

NO TIME FOR MUSIC

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The downtown office was convenient for Michel
^{also} where he lunched and liked the coffee houses,
 and of the Bay Bridge, on those few occasions when
 he drove in instead of taking the BART. He
 usually got out at Trowadero and one day when coming
 down the ^{wide} White corridor ~~from the platform~~ to the exits he
 had a sudden ~~start~~ ^{flood} ~~turning back~~ ^{shaking} and had to turn
 back - he usually ~~did~~ ^{turned back} this in a crowd - so that he now
 faced the down-coming stream of commuters which was
 only marginally better because ^{being an} ~~was~~ uphill ^{walk} ~~out~~ he could
 hold his flaming head down. He could hear their pitiful
 screams and it was as if they were rising in his own
 belly, ^{also} in the sense that he had created them. Yet
 he ~~had~~ didn't know if he had done it. He didn't know
~~what~~ he had done, only ~~see~~ saw this by now blood-
 streaked images of faces and he wanted to hide
 himself, tear his eyes ^{out} ~~away~~ ^{out} ~~new~~, cry out, find someone
 familiar. He often reflected, this jovial, easy, plump,
 tall man of the lumbering walk, his belly sagely
 protrusive under his slightly flabby neck, his hands
 hot and chubby at the touch, he often reflected the
 worst of the people must die gloated over television
 screams but let them know one talk of what he knew
 and they would become - well, real hot lava beings
 in the first time.

'1, Eugene Pautice, known to my friends and family
 as Gene and to my mother as Gene, do hereby declare....
 He had heard this aloud for me - in his mind of the past

Two decades. It was as fresh and innocent now he was in the
 household, his fifteen wife had been she he was staring from a
 face expectant, but, two eyes that rarely saw she actually lay
 before them. But the opening lines of a confession (to various
 investigations she changed with time from police to CIA to the
 board of directors) were never followed by the confession itself. The
 words simply wouldn't come. Because he hadn't done it. He
 possibly saw the children animated before
 and her holding not animated but streaked, but he may have
 supplied the image over the years. Now even the image was
 hardly there. ^{The thing} it was ~~at~~ too frightful to sight or words. He
 wished simply to exterminate himself. He would have liked to
 have cried for mercy - because the image, the memory the
 way not have been a memory of anything (yet it did happen) was
 a punishment far more terrible than a lifetime in jail,
 certainly more so than execution. With all this in his mind
 he had to face the subway crowd and he would. He had
 known himself, at the same station, to turn around and
 around several times, going up ward back to the platform and
 then abruptly down again, jostled and disorientally glanced at,
 and he could measure it with his watch - it lasted forty to
 fifty seconds (a mild time hell can be contained). Once he
 was up in the street ~~it~~ all was well, usually. It rarely
 happened in the open air. It is ~~happened to be~~ ^{was} foggy he
 welcomed the lights in the shop windows. If it was
 sunny he thought of Dale, his daughter, and - well, Dale
 was in any case sunlight.

like weyme no lives or works in San Francisco he ~~after~~
~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Big~~ ~~One~~ ~~would~~ ~~ever~~ ~~happen~~ after underwent
 if the tremors already experienced would one day grow into the
 Big One itself. A tremor ten years back had sent his stool
 sliding along the floor. The bad Bay Bridge rapidly had
 been like sustained tremors under the floor and he had thought,
 without the slightest like tremor, there it is. That had been
 turned into a worldwide hype by the media and you simply
 couldn't get it off your screen - the same image of ~~the~~
~~cracking~~ ~~girders~~ until it had become a harmless logo with
 no more suffering in it than a tap dance. ~~They had all~~

He reckoned there wasn't a Television set in the whole ^{Pleasant Hill} Concord not tuned
in to the ^{the} five-hour news channel. I switched in the channel you
wanted back to the news a dozen times or so. It was playing with
blood. Suppose now, the watchers had caused the fides to trap, had
designed it that the cars should be crushed beneath them? ~~They~~
~~you~~ ~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~tragic~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~Really~~ and Truly he had no friends because
they didn't participate in anything, they just watched. He couldn't quite
explain this. He remembered the TV interview she, voice turned,
waged the interviewee who had almost been crushed to tell all she
had experienced in those few giddy seconds, and 'Did you hear any
screams, of wistace?' (almost with the delirium) excitement in his
throat). Who could you do with such people? He had dinner parties,
the kids kept their friends home, everybody knew Gene he had
was the Victorian veteran who walked alone with his nightgown. Even
the ~~the~~ watched. They all knew. There was another veteran,
two houses down, he had managed to become a watcher too,
either (so Gene calculated) because he didn't carry a nightgown or
his shoulder to because he was a shithead (there'd been a
number, not many, lostways in the battle area, he a few, and
they ~~initiated~~ ~~the~~ set the trap in such a brain like his
could be caught for life).

He worked in the Bank of America building and this had
the habit of swaying beneficently during tremors. Apparently the
greatest damage would be created by falling glass facades of
which there were many in the business district, and fire. So
you were perhaps safe in a building. He thought of these things not
as the preliminary of a plan to ~~find~~ ^{find a job} ~~get~~ at the city one day, as
to many did, but because that was what his mind was used to —
a constant background of fearful heights based on possibility, ~~the~~
a chance raid, a mortar bomb, a sniper. He doubted if he
had been in action but two years (used to it at sea-camp or
on duties behind the lines) but they were apparently enough to
destroy the happiness he could remember from his childhood, and
~~have~~ ^{have} ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~pleasures~~ he found — and he found plenty,
delicious, awful, voluptuously too beautiful — like escaping the
house for palaces of gold with the ~~richness~~ ^{touch of the} ~~the~~ ~~rich~~ still
on one's neck.

Sometimes when he walked out of the \$ huge Bank of America foyer he imagined a massive fusillade from the opposite side of the street and it was directed solely at him and he crumpled almost willingly and ~~face~~ ^{yielded} up ~~his~~ ^{his} sorry ~~out~~ ghost. This was because of the weight not only of the nightmare on his shoulders but his pleasures too. On terrible nights - they somehow didn't happen by day - the two things became a melange, a sweet horror that made him sit at the ^{is} home with his expurgated memory - frantically to his brain. Yes, ~~that~~ was sickness - ~~the~~ the pleasures so precious should →

Nightmares were of two kinds - the ones that come uninvited, which a few minutes of daylight will heal, and those you designed yourself and prepared with your own blinded hands, ~~and~~ ~~which~~ ~~you~~ ~~became~~ ~~involved~~ in they take up residence in your gaze. His wife, years back, had said to him sometimes, 'You look so suspicious, they is that?' Even now she didn't really know. He hoped those five children - if they were five - were enjoying great peace somewhere, maybe in a cyprus grove, maybe in the town of a whisper in the sea wind, and in God! They were his children, ~~now~~ he prayed for them every day!

He saw them in the eyes of his clients for time to time. For many of these were Vietnamese, ~~in his country~~. Gene was, by a happy chance (in his point of view) an immigration lawyer, and ~~plunged into~~ ~~many~~ ~~tragedies~~ ~~enjoying~~ the tortures, and for time to time, though very seldom, he felt the work or residence permit he was after, and then their joy was like the five children smiling ~~at~~ ~~at~~ with gratitude of what he had done, or may not have done, but in either case couldn't undo.

His best moments were when he got out at Pleasant Hill and smelt the air. Usually it was at least five degrees hotter than San Francisco, and sometimes as much as fifteen. This he enjoyed. He wore his tie off, carried his joke, and dipping into the deal of this battered Oldsmobile, relegated to station duties only, was - nearly always - like a reassurance the none of it had happened, neither the nightmare nor the pleasures.

He usually carried some homework ~~home~~ with him. His ~~the~~ wife Maudie wanted him to take one of the two spare rooms as an office so that he could have all his files and mad him but he liked his armchair by the fire. Years

→ become blood-streaked!

back the Dale and his brother were seven and eight the racket in the
 also had been shattering, ~~they seemed~~ they seemed provoked to optimism
 decibal levels of the room, and he triumphed worked in. 'How do
 you stand it?' Maudie asked him once and he said 'It's the
 opposite sound to people dying and I can stand it on level as
 possible! At the time she had sighed because she was jealous of
 his memories. A triumph, right? He was jealous of the night-
 mare she gave his eyes such a searching depth the nobody
 else had, and in the early years ~~had made his bed a secret~~
~~love that she thought~~ had made his mysticism in bed, and the
 she trembled like with no other man before or since.

He had his picture on his desk at the office, and on
 the ~~same~~ ~~same~~ window ledge, silhouetted against a view of
 the pyramidal skyscraper he no should have built, there was
 a line photo of Clare she was sixteen, posed coyly with
 him, and a much more instructive one of he and his brother
 hunk, now at Hayward, taken ^{she took} when they were still kids. Close
 by was a photo of ~~Jean Cocteau~~ ^{Shostakovich} and a (L.C.) people - need,
 'In the year photos?' ~~No, he said flatly, it's a play with~~

(sometimes, flatteringly, father). No, he always said politely, it
 a man who makes music. 'Does he work around here?' was
 another question. 'Not that I know of', said Gene with the
 thin smile of light in his eyes that, if the man had seen it,
 would have denoted mockery to die. Once, after he had told
 a client who the photographed gentleman was, he turned his head
 and gazed at the window at the shifting view and said,
 'But then this is no time for music.' It was a very occasion he
 had given himself the luxury of a sincere remark - in his sense
 of sincere, which almost how his friends would have under-
 stood - in the presence of a client. As a matter of fact the
 client, a ^{Georgian} ~~disorder~~ with ~~no~~ ^{neither} money ~~and~~ was a degree in
 physics (he was pushed over the Canada border after six months
 of Lopenen documentation), said, 'I'm telling me!'

But then Gene disagreed with his own remarks. He had
 a damned good life. And he made the best of it. If he
 walked into the Bay Area at Piedmont Hill in a stage of
 hot early-morning sun and got out at San Francisco in a

a mean cutting fog he had himself enjoy the ~~surging interior~~ inviting golden look of the coffee houses and shops and he walked on to the carpet of his office park the girls to his corner room with a flutter of pleasure because at least there he felt he could indulge the real world. Yes, the real world of Gene was the one where music played, and in which he lived much of the time. Whenever he glanced at his daughter's photograph there was music. It was often anguished, this music. ~~Perhaps~~ He heard ^{kind of} the honor - Shostakovich - ~~the supplicator looked in horror~~ And something, this ~~flooded the drowned the pleasure, drawing it down into~~ that he had in himself - and the same pathetic supplication 'Please don't torture me any more.' He had heard ^{wounded} me swear 'Please! please!' in words that as if their little cries could stop the ~~shy~~ ^{the terrible} projectile! And the same 'please', like ~~they~~ ^{opening} words of the inferno that never happened, had set up home in the cells of his brain.

It was rare that Steve Olgov did climb the hill to this house of a weekend. He had changed his name from Serge because he didn't like ~~the~~ ^{it} Americanized to 'surge!' He was the name Gene could be 'sincere' with. He could rock and laugh and then cry with a cry of it being remembered. Serge did the same for all (Steve allowed it, as he allowed his wife - not his kids though, to ~~say 'Serge'~~ call him by his baptismal name). All the other watched. They did their own behind sympathetic eyes, and ~~even placid, mature faces~~ ~~the way by with, perhaps in imitation, of some like they'd see~~ they drew their hands ^{up} to express surprise. For they did a lot of trucking in the peculiar ground that their was such 'worn' people did. What had given Gene this terrible power to see behind all the actup that went on? 'Screamer', he had himself.

Sometimes he and ~~Steve~~ ^{Serge} took a dip in the pool in the garden. But they preferred to go to the public pool because it was so crowded and they could get a coke and a shake at a little kiosk and feel like college kids. They preferred

→ He had started a Greek clinic, as easy one - getting him a
residence permit (he was born in Italy) was like rolling off a log,
since Sergio had already bought himself a house and was investing
forty thousand dollars in a contractor's firm. Also he had
lived in Canada the past fifteen years. His parents had
~~left~~ fled from the Crimea to Greece when it was under British
military occupation in World War Two, and after being investigated
in ~~London~~ at an internment camp ~~in London~~ near Xeples had
gone first to London, then to Ottawa. Sergio had made his
money there, first as a carpenter, then a builder. He said he
liked his work because of ~~the fact that he was in the open air~~. The open
air, and he liked to sing.

the grassy slope to the ~~con~~ asphalt driveway. but it was usually too crowded. Dale and Serge's daughter yelled and splashed while too much ~~at~~ at the garden pool, you couldn't have a private conversation. But Gene was related very ~~time~~ ~~to~~ ~~them~~ ~~and~~ Dale and Olga co-dived into the pool and sent water all over their sun umbrellas. It was partly to get away from the feeling of relation that he preferred the public pool. Olga was one of the best things that had happened to Dale. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~Dale's~~ ~~equivalent~~ of Serge. Dale needed to be 'discuss' too. It was complicated. She had the same needs as he further. He was trying to correct this, prayerfully, supplicatingly. She was going a few minutes and her higher blond shoulder-length hair and her eyes glowed as exhilarating yellow she she dived with her hand in Olga's. He and Dale slept together. But needs some explanation. On weekends 'Mous', as Dale called her, was often away and she the happened Gene frequently had his worst recalls. Dale knew that then and, much more terrible, knew how to heal them, unlike Mous. 'It's OK, dad, it's really OK.' she would say - a simple formula which had the effect of making his eyes and really see her, meaning life and not ventilated forms, so that she recall sort of fled under her gaze. She'd been sleeping with him since she was a kid. It was a joke in the family, and she beyond. 'I think he prefers he to see as a bedmate', Mous said with a smile. As a matter of fact, she wasn't quite accurate. Or rather, it hadn't started accurate. Now, in the fighting life of ~~at~~ ^{to} day, Gene got more pleasure - he hated to think of it this way - from Dale. She had the sexual life of a young woman. Would introduce her to certain voluptuous possibilities since he swore must be based on experience but he knew ^{it} ~~to~~ wasn't because he and he alone had been there, at the age of forty-eight, two and a half years back, in banishment, to her quite shattering delight, her virginity. The method of introducing her to new avenues was also slow, fearfully unhurried, with her habitual bland smile and half-closed eyes, such that he hardly dared to look at her (mostly from fear that

it would lead his surprise, to a more relaxed look at dinner the afternoon, in ~~the~~ ^{the} early morning, in the evening - the bed was their favorite place at all times (the the house was empty). It was the one thing he was unable to be 'sincere' with Serge. As to matters of ~~little~~ ~~Serge~~ screaming men, Serge had ~~was~~ ^{was} in his blood - so he always said. But when ~~he~~ ^{Serge} gazed at his daughter ~~Stacy~~ and Dale doing somersaults by the pool and said, 'I know,' with a lazy smile, 'they've found the best thing in life, ~~which is friendship~~ ^{of course, he and Gene both knew} 'the they have to get is better than sex', Gene put his hand up to hide his eyes as he nodded. ~~And he had to drop this genial~~ ^{And he had to drop this genial} ~~laughing~~ ^{laughing} hulk to the office ^{every} Monday morning! - ~~did he~~ ^{did he} would he want to stop up ^{my} ~~his~~ ^{my} eyes and black ~~not his~~ ^{my} eyes ~~and just~~ ~~behave~~ ~~normal~~ and new look it - ^{captain} ^{of} ^{human} eyes again? But ~~he~~ ^I ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} see screaming in the ^{neatly} ^{crowd} in the ^{meeting} ^{there}. Best ~~was~~ ^{is} a marvel. The San Francisco Herald ~~sever~~ ^{sever} ^{di} there.

The marvelous part of it was that there was nothing surreptitious or clandestine between him and Dale. It happened as naturally as the sun comes out. It was like the thing you have in dreams and not call sex she got woke up - smooth and fresh and yielding in such a way that there was nothing localized in the way sex was let move like stumble, delicious drowsy summer stumble in fields, the crept me every cell, ~~and~~ as much in the twinkling toes as the hair that, nuzzled by hands that went everywhere, unlike Mous's, and unlike Pop's she with Mous's, was like strong sheet nuzzled by gales. Gene knew all about how men his age and senior gazed over girls in their puberty - he had long since excised the name of this disease from his mind. He thought of it as a disease but suppose that could see him a diseased of the he was doing (in rather, if she was happening, vice versa he nor Dale did any doing). Sometimes when with Mous in the back she came and slid into his hot bed and seemed to be sinking into a well of delights where the ~~earth~~ ^{earth} surface of the earth ceased and gave way to velvety subterranean

Kingdoms drive the eyes and ears no long had function and all was
 touch, but even then not wide-awake touch. Who was responsible?
 Who had taken a 'first step'? No no. Who was the initiator?
 No no. Yet he had to be responsible. He justified he boy-
 friends whenever they happened. He disapproved how close and
 real nice they seemed. And 'you should really stay friends with
 Matt, he has something special, you know that!'. I want a little
 witness. And words for him (~~the~~) had a way of entering
 the consciousness like they were already fulfilled. Of course he
 couldn't invite her to have sex with them. He was another
 responsibility. He ~~had had his rights on~~ ^{had} ~~learned his~~ ^{learned} ~~rights~~ ^{rights} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~marriage~~ ^{marriage}. It seemed
 a smooth transition, for this to marriage. But the stumbling
 youth could equal her in knowledge, could he anything let feelings
 of the power of pleasure? How could she avoid the ethical
 shock that any watcher would feel and then unload on her?
 Gene saw all these things. He looked at 'outrage' - the kids
 that took her out. But of course - the only screams they knew
 were in the box. Only once, in the case of a kid who
~~had a 'falter' with first~~ was a dopehead, first a pot (his
 daddy had introduced him to it), then B XTC, was there
 some inside, as opposed to a watcher, knowledge of life. But
 there was yet another responsibility, ~~and then~~ ^{and then} ~~Dale's~~ ^{Dale's} ~~unilateral~~
 promise not to touch any 'stuff' was no reassurance. He
 knew she never did touch it. He would have smelled it, sensed
 it in her ^{warm} skin, he knew. He was firmly silent when she
 told him she didn't see ~~the~~ the 'dopehead' any more. The
 one sincere kid gave back to his screams! On the hell was
 wrong with the world? 'Why?' he asked, 'she happened?'. He's
 too kind of passive; she said.

Mom had a good administrative job at the JFK
 university at Alameda, and this was a great setting, influence -
 she is ^{provided} ~~given~~ a double framework of support, in that it made the
 house a busy place with her wine meetings and committee
 meetings, and occasional afternoon at the port of selected students.

→ have produced a state of self-accusation. Youth should start out passive, find the way to expertise. This intervention had produced, too early in life, a star turn!

→ She could swing slip across to him, at night ~ early in the morning,
Mon ~ a Sunday morning after M. had gone on a trip organized
at JFK on a weekend workshop. Gene was interested in some
of these workshops, ~~especially~~ if they tackled the question
of self-esteem. M. had signed up for them partly because
it was place and he administrative ease, but also so
convenient. She said you never know when the particular
Fischer ~~might~~ ~~could~~ ^{begin} again for his
headquarters in Ohio, say, ~ Maine. I want the
Gene was lacking in self-esteem, only that if the streaks
and the sudden images would come less, that would be good
(he didn't ~~have~~ even hope of them to cease, so remote did
the possibility seem).

people's, experiences will descend on the girl, and I may get the
fuxillade I've waited for so long, not from the people, since I don't
give a damn about, but from the, which could kill me.

Clive from two houses down was the one, and Gene or
Mum paid him and held at least a visit a day. They
loved things like ^{vegetables} steamer and garlic, and organized trips
together. This too was something of a protest of Gene. Clive
had been Mum's boyfriend, in fact Gene had interrupted it, but
~~gradually~~ Clive's ~~ability to~~
switch overnight ~~of necessity~~ made the going easier than it might
have been, and it was he who had found them ~~the~~ house, ~~and~~
~~that a year~~ He had ^{also} become Dale's godfather. He and
Mum remained good friends. In fact the trip had plans of
opportunity to see the album helped Gene. He could tell
himself that, well, he'd gotta be feel lonely. This kind of ^{unofficial}
speculation ~~indulged at week~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~usually~~ ~~at the time~~
~~Richard~~ ~~him,~~ ~~was~~ ~~make~~ ~~him~~ ~~want~~ ~~to~~ cry. Out a coming
bastard he was. How did he keep his candid gaze, his
bearded-thick gentleness, ~~his~~ ~~power~~ ~~to~~ ~~listen~~ to
children, his ⁱⁿ ^{fluences} to devote hours to hopeless migration
causes? They ^{board} ~~committee~~, it seemed, wanted him in it. JFK,
parents' associations, school committees - they had all been after
him. How come his presence ^{brought to a room} ~~wasn't~~, by itself, a sense of
order and, don't laugh, peace?

- Li Daville of the carnival, New Orleans in a package weekend
deal, Mum's ^{beach and the tower} ~~beach~~ ^{woods} ~~woods~~, wine-tasting along the Russia River.

~~Another thing that happened on the date, like Olga, was
doing a mythology course. This was starting to be a frequent
the time. Joseph Campbell ^{just} ~~you~~ begins to enjoy nation-wide
fame. He gave her a~~

Dale was doing a comparative mythology course. The
came home full of mysterious tales, all gods and, this to
Gene alone, societies where ^{the} men, not the women, wore the veil,
~~and~~ where women sat a stolid, dominated, ~~close~~ ~~or~~, with
back beating foot, the father close from away his daughter
the me she was to be blessed by his seed. She never once
mentioned Oedipus.

Steve Carverias

~~Serge~~ said one day, 'I want to take to go alone,' and Gene's
 heart did a ~~small~~ hump. 'Why, now,' he said, 'let's go to the post,' meaning
 the public one. He drove the battered Oldsmobile down, and Gene's
 heart ~~beat~~ ^{was} still not quiet. He took a quick dip and Gene
 found his dipping ~~in~~ ^{seated on} a bench ~~of~~ ^{with his sword and his dagger} the ground. It was a Saturday
 morning. The sun was just beginning to be comfortable on the cliff
~~beige~~ ~~turning~~ into the afternoon's over ~~cast~~ ~~months~~. They
 were to lunch at Concord, a new Indian place, with Dale and Olga and
 maybe Mous. He looked sideways at the ~~tree-shaded~~ ^{half-bushy} ~~grass~~
 the changing ~~inter~~ area. 'Something a gas used?' he asked.

~~'I've never told you what this,' Serge said. 'I should have
 done but I was ashamed. It's mean to be ashamed, know that?
 Have a cousin, we were kids together, ~~my parents~~ got us together,
 we were in the same camp in southern Hils, we went to London,
 that was 1945. His father stayed behind in England. They were
 to a place called Broadstone Heights, in Wiltshire. His father got
 a job felling trees. Dangerous work. He fell several times. More
 came. There were two or three Olgov families in the same
 area. Twelve or thirteen years ago he murdered a little girl.
 in England. He settled there, his parents. ~~with his mother~~
~~to the~~ ~~Continental~~ ~~Hils~~ ~~hands~~. His father got a job in Wiltshire
~~felling trees~~. Local city hall. He came to Canada all.
 He's in prison. He keeps writing to me.
 'Did he kill the girl?'
 'It was sexual. He's never had a woman.'~~

tree-shaded brownish grass beyond the post's entrance and changing
 rooms. The day was a little uncomfortable. While the sun was
 piercing ^{ed your skin} and bright ~~the~~ ~~seemed to come~~ in sweet there was an
 uncanny chill breeze ~~the suggested it had~~ ^{full of} ~~children's~~ ^{unwholesome} ~~cries~~
^{came} ~~place, dark, hot~~ ^{men} ~~for~~ from this place ~~and~~ ~~men~~ ~~laughter~~.
~~was~~ ~~by~~ the sound of splashing and laughter.
 Steve was nearly as big a Gene but with something spier
 and more like Gene did it have. He was balding, ~~and~~ his nose
 dominated his face, straight and bold. His shoulder was thick,
 his arms hairy. He had a colder look than Gene, perhaps from
 a lifetime of construction work. He had not told Gene that he'd
 come to California because he did a job he needed to
 be in the sun, yet not too hot. He had a way of making remarks

→ literature.

the had a slight oddness. ~~For instance, that he would do so he was always~~
~~doing so,~~ He'd come to California (because) a letter in England
 she ~~was~~ had a contact in San Jose. For such a weathered and
 powerful ^{man} he had a ~~certain~~ evasive way unusually deep, effective,
 his glances soft and evasive, which Gene liked. He'd been
 'through' it, that she had been through Gene didn't know. After all,
 it had been his father who had fought in the Spanish civil war,
 not die.

~~By played card on the beach between them. A simple chess.~~
 At Steve said, with a glance behind him, was, 'I don't feel too
 good sometimes.' ~~his~~ ~~noticed~~ ~~Gene~~ ~~down~~ ~~at~~ ~~once~~ ~~it~~

Gene worried the Olga ~~Sonia~~ ~~but~~ Dale had 'shared'
 something with Sonia. She was the 'sinner'. And Sonia had
 gone to her dad and said, is this usual, for god's sake? But
 Steve was worried ~~to~~ ~~ask~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~Gene~~ ~~that~~ ('I want
 always remember, ^{best of times,} people are mostly worried about themselves, they
 don't see outside ~~themselves~~.' He went and bought them
 makes, ~~relieved~~. He noticed his hands were shaking very
 now, ~~which was a relief~~. He felt good all of a sudden.
 The look of the fog had turned off. He went to have a good
 lunch. Dale would laugh a lot. He was sometimes glad
 to carry the burden he did because of the relief that it
 seemed nothing but ^{a big} ~~imagination~~.

Steve had been having nightmares - 'You'll under-
 stand me the means,' Steve said. But these - a
 rather one particular nightmare didn't engage itself to
 the night. Gene noticed his enormous biceps hands,
 laid on his knees ~~like~~ like machine-worked grips
 to light things. The nightmares didn't sound much. But
 nightmares often don't. It's an atmosphere, seeping like a
 mist into the ~~horribly~~ ~~simple~~ ^{day-to-day} events. Steve: was that he
 was in company and was talking all the time at nobody
 heard him. He'd say to his wife (now we another cup)
 coffee will go home and she'd reply to something Sonia had
 said about a kid at college. He would sit there waiting his

coffee and realize that there was no coffee pot on the table or on the stove and then there was no table because they were sitting in the garden watching the traffic go by. Or he would say something to me, his foreman, they'd be standing at the edge of a site or a piece of scaffolding, and the foreman would start talking about the film he saw last night, and then it wouldn't be a site any more but just the foreman who was standing at his like he wasn't there at all. And now this was happening in the daytime. He would talk and they wouldn't see him. He would go stand in a store waiting to be served and it was like they didn't see him, they served other people first. He'd drive to the dump and wait for the guy ahead of him to pull his truck over but the guy wouldn't, not to say a long time, like he was invisible. 'I hate - a the shirk,' Steve said, 'I will go see the bastards' (he had a way, when he dis-liked ~~something~~, of scrumbling his accent and grammar). He was a peaceable man but he would do something drastic if it went on, he said. He'd get himself heard and see somehow. Yet his eyes, with their delicate evasive wandering, not unlike those of his daughter Sonia, disclaimed this. In fact, he would go on 'stuffing' it, a Mover would say - she'd have him off to a workshop right away. In fact, why not 'stuff' it? But, with those eyes weaving their floating way, quite unseeing, across the post and into the trees and back again, you couldn't. One went to workshops with superficial problems, never tragic ones.

'I wouldn't mind,' Steve said, 'if it wasn't the way brother me in England has a nephew in prison, and my dad's dad went strange too. I've said to resemble the nephew.'

'What's he in prison for?'

'He murdered a little girl.'

'Jesus Christ.'

'Sexual,' Steve said. 'Of course they say he's innocent, his mom's been fighting like he had to get a retrial but it's obvious, man, he signed a confession, it was all wrapped up before he stepped inside the court.'

'An' lag', he been in?'

'Twelve years. Maybe fourteen.'

The sounds of splashing and laughter had changed. The sunlight was differently colored and was the source of its rays on Gene's skin felt ^{gritty} distant from him, ~~unrelated and~~ Steve picked up his shake and drank, ~~it~~ looked like he didn't know he'd done this because he seemed to be surprised at feeling the foam wet his lips, ~~and then~~ ^{and then} he wiped it off with the back of his hand.

'But you're not afraid, doing what he did, of chirotoke?' Gene said.

'What I'm saying is there's something in the taking and maybe I've got it.'

'You haven't got it,' Gene said.

'Have you talked to Sonia, or the clerk this?' (They were said he real name, Rita, perhaps because she was rarely seen outside a tight circle of Spanish friends).

'How could I if she never hears me?'

Gene looked at him strangely and Steve caught this. 'At last you're getting her.'

They laughed.

The lunch went OK. Gene wished Steve hadn't been there because, well, to tell the truth, he felt Steve could look inside him better than before, how the hell was equipped with a different sort of sight. Dale wasn't laughing now because she'd take some benyadine to keep her awake the night before, she had to prepare a paper for some college group, and she felt nauseous. 'How do you expect to feel if you eat all that?' Gene said, pointing to the empty plate. 'I'm trying to push the nausea down,' and this was so like how he could have felt in a similar situation that they caught each other's eye and did one of their wack cackles. Sonia was on the plump side (so she kept it of potatoes and bread and desserts) and had the most extraordinary black

eyes smile at the same time, because they reflected the light, seemed to be full of flames. Mom said to Steve at a certain point, 'Z got work problems or something?' and he said with a shrug up to his forehead, 'Work problems plus.'

'I think it was my Texan down the cricket identity had ~~crashed~~ ^{crashed}, she said.

'It's ~~crashed~~ ^{crashed} inside me,' he said, pointing to his belly, ~~crashed~~ ^{crashed} ~~inside~~ ^{inside} ~~me~~ ^{me}, 'I wish to God it was ~~crashed~~ ^{crashed} ~~inside~~ ^{inside} ~~me~~ ^{me}, then I could go to San Francisco ~~every day~~ ^{every day} with these kids and listen to my mother, I mean the people's ~~straw~~ ^{straw} instead of my own.'

The kids laughed at Mom's inevitable snorting, looked perplexed. Steve should play around with his ~~tooth~~ ^{tooth} like the, Coena they. If you had a problem you should handle it. The Indian place was good. He had a little of the window ~~He had the best of the life worked this way - not a~~

~~week later he was working in his office~~

and you could look down on the street, about three steps down. But the interior, with its deep, plush walls and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~filled~~ ^{filled} with a Buddha under a spot in a white, draped you a little more. It had a delicious dish, dry curried vegetables ~~rolled~~ ^{rolled} inside a light floppy pancake. He and Steve were ~~thirsty~~ ^{thirsty} ~~after~~ ^{after} the pot and they kept going to work. Sonia wanted tea but she realized it wasn't a Chinese restaurant, and this was the source of some fun. The day passed well, apart from the morning, and was the morning, with its power to make the blinding sunlight look dark and feel cold, had had its glory - because Steve had talked about real ~~the~~ ^{the} things, not surface crap like Clive, Mom's (x-bypired, did).

2.

Talking about Clive, when they were all getting ready for bed and he walked into his bathroom in his pyjamas, Clive - just that he would be teeth - told Li the dealer like the way he was always 'hangin' round' her. She'd complained)

This kind of thing happens.

'Godfathers have a right to hang around you,' he said. ~~The way he said it, in the impenetrable language that existed between them, asked him to be more ~~precise~~ precise.~~ She said he didn't try and kiss her or anything like that, it wasn't the sort of hanging round, he was always looking at her in a leering way ('Clive', a leering kind of person, Gene said). But he was always kind of searching her eyes, and if they were in a crowd and she'd have next to her was empty he'd always come over and sit there and with her all sorts of stuff like 'we go over you're happy?' 'How the hell was it for her?' she asked. 'Are you happy?' he said - a deep teacher's voice, and they cackled, making the bathroom tiles echo. 'Hey you guys,' came Mowsey's voice from the far bedroom, 'cut it out, I'm trying to sleep.' Dale closed the door and talked in a hush. 'I mean I don't mind,' she said, 'but I wonder if you knew why?' 'Oh,' he said, ~~Clive's was the~~ ~~leering~~ 'he probably thinks that's sort of do she you're a godfather.' 'I think maybe it has to do with his living with Mowsey all those years.' 'Could be.' 'Do you think they still have something together?' his daughter asked him. 'Hard to say, you know.' 'He said, 'with a wife like his, and a violin like that, he has his hands full.' But the jealousy, while it made ^{he smile} ~~him~~ ^{painfully} ~~like~~ a he way to bed, ~~sickened him a little.~~ ^{dragged on} ~~he~~ ^{strained} ~~him~~ like a fleeting heroin.

Steve Cavessias had his office in Oakland among warehouses and Gene used to wander down there in his lunch breaks sometimes, if he had caught the car, and they could find a deli or a sandwich bar. He would have lived there in one of those fine flowering gardens on silver lanes, a tall ^{wooden} house with verandas and maybe a porch, on the edge of Berkeley, but it was too far from Alameda where Mowsey had to be, and the place wasn't altogether secure (he was thinking of Dale and the number of rapes). Anyway he enjoyed cheapie work in the evening, and being in a weekend world remote to the city. And, above all, he didn't like the fogs. Ever since his unmentionable period of national service he had wanted heat, and the sun, and anything resembling opulence, the tropical, hanging -

My dear Mr. ...

for him - headaches and ~~aching~~ ^{numbed} limbs, was out. Sometimes he (18) stopped into the Bar at San Francisco chilled to the bone and emerged at Concord into ~~over~~ a deliciously scented oven that scorched the hills brown and muted all the sounds. For him who said for a week (a real, tragic one) was that it set you firmly on the earth, it made you sing little silent hymns ~~to the~~ - even to the exhaust fumes that ~~now and then~~ drifted under you as you walked across the Bar car park. It was partly the same air of relationship there. He was the driver Gene to Steve, especially at his work place, among piping and heavy stone blocks and movable kitchen units. Usually they ate their takeaway in a tent with the moon streaming in and the - was it called the North Pacific? - freight train making its belating melancholy complaint across the water. Also you saw a lot of black guys. Half of Steve's employees were black. Sometimes a wizened old-timer came to have a look round - twenty years service with Steve, it might be. One was at Concord and Walnut Creek and Pleasant Hill. You didn't see a black face but that it stood out. Property values went up at the first black appearance, people said, and that was true. Mandy had some black faces at her wine parties on the lawn. In JFK, at that, locally, was considered OK. It was a mixed world, nowadays. Contradictory. A lot of shifts going on. For instance, a good dozen of the families nearby were devout Sufis - wops, OK, ~~but~~ ~~such~~ ^{happier} and tennis playing and all that but the ^{same} Muslim mystic wonder was working on them as it was on the blacks. Steve said, OK, but if that leads to raids on Jewish synagogues I'm none too happy. I can't see Chive doing that. Gene said. No - ~~with a laugh, no horror on~~ ^{Steve} Steve agreed ~~with him~~ with a laugh - you're damned right.

Sometimes Steve was tied up and he sat in the tent alone. Everybody knew him and gave him, 'write him how you do it'? It was though he gave Steve legal advice and sometimes tipped him off about a building project coming up at the town hall. Which wasn't true but it created an aura of authority around him as he strolled in his hip, bearded way.

along the backup-hot lanes of tubing and construction equipment. Steve's
 mother in England sent him the Sunday papers every month. They
 arrived in a massive bundle, and Steve reckoned he had read
 them all in a week from delivery. It was, necessarily, the only
 reading he did; apart from ^{papers} and invoices. He had spent a
 time in London ~~as~~ as a ^{small} kid - the family was hot-footing
 in the Creuset France, and home on their first post-war call,
 a year before World War Two. He'd lived in a hotel near the
 British Museum where there were other whole families of every
 nationality you could think of but mostly German. Everybody had
 been on the run, those days, Steve said. He used to wander
 round the streets behind ^{the} London University building, and then
 Soho, and down Piccadilly to St James's Park and he would
 stand ^{gazing} ~~looking~~ at Buckingham Palace with its unusual ~~cardboard~~
~~looking~~ ~~seemingly~~ facade which looked as if it had been stuck
 on to the buildings behind just like cardboard - and later
 he'd found out, being the third generation of construction worker,
 that this was indeed the case. His father, who had a lot of
~~friends~~ less-wealthy friends because of his record in the
 civil war (they were now talking until the early hours about
 the new role of the Soviet Union and how Britain would go
 Popular Front rather like France), his father used to take him
 to a Soho cafe, it was Italian and ~~at~~ his friends sometimes
 met there, and he had his first cappuccino, ~~without~~
 mostly ^{lots} milk, but it tasted like the face of the beer and
 when all was said, full of ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
~~these~~ ~~and~~ a will that made us this city, the noisy
 slow traffic in the narrow ~~the~~ street outside and the
 suffocating area by the window where the sun came in (it
 was one of the finest summers ever recorded, this summer of
 1939). For a kid of seven, there was a lot to experience, Steve
 said. He'd always wanted back in London but never made it.
 First Canada and then California put him on a conveyor
 belt, which got taken over ^{Rita} ~~to~~ had the kids, and all he'd
 managed was a week or so at his mother's place in
 Stratford, east London, every few years. Since his nephew

had 'got into trouble', right, ~~he had to be honest~~ ^{but} he had to be able to summon up the courage to go - to face his mother's tears and go to the prison and look in the eye - a man who had murdered a child unknown to him. Better murder a grown man in anger, Steve said. But not that.

He still read the ^{news} papers his mother sent from page 1 to last. Usually it was the ~~Sunday Times~~ Daily Telegraph or The Sun. From time to time an extra hip package would arrive with one or two of the Sunday papers too, with color magazine and supplements. He usually gave the supplements to Gene, whose knowledge of England was based on two visits to London, the first as a student and the second time on the first trip of his honeymoon.

He wondered why Steve hadn't told him what the murderer's nephew before. He hesitated to question him about it. ~~But~~ He decided, on the other hand, that Steve wanted him to. But before he could do that Steve called him up. He said, 'I've ~~wanted you to~~ read last week's Sunday Times. I can't get it, just give me a batch of papers from London and there's something I want you to see.' So next day Gene brought the car in and drove ~~to~~ to Oakland in his lunch break. He had Dale with him - she liked to join him for lunch unexpectedly. ~~She said Clive had called her, he'd called her up from his office~~ She was sometimes very silent. 'You OK?' he asked her as they drove along. She nodded - 'Sure.' That little word implied, in ~~the~~ the subtextual understanding they shared, 'We're OK, you and me - Mother's in my mind you don't have to worry.' This ~~was~~ worried him even more. He realized she'd been hoping for a quiet chat at the chic lunch place of she liked to go where he had a drink at the bar first. He was known there, the waitress made a fuss of him and she enjoyed being his daughter-in-law in the publicly-accepted sense. His jaw sagged when she told him 'I don't seem to make it with anybody.' 'Meaning ~~the~~ the guys?' 'Yes.' She'd had another disappointment. At the same time he (let's not ask her - how could she?) realized the ~~same~~ his was also in the nature of ~~most~~ life. Finding somebody you

belonged to night now happen. He'd been lucky with Mowry. Now the
 they really did belong to each other. Now like he and Dale did. But
 then they could die, no woman could. ~~The~~ ^{The} tires cracked like a ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~fire~~
 as they drove ~~into~~ ^{onto} the gravel ~~forecourt~~ ^{at} Steve's place. ~~Steve~~ ^{he} was
 at the door of his club, his sleeves rolled up. He was used to Dale
 coming. He said, 'Listen, let's have a real lunch', so ~~the job~~ ^{they}
~~drove~~ ^{drove} to a ~~Mexican~~ ^{Mexican} place two blocks down where they
 did good Tex-mex ~~dishes~~ and served you in a flash. Gene had a
 feeling that Dale was leaning on his nose and nose. She was did
 so physically. She had her chair tight against him. She glued
 her eyes to him when he said anything. She watched Steve's
 face to see ~~that~~ he was reacting to Gene in the proper ~~appreciative~~
 manner. Gene could smell her hair. The thought of ~~positive~~ ^{milder}
~~land~~ ^{soft} and green, in folded hills, and a multiple ~~soft~~ ^{soft}
 than California's, for a dozen hills were had there those fields
 were eternal - they had hummed with a warmth ~~that was~~ too
 deep to be felt ~~by the skin~~ ^{and the hum} ~~that warmth~~ on the inside of knees
 it was eternal. ~~Redundant stuff~~, he told himself quite
~~in the conviction~~ as he ate his bean-and-rice hermits. Every
 time one had a disappointment at college she needed his nose.
 her ~~would~~ ^{the fire} come ~~every~~ ^{every} day of reckoning ~~to~~ ^{then} you'll fry, shithead.
 Steve handed him the newspaper as they were leaving, ~~and said~~
~~Dale~~ ~~and said~~ without a word. Dale was used to ~~the~~ ^{the}
~~leaving~~ for a period of two years, during he horse craze, she
 had watched his English - the saddle, the boots, the waterproof
 slicker, the ^{at} hard hat, was the crop stick she prided herself - new
 riding, she ~~would~~ ^{she} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~alted~~ ^{alted} a short crown by ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~delight~~ ^{delight} she
 she unpacked them. That girl seemed to know nothing hundred.

God keep in the way.
 She had a word for what they did together, of the other look
 would they inhibited with gasps of surprise - it was 'suggip'!
 She said she loved to suggip. Dale had an unusually
 immobile gaze of concentration sometimes. He brown eyes were
 exactly fixed, ~~that~~ it wasn't a frown. ~~She looked~~ ^{She was}
 seeing something outside your vision, wanting to see how it
 behaved. 'She has an remarkable suggestibility,' said her
 mythology professor. It was that you needed her dealing with
 myths, which entirely lacked moral intention. Her hearts

→ 1: ^{This happens,}
~~dad receiving papers~~ and she could usually read them too.

→ ~~Some~~ The ~~gangs~~ ^{other} kids were spall hand the invited to an Oakland school for a secret 'execution' the the accused child was actually going to be shot dead. It was to take place at night, and technically all the participants were culpable. This made ~~the~~ attendance a ~~high~~ ^{very} ~~high~~ courage, and we ~~the~~ ^{this} ~~the~~ way was unheeded by. Luckily the invitation ~~was not~~, ~~it~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{the} way have been a hoax, though a child was found shot, not fatally, near the proposed 'courtyard', the Cable to nothing, ^{wasn't}.

a British citizen whose parents had fled from the Soviet Union at the end of World War Two. There was enough strangeness about his life to seem likely as a sexually obsessed murderer. The police chief in charge of the case was said by ~~the press~~ to have told the Oxford Union, who ^{had} visited his way back to give a lecture, that getting ~~finding a culprit was~~ an investigation a murder you prejudiced were important. You allowed appearance, like long hair and a dark skin and a foreign accent, to influence you.

There was getting more and more interested. There was a guy conducting his own murder trial on the basis of the idea that circumstantial evidence was absolute and binding! Anyway, the simple and innocent Kiszyko had spent thirteen years trailing in the prison to another, often in solitary confinement because a sex offender was the least popular of all prisoners and got beaten up frequently. The sealed up the case against him was that the fact that he had signed a confession. The police chief, according to Kiszyko's mother, said, 'I'm going to get the fucking truth out of him. ~~And, in his way, he died~~ She was denied access to her son until for the moment, his arrest to the opening of the trial. He was misrepresented. 'We had never been in trouble', the woman said, 'so I didn't know ~~how to~~ how to get a solicitor'. She took me the solicitor refused to accept the case, which presumably seemed out and dried to him. The second, who did accept the case, also accepted the confession and went for insanity - without the mother or the accused previous knowledge or permission. The first appeal against the verdict failed (the man she had 'defended' Kiszyko was by this time the Home Secretary, named _____!). Day after absolute, unmitigated, in exhausted faith and trust of Kiszyko's mother made the second appeal possible. She, like with a lawyer and a private eye, worked on the

TESTOSTERONE

→ The ~~prosecutor~~ ^{defense also} laid much emphasis on the testosterone
which Kingke took regularly in order to redress the
hypogonadism. His claim was that it had made him
believe 'wildly'. But the medical evidence ^{of this} was, at
the time, slight, and now it is conclusive against
and a possibility.

circumstantial evidence and found me this falsified. ^{Kingko's} ~~the~~ column
when the verdict was quashed was 'I always had faith in British
justice' (we've got a newspaper here, Coene they). ~~That appeal~~
An important point - the appeal might not have been successful
had not police integrity - undermine such a beating in the appeal
trials, especially of falsely accused Irish 'terrorists'.

As time, naturally enough, Gene saw of the legal aspects.
only later, the evening, lying in the ^{dark} of the pool, waiting
for Monday and Dale to come home ^{from} Clive's, ~~that he'd been~~
~~invited to dinner~~, did he start thinking what Kingko himself,
and why he had made the confession, why he had considered
himself guilty despite not being so. It was in great part
selfish thinking, in that, if he, Gene, could throw off his self-
accusations he would have had a good life, certainly a better
life than the other men he knew. Because it was those
accusations that resounded sickeningly in his brain, not a
real crime - and yet! He squeezed his eyes closed
against the gory images against the ~~harrowing~~ ^{harrowing} drenching beat
of a dark wooded area and the screams which being
from 100 young throats should never have been, never allowed
of ~~at all~~ whatever creative force there was! All night,
let him admit his own complicity, participation etc - the
tightening (instantaneous, sure!) of a finger on a smooth
trigger which released with outrageous ease a ^{sprinkle} ~~bullet~~
death, ~~that was nothing like the automatic~~ let him ~~about~~
with his confession, a confession to having had had ^{silence} ~~silence~~
having ~~accused~~ set up against himself a brutal, ^{silence} ~~silence~~
irreplaceable tribunal, and then he was done with it, get on
with life, 'enjoy' as Californians were always saying and now
did. For thirteen years the poor Kingko had lived
with his confession, ~~see~~ ^{see} ~~being~~ ^{being} beaten up continually because
among ^{the other cons} ~~the other cons~~ (the most ethical of creatures) a
sex offender was the lowest of the low, which meant
Kingko had to be moved from prison to prison - for thirteen
~~at~~ forlorn years with not a pair of eyes in his life to

→ As always she knew I had trouble, Dale called her.
Could she bring (Steve's daughter) to lunch? His recent
feeling that she was leaving & he too would give way to
a ~~firm~~ conviction that they were two souls destined to
bring each other joy and consolation, especially at moments
when they were bitterly needed. He said, 'Sue! Sue!', and
looked ~~at~~ at a table at the Caprice. The rest of the
day was taken up with interviews. Sue was especially
helpful to me with a Canadian who seemed to like the way they
but immediate acceptance of her as a US citizen = ~~attract~~
was a personal offense to him. He filled the room with
a small of pot. EE

couple!

'The best! This man ~~was~~ a bastard! Do you realize he gave a lecture to some kids in Oxford: ~~the secret~~ saying individualism was all based on prejudice - that if a man was colored or long-haired or not at ~~the~~ heel of a sized up his culpability on the basis of that! And this ~~was~~ guy is - charge of the case - he prepares the evidence of all the stenograms, the defence lawyer, the prosecution lawyer, the barristers! What was it he said to King's College - I'm going to make the fucker tell the truth!'

Steve was still quiet. He gazed across at the windows to the parking lot and eucalyptus trees. This was a place run by two women, home fries and all that, with wooden tables and chairs that broke for back, they were always kidding, he liked that, there was a good cliché in, he had lowered the ceiling of them ~~for storage above~~, ~~but~~ extended the back wall, cost price, ~~at~~ ~~at~~ Dawn had anyway he and the height of the women, ~~lots~~ ^{smallness} of the nearly made it together at night it was the ~~best~~ ^{smallness} of the kitchen in the noise of ^{his} ^{was} ^{above} ^{the} ^{ceiling} ^{they} didn't ~~quite~~ make it ~~still it created a bond~~ ^{to} ^{all}. 'Sides, it was very special the day. He decided to speak. 'These mother fuckers we all pro-Franco nutters!'

'One way of talking about?'

'The whole nation'. fascist. 'They're the worst uninformed bastards in the face of the earth.'

'I'm talking about Britain, not the US! Gene looked at him closely of the line time that day, really. 'Are you OK?'

Steve moved some home fries. He was a man who stuffed himself. He had the Milwaukee look. ~~Gene~~ ~~was afraid of his heart doctor.~~

On their way out Steve got hold of Gene, and so the he had to stop. 'The minute Rita got to the states she stopped fucking!'

of public prosecution [can a QC defend a well as prosecution!])
 was saying the the cases like these all hinged on forensic
 evidence. The forensic evidence of the Irish cases had been
 very reliable, 'very experimental'. But it had been allowed to
 pass. In the Kiszyko case the forensic evidence had simply
 not been conveyed to either the defence or the prosecution. 'But
 isn't it objectionable to pass the evidence on?' the interviewee asked.
 'Well, I wouldn't say objectionable. It is just the understood thing,
 the accepted thing.' 'And it depends on the police if their
 evidence is passed on?' 'Well, it can do.' 'The justice
~~can decide if they~~ ^{are free to} accept or not accept judicially
 practice.' 'Well, it happened in this case - help, it was
 a usual one.' 'And it isn't exceptional on the defence
 and prosecution lawyers to insist on seeing the forensic
 evidence?' 'Well, it may be - doesn't case. It's way
 not like it relevant, you see - this case there was a
~~confession, it~~ written statement, there didn't seem to be
 much to argue about.' 'But one of the prosecution argu-
 ments ~~which you have one hundred percent~~ was the
 the dose of progestogens he took ~~gave it~~ ~~with~~ ~~clashes~~
 turned him into a sex monster?' 'Well, I don't
 think we need go into the details of the case, I mean
 I have subscribed to the view on the effects of progestogens
 and nowadays that is quite generally accepted, but
 I don't realize the with juries and barristers with
 statements we fairly in criminality.' 'And with
 statements can apparently be engineered by the police?'
 'Oh, undoubtedly.' 'By what means?' 'Oh, you don't need
 torture. Intimidation, I suppose. But I don't know.' 'He
 added jovially, 'I haven't been present see police by and
 squeeze a statement out of suspects. I think, you know,
 something happens inside the suspect. After that was to
 strike the police because they treat them nicely!
 Next day he got a call from News: 'One who

His barbecue tonight? I'll pick you up around seven!

He didn't actually do a barbecue. He ate at a quick-
fix restaurant ^{place} in Walnut Creek he sat by the pool - the dark
drinking ~~first a beer~~ pastis. Steve's mother ~~kept sending him~~
~~bottle for France, she had a dinner house, had sent him a~~
dinner bottles for France with the note 'It's only the drink no the
mother ^{nauseates} ~~mother~~'. That was true by God. But afterwards of

looked forward to the string ~~and the suggestion of gas~~ gasoline.)
'If you're sure - sucking ~~do not~~ ~~do not~~!' Gene said,
'My come to the US?' He said and kept to Steve with a
~~smile, I'll tell you, Steve to provoke die. He sometimes~~

~~got angry~~ They were sweating and had pulled their shirts off, the
lights from the house cast a slow stirring light onto the lawn,
and dramatized the thick brown bushes and slender cilia
massive black lumps the help hid the house and sent a
message also to the redwoods that stood twenty yards away
making their leaves shimmer with light like the explosion of
a plane in the distance did, without a sound, it must have
been full of explosive, and quite incidentally, from the other
side of the camp, like a monkey cry followed by a scuttling
of branches, was a scream of laughter. The sweat, and the
sandy leaves, the tall black shape in the dark that almost
spoke and sometimes ^{actually} became breath and flesh-footed men
who could have massacred you all in a flash had it not been
for that lingering orange light in the sky and the scream of
laughter that had never been divinely organized (for all their
cursing and sneering and the blood on their hands they respected, to
a man, the divine hand called chance), oh, how it engulfed
him now, in the quickening dark, so electric, and how he
yearned to have Dale there, not Steve, so that he could feel
her, and the garden could become tropical if he too, for back to
its Indian origin, ~~before the death~~ ~~observing white heat~~
when they too could speak to the shadows, and know the taste
and surface of the leaves, and ~~then~~ deciphered the sound of
the air among them, and the start of light, ~~how~~ and
sometimes it had happened, drip no) his tale, at first
this place at the side of the pool, in just their tumultuous

→ the tropical garden, the sink one with the floor, the
turning place and the screen, length or depth \wedge low....

who had just beaten a man to death and then killed two more in the most heathen way, ~~who~~ had 'sucked the pipe' ~~actually~~ at ~~inhabited the gas~~ San Quentin, ~~having~~ inhaled the gas ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~procured~~ by dropping cyanide pills into acid. While this execution was being decided, during the last hours, there were crowds outside the prison, it was again, and THE MURDERERS SHALL SURELY BE PUT TO DEATH (Numbers: 35:16) was held up in boards, while kids danced and gloated and gloated in the coming death. Anyway, ~~Gene~~ ^{Steve} was full of it, for some reason, after he'd visited the Rita ~~there~~ ~~Gene had~~ ~~asked~~ ~~for~~ ~~Gene~~ ~~had~~ ~~challenged~~ ~~him~~.

'Did ~~you~~ ~~to~~ ~~Christ~~ ~~you~~ see those dudes demonstrating outside the prison?' he asked.
 'The kids. You mean?'
 'The ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ television was! Gene said. On the night when the execution was still being ~~performed~~ ~~discussed~~ in Washington kids had danced and ~~gloated~~ gloated and gloated in the death they were hoping for. ~~THE~~ MURDERERS SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH (Numbers 35:16) was held up — a van had gone mad the day with the notice SUCK THE PIPE BOBBIE! in it.

'I'm talking about the man again. Do you realize there were six murders in Oakland prison in the ~~last~~ three or four months of his year?'
 'What are you staring at, Steve?'
 'What the fuck are we going to do with killers except kill 'em?'
 'But I think you were trying to tell me people get wrongly accused sometimes.' Gene said. 'I ~~was~~ ~~right~~ ~~the~~ wrongly sentenced!' 'Let's diff over!' 'What the hell are you talking about? If you had just say the guy Kingko in Ryland would have been dead fifteen years ago! And he didn't do it! Z's the one who gave me the article!'

Mouney appeared, ~~crossing~~ ^{crossing}, white, willow ~~presence in the~~
in his loose dress, out of the darkness and said. 'Now, the,
boys!'

Steve got his huge frame out of the pool chair and
gave her a ~~big~~ quiet hug. She looked in the darkness mainly
at home in another man's arms. It made ~~him~~ ^{Gene} feel uncomfortable,
a little foolish, because he had never given the possibility -
they went in and had some coffee, sitting near the
French windows that looked into the garden. He could hear Dale
upstairs. If she didn't come down to talk and get around
it meant she was waiting ~~for him~~ and he felt an unbearable
tangle of expectation. She and he had had her to Clive,
again. This gave her a quite opposite tangle of waiting -
because it was the third night in a row. He couldn't account
of this but believed, after a little thought during which he missed
Steve's last remark, that it might be due to Dale's saying,
more than once, that Clive 'hung around' her.

When Steve had gone, sweating and ~~stomach~~ heavy, she
sat on Mouney's bed and asked if ~~she'd had a good~~ the
evening had been OK. He recognized the involuntary droop
of her mouth which indicated anything but. It also indicated
that she wanted to talk about something else. He mentioned
Steve's funny behavior, and she had said that the Harris
execution.

To his astonishment Mouney said. 'But what are
we going to do with all these killers? I mean, look at
what happened in LA just a couple of days ago. I mean
they're killing infants in the streets just off the backs!
He nodded and said quietly. 'It's just the the
killing doesn't change anything, Mouney.
'Anyway,' she said with uncharacteristic finality. 'Most
Americans want it and so they'll get it.'
'Which makes most American killers, doesn't it,' she
said. 'Not just the LA gangs?'
She looked down: the eyes of a long time. 'Gene,' she
said. 'you can't go on carrying the torch.'

'The force of clivertake!' (there was silence for a while, room, meaning we were waiting).

'I mean then: death.'

He got up. 'Think I do it know that!' Then he got to the door he said. 'I like the idea that the juveniles and the medical side can suck the pipe and air in the hot seat and be lethally injected and shot by a firing squad? But the government decided we same and just not three years back.'

'OK, OK, Gene.'

'It took forty minutes to find Billy White's vein for the injection,' he said. 'The kind of a doctor ^{terrible} does the of any position in history on earth!' And he closed the door. And as he walked ~~down~~ ^{down the} towards the door, ^{his remark} and the subject were already forgotten. He took the precaution, a strip of tape to his nose first, and reaching her through the bathroom. But when he prepared to he was he found she was fast asleep. Her right shoulder and arm were outside the backrest, and her mouth was slightly open, which meant she'd cracked exhausted and slept right away. He closed the door slightly and tiptoed away to his room bed.

3.

He turned out the lights and then stood looking ^{down} ~~at~~ the ~~windows~~ at the lawn from his window. He had left the chairs out, and a few towels, which show dimly in the darkness. All those tropical, hot, weathering things - the ~~that~~ pool like an unpurified meditation, the redwoods whose leaves no longer tinkled with light - were still now. The pillars had departed and left the vegetable sanctity the hitigated the screams and clappings. ~~But~~ Suck the pipe! Light your pipe with this dad - as he opened the vent and launched a massive flame that burned the tiny village down and rattled its occupants, especially as containers of gasoline had been left in the hands of a forgetful detachment who left with us. 'What the hell are you doing?' he had screamed

at his buddy just as the first explosion happened and they had to run for their lives. And the movie came out a couple of days later the kid said (they were drinking beer laced with some amateurly distilled stuff) 'I don't know, I don't know why I did it, Gene! Because you're a killer, son, you're a punisher and a killer, you want to do the world good that way. He had loved Dale all that, by telling her all that. She'd had done the ^{real} education ~~and she had~~ ~~it~~ is her pet, and the result was she stood up for all the other kids. ~~on stable and healthy and by God, same, Francis?~~ ~~didn't mind the~~ learning tendencies at a tender age was natural, ~~it~~ ~~had figured~~ ^{out} that maybe ~~but~~ well be me natural creative in a nation of untended ~~creatives~~, ~~and he didn't want to be a~~ ~~day~~. Making let him 'have n' ^{like this,} she had what as much tenderness as ~~at~~ rawhide. He'd wanted her to help, ~~to~~ she had a sheer of innocence ^{and} and she had passed ^{it} in his eyes, for an ability to love ~~the~~ mistakes and failures and accept unexcusable lapses ~~in another person~~ whereas she just forgave him, ~~the way~~ like all the rest, by the hell she hadn't wanted Clive he could never know. But, since she was mother of Dale, that's how she hadn't. Clive was such a nice guy, he was so impeccable in his ~~affair~~ decency ~~toward them~~ and help. But when Gene wanted to swear ~~at her~~, she was of feeling was? tell ~~me~~ she got feelings was of christlike! The movie would have been the same, probably - 'I don't know, Gene! And all the fucking smiling his wife Maisie went in for - she had the angriest eyes worth of San Francisco and with a husband like that he didn't wonder. Her three kids were OK. Kids are always OK. He swayed rather unsteadily. Drink was aging. He'd better watch it. ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~these~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~time~~ ~~he~~ ~~made~~ ~~his~~ ~~office~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~corner~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~room~~ ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~made~~ ~~his~~ ~~office~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~morning~~, and mixed dinner - (Jan) Vitamin C. It kept him so awake. He thought of poor Kigeko lying in bed in his solitary cell all these years ~~thinking~~ ~~of~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~things~~ he hadn't done he had said and enjoyed that he had done, he'd take the blame of the flame-throwing and the loss of a village and the shrivelled black forms that

→ in herself as a die, as a Dale, as a everyone except
apparently ~~the~~ convicted killer (he was a killer, by definition she
and die is with the pipe?), she was ...

were found afterwards, being tiny children, he took all the ~~to~~ his
 shoulder, Kingko did, being a 'simple' man, and he'd signed to
 the effect, and the police chief had taken the to wear his journal
quilt, since was just how Mowmy took this, Gene's, signature.
 The trouble with these people was they were not to the actual
 life. They just imagined and speculated and formulated their
 fucking systems. Now, the fucking systems had worked -
~~the kind of battle plan~~, those Cong bastards ~~had been~~ between you
 legs and up your ass before you'd cocked your gun. ~~That was~~
~~what was~~ anyway, and he had ruled us, it was why we went to
 pieces and - a heavenly reward, wasn't it? - we've trusted a
 system again. ~~I trust you hate, Gene said - the dark, when~~
~~you dare to show it, but not of revenge~~

we looked at the
 heart she we got back and they gave us smiles and soft
 touches with cold horned hands, and they saw chiefs - our
 shoulders, (she they could see past this now), He started crying
 and found to his surprise that it was all Mowmy, she felt
 so sorry for me she didn't know she the heart was. She thought
 it was approval or saying something like 'to take it easy
 today, huh?' she he walked to the door in the workshop.
~~That was hate too~~ If she could have felt hate, even.
 But she just got hysterical and abusive and, after ~~that~~
 something something, burst into tears. He noticed she never
 look a care even of Dale's safety she she threw something.
 I'll buy her a new vacuum & her car tomorrow ^{later}, her
 asking for me for some time. Phoney smiles and a wooden leg
 and 'Know that prof got me Dale?' would be the sorry after-
 math. But she meant it. Her smiles were real for her, the
 King was warm. 'I don't know, Gene, I don't know!' →

As I lay listening to the silence the thing me the lawn.
 The windows were wide open, he loved ~~having them open~~ the
 fact that they were above the fence windows leading to the
 the pool, he had done his homework with ~~the yard~~ the kids,
 yelling from the pool, and the splashes, those had been good
 years because he'd really met them the kids, ~~Dale and~~
~~the~~ the men Dale and Mowmy and Clive and ~~Steve~~ Manual
 together to the house. Mowmy had ~~that~~ had romps with him -
 the bed she'd never forget. She said she wondered she all
 that fiddling ^{around} ~~at~~ she'd had with Clive was all she, it

→ when he told Dale 'this is how I feel' she looked and listened,
but Mommy took this as an argument in the statement, some
fucking principle - it was right or wrong, good or bad, OK or
not OK, and if she could ~~not~~ ^{NAH} it ~~wasn't possible~~
a coffin of counter-arguments she did. He would say 'Please
do it dish my food before I come down at Sunday lunchtime'
but she did, she said 'I had to get it, Sunday wasn't a free
day like I like the way of everybody else, so he said
the for christ's sake do it cook, but she couldn't like to his
little device. ~~and say OK - it didn't fit her system. ~~strong~~~~
script

certainly wasn't sex, real sex made he feel he insides were falling apart, in fact he'd been on a two week tour and they'd laughed afterwards, clearing up the mess. Or rather, he'd taught her to laugh. Once she had permission to laugh ^{the tears rolled down} the cheeks. ~~she did so.~~ ~~↳ how to be patient with~~

~~people. She would have~~ Just like she y'or give permission to kill, ~~and you have killed~~ of those flames at a guy smoking a pipe under the sun and you know ^{eat} up his rascally little hawk, his village, his kin, ^{his} baby was. And the silence in the village afterwards with the ^{tip of the} smoke curling up, was wonderful. It said, like the silence on the pool below, 'Worship me, or killings are of no avail!'

There was a phonecall in the middle of the night ~~the way still~~ and it stopped after three rings. Mowry was the only one who had a phone in the room, it might have been she who took up the receiver, he felt nervous. ~~That~~ Too deep a silence unsettled him, ever since the tropical silences she had sprouted sudden hidden cries, ~~and he says you might have been~~

He had to leave early next morning. Not a sound from either Dale or Mowry. The sunlight hurt his eyes. As always when he ~~steps~~ fell asleep very late he woke very early. The Bark made its familiar noise of brakes, sometimes he thought them cheery, at other bleak. A certain tall rounded hill of brown grass, quite bare, which the train always passed, drew his attention as always, and this morning it looked braver and sexual. What was Dale doing at Clive's so frequently? And Mowry - she was never so keen on his company, ~~at~~ leastways not more than once in ten days. These heights fingered white - his belly like ghosts.

Dale phoned Dale mid-morning in Kees. See? He always knew - from Dale. Mowry sometimes called them, with, had she not known it, reckless accuracy. The Twins. Siamese Twins. He said to be softly. ~~Just~~ Just tell me what happened! Mowry would tell him. 'There is she, there?' 'She's not!' 'I can't tell me, Dale?' 'I could not I don't want to, it makes me too miserable, prob?' 'It's real serious?' 'It is for me!' 'Not to me?' 'I don't know!' 'What's it to do with Clive?' he asked her. 'He

heavy trud anything with you of God's sake?' Suddenly the tears were gone and she said drily: 'Hi? He won't be back!' Gena laughed - with relief, partly. 'My do^u come - of lunch!' he asked her. 'No, you take 15 Monday for!' 'OK. But listen, kid, are you OK? Nothing to do with your health, school, boyfriend?' 'No, no!' 'To do with me of God's sake?' 'Partly!' 'She do you mean, partly?' he asked. ~~She put the phone down after about kiss and fearful goodbye. ~~He~~ He never would at rest again.~~ 'Is it not you?' 'Partly!' - and she put the phone down. He called Monday at JFK. At a 'meeting!' He wished to Christ people wouldn't use the silly fucking expression & say woman of relief. In the old days she flew to the phone, ~~and the~~ ~~Christ~~ He pulled his big but really quite agile form for behind the dark wood, telling his secretary Betty, took the light down to the coffee house. Two was still fog, as low as the top of the Bank of America building. Two were guys for the office he recognized he never talked to. Somebody must have found it about his and Dale. That was it. His face flamed up and he was glad he wasn't in a crowd and that the guys at the next time were talking finance crap, so he went into the tubular at 1:00, with the me outside? His fingers were trembling, and he ordered a second coffee just to compound the fear, just it it - state of me - hysteria the world equalize to she he'd felt after ~~that~~ she those special little me words the bartender had used had started plopping over, they would be black to speak of but they had a nasty crashing sound and by Christ if you wanted to dodge 'em you had to jump mud like a scaved chicken and they had a way of landing right where you were making for. And now he had the fear degree of fear in his belly he was OK, since he was used to handling it, it planted a 'If it's death then so be it' benchmark all round the fear, cushioning it. He walked back to his office looking surprised and was cheerful. The secretary had been in love with his me. He saw how deep it was from his eyes so he didn't touch her, but was a brush of lips on her cheeks, he took her out several nights

The waiter came at that moment with 'Doi' OK M^o (40)
Pantive?? and Grease I came back with such relief he wanted to sleep,
and said 'Fine, how's yourself?' as he took the menu. ^{She the waiter had you.}

'It's ridiculous isn't it?' she said, smiling across the table.

'Is it true?' (looking at the menu).

'Well, if you work back nine months from the day she was
born you'll find we were living together in a North Bend apartment!'

'Don't tell me, Mowzy, is it true?'

'Well of course it isn't!'

He stopped the menu ~~down~~ and said, 'Mowzy! Don't
tell me - it isn't an injustice - did you screw with Li after we
started living together?'

But she replied with the same fluttering indignation as before.
'No, absolutely not! Which meant she didn't know, didn't work.
Lay. He sighed: 'OK!'

The sunlight had arrived, he could see its flash in the
eyes and ~~part~~ ^{part} of the wall ~~was~~ mirror. But he could think of
was the he'd had a reproach. He sipped water and it tasted like
a stream ^{high} in the Andes ~~before the day~~ ~~part~~ she
was a kid - his father had like Li to hope to celebrate his
divorce from his mother. A hygiene couple. Lay screwed after
his divorce, and well into their separate marriages.

'And why', Lay bled at home crying?' he asked her, choosing
fish penelles myself? 'Has she some wine?'

'Not for me. Dale's miserable to think you might not be her
father!'

He laughed, shook his head. She the waiter came Mowzy
ordered a mixed salad and chicken ~~not~~ as well.

'But that's an infinite mixture, honey!' he said.

'I want it,' said Li a quick eye signal not to lower
her public image.

'Enough said,' as he looked up at the waiter, ordering
the ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~white~~ wine and his own dish.

She the waiter had gone again he said, hurried, 'But
the party', so it's possible it's of salad, if need something
like potatoes -'

She kicked him under the table, at home they could have

ticked each other, jerked each other out of their chairs.

'I think I'll call Dale, just to ~~check~~ ^{reconfirm} the pattern,' he said, getting up.

'Do that!' she said, ~~just~~ As noticed, with the ~~slightest~~ ^{facilest} ~~she~~ misgiving, that she finished the Martini like a candle had just been successfully jumped.

Dale went ~~at~~ home. He found her in his office when he got back.

~~In the total~~ Dale lists to Clive's, caps! she said. 'We've got the dates, I'm amazed you let it trouble you.'

'He's my, pop.' She touched him as he passed. 'I wouldn't let his be any further could you?' she asked.

'Let his? Who the hell! ~~Does this~~ ^{First of all} go to hell! ~~Does this~~ ^{go up to keep his mouth} shut. ~~Does this~~ ^{I can't believe it, Dale,} ~~Does this~~ ^{Shut.}

~~Does this~~ ^{Did that} ~~Does this~~ ^{claiming me.} ~~Does this~~ ^{claiming me.}

~~Does this~~ ^{How} ~~Does this~~ ^{wants me to go} ~~Does this~~ ^{live with the!}

~~Does this~~ ^{The} ~~Does this~~ ^{man's} ~~Does this~~ ^{off} ~~Does this~~ ^{hand} ~~Does this ^{guard!}~~

~~Does this~~ ^{He} ~~Does this~~ ^{says} ~~Does this~~ ^{he} ~~Does this~~ ^{feels} ~~Does this~~ ^{he's} ~~Does this~~ ^{not} ~~Does this~~ ^{getting} ~~Does this~~ ^{the} ~~Does this~~ ^{right} ~~Does this~~ ^{up} ~~Does this~~ ^{by} ~~Does this~~ ^{him!}

~~Does this~~ ^{phone} ~~Does this~~ ^{book} ~~Does this~~ ^{slip} ~~Does this~~ ^{out} ~~Does this~~ ^{of} ~~Does this~~ ^a ~~Does this~~ ^{how.}

~~Does this~~ ^{phone} ~~Does this~~ ^{book} ~~Does this~~ ^{OK?}

~~Does this~~ ^{OK!} ~~Does this~~ ^{she} ~~Does this~~ ^{made} ~~Does this ^{sure} ~~Does this ^{the} ~~Does this ^{door} ~~Does this ^{was} ~~Does this ^{closed} ~~Does this ^{and} ~~Does this ^{she} ~~Does this ^{gave} ~~Does this ^{him} ~~Does this ^{him.}~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

~~Does this~~ ^{Any} ~~Does this~~ ^{did} ~~Does this ^{she} ~~Does this ^{look} ~~Does this ^{so} ~~Does this ^{early} ~~Does this ^{last} ~~Does this ^{night?} ~~Does this~~ ^{he} ~~Does this ^{asked} ~~Does this ^{her} ~~Does this ^{justly.}~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

~~Does this~~ ^I ~~Does this~~ ^{came} ~~Does this~~ ^{to} ~~Does this~~ ^{looked} ~~Does this~~ ^{at} ~~Does this~~ ^{you} ~~Does this~~ ^{last} ~~Does this~~ ^{night.} ~~Does this~~ ^{he} ~~Does this~~ ^{said} ~~Does this~~ ^{justly.}

~~Does this~~ ^{father} ~~Does this~~ ^{asleep!}

~~Does this~~ ^{phone} ~~Does this~~ ^{book} ~~Does this~~ ^{would} ~~Does this~~ ^{you} ~~Does this~~ ^{leave} ~~Does this~~ ^{me} ~~Does this~~ ^{alone} ~~Does this~~ ^{for} ~~Does this~~ ^a ~~Does this~~ ^{how?}

~~Does this~~ ^{she} ~~Does this~~ ^{does} ~~Does this~~ ^{he} ~~Does this~~ ^{mean} ~~Does this~~ ^{by} ~~Does this~~ ^{the} ~~Does this~~ [!] ~~Does this~~ ^{he} ~~Does this~~ ^{could} ~~Does this~~ ^{of} ~~Does this~~ ^{think} ~~Does this~~ ^{of} ~~Does this~~ ^{her} ~~Does this~~ ^{the} ~~Does this~~ ^{Clive} ~~Does this~~ ^{look} ~~Does this~~ ^{would}

→ ~~She was bowed, little he could see it was just anxiety~~
He was astonished at her degree, anxiety. Her eyes were still red.

→² How can you take it so seriously!

'Because it is serious!'

'It isn't! He', unbalanced, you can see for the way he walks! Anyway, she gives a snort?

'I do!'

~~Little you love me as you do. To see his looking~~

'But he wouldn't be for dad, could he? To know it and I know it! He wouldn't be!'

'Let's see I feel too, but if you say how certain he is, he keeps on about it -'

'He keeps on with weight. Dale! He! Give me the most unconnected individual I've ever met!'

'His eyes are like mine!'

With honor he suddenly saw Clive in her. He was by a remarkable stroke of luck she didn't notice his recognition, she was looking down, absorbed in her writing.
look.

in someone else, how a separate for her, she was a woman ^{un-} ~~disinterested~~
Khin, he felt delicious with his new excitement, his body
seemed to vibrate in the chair, he had to be alone to think
it not a matter to celebrate it), ~~and how the way is to say~~
~~at the top, it made her unbearably wonderful of it, the line and~~
~~the north, the D. joy to please this guy 'does he know~~
~~anything?'~~

She was puzzled.

~~Don't be nervous!~~ 'What are you giggling?' he said.

'But we do the alone pop!' she said with the most
honest expression.

He took her out to the 'X-Station', leaving a pile of
washed work which he meant to pick up later. But he decided
to take the Bath house and run to the room, ~~and~~ barely
understanding the Mandy wanted home. On the way could hear
kiss and stroke. They were in that ~~state~~ ^{state} of ~~st-lick~~ ^{st-lick}, ~~then a~~
~~had chosen the sex~~ ~~the sex is overrated~~ in close
to sex. 'She said 'Z unit leave the me?'

'The world I do the? I know. I'm more with of the

I was before!

'Wait of myself with me the?'

'We were alone. Now it feels like people are watching.'

So we close ranks. Did we?'

'Yes!'

Mandy's voice came from the garden below. 'Are you there

Ernie!

He pulled himself up calling and walked to the
bathroom, switching on ~~the~~ ^a ~~water~~ tap as he went. He
shouted to his wife, 'I'm taking a shower!'

'Is Dale home?'

'Sure! ~~He~~ We came home together!'

And all the time he had kissed he'd been thinking
about the rest of his conversation with Mandy at the Caprice -

she told him ~~how~~ ^{id} sex with Clive had become ^a ~~unpleasant~~ ^{unpleasant} ~~of the~~
~~she'd met~~ ^{you} ~~him~~. How she'd yearned to have ~~Clive~~ ^{Dale, she said} - the

it was joy to be a daughter - she would remember her as a daughter
she she conceived. And still Gena thought, 'So she did sleep with
him again.'

He watched her slightly plump cheeks and her roving eyes,
and the lips she pouted sometimes as she was speaking, like a child's,
and he believed her, she did yearn for Dale, ~~without knowing it~~
~~she wanted Dale for him, she wanted to give him to be with her~~
~~for sleeping with Clive, yes she'd yearned for him, Gena's, baby sister~~
sleeping with Clive, as a sort of compensation. Maybe she yearned
so much that Dale became his, much more than a daughter was it.
He gazed at her with tender care, and pressed her bare hand, and
winked. Feeling that she was believed, she believed that she
said was true. ~~she hated Clive, but wanted him to keep~~
~~with his father,~~

The three of them had a candle-lit dinner by the fire in the
parlor, ~~and sat at the side of the house, not far from the~~
~~dining room. They were special guests, shared it with her;~~
~~so it had a certain significance.~~ He ~~cooked~~ did a lamb casserole
which they all seemed to need badly. She Mandy, she slipped out
to make the coffee Dale said to do in a whisper, 'Is it bad she
we do by the way?'

'Does it feel bad to you?'
'No I mean do other people see it as bad?'
'Of course they do.'
'Could they put us in prison or anything like that?'
'Well,' he said with a laugh, 'it's not the kind of
thing we're going to discuss with anybody is it?'

He ~~felt~~ ^{felt} ~~bad~~ when a ~~guy~~ ^{guy} ~~put his hand~~
I mess about in the back of the car with a college kid -'
'You better don't do that as a habit!' he said
with a flush.

'No I mean she ~~happened~~ ^{happened} with —. Every time
we kissed and then it felt bad, winked, my skin felt
all wrong, he tasted wrong, so how can they say you and I
are bad?'

'It's a different idea of bad. She you say it's bad'

had for me to eat lamb chops at the at night it doesn't mean
the same as saying 'he', but because he pinches his wife awake
regular at the table in the morning.

She made her cackle. 'Know anybody who does that?'

Mouzy came with the ring and was happy to see anybody
cheerful. He all started laughing - Clive suddenly seemed outrageous
and absurd.

'Why don't you talk to Clive's wife about it, for
Christ's sake?' he asked.

'I know and all she says is he has a right to care
for his own child!'

'Jesus, being his child! One - take!' Dale said,
his mouth ~~half~~ full of a coconut cookie.

By six there till two in the morning, heading
east the ~~the distance of the trees~~ ^{with} ~~remembering~~ old stuff
like the Dale was there and visited in the sunshine ^{and} pool
being dug in its present position and Gene and Mouzy ^{waited}
it was ten yards from the porch, which would have been awful.

'How can a kid of ~~the~~ ^{tree} we get the words to
to win an argument?' Mouzy said.

'Oh! Gene said, 'it's done ~~not with words but~~
stares and wide signs! It's called intimidation!'

Dale said. 'Know something?' she asked. 'The both of you
look like a myth. You're with gods and completed
unsubstantial, you're like great powerful clouds, plotting
and planning everything that happens!'

Gene smiled and said nothing, leaning his chin
his ~~down~~ ^{gaily} ~~hands~~ ^{chairs}, Mouzy said, 'I wish I could plot and
plan!'

'No', he said, 'Dale's right!' But Mouzy didn't
hear and soon afterward they all went up to bed. Dale
left the door open and they were together until dawn,
doing again and again what seemed so perilously delightful
as not to have perfectly happened. Each fresh time was to wake
and the best time had been real. But it always escaped

his desk in two days - and this included a long afternoon of fruitless
 interviews (the chief didn't know they were fruitless and he won't have
 reported 'we'll do no better' ^{forty} times). He lunched with days in
 - particularly crowded ~~keep journal~~ ^{self-serv} place where he ~~always~~ ^{sometimes} went ^{when} alone,
 something like the low ceiling and the wooden floor appealed to
 him. It was a nice, ^{intentional} ~~the~~ if he went there, &
 could look down at Market Street for two windows below their lips
 of reached up elbow. He could remember ^{above} place like they fifty
 miles behind the line where ~~the~~ the water, bottle secured
 in civil, yet the smell of the cordite was still in your nostrils.

He several times ~~put her~~ started dialling Mousy's, (MARSH?)
 number at JFK. ~~to be premature~~. He had an unsettled feeling
 in his belly, as he knew she had. Unless ~~then~~ they were a good
 team their bodies didn't quite feel their own. And it was like the
 house stopped functioning. Usually Dale was the oil ~~to keep the~~
~~water back into smooth function~~ on troubled waters. He did
 it by ~~skipping these~~ ^{then} addressing with a question, ~~it might be~~
 'What do we do about ~~the~~ looking from me to the other & the
 answer so that they had to look at each other, and their family
 business ~~took over from private~~ swept reserve aside. He'd
 known each other so long they could no longer afford rifts than
~~to his~~ ^{to his} ~~to his~~. Yet they had no relation really. Yet every time the
 other would speak to something said it ~~was like~~

~~refreshing both refreshing~~ ~~with air you'd use waiting~~
~~to the~~ made the whole body relax. The trouble was the
 Mousy couldn't go back on anything she'd said in any attitude,
 of instance sulks. The she'd adopted. Both Gene and Dale
 reclined his and treated it like a disability, which
~~frustrating she didn't help. Her occasional fearful~~
~~reminders like 'My decisions are final, I never change~~
 my Mousy's, occasional remarks like 'Once I've made up
 my mind I don't go back' n' hister, I've told you this
 before, it takes me a long time to decide but see I've
~~done it~~ ^{decided} it's final! She thought of it as stamp will.
 not the weakness, the sense of a looking ~~inference toward~~
 life which she could never resolve. which is really was.
 The result of those remarks, or at least the inevitable
 aftermath, ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~toward us~~ ^{upward} But the aftermath

He didn't know that they saw him in Mowry was. Mowry as he was. ~~But~~ his pitiful Mowry & his job of looking after this giant Vietnam veteran whose nightmares should have hospitalized him long ago, and whose appearance & strength was due entirely to his unflagging devotion. As for sex, little would she needed it so urgently, at such short notice, in such snatched inconvenient settings. She was as fabulous sexually as he, clearly and beyond question, poor asshole, was ~~spent~~ and dead.

Their marital sex had dwindled to the dyed 'I love you' type of the just-married-ten-to-be-hundred type, the can only be practiced by those who see each other as nice and of whom ~~the~~ orgasms are an expression of ~~shared~~ ^{mutual} approval - a difficult, late uprisable, job of people actually living together. Mowry even uttered the borrowed post-orgasm phrase (little knowing how often it had been parodied). 'Feel better now don't you?' ~~the~~ ~~course~~ ~~right~~ all. She truthfully thought it was the only sex he had, and she was doing him a functional service, as he thought he was doing her one. Yet it kept their type. ~~He~~ ^{his} ~~approached~~ ^{instinctive} ~~is~~ ~~call~~ ~~her~~ ~~the~~ ~~nicest~~ ~~effort~~ ~~is~~ ~~obliged~~ ~~while~~ ~~thinking~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~was~~ ~~obliging~~ ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~obliging~~. And also it siphoned off passions that would have had them tearing at each other's throats and bombing the house down, (~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~actually~~ ~~used~~ ~~flame~~ ~~throwers~~, like she had subtle and perhaps more subtle ~~methods~~ ^{methods} of ~~enflamation~~ ^{enflamation}). No fully-clothed, hand-held excitement of this bed. They were naked between the sheets - the basis of a mutually agreed 'Feel like something truly honey?'. Naturally they found it hard to remember the required juices (Creme felt Dale's sorrowing, desentful awareness ^{the} a not ten yards away). Their sex was as satisfying as a video language would be of a starving man. Yet they didn't starve. They needed the intimacy of the exchange of deliciously stimulated juices. It ~~was~~ ~~made~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~

then. It made Dale happy. The lawn flooded the windows with light. People said they had a guardian angel watching over their marriage, they they could have been surprised, these people, I know that means the angel employed.

4.