--
when Maggie] 140.30 when Lily
and they had gone to Julia's parents for a drink and] 140.31 ago, and
and Maggie and] 140.31 and Lily and
Darling?] 140.33 darling?' I said.
and she] 141.2 and then she
was not.] 141.3 wasn't.
I did not tell] 141.3 I didn't tell
of Mr Billie,] 141.4 of Billie,
cannot bear] 141.13 can't bear
at Maggie's] 141.15 at Lily's
wall just above my pillow.] 141.21 wall.
Maggie would] 141.21 Lily would
bedding (I do feel contrite about that)...] 141.23 bedding,
760

195.11-12 supreme, whilst I crept like an animal into my hovel round the corner.] 141.27

    supreme.

195.12 at Maggie's.] 141.28 at Lily's.

195.16 Maggie would] 141.32 Lily would

195.20-21 everything falling apart] 142.4 everything was falling apart

195.21 gas cut off] 142.4-5 gas was cut off

195.22 dirt blowing] 142.6 dirt blew

195.22-23 stairs and the water pouring] 142.6 stairs. There was water pouring

195.23 and the snow] 142.7 and snow

195.29 torch . . . sheet ice] 142.13 torch, there was sheet ice

195.31 ribbons through the] 142.15 ribbons from the

195.34 to Maggie] 142.18 to Lily.

195.35 for quite a longish] 142.19 for a longish

196.4 and booked a room] 142.24 and rented a room

196.5 would make them] 142.26 would have made them

196.6 then Maggie] 142.27 then Lily

196.15 tears, and no longer there for me to read.] 143.4 tears.

196.16 from Maggie's,] 143.4 from Lily's,

196.19 Maggie was] 143.7 Lily was

196.19 and seeing Maggie was only slightly recovering] 143.7-8 and since Lily was recovering

196.19-20 her traumatic experience] 143.8 the traumatic experience

196.21 we were not] 143.9 we weren't

196.23 she had been] 143.11 she'd been

196.23-24 I thought] 143.12 I had thought
196.26 was Maggie] 143.14 was Lily
196.29 I am not] 143.18 I'm not
196.31 an anxious moth] 143.20 a moth
196.34 Maggie was] 143.23 Lily was
197.1 she was not] 143.26 she wasn't
197.3 she would not, could not,] 143.28 she wouldn't, couldn't.
197.3 confidence. I did] 143.29-31 confidence. It had something to do with sweets, though
whether she was alluding to the Sweetness of Life or merely to Quality Street, I've never
fathomed. I did
197.6 All she] 143.33 All that she
197.6 me or to herself] 144.1 me
197.7 Dover Road] 144.1 Dover Beach
197.10 seems to lie] 144.5 seems to loll
197.12 nor certitude...] 144.7 nor certitude, but yelps of pain...
197.14 repeating just that over] 144.9 repeating the lines over
197.15 understand Maggie] 144.10 understand Lily
197.21 came there] 144.16 came to see her there
197.26 moose that had] 144.22 moose which had
198.3 she had not abandoned] 145.2 she hadn't abandoned
198.5-6 I cannot decide] 145.5 I can't decide
198.8 Julia about] 145.6 Julia last night about
198.11 at Maggie] 145.9 at Lily
198.12 of Maggie,] 145.11 of Lily,
198.17 affection, with] 145.16 affection, at any rate with
I did not give. I wouldn't give reply at which he laughed. He laughed. Not from me.

but from some cool, musical, all wild weak beauty with

he's beautiful

child. Those little orphans that used to go by two by two in Liverpool,

listlessly linking hands, dressed in blue, going into the Bluecoat School. A twin back view of plaited hair, a glimpse of marble necks, button boots splashing through the puddles. Maggie squatting earnestly in the back yard in Morpeth Street, the Sunday bells from the Cathedral vibrating through the air, tongue protruding between her teeth, digging with a teaspoon into the sooty soil, planting seeds. 'They will grow, Shebah, you'll see.' And like everything she does, they did, huge perverted sunflowers with faces like Byzantine gongs, struggling Jack and the Beanstalk fashion through the slabs of concrete. Such children, such small and dangerous children. Dear God, how I envy them their childishness. With the ease of pushing with the tongue a piece of food caught in the teeth, they dislodge their miseries and complications.

snore wildly.

forehead and a vein twitched in protest. He sat up and said to me:

and he woke and sat up and asked me,

noting with clarity the

shaped like that of a

girl?' Norman said.

mine, he might have sung, old
When I did not reply. Before I could reply

he stood up and went downstairs.

went downstairs, passing under the wood angel.

went downstairs.

for some Shakespearian play (another part of the wood) for Midsummer Night’s Dream.

