

"ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND"

England their England

— Yath,

Society,

Class,

Oxford.

famous figures.

Mass observation.

Penguin New Writing.

12/2/13 DK.

England His England

booming and whistling  
and crashing

[Voltaire:]

~~The Germans were~~ I never doubt doubted the  
 was wise to throw a heavy body of infantry into a frontal  
 attack on a river of steep banks & medially after a  
 wide and concentrated and put up a stiller bombardment which,  
 with heavy ~~shattering~~ <sup>flashing and screaming</sup> second, its detonation, announced the a big  
 attack was coming up. ~~Of course the Germans had to try to~~  
~~accept all the situations of war that they had to face~~  
~~and doubt as to the safety etc of the people in command~~  
~~of you very much, but you don't doubt the things could~~  
~~be different. The point about a river is the you can't~~  
 feet across in a narrow vehicle at eighty miles an  
 hour, <sup>how</sup> minimizing the possibility of being hit. You  
 can't dive up the bank with your guns blazing. You  
 must now aim as silent as possible, a <sup>heavy</sup> ~~fast~~ <sup>burst</sup> of use of  
 a cross <sup>burst</sup> ~~burst~~ (which has to be steep first, an almost  
 impossible under machine-gun & mortar fire). You  
 a bomb, too the the river is being defended - for the  
 week occur the you are attacking. The Germans were  
 more intelligent than this - in fact, they had the  
 campaign they showed more confidence and astuteness  
 than we on our side, though of course they had the  
 advantage of being on the defensive in an almost  
 impregnable territory. All they did have, and the  
 they did have depending a very difficult terrain,

a river, a mountain, a castle with massive walls too see the  
true line to be bombed from the air, was to evacuate it,  
and defend it from behind. In the first light of morning,  
one we were standing facing across the river which had still  
not been breached, I saw on the other bank, to the left,  
few or no men, face down and motionless, in almost  
identical positions, as they had fallen dead. They had crossed  
the river with difficulty, at the moment they ran up  
the bank on the opposite if they met a quick burst of  
machine-gun fire which killed them - starting and almost  
simultaneously. Later the same tactics were adopted  
at Monte Cassino: This was turned into a fortress - the  
whole town included - at the moment the last serious  
attack took place, after the front had been turned by the  
efforts of the British chasseurs in the Gauglione mountains,  
to the left of Cassino, first the hill and then the entire  
Liri valley behind were vacated, apart from annoyance  
units which were cleaned up with relative ease.

The composition of the Germans, their advantage  
of the worst possible flight, was one of leadership.  
Their officers knew, as they knew, that they were  
fighting for (and then against). And deserters were shot,  
often after being told to dig their own graves. Our side was  
a pot-pourri of varied nationalities which had great  
difficulty getting on and were under the ultimate command  
of a native (hundreds) miles across the Atlantic which  
had no experience of a foreign terrain, and with  
troops whose language they could not understand we were  
the language was English. Germany could hold out  
against a vastly superior force because it had cohesion  
from the 'unconditional surrender' motion was a  
necessity of the 'allies'. It had to destroy the spear

order to retain it. This was the pretty war - aim of the  
European nations themselves! And if the victory went to  
the Soviets and the Americans it was because they were  
despised. ~~The Nazi incursions into Russia, like the~~  
~~rest of the world, were in the very heart~~  
~~and marginal influence a vast extent~~ in this very heart  
The 'allies' never really decided why a war had to be  
fought, or whether a whole nation or an 'ideology' had to be  
defeated. And since the ideology seemed to make - lots of  
sense, and increasingly as the war went on, to people who  
made money or kudos or could influence it, they really  
had to destroy a people, or after WW1. Both wars had as  
their aims, ~~exclusively~~ the 'allied' side = genocide.

~~There was certainly the shared aim of the actual armies~~  
~~and air forces and navies rather than~~  
~~the post-war aim of armies and~~ ~~Germany in the~~  
post-war aim of allied armies hated Germany etc. ~~Two sides~~  
~~the Americans, the Poles, the~~ The Poles and Sikhs and  
Moroccans and New Zealanders + Australians and  
Canadians and British and Free French and Czech and  
Indians and others in the higher, more abstract and  
before 1940 ~~offensive level~~ ~~lower down~~ practical  
level because they would've got it all the physical. The  
Armies hated each other (the Fifth the 8th, and with any  
armies joining of the invasion) France, and with any  
the armies the divisions, and with in those the batteries  
and troops and battalions and platoons. Two was a whole  
or all left one of the Germans. A whole was in the front  
line. In my case, being a division in a 'foreign' army,  
we could take no command ~~and~~ the British 8th  
Army. The hate was also ~~separated~~ in practical battle  
terms - we were very used to the

Americans of all the really bloody work, etc. Our 'sister'  
division was publicly reviled, therefore we were obliged to be  
in control, e.g. a 2 files going down opposite side of the  
road. The fears and mistrust we had the way we resolved  
ground the the other bloke had it very composed + resolved  
they the fact that we realized we had the belief that  
we knew the no commander + qualified like school children, and  
the the America command was virtually an extraterrestrial  
presence constantly trying to understand the language, the now  
of the pro-poor side, or the opposite. She it is a hyper.  
The Americans were the no group the paradoxical manifested  
was behind, of a dogged resignation to the imperfections.  
These first ~~stated~~ <sup>hushed</sup> conversations, mine with the Texan at  
Caruso ~~told me that they felt the~~ showed me ~~that~~ how  
deep this was, how the curiosity as to how it all  
came it being, 'it must be in your blood.'

---

Stendhal [L'Anno] understood the government in  
England was of the benefit of the rich, and the this  
'aristocracy' ~~was~~ worked behind the mask of a Charter  
(of Human Rights) and 'Biblical morality'. Ask of her this  
has changed at any time, we deny the Spanish Socialist  
pells between the 50s and the 80s, but its influence has  
spread, USA, originally designed a government for all  
its citizens — a practical application of the Charter — war,  
son operating on the same ideological basis as England,  
and the 2 nations today are in the process of converting  
the world, the USA by direct investment,  
England by sabotage ~~invested~~  
Europe.

5

By which we mean a civilization, ~~once we have this understanding~~  
which we no longer have. ~~we shall be able to see how~~  
~~far we are from it, and how it is organized, in all~~  
~~conditions, its own development, and its relation with it,~~  
~~so far that look on with it.~~

Friedrich Mann's extraordinary  
portrait - 1918. MAN  
OF STRAW

ENGEMAN) THEIR. BAGLAND

The conflicts that were the central  
feature of life in the Bohler family - either  
explicit with each other or conflicts with people  
outside. The straw down and quid  
differed raised voices ~~through~~ might back  
my 'battle tummy', the fear the troubled  
somewhere = the = testicles and was never quite  
absent. The publishing editors were all said  
to have tummy ulcers. It gave us time to  
impartial, much less tender rewards in the  
family, the tenderness came in its hogan form  
of sentimentality, at first, Christmas - and  
avoided, increasing the dark of speaking  
crisis as it simultaneously created its hogan  
value. It seemed to me the the mental  
and nervous struggles the had gone - to produce,  
in the end, the fatal compromise we call Nazism,  
which avoided a virtual cup dictatorship (?)  
with Hitler, and looked all the settling bet  
of the post-war years, especially the hated Jews,  
in me program, we still live = the family -

Took care to introduce me to some 12 upst the  
too-great and inaccessibility, like Thomas Mann,  
I hoped to be involved - as a way of earning a living  
the night finance my work - in reading of scripts, and  
~~but then~~ I could have suggested had I not known that to  
offer a device was, in his time, to have it thrown out  
the moment Lord, I think - had I not judged all his plays on strictly artistic  
lines.

publishing house, they were of an aspect - a  
main aspect, as this - of the inner storms, and  
I used to say that more of the money spent  
went in clearing up the mess of the previous hour  
a day, and the editors I knew then agreed with  
me.

He never let me in his confidence.  
Perhaps look for - John Osborne, with Beckett -

struggled - vain to cope with a personality  
which overwhelmed his way day like  
~~a sudden~~ <sup>the</sup> Pacific wave the crashes  
down on the beach ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~evening~~ after  
hour of calm. Or of the storm of the

→ the violent changes of mood, from reflective  
to hysterical, seemingly without any provocation  
cause, were extraordinary like those of ~~the~~  
Friedrich Mann, 'man of straw', Diederich,  
who ~~changed his~~ worked his violent  
characterisation and anti-sensation according to  
company, and, usually drunk, gave loud  
public vent to it as he felt supported (even  
by a Jew, the public assessor). It was all  
so injurious - but much more injurious would  
have been to join Gottfried Hermann, who

## ENGLAND) THEIR SWELAND)

The ~~main~~ key of the Hitler program was the anti-Semitism, a simple fact which was acknowledged in Germany, by his enemies (most of whom were Jews), but never by the outside world, with the result the ~~entire~~ ~~six~~ ~~million~~ ~~Jews~~ ~~were~~ ~~left~~ to the program could fulfill its goal of destroying millions of Jews — with five years of war — in order to do it.

Anti-Semitism was the chief motivation force — namely we have in no words a 'discuss' stopping people being truly German — not at all daydream like 'the Third Reich'.

The WWII was a war between two Nazi blocs. The bombing of Dresden, Hamburg etc has to be seen as a program, this time against 'the Germans', and <sup>ever</sup> strongly the oceans were imitated — by means of thousands of fire-bombs raining down on these cities.

# England teri Syhad

(1)

The people were hypnotised into a war they didn't believe in and couldn't imagine happening unless the Hitler hypnotised the Germans. It was done by the same means of misinformation and malinformation - by the simple process of withholding vital information, which continued throughout the war as if any truth was dangerous and destructive. The result was even the fighting was done in a half-hearted, slipshod, ill-prepared manner because no one seemed to know ~~the precise nature of any particular~~ ~~country~~ the truth was of any given situation - they just knew the destruction was decided on. And the war as they experienced. ~~it had to~~ And she was being destroyed was the ability to speak truth.

See this in Lopa Purcell Smith! tells  
Corky - Orwell is the of war. And  
Richard Knight's of the same thing.  
The realness to me of Sonia Orwell.

<sup>opposed</sup>  
The BLANKET THAT demanded all life -  
Lotta's direct, notes substantiated, as if all  
life has been stolen away -  
the vengeful forces, they can't talk after  
but indicate 'practicalities'. (Hated)  
Europe - Heinrich Mann <sup>an</sup> Weynterille →

→ because he depicted the German Tenthgraben,  
and <sup>Hitler</sup> ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~center~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~entire~~ ~~society~~ - all  
classes, including the Jews.

England then England

The battles where we <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ always the trapped —  
1700 Texan perfect example — the utter folly of  
the Mark Clarke crossing, the Rapids, and  
for a nice choice the German had damed, and  
which <sup>could</sup> flood all the surrounding fields, and  
sweep the bridges as fast as they were  
erected. He mined Alexander's plan to  
cut the German off on their north-going  
flight, by suddenly switched Sutcliffe to  
attack a heavy German concentration. It  
pulled the whole campaign.

The America-British fiasco was  
the result not of any jealousy, or national  
misunderstanding, but the simple fact that  
no truth was handled, and a so-called  
r chaotic effort to push German forces back  
Germany. It is by the way tested as by  
a it did.

(1939/40)  
The lie of the Hitler can <sup>while</sup> prospered Britain  
was ~~designed to~~ fighting the  
weak was ~~the case~~ the  
British it was at any price. And above  
all it utilised American help, which was  
a disastrous globalising) or crisis controllable  
conflict.  
The left wing hold ed it was because it knew  
nothing of the government's <sup>neither</sup> ~~neither~~ <sup>strategy</sup>  
with the anti-Nazi strategy, →

We were in Greece suddenly to fight communism!  
We ~~were~~ refused to be used for any such thing.  
We would like to look at the people's state, a  
'new' one. → All of a sudden (with  
policy on track to 1937!

→ on the state of the government's love of  
Hitler. →

Byland Hei Byland

(3)

Michael Foot found drummer —  
3 highly placed people who met secretly &  
agreed to get ~~me~~ rid of Edward VII ~~1st~~  
on any pretext that offered itself, long before  
Mr Simpson. Because of his vast popularity among  
working people.

I saw the 'upper' classes from a  
distance — I felt they ~~did~~ didn't have the  
gift of truth — Hei way of talking, Hei v.  
accents (which I adored) said that they could  
nothing real to say about <sup>the</sup> ~~modern~~ life that  
was going on all round them, the 'modern'  
life, as it came to be called.

England this byland

Cassino etc :  
we were invariably  
caught like  
trapped rabbits &  
pinned helplessly  
to the ground by  
superior fire.

The Allies & also ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> new  
realized - we tried to ignore  
the fact that since the Germans always  
had plenty of time to ~~prepare~~ <sup>prepare</sup> this  
position. I see no movement  
Cassino - the tourists - for a  
it was to see because spread out  
me a slope - because cellar  
and houses had been turned into  
little reinforced tunnels in imp alleys  
shell attack - natural cars cars  
bleated at the host no its  
before my arrival was no  
movement necessary, the warrior the  
was hidden. on this put it →

know no guarantee can be made,  
via ~~sm~~ <sup>sm</sup> ~~gated~~, of the  
momentary of the ~~Comms~~.

not) the question of the Ministry was  
being used — you a 'Hygiene' would  
find the at, & misinterpreted the me  
coded telegram with seek <sup>me</sup> ~~shall~~ ~~method~~  
the momentary, about. As for a

# ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

OR

## V FOR VULGAINY

Crompton Mackenzie: to his mother, in 1940:  
'I cannot see this war as anything except a crime  
against man and a sin against God. The ultimate  
responsibility rests on this country, the immediate  
responsibility on Germany. I consider ours the greater  
guilt... We should have had no war if we had  
not got rid of our ex-king. Indeed, it was  
the money & power which was most instrumental  
in getting him out. Well, people will have to  
learn this lesson, and it is going to be a very  
hard lesson, and a very unpleasant lesson.  
Fortunately of my own peace of mind I have a  
very clear idea of what to aim at, and  
therefore I contemplate the inevitable catastrophe  
calmly. So much will be swept away that  
ought to be swept away.'

## England this England

The function of the monarchy historically was to be accessible to everyone. It is a permanent reaction to the pressure groups, missing the powerful ones, and not to their victims. Such a function can be very useful. The king's posture is

the the monarchy was removed of this function of the people the King Edward VII in the Duke of Windsor etc. - the ground that he was too accessible and therefore a political threat. He decided

that he is ~~to be~~ the church of England together + the politicians) to make a feeling role model - and the present chaos is the result. Their

distance from us was this very close, - a distance that was also, strength stages, accessible too!

## Reginald Heber Lytton

When Reginald, Duke of Windsor, told the America Lyttton that it would be a disaster if the world if a successful revolution came due to Cooney again. He then was only repeating solemnly that not long before would have been the ordinary thing to say among the right people. And then he said that the 'leader of the British Empire' or words to that effect all felt the way to be a disaster, that too was true, says that too, in the same line American, caused a tremendous loss — and when he told his wife the story he had some more.

~~The Channel to Reginald~~ <sup>in the same way</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
~~traits King was a wonderful piece of~~  
revision along the lines of

(P. 41)

380  
96

Mad Ape P. 43

P. 50

51

P. 45

52

P. 46

53 54 55

47

56 57

48

58 59

h z  
Sept 1940

Dochs

60 61

62

May 1941

Hen

63 64

↓

67

MALIN

P. 86 (after chop)

fidel (K)