Edward moved through the room. Edward entered the room

dressing gown of gaudiness dragging the hem of his dressing-gown dragging

We did not speak. Where do they get all this clothing from, I wonder?

and went almost at once and then went

A long pause. I heard water gurgling

basin. The fly in search of repose trembled on the edge of a crystal drop of sheer glass

that swayed under its weight.

Edward crossed the carpet again, trailing clouds of glory, smoking his cigarette.

When he came out he was smoking a cigarette.

and crossed back again to the window. A clearing of the throat and went to

stand at the window. He cleared his throat.

throat.

'Do you know where Lily is?' he asked.

'God knows,' I cried. 'Leaping from bed to bed, no doubt.' I hadn’t really expected to say

that--the words just shot out.

he said, after a moment. He had his back to me.

night.' night for some,' I said.

Maggie with. Lily with
face appearing) face appeared

apparition, not quite in focus.) apparition.

Maggie followed.) Lily followed

I am not] I'm not

she was not] she wasn't

One of the most, the most] The most

disheartening things] disheartening thing

there is no] there's no

would not be] wouldn't be

drop it to Mrs Malvolio] drop it to my friend, Mrs Malvolio

Before the ending of the night] Not to mention that before the night ended

damage done] damage had been done,

and at dawn] and that at dawn

flesh. Face down among the daisies, nearer O Lord to Thee. 'Shot?' says Mrs Malvolio, Catholic face empurpled. 'Accidentally of course?'

'No, with intent, by a friend, ballistically at dawn.'

Such a pity it cannot be enacted.) flesh.

had Maggie] had Lily

whether the

lot ran] lot of them ran

had, he explained, been attending to his roses outside.) had been attending to his roses outside, he explained.

I would have gone to bed.) om.

I cannot] I can't
glass shining like tears on the carpet.

I am not prone, or predisposed.
darlings.
I didn't confused and the children made little worrying sounds in their slumber.
confused.
before my execution.
execution, Claud
The head of Edward
him.

It's been quite an interesting two days. I feel a little guilty that I didn't talk more to Edward. I seem to remember Lily telling me that I should say nice things about her to him. I imagine Claude said enough nice things for all of us. Nobody said anything nice about me, and I was fired upon at close range.

unaware of their

'Betty,' repeated Stanley. He was angry.

sounded angry

She put

at once on to the smooth plush face of the sofa and rose

'Yes, of course, dear, I'm so sorry. What time'

'All right,' she said, 'What time

Mr. White.

if I get
Well, as a near and it will be no trouble to deliver it] near, so I'll deliver it

'Oh that's' obliged.' This time Stanley succeeded in removing his fingers from Claud's grip and

resolutely he tried not to notice that it was his wife Claud was watching. It was too absurd to

think about. Not Betty. She just wasn't the type. He shook his head almost smiling and Betty

and he went down the stairs into the shop, followed by Claud and Julia. obliged.'

She leaned against Claud in the doorway and watched the couple get

got

a fluffy animal] a fluffy toy

string, visible through the rear window.] string in the rear window.

The woman Betty did not look in their direction. The woman didn't wave goodbye.

and the car] and then the car

When they had gone Julia went] Julia went

Claud bent down] Claude squatted

bent down by the sink] squatted beside the sink

hand into] hand in

the wastage bucket.] the waste bucket.

'What on earth are you doing?' om.

'There's that fellow's cheque] 'That fellow's cheque is

somewhere.' He straightened up empty-handed.] somewhere,' he said.

'Mmm. You swept] 'You swept

Do look for it,] Look for it,

He wiped his hand on the side of his trousers and went out and through the door into the
yard. There were small flecks of soot spotting the surface of the pillow in the pram. How upset Julia would be. He stood looking at the barn for a long moment.] 150.6–7 He stood upright and went out into the yard. He wiped his fingers on the white pillow in the pram.

204.11 He would take the desk] 150.7–8 He decided he would deliver the desk

204.12 the woman Betty and] 150.9 the woman and

204.13-15 He would call upon her quite regularly and do no more than kiss her, ever. He would make her life richer, more articulated.] 150.10–12 They would become friends and he would make her life richer, more varied. He would help her to sort out her husband.

204.15–32 He entered the barn and walked along its length till he came to the green sofa and sat down upon it. When Julia had come to save him he had been too ill to make love to her. She had handled him like a sick child and had been surprised when finally one afternoon he had lain her down on the green sofa and taken her.

'But darling,' she had protested, 'someone might see us through that little window.'

'Yes, I know,' he told her, pushing her down into the warmth of the sofa and laying his cheek against her damp skin. No one had seen them because no one could see through the little window; the glass was too dim and the creeper that climbed about the barn was too thick. In parts the creeper had burst through the roof. It meant the rain came through as well but the effect was worth the slight damage done. He stroked the sofa tenderly with his fingers and let his chin sink on to his chest. Then he remembered the letter still in his pocket. He took it out and read it through once, twice... ] 150.13–18 Entering the barn, he walked its length until he came to the green sofa. He often sat here when he wanted to be alone. No one could spy on him, because it was impossible to see through the little window: the glass was too dim, and the creeper that climbed about the barn was too thick. He sat down and took the letter from his pocket and read it.
Dear 

send the photograph you took in] send me that photograph you took of us in 

now, though I don't think I'll tell him. I did tell him I was a couple of weeks after we left 

you and he was awfully nice but I don't think he likes me very much now.] now. 

I must have got my dates muddled. Anyway, I don't think Edward likes me very much-- 

him either but] him, but 

mean. Only thing is I think he'll try and get a job somewhere just to get away. Still I 

am very cheerful love.] mean. 

one, 

he'll love me] he'll like me 

Edward does go away] Edward does vanish 

a sensible normal life--] a normal, sensible life-- 

America. He worked in Insurance. 

M.] 

P. S. I'm a bit anxious really. I know I'm not pregnant of Billie, but I may well be by 

Edward. Isn't it awful! 

she'd] Lily had 

she'd probably] Lily had probably 

remembered it] remembered them 

letter very carefully] letter neatly 

for Betty] for the woman 

to find and to read] to find and read
He would sometime send Maggie the photograph, even if it was a year late and Edward had long since departed. Maybe the loved one of the moment would pause in flight and rediscover a new and more desirable Maggie staring up at him from the grass.

He went into the house again and up the stairs into the living-room. He returned to the house and climbed the stairs to the living-room.

He went into the living-room again and up the stairs into the living-room. He returned to the house and climbed the stairs to the living-room.

mantelpiece before going into the bedroom to look for an envelope. yard to lose itself

garden. The miniature tiger stalked through its miniature jungle, unseen.

doors to itself.

garden.

of his pink mouth, of his mouth,
doors to cut the grass, downstairs.

corner. The four people posed on, staring outwards into the crowded room.

corner.

there were the three friends, there were three figures

two sitting on the ground and

the third sitting uncomfortably on a white cane chair.

scowling on a wrought-iron bench.

over swelling thighs.

thighs. There were roses not yet in bloom, and a tree, some sort of a tree, bending down with a branch almost touching the ground, and behind four statues with bowed heads and folded hands.

hunched so that black hair jutted out over his collar, was the fourth figure, eyes small against the sun.

Missing were the daisies sewed tight in the grass, so little, so white, and the exquisite
line of dust on Shebah's hat, shone on by the sun.) 152.1–3 hunched, crouched the fourth
figure, not looking into the camera. The sun had gone behind a cloud.

206.30–31 All of them silent, marooned in private contemplation, waiting for a moment of
departure under the unblown roses.) 152.4–5 The three friends posed on, marooned in a
summer garden.