chop

June 1940  
Dunkitz

P. 103

P. 104

Dunkitz & Dochs  
in vacation

Sept 1939 evacuation

Sept 1940 waiting for call-up

May 1941 Hen

~~~~~

- 1] ~~PREPARE~~ FAX
  - 2] CALL BANK (PREMIUM)
  - 3] Leave in garden.
  - 4] FOLLIGUET LETTER
- 

HEALTH SHOP.

TOFFEEES AT AIRPORT  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

# Byland His Bynd

A clan moves — it  
becomes "adapted" — it changes,  
enlarges, shrinks — but the  
upper shells, its look remains  
part, talks & thinks & behaves  
wise always did — that is  
why the Adapted word of the  
middle is like — 1930 — the  
people have changed & where  
they can require spend a...

intensity. Labor, capital and the market are 'instruments' now, closely connected to the 'centers of power'. The very word society means statistics, investment analyses, market trends, forecasts. The Nazis flung themselves into cold analysis with hot emotion (the Final Solution, for instance). Communist acts of cruelty were likewise <sup>emotionally</sup> without emotion. (They closed their eyes to what happened in the villages after they had closed off the water and food supply.) Himmler lectured his top liquidators on the need to overcome pity in themselves, as an act of courage. In the same way the well-to-do characters in Dickens argued against pity for the poor. Capitalism now works in such an abstract way that death by hunger of small populations is like the work of an idea rather than <sup>of</sup> ~~certain~~ fellow human <sup>s</sup> beings.

It would surely be better to take a closer look at that insidious detachment theology lying safe within our perceptions, and thus end our helpless devotion to goals not truthfully our own.

It may be diff. but  
 We can ~~still~~ try.

# THE DEATH OF CLASS

(1)

~~True All~~

## The death of class

### England 1815-1850

The destruction of class came out between 1800 and 1850. These portraits <sup>with the ing and orange</sup> elegant men with long hair <sup>was a Mark view of the elite world.</sup> ~~to come down~~ This device happened under the impact of the new middle-class wealth. The middle class tried to catch up itself as a class but of course it had to conform to the old status as well as it had money - and the fact was that anybody, if gifted - the decent, could make money: after all, they, the aristocracy of previous time, had. On they would do well to form a ghetto identifiable - ~~the structure below~~ its furniture, servants, accents, and high degree of leisure. This in turn made a closed ghetto of the landed aristocracy, the one hand and the 'laboring class', now absorbed to the pure money press, with a <sup>interest</sup> ~~interest~~ in hiding personal allegiances, formed the third ghetto, as invisible to the other two as China.

# THE DEATH OF CLASS

2.

The process wasn't an internal. Gradually the 'classless' society, already perished in America, and later perished: the Soviet Union, was coming out — the England's 'industrial revolution' its European spearhead. We introduced a new 'middle' class which had come out, having no one to do it for it: society had led and managed it, and wasn't a genuine class at all. Its message was clear — if you wanted a life like mine, work for it and good luck to you: otherwise, I owe you nothing. ~~By definition~~ The philosophy ~~was~~ doesn't belong to a class, which is an acknowledged rank which maintains its power over other ranks by being responsible for them. The middle class couldn't stop its philosophy spreading to the 'new' classes, since of course began to ~~spread~~ spread it, under bland invitation: the whole point of 'universal' education, which was politicized as an ~~instrument~~ 'enlightenment' programme, was to bestow the appetite to rise socially, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~reverse~~ ~~a~~ ~~class~~ with a continuous flux of candidates into a stable class system: in the end we were a middle class, ~~was~~ ~~educated~~, ~~egalitarian~~ ~~based~~, ~~authoritarian~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~unfulfilled~~ ~~and~~ ~~authoritarian~~ ~~the~~ ~~powerful~~ and by this century there was to come talk of gentlemen or the gentleman that market man — how was the one and exclusive thing that bestowed power, he got illiterate, criminal or a downright murderer. The eighteenth-century theory of the market as an abstract force that must be →

the 15 day infuse all previous like clear results.  
allowed its caprice and volatility created the shelter  
'Maurice Rowdon

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Ken Hollings  
Marion Boyars Publishers Ltd  
24 Lacy Road,  
London SW15 1NL

6.11.95

Dear Ken Hollings:

I want to ask you to look at a new non fiction title of mine THE MAD APE. I simply do not feel that either my New York or my London agent is right in offering this to the corporate managements. They were both highly optimistic when they set out---Arthur Ormont said he'd been given psychically that THE MAD APE would be a wonderful seller and Tanya Howarth here described it as 'popular and commercial'. I feel that this book, of all the books I've published, should go to a house that works on the basis of editorial decision, a phenomenon fast disappearing. I am therefore acting on my own, with my agents' approval, and will no doubt call them back in the case of an offer.

- I researched this book (by means of a therapy I taught) in California over a period of ten years, arriving at the conclusion that the human is naturally, biologically, in a state of what I call walking dementia, and that the fall of a civilization, such as we are living in now, is always marked by a relapse into this universal state. It isn't that 'institutions' or 'values' or 'traditions' that collapse but the mind. I go through the so-called scientific 'disciplines' carefully, and some say entertainingly, to show that they are features of the dementia, and marks of the fall.

I present this not at all as an academic book (though Yale and MIT have expressed an interest in it as a project) but as a personal quest, the two points of discovery being Oxford and, as I say, California.

I enclose a literary track record, a brief outline and a chapter-list.

Yours sincerely

## ENGLAND) THEIR ENGLAND)

Sept 1939 school evacuated:

1940 DUNKIRK/DOCKS BOMBING (Summer)

Sept 1940 waiting for call up.

May 1941 Hen (in the army)

Jan 1943 Roosevelt, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the USA and Britain met at THE CASABLANCA CONFERENCE.

ROOSEVELT announced ~~at the press conference~~ that the Allies would insist on unconditional surrender, a typically cavalier (of the craft) bland juvenile remark which introduced the fatal 'total' warfare which served both sides to destroy - a triumph to the bitter end. And the remark was characteristic of a man whose home had nothing to fear from any air attack whatever (for any part) the world, much less an armed invasion.

Nov 1943 - March 1944

It gave birth to the 'Combined Bomber Offensive' that included "political" as well as military and economic targets: i.e. the word (lot) women and children were going to be killed.

~~In the 30s Germany rejected the idea~~

# Ryland Hui Ryland

TEJDER/HARRIS

There were never simply not intelligent. They were incapable of showing the vice the German worship of British cities had spurred morale to its first real resistance, its first real acceptance, was a necessity and not a casual political exercise by inept politicians. Most - even in this early war limited to what they could get out of it, the same would be true of the German population, proportionally to the terms for the Axis. And that was the case. It was ~~not~~ the a certain of Roosevelt's fatal total war 'policy' which put us straight on the road to the world as we know. The word 'total' was perhaps a unconscious adoption by rather stupid people of 'totalitarianism' as applied to Hitler's regime: a wish to claim the doctrine that the totalis and not the single human being was to be the new world empire.

## Casablanca

## THE THREE BOYS

The maturation process is the key in any civilization - that which determines the degree of the civilization. In the West it fell to pieces as the civilization fell to pieces, and the young had to grow up - since what the fourteenth century - with no guidance other than that of John, which with the increasing power of the facile Protestant movement, was readily available in schools, in the Shakespeare's time. That was the maturation of the which, since example was lacking. And it is no ~~matter~~ <sup>accident</sup> that the 'leadership' of the West should be in the hands of three boys whose natural <sup>power and</sup> ~~had stopped at the ~~pro~~ ~~puberty~~ ~~with~~ ~~glory and~~ ~~grandiose~~ ~~concepts~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~cosmic~~ ~~range~~ ~~→~~~~ <sup>it draws of itself - stratification</sup> ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~cosmic~~ ~~range~~ ~~→~~

people no right, could, should be killed — to the dismay  
of the man who had, so to speak, brought them to light  
~~and we supposed to have been against 'Kays' brutality~~

→ The modern ~~phenomenon~~ the politician is a post-monarchy  
phenomenon — the creature without a king who hopes, by pursuit of  
his private ambitions, eventually to <sup>start</sup> ~~start~~ like the absent king  
and imitate his lost authority. But the kings were commanded  
the entire world a Roosevelt and Stalin did, with Churchill  
designated to a position of side-world observer whose contribution  
had been invaluable to both, and whose interests were inimicable  
to both. Casually the world was divided into two and the  
two monarchs were joined with the hundreds of thousands of

1) The Anglo American disagreement behind the repulsed attack on Cassino, + 46 on extreme left.

2) Cassino afterwards, due to 8th being attacked by 5th Army right wing.

3] Not understanding Hitler's personality.

'One before Christmas' came out 9/4 revealing e)  
feels the peace negotiations must be going on.

Howe

Nelson

Drake

RAGHAN

Marlbrough

---

## FISHER PHASE

Our German-plated car: on wind smashed close to the windmill on Wimbledon common on blustering day: the Swiss attitude was different - they simply laughed, mocked, slowing this car as if it was an audacity to drive on this road at all; - 11/8 we were we arrested after I made an illegal sign at being hooted at deafeningly from behind - it happened to be a self-important police officer travelling at speed, an obvious 1980s man for the tourist ~~tax~~ hierarchy. Marched it: 11/8 - speedy astonishment and retreat after punishment and my threat to call the American embassy. Schoolboy War II had its schooling results that →

→ now how much the Rule of Law, that is not bloody but <sup>inter-</sup><sub>acted</sub>  
pelled through, fast-decided competition, ~~fast-track~~ post-<sup>script</sup> ~~the~~  
preparing. You can see them at it still today, in their high  
offices of state: but were beside you if the Rule of Law is  
superseded by the Rule of War; friend or foe you will catch it —  
they make no real distinction.

ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

# The Meaning of 'Ghettos'

(1)

## England Then England

### FOR EARLY INCLUSION:

A 'ghetto' didn't refer to class, essentially. It belonged to a class, in the sense that it contained the class (and several classes slightly under it and slightly over it), but it didn't separate humans (for this was a class worldwide division) by class so much as type. Of course we were working class in the industrial ghettos, and no forbes had been the 'laboring class' of the countryside which had mutually displaced, by unnumbered tricks and conjuncts too perfidious even to be described in full by the artist Charles Dickens, the greater of all vituperations she was done, in the upper ghettos there was a 'relief' class, a 'business' class, even an aristocracy in the old landed sense, hanging onto life and position somehow. ~~But~~ these ghettos were in alliance, ~~with~~ ~~the state~~, but not always. The 1939 war showed this alliance severely, and it was touch-and-go whether first Chamberlain and the Churchill's leadership would carry them ~~in the industrial~~ into war. The ghettos didn't really represent class divisions ~~to~~ so much as replace them with a new division based on the new England that had come about during the nineteenth century without a paper house. The villages no longer had at their gates, their laborers, their cowards and their ~~retired generals~~ ~~local policemen~~. They were no longer, each a ~~little~~ ~~island~~ ~~community~~, called England - Wales or Scotland or Ireland or Britain, that was the sum of those little communities. There were not the industrial 'revolutions' ~~with the~~ ~~retired~~ ~~generals~~ ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~renewal~~, ~~erased~~, leaving of the shells of the buildings so that nothing would ~~seem~~ to have changed, ~~but~~ while everything was in fact a shadow. ~~The~~ ~~reason~~ ~~why~~ ~~it~~ was only the destruction of England and its replacement by ghettos which could have existed together, and which achieved a common life in this now abandoned island of by the skin of their teeth, by dint of sudden ~~interest~~ ~~and~~ alliances like those that made England, ~~from~~ ~~destruction~~ in the second world war ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~possible~~. Rostand said that →

~~Since we were not prepared to use  
word 'Hitler', we needed a  
Catalyst~~

The 'Great War' of 1914 was entered blindly and unnecessarily,  
like us one (except Churchill) said it of the second world  
war of 1939. But with war the result of the ghetto-like that  
had replaced the hierarchical but unified one that had existed  
before. This same process happened everywhere in Europe, and  
else in the USA in the end. But its existence in Russia  
had particular reference ~~to the second world war,~~  
~~and to the ~~more the its existence~~ to the fatal end~~  
causes of the second world war, ~~since there~~

# MEANING OF Ghetto

But by far the most important feature of the industrial ghetto was the fact that it was ~~inherited and~~ perpetual in its daily rituals and modes of speech, which were common to every home ~~the length and breadth of the country~~ (the ~~highly~~ ~~trivial~~ trivial disparities for the seemed great eccentricities), the old England, the England of the villages, the England of classes which lived close together and ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> close daily alliance ~~which suffered the~~ ~~project the class which all human alliance is best to~~. The industrial ghetto inherited the English civilization intact and was therefore the only, and contain lack, cohesiveness ~~that~~ the country was known. ~~After~~ ~~ghettos to some~~ ~~inherited a part of the old world and their~~ ~~always target, a natural aspect~~ To call it 'working class' as if it was simply lower and simply subsistent was a typical mistake of the upper ghettos whose inheritance of the past was piecemeal to say the least, and usually depended on family tradition. The lower ghettos were modern in their respect, the industrial ghetto wasn't. ~~It was a direct~~ ~~ancestry of the medieval world, and of being the~~ ~~and so on, but medieval was a mistake of the~~ ~~of their~~ ~~dice change~~ ~~in the~~ ~~working class~~ ~~had been~~ ~~few,~~ ~~however~~ ~~may~~ ~~change~~ ~~then~~ ~~was~~ ~~between~~ ~~the~~ ~~eleventh~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~eighteenth~~ ~~centuries~~ ~~, in the~~ ~~township,~~ ~~tithe~~ ~~and~~ ~~spire~~ ~~class~~ ~~landed~~ ~~aristocracy~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~episcoparchy~~. Anything in medieval life, from the way ecclesiastical hierarchy looked down itself for the world at night time to the way priests were regarded, ~~was~~ ~~echoed~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~industrial~~ ~~ghetto~~. Awareness of this was nil, particularly among the historians, who were of course middle class either by birth or adoption. For those historians all the had happened in England was that the classes had changed their ~~complexion~~ ~~complexion~~ complexion, largely for inherited ~~power~~ ~~power~~ power to money power, and that a new class, the middle class, had slipped into the class structure in a new body while the old was contained in its function in the old way. ~~There was a~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ ~~class~~ ~~introduced~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~society~~. This ~~fact~~ ~~revised~~ ~~re-wrote~~ ~~of~~ history is still ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~accepted~~ ~~me,~~ ~~tragic~~ ~~and~~

→ from the sparse degree of personal washing to the awe  
of water (in the middle ages the new doctrine of  
Mary as ~~the~~ All the of God was ~~virtually forced on~~  
~~the church~~, a great boost of the Church),

## GHETTO

(3)

it was accepted in the industrial ghettos, which destroyed its ~~structure~~ (chiefly by means of the second world war) with the atom bomb blasts, and union chiefs became pawns of the state as if to demonstrate that the old class hierarchy had simply been refitted with new people. That this wasn't the case is shown by the fact that the former ghetto districts like the one I was born in, Brixton, is ~~still~~ today still another residential area like any other, and as heavy through-lounges <sup>and open kitchens</sup> will be found in the flats and tiny houses as anywhere else in London. My division we make since 1945 = 'working class', 'middle class' and 'upper class' is still anachronism. ~~The~~ Money is the sole determinant of power and we all know it, however much ~~powerful~~ <sup>moneyed</sup> people may adopt power-ritual for the old class system, like sending the boys to Eton.

Of course the same went in a way just of Europe, and ultimately in the whole world, so that any use of the word 'my country' has an anachronistic ring, since it is no more than a sentimental description of a ~~collection of ghettos~~ <sup>conglomeration</sup> or assembly no different from any other, ~~and~~ that is it closer to ~~past time in its~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~not actual~~, structure.

It of course means that there is no longer the civilization that could be boarded over in the Thirties. Its entire structure, and of course, as a result, its contents have collapsed, and thus its law and order (which has an inherited attitude, not a police force) ~~has~~ <sup>is</sup> has virtually collapsed too.

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\*

1.

I was born one of three boys in Wandsworth, London, of William Knodou, dockers' clerk, and Gladys Brooke, wife of Bertusca. The three boys managed ~~to cover~~ between them to cover literary, theatrical (production, management, writing), diplomatic, academic, journalistic, documentary-film, television and therapeutic careers with a ~~little~~ <sup>apparent</sup> effort. This mother Gladys Brooke was sent out to work at the age of twelve and cared for a family of two teachers and their three children, cooking and cleaning for them, for which she received two shillings and sixpence a week, which is surprising considering that her mother was related to Rupert Brooke.

On the evidence of the circumstances — the childhood the Knodous, <sup>fragment</sup> had little to eat and were threatened in bad times with eviction from their home — it shouldn't have happened, especially in Wandsworth at that time, in the Twenties and Thirties, was a ghetto as far as the West End, wherever they went, as a doss-house in the Ritz.

But despite today's self-serving illusion that the past was a bad version of the present, especially in the matter of working people, the rent-collectors and the coal-men whose life depended on their best for tenants, especially if they knew they were sick or old, work. And it was not because of a certain natural sense of charity the Knodou family could have been ~~thus~~ forced to move down the social scale (of the working people) were

While I felt an extraordinary joy it seemed she felt a relief so deep, and ~~power~~ pervasive that it made her still and silent and very pale, and when she kissed me she was crying. For me it ~~was~~ represented a plain excitement of a door being held open for me — leading though the 'secondary' school to university, like a growing <sup>light</sup> ~~to~~ ahead. I couldn't believe it was now. There my name was read out of the headmaster's seemed to see, as I sat there among the other boys feeling bleak and numb because my name took so long to come and I thought it now would (my name began with R after all), a perfect miracle that had something to do with the ~~sunlight~~ <sup>shining</sup> in through a ~~faulight~~ ~~was~~ ~~faulight~~ in the ceiling, and not connected in any way at all with the examination I'd taken, with the words I'd written in - ~~opposed~~ <sup>was</sup> sleep (~~to~~ ~~generate~~ ~~these~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~valuable~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~), except that I doubted they had any value or meaning at all.

So the door was open, as it had opened for my two brothers, who were already at the secondary school (called a 'public day school'), and had a uniform, dark grey for the winter and a light grey in the summer, with a cap — already designed with a jagged lightning of yellow with a its blackness — for the winter and a straw boater with the same absurdly streaked round it too. Boaters and caps were usually taken ~~off~~ <sup>when you got out</sup> the school, for fear of ridicule. ~~The school chosen by my brothers was chosen by me, and~~ They didn't really go with ghettoes. The headmaster, a gentle, repressed creature with a gift for silent laughter ~~the~~ the strained his tight, suffering lips and lighted his sad, censorious eyes, told us at intervals the

carefully differentiated) to me of the 'rough' streets, which in no case were close to the once-sweet, now dark and sluggish and canal-like, river Wandle. The names of the streets still suggest the <sup>dark</sup> unmentionable of me, though the houses there are now respectably priced — ~~because~~ not because times got better but because, a law firm to show a whole <sup>(perplexed and troubled)</sup> civilization, of which the unhelpful people were ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> ~~(unsuccessfully)~~ <sup>(unsuccessfully)</sup> collapsed. ~~In spite of themselves, and quite unawares,~~ collapsed in spite of themselves, and ~~even~~ <sup>unwittingly</sup> collapsed. I shall show ~~exactly~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~linear~~ <sup>linear</sup> by these phrases, an ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~slight~~ <sup>slight</sup> ~~unfold~~ <sup>unfold</sup>: ~~music~~ <sup>music</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~autobiographical~~ <sup>autobiographical</sup> ~~stage~~ <sup>stage</sup> collapsed or, more exactly, simply disappeared.

To P.S. The most astonishing trip...

The most astonishing trip along Walden Road, at least for me, now, was that there were no cars parked in it. I know this because when I was eleven I skipped all the way from the school at the end of the road (removed by a land mine ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> in the war) with no fork in the curb and the other in the gutter, after I'd heard that I'd won a scholarship and went on home at once and told my mother and took the rest of the morning. It was a quiet morning and the street had the wonderful silence not of ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> a ~~ghost~~ <sup>ghost</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~street~~ <sup>street</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~clatter~~ <sup>clatter</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trains~~ <sup>trains</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~grind~~ <sup>grind</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~hiss~~ <sup>hiss</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trains~~ <sup>trains</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~passed~~ <sup>passed</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~end~~ <sup>end</sup>, along Garrett Lane ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~stairs~~ <sup>stairs</sup>. I cried down open and my mother at the top of the stairs. I cried up to her 'I've won a scholarship!'

And she stood quite still, looking down the steep stairs at me, and said ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> in almost a whisper, 'Oh, you did... like a clever boy. Come and give your <sup>10 me</sup> ~~mother~~ a kiss!'

we were to consider ourselves as 'secondary school boys' but  
 as public school boys, having a cap, almost, with those eight  
 great public schools, the patrician class, ~~its two stars being~~  
 of John Blin and Harrow were the top two. It strained the  
 imagination, despite the ~~Victorian~~ Tudor of no building, and  
 the hundred or more the skirted the long drive, and the fields  
 the stretched on for a ~~no world see, or rather to close~~ the strange  
 lunatic-looking Gothic institution of the unworldly unstable Wood,  
 away its own trees, but enormously taller than we were, ~~keeping~~  
~~no great tower like the keep~~ We had a few things that  
 Rugby and Tom Brown's School Days had, namely a tack shop  
 at the entrance to the assembly ground and a vast dining  
 hall with a magnificent wooden floor where lunches and teas were served  
 by if ~~you~~ your parents could afford. Was it the upper  
 school could I ~~manage~~ manage the teas, which was the form  
 of vast doorknobs, bread and triangles, fruit cake and tea  
 poured ~~several times~~ over and over again for a large war. We  
 were none in the kitchen and no day top were all  
 screaming - a small boy was standing at the kitchen door  
 holding a dead rat many times the size of his hands by the  
 tail. Two were worn of those very few children  
 who were leaders - they were like you could expect at Eton.  
 Prefects ~~also~~ used them. Though with my brothers were  
 prefects I despised them as time servers and  
 and refused to be agreeable enough to be close to me. The  
 name is cringing used but we was 'oldie'. The  
 geography master who was a witty man and looked  
 like a music-hall hitler called me 'Boris Baden'  
 with a laugh. His name was Captain SPAFFORD (?) and  
 he was ~~the~~ no guarded leader by ridiculing fellow teachers.  
 He came in one morning and said the Captain Hipkins -  
 a smaller, frail man with a bald head and started eyes -

had found blood in his urine and was scared out of his wits. Later  
 Captain Hipkins took me to Geip hospital late in afternoon  
 school. I could walk down the service drive almost each day -  
 until the headmaster's wife, a feared creature with one of the most  
 destructive smiles I have ever seen, caught me as I was ~~stepping~~  
 bringing into the main door and the tower. The beating was  
 done with a long thin whip, which made few, or perhaps it was  
 six, fluffy purple lines across my lower back with a tiny  
 light-red thread of blood dividing ~~the lines~~ each line  
 into the swollen backs of a tiny river, sea from the air. I  
 had half-closed sitting down at table that evening and my  
 mother caught the expression on my face. She said, 'What have  
 you done?' - then, taking no notice of my wren 'Nothing'  
 she ~~then~~ said she wanted to look at my back. 'Have  
 you been hurt?' she asked and gasped when she saw  
 the whells. 'He did it? Get this?' she asked and  
 unwillingly, gave me code of strict silence in all mainly  
 enquiries, I told <sup>her</sup> I'd had ~~done~~ six of the best. When  
 my father came in she told ~~me~~ him, and he too had -  
 look. He went up to the school Saturday morning (I  
 remember all days at as sure as hell he'd never forget to  
 stir) and put his vast wooden gloved hand (his  
 right hand had been cut off in a saw mill when he was  
 sixteen - he got sixty pounds sterling compensation for  
 life) on his nose for the headmaster's nose and said  
 'Did you bloody well do that again? I'll come up here and  
 give you a taste of my own medicine', and the headmaster,  
 dragged into this pity of ~~expensive~~ reputation <sup>in</sup> giving of his  
 wife of the wide, <sup>leaving</sup> ~~leaving~~ lips) went deathly pale.

The following week with the headmaster and Captain  
 Hipkins asked me if I had any complaints about my carriage

and I said no, feeling bitterly ashamed of myself for doing so  
 because I knew it was a betrayal of my father, <sup>in the hope of a silly</sup> ~~and a betrayal~~  
~~of a~~ ~~patience~~ ~~code~~ ~~of~~ ~~so~~ ~~relevant~~ ~~in~~ ~~shelton's~~  
~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~little~~ ~~code~~ ~~of~~ ~~shelton's~~, I could so easily have said,  
 'bring a crowd ship <sup>children</sup> ~~women~~ ~~take~~ ~~this~~', and they would have had to  
 take it. They eyed me sideways with a kind <sup>long</sup> of caution,  
 wondering side glance - I saw the glance of the last time in  
 a Shaftesbury Avenue theatre ~~in the down circle~~, where I went  
 with my first wife to see ~~the~~ ~~one~~, ~~the~~ ~~Musatti's~~ opera.  
 I hope they were amazed by the beauty. They were sitting -  
 the headmaster and his partner and their wives - three rows  
 down on the other side of the ~~forecourt~~ down circle. Like  
 all people who return they had the look of being still in the  
~~proprietor~~ ~~but~~ ~~as~~ in a dream. One will wake for <sup>the dream</sup>  
 its death.

2.

On week-end motor-bikes, sometimes with side cars,  
 burst into the long quiet of Walden Road and relatives spilled  
 out into the house while the man who had been driving  
 removed his gauntlet gloves and goggles. Otherwise the sounds  
 of Walden Road were of people calling to each other, laughter,  
 hammering, the echo of a hoof from another street on the  
 lake, the milkman, the vinegar man came. Dogs barked  
 and there was the terrible sound of thunder which ~~suddenly~~  
~~and~~ audaciously announced that there was a native and  
 therefore a controlling factor quite beyond human manipulation.  
 It therefore had, partly, the sound of death, ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~  
~~for~~ again a suitably beautiful and dramatic background,  
 because it came on a sudden dark midsummer evening,  
 and the sky down down in twilight on the roof, and almost  
 spoke to me, and the trees in the ~~top~~ ~~back~~ ~~garden~~ <sup>part</sup>  
 open arena of ~~back garden~~, ~~divided~~ ~~into~~ ~~strips~~ ~~and~~ looked  
 like iron <sup>beings</sup>, ~~so~~ ~~still~~, ~~as~~ ~~they~~, and my mother, ~~wearing~~  
~~an~~ ~~overcoat~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~front~~ draped blankets on the ~~benches~~

mirror because (as far as we could understand) lightning might ~~flash~~  
~~at them, then, then creating~~ strike them, a crate lay <sup>highlighted</sup> a  
 flash in them, ~~and~~ extending its demonic <sup>electrical</sup> pathway deep into the  
 room. She also wore a light spring overcoat, drawing it across  
 the chest with a shiver in the hottest of storm of weather. She  
 would sit in 'the' chair, not an armchair but an upright close  
 to the corner of the table, ~~and~~ a little angled for the window. (we  
 was all warned not to look at the window during a storm because  
 a flash could blind us. ~~After the war during~~ Year 1 etc,  
 after the war the night ~~from~~ fire bombs, lead mines,  
 V-bombs (?) ...., she took stories in her studio, seemed we  
 to take pleasure in them, realising <sup>as a</sup> ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~  
~~the nature - richness that nature~~ <sup>of all</sup> ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~  
~~electricity~~ <sup>represented</sup> the most lethal <sup>component</sup>.

These cars she did for time to time park in the  
 street had a yielding <sup>quality</sup> ~~look~~ with their unoffending beeps and  
 round-shouldered ~~to~~ waiting look, <sup>quite different from</sup>  
 the <sup>sharp</sup> Lovelock, periscopically ~~glancing~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~today~~,  
~~with~~ their headlights like eyes looking at people to run  
 down.

At the end of the street, if I looked down ~~at~~ it  
 and beyond the main street ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~with~~ ~~its~~  
~~passing~~ <sup>clattering</sup> ~~clattering~~ red trams, ~~clattering~~ ~~like~~ and beyond  
 was the roof of the Leather Bottle, a last frail and  
 ashamed survivor of for at least three centuries ago,  
 with its canted forecast and its lawn reaching down to  
 the Vandle, I could see the fields of Winkleson Mill were  
 like an ideal for me, in the way indicated <sup>a</sup> southern  
~~appeared~~ and moral escape for the ghetto. Mile 'town'  
 was the western end where we.

Green Winkleson was ~~clattered~~ a cap of green held  
 in the sky, something to turn to every time of skipper down  
 the stairs ~~and~~ into the street. <sup>In</sup> ~~the~~ ~~midsummer~~ ~~storm~~  
 darkness it was very close ~~to~~ ~~stillness~~ and I had the  
 privileged feeling that it could be a sidewalk to include our

→ its colour and degree, ~~starkly~~ clarity, ~~proximity~~ were - dramatic, how the world and I were.

that is remove the stigma of the ghetto, and for a time, ~~the time~~  
~~stopped~~ the I was thicker in justice, I slipped 'Lionel' into  
 my address, ~~the name was~~ 1 June, the tennis champion ship  
 were on, the cup of green shown with a special feature (the  
~~kind the father in marriage, it didn't sound under the rock-~~  
~~rock sound of the de tennis ball the came on the radio (the~~  
~~long pause between these serve were the sound of some~~  
~~best sleep) the under the rock-rock sound the came on~~  
 and ~~seemed to be~~ it seemed to me I could hear the rock-  
 rock of the tennis ball as <sup>me</sup> heard it in the radio behind the  
 tennis commentary, in a exchange of wavelength in a  
~~luxurious and by sight and sound is a luxurious while made,~~  
 of an intriguing exchange of wavelength, the rock-rock of the  
 tennis ball as it came on the radio in the endless tennis  
 commentaries from Centre Court, and the pauses between serve  
 were like the sound of <sup>itself,</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>luxurious</sup> few  
 of marquis and <sup>engines and well grown smells and</sup> ~~the~~ ball boys (I tried, help  
 heated, to become me) these squawking creatures <sup>who</sup> kept  
 across the <sup>tennis</sup> courts scooping up balls and throwing them at the  
 champions, but the idea bored me <sup>simultaneously</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~thrilled~~  
 me) and fields far from London have butterflies and daisies  
 were flattened by your picnic blanket, and <sup>cows</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>to</sup> sniff.  
 At the time there was a lot of open land near my street,  
 you could climb Brentwood Lane to the Surrey Tavern pub  
 of Wandsworth Common with fields on your right side all the  
 way up (my father had his allotment on the left).

Yet the ghetto, considered purely as a ghetto, had its  
 peculiar ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> illusory fascination. The moment I came, at  
~~the time~~ ~~was a beautiful world before the age of electric~~  
 the time I had been <sup>(and things on the)</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>medieval</sup> world I began to see  
 the streets <sup>especially</sup> at night when they were silent and  
 closed up and there was no <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ the tinkle of  
 a piano on the back of a dog who heard you passing <sup>as</sup>  
 medieval too, though I couldn't have explained this  
 mysterious sensation in words. It steamed from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> first

<sup>living</sup>  
 medieval image of <sup>living</sup> cars ~~being~~ in the same house as people. ~~There~~  
~~then a being next door~~ Somehow this gave sense to the fields  
 so close to the streets, and the busy front garden, the houses,  
 and <sup>the</sup> dim lamp lights — the ghetto on the same world  
 which showed a natural course of silence and detour, and  
 gave down a special world (it was the way my father job up  
 to travel those hours to his work at the Silveston docks). <sup>He</sup>  
<sup>death</sup> used to walk in the streets ~~just~~ below Wandsworth Common to  
 receive this special silence ~~the pronounced~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~kind of~~ magic which  
~~and~~ joined us to the time centuries ago when ~~the gates~~  
<sup>gates</sup> ~~were~~ closed at dusk and only breezes ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~allowed~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~pass~~  
~~the same fields~~ <sup>magical</sup> ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~had~~ ~~struggling~~ with the dense blackness  
 beyond the lamp light and <sup>with</sup> the infinite glow of curtains with  
 lights behind them. ~~But~~ <sup>In</sup> this way I do not enfold from  
 being in a ghetto that was essentially cut off from life, ~~and~~  
~~natural, full-blooded function,~~ ~~and~~ a deliberate reflection of  
 daily working routine in the night meaning, the night goal.  
 The click of footsteps <sup>below</sup> ~~under~~ my bedroom window at  
 night was a consolation to me if my parents were not, yet  
 a source of the most alarming loneliness that seemed to  
 be very experienced by the gritty grit of asphalt and the  
 dumb swollen state of the roof and the dreadful ticking  
 of dishes against the silence. But when all the work died ~~and~~  
 (the work done on behalf of them, who were never seen) ~~of~~  
~~missed an examination~~ ~~was~~ ~~missed~~ ~~political~~ ~~candidate~~ ~~or~~  
~~school inspectors~~ ~~as~~ something better than schedules descended  
 on the city and even the train had a lulling sound. My team  
 of being alone in his encampment whose pavement announced  
 loneliness was so great that it created a vertigo in me and  
 I momentarily lost all sense of connection with things. It  
 could we happen in company. I could hear the bells and see  
 the face but derive no sense, much less warmth, from them.

Even school, since I detested, and disregarded as well as  
 possible, was a relief for the ghetto in being amid fields and  
 alongside the railway track that led to ~~Stephan Junction~~  
 the West End one way and to Wimbledon and the South



stairs the clattered and ~~stopped~~ the feet. I enjoyed it: a  
 crackling light, a strip green hill at once eclipsed by the wall  
 enormous cemetery we descended. It lay alongside Magdalen  
 Road all the way up the hill, and Woadsworth goal was  
 ready to meet it at the top with its fearful vast entrance-  
 door which bore the notices that announced ~~the~~ on the day and  
 at the hour the next person would be hanged by the neck.

My father fell all the way the steep steep flight,  
 steps he was drunk and making wrenip. He smacked his  
 glasses and his face and when he got to the bottom he crawled  
 home, just conscious enough to notice that no body came to  
 his aid or even seemed to see him. One day another opened  
 the door (he just managed to reach the knocker) stood with  
 primip down his face and only the wide rim of his glasses  
 remained, hanging for his ears. I was in the back room  
 with my mother's desk, then at the time working on an  
 accountants' clerk and used to being 'blind', and I heard  
 he saying softly, 'Z hugg...'

She swooned off her feet to come down stairs and  
 between the two of them they managed to get him up to  
 the flat and in his bed, with my mother shouting vengeance  
 and scandalized shrieks all the way, and my mother full of  
 expertise. 'Turn the corner, Bill!' he said at the top  
 of the stairs. ~~Without any of my mother's <sup>father's</sup> ~~father's~~~~ He had  
 a privilege of calling us father 'Bill' which he shared with  
 an elder brother John, and since I am the youngest ~~was~~  
~~denied <sup>myself</sup> ~~to myself~~ ~~by myself~~ ~~because~~ ~~that~~ ~~to~~~~  
~~myself~~ myself.

Bill ~~was~~ had his face washed tenderly, ~~by my mother~~  
 and my mother tucked him up, but he was already asleep.  
 My mother returned to the back room laughing, my mother  
 mourning. Bill was in disgrace a few days, and I was  
 and a prig that I didn't thank him for the <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ he might  
 be in bed the following morning (a Saturday ritual). (to

then became a ~~laughable~~ laughably scandalous episode we only talked about within the family, they too had told all his friends, who then talked about it, so that a week or so, during their visits, he was a hero and not a ruffian. The ghetto had a strict sense of social status. Mr. who ~~shrieked~~ shrieked at their wives and smacked them round the face and made their cry (the noise echoed across the back garden) were a lower grade than those who cherished their wives as the heart and soul of the ghetto, the guide whose moral line was the ~~way of the world~~ way to be unquestionably taken. The women governed life, the men worked for it. The women saw, the men <sup>earned the bread</sup> worked. The women jostled in the street, and passed the time of day, the men ~~were waiting for~~ were waiting for ~~the dock, the dock, worked~~. So there was still no leisure for the men - since he could provide morality, or determine

social status. The freedom to vote was therefore an abstract ~~one~~ one of women, without anything practical ~~at stake~~ in it at all. This is why a woman's vote tended to be a casual duplication of her husband's. Respect of the

The placing of such values into the child consciousness was ~~ethical~~ ethical the woman's work. So little was the woman oppressed - regarded as a second-class citizen that the particular worth of a home, its calm and its degree of life, depended on her alone. The man might be a sterner of the factory, but this he fell into a carefully ~~prepared~~ ~~necessary~~ ~~judgment~~ husband system of judgment - the man didn't alter this, or gave it content.

mother was as deep and unqualified and ardent a in any Mr. ghetto, Jewish or black or American Indian. If the man didn't function no money came in, if the woman didn't no life came in.

My mother Gladys was an avid reader, I do it know - how she ~~learned~~ <sup>learned</sup> to read so well, being sent at work at the age of twelve but she could get for a six books out

When my mother died there was a family dispute about one of the  
 bottles looking under the mattress and finding money. There was also  
 money under one of the floor boards. The money might have been  
 invented to give a basis to ~~some~~ natural sisterly malice but in  
 any case neither my mother nor her favourite sister, Eadie, who  
 had a long ~~long~~ wheezy laugh that seemed about to choke her,  
 got any. Eadie's father patrolled the inner Thames and also  
 had a wheezy because of the fog. There would be endless laughs  
 which I could never understand. Perhaps it was due to so  
 many daughters, all of whom but me I fell in love with ~~mostly~~  
~~me~~ his one of being delicate <sup>of features</sup> and blonde, ~~that was of dark~~  
~~brooding watchfulness~~, with a strand of hair coming down across  
 the cheek, the one of a certain dark, brooding watchfulness,  
 but such a chasm of age difference couldn't be crossed, so the  
 family was for me a kind of coming-out school of sexual  
 appetite, which figured in dreams and wonderings, and  
 determined the nuances of future ~~choices~~ <sup>taste.</sup>

3.

My mother's son, ten years my senior, five years  
 older than Eadie, was a fringe member of the Bloomsbury  
 group. Whenever I saw him walking home from the station  
 I hid in somebody's front garden or behind ~~a wall~~ <sup>a wall</sup>.  
 I hid in somebody's front garden or behind ~~a wall~~ <sup>a wall</sup>.  
 He had long black hair and a velvet suit -  
 at least it had a velvety look and was ~~probably~~ some kind of  
 corduroy. He took long, slow, pondering steps, with both under  
 his arm, and gazed at the pavement. For me he stood out  
 like a remnant in a market town and I wondered the way  
 few people turned round to look at him, and then got on with usual  
 respect. I imagined the theatre he had been in, the  
 artist's studios, the publishing ~~house~~ <sup>office</sup> and tea rooms and

libraries. How I suppose about eighteen at the time. Two was one bad  
 experience. He finished a novel and with great excitement it was ~~sent~~  
 off to a Bloomsbury star. At the time you got a letter of acceptance  
 after about three weeks and my letter after that was enclosed with the  
 unawaited manuscript. One morning two months or so after he'd  
 sent it the manuscript was opened on the kitchen table in my  
 mother's presence and there was a awful heavy sadness in the room  
 when I came in, drawn by the quiet and the sighs. It was a  
 letter from Virginia Woolf which said simply 'I describe your  
 novel as an experiment. I consider the experiment to have failed.'

Actually it was a delightful work, only not the  
 chronological narrative (it was about time, after all) that they  
 needed at the time, ~~including, it seems, the knowledge~~ It  
 was destroyed or lost, like all real work, while Woolf continued  
 not only to publish but even to run publishing outfits. I think  
 my mother was shocked most by the ~~un~~ unexpected  
 modesty of ~~educated people~~ her letters. She learned  
 things that he seems to justify this modesty. And after the  
 war that came about six years later she would have called them  
 simply 'a lot of bloody snobs.'

~~John <sup>father</sup> ~~with~~ a monograph on Duncan Grant's paintings  
 Grant at least was affable and perfective with the group.  
 At the time she had close friendships with Aubrey  
 Menzies, whose father was a teacher, and who provided the  
 dining furniture, the very finest furniture and sophisticated  
 my mother the thought and tenacity in the exhibition.~~

That's not my mother's letter called John. Ray  
 Joyce and the physical for time to time but it never  
 amounted to more than gasps and ruffled right-hand  
 looks. He would wear at most ruffled hair. The tone  
 of intention was that Lennie was 'out at work', having  
 missed university by his own wish, and therefore bringing in  
 money which my mother then had to disperse at John's  
 tips to town each day for so as to mingle with the  
 'literati'. He scorned John's monograph on Duncan Grant's

painting. I remember that the boards were red (he polished it pinkish).  
 That seemed to go down all right with Woolf and Co. Lettie thought  
 it is unpardonable, deliberately so. He disliked Mrs's painting too.  
 So did my aunt Eddie she she saw a 'imaginary' portrait of  
 herself in the work. She said it made her feel quite sick and  
 my mother hypochondriac, while Mrs suggested her art and utility  
 were a combination honours by time, but it didn't work with a  
 woman she felt he was addressing her with his eyes. She went  
 in a huff and my mother obliged her to put the little canvas  
 away, but she secretly admired him, not we very secretly, either.  
 No outrage of Mrs's was indefensible of her or my father. My  
~~her distress~~ ~~disgust~~ were outraged just the same, and my mother  
 would make growling noises of disgust during her stage  
 show, and I tried my best to silence her because I approved of  
 everything. ~~While hardly understanding a word of the play, I~~  
~~secretly put a man into a sexual ecstasy whose language~~  
~~sexual ecstasy~~ while understanding nothing.

Mrs and his friend Aubrey Mener were on a trip now  
 as they could manage ~~the~~. They went at London University and  
 one day decided to do a dramatization of H.G. Wells' *Things to Come*  
*Things to Come*. They put it on at the Arts Theatre and invited  
 Wells. He came and was given a seat in the circle. Aubrey  
 Mener, vivacious and slim, with a apparently a shy muscle in his  
 was discovered at certain nice lolling ease in an armchair,  
 surrounded by bookshelves. He looked up at the circle and  
 began, 'Mr Wells...', addressing to him all kinds of  
 rhetorical questions in the Shavian manner, in a long speech.  
 Wells was furious and refused to <sup>go back afterwards and</sup> meet the cast.

Mrs and Mener were excellent at improvisation in  
 front of the curtain if something went wrong behind it. Not  
 that the ~~under-~~ <sup>under-</sup> ~~stage~~ element could escape my steady eye were at  
 the age of eyes. The critics put *Things to Come*  
 down with irritated kindly indulgence. Those were the days  
 when the middle class still existed as an impregnable ghetto  
 which called on the ghettoes for the performance of its service

and, far from ~~important~~, unimportant, had a culture as lively and <sup>well</sup> as responsible as another ghetto, ~~it~~ to drive all the ghettoes had to adapt to imitate and strive to become part of. For the middle class was a ~~we~~-changing body, welcoming its members into the 'higher' life, usually accompanied with a title, and getting in new members for the 'lower' of life of the other ghettoes. In this it bestrode the other ghettoes - its magnetic power to draw in all aspiration and thought and endeavour made it a winner, however ~~shortly~~ for its remaining ~~un~~ numbered years. Of course this process of drawing in new members - this ~~desire~~ lack of any power of exclusion such as the blood aristocracy had once had - was its destruction: it was amazing how few even of the highters (like Jean Paul Sartre) never really foresaw this destruction except in ideological, usually Marxist, terms. ~~But~~

Now that the middle class is dead - ~~the ghetto residential districts no longer the ~~specific~~ money~~ money is still very much alive. So is oppression of every kind. So we class differences. The very nature of the middle-class messenger, dead not far quiet, ~~with~~ ~~in~~ the homes, is largely districts, was that the more money you had the more of life you could have, and that it was the inalienable right of everyone to try and get as much of it as possible. You apparently could live a status, art, religion, thought and all these impractical things: ~~because~~ as if supported by money, a rather if rewarded by money, could these things have the slightest validity as a way of life. It was natural that this laissez passer attitude to money - that it and nothing but the human being - I myself had to offer - ~~was~~ led to the regime we live in now, where money is precisely that, the sole mark by which the human being can be considered valid. It isn't a middle-class attitude any more but shared by those without the money or by those with it. This is why poverty, we a level of poverty that could have been regarded as ~~enjoyable~~ was in the Thirties, is now a source of depression. It says indelibly

'You are a fighter', as a man might have been called a cad or a woman loose in the good old days. It is an form of 12-communication, the very basic idea is no ~~indictive~~ and human-particip civ, just which was conceived in their mood of distrust.

So when A.C. Wells walked out of the theatre in a huff (but it probably was an amused huff) it felt rather protective, and seemed to confirm the ~~super~~ performance of things didn't trust them like they do now because the ghettos were firmly and safely established, and <sup>in the</sup> ~~there~~ was a strong sense of there being a county, a nation (a <sup>Judge</sup> ~~district~~ that went down like a match-stick when the war came). Each ghetto set its own meaning on the word 'county'. One way father said 'God bless old England' it meant something quite different from the 'King and county' cant of the upper ghettos. ~~The latter~~ ~~except didn't include the non-upper ghettos (making the~~ ~~meaning of the people living in England) at all. Yet at points~~ ~~the county came into being, imaginative. Audrey Menon~~ ~~was half-Indian, very honest and ~~there~~ was from the~~ ~~distinct ghetto and A.C. Wells for the Hindu ghetto~~ ~~called to be middle class (which fed out all of its~~ ~~into universalism so as remarkably easy, presenting work~~ ~~and easy fascinating books), yet they said they'd of~~ ~~this infuse a English. The exciting thing ~~was~~ was to~~ ~~mix ghettos, and this happened the way as the Arts~~ ~~theater. In ~~that~~ though it was a 'Rugby' acting~~ ~~(later the word 'British' came ~~in~~ ~~as~~ an American import)~~ ~~imaginative even<sup>s</sup> which ~~would~~ meant to go anywhere,~~ ~~i.e. into the west end, it's fit to from. Menon and~~ ~~my father had nothing to do with the fit. She it came~~ ~~out. My own first entry = India like the first~~ ~~appearance) the ~~Horizon~~ magazine is ~~it~~~~ ~~was ~~part~~ of ~~the~~ ~~even~~ ~~included~~ ~~part~~ went on however~~ ~~the ghettos clashed or united for a moment. The~~

upper ghetto (a motley of money, landed aristocracy, successful engineers) looked on with bland tolerance, aware the ideas, whether H.G. Wells's, or Alder's, or ~~Thomas~~ ~~Burgess~~ or Wyndham Lewis's, or George Bernard Shaw's, had no influence on the world which it, the upper ghetto, had (so it thought) control. Had the upper ghetto itself not been divided into schools, each rather exclusive and almost of way of being a ghetto itself, <sup>some</sup> control would have been possible. But England wasn't Germany, ~~was force, class~~ and so. ~~the ghettoes were fences a lot exclusive, they look~~ ~~like France, England was a virtual empire, as~~ ~~in the sense of being under a single-minded leadership, as~~ ~~the standard of ghettoes, France has is why Hitler was~~ ~~entirely preferred~~ ~~incapable of control because no one could achieve the~~ ~~necessary authority. This is <sup>why</sup> ~~preferred~~ Hitler was so~~ ~~pleased by English 'policy'. He knew there was a road~~ ~~wasn't.~~

But it was ~~missed university, and became an accountant also~~ ~~My father decided to take me to my first plays. Being~~ ~~near to me in age ~~and with some books~~ he ~~was~~ took on~~ ~~me on publicly to die, at <sup>the</sup> sensitive puberty stage, as~~ ~~undignified kid-chaperoning job~~

a diggy freedom from ghetto life and, better than that, a sense of belonging somewhere so deeply that it reminded you of the way you looked at the stage (less brilliantly lit than today) of ~~the~~ bright embers in ~~the~~ grate ~~the~~ ~~fire~~ ~~place~~ and there ~~and~~ ~~there~~ ~~and~~ ~~secretly~~ contain all the stories you ~~had~~ ~~ever~~ ~~heard~~.

He took me to the Old Vic He took me to the Charles Laughton play Prospero. He took me to the Old Vic when the darkness before curtain rise was so thick that the stage lights, when they came up, were like

the ember of ~~an eternal~~ <sup>a</sup> burning fire ~~(in the past)~~ that had been  
 burning always - and now at last I was witnessing it. Charles  
 Laughton was playing Prospero. I remember his coming downstage  
 of his prologue and speaking it in the breathless, method  
 style that was his <sup>acting</sup> trademark at the time, but which seemed  
 extraordinary <sup>and</sup> exciting and daring and endowed him with  
 such personality that the ~~whole theatre~~ <sup>audience</sup> sat in awe and we  
 burst and, as always when this kind of thing happens, <sup>at least</sup>  
~~had eyes~~ <sup>now</sup> I come to think of it, his wife ..... a Ariel,  
 with black Braided hair and a kind of turquoise. But  
 now I felt 'personality' I wanted to concentrate it, and  
 Laughton took all my attention, we thought ~~have got~~

~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> thrill of the prologue never came ~~to me~~ again.  
 I also remember <sup>modern</sup> applying = nice Roman Theatre for the  
 lead. The stage had the same dark promise, emerald  
 deep, glow lights, ~~and~~ <sup>belonging to</sup> ~~something that~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~always~~ <sup>ready</sup>  
~~have been there~~, in dream and <sup>exciting</sup> moments when  
 relatives ~~came~~ as a parcel came, ~~and even talk~~

The ~~stage~~ <sup>stage</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~significance~~ <sup>significance</sup> ~~point~~ <sup>point</sup> of all our existence,  
 mysterious and remote yet ~~the~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>  
 that you could ~~almost~~ <sup>almost</sup> ~~touch~~ <sup>touch</sup> it, ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>

~~speeches~~ <sup>speeches</sup> in their ~~play~~ <sup>play</sup> ~~seemed~~ <sup>seemed</sup> not to be about  
 anything at all but they ~~still~~ <sup>still</sup> conveyed a sense of highly  
 important things being said. Thompson's long nose seemed  
 to have something to do with the way his deep rich  
 voice ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~waved~~ <sup>waved</sup> and wound its way  
 round the ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> circle and behind the pillars  
 and corners and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>

and corners and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>  
 and this somehow was <sup>artistic</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>  
~~ghosts~~ <sup>ghosts</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~proceeding~~ <sup>proceeding</sup> because ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~eternal~~ <sup>eternal</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>  
 seemed to be ~~offering~~ <sup>offering</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~darkness~~ <sup>darkness</sup> ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~ghost~~ <sup>ghost</sup> ~~writer~~ <sup>writer</sup>  
 faintly ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~heard~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~read~~ <sup>read</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup>

close to the railway station and the  
entrance to an underground public lavatory

Johnny clattered down. ~~It was the theater, and~~  
~~went to the flat on the edge of the road that~~  
~~by the theater and there was the sleeping. Later~~  
~~the help of the theater manager~~

7

→ While gave it ~~pro~~ proof of being more real than almost  
anything else you knew. It meant the like a book (but  
~~that~~ you do since the stage was also, ~~and it~~ ~~just~~  
~~manifested~~ an event ~~in~~ your life, not ~~of~~ ~~it~~  
you (imaginative) it enhanced the ghetto, gave it  
colour and warmth and a excitement, proximity,  
since the West End was an eleven-minute train ride  
away, ~~and could~~ a ride that cost less than a shilling. ~~One~~  
was ~~so~~ desperate to reach the West End, just ~~to~~  
walk around and look at the theaters for a while, ~~and~~  
~~that~~ but I had no money. I went in - phone booth  
and found the 'B' with some released change,  
and the eleven pence I needed for the return

There were regular morning journals in the summer time between my mother and my father like we those few copper necessary of the journey into 'Isun'. He would have his velvet suit on and he would be pacing up and down with his boots under his arm, and he would no doubt be thinking that he was going to begin his opposition with Mene n me, the Blomberg group, while my mother went about her tasks deliberately and with the pursed lips that would flip at the first refusal. I was frightened by these long, pitiful wrangles. I remember the heat above us lived <sup>down?</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>highly</sup> ~~partially~~ of fortune and sterile, particularly <sup>of the carpets</sup> ~~up~~ and the air he filled with the smell of clothes hanging in the copper and all the doors and windows be open as if it were no longer a home and anybody could walk in. I knew, as he and my mother went down here on, that he would get his money. But it was only no money ~~was~~ a false ritual. He knew that she had almost no money to keep us in meals, and she certainly knew it. He knew he should be working for the Westminster Gazette since he had offered to do it and since was regarded as the finest stable of budding journalists the house had. But his friends had looked down on this as an unnecessary interruption of a future writer's career. I was middle class and had parents, trusts, inheritances and at least a comfortable way over their heads and pocket money in ~~the~~ lean times. When my turn came I listened to the same kind of friends. It was a disastrous way of entering anything but a dress house, was especially if I were to etc - 'career' that paid next to nothing and offered you no guarantees of <sup>status</sup> survival thereafter.

In the end he <sup>also</sup> ~~got~~ more than he asked for. It never amounted to more than two shillings, a half a crown at work. It had to last him all day, cover meals. But then it was hardly more than would get - of a few <sup>Bath Buns and pots</sup> ~~of~~ tea.

like me ~~any better~~ <sup>more</sup> on what my mother called A Regular Tea Pot.  
 She I found myself alone in the flat, <sup>hostile</sup> and my father at  
 work, I then at his mysterious theatrical <sup>and painful</sup> activities, I would  
 drink sometimes five and six cups of quite strong tea and  
 usually I felt so nervous afterwards and would <sup>help</sup> ~~take it away~~  
 than I had <sup>started at the time</sup> ~~the~~ I thought a nice cup of tea would  
 I would look at the dark brown felt cloth on the table, and the  
 flowers that came from the garden below in a glass vase the salt  
 on a lace doily in the middle, and the radio gram, and the  
 silver iron grate and stove, and the clock with sloping shoulders  
 on the middle piece, and the desperately plaited and silver  
 roof outside the window on the side of the garden, and I  
 would wonder if anything was real, and whether perhaps my sense  
 touch, the taste of tea in my mouth mixed insipidly with sugar,  
 and the sound of ticking, with train sounds and train sounds  
 for a while, wasn't an act of imagination - someone else's part,  
 and is no sense of any relevance to the vast emptiness I called  
 myself, which refused in those moments to supply me with memories.

Charles Laughton went to Hollywood shortly afterwards,  
 which gave me the feeling of being at the center of events, and  
 whenever possible I went to his films ~~with them~~ to deeper  
 his feeling of world significance. Not that he acted well  
 or even competently all the time. The trouble is that he  
 wouldn't act at all. He doesn't belong to films, in  
 which an actor must do one of a bad theatre act a  
 day, making in it. But this too requires enormous  
 work. And the work doesn't stop there. Unless the actor  
 projects personality - of the kind that Laughton projected  
 at the Old Vic, simply by playing a certain behaviour -  
 he can't get beyond the character-actor class. For  
 the Clark Gable and Marlon Brando and Laurence Olivier  
 level you have to do something with the camera which is  
 acting in the theatre can prepare you for. All actors  
 must be able to feel, or think they feel, that it is like  
 to be the people. In the theatre there is only the

beginning. Smattering symbolic must then be done. This is as difficult as in any art form, and the added difficulty the actor has is that he is using his body, which gets too full of wind or too cold or falls it. Jaws & troubles with fear or want to giggle. He simply cannot get the revised and finished product that the book and the poem and the ~~play~~ film (and incidentally the written play) is. Therefore the actors and actresses who become known a great deal always be remembered for how bad they were sometimes — frequently worse than a soap player with no pretensions. All that is put away of film performance. There too sick person like the healthy we must purvey himself, not a symbolic, though not portrait that has little appeal to do with himself. An actor doesn't give himself in film performance — the same way he gives himself in the theatre. I remember catching sight of the evening of Lawrence Olivier in the first row of the National Old Vic when he had taken the theatre on to the National Theatre. I think it was after performance of Othello. He was difficult to recognize. As he was said to his son, he played two hundred characters, and entry deeply it. Then all, and hardly knew the his or character, his own self, was. This is no such distinction in the film actor. He has developed his own personality, which the imitates the personalities. This can't be done successfully with very many parts, which is why, unlike the theatre actor, the film actor tends to play the parts the imitate him, rather than vice versa. When I saw Bronn like play Othello — ~~etc~~, think of the ... the theatre — I found ~~some~~ his performance wins himself! The personality he had tricks the theatre wasn't there. He seemed to be waiting of the camera

at the time, there was power of the kind you can have in a ~~good~~ film while maintaining, I would think, the same facial expression, but there was no rhythm at all, nothing like O'Halloran's character and not a living man. In O'Halloran's earlier every-  
~~thing~~ ~~the~~ ~~film~~, ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~personality~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~,  
~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~right~~ ~~director~~, he would have pulled it off  
 then as a film O'Halloran. He wouldn't have pulled it off, because  
 his personality had no O'Halloran characteristics. ~~A~~ ~~substitution~~  
~~young~~ ~~journalist~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~night~~, ~~presented~~, ~~a~~ ~~substitution~~  
~~young~~ ~~journalist~~,  
 Oliviero would have to have these characteristics.

When I went to the cinema with my mother it was a completely different experience from going to the theatre. Risk of all ~~going~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~theatre~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~social~~ ~~thing~~, it means participating with other people in an act of judgement. The play was very powerful because it was, live people conveying thoughts to other live people. In fact it was an atmosphere of, almost, a confession, except that, excitement, you were in the dark and must be silent. So the attention you and the rest of the audience gave to the stage was ~~no~~ of feelings, which usually didn't express themselves ~~in~~ noise & movement, and these feelings, despite any sign of them, could be felt by the actor, indeed to the point where he might falter although the feelings, particularly ones of indifference, were strong enough.

In the cinema the face was large, the voice and music deafening. The audience isn't in an exciting atmosphere but a passive one. It's like some people lounge in their seats as if they were in bed, and of this is clandestine sex. I feel at home. I was at last not called upon to responsibilities. I

we're being looked at, and you are pretty <sup>well</sup> ~~sure~~ guaranteed that the  
 film maker, whoever ~~is~~ that he has to make a lot of money,  
 will supply with a finished product which will make you feel  
 that you have entered another life and that this life, however  
 terrible, is somehow good, at least if you as a spectator  
 who doesn't have to smell the blood, ~~of others~~, need less feel  
 the pain. ~~the cinema is the usage~~

~~the cinema is the usage~~

richer don't rise above ghettoes. They actually go  
 into ghettoes and film them as if they were the whole  
 world. And we see them from inside or ghettoes. We  
 don't have to rise above or go beyond or ghettoes to  
 understand and enjoy them. This is the film or called  
 a popular medium. ~~It is to act, in the audience,~~  
~~participating in a vast world~~ They are tableaux  
 for, for for the spectators. They belong more to  
 dreams than to stories. They exercise the hypnotic  
 dream, and they are illogical or fanciful they invite  
 a peculiar mood that is close to sleep. It's that  
 highly active kind of drug which the eyelids flutter  
 madly. They are ghetto-joining, in that they supply a  
 form of information which we will be able to,  
 in some way, receive. A theatre play must be  
 adapted of 'foreign' matter, it must be acceptable  
 to the ghettoes and therefore relies on particular,  
 intimate effects, hot word-stroke, daydreaming.  
 It is by acting <sup>address</sup> they soundly place in film, and  
 by film with the most urgent serious message has  
 the influence of dreams rather than the direct producer  
 notes, investigations or change of régime.

When I lived in Rome I used to see ~~films~~ a  
~~great~~ lot of film in the streets. These were the

Jean preceding and following Dolce Vita, which represented the  
 change-over, really a real farewell, ~~for~~ <sup>off to</sup> the Rome-ghetto  
 films that made ~~the transition~~ <sup>the</sup> Sophia Loren and  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and Mastoranni famous - I had long before they  
 were internationally known. ~~As always, she of course~~  
~~filming, made it seem to be all sitting back and~~  
~~waiting~~ Because films can be - and in <sup>France and Italy were</sup>  
 continuation of popular theatre or opera. <sup>1-2</sup> ~~For~~ the ghetto  
 remains alive, and doesn't go <sup>to</sup> the Hollywood disaster-  
 extreme. Rifund', my ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~catchable~~ films were those  
 that stayed safe with the ghetto - either the upper or  
 lower ~~area~~. When they tried of the Hollywood supra-  
 ghetto drama formula they were stiff stuff. Dolce Vita  
 looked somewhere between. ~~It called Hollywood to~~

~~the Via Veneto. A few friends, I was at the time played~~  
~~extra in it. As for the 'his tree', had a sparkling part.~~  
~~It called Hollywood to the Via Veneto.~~  
 In the year before, when I saw Sophia Loren in a  
 street like, it was the same Sophia Loren I sat next  
 to in the restaurant, ~~possibly the same person.~~ ~~She~~  
~~film, then did work for~~ All she had to do was ~~to~~ be  
 the Neapolitan woman, in her infinite variety.

So going to films with my mother was like  
 departing her for the idealized ghetto - it felt that we  
 were at the heart of it, in the huge Granada at  
 Times Broadway - but for Exp. It gave me nothing  
 back. I had when we all called for cards, with the  
 pictures of the stars on them, and I bought a ~~film~~  
 Hollywood gossip magazine now and then, but it was all  
 about a world that wasn't attainable, and this was the  
 gist of the films too, and by the heroine could get  
 beaten up or swamped in muddy water or ~~the~~

blame up and they still had their hair and eyelashes straight.  
~~who you see the old films to~~ Those stars, even Moira Shearer  
and Jean Harlow, whom I was in love with, look to me quite  
devoid of any sexuality today.

Barbara Stanwyck ~~the~~  
~~Terrific was greatly but didn't create in fantasy, that wasn't~~  
~~the worst.~~ only in Terrific was greater, in her in fantasy, yet  
did have some. So why ~~read up on~~ I falling in love with?  
~~Look at the~~ ~~See~~ ~~Go to~~ ~~Go to~~ ~~Go to~~ ~~Go to~~ ~~Go to~~ ~~Go to~~  
the sexual matrix of sexual energy which ~~was~~ ~~used~~ ~~to~~

Case.  
~~never excited by~~ ~~for sexual passion,~~ seems to me neither  
ethereal nor sexual, not that she had to be either. (When I look  
at ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> films now I really look at them, in the sense) not  
being in the slightest hypnotized. I am really taking note of  
the furniture, the way of walking and gesturing, the  
mechanics of speech. The strange and almost terrible silver  
glitter of the Hollywood screen, the proximity of the  
huge faces which however have none of the characteristics  
of real faces such as skin warmth, smallness and the  
invisible message of fellowship, all these used to convey,  
was the closest we got to ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> achievements and  
triumphs and utterly brilliant rejected love ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
in dreams, at night, at work, and so the films, when  
they did influence our behavior did so in a way that  
took us <sup>even</sup> further away from life, making us ache, as we  
do in nightmares, to be not what we are, nor where  
we are, nor how we are in our human function.

Hollywood did need to ~~take~~ ~~take~~ ~~take~~ ~~take~~ ~~take~~  
~~people attention~~ produce the peoples who ~~as it is a~~  
~~she~~ sleepwalked their way into the second world war  
as if they had to ~~not~~ say in their lives that  
a cinema whovette in the infrequency of celluloid  
with images ~~that~~ <sup>images drawn up</sup> hundred of thousands of  
people ~~several times a day~~ into ~~the~~ ~~darkness~~ for  
less than the price of ~~a~~ ~~pair~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ which varied at ~~the~~ ~~corner~~ ~~houses~~.

→ Barbara Stanwyck I found my ~~strong~~ intriguing, yet  
as we were sexual than the others. The fact is that  
Hollywood was never ~~until well into the 1940s~~ in its  
heyday devoted to creating sexual images, such  
as sexual people, of any kind. The Hollywood woman  
had to fulfil the position program of not suggesting  
sexuality, in case he role as wife and mother should  
be at the outset derided by the ~~suspicious~~ idiom of  
~~love and~~ whore. ~~and~~ This is why the love scenes  
were cerebral, and the women at all times ~~in~~  
~~clothes~~ well-groomed (tinkled hair, an unmade-up  
face, loose clothes) conveyed the possibility of dirt,  
that is real, sex. ~~He~~ ~~denied~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~end~~ ~~in~~  
~~things~~ ~~except~~ ~~the~~ ~~sexually~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~checked~~  
tell weight. The ~~for~~ sustained kiss had to  
~~post~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~phase~~ ~~a~~ ~~code~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~(now~~  
~~entire~~) ~~we~~ ~~all~~ ~~secretly~~ ~~desire~~ for impotence.

from Tunis ~~to~~ to Copenhagen, from Paris, Tsera to Krakow, people entered the halls of darkness with the ~~same~~ ~~structure~~ ~~books~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~ ~~in~~ ~~London~~ ~~of~~ ~~thousands~~ is daydream like they could ~~and~~ and could never enact, having lives under their own control.

\* \* \*

As if to try to counter this dark movement towards a sleepily protracted sleep, destruction which would bring all civilization down, my mother and I went for a short time ran a live news theatre which dramatized, in brief <sup>and</sup> ~~light~~ - improvised sketches of the day's news. I ~~think~~ believe the little News Theatre, a Victoria Studio, close to the platform for since I took hundreds of return journeys to Rushfield, via Oscar Wilde's Clapham Junction, was already there, though I like to think it was put there in imitation of my mother's experiment.

It took place in a very large house - a pub for it was just one of those Victorian houses with tall doors and drawing rooms which could be partitioned or curtained in the middle. The tiny stage was at ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> end of one of these, and I suppose the room didn't hold than thirty or forty spectators. ~~There~~ My mother and father took me one evening and as usual I had to keep squeezing my mother's arm and showing her because ~~the~~ ~~world~~ of her tut-tutting and sighing and

moaning noises whenever there was a sexual reference or <sup>even</sup> ~~the~~ ~~use~~ ~~of~~ ~~words~~ ~~like~~ ~~nudity~~, ~~levitating~~, ~~but~~ ~~to~~ ~~day~~, ~~reference~~ ~~to~~ ~~menstruation~~, ~~corsets~~

~~individual~~ ~~human~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~any~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~menstruation~~, ~~corsets~~ ~~undergarment~~. Knicker. My mother called corsets 'stays' and knicker 'drawers', and the sexual posturing of these words was quite extraordinary. For for being signs of strong sexual prohibition, a lot of non-sexual ears have seen them, ~~they~~ ~~then~~ ~~these~~ ~~corsets~~ ~~stays~~ they were dozed with an erotic significance so urgent that they couldn't be spoken except in jest, and then not in front of the children. Sexual activity, in the effort before <sup>the</sup> ~~word~~ ~~sex~~ ~~label~~ ~~was~~ ~~do~~ ~~staying~~, ~~disturbing~~ ~~so~~ ~~medical~~ ~~use~~, was so ~~staying~~, ~~disturbing~~ ~~so~~

upsetingly and ~~the~~ embarrassing sexuality that it spilled into the garments that ~~were~~ ~~grapes~~ had to be lowered or unbuttoned in order for it to be enjoyed, by way of a fevered contagion which ~~had~~ ~~had~~ brought me out in spots and flushes and sweat if it should be allowed into public conversation. I'm sure John could hear my mother from the stage or the wings. He would certainly see disapproval in her eye afterwards. My father used to enjoy it all. He was quick to pick up any humor. Now the my mother had a censoring eye, or even pursed lips. ~~She~~ The feeling played over in her cheeks and a certain spontaneity, expressing a sort of tired disgust at trifles. Two lines of us would file out at the end of a performance and I always felt the show introduced us to as few people as possible, <sup>and</sup> not at all of snobbery, ~~but~~ ~~from~~ ~~that~~ This was OK at the time - he would appear in the stalls and take us straight out. In smaller venues ~~there~~ was no real division of front of house from backstage was possible. Also it seemed that professional actors, producers and City angels liked nothing better than being introduced to by parents, she at once set up a rich and joyous atmosphere which made better theater than work, which was available, as the professionals seemed to know.

By the age of fourteen I had been inside a number of theaters, backstage and in the dressing rooms. I met 'nurses' like the two de Marney mother who originated in Australia - one was an actor, the other a producer. They were parents in his <sup>late</sup> twenties. ~~From~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ They were swallowed up by the war, I never heard of them again. Renee Perry, who adored dogs and had been blinded in one eye by ~~dog~~ ~~bite~~ ~~was~~ stirred a lot of excitement because of his suave acting machine, his high rich lilting voice and appearance of self-possession. I walked the stage, the Arts Theater and vowed to my self, silently, that I would put on a play then, and I did. Anything was dastardly this and dastardly that,

and there was a sense of the theatre being a thrilling and mysterious place, not an exclusive one. The fact that most people ~~had~~ had no very high opinion of the acting profession helped the humbling. ~~The exclusiveness came about with the power, after the fateful world war. Direction became petty tyrant, a thankless to the actor because of the previous <sup>(including under pressure)</sup> casting. A playwright was now a potential job thief and ~~an enemy~~ ~~of America~~ ~~to~~ ~~several~~ ~~visits~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~theatre~~, ~~and~~ ~~lectures~~ ~~by~~ ~~its~~ ~~executive~~ ~~men~~, ~~were~~ ~~preached~~ ~~into~~ ~~American~~ ~~tourist~~ ~~visits~~. ~~to~~ ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~flattered~~ ~~enough~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~official~~ ~~but~~ ~~in~~ ~~no~~ ~~other~~ ~~respect~~ ~~either~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~'dollar~~ ~~earned~~ ~~justified~~ ~~reputation~~, ~~America~~ ~~is~~ ~~was~~ ~~interested~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~ready~~ ~~hand~~.~~

The new theatre, with my mother and Alana and me or two people backstage, ~~with~~ and an occasional guest actor, to support it, folded quite soon, yet my mother wasn't at all happy she did it. She ~~advised~~ ~~the~~ ~~business~~ ~~that~~ ~~made~~ ~~her~~ ~~squirm~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~late~~, ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~fateful~~ ~~world~~ ~~war~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~called~~ ~~permissive~~ ~~was~~ ~~flattered~~ ~~that~~ ~~her~~ ~~son~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~so~~ ~~flattered~~ ~~in~~ ~~doing~~ ~~what~~ ~~it~~ ~~made~~ ~~her~~ ~~squirm~~, and as for the bedroom talk she didn't want to suppress it at all, only confine it to private places. It was the flaunting of what should be enjoyably and wickedly ~~pleasant~~ secret that made her squirm. She would take a quite divided attitude with great ease, like all mature people. For instance she could bear even the ~~very~~ sight of a church. A clergyman walking past he was like the evil eye and I knew she would have, but of the grace of God, have crossed herself and time it happened, had the been a habit of hers. Her feelings seemed to become of resentment and a kind of disgusted defensiveness, as if under injurious accusation. <sup>The church</sup> ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~never~~ ~~like~~ the theatre in my mother's hands - a place she made filthily suggest (like death) and wanted to pry into all men's bedroom secrets to find she was wrong and she right in them. She would actually avert her eyes when she passed a church and if she had to attend a funeral she would turn up at the cemetery after the service. She did go to weddings, but that was a deuce triumph over the devilish, appropriately black-clad long-faced misery she gave demons and looked at you in the coffin-like way.

Yet she sent me to church to become a choir boy as soon as I had a presentable soprano voice. I eventually became lead boy and did most of the solos. We used to practice during the week in a room behind the parish hall and this I enjoyed because Mabel Tudor Craig, the daughter of the vicar ~~was~~ who played the organ and sometimes conducted us, sat at the piano and waved at us and jilted us along, and then was an altogether not unlike what I imagined a play rehearsal to be. On Sundays she would wear her college gown and sweep in after we had taken our places, a sweetener she would be already seated at the organ playing the introit. We would file out of the vestry in black shiny cassocks and hopefully white pleated smocks and usually glibly starched collars with a black bow. A lead boy I had a ~~glib~~<sup>glib-pleated</sup> ~~collar~~<sup>collar</sup> ~~wound~~<sup>wound</sup> ~~around~~<sup>around</sup> my neck as a red band. The Sundays were less pleasing to me because I usually had feathers in my belly because of the solos coming up. The first time I had to sing publicly my voice simply failed to ~~emerge~~<sup>emerge</sup>, and the outgoing head boy who had a fine voice, stopped then in mid-sentence over the first few silent bars. Then he let me finish it and after that I had no trouble, except of the nerves.

The snatches of the gospels that I heard read from a big <sup>lectern</sup> lantern in the chancel steps, or the psalms ~~the canticles the~~ ~~thems~~ we sang, <sup>got</sup> connected of me with the stained mock-gothic windows and the long thick rays of sunlight the sometimes shone across the rafters. Equally, the lights during evening song were exciting to me. Scriptures and liturgy possibly mean more of a child than we often, because the words aren't taken literally, or heard altogether in me developing stream, yet they seem to describe things the child knows, the carols quite as fresh as ever and yet manifested all the time in all kinds of unexpected lights and sounds which might be the clang of a iron bell as it clattered along the street outside which gave depth to the echo of the vicar's voice in his sermon, and which helped the hanging lights to look warmer and more at home. The Wipers and the surface - she happened outside

When you walked home, having taken 7 of your collar against ridicule - were  
at their in the sea the they wear something else and precise, and  
happened logically, casually, and you were uncontrived - then it - a different  
way from the you were in church. My mother used to take me through  
two prayers at bed time the I was a child, another paradox which  
she carried with dignity. One was the Lord's prayer and the other was  
devoted to James - God bless humming and daddy, uncles and aunts,  
~~granma and grandpa,~~  
A soldiers and sailors, ~~and~~ tinkers and tailors, ~~and all good men~~ ~~and all good men~~ granma  
and grandpa, and all good men.

Something tells me that she must have known she was part of me when  
she <sup>said</sup> me ~~off~~ on a chair ~~way~~ into the arms <sup>of</sup> people who revolted  
her, ~~and~~ she nevertheless knew a thing or two which mean work  
know. ~~but~~ <sup>I think</sup> she ~~didn't~~ <sup>felt</sup> a ~~great~~ <sup>castan</sup> appreciation of Miss  
Tudu Craig, who ~~could~~ <sup>took</sup> ~~me~~ of ~~side~~ in her tiny  
Austin Seven along county lanes, and of her father, ~~she was~~  
~~quite~~ a courteous, rather smiling man. She had it in for parsons.

~~but~~ she a typical parson because she was vicar the father  
~~entirely~~ ~~her~~ ~~hand~~ ~~as~~ long legged studies and dripping nose,  
and hooded eye and <sup>made them work</sup> ~~she~~ ~~expected~~ ~~them~~ ~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~'bring~~ ~~it~~  
~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ unlike fall beavers. I sometimes saw at  
funerals and we could take the flowers home sometimes. The  
weddings were embarrassing, with the best man winking up at  
us in no stalls, or the bride looking too mobile to control.  
We would sing 'How come the bride, short fat and wide' -  
and the congregation to have for it. One pasture during  
big seasons was to masturbate and she and no cows, but  
but this was confined to the senior end of the stalls, where  
there were no lanes standing behind.

On church, St Andrew, close to Ruffield station;  
had - barometer feeling because it was new, and in any case  
was Catholic. ~~but~~ the ~~1~~ ~~step~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~but~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~a~~ ~~down~~ ~~cast~~  
~~but~~ ~~to~~ ~~cut~~ ~~instead~~ ~~of~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~Roma~~ ~~civil~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~  
~~created~~ ~~burst~~ ~~and~~ ~~tried~~ ~~unsuccessfully~~ ~~to~~ ~~soften~~ ~~pastor~~  
the church had none of the motto and voices and echo  
first steps and tiers of candles that the Italian church still had.  
The cathedral, however, I don't think England ever recovered from

~~The~~ We could't open our eyes, with the smoke that we didn't know quite how they were. So they extended to almost everything. Spots all over me, face seemed to be connected with them.

One of the worst things that could happen to a household when I was a child was that my uncle Horace came over on a Sunday. If he did it was always just before lunch when my mother was making the cream for melted butter and just able to put the Yorkshire pudding. Any fine Sunday was under threat. My mother's attitude was that he was a Sappy Date, ~~meaning Slow, Fussy and Dull~~ and ~~generally speaking, a Dead Dog~~. My father would dash up the stairs and shout 'Gotad! Horace is coming up the road!' and my mother would say a falter 'Oh Uriney!' The idea would be to prevent him staying for lunch but of course this was <sup>impossible</sup> difficult. If you said that other relatives were arriving there were his brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews, and he could hardly be excluded. ~~My said~~ And you could say anything else. No could you wish being talked about in the family as stingy. I made the best of it and my father would ~~go down~~ take him down to the health bottle of spirit and his back a bottle of dark ale and that would live things up to the point where Horace's conversation was cancelled out. On summer Sundays the lower half of the window would be raised and kitchen and plate clattering noise would come in across the garden and from both sides because we were else had the bottom half raised too. Underneath Bric and his parents made little sound. Bric's hand shook and his legs described a half-circle as he walked. He was nervous in storms and ~~the ground~~ had a sensitivity that could normally, had he not been disadvantaged, take him out of the ghetto. One evening he knocked on the door and my father went down. Bric was standing there looking terrible and he said 'Dad, I just died. Could you come and lay me out?' My father avoided doing this somehow. Bric's father also had a severe disability and like Bric never seemed to receive treatment. His mother was a quiet, good-looking woman and I had the impression that she was the only woman and I had the

in hospital for an operation the and my father showed some hanky-panky, particularly after he husband died. He would go down to do some gardening and it would be deathly quiet, ~~and in the small strip of garden~~ ~~the garden~~ and no garden could be detested.

The coming of relatives on Sundays could be exciting and it could be heavy, depending - whether those cousins I liked, like Renee, who was bright and sunny and could read, ~~and~~ the daughter of Maud, and ~~the girls of~~ ~~my~~ ~~uncle~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~mother's~~ ~~side,~~ ~~who~~ ~~varied~~ ~~from~~ ~~large~~ ~~and~~ ~~sexless~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~dark~~ ~~and~~ ~~skittish.~~ ~~My~~ ~~cousin~~ ~~Renee~~ ~~was~~ ~~perfect~~ ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~her~~ ~~one~~ ~~dark~~ ~~and~~ ~~skittish.~~ Sunday I was in the front room where the fire was and very no relatives on my father's side - Maud and her husband Charlie, and Alley and her husband Henry - were also there while my parents prepared the tea, ~~really~~ ~~the~~ ~~a~~ ~~what~~ ~~was~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~called~~ ~~High~~ ~~Tea,~~ ~~meaning~~ ~~two~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~bread~~ ~~(~~ ~~usually~~ ~~buttered~~ ~~),~~ ~~fast~~ ~~cheese~~ ~~and~~ ~~fish~~ ~~paste~~ ~~and~~ ~~saled~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~big~~ ~~currant~~ ~~cake~~ ~~which~~ ~~my~~ ~~mother~~ ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~mixed~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~before~~ ~~while~~ ~~my~~ ~~father~~ ~~kept~~ ~~in~~ ~~front~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~fire.~~ ~~By~~ ~~now~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~talk~~ ~~ing~~ ~~in~~ ~~low~~ ~~voices~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~aware~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~were~~ ~~say~~ ~~ing~~ ~~bad~~ ~~things.~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~aware~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~dis~~ ~~re~~ ~~garded~~ ~~me~~ ~~as~~ ~~being~~ ~~too~~ ~~young~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~under~~ ~~stand.~~ ~~I~~ ~~heard~~ ~~them~~ ~~call~~ ~~my~~ ~~parents~~ ~~in~~ ~~hushed~~ ~~deep~~ ~~rumbling~~ ~~voices~~ ~~'Bloody~~ ~~fools!'~~ ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~dis~~ ~~re~~ ~~gation~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~had~~ ~~just~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~which~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~indeed~~ ~~visited,~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~because~~ ~~I~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~under~~ ~~stand~~ ~~it.~~ ~~Whenever~~ ~~relatives~~ ~~came~~ ~~I~~ ~~put~~ ~~my~~ ~~self~~ ~~deep~~ ~~in~~ ~~work~~ ~~or~~ ~~a~~ ~~comic,~~ ~~not~~ ~~because~~ ~~I~~ ~~wished~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~more~~ ~~precious,~~ ~~but~~ ~~because~~ ~~their~~ ~~presence~~ ~~made~~ ~~the~~ ~~reading~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~living~~ ~~worlds~~ ~~in~~ ~~their~~ ~~colors~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~form~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~print,~~ ~~I~~ ~~could~~ ~~dream~~ ~~better~~ ~~with~~ ~~them~~ ~~close~~ ~~by.~~ ~~The~~ ~~dis~~ ~~re~~ ~~gation~~ ~~had~~ ~~approach~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~ ~~of~~ ~~myself~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~two~~ ~~brothers,~~ ~~who~~ ~~were~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~still~~ ~~children.~~ ~~My~~ ~~mother~~ ~~and~~ ~~father~~ ~~announced~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~would~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~ ~~universities.~~ ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~she~~ ~~they~~ ~~looked~~ ~~forward~~ ~~to~~ ~~with~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart.~~ ~~This~~ ~~evoked~~ ~~the~~ ~~dreams.~~ ~~My~~ ~~mother~~ ~~and~~ ~~uncle~~ ~~held~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~sent~~ ~~out~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~

of justice like weedy else and that ~~education~~ all colleges were all  
 very well but they were of the people who could afford them. Also  
 she was going to look after my parents when they were past  
 work? Not three college-educated boys, who could ~~then~~  
~~snatch~~ ~~get~~ ~~snatch~~ ~~water~~, and I can look to be snotty and  
 look down on weedy, I think they had a feeling that the  
 loss of a world be equipped to earn a sound wage, and  
 that the experience could fail. In fact, from this point of view  
 it did. They could have had some satisfaction to witness  
 the war between my mother and John over the ~~few coffees~~  
 pittance he needed to travel to town with a cold day, but  
 it was a pittance which might quite a lot of food. My  
 mother always shopped at the cheap cuts, I mean, and  
~~then~~ ~~how~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~more~~ of the food at the local Co-op,  
 which gave a 'dividend' in each week paper which went  
 into a 'Christmas box', that is it was cashed at the  
 end of the year, and spent in the very same shop.

I think this arose because I could read at the age of  
 four and my cousins couldn't. I remember this being announced  
 at a previous Sunday. ~~And~~ I felt not pride but the joy  
 that reading Tiger Tim, the 'annual' which came out at  
 Christmas and had puzzles and stories and pictures and ads,  
 for fake dog houses and cushions that made me wiser.

There was no sense of triumph in me. ~~Just the pleasure~~  
~~difficult~~ ~~of~~ ~~children~~ ~~to~~ ~~understand~~ ~~the~~ ~~adult~~ ~~feelings~~  
~~mean~~, since they ~~love~~ ~~for~~ ~~suffering~~ ~~like~~ ~~criticism~~ ~~and~~ ~~envy~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~adult~~  
 are mysterious of children, a source of wonderment, and because  
 the child mind, and in fact the human mind, have no need  
 for such feelings. Strangely, all the suffering involved by  
 growing up is facing the 'fact' of adult suffering, ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~  
 the natural share in that is to do so, since ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~made-up~~  
 fact, ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~an~~ ~~action~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~created~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~set~~ ~~of~~ ~~commands~~ ~~within~~  
 the human brain and of purely human manufacture. It  
 seems to come from outside and to be of a purely objective

nature, as much a tangible and inevitable landscape as hills and streams and trees. Buddha said that the source of human suffering was the human's sense of the impermanence of things, his awareness that death can snatch him in his family in his house away at any time, that all the things he gives his concentration to — the garden he works, the table he eats at — become, once the brain is in ~~fixed~~ delirium, mere it loses its power even momentarily, a figment much less vivid than some dreams. Many human is haunted by the strange fact that the world he is born into is not guaranteed and is withdrawn finally without any explanation at all of why it existed or even that it did exist. At the religions we know, including Buddha's that eschewed religion and any mention of God or life after death, we systems to remove those commands — the brain ~~which asserts as the human brain~~ to make permanence a determined goal and impermanence a fearful misery. A child knows nothing of the goal or the misery. It clings to nothing, ~~even~~ the breast it clings to ~~is~~ feeding has taken place. Its preceptions drift along independently and then ~~is~~ little because there is no need for it. Things aren't yet named and docketed. A leg and the table, a cat in the middorill, are experienced without any messages coming from them of an ordered nature. The commands, the dreadful commands, come in with the names and docket, are actually enclosed within them. So we have to have a way of withdrawing from the 'table' to the 'wood' (not the wood it is 'made of' but the wood it is) and then to the roots and branches until we reach something that is permanent. Religions claim, truthfully or otherwise, and some better than others, that they know the way to this permanence. It is the permanence the famous physicist found that ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> permanent that the child he was sitting in didn't exist. ~~On some Sundays, when I was still a small child, we used to go on a horse and carriage to the lake for a long journey.~~ ~~There were~~ ~~at~~ ~~times~~ ~~to~~ ~~Greenwich, which was a long journey, and to Battersea, which was not.~~ ~~he used to~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~the~~ ~~2 1/2~~ ~~hours~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~1 1/2~~ ~~hours~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~lake~~ ~~and~~ ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~draught~~ ~~water~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~spies.~~ ~~But~~ ~~a~~ ~~child~~ ~~was~~ ~~all~~ ~~right.~~ ~~Two~~ ~~were~~

→ The only time I felt I belonged, and had the weakness of  
nerves and severe compromise that made ~~bad events~~ seem unimportant and  
gave ~~very colour and~~ ~~the~~ colour a special vividness, was when I lived  
in Rome. The floor of my work room was a sixteenth-century one,  
with eight-sided tiles of the most well-worn, glowing turquoise  
and maroon. A terrace ran the whole length of an apartment,  
which was sopra-elevato or a roof apartment. The tiles had  
either been the original roof terrace, or someone had used the  
tiles from another building. From the terrace ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> could see the  
dome of St Peter's and, at the time, ~~across~~ the wall of  
the fields beyond the Vatican, sometimes the warm heat of  
crow-dung, drifted up to us. I sat on the floor of my  
bedroom, at the other end of the terrace from my work room,  
and meditated after I'd finished my morning yoga (which  
since the war has before I was taught yoga by a Indian) must  
have been profane. It was also long before the fashion of  
meditation hit the West, so perhaps what I was doing was  
sitting on the floor with my eyes closed up. In any case I  
experienced a sense of eternity — a poor word that doesn't  
come near such a sensual but wordless state — that made the  
city mind we see the city ~~itself~~ <sup>itself</sup> as in ancient times,  
~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> rather without any past or future in any usual sense  
because its extraordinary, benign and blandly tolerant  
personality with its underside of wild implacable vengefulness  
that worked not through ~~doctrine~~ <sup>doctrine</sup> morality but swift  
direct and often bloody action, had always been there and  
always could be, ~~and~~ so that it seemed to include not  
only time but all life, was the point of swallowing death,  
because one was close to all who had lived there, in  
however ancient times, and almost could be be them, to  
the death seemed, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> physically and immediately, ~~as though~~  
another poor conception in the human mind that had no  
reality.

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heavy tarpaulin covers shield me ~~from~~ draw for the back of the seat in front and built round me so that up the ~~the~~ no's head and shoulder took the weather, and the child went underneath a a lap. My ~~my~~ ~~my~~ laggy sensual weaknesses, waking briefly from sleep, in someone's arms, ~~to ~~my~~ concern leaving beds and trams.~~ When I was ~~little older and able to~~ safe in my feet I could ~~run~~ <sup>begin</sup>.

Since ~~my mother's sister Botic and her husband George~~, my mother's brother in law, worked in the Thames their home was naturally close to the river. Green which I enjoyed me at night because the ~~fog and the~~ foghorn that sounded from the river. Once I had a fearful nightmare which ended their sound and I woke screaming. My mother burst into the room and took me a time to the front room where they were all gathered. Since a number of first cousins were involved I was worried at being considered a 'big baby' though very young could still be counted on one hand. My uncle had a liquid cough and died quite early because of his exposure to the fog. But he was fascinated by the work and never seemed to be quite with us when we visited, as if most of his was still chugging along the river with a searchlight. Botic, his wife, had a liquid

laugh, it wheezed and half-choked so long ~~that~~ ~~that~~ didn't know she it had occasioned it. ~~It~~ ~~she~~ laughed too. She and my mother 'stuck together' - the ~~two~~ ~~two~~ were never seen. My respected

older sisters, five or six of them, each then. Botic was looking for ~~something like very perfect~~ ~~something like very perfect~~ a different way of life based on ~~people who~~ 'decent manners' and people who had 'something to say for themselves'. They were both plump and had easy laughs and it made the heart feel good to look at them. When my father did his imaginary needle portrait of Aunt Botic it was my mother who did the sh-a-shocky-they performance, probably to cover any embarrassment Botic might feel. She had little to say. She seemed to be thinking about the portrait herself, and it must have been so sexually flattering to watch that a young man ~~she~~ should secretly desire her, and see her

→ stood at the bus or train stop with my parents trying to spot  
no number. Two were 'pirate' buses at that time. They were  
privately owned and ~~driven~~ used to corner small corners  
~~and if they were~~ to park they looked as if they would topple over.  
My mother and other women waiting used to tut-tut about  
these bloody buses, they 'll have an accident one day. Two  
seemed to be an enormous number of them and their speed was  
due to the fact that they were ply up for trade and trying  
to get to a stop before the others.

stomach, wrists and belly with so much excitement in his starved little brain.

Edie and my mother had two brothers who were admitted to their company as people who had something to say for themselves. Ray was also plump and he had a high shining round face with red cheeks and his laugh too was an infectious wheeze that travelled round the room until it had picked up all its passengers. He worked on the trains. He would sometimes take a meeting with Lin and I liked the way he just had to tap a steel rod in the floor of the belt to sound. ~~He worked a~~ ~~steering~~ His steering wheel was a kind of rudder and it all felt remarkably safe and, above all, commanding. You went along tracks specially made for you. Passengers had to walk to you for the pavement. Cars scattered for you. Children didn't dare to 'cut behind' as they did with carts on lorries, that is jump on and take a free ride at the back. But the driver of horse or engine couldn't see them. If you saw a child doing this the usual thing if you were a child was to yell at the driver 'Cut behind gurnor!', meaning he should make a cut with his whip to reach the poor little devil. But this was a betrayal occurred to myself who shouldn't ~~it~~ do it, worse you too cut behind whenever you could. But it was somehow accepted that being denounced was part of cutting behind, so that when you heard it being screamed for the pavement you didn't feel awkward, you just jumped off.

When it was bitter cold and rained my uncle Ray could pull a tarpaulin across his neck like those provided on the upper deck, so that his head and shoulders were exposed. He never stopped telling stories. There's a visit to uncle Ray in his little Beckenhall house was the best relative-visit there could be. Most of the stories were about what was then called The Great War, ~~which~~ ~~we children of war~~ ~~was called~~ ~~was~~ ~~as~~ ~~opposed~~ ~~to~~ ~~WW2~~, ~~since~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~obliged~~ ~~for~~ ~~clarity~~ ~~to~~ ~~number~~ ~~and~~ ~~cite~~ ~~geographical~~ ~~extent~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~

~~For some the main pursuit have been in order to differentiate them,~~  
~~by number and citation of geographical extent, of the other hundred of~~  
~~over the take place between them and after them. There was something~~  
in the word 'great' that set that was apart as a phenomenon so  
terrible that before it and since it had happened featured all in  
stories told in the desert night. But ~~was children, was known~~  
~~better. We have to remember the war was a light and a dark.~~  
~~They dispense with any suggestion that was can be other than a,~~  
~~yes, terrible tale yet, yes, acceptable activity - does was we expressed.~~  
Uncle Ray's stories were about the desert, where he was a  
despatch rider for Colonel Atterley. The first had a horse, then a  
motor bike. ~~His~~ One of his stories was that he couldn't get his  
horse to stop and was obliged to hit it on the head with his  
water bottle. That kind of thing seemed to happen more than  
once in the desert since I think T. E. Lawrence described how,  
aiming to shoot someone, he shot his own camel instead.  
When Uncle Ray told his stories, they, the ~~were~~ ~~despised~~  
~~of~~ didn't aim at dignifying or suggesting that was was anything  
but a bloody fool's game. I laughed all the way through.  
He had a rather coward wife and a fringe-haired daughter.  
He was always teary. It had a predictably dire effect on  
her and Peggy was always insisting the father in some drama  
since the plaintive voice, he better couldn't do anything  
but appreciate, and as she she shot herself in the country  
for a day or two. Uncle Ray's stories were published, mostly  
in the papers. The Evening News ran a long series of war  
stories that haunted me. I used to spread the paper out on  
the floor in front of the fire and my father brought it home  
in the evening and read about flying bits of flesh and  
ghosts in the trenches, and the rats, and the shell with your  
wonder on it. The pictures that went with the story were  
horrific, and sometimes turned me off reading. I would ask  
my parents the same question, 'Is there going to be another war?'  
and they didn't know how to answer me. My view of the  
universe was that there was a Policeman in the sky who didn't  
let things like that happen. He stopped men beating their

wives if the neighbors was obliged to ~~catch~~ <sup>catch</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>him</sup> (to ~~catch~~ <sup>catch</sup> a policeman needed a virtual riot as they were an unpolice-able breed who were expected to rob you home when you were on holiday and to trip you up outside the pub and then charge you of being drunk and disorderly - it was called a bob a bob, because they got a shilling for it). I conceived that his utterly top policeman (opponent of the God of my mother's evening prayers wasn't quite convincing) could stop such a thing as wanted murder as a daily pursuit, such as a Great War, and that this had happened as a one-off never to be repeated. She I was very young my mother said ~~no, there was~~ no, that wouldn't be another war, but like she said there might be. I realize now that I put the policeman up, then because my Mother and Father, the previous articles, all passed and layers-down of the law, was clearly incompetent in many things to make the world as they wanted, or indeed any world at all but the one they'd clearly been given, with the message like it or leave it. In other words I understood very early the publicly way child knows, that he or she will find no authority anywhere, ~~not authority~~ ~~the kind a child expects, being that of a policeman~~ ~~wasn't what gave~~ of the simple reason that it isn't being exercised except as punishment of things already done. I expected, as all children do, that authority meant knowledge of both the past and the future, but I found slaves, and early on I felt compassion for the men with clearly helpless acts in a world where even the men who called the shots ~~were~~ had no authority either.

There was another brother named Oliver, and he was perhaps the most elevated of all my mother's family, not only because he worked in the Post Office, which was ~~expected to be a high level~~ ~~operated much like a Ministry~~ ~~church~~ almost a top profession ~~in our district~~ where we lived, but because he read books of like Mr Quin in the Western Front (which he forbade me to read because I found it when I read it ~~in how often~~ <sup>ed</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>wouldn't</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>putting</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>back</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>shop</sup> <sup>if</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>knew</sup> <sup>anything</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>it</sup>). He had a bank account, too. And he exercised a paternal influence

on me and my brother which might have been potentialistic had his  
 income stretched to it. As it was he always sent the family a  
 pound at Christmas - it came with the ~~the~~ card, and it  
 he was ~~deep~~ appreciated of this ~~or~~ like a ~~was~~ surprise also  
 was good to his tenants. My mother <sup>and Eddie were</sup> ~~was~~ proud to have a  
 Real Gentleman as a brother, which meant not a stuck-up  
 individual who addressed (we called all people Talleyman's  
 in the letters) ~~perhaps because accurate to check that it was true~~  
~~described the ~~the~~ into letters, in some way~~ but a man who  
 knew how to talk, choose his words, wear quiet but fitting  
 clothes, address all with the same respect etc. He was a  
 mild man who never said a long thing and made my visits  
 to him a marvellous rest for ~~the~~ the busy busy of a small  
 flat occupied by five people all of whom assembled, at least in winter,  
 in one tiny room ~~next to the kitchen~~ with a ladder in it, a dresser  
 full of plates and ornaments, its drawers stuffed with balls of wool,  
 hard collars of very cheap pursuits and all kinds of knickknacks. This  
 room roared with conversation, the radio and the voice of <sup>work up a</sup> ~~semi detached house in~~  
~~was being up, ~~which seemed a ~~with a garden~~~~~~ Uncle Oliver had a ~~of ~~of~~~~  
<sup>in the garden with a garden</sup> ~~garden~~ which like an orchard, and at the time, before the <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 side of the street was built, there was a road. All round it. At the  
 end of the garden, beyond the chicken house, which were the  
 whole width of ~~the garden~~ ~~was~~ a free range paradise, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 was the railway, <sup>Track. This</sup> ~~which~~ gave the house <sup>two</sup> ~~on a ~~special~~ importance~~  
~~of ~~of~~~~ <sup>it declared</sup> ~~that important event~~  
~~of ~~of~~~~ <sup>(in perfect event, was at least. For</sup>  
~~was taking place~~, with a swift cloth and wear that <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 shattering no peace <sup>it was like a ~~parade~~ ~~in~~</sup> noisy audience ~~to~~  
~~the~~ that shouted its approval at hectic speeds. I spent sometimes weeks  
 there and me of my job, which I regret of its absurdity now, was to  
~~stop them off~~ stop them brooding on real eggs and get them to  
 settle, which, being intelligent, they never did, or <sup>fake</sup> ~~fake~~ was made  
 of china. I did it for aunts Annie, she was always airtight,  
 and every request she had was like an appeal for therapy, even  
 for a cup of tea. The house was orderly and clean and <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 copper and pewter ornaments <sup>in the night</sup> ~~shone~~ and ~~was ~~it out as keep~~~~  
 no meals were delicious. Annie and I were very close but  
 although the manner of each other's personalities. We just sat  
 and poured to the table shelling the peas or sorting the eggs and

→ the <sup>demonstrated</sup> ~~proved~~ its importance of being to such a theory.

according to size & ~~to stir~~ stirring the cake mixture, like so many people frail in health she had an inner compulsion which made a child feel safe. ~~Auntie & Uncle and Auntie was here for tea and I remember Auntie & Uncle & my parents, that she was didn't watch me still did~~

My mother hated the mother and I was aware even in my early years that a visit to the tall dark Victorian house with its steep steps leading up to the ~~door~~ door and the thrillingly frisky women cluttered with thick curtain and ornament and tables of cold lunch we so easily got dazed hardly take breath, I was aware that this was a exercise in distaste, in that I had to try and express it in your attitude, not that you could express anything of longer than half a second. I found my grandmother large and puckered and downright, with a soft power, and in fact I liked her. And I suppose you can hardly keep up seven or eight children of the highly individual and spiritual kind like Edie and Ray and Oliver and Gladys my mother without a certain air of wary self-defence bordering on the censorious. My grandfather was a football maker and he used to drop up on Friday nights in tails and with his ~~and~~ <sup>case</sup> stick he would saunter down the steps and appear again dead drunk and with a bag of sweets in his hand. He would take his shoes off before he passed the front door because he was so frightened of his wife and his children were. And when he tiptoed past the door behind which his girls slept he would stop and carefully open that door and slide the bag of sweets along the floor. And when the door was closed again the girls would jump into bed and after eating the sweets hide the bag away. When my grandmother died there was a lot of to-ing and fo-ing of relatives and I listened to my mother and Edie talking about money being used he had and how one of the sisters had been in already and taken the lot. Here we talk at home too of floorboards and the sisters being so and here and found a lot they kept quiet about. At the time floorboards were important, like banks. Between the joists, lying in darkness & broken up by clinks of light fell between the boards, lay all kinds of treasure, and letters, and some, then letters of credit, and evidence of secret investment. I detected in my mother and Edie a sense of shock that their

mother should be stripped, he believes at his death, not because she should be stripped but because they had to do the stripping. My father would nod, his eyes down, nodding and saying 'be it right' as if to endow the failed stripper with special ethical stature, and his one hand would be at his mouth while his other was either carefully tucked away in a pocket or clothed in a large 'glove' that was actually made of wood and declared to the whole world 'I am not a hand in there.' [His hand had been cut off in a saw mill when he was sixteen. The saw he had been pushed, or rather someone had thrown a sack of sawdust and it landed on his back and threw him into the blade. Two hands would have been saved had it not been for a huge brewer's dray that happened to be in the alley way outside the mill, so that the cab was for the moment it wouldn't get past. By the time he reached the hospital there was nothing to be done and the flesh was gathered round the bone and sewn up, so that a 'stump' was the result over which he had unusual control. His mother had been approached by his boss, who told her that if she accepted sixty pounds a life compensation he would guarantee the best son had - job for life. She agreed, wisely, ~~because~~ ~~because~~ seeing that the money would have been used, and with it my father's self respect. Two firm jobs were given him a clerical job at the <sup>Silver Street</sup> Docks, which was destroyed <sup>about 1945</sup> and one fine Saturday afternoon is a few minutes of squawking of Nazi planes which I remember looked like tiny silver tadpoles in the sky, in formation and <sup>quite in line to</sup> ~~understandably~~ the puff of smoke beneath them till <sup>we</sup> the anti-aircraft fire. They close Saturday afternoon, it was said, ~~to a halt~~ because the workers could be at home.

My father was ashamed of his hand and I think it was also always in his mind in public places. It also prevented him from fighting in the 'Great' war, which ~~was~~ ~~at the time~~ ~~he~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~his~~ ~~decision~~, especially <sup>between</sup> ~~those~~ ~~two~~ ~~years~~ ~~1914~~ ~~and~~ ~~1918~~, for women. He never mentioned it but he would look wistful whenever the war came up, in

conversation, as if, while it was good to be alive, it might have been better or to ~~die~~ ~~there~~ in the socially ~~and~~ sanctioned way. Adults are all the time conveying their most intricate and deep, ~~and~~ contradictory feelings to children ~~on the most~~ ~~was~~ without saying a word. ~~of the~~ ~~understand~~ ~~the~~ ~~nature~~ ~~of~~ ~~childhood~~

Since visits to my mother's parents ~~was~~ ~~quite~~ silent, with set lips, discouraged by her, we went mostly to my father's family, she was a non-ambitious lot to say the least. More beer was downed than could easily be imagined. It went down waiting male gullets like a quiet waterfall without any digestive devices like swallowing being necessary. The face could get redder and redder and the voice louder and the walk began to meander like at Jericho. The men could take off their jackets and roll up their sleeves and go out into the back yard and have a fight and one of them would go down on the concrete with a knuckle head thump the other one came back in crippling wrath and saying to himself 'Settled that bugger'. There was no antipathy in these fights and they weren't provoked by altercation. It wasn't exactly a sort of love making but it was close to the

no ~~romantic~~ ~~honey~~ ~~and~~ ~~aggressive~~ ~~logues~~ ~~was~~ - description of human rage 'aggressive' <sup>supervisors</sup> <sup>his hand</sup> My father was silent left out of these fights because of ~~these~~ ~~fights~~ to which exclusion, <sup>mentally</sup> ~~necessary~~ as it was, I think he was sensitive. The women could go a little quiet during the fights, they could laugh, dandle the new-born ones, get supper - cold beer and pie and pickles and tea - ready. My mother was drawn into the jollity with a certain distaste still, I, in her arms, was very aware of. Her feelings were ambiguous, as between her natural ribald joy in life and a certain cool determination to lead a different life for the 'Battersea' no. Battersea at that time was a noisy, gas-lit, deliciously crowded and voiceful village that seemed to be living of the risk of London, drawing blood to its cap for all the other districts. One visit there was of me

fearful and so exciting that I hadn't time to take thought or properly become conscious until I was lifted into my father's shoulder for the journey home. The Betterson house (it was blown to smithereens, right with the street, in the Nazi war) was both abhorred to me because I couldn't see my future in it, life, and the fight and drunkenness terrified me, and ~~because~~ primal, because ~~all~~ all my desires were brought to the surface ~~that~~ in rich ~~intense~~ lava-flow feeling, <sup>of his</sup> that very unclear and aunts were the raw and staid-f. anything, especially, just in the way they stood leaning against the wall or holding a glass or rocking a child in their arms. My aunt Maud was a rich, luxurious ~~and~~ ~~looked~~ ~~and~~ woman with no hypocritical face even her low cleavage, and a mass of bright golden hair, and a laugh you could hear from any other room. She would chase the swallows of us for the front door to the kitchen and ~~look~~ ~~at~~ ~~it~~ the street and she would shout in her lovely voice at the welcome, 'I'm going to get you wrinkles, you little beggers!' One day when the chase was on and she was close behind me, in the little space between the stairs and the front door, I thought that being her get my wrinkles was, if ever, I didn't understand, a wonderful idea and I stopped and faced her, offering my self to her, and she it once turned away, and passed her lips, and never addressed a really <sup>civil</sup> word to me again. At least, of course she spoke to me in the year, but her eyes always wandered away, reminiscently, as if remembering the three-year-old who was capable, like the, of August Injustice Behaviour. She had a daughter called Renee (was a very fond of), about the same age as me, and in the year she was in the habit of sleeping in the same bed as me, she was a visitor, until the time - I suppose I was twelve or so - she, all alone in the house with her, and put to bed by unsuspecting parents who thought her co-sleeping (which was the chief part of all visits) was unfelt by child-calls, I put my arms round her and tried to ~~satisfy~~ satisfy she was not yet ready in ~~and~~ either of us. She would have reported

these strange manly, to Maud, ~~because of the fact~~ she never allowed Renee to stay with us again, and for that time we gave her the kind of look my mother gave to ~~John's stage performance~~. She was up in a stage performance.

Poor, bright, vulnerable, saucy Renee, such a lovely high spark, died quite early of cancer, and did so many of the things, and the guts of the family. She worked in a bookshop = Reading, and had two <sup>girls</sup> daughters, one of whom, just married, died of cancer too. Renee's husband ~~was~~ had a quiet availability - the also seemed vulnerable, and he died quite a few years before he did, of a sudden heart attack. I always felt he didn't get his life, that he looked at the life that belonged to him from a wistful distance, ~~as if it were not his~~ I think there was a great love between them, fragile, even to the point where it couldn't be noticed.

Maud became a quite different woman. I couldn't recognize her in a photo. I stared at it for minutes on end and then wasn't sure I could connect with her. She wore glasses and looked managerial and competent and middle class. Her rich sweet words were lost. ~~to the fact~~ It was the war <sup>upper middle class</sup> with lower <sup>middle class</sup>. She did it. All the ghettos were being crushed down, a drifting cloud of grit and smoke, and rubble underneath, and not a voice to be heard. She used to say 'I love my Charlie! Oh he is a lovely fuff!' How can he survive? The girl was never discussed, except with lips drawn tight, and in a hushed voice. It set me up Charlie's leg, inside his pants, one day at the ~~factory~~ work. How can he do this and on how wearing braces and not a belt it ran up his back and got caught inside his shirt and clawed his chest. I had to kill it still and his shirt. His hair went white a time. He had jet black hair and a thin handsome face, with no unwanted flesh. He had an artful smile, with a special light in his eyes, as if to say there were no flies in his nose. How could

bees down with a fantastic ease, unswallowed liquid the well straight  
 for glass to junk, and however seemed to get drunk. As can picture  
 a smile was ready, as he had a way of getting round the corner that  
 made the love die without needing die. He was all Marvel's, 10  
 on like a double act on the hall. I think he died quite early too.  
 Mand seemed to pull a curtain down over all that. She moved to  
 a clean detached house in a residential district, probably a little  
 beyond Winterton. The last I remember of the old Mand - I  
 think the last time I saw her - was when she came to see us one  
 week-day afternoon, just sauntered over alone. She was in a light,  
 slightly chipmunk dress of a peach floral design, and we stood at the  
 gate saying good bye to her and she walked off ~~towards the bus stop~~  
~~at the~~ a few steps ~~towards the bus stop~~ and then turned and very  
 quietly said, touching her hip with a ~~laughing up~~ <sup>soft easy</sup> smile, 'She's still  
~~lovely, that she is~~... .. isn't she?'

The British people didn't seem to mind people at closing  
 time, they burst out like a crowd that had been pent up, with it  
 face in a blue pose, of ~~these things~~ <sup>weeks</sup> ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
 released to fall, stumble, stagger and bump into each other with  
 as a the pavement but ~~in~~ the road, making rows stop and  
 then pull up <sup>with a</sup> I believe the only place that survived in my  
 father's street was the office in the corner, appurtenant since  
 it was ~~the street~~ the space over the street's back street. When  
 a doctor told my grandmother, a tiny woman in black with a face  
 like an axe, 'I have a bad cancer, I haven't got long to live,'  
 she said, 'Cancer my arse!' and she got up from bed and  
 went straight to the corner and got herself a jip of stout, and  
 lived well into the eighties without ever a cold. Her story  
 was told mostly by my father in a special admiring tone  
 that called for dreamy eyes at the thought of the cheek and  
 the guts of it, from a tiny woman of could lift with one hand,  
 too. There was a legend about her husband, too. Her very  
 father narrated with slightly narrowed eye with a knowing  
 glimmer in them. He would say, 'I said to her, I said,  
 'Shut', dad and she said upstairs and I think he's a bit

quiet with he and I went upstairs to the bedroom and he was  
standing by the window and he had a knife in his hand and I said  
"Hi hullo dad, why don't you give me that knife and he did".  
It was a pocket knife, with instruments of getting stones out of horse's  
stone horse, and the kind of thing, and my father would show it to us.  
He said his father was going to go cut his own throat with it,  
~~to that~~ he was always wanted to do away with himself.

My father had the same heavy-finding presence as I did.  
When he was a kid one time he ~~stood~~<sup>belated</sup> at the door around dawn one  
morning of his paper delivery round and when he got to the corner intending  
to turn left to get to Battersea Rise, he saw piles of dark slightly glittering  
substances on the pavement. He stopped and went down and they were  
piles of pennies and as kids, grown-up kids, used to make the things  
set on the pavement and played cards or dice for money. It was forbidden  
and a cop would have come round. A cop could take individual  
disciplinary action like clipping you round the ear ~~and~~ in this case, taking  
action of left behind of himself. It was the day of large policemen  
with massive mustaches and frowns, ~~and~~<sup>compared with them</sup> many of those who pass of  
policemen nowadays, which have been called strippers. The appearance of  
a wobbly in his dark blue with glistering buttons and the helmet made  
of two heads (vertical) stuck cold into the head if it happened to be  
in the wrong place ~~at the wrong time~~, and was if you ~~felt~~<sup>felt</sup> it  
poke flesh ~~at you~~. His whistle, which would be heard above the  
traffic these days, ~~was a~~<sup>conveyed a</sup> ~~kind of intimate warning~~ alarm that brought up

~~the unit has been a nice village manor, every stone, laid at~~  
~~the heart of the rain all but to take the water, so intimate, so~~  
deeply in the blood that it ~~was~~<sup>became</sup> like a tickle of fear, ~~and~~ touched  
with that ~~but~~<sup>the floating</sup> ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~felt~~ ~~because~~ ~~we~~ ~~deserve~~ ~~the~~  
~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~at ~~the~~ ~~animal~~ ~~kingdom~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~deserve~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~.~~

The Battersea was a squat two-up, two-down, but its  
twiness was a caution to me not because this is the way a child's  
eye sees anything but because it had a crowd of people to get inside.  
I doubt if we ~~could~~ room could have taken them all. He spread  
himself out in the kitchen as well as the front room, and stood in  
the little hall too. We only went on Saturday night because  
this was when nothing happened, while Sunday was recovery day  
~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~, ~~which~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~family~~  
turnover and children ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~quite~~ ~~different~~ ~~family~~

centered on drinks, followed by sleepy conversation in the front room, tea with salad and bread and butter and ~~some~~ tea and in the kitchen perhaps boiled eggs and a cake. There would be a drink in the evening at home of the Battersea swillip. It would be beer for the ~~man~~ men and, if ~~there were~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~tea~~ we happened to be living above the subsistence line, port and lemon ~~or gin and tonic~~ or shandy or ~~brandy~~ gin and it of the women. The very cover with which all this was produced seemed to preclude drunkenness and I never remember one single falling. Alice, except at home. Charlie, besides his drinking family (if Harry was no drinker), behaved, more especially a Alice, my father's other sister, was an ailup type, with a treacherous voice, and refused anything too strong or a repeat. Alice had a wonderful sympathetic nature and she she talked, with a soft richness quite different from the sister Maud's, it ~~made~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~looks~~ ~~strong~~ ~~and~~ ~~turned~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~sent~~ ~~shivers~~ of pleasure down your spine because it endowed everything with a strangeness and secrecy ~~that~~, in which, blisful paradox, one belonged. She had a son who was already a legend because he made her life utterly impossible. At a very young age he once tipped a bucket-full of coals down the stairs where she lived, a long, nicely carpeted flight of stairs, in fact he and coal had a special destiny together. I always looked at him in a gingerly way ~~that~~ ~~reminded~~ ~~me~~ ~~of~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~might~~, more than looking at him, have been collecting my goods around me as a defence caution. He seemed not to wish to speak or do what children do, ~~or~~ ~~to~~ ~~perhaps~~ because he needed time and silence to hatch up his schemes. Naturally the remark went round the family, 'I know what I'd do if he was alive', ~~was~~ reflecting on Alice's ~~the~~ angelic inability to speak more than a plaintive word to him. Naturally he thought he was

ENCORED  
being encored.

1. the Battersea street scene would sit ~~between~~ outside the door was warm, with the front door open all day. You could



know which direction they were walking in, where London had which  
 dinner, raffles, Christmas dinner, Saturday night socials at the ~~club~~  
~~with~~ to hall on the Co-op shops (general stores, butchers, ~~and~~  
~~chemist~~ chemists and funeral parlors), a choice of three cinemas  
 at Fort Fort Tooting and Brixton - the Granada, the Mayfair  
 and the ABC - and 'Lynns' tea shop and an Ardley and HM  
 department store and a few relatives to visit if one  
 got tired shopping. A lot of the countryside, the way of nature  
 in a large loud character full of people of whom (to the  
 degree of remained firmly in London) to Bushy Park on  
 the Spoon Down or Hill where you puffed your way to the

top and the sat there and had a picnic and smoked again  
 and again - the lovely view. The best eyes and ears of  
 the city, he with and loved his eldest son because he  
 belonged 'up town' where the were and ~~not place like the City~~  
 to was spread out like a skyscraper far from, and there all  
 the things and deciding went on. It wasn't the the work  
 but was in any way superior to the City of London, ~~the~~  
 Brixton and Wandsworth and Beckenham and Greenwich and  
 Croydon - but it provided a kind of authenticity to the  
 life of the four streets where all his friends lived, slightly  
 peculiar friends who had cleft palates and would talk  
 straight to women who were models of composure and  
 conversation who ~~had~~ had moved away to be better  
 districts like Mrs Knight who sat on all the Co-op  
 committees and was the chair woman and was listed to  
 of my mother, including my mother's best friend Mrs Hips, whose  
 mother ~~was~~ was the model, married to a man who  
 had become important in a local union or perhaps local  
 council and had the same kind of build ponderousness as  
 my uncle Oliver and had a small collection of books. Mrs  
 Hips didn't call them books and dad but Mrs and Pat,  
 which was a stinking indication of status. Mrs Hips would  
 tell my mother, 'Mother's coming me Sunday so I hope  
 I'd do some of those coconut cakes she likes!' Mother and

always seemed very busy but had time for everybody. He raised the  
 tone of whom ever they were with and we once spent an entire  
 holiday with them at Home. It was the most loving holiday  
 I ever had and I don't think on how it passed since wasn't  
 a misery to me. He would walk the promenade way day  
 and sit outside a pub in the evening and all the time the  
 conversation would be about people and things I didn't know. I  
 whined and shuffled my feet. ~~and~~ ~~that~~ but you I had a phobia  
 about my arms being too thin, so I kept my jacket on ~~and~~  
 was at the beach when we sat, instead going into the water  
 except for a ridiculous 'paddle', ~~which I had for a while~~  
~~of taking up the trousers and taking shoes and socks off.~~ For me  
 it meant taking up the trousers and taking shoes and socks off,  
 to wear nothing the skirt in some fashion and making  
 vast screaming noises ~~and~~ every time a wave came  
 up. ~~and~~ I stayed at the clubhouse every day so were in  
 bathing costumes and also we went into the water up to  
 his necks. I suppose my mother and father weren't quite  
 themselves, though it made them feel happy to be doing, as if  
 they were revolution were being accomplished in the way  
 to a better life - called by Mark and Peter 'soviety'. It  
 seems to me how that so many people were revolution of  
~~the top called~~ education in a thousand ways that needed  
 involve the reading of a book. It was, of course, how the  
 Labour movement was built up, ~~how the MP's in~~  
~~the theatre started to be the class~~ because it was ~~there~~  
 during enough years to be clean of a war that  
 destroyed it by destroying the ghetto it was ~~set~~  
 designed to represent!

My mother would say of a relative that he or she  
 was an 'ignorant cuffer'. ~~Ignorant~~ The word 'ignorant'  
 meant exactly the Italian working people meant when  
 they said 'ignorante', a mere ignorance) meanings.  
 It denoted not at all a lack of learning but a lack

of goodmann and ~~of his~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~influence~~ luck, the judgement, reflections  
~~consistency~~ and desire to learn that produced good manners. Everybody  
was ~~but~~ a ill mannered downstairs, that was to be expected. But  
you did you best to maintain a certain impersonal cordiality  
through you were. I never mentioned your ill or complaints  
or suspicious. I ~~to~~ enquired after the the parn's. And  
then, they had opened the door to the ill etc you gave  
vent to you own. Lying in bed in my tiny room over-  
looking the street I could hear the worse gossiping and  
bossiping - in pairs standing on the pavement, or at their  
gates. The opening was in the cordial vein, and gradually  
the talk went deeper and deeper, until voices were lowered  
and venom was spoke. I ~~at~~ ~~the~~ used to wonder if  
they might be talking so venomously about my mother, or  
Mr Howe downstairs, or Mr Hipp, or someone of the  
people who were 'our' people, etc then I heard my  
mother talking that way too, ~~with~~ ~~her~~ in a husky  
voice, and guessed that ~~it was~~ a general defamation  
went on that included everybody. <sup>The</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>gossiper</sup> seemed to  
become no special loyalties, except of course the temporary  
one they shared with the parn they were sharing the  
venom with. 'Does she really?' I would hear. 'Go on!  
Well, I never did!'. 'I said to be the other day, I  
said, I said, ~~for that is~~ it's such a lie...' 'Oh,  
she is stuck up!' 'And she won't get a penny to  
be home!' 'I said if she was my daughter she'd  
have had a piece of my mind by now! I'd think  
she was forty the way she carries on. And never a  
kind word from her mother! I said to my Bill,  
I said, it's a wonder she don't get into trouble!'  
The gossip, rivalry and falling in the street below,  
interrupted only seldom by the clomp of a horse's hoof

or the cry of the rag-and-bone man as ~~he~~ ~~clattered~~ his cart clattered down the middle of the road, I was intrigued and frightened by the type that so much human behavior was open to censure, and I wondered how they talked like my mother with his 'Lai down to his bleed'n shoulder' (~~the~~ 'bleed'n' an an especially rough word used only in exhortations) and ~~his~~ his never having done 'a good day's work in his bloody life'. Eyes and tongues were hard, but they were quickly done with and forgotten until next time, and if the maligned and calumniated victim should be seen a few moments later than would be the usual cordial ~~talk~~ ~~for~~ ~~thomas~~ 'look of the yourself' ~ 'You baby all right!'. The likelihood of the victim being seen, and at all, was of course very great because ~~the~~ the victim was everywhere, at some time or other.

My mother was in the habit of slipping down the street for a five house for a ~~washing~~ cup of tea with a woman whose name I never knew because I was too young and ~~my~~ ~~mother~~ my mother never took me along with her. But the other woman was almost a relative and ~~the~~ she left the front door open of my mother as my mother did of her. One morning there was a sudden sharp noise which weglows, it being a Saturday, heard and my mother stepped out of the neighbor's front door shouting 'Axe, hey axe!'. I never knew she it meant, neither did my mother. It involved my mother's being worried an axe, perhaps of some fire wood. But beyond that nothing was known and no further reference was made. My hear spoke to each other. My father never spoke to the woman, he heard. The washing society ceased. My mother passed the the woman's door as if she didn't exist, a possibility the didn't arise if the the woman because we lived at the

at the end of the street, she leaves the main street, so the ~~at the end of the street~~ she had no need to press us to get to the shops.

When you walked down the street the most of what you saw on the pavement was spit. It wasn't what seems to be implied by the word 'spittle', namely silvery, ~~and glittering surface~~ film, but a pile of green or brown gob you avoided if you didn't want your shoes carrying it into your house. This came from mostly male chests on their way to and from work, and naturally the more deposit was the greater. Ambulances appeared quite frequently in the few streets we could reasonably describe as 'our' streets. They produced a hush in gossipers. Faces, with somehow a sudden haggard expression, turned to the place where the dread red-blanketed bed was emerging either to deposit or, worse dread, take away its patient. The ghetto was calamitous. It involved everyone going to work they didn't really wish to do and returning for it too late to enjoy the very little of the day. There was the basic twisted element in a life that could otherwise have been ~~gay and~~ a more ~~natural place~~ ~~in the sense~~ open and harmonious, without the venom and the sudden shipwreck verbal attack or someone who might be, the cause for the daily schedule and showed itself when someone was sacked and stayed at his job if more than a week or two - apart from his very close he could be isolated as if he had ~~syph~~ leprosy. It happened to my father as he became sicker and sicker, vomiting in the street, delirious with pain, unable to keep the bladder vessel down. His life was just lived with a duodenal operation. Not having work, and not being in need of a state to get it, meant that you really had no function in the ghetto, unless ~~at~~ a tree man, social function. Mr & Mrs Agis remained friends, perhaps because of the Paters' union philosophy, the influence for some years of Sidney and Beatrice Wells and the Fabians. Mr Agis worked on the railway.

and it was said you could lose a job on the railways except by throwing yourself under a train. In 1912 years, when I did the Waterloo - Waterloo journey every day and sometimes just once a day, he would take up his position on the platform outside the entrance where I'd put myself and without a glance at me he would put his whistle in his mouth, gave firmly down the platform ~~at~~ ~~the driver~~ towards the driver's cabin and then, with a blow on the whistle and a raising of the right arm (at night the raising) a lantern), send the train on its way. Oh she ~~it was~~ we were moving could we look up at her and give us a wink. We sometimes had help - piece by piece - the Waterloo bar, between train. He and Mr Higg, proved daily love on the daughter's bit, she ~~was a~~ ~~highly~~ ~~pretty~~ ~~black~~ ~~girl~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ had a charming happy face and eyes with mischief in them. The hei was careless and a young man, Horrie, fell in love with her and they had a childless, severe marriage, and it devoted to a tiny puddle. Horrie died young, cancer again.

I could have a happy disposition in the ghetto like happiness wasn't a state people were tired for. It came at the end of long tumbled carefully showed up again ~~penury~~ ~~disease~~ ~~unemployment~~ and usually death happened before it came. However, in ghetto, hardness is incorporated in the way of life as a protection against one's own complaints about a daily schedule no actual should follow, it can't provide happiness. In past years there was a 1st said that 'the scholarship boy' who worked his way up the middle class for exam to exam but never in all his life felt at ease. The fact is that the ghetto was never at ease. It hatched its pleasures rather hostile, sometimes brutally, and the it forgot. It found the home, as tiny as can be, it a place you could feel a kinship in. She was the closest friend I ever had, Maria Parshella, came to visit it for Paris he walked into the room <sup>where</sup> we had no name for but ~~which~~ ~~we~~ ~~all~~ ~~had~~ ~~lived~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~and~~ ~~so~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~pleasure~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ crowded warmth, the high-lighted intimacy that tried to so hard not to be bleak, not to suggest a universe of greyness, <sup>especially</sup> when one was ~~sick~~ ~~with~~ ~~fever~~ ~~in~~ ~~pain~~ ~~in~~

hangover <sup>all</sup> and all the ticks of the clock could be heard and forlorn  
 schedule-voices outside. Anything that can otherwise a comfort, like  
 the sound of the coal man ~~passing~~ on the walkway or the  
 postman on the newspaper boy could become sickening: this comforting  
 regularity, this assurance of ~~outside~~ a world outside, inverted to  
 a bleakly machine sound, loneliness was the worst creation in the  
 ghetto. This was because of ~~the~~ the busy lives, the excitement  
 of the evening, the lashed breath at a certain interval in the  
 door the devoted a parcel, ~~carried a certain parcel~~  
~~travels~~ weren't full human events. Our appliances <sup>secretly</sup>  
 contained ~~travels~~ ~~a~~ deliberate will, ~~the~~ ~~travels~~ ~~at~~ ~~a~~ ~~secretly~~  
 spontaneity <sup>in</sup> if it had been inhibited, not to give way to  
 any awareness that this life wasn't a real life, wasn't a  
 life real as humans should we have. The wildness of our  
 better side rejected we this ~~spirit~~ and shouted <sup>and</sup>  
 drank it and ~~fought it away~~ <sup>f</sup> frantically it away. Other  
 ghettos were no different in ~~there~~ the seal of unwelcoming shield  
 lay put on the lives they possessed. The middle class  
 men knew the same tempo, ~~blackness~~, without either the  
 schedule or the urgency. Why ~~was~~ ~~diff~~ ~~not~~ ~~accepted~~  
~~ghettos~~ because the whole wasn't accepted, ~~any~~ ~~more~~  
~~then~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~now~~. I ~~was~~ ~~envious~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~upper~~ ~~class~~ ~~ghettos~~ ~~except~~  
~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ ~~ghettos~~ ~~except~~  
~~the~~ ~~size~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~houses~~, the leisure  
 that in youth made me! choice of the life ahead more sound,  
 the abundance of access to the right people of the life —  
 but I never wished for an upheaving in me. ~~all~~ ~~it~~  
~~manufacturing~~ ~~of~~ ~~complexities~~ ~~of~~ ~~thought~~, ~~every~~ ~~aspect~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
~~maintaining~~ ~~of~~ ~~good~~ ~~ideas~~, ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~a~~ ~~constant~~ ~~presence~~  
~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~center~~. ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~always~~ ~~direct~~ ~~speech~~. ~~But~~ ~~the~~  
~~direct~~ ~~speech~~ ~~and~~ ~~silence~~ = ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~no~~ ~~speech~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~and~~  
~~too~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~feeling~~.

Week days contained a marvel to balance the fact  
 that they were work days — they drew, one by one, closer to the  
 week-end. Friday evening was decidedly part of the week-  
 end, a certain the bright hints of late excitement,  
 such as the Oil Man who had a strange pipping voice still

didn't ask when he told of the price of your oil & vinegar and when he said thank you. He seemed complicated, at home and in bed, the Oil Man, and he was somehow identifiable with his horse as a sort of Selma being. His horse had thick leather eye guards and was tall and very still and uncommittal as if he knew the importance of the square wagon wheels shelved and lighted inside and full of everything you needed on a Friday night from matches, <sup>to the tiny globes & gas lamps and acid for</sup> ~~the~~ accumulators. These accumulators drove the radio, which was two or three days died down and somebody said 'Damn and blast, the accumulator's gone!' two of them charged with taking two down the road to the electrician's who gave me charged ones in exchange. My contained acid so I had to be careful with them. The electric lighting came in, ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~globes~~ the gas globes and the weird blue-silver lighting disappeared, giving way to the yellow glow of bulbs and radios plugged in and which went of we.

On Friday evening we did ~~not~~ <sup>much</sup>, the shopping of the week-end, but some of it was usually left of Saturday afternoon, especially if my father had ~~to~~ <sup>a</sup> half-day. Then all of us could take the train to Tooting and end up walking ~~through~~ through the crowds along Tooting Broadway ~~to~~ to some relatives who lived in a street close to the Grand. I didn't enter Friday evening, so we just set for a while and then caught the train back - past the vast cemetery, past the Dist. Track, & Wimbledon Stadium, where motorbikes roared round once a week and you could smell his special mixture in the garden, and then through Suburban which inexplicably arrived deserted because it was a kind of his man's land, a betwixt and between place without ~~the~~ either Kenfield's rich personally and Tooting's commercial clutter. To get it at the Death Bottle, which still had its cobbled foreground for two or three hundred years ago when it was a

a stage post and, turning on back on it, because my parents were decided not to borrow the bike, we walked down the right-hand side of Walden Road because that was the side we lived on. ~~It was Friday when they~~

The ingredients of the cake were bought by my father & Friday evening for the Doctor. I was free and went with the job. The ingredients, raisins, jam, milk, ~~curry powder~~, ~~dehydrated~~ sugar, bicarbonate, dried fruit, dates, nutmeg, spices and sometimes the one called 'huck'n'a' oil, ~~which~~ olive oil for hucca. ~~We had a~~ ~~every once a week and it had a special taste. The~~ ~~was quite~~

~~captured in hundreds of covered wooden boxes.~~ Here was where we felt the existence of the empire. Otherwise it was a child that the bewildering fact. I couldn't help thinking even as a child that the ownership of ~~the~~ territories and people all over the earth could make it possible to feel something of a conqueror or a higher sort of person who had a special destiny that the peoples ~~of~~ fell short of. To some extent we did have this feeling. Once I was sitting on the beach at the Venetian Lido and I heard an American voice shout for close belived me 'Everybody - this beach is American is a hole in the ass!'. I turned round and saw that he was black. This is an imperial emotion and the inmates of the industrial ghetto had it strongly, just as this member of the black ghetto did in a later day (the day member of an upper American ghetto would never have said this, would less shouted it if all to hear, though he might very probably have felt that there was no place like America on earth, and never had been: <sup>all</sup> America provides say it at election time.

But with us it was hardly more than a dim feeling of superiority, ~~but without~~ yet it wasn't a real superiority in that we could show it, as members of me of the middle-class ghettos could. It didn't ring out with no words. We didn't think we were superior, and the moment we were with a foreigner even that cellular feeling of superiority shrivelled and he or she became simply another human like ourselves. This extended to all colours, including black. Perhaps the ~~most~~ most admired single man of my childhood was Paul Robeson. The ghetto, throughout all of Britain, loved ~~not just his voice but~~

his passion for rightness. The ~~voice seemed~~ low, sad voice seemed  
 to be blending with this love of the humans. Breywold<sup>us</sup> cried  
 in 'Swig low, sweet chariot'. He was far ~~close~~ closer than  
 the people in ~~the~~ <sup>in an</sup> upper ghettos, ~~for~~ who were so foreign to  
 us, so hopelessly and stupidly stuck up that it was a wonder  
 they could get a word out. Sometimes there was a loud caw and  
 a ~~series of~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ rich man there also stuck - chord of  
 sympathy, 'no one's out for the people', but it was unusual.  
 Yet there was another feeling too, in connection with the upper  
 ghettos, and this was hard the deeper and the more persistent  
 feeling - that they contained all the desirable people, the good  
 people, the decently behaved people, the people who ~~for~~  
~~they were talking about~~, had their heads screwed on right, the  
 men you could rely on. It wasn't that we believed in that.  
 We didn't. But the feeling simply flowed along, a hidden  
 water source for much the earth, nourishing all our attitudes  
 and leading us into untold personal upsets and tragedies  
 when, if we set foot in one of the upper ghettos, especially  
 for life, we began quite unconsciously to apply this utterly  
~~false~~ unjustified trust. ~~The upsets and tragedies came~~  
 It was as though to confront, with shock, example after  
 example of every kind of inner corruption, falsehood,  
 craven belief in any kind of power provided it clinked  
 with gold, but it was necessary to ~~become at least~~  
~~if you~~ ~~become~~ ~~some~~ live with and to the extent become  
 the compromised and debased individual you soon began  
 to believe, wrongly, was the only kind of human ~~you could~~  
~~with contact of~~ with available outside the industrial  
 ghetto. It was difficult to know that one was  
 coming from a dying world, and that the one you found in  
 the upper ghettos was the living one, and that no other  
 in the end would extend its survival-for-the-bestness  
 doctrine to the whole world, drawing in one population

after another who couldn't believe in it to some extent had to accept the assumption that it was right - in order to survive, fight in a way, keep a job. ~~the war had been and was~~ War big and small, universal and local, national and ethnic, atheist and religious, ~~even~~ proliferated and we still doing so - of course, they were merely the voice of the doctrine, speaking in guns, as Paul Robeson's spoke in another vein, for another feeling.

With the yielding and foolish love we had in our course out on the week-end, which was why they were the special light <sup>with delightful illogicality</sup> that shone backwards in time on the week preceding them, because we knew what they were going to be, in every detail, each ~~taste and~~ smell (of baking cake), each touch (of the <sup>newly</sup> starched tablecloth at dinner time), each sound (of hammering in the garden), each taste (the cucumber, the celery and Sunday tea).

Friday evening was perhaps the most exciting part of the week-end because it was all expectation and the whole of London Town (sending its messages via the radio and the noise of trams at the end of the street) seemed to be preparing itself for the two days since, surprisingly but yet not quite disappointingly, contained wear of green paper. There was <sup>radio</sup> and the exactly expressed Friday night. It said 'Friday night is Amami night!' and it referred to a shampoo (men washed ~~the~~ <sup>hair</sup> with soap). You had a bath on Friday night, and if you were a large family you took it according to a rota - you make it up in two nights, though this was extravagant on the coal. If money was tight ~~a~~ one bath would do for two or even three people, so the scrub at the end of the third, <sup>in</sup> ~~considering~~ the one bath a week was all you were expected have, ~~as the~~ ~~visualized~~ was sometimes so thick that it ~~made a film~~ ~~got down~~ <sup>went</sup> ~~the spots~~ ~~down~~ the spout like oil. Since shirts and skirts and undergarments had - again - the itchy of economy - to be worn well we had a day or two, and since carpets were like this or, we must have stuck to high heeled boots to end the. Faces and hands expected a daily or twice daily wash in hot or cold water but the rest of the body was

out of sight out of mind. Years later / when I visited the poet Stephen Spender ~~with~~ he got up after a very short conversation and said to his wife 'well, we have to be going, remember' (I think she said 'I think they were splitting up') 'No I don't remember. I don't remember having any of those ~~for years they~~ <sup>it was</sup>

~~author to go. Any way I got a message and I thought I'd write it with the words kind want to~~  
~~and I've never heard of me because I loved him and he thought I was~~  
~~but I got it and I think I would~~  
~~but I don't know how it would be a surprise.~~

~~My~~ <sup>My</sup> ~~letter~~ <sup>letter</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~more than one week~~ <sup>more than one week</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> ~~it was~~ <sup>it was</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~equivalent~~ <sup>equivalent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~putting~~ <sup>putting</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~air~~ <sup>air</sup>. But my parents <sup>also</sup> advised this in his, as they did ~~at~~ his the Broadway rituals, because he was making something of himself. It was the same with his glasses the were plain glass. He thought it made his look ~~more serious~~ and studios. They scorned ~~at~~ <sup>them</sup> to his face but loved <sup>them</sup> behind his back, do great in their devotion to the world that would follow theirs and which in old age they would see a few decades of. The actually happened in his life he had this window <sup>1939</sup> <sup>adventure</sup> and a land mine nearly took the whole street with it, <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>war</sup> the end of all these ~~ghostly~~ ~~dreams~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~pre-industrial~~ ~~operations~~, ~~a~~ ~~paradoxical~~ ~~this~~ ~~is~~ ~~destined~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~dream~~ ~~or~~ ~~which~~ ~~paradoxical~~ ~~(~~ing~~)~~ ~~the~~ ~~is~~ ~~destined~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~dream~~.

Friday night also surprised me. There might be <sup>social</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>negative</sup> ~~visitors~~ <sup>visitors</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~bottom~~ <sup>bottom</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~road~~ <sup>road</sup>, or, in summer, a walk up to the Surrey Tavern by Wandsworth Church. It was a non-relative evening, in the friends, not under and away, come. It could mean a visit to me) Mrs. shows, (it might turn out to be a prolonged shopping evening, so the tea was a half-hourly missed and replaced by an elaborate late supper were like Saturday's the Friday. A/Phatta ritual is delightful both ways - in being obeyed and in being ~~discreetly~~ <sup>discreetly</sup> flouted ~~for~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~triggers~~ ~~ritual~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~satisfaction~~ ~~this~~ ~~gives~~ <sup>also</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>extra</sup> <sup>respect</sup> of the flouted ritual ~~was~~ ~~lost~~. Everything confirms the agreed order, the chronology and form, especially what challenges them. This is why a ghetto can be so resilient in ~~times~~ <sup>times</sup> of war and how brutal.

There were ~~two~~ <sup>four</sup> things I wanted most in childhood, or  
 difficult things - a bicycle, <sup>apparatus, roller skates,</sup> a piano and swimming lessons. ~~But~~  
 They were treated by my parents as pure <sup>enough</sup> requests ~~of the~~  
~~would had been different~~, but they were laughed at ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup>  
~~was~~ ~~tried~~ ~~me~~ of possibility. I didn't feel they'd be refused. Now  
~~traced~~ <sup>did I feel</sup> the lack of those things <sup>I didn't see.</sup> I ~~traced~~ didn't feel  
 that my parents ~~had~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~been~~ the cause of distress of me because  
 there was no distress. ~~There was because there was the~~  
~~question of the requests being fulfilled. It was like a ship~~  
~~for~~ ~~the~~ My requests ~~never~~ weren't serious. ~~By~~ ~~was~~ ~~we~~ ~~we~~  
 a form of humor. So I really did, with some secret perplexity,  
 feel I'd made an unwitting joke, ~~and~~ I had said 'piano',  
 'skates', 'swimming lessons', 'bicycle', and somehow these  
 words had, ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> of themselves, been funny. There was how  
 the sheets treated all extravagant dreams. ~~By~~ ~~supplied~~  
 conversation, jovial speculation but ~~total~~ <sup>total</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~home.~~  
 What could be supplied was ~~the~~ the life, now, in the  
 home, the street, the train on its way to ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~street~~  
~~grace~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~ ~~instant~~. Battersea bowl. ~~This is what supplied~~  
~~all the~~ ~~all~~ ~~immediate~~ ~~desires~~ could be satisfied with  
 the system, ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~system~~ and ritual delineated the  
 system. For instance, ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~had~~ ~~strong~~ ~~sexual~~ ~~desire~~ ~~(which~~  
~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~second~~ ~~year~~ ~~were~~ ~~excited~~ ~~in~~ ~~you~~ ~~in~~ ~~all~~ ~~ways~~ ~~of~~  
~~determined~~ voluptuous way, in a seige, a particular ~~expression~~  
 phrase spoke with moist lips, with the kiss full in the  
 lips which were exchanged at all times, and extended to  
 strangers on a walk of course. As a child I watched  
 ladies being suckled at the front door (that's this was of  
 - Battersea), you saw the breast withdrawn for the  
 down without ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> modesty and you heard the  
 sucking noises. The men flitted on the drunk, ~~and~~  
 the women sang. My mother had a wonderful tremolo  
 and she I was in her arms I tried to put my hand

on his mouth to make her silent. The sign made her the  
 possession of her other than my father. ~~That's what she wanted to~~  
~~make~~ It made me cry. She had red cheeks and she smiled,  
 winking me to and fro, ~~and so~~ yet my cells crusted their  
 as sadmen. I think that I feared the sign made her too  
 beautiful, too vulnerable because she had hard eyes and  
 wicker movements and I wouldn't be there to come near her,  
 I felt, at the earliest age, defensive of my father who had  
 the sole right to know her beauty. I remember kicking  
 me of the man below the knee and being amazed that there  
 was no injury or a cry of pain, only laughter. I think too  
 that I was enacting something in with my mother and my  
 father she they were in battle. They were charged of those  
 visits, it wasn't their style, they chose a less submissive,  
 and therefore less desperate wild life. I may have felt  
 things felt so well of my father, and also the recoil  
 within my mother towards people she couldn't see her  
 heart too, especially the aspiration part of the heart.  
 My father's missing hand was like a physical guarantee of  
 this apartment. It ~~was~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~a different life~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~refused~~  
~~to make~~ a world between them the ~~world~~ <sup>refused</sup> the  
~~world~~ <sup>lived</sup> of the imagination  
 and so they became a kind of model of the Buttercup side  
 of the family, because the imagination could be seen to be  
 working in the form of those jaws she never ceased to  
 surprise. Renee especially in 1st year, Maed's daughter,  
 loved to invite my parents and talk to them of the how-  
 until she heard from her Aunt Alice, who was on my  
 father's side, the my mother had said he wasn't on the  
 right side. ~~That's what she wanted to~~  
~~make~~ [All talk was comment, observation, in  
 laconic or joking or respectful vein, but never instructive  
 talk with a goal. So it had recognized rhythms and



might be left alone, the pundits said. It was volatile. It created with seeming blindness but grim justice some very wealthy people, some very successful people, and it created a greater number of less wealthy, less successful people who were therefore obliged to avail themselves of the less well-paid work. This cross stuff has been trotted out as a doctrine since the first mechanical loom, the first mill chimneys, and is at his moment creating the chaos, it big, the it created at the beginning is small.

But why did people let themselves be ~~showed~~ showed into special living areas and forced to work too long for too little? ~~Quite people to have working intelligently the themselves, who had either~~ They weren't herded into these ordinary working-class districts <sup>(the</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~spots~~ <sup>spots</sup> washing ~~hangings~~ on lines at the back) at the point of a gun, by police or troops, as the Jews were in camps. This answer we all know. They wanted to go. Like my mother wanted to go to Rushfield she saw in a slip of a foot, because it meant a better ~~standard~~ life, in new houses with ample gardens. The old wanted her - she saw it in the countryside, in churches. She wanted the new because there was less fear in the new. Having a flat with five rooms and a long corridor on two levels and a decent bathroom and lavatory and a copper for the washing and a ladder that was you could stand in wash you could carry you head higher. She said to her mother, 'I tell you the life in the old days was like, it was all fear, you were afraid of washing, a policeman, shopkeeper, toll, you felt you were lucky they let you be alive and if they so much as looked at you you cleared out of it, you were afraid of your mother, of anybody five or ten years older, you were afraid of the people who

gave you work, you were afraid of inspection, insurance men, real men, even the Christmas club was the cause and if you discription and you might not have the money. ~~But~~ ~~on~~ ~~been~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~being~~ ~~re-~~ ~~covered~~ ~~like~~ ~~Better~~ ~~the~~ ~~would~~ ~~it~~ ~~reading~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~Dell~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Tilt~~ ~~Side~~ ~~magazine~~ ~~and~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~live~~ ~~half~~ ~~way~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~street~~ ~~any~~ ~~more~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~tumble~~ ~~down~~ ~~tour~~ ~~with~~ ~~profits~~ ~~on~~ ~~top~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~.

So you wanted to be in the ~~deprecatory~~ <sup>area</sup> ~~close~~ of you ~~and~~ you wanted the better job that could finance <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ ~~left-wing~~ ~~people~~ ~~the~~ ~~upper~~ ~~classes~~ ~~called~~ ~~you~~ ~~slavery~~. ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~this~~ ~~point~~ ~~of~~ ~~view~~. ~~But~~ ~~as~~ ~~we~~ ~~felt~~ ~~a~~ ~~slave~~.

~~Of course~~ ~~you~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~believe~~ ~~the~~ ~~good~~ ~~will~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~employers~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~architects~~ ~~and~~ ~~builders~~ ~~who~~ ~~prepared~~ ~~your~~ ~~little~~ ~~brick~~ ~~box~~ ~~of~~ ~~gold~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~doctor~~ ~~who~~ ~~looked~~ ~~after~~ ~~you~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~politicians~~ ~~who~~ ~~wanted~~ ~~your~~ ~~vote~~. ~~You~~ ~~could~~ ~~never~~ ~~have~~ ~~believed~~ ~~that~~ ~~of~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~driving~~ ~~a~~ ~~pair~~ ~~of~~ ~~hands~~ ~~to~~ ~~die~~. ~~The~~ ~~employers~~ ~~themselves~~ ~~learned~~ ~~how~~ ~~to~~ ~~simulate~~ ~~intention~~ ~~and~~ ~~concern~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~hands~~, ~~and~~ ~~some~~ ~~employers~~ ~~did~~ ~~actually~~ ~~feel~~ ~~it~~, ~~but~~ ~~most~~ ~~feared~~ ~~and~~ ~~purely~~ ~~despised~~ ~~those~~ ~~'hands'~~ ~~then~~. ~~One~~ ~~day~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~time~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~legitimate~~ ~~complaint~~ ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ~~at~~ ~~his~~ ~~work~~, ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~invited~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~boss's~~ ~~office~~ ~~and~~ ~~told~~ ~~to~~ ~~sit~~ ~~down~~. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~given~~ ~~his~~ ~~desk~~ ~~drawer~~ ~~and~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~out~~ ~~a~~ ~~revolver~~ ~~and~~ ~~placed~~ ~~it~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~desk~~ ~~before~~ ~~him~~, ~~he~~ ~~said~~, ~~'Now~~ ~~shoot~~ ~~it~~, ~~Mr~~ ~~Roscoe'~~. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~young~~ ~~man~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~interview~~ ~~was~~ ~~conducted~~ ~~privately~~, ~~Mr~~ ~~Roscoe~~ ~~was~~ ~~flustered~~. ~~He~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~understand~~ ~~the~~ ~~message~~.

This is where the most important part of the free-market doctrine comes in. As the people obliged to work too long of the little cold with exp. application improve

themselves by various devices — saving, working harder, spending less on luxuries. Of course it was rubbish. You could save, you could fall dead if you worked harder, you had no luxuries. Whatever you tried to do you were ~~thwarted~~ balked by lack of money, contacts. The wholesale people didn't trust you enough to supply goods to you, if you wanted to start, say, a construction business as my father did. You could start a sweet shop if you are, they were willing to sell jars of sweets long at wholesale prices, but a shop in a house was illegal, and you were quite all right the meaning of a shop & renting a shop. To demonstrate, you accept, you choose of words ~~gave you away~~ <sup>you revealed</sup> ~~that you belonged~~ your ineptness for anything but the ~~daily~~ <sup>life</sup> routine you were following, and the weekend pleasures that ~~you had~~ <sup>the</sup> routine.

~~These pleasures included dreaming. The talk on Sunday afternoon in the front room was after a dreamy voice, about how well established a firm had houses in Dublin and there were three bedrooms upstairs and a lovely garden and they were getting a car next year.~~

~~Ask me did the doctrine invite you to improve yourself, it was only if they needed to while the profits — for it was made it possible for you young to do so.~~

~~Nobody could stop you dreaming. The talk in the front room with relatives on Sunday afternoon was a dreamy with it — half-laid plans, hopes, all of them towards a life that Saturday and Sunday ~~that~~ <sup>was</sup> structured their radiance into the ~~week~~ <sup>week</sup> ~~by some~~ <sup>was</sup> in and out of the conversation. This was why people who did something with their minds were advised. It accounted for the undertone of respect and admiration that my father then got, ~~between the advice.~~~~

The ghetto stamped you as someone apart. ~~That~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> the people of Britain were — people apart, a people who didn't belong, a people who watched and waited and hoped and dreamed from the boundary line that separated for a hard-fall of people who did the deciding!

## New Chiefs

On Sunday morning you could expect unexpected visitors. That was customary in all the streets. They may stay at dinner if they had been previously invited. ~~Most after the war we went~~ ~~off to the pub and~~ Sometimes the war went down to the pub but my mother disapproved of this because she said it made the dinner late. In truth she didn't like my father or my brother Leslie, whose friends drank, to ~~return~~ come to the table in a 'rilly' condition. She was a good cook and liked it when the meals were appreciated. One nice morning, ~~at~~ warm and sunny, one of Leslie's friends, Les, walked down the long street from Garrat Lane in a uniform. We all came out to the gate to watch his approach. His walk made a sharp cracking sound on the pavement. He certainly showed. He had joined the Territorial Army. He was one of those rare creatures who could walk in a war long before it came along. His uniform was well the same as the worn ~~of~~ in the Great War, with puttees that had to be ~~very~~ carefully wound round the ~~leg~~ calf. He had small eyes and a plump yellow face and his eyes did all the expressing of the face. He was a regular Sunday morning visitor. My mother enjoyed ~~Leslie's friends~~ visit from Leslie's friends. One of them was particularly handsome, with dark eyes and hair and very cheek and a steady smile, and he had something cultivated about his ~~reserved~~. She said if she'd been younger she might have had some serious thoughts about him.

Les, the soldier, came sometimes in the evening too. He found me in one of the bedrooms one evening and began pushing me about and then half-wrestling with me. He slapped me and squeezed me and though it hurt and I wanted to cry I laughed as if I was enjoying it, partly because ~~that~~ if I didn't he would have increased the hurt. I was aware that something strange lay in his pleasure and I was disturbed by the fact that my mother

sat silently in the back room without crying to see me all the steps and jumps were done, quite as if he had secretly arranged it with her. At the same time I knew this couldn't be the case because my brother, of all the fellows, was the possessor of an unflawed golden heart, but I continued to think it just the same.

Another time, on a Sunday morning, Lee picked up a short rifle we got played with which shot pellets of potato at great speed. To-day the emission end of the rifle is a potato and ~~the~~ it formed a pellet remarkably like a bullet in flight. Lee stood at the window of the back room and loaded this rifle. My father was gardening below, with his back turned to the house. It was another warm day. Lee took aim and fired and the pellet caught my father in the back of the neck. He let out a small cry and put his hand to his neck, bowed slightly. He turned round to see what had happened and when he saw Lee, who was laughing, he didn't smile but said "I want to be careful what I'm doing, don't you?" He came back in the house and my mother became stern too.

Once I heard my mother and Lee ~~conversing~~ ~~on~~ ~~evening~~ ~~at our house~~ discussing the following Sunday. She then was to be a little party at our house. ~~For~~ Lee was keen to know what women were doing, and my mother was going through them in an appraising way. The best one he said was a <sup>bastard's</sup> wife. She was game, too. My arranged that in ~~the~~ <sup>a certain</sup> game which my mother detected since it involved turning up the lights and groping through ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~dark~~ <sup>dark</sup> in order to find someone who was kidding, that should both mark down the bastard's wife well and follow her. It wasn't the best way of engaging a woman's sexual attention, however sexual she might be, since faces in the dark can belong to anyone. When the lights were up she returned to the back room a little dejected and not at all happy, and she and my mother agreed that that was enough of the game of the

of the evening. My mother always sat in her <sup>usual</sup> chair at the table during those games. Of course things were broken, and lefts & youths bumped into furniture. ~~There was a joke that~~ someone pulled the lavatory chair ~~once~~ <sup>once</sup> after the first game, and after that it was pulled continually until no work came. ~~The games had all the clandestine~~ A new world seemed to be coming out in those games which perplexed my mother. They were ~~entirely~~ better than ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~business~~ all the joy, and ~~there were~~ <sup>was</sup> a very proper couple, <sup>lived</sup> <sup>next</sup> <sup>door,</sup> children, and my mother liked to enjoy their esteem, and she shuddered very true the lavatory was. It was a long way from the dingy days in Battersea, since the heart's desires didn't have to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~lurk~~ <sup>lurk</sup> in the dark or involve the punishment of a small boy <sup>And</sup> <sup>didn't</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>beaten</sup> & pleasure.

After my father killed in the war. I think he crashed in a bomb over Germany. He got <sup>the</sup> <sup>war</sup> <sup>believe</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>wanted</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>him</sup> <sup>except</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>conscious</sup> <sup>mind</sup>.

My two brothers fought so badly one stormy summer evening that I washed down to Mr Higgs's <sup>to</sup> <sup>collect</sup> my mother. To my astonishment she ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> quite undisturbed and <sup>was</sup> <sup>smiled</sup> and <sup>laughed</sup> <sup>gossiping</sup>, 'The she she got it: the house she said so of 'Mr Higgs too her up to?' and then we a sense of great peace and order throughout the flat. Her fights' amounted mostly to <sup>but</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>few</sup> <sup>undisturbed</sup> <sup>joys</sup>.

~~It was succeeded in really its target in a hundred days~~

~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> <sup>collapse</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>downtown</sup> <sup>area</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>most</sup> <sup>these</sup> <sup>blows</sup> <sup>always</sup> <sup>seemed</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>hit</sup>.

~~They~~ <sup>they</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>great</sup> <sup>shock</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>me</sup>, <sup>the</sup> <sup>franchise</sup> <sup>They</sup> <sup>seemed</sup> <sup>disrupting</sup> <sup>this</sup> <sup>franchise</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>disrupting</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>They</sup> <sup>seemed</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>engaged</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>great</sup> <sup>adventure</sup> <sup>while</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>family</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>engaged</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>it</sup>, <sup>while</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>thought</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>engaged</sup> <sup>in</sup>.

Collette was, like <sup>my</sup> <sup>mother's</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>neighbor's</sup> <sup>axe</sup>, <sup>was</sup> <sup>quickly</sup> <sup>engaged</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>laid</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>sleep</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>eternal</sup> <sup>slight</sup> <sup>living</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>giving</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>industrial</sup> <sup>ghetto</sup>, <sup>unlike</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>upper</sup> <sup>ghettos</sup>, <sup>recognized</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>accepted</sup>. <sup>But</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>edge</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ghetto</sup>, <sup>where</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>trucked</sup> <sup>near</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>upper</sup> <sup>ghettos</sup>, <sup>even</sup>

though the the shells might not be all the usual upper, remained to smart and generate ~~the~~ a span of 1200 knots through the years. The fact is that the most deliciously exciting thing that happened within the industrial was when it collided or cooperated with an upper shell, so a conflict resulting in the excitement, like the betwixt my brothers, was very frequent ~~because~~ ~~the~~ ~~culture~~ ~~the~~ ~~ways~~ of life were ~~them~~ (on the rare occasions that such a conflict happened) with competition.

My two brothers had chosen two different upper shells. The titles of the ~~my~~ ~~brother~~ ~~Leslie~~, ~~was~~ ~~Galsworthy~~, ~~books~~, that is all that kept the world ~~exciting~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~, offering lively criticism and execution within the ~~lesser~~ ~~deals~~ ~~and~~ ~~managers~~ and dangerous flirtations but never playing with the concepts, ~~grain~~ and Leslie and his friends, the ~~books~~ and Galsworthy and Jack, were in jobs at the ~~time~~ ~~the~~ ~~group~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ upper shells ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~university~~. And soon, by ~~the~~ ~~age~~ ~~of~~ ~~16~~ ~~years~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~university~~, because ~~me~~ there. At the ~~books~~ and ~~books~~ remained in the industrial shells. ~~by~~ ~~managers~~, ~~company~~ ~~secretaries~~, ~~message~~ ~~boys~~ ~~who~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~office~~. ~~for~~ ~~promotion~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~generally~~ ~~called~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~, but it was an upper shell just the same, ~~more~~ ~~isolated~~ ~~than~~ any of them, ~~more~~ ~~angrified~~, yet ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~thrilling~~ ~~the~~ ~~struggle~~ ~~to~~ ~~keep~~ ~~it~~ ~~feel~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~ ~~sometimes~~, because ~~of~~ ~~its~~ ~~struggle~~ ~~to~~ ~~keep~~ ~~it~~ ~~feel~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~ ~~sometimes~~, ~~deeply~~ ~~magnetic~~ ~~lower~~ ~~shells~~ industrial shells ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ ~~shells~~ ~~and~~ ~~try~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~it~~ ~~use~~ ~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ ~~shells~~ ~~away~~. which ~~was~~ ~~me~~ ~~a~~ ~~two~~ ~~promotions~~ ~~and~~ ~~raises~~ ~~away~~ ~~within~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~years~~ ~~of~~ ~~working~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~books~~, ~~and~~ ~~there~~ ~~there~~ ~~two~~ ~~a~~ ~~four~~ ~~years~~ ~~of~~ ~~contact~~ ~~with~~ ~~five~~ ~~options~~ ~~since~~ ~~is~~ ~~university~~ ~~give~~ ~~Leslie~~ ~~became~~ ~~a~~ ~~theatrical~~ ~~manager~~, ~~an~~ ~~exhibition~~ ~~organizer~~ ~~(he~~ ~~set~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~Magna~~ ~~Carta~~ ~~exhibition~~ ~~in~~ ~~Virginia~~ ~~since~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~managing~~ ~~and~~ ~~by~~ ~~French~~ ~~attaché~~ ~~at~~ ~~a~~ ~~series~~ ~~of~~ ~~British~~ ~~embassies~~ ~~in~~ ~~Africa~~, ~~India~~, ~~and~~ ~~there~~ ~~the~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~prepared~~ ~~for~~ ~~royal~~ ~~visits~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~journal~~ ~~was~~ ~~show~~ ~~photos~~ ~~of~~ ~~him~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~Queen~~ ~~and~~ ~~Prince~~ ~~Philip~~, ~~and~~ ~~Charles~~ ~~and~~ ~~Anne~~, ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~he~~ ~~got~~ ~~an~~ ~~OBE~~. ~~While~~, ~~John~~ ~~Galsworthy~~ ~~is~~ ~~at~~

uncanny good sense. There were no flights of fancy like Tom's  
choice of Bloomington friends and a empty pocket. Leslie  
yearned to go on such a flight but he neither knew how  
nor had the essential. His bible was the Galton's

\_\_\_\_\_ which described the degree of adventure pre-  
tense to a world 'solidly and ~~unshakably~~ dully devoted  
to the business transaction and the chink of ~~coin~~  
coins that entered the marriage bed. It wasn't Henry  
Adams or Clive Bell or Keynes or Paul Warb. Leslie  
would meet in H. G. Wells perhaps - in Mr Clipp's, & a  
moment. Otherwise, for the bitterness of his rise pound  
by pound into the world he aspired to, Leslie saw in  
his brother ~~nothing that was abhorrent and absurd of the~~  
~~negated~~ the fatuous, stuck-up attitudes of a snob with  
upper ghetto with its strained accents and its 'snooty'  
attitudes. The Virginia Woolf <sup>snob</sup> ~~snob~~ never have  
gratified him in a way that tortured him and made him  
feel ashamed.

→ ~~Leslie~~ meant 'manipulating due', was round the pitfall,  
which included getting drunk too often, walking out with the  
girls and landing merely in a marriage too soon. Keeping  
one's freedom of movement wasn't easy, and work remained  
in the better not best world of the semi detached house  
and, Austin 7, in which the industrial ghetto beckoned  
from below with its voluptuous safety and the middle  
class ~~selectly for~~ ~~tracked for above~~ glowered and  
snubbed for above.

Leslie managed the transition with ~~stark~~

~~The fulfilled Dr. Galtworth. He moved to a country town and~~  
~~enabled the local gentry who it was necessary. His views became~~  
~~Republican and left wing on his habits became conservative.~~  
 No the it went to his head. He became too middle class further  
 gongly aware of his roots and disposed never to stand any  
 nonsense, particularly for those who considered themselves gentry  
 (faithful to the Galworthy canon, his attitude to them was moral).

The war displaced a killed <sup>the men</sup> festive group, as it did  
~~the Stomping group, and as it did way there~~ Somehow at the  
 end of the war a beginning had to be made with nothing  
 for the park intact, except the buildings. It was a paradox  
 because the building had partly been destroyed and partly were  
 run down by few years of neglect, with the result that of  
 the humans seemed properly alive. But this was illusory. The

~~humans could be alive since the~~  
~~the ghettos were dead. And almost no one seemed to~~  
 realize it. So nothing got built. ~~And the result is just~~  
~~the you have today = chaos with a few ghetto outposts~~  
~~with some dim sense of these being a society on the~~  
~~maintained, and a lot of <sup>centricity or</sup> destruction avoided. (And~~  
 it <sup>want</sup> any help the precisely the same thing happened at  
~~the same time and in the same way~~ — Missouri  
 to — [in China], with precisely the same absence of any  
 recognition of the fact. ~~The part of~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

That such displaced humans should be capable  
 of vinalizing, let alone actually dropping, an atomic bomb on other  
 humans is hardly ~~to be wondered at~~ remarkable.

\* \* \*

~~life at Bedford became most~~  
~~the excitement became intense in Bedfordshire~~

~~an upper ghetto is being set~~  
~~however~~ <sup>our</sup> most exciting moment in Bedfordshire  
 happened there no, the upper ghettos looked on ours. It  
 could happen in a those life somehow depended on their  
 extraordinary fermentation still seemed to serve not just  
 the lower echelons, not just Woodworth and Battersea and the

→ No one thought it necessary. After a war you just go back to what there was before. But in this case what there was before ~~didn't exist~~, wasn't there any more. So there was nothing to build with what we had you wanted to build. Only the buildings were alive. They took you back in. Bedford station was intact. The staircase from the street to its platform was still in steps and light. The cemetery was there. So was the leather bottle. So the building stood in for you.

~~The search was a few ghetto notes to keep  
the definition at bay.~~

The West End was there. The Shaftesbury Avenue theatres remained. We never missed a performance, the notices said. The Ritz and the Dorchester and the Savoy, Charlotte Street and the St. James, Fanny's Street and the shirt shops, St. James's and the club, the Nelson Market and Wellington House and Hampstead Heath and the squares — all the ghettos had their haunts and their houses, different in measure or in style, but physical, intact. Only ghettos, all ghettos, was gone. The upper accents and the lower mixed confusedly in the new order that had no order in it, and the England that had been this England, not ours, became no England at all. (And it wasn't any keep....

\* \* \*

East End (in descending order of hierarchical position, if there were ghettos within the ghettos), but the upper ones as well, because they were continually renewed and revitalized by new incursions like those of my kin. ~~It wasn't a wonderful system but it was late ~~times~~. A visit to the cinema was a ~~passive way of~~ peep outside the ghetto, and catching a royal visit to open a factory or a new park, canvassing of the pasties and a speech by the future MP at a street corner, a visit to the West End of a night recess, a birthday, a funeral, a marriage, ~~at a dinner of the Aga Khan or the world professions and changes of the guard and the hard Mayan show.~~~~

~~The market doctrine~~ [Even the market doctrine allowed it, indeed depended on a constant effort in the lower echelons to reach the high-spending echelons, and thus increase the demand and the supply. On this one fragile yet essential process the money system staggered from one crisis to another, caused by too much or too little spending, too much or too little employment, too much or too little earnings in the producing classes.]

~~Using this, the market doctrine made social mobility possible of heaven.~~  
 But you can't get out of a ghetto unless the more powerful ghettos make this possible <sup>by levels</sup> ~~of~~ extend an invitation, ~~bid~~ <sup>bid</sup> for a rise up and ~~get you~~ <sup>get you</sup> to leave the streets where you were born with the ~~focused expectations of~~ [Dickens] ladder, ~~to be supplied.~~

~~Education Acts, the late nineteenth century~~ <sup>became</sup> ~~supplied~~ <sup>was the ladder</sup> ~~if you were clever enough, generous enough, and (above all) audacious enough you would get scholarships.~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~clear and audacious enough you would get~~ <sup>it if you were</sup> ~~scholarships with these translated you at once, if they extended to university scholarships into the highest ghettos.~~ <sup>for this it's space</sup>  
 Therefore ~~the independent ghettos were~~ <sup>peppered</sup> ~~with public libraries.~~ <sup>everywhere in England,</sup> The moment you walked in you heard

~~The lower shelta was depleted them & were to the level of an 'under' class as we now call it (that is to say, still going on) and the upper sheltas were we were strengthened - this contrast of the lower ones.~~

~~A useful train-draw for the watermill shelta into the higher ones, to their the shelta, task, law, of the market (manufactured in the eighteenth century) made it possible a train-draw from the industrial shelta to take the place of this depletion the old shelta, jobs were dropped dependent, and getting the filling the echelons of employers, traders, chiefs, directors, for this reason those who 'were' could be regarded as to have a right to be, to be to go on with new talent which was reluctant to now adopted maintaining a Helader to the old shelta.~~

they were sometimes

heard other voices than the one you were used to, & ~~the~~ voice for  
 the part <sup>of the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> also a different language and laughing and  
 excited by with ideas you had never <sup>before!</sup> ~~before~~, forbidden-  
 seeming ideas that you dared not mention at home. ~~So~~  
~~When my uncle Oliver~~ ~~said I must~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~Quiet~~ - the  
 Western Front I felt a certain complaisance ~~pits~~ ~~to~~ ~~him~~. Didn't  
 he know the reading was ~~not~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ already  
~~my life and not a leisure pursuit~~ ~~the~~ ~~source~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~future~~ ~~life~~,  
~~directly working in it and making decisions of me I would know~~  
~~what of a long time?~~ ~~Both of us were the toxic side for Rushfield to~~  
~~watch.~~ ~~On the way destroyed the way - the end the back and~~  
~~ward, the ~~the~~ streets at night with breeze were ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~front~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~~~  
~~corner, they were the danger of death in a theater ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~minutes~~ ~~before~~~~  
~~curtainise, the~~ I remember the back won then we were, it  
 France windows looking down the lane to the checker run and the  
 railway track. There was the table, the clock, the perfect ~~substance~~  
 neatness and cleanliness, the furniture and the table-cloth, and  
 the small library, books ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~My~~ ~~parents~~ ~~were~~ ~~there~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~to~~ ~~said~~  
 it, and I remember feeling the insult, followed by ~~this~~ ~~vital~~ ~~set~~;  
 confidence that I was already ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~to~~ ~~France~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~middle~~  
 of the world.

~~to get began~~ ~~the~~ ~~population~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~area~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~  
~~could estimate with~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~population~~ ~~figures~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~  
~~quicker and more thorough~~ ~~the~~ ~~creation~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~market~~ ~~to~~ ~~share~~ ~~the~~ ~~loss~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~market~~  
~~market to share the loss of economy, a spirit, and which~~  
~~America had already captured~~ ~~all~~ ~~local~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~markets~~ ~~inclined~~ ~~until~~ ~~they~~ ~~were~~ ~~swallowed~~ ~~up~~ ~~then~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~beginning~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~1939~~ ~~war~~ ~~I~~ ~~found~~ ~~my~~ ~~uncle~~ ~~at~~ ~~Oxford~~;  
~~my first year there, modest, and I had to curb my activities,~~  
~~After the war, in 1945, when I returned I had plenty of money~~  
~~ample money and got into the money with ideas of the~~  
~~existence, a special category~~

My father and Aubrey Mearns got a flat in an oak dell  
 block on the Longwood Road Mine is still there. ~~They were~~  
~~away~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~flat~~ ~~to~~ ~~watch~~ ~~the~~ ~~market~~ ~~and~~ ~~see~~  
~~walked into the foyer~~ Aubrey sat down and wrote me he  
 said you go up to be a 'post-witch'. He said they needed the

money. I sat and watched hi typing furiously. There was light in  
 the street below, wrinkling me and colored me, and I wondered what  
 the other people in the flat were like. There was like going to a  
 foreign country of me there miraculously my own language was spoken.  
 It was a way of slipping my future life, the kind of room I could  
 have. There was a bathroom, a bedroom, a sitting room. ~~I was design~~  
~~for a person, and~~ The space available seemed to me extraordinary,  
 we because it was ~~not large~~ <sup>as large</sup> as no flat but because it was  
~~inter connected~~ ~~as~~ ~~comfortable~~ was of me from, who could walk  
 at leisure from the kitchen to the sitting room and thence to the  
 bedroom without bumping into them, ~~keeping to order with the~~  
~~fact that of me of the room was~~ ~~was~~ so that the room  
 reflected hi and his, with hi books in the shelves, and solely  
 hi visitors rising the wall. The egg holder and Mear went to  
 Hungary once they left me the key and, very excited, I took the  
 train to Waterloo me seeing, the the tube to Marble Arch.  
 I looked into the fog and into the light. I sat in a chair  
 of the window trying to think of something to do. I left after  
 a few minutes. I wanted to take advantage of the solitude -  
 the perfect condition of living a long fight - but I was  
~~ten~~ ten years too early.

When I was able that time Mear appeared in the phone  
 George Bernard Shaw. ~~I happened to say~~ ~~the very day~~  
~~that~~ ~~after~~ he had had some contact with hi / I never  
 found it ~~at all~~ ~~at~~. But I happened to say, after <sup>my</sup> ~~had~~  
 described ~~his visit~~ to Shaw's flat - Whitehall Court,  
 'I'd like to speak to hi.' At once he said 'Phone hi  
 up. I'll ~~do it~~ give of the number!' A woman  
 answered, probably it's Shaw, and she I said 'I'd  
 like to speak to Mr. Shaw she said 'one moment'  
 and he came on. We talked of ~~the~~ ~~minutes~~ <sup>through the</sup> Mear  
 nearly spoiled it by trying to listen to ~~Shaw's~~ <sup>the</sup> help  
 pulling the ~~the~~ <sup>phone</sup> ~~piece~~ away from me. Then he started  
 typing and <sup>he</sup> ~~Shaw~~ was saying. Shaw stopped ~~and~~ out  
 said. 'What's going on?' I can hear <sup>typing</sup> ~~let's~~ <sup>hi</sup> ~~way to~~  
 and it was hotting, I installed the connection of ~~going~~ <sup>going</sup>

he would believe me. ~~As a result~~

→ Since it came  
while for a thirteen-year-old there had increased his suspicion  
while, ~~with different views, the way should~~ confide the  
childhood was considered - period, innocence, was convinced

the I'd write a play and would he have a look at it. He said, 'Well, I think my play was ~~considerably~~ better known ~~than~~ yours, so why did you talk about ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> plays instead of yours?' I said 'at least, I agreed and he said, 'The play of mine might like to talk about?' I said 'Pygmalion', probably because it was the one I understood. ~~In the course of the day~~ He said, 'What character interests you?' I said, 'Alfred Doolittle because he's a bourgeois' (I mean he had bourgeois aspirations) and then he went on with his famous 'Pshaw!' which tickled you and made you want to laugh because it contained no anger at all and added, 'He was - DUSTMAN!'. This was a lesson of ~~the great~~ <sup>great</sup> importance to me. ~~As the great man was the scripter~~ He was the most successful man of the theatre in the world and he talked to me with no success or any sense in it - in fact he talked to me with no success at all, quite as a man would who set down a book in his field, and I never forget that.

I want to say that he spoke to a child like that he spoke as he would to any man alive, ~~Ch~~ Winston Churchill, or ~~Barrie~~, or ~~Sidney Wells~~ or Mrs (actress) the King. I still can't mistake it when a man is at work and lively.

Then got me to submit a poem to a new magazine that was going to appear called Poetry, London. The editor was a Indian with hair doing the it tucked his shoulders, and he showed a tiny face - John with his sub-editor. Two were to be poems by Stephen Spender, Lawrence Durrell, Vernon Watkins... [?]. He took a <sup>bleak</sup> ~~sample~~ of mine about the futility of things (which I didn't feel), rather in the mode of Keats, 'These things are still and have each their good'. He was most material in several times - the practice is a plea for simplicity. When I met him in his tiny flat he told me I should use any form school or I was ~~to be~~ <sup>so he would</sup> there and not do it well any way. The school ~~was~~ worked the railway track for Rushfield - its

way to Waterloo, just north, the Elphinstone Docks, then it  
 arrived in the self-same platform where Oscar Wilde was  
 jeered at as he waited hand-cuffed for his train to prison.  
 I liked the imitation neo-world architecture, the world-be  
 town over the entrance, the long tree-lined drive for the bridge  
 on the railway and the many fields, all a novel, but the  
 teachers, so sad and lonely, mostly men, so obviously to be in  
 their jobs when they would have struck a better school ~~teach~~ <sup>than</sup>  
 say a real public school instead, their unharmonious imitation  
 the look is 'working-class' pupils or the understanding that there  
 working class didn't exist. I was disappointed and contemptuous  
 and got the reputation of being 'volstie'. One day the  
 biology teacher, a small, pipe-smoking man with sceptical  
 eyes, stood behind me, I stared down at the pickled  
 rabbit whose entrails I had to identify, and <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~ quietly,  
 'The ~~trouble~~ <sup>trouble</sup> with you, Rowden, is you're bloody lost, <sup>selected. The</sup> ~~selected.~~  
 and then walked quietly ~~of~~ <sup>away</sup>. It was the only <sup>negative</sup> ~~negative~~  
~~I was told they were~~ ~~but have they~~ ~~at~~

~~could be talking else.~~  
 The man in charge of gym was a lullock of a man,  
 with a flat, uncomprehending face and vast areas of ~~the~~ <sup>fat</sup> ~~lard-~~  
~~covered~~ <sup>fatty white</sup> ~~fat~~ ~~under~~ ~~skin~~. At a gym class one  
 morning he began staring at my legs. Which meant he had been  
 spying at the time, and continued to do so until he was  
 quite sure that I was crass, the face, which took a  
 fraction of the time he, in his flaccid stammer, thought it would.  
 Everything was thrown at you — ~~biology~~ <sup>physics,</sup> geography,  
 mathematics, theology, Latin and Greek, and you could never  
 imagine that man and woman had ~~got~~ <sup>made</sup> it all, and  
 give it all its names. ~~It~~ was just there, and all you  
 had to do was get it and learn it. There was no guessing  
 to be asked, there was no doubt about anything and above all  
 there was nothing extraordinary or unexpected about anything.  
 It was all obvious and if you didn't find it obvious it  
 was because you hadn't learned it and turned it into a  
 matter-of-fact <sup>total</sup> ~~total~~ that you could hence <sup>forward</sup> ~~forth~~ like you granted  
 and ~~talk~~ <sup>talk</sup> at other people ~~and~~ like fool if they didn't

know what it challenged it. One teacher, the history man, talked to us as if facts were opinions and with the historical figures ~~to talk~~ and the people who wrote what they were with ~~just~~ capable of lapses of intelligence. He would stand with his hands in his pockets and say things like, 'Of course, old Henry rather shot his bolt there. If you're the greedy type you'll go in to attract like advisors, which explains Wolsey... See first thing I realised when I started reading about the industrial revolution was that it wasn't a revolution. How the hell can you call something that's been going on for hundreds of years a revolution? I mean, anybody with sense could have seen what was going to happen back in Tudor times, when the Puritans got their holy hands on the City and the House of Commons.'

He was frowned on in the main common room, but they couldn't deny he got results and knew his stuff. He used to dress in the old, sticking tweeds and himself had ash on his waistcoat. He got his clean discipline with laughter. He waited for the boys he liked to be sufficiently mature and then he invited to his home to a cup of coffee in the evening, or to summer camp or a theatre. So he always had a little coterie and long discussions went on over coal fires and in clouds of pipe smoke. If you wanted to smoke <sup>cigarette</sup> you could, it was something a man did and you had to do it a man's way, not a woman's way. It depended in how you blew the smoke out and how you held the cigarette. I went on one of his camps. He had a large car, a Rover perhaps, which could contain quite a number of gents and camping equipment. We travelled through the large valley above de Quincey and Coleridge and the

→ <sup>with</sup> ~~at~~ unusual frequency. The headmaster used to wander into the class  
Teacher talked humorously about him, and about the other  
Teacher too. He would call him '~~Ad Broun~~' 'the Ad  
man' or use his nickname - 'old Brown'. The laughter in  
his classes - his frequent harshness shouting that he felt  
annoyed - struck a false note in this lugubrious  
counterfeit academy.

[He waited....

Wordsworth lived for a time. He initiated me into alcohol. In Somerset we tried the cider and I remember the strong drink, the bushes and wild flowers in the way we walked back to the tent. He would take certain boys to 'kip down' by his side and we all did it as a matter of course, but we avoided doing it, or being alone with him, we again. Just as I was ~~fast~~<sup>falling</sup> asleep I felt a hand on my head and settle lightly on my forehead. I decided that the only thing to do was to feign sleep. But my forehead wasn't used to feigning. In a few seconds it had shot off like a rifle since his hand withdrew, and I had to lie in my own spasm until it cooled dry, <sup>still</sup> feigning sleep.

Years later I talked to my mother about what our favourite teacher and saw, from a certain distance the came into his eyes, and <sup>certain</sup> a distal look, and a change of delight, that he had been through the same loop.

I was often ribbed and ~~ridiculed~~ ridiculed for being good looking. Comparisons were made to Rupert Brooke, 'the most beautiful man in Cambridge - his eyes' and apparently then were facial similarities. I tried to adopt a hard look and my lips took on a certain pose. ~~I did not at all dislike being looked at by girls. It was not at all that it became a troubling experience, the older I grew. It wasn't at all that I disliked being looked at by girls (I expected ridicule was there, sometimes), <sup>but</sup> it was the fact that when I befriended someone ~~that he was a bear, I thought he was a bear~~ thought that it was my intelligence that showed through and attracted him or her but nearly always it was my looks. Once when I was seventeen or so I heard that a pianist I admired thought I was stupid. One time when I began talking, quite deliberately, ~~at that~~~~



all about the first me into long speeches - I found that it was -  
 and he gradually became apologetic. He told our common friends  
 afterwards that he was astonished, and they would help me to his  
 house whenever he wanted. [The same happened to me in the  
 army a few years later. I saved my army career the way  
 but I wish to Christ I hadn't, I wish the ~~career had stayed~~  
 if a general was hadn't been able to use me - my life, ~~and~~ <sup>on the</sup>  
 heart and conscience, and in gratitude ~~that~~ through me ~~was~~  
<sup>gained</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>did</sup> a civilisation. ~~was~~ Why not let people think  
 you're stupid? It has happened to me a million times since  
 and I've ignored it and even encouraged it, and passed it  
 eg. ~~Every new idea you have gets the same response, provided~~  
~~it's new and not just~~

At the school ~~my~~ <sup>me</sup> mind was kicked and cuffed and sneered  
 into learning, with the result that ~~weighty~~ ~~concepts~~ the 'facts' of  
 which all learning was said to be composed: came in like pork fat  
 on the sink food of the day. I yawned and daydreamed in class,  
 I masturbated at it. In this way I defended my mind against  
 the predations of these ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup> resentfully, or sadly ~~truly~~ <sup>truly</sup> lonely men  
 who themselves were thwarted and bored as I was. There was some  
 honest men. The Latin master had us sitting round in a close circle,  
 and talked quietly - He had vast thick-lensed glasses, and told  
 us he would never be sitting there, in the classroom at the school,  
 in any school, if he had his way - He had tried for a university job  
 and failed. But little bit, humbly made his classes too  
 bearable, and we learned a little Latin. The Greek teacher was  
 a fleshy, large, benign Australian with tiny ~~suffe~~ <sup>suffe</sup> pain-pinched  
 eyes, and he was the epitome and human enactment of the  
 word 'localities'. He used to call of up to the desk to mark  
 your paper and he would put his hand up for your thumb up if  
 you were still wearing shorts, though he never did wear the towel  
 the leg, as if this was the summit of any possibly catatonic  
 could hope to have. He lived alone, I believe, and his disappoint-  
 ment in life, in the thick, hard, sneering layers of ~~philistinism~~  
 entipally (of art, love, myth, humanity) that lay heavy over  
 the school with its bogus self-identification as a 'public'

school, was so great that he died of it. He got no results. He was unable to communicate his love of Greek, Latin & all his sense of the ancient Greeks, in such a ~~convincing~~ vindictively anti-Knowledge place that purposed to teach it. Rules it taught, structures it taught, prohibitions it taught, but never a thing that could suggest the possibility of tenderness in the human being.

~~From that time~~ When a lip examination came round a boy in my class, small of his age and with a large face and large teeth that showed his fangs in constant grimaces in their large mocking aftermath, decided to rebel, to sit there and write, nothing, nothing whatever, when the Greek paper was presented. He ~~struggled~~ went through with it. The rest of us struggled through the hieroglyphics (we knew we had learned) and got no poor results. He turned in a absolutely blank paper, and the effect on the Australian was so great that we all saw the rebellion as an act of cruelty, which it was. And it was a calculated little blow at all this ancient, all things wonderful, to-

As a matter of fact, each of the teachers had a lonely side which, the moment he gave it voice, made him seem at least a human. Even the gym teacher revealed that he had the hair of a child, and carried it about in his large frame with me began to look like a certain grace, because if you can keep the degree of youth it argues a certain innocence. The English teacher never raised his voice or lost his charm, which set him quite apart from the rest, and I sometimes walked of the school to his house because he also lived in Redfield, though up the hill in ~~the~~ a ghetto of detached houses with gardens which marked the edge of the industrial ghetto and the beginning of Wadsworth Common where we prime ministers will live. He laughed, he joked, he enjoyed the fact that I did become an earnest atheist (it can just be for a while)

ardent religious). But it made further acquaintance impossible.

~~The sketch of~~ A few years later when we <sup>were</sup> sitting in a house near Foxfield, in Hampshire, <sup>in the woods</sup> listening to the Welsh poet Huw Lewis reading his poetry, he seemed restless, jumped

~~up and~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~element~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~gatherings~~. After the ~~reading~~ <sup>reading</sup> he began ~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~attacking~~ ~~Lewis~~, perhaps for the ~~romantic~~ ~~verbal~~ ~~choice~~ lyrical quality he thought they had been played out, the ~~hand~~ should be replaced with ~~greater~~ ~~realism~~. I jumped up

and defended ~~him~~ <sup>Lewis</sup> ~~of~~ ~~course~~ ~~was~~ ~~gratified~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~gentle~~ ~~friend~~. He forgot his ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~(the~~ ~~best~~ ~~uniform)~~ and

I handed ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> to him. He gave me a smile of the kind I received later, in battle, from a man I never saw again. Lewis died in the Boer. I heard how he was done by a truck, ~~at~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~committed~~ ~~suicide~~. ~~Work~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~done~~

I wrote a story called The Garden of Rhyphiletos which was about an extraordinarily luxurious garden behind walls which the Rhyphiletos (the present of both eu and philo agreed love) ~~couldn't~~ ~~enter~~ ~~to~~ ~~visit~~ ~~because~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~too~~ ~~big~~ ~~to~~ ~~pass~~ ~~by~~ ~~and~~ ~~walk~~ ~~every~~ ~~day~~. He climbed in, and I think he had to stay there for ever. ~~The~~ ~~Illustration~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~printed~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~school~~ ~~magazine~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Australian~~ ~~Teacher~~ ~~told~~ ~~me~~ ~~how~~ ~~much~~ ~~he~~ ~~admired~~ ~~it~~. He wanted to know how I had arrived at the name Rhyphiletos and I couldn't tell him. He seemed to be asking me more than this, no question he I couldn't identify of what the the question Rhyphiletos - the silence was. He was a big fiery man with eyes ~~twinkling~~ ~~at~~ twinkling flashing with every bit perhaps had never taken place, my best hope for. Afterwards I thought the question might have been one of sexual identification - was you a male or a female? Children are very much like women ~~(the~~ ~~reasons~~ ~~of~~ ~~color~~ ~~and~~ ~~complexion~~ ~~sexual~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~most~~ ~~desire~~ kindly and circumspect answers to meaning questions from undesired males, and sometimes win advantages by ~~being~~

didn't ~~enquire~~ enquire into the question of whether  
Wilfred Owen was a 'Georgian' or not, or <sup>even</sup> rebel for  
Georgian, one he wrote to read his.

Because I could see the war ~~had~~ improved its no style since like the pitiful  
/ cry of the wounded in a battle took no account of literary phrases. In brief  
→ which disappointed me in the the teacher, who I liked best,  
all the teacher, was worried in the argument. Lewis said,  
'I'm in agreement with no young friend', referring to me increased  
the discomfiture and made me feel I had been <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~subject~~ of  
all ~~the~~ the contempt with nice childhood seated <sup>in</sup> 'sucking  
up'. It was a concept that seemed to argue ~~the~~ <sup>for the</sup> ~~presence~~  
~~for the~~ ~~total~~ ~~implication~~ ~~is~~ expression of truth at all times,  
whereas the very things the school pitched itself were tirelessly  
against them any other human fact, <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~case~~  
hypocritical work of the children gladly colluded. Lewis was  
with his girlfriend & wife, ....

~~of a withheld consent which gives promise of fulfillment was to be~~  
withholding but not in so many words, denying access to the hairy  
organ (situated in the front in the case of the female and the back  
in the case of the male) that is ravenously eyed and wished for,  
& though this verges on prostitution, in child children are  
incidentally much more adept than adults, being less the  
demands of desire. Women were certainly astonished that certain  
men they find abhorrent might take to it as a matter.  
So are young men. In my late friendship with the sociologist  
Andrew Blain I made my position perfectly clear, and clear  
that I was had before in a similar situation because by the  
I'd lain under his other in a wheelchair on a common and  
had a whole woman exploding, though ~~the~~ ~~seated~~ ~~infants~~  
thickets of elastic and silk and cotton, the hidden parts  
of ~~detached~~ <sup>physiologically</sup> girls of my own age. I was always ~~stepping~~  
<sup>mc. of</sup> ~~aside for~~ Blain's reach, or ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> tip to climb to  
my feet as he clung to my parts from behind and tried  
to reach ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~unfenced~~ <sup>and unwalled</sup> back area with a phallos, too  
low-placed, when he developed ~~his~~ <sup>ad</sup> ~~sudden~~ <sup>leventational</sup> ~~erectile~~ <sup>power</sup>  
power. [All ~~these~~ <sup>such</sup> incidents ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~concerns~~ <sup>sexual</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>memory</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~concern~~ <sup>concerns</sup>  
women, ~~and~~ ~~concern~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~back~~ ~~of~~ ~~hand~~ ~~some~~ ~~women~~ ~~are~~ ~~never~~ ~~free~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~rape~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~ ~~at~~  
~~least~~ ~~one~~ ~~and~~ ~~some~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~  
~~they~~ ~~do~~ ~~which~~ ~~meant~~ ~~that~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~a~~ ~~keen~~ ~~nose~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~chance~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
~~On~~ ~~top~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~we~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~chance~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
~~the~~ ~~chance~~ ~~and~~ ~~above~~ ~~all~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~chance~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
~~and~~ ~~most~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~value~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~chance~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
with Blain ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~restaurants~~, ~~the~~ ~~British~~  
Museum ~~and~~ ~~at~~ ~~Cambridge~~ ~~were~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~men~~ ~~in~~ ~~which~~ ~~I~~ ~~could~~  
really talk, say all I wanted, and he was to expect a  
coherent reply ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~experience~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~  
~~Germany~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~also~~ ~~been~~ ~~arrested~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~Jew~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~

From the Freudian idea, the time, repression. Certain old-fashioned  
drawing rooms which somehow missed realizing the world was one had  
taken place might have gone in of repression and being repressed, and  
certainly the whole of the America cultural, had time and money of it,  
but as for us we were all that Calnie promised us in his first  
book that we would be, the children of a dead-meat factory,  
that had functioned a few years and like a whole generation with it,  
leaving up enough material to ~~fill~~ <sup>the</sup> next meat-factory, <sup>the</sup> <sup>insert</sup> <sup>ZW</sup>  
1939 me, with ~~the~~ blood-and-nerve material. [Children] words, he called <sup>the</sup> <sup>insert</sup> <sup>ZW</sup>

While the other one's was as foul as everybody else's. The point  
was that you could kiss boys with nice teeth, and wouldn't  
think of kissing the neoprene of them. I have a distinct memory  
of this kissing but how it went as in a crowded library in  
the lunch period (~~the~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~times~~ I took a pocket lunch) I can't  
imagine, but then I'm an adult and have lost ~~contact~~  
the <sup>science?</sup> <sup>1</sup> ~~blatantly~~ ~~sublimated~~ ~~into~~ a blandly simulated  
belief in the rule of law that I had then. But of all the  
sexual experiences I had at school, ~~would say~~ <sup>few that</sup>  
they were, I would say the top had an openness, an active  
lack of ~~the~~ ~~any~~ ~~sex~~ ~~of~~ possible pro-inhibition. The  
~~was~~ ~~experienced~~ ~~at~~ believed the very existence of the

→ 1 in my childhood, the period of whoredom and dirty  
underhand deals, <sup>DEANS</sup> contributed...

→ 2 At school we would have had-worth competitions, since  
childhood is also a period of the utmost ill-health. This  
had the sexual connection all things, ~~the~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~, had  
to ~~not~~ have to be worth something better than a sneer or a  
rasping. ~~Two boys~~ One boy's worth was sweet, and  
no one could say why, except that I noticed that he had an  
equilibrium of temper, a certain composed detachment, since  
no one else had. ~~Two others~~ My conclusion that it had  
something to do with the car with which he was brought up  
~~learned~~ <sup>didn't</sup> ~~not~~ to tally with the fact that the two brothers <sup>for</sup>  
Yorkshire who were my close friends, <sup>and</sup> <sup>mutual</sup> <sup>enemies</sup>,  
(which made the closest friendships), differed sharply from each  
other, they raised (I nearly wrote raised) in the same household,  
in that one had fairly stable worth, if not expressly sweet,

how the kind of needs I meant,  
the milk ultimate involve  
energy, not just soldier and  
cities and numbers.

INSERT [2W] pm p. 85 1/2

(in the Tingles)

In the second book I published I wrote 'This is  
the age of needs' without the subliminal notion that <sup>he would</sup> had all  
the <sup>been</sup> before between 1914-1918, I knew <sup>the</sup> were <sup>but</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
less than most, ~~since~~ it had haunted my childhood, and I'd  
tried to find out as well as I could ~~it~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~horrible~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>well</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>it</sup>  
~~the~~ <sup>adult</sup> ~~obtuseness~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~spun~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~wool~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~well~~ <sup>around</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup>  
~~as if~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~william~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~dead~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>part</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~humanity~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~it~~  
~~bloody~~ <sup>bloody</sup> ~~event~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ ~~few~~ <sup>brothers</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>it</sup>  
family, <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>family</sup> ~~ending~~.

~~that~~ ~~read~~ ~~in~~ ~~it~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~days~~ ~~ago~~. <sup>unwillingly</sup>.  
<sup>little</sup> ~~a~~ ~~book~~ ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~published~~ ~~about~~ ~~two~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~.

2 of ~~it~~ did it because another publisher I had to do it.  
Cecil Day Lewis said to me, ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
~~reject~~ ~~phase~~ ~~he~~ ~~being~~ ~~my~~ ~~editor~~ <sup>it's</sup> ~~like~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~  
fell into the eye, <sup>it</sup> ~~keeps~~ <sup>intruding</sup>. ~~Must~~ ~~be~~ ~~whole~~  
~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~justified~~, ~~ridiculous~~, ~~waste~~ ~~words~~, ~~would~~  
as well ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~as~~ ~~any~~ ~~human~~ ~~act~~ ~~had~~ ~~ever~~ ~~been~~,  
was <sup>BIT</sup> ~~A~~ ~~PIECE~~ ~~OF~~ ~~GRIT!~~ ~~But~~ ~~I~~ ~~nodded~~ ~~agreement~~.  
~~But~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~I~~ ~~took~~ ~~it~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~insult~~, ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~private~~ ~~insult~~,  
Cecil Day Lewis, shown me <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ ~~work~~ ~~of~~ ~~up-~~ ~~the-~~ ~~atic~~  
creatures I ever met, and the least frustration, ~~mean~~  
simple to say that the book was a very subjective. Private.

You could ~~be~~ ~~count~~ ~~make~~ ~~a~~ ~~century~~, ~~of~~ ~~war~~, ~~the~~ ~~act~~ ~~would~~  
pieces hundred, of millions of people, and ~~that~~ ~~act~~ ~~would~~  
~~still~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~, ~~to~~ ~~present~~ ~~humanity~~, ~~a~~ ~~subjective~~ ~~act~~  
with nothing private in it, no witnesses in it.

On this was years before I realized ~~that~~ ~~the~~  
if humans are naturally mad there ~~was~~ ~~this~~ ~~we~~ ~~have~~  
a practical and immediate problem, ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~last~~ ~~thing~~  
they <sup>are</sup> ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~problem~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~us~~,  
once we know the degree of our dementia, to examine  
the animals ~~to~~ ~~find~~ ~~out~~ ~~how~~ ~~we~~ ~~differ~~ ~~from~~ ~~→~~  
to ~~is~~ ~~more~~ ~~about~~

②

Ideology

pessimistic view that the human wasn't rational enough, which  
affirmly created the ~~ideology~~ <sup>human</sup> reason ~~was the~~ <sup>used</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>as the worst of samis.</sup>  
as well in war and holocaust as anywhere else) was ~~same~~  
~~It was the~~ <sup>ideology</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~communists~~ <sup>felt</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>experienced</sup>, and both  
were stronger ~~for~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Britain~~ <sup>felt</sup> ~~being~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~full~~ <sup>swing</sup>.

While was working - us all in the quiet and somp time  
~~the~~ ~~theory~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~before~~ ~~1918~~ ~~and~~ ~~1939~~.

①

while showing we, in his Nazi-haunted recollections,  
the the death exist, at least not in the <sup>human</sup> <sup>realm</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>life</sup>  
being, and presumably the Nazis (and the <sup>population</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>last</sup>)  
~~of~~ ~~acquaintance~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~Nazi~~ ~~population~~ ~~at~~ ~~last~~ <sup>was</sup> <sup>human</sup> <sup>being</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>all</sup>

wisdom and progress ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~theory~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Britain~~  
~~his~~ ~~Britain~~ ~~First~~ ~~Talk~~, and I was ~~not~~ ~~observing~~  
nothing of the sort from my vantage point in the ghetto,  
took years to reach this practical conclusion.

In the ghetto we had to shift for ourselves, ~~and~~  
~~this~~ ~~endured~~ ~~a~~ ~~constant~~  
~~spirit~~ ~~of~~ ~~year~~ ~~while~~ ~~implied~~ ~~the~~ ~~ability~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~  
troubled by all sorts of ideologies that the upper <sup>one</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>while</sup>  
ghettos were offering to displace the truth, ~~and~~ <sup>②</sup>  
~~which~~ ~~Brian~~ ~~was~~ ~~offering~~ ~~to~~ ~~displace~~ ~~the~~ ~~truth~~ <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup>  
~~tenacious~~ ~~secular~~ ~~view~~ ~~of~~ ~~reason~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~human~~'s  
~~greatest~~ ~~facet~~

→ then. All we've done so far is use other animals as a PR claim for  
not in order to kill ourselves, all that we  
our higher <sup>letting</sup> <sup>never</sup> <sup>manifested</sup> <sup>itself</sup> <sup>except</sup>  
~~manifested~~ ~~itself~~ <sup>is</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>tiny</sup> <sup>fraction</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>what</sup>  
and some ~~of~~ ~~them~~ <sup>who</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>being</sup> <sup>reviled</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
shunned ~~and~~ ~~executed~~ ~~or~~ ~~banished~~, ~~but~~ <sup>we</sup> <sup>need</sup>  
to know how we lost <sup>our</sup> <sup>way</sup>  
~~is~~ ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~intelligence~~ ~~we~~ ~~lost~~ ~~and~~ ~~how~~  
~~the~~ ~~intelligence~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~animals~~ <sup>kept</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>retain</sup>,  
~~expected~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~treatment~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
~~environment~~ ~~of~~ ~~experiments~~ <sup>was</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>big</sup> <sup>way</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>fact</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>Brian</sup>  
But ~~these~~ ~~these~~ ~~thoughts~~ <sup>first</sup> <sup>aroused</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>me</sup>  
~~of~~ ~~which~~ ~~Brian~~, <sup>who</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>beginning</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>talk</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>what</sup> <sup>human</sup>

only the world travel far beyond my ghetto, far beyond were  
 the upper ghettos of my country, to Germany where his mother  
 had just been gassed in a concentration camp, and Paris where  
 he had almost starved to death. He was ~~still~~ still living  
 at subsistence level, jobless, his no work as yet in France,  
 pulled up in Germany, and disappeared <sup>in London</sup> ~~there~~. He had sent  
 it to his friend, also in London at ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> time, and to  
 Thomas Mann in Switzerland, and both <sup>the son's</sup> had ~~been~~ <sup>spoken</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>gaining</sup> ~~interest~~.  
 He found <sup>the career</sup> sociology of ~~the universities~~ farical, and ~~big~~ ~~found~~  
 the attached teachers, it like Polanyi found his sense  
 of a historian <sup>than a sociologist</sup> could stare at the German and draw  
 its meaning in his work. It was about intimate habits? ~~and~~ <sup>FARTED</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
 in the Middle Ages - how people bleed his notes, flitted  
~~with the situation~~ He gave me the first chance I had  
 of seeing myself, and ~~thus~~ <sup>thus</sup> of thinking. <sup>Bias</sup> always used to  
 get a room in houses with cats in them, and he had a special  
 way of fondling them, and speaking with them, He made them  
 seem voluptuous sexual creatures, He's pursuing a love-play.  
 (He sat <sup>me time</sup> on a wet Saturday afternoon in the "Viennese cafe" ~~section~~  
 of the Lyons corner house in Tottenham Court Road. There was a  
 small orchestra playing and <sup>and</sup> marble tables with gilded chairs, and  
 the place was full. I was hot, damp, and flushed, and shivering <sup>wherever</sup>  
 table (a table wasn't yet regarded as the ~~factory~~ <sup>tearing</sup> ~~person~~ <sup>pupils</sup> of ~~the~~  
~~person who~~ <sup>grk then</sup> ~~first~~) ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~appeared~~ <sup>was</sup> a tall, thick-set  
 man ~~with prominent eyes~~ who stared at Bias with ~~the~~  
 contempt and mildness the his eyes of him. Bias gazed  
 ahead, his one right eye, silver eye fixed in the ceiling, the  
 other heavy and dead, his vast nose <sup>seeking</sup> to claim all  
 attention because he was so utterly <sup>away</sup> ~~away~~ <sup>Jewish</sup> ~~me-~~  
 endowment ~~of supposed Jewish features~~, and he kept on saying,  
 in answer to his ~~fewest~~ <sup>derived</sup> ~~affairs~~ <sup>talked</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~of~~ the embarrassment, 'Yes, my dear...'  
 in a dreamy voice, stroke up his chin. We didn't refer to  
 the man afterwards - <sup>Bias</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>sticker</sup>  
 situations <sup>he'd</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>powdered</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>nose</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>Germany</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~had~~  
 to go out, in the hope of ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~concealing~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~size~~.

of ignoring

persecution long before the war / started in 1939. ~~Two of the~~  
~~the same of the people who travelled to Germany regularly, and~~  
~~who had the ridiculous reputation of being treated, and still~~  
~~take the strain very seriously, in regard to a 'German business'!~~  
The typical canard today is the 'body knew' until the  
war was over them. With people like Blier in and out  
of a cadaveric drawing room? The two world wars of this  
century should be called The Boloney <sup>FEST</sup> Marks One and Two. ~~While~~  
~~and, they make such good PR material of concentration~~

→ When he mentioned sex or urine my face went into  
automatic reaction, blushing & giggling & wobbling round  
the mouth, and he would spring in it for his tiny  
position in a chair at the other side of the cafe table  
and say, 'There! I see how you react?' - do so because  
then things have become taboo' (a favorite word) the  
time, like 'ritual' words and 'tribal'. It was  
in this way that he pointed me to what became me  
of the most important concepts - that I was ~~stupid~~  
automated by ideas I had never examined, nor even  
knew what, and I wish I might, if I did know about  
them, disapprove of them - none, feel honor at them.  
Celine's <sup>forewarning</sup> ~~promise of no being taken in by their words~~  
that we were the children of words that will have  
peculiar consequences once <sup>we</sup> the children wake up to  
themselves!

These lessons in self-discovery went <sup>side</sup> with  
stories of words too. ~~Blier had been treated as a doctor~~  
~~then perhaps with a view to becoming an analyst. He~~  
~~had been quiet, forgettable, in his way~~ → I was me,  
the very few people who knew the details of Nazi

I had hardly written those words, when I heard Spender had died.  
One by one they go, the witnesses.

By itself, the sea may have kept Elias had picked me up. Since he was considerably older, and could hardly have been a jinking friend, with his thick German accent. I disliked being in public places with him ~~and~~ because my tallness and his shortness, my ~~stature~~ slinkiness and his mundaneness, ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> us somewhat of a comedy duo. ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> there had been ~~some~~ comedy in the air at the particular night ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup>, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> all moved out of ourselves and never ~~quite~~ <sup>quite</sup> came back. <sup>^</sup> When Poetry, London, came out I found my poem right after Lawrence Durrell's, and with me by Heapha Spender... a few pages on. Spender's lines 'Knock and enter, knock and enter the cloudless posthumous dawn' rang in my car those days, but the I understood them but they seemed to be ~~expressing~~ <sup>expressing</sup> how things that would happen, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> I suggested a vast captiveness there you looked round of people and found none.

<sup>(1)</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> I remember the long street where I was <sup>(2)</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> under darker storm clouds, the weather was still and the colours vivid and the dirt large spots of rain made the pavements smell in a <sup>peculiarly portentous</sup> ~~peculiar way~~ that ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>at</sup> all when such storms claim ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~city~~ <sup>city</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> the ~~win~~ <sup>win</sup> ~~bleak~~ <sup>bleak</sup> ~~fields~~ <sup>fields</sup> beyond the leather Bottle shops had a darker colour, and you could hardly believe they were ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> painted there. I also remember the street ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~vast~~ <sup>vast</sup> ~~barren~~ <sup>barren</sup> ~~heap~~ <sup>heap</sup> in the sky. They were mostly silver ~~occasions~~ <sup>occasions</sup> <sup>either</sup> with a certain frothiness ~ a certain soft sadness in them. <sup>here</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~stamped~~ <sup>stamped</sup> in my memory of ~~swelling~~ <sup>swelling</sup> days ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> the road for ~~elisted~~ <sup>elisted</sup>, and deep snow in Christmas morning, just before I looked at the stockings full of presents at the end of my bed, made such an impression on me that when I can't be sure the the moment of waking up to it has properly ceased. Memories stay and sweep other memories because the future then takes place again then confirms a certain theme, and the theme that holds the street in its

people like by sleep was a part of its doom.

57d

easy ~~with~~ bears, the dream persisted, and so much that it made y. perceive things wrong, just think where there should have been if not suspicion at least for her sake, and enthusiasm where there should have been reflection.

Yet the ghetto wasn't unappreciated. There was some civilisation. How and where the members were so sweet that they brought tears to y's eyes, and the pronunciation so clear and delightful, and so varied, that y realized for the first time how a great literature had come into the service of the grace and self-effacement. Happily it was this ~~perceived~~ perceived and remembered afterwards, not happily, well in the upper ghetto, though it did nothing to help, because it was doomed, and was

in his twenties,

②

~~was aware that~~ [Durrell was] about 15 years older than me, and I knew his work, though it was long before the Alexandria books and even The Black Book he ~~had~~ published in Paris. He had the life I wanted, or I supposed he had. He lived in Greece, he spoke Greek, he ~~had been~~ <sup>grown up</sup> in India, the life was for me so gilded with a dash of exotic job ~~offered, so perfectly all I imagined of Kenneth Frank's~~ He had the life I wanted, or I supposed he had. I imagined him as he minus the <sup>ghetto</sup> disabilities. He lived in Greece, or at least went there a lot because his parents were there. He spoke Greek. He was ~~social~~ affably associated with publishers, I painted my picture like a pointilliste — with publishers. The writers, ~~not living~~ <sup>my</sup> in ~~England~~ Paris or in London. He no point did I perceive ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ghetto to be an advantage, because the ghetto didn't allow of the sort of view, steep, being so anxious to dissolve itself of the slow process of immigration: it's those higher echelons which were higher in all senses, were civilisation, manners, even love, even values that didn't mention money. Of all the daydreams that made <sup>the</sup> ghetto desirable this was perhaps the iddest. It was particularly harmful because in the time of emigration came, and the upper ghettoes' proved themselves to be infinitely lower, and the so-called civilisation and culture and art and thought a

in its arms is one of farewell and dissolution. The ~~flowers~~ <sup>close beauty</sup> in the back garden, on Long Fawkes night, the ~~summer~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~poet~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~ball~~ <sup>ball</sup> on the radio during the world cup championships, ~~the place in the cups of green at the end of the street~~, my endless reading, the William books by Richard Crispin in the hot months, give place to something that swallowed them all, ~~and turned them~~ <sup>by</sup> turning them into ~~recessive, leading nowhere~~, ~~at the~~ <sup>top place</sup> strange ideas but no that impose it <sup>self</sup> on me, with such authority that it offers no logic.

My story was seeded by other teachers than the Australian one, and they included the fragile red-nosed man who gave me a whipping and was so close to the headmaster's wife. He too congratulated me but it was with a certain head-turning-away reserve, as if, one with the choice, a Greek subject, and of all things a luxurious, indeed tropical garden, there might be a sexual significance in it that suggested appetites one should ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~share~~ <sup>share</sup> about with Captain Spafford but not mix with English literature, which was his subject. Now I come to think of it Captain Hipkins was another sensitive aspirant to a world he never attained, like most of the others. Why he should have thought of himself as military, with his frail body and his tendency to intimate problems like urinating blood and piles, of the topsy-turvy world we all lived in could explain, in its <sup>mad</sup> non-logic. Of all the teachers the roaring and juffawing Spafford was the one me who seemed to have chosen his life, ~~so that~~ <sup>so that</sup> he found a seat, so to speak, from which he could see everyone else as men or less figures of fun, not ridiculous but genuinely funny. The fact that he looked like Hitler in the lower part of his face, and his way of lifting his chin so he was reproaching someone just like <sup>at</sup> the

November rally, just his square in the epoch, and the fact that  
 it was all a joke of his, but a joke of had to the seriously  
 down to get the best laughs, made him a survivor as well,  
 the other teachers, including the headmaster and ~~his secretary~~  
~~of a watchful distaste~~ ~~of a watchful distaste~~ growling wife those are  
 distaste was paradoxical, and because of the paradox strongly,  
 sexual. Spafford taught geography and one day held up  
 my effort to create a hilly landscape in three dimensions.  
 I had washed newspaper tyllite and laked dilllocks, of it on  
 a piece of cardboard, then painted the lot green and brown.  
 He said, 'look at this, <sup>Ratt's</sup> London's effort!' and he lifted  
 up his chin not of the November refuted but me of his  
 guffaw in which his teeth and mustache played a kind  
 of nutt and jeff role.

He and Hipkins, who lived tyllite or close to each  
 other, were in charge of the Officer's Training Corps. which was  
 designed approval (since nothing was ever dismissed because it  
 was obvious and beyond discussion and of were a fact to  
 ever allow yourself to think about it) to prepare young  
 gentlemen of their role in the war the <sup>obviously</sup> <sup>OTC</sup> <sup>lunch</sup> <sup>going to</sup>  
 happen ~~again~~ but ~~of evidence~~ war. <sup>OTC</sup> <sup>dummies</sup> <sup>dismissed</sup>  
 up in khaki and blanchard their webbing and made their  
 buttons and boots shine and they were led World War One  
 putties which were ~~was worn~~ a long strip of khaki  
 material 1/2 inch you would round your <sup>calves,</sup> <sup>then</sup>  
 joining your plus-fours <sup>style khaki</sup> <sup>cut</sup> <sup>putties</sup> which <sup>stopped</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>fall</sup>  
 below the knee, to your boots. <sup>otherwise</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>car</sup> <sup>could</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>barrier</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>sacks.</sup>  
<sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>all</sup>  
<sup>putties</sup>  
<sup>again</sup>  
<sup>of</sup> <sup>all</sup>  
<sup>the</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>hot</sup> <sup>thing</sup>  
<sup>was</sup> <sup>invented</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>invented</sup>  
<sup>from</sup>  
~~fatig~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ a series of tangled circumspiced dals

solving a problem  
at the problem  
existed.

the world at any time

it was the

... in a way that couldn't suggest that ~~any such problem~~ existed. It was usually called the Colonel Blimp way, but it prevailed the national psychology so entirely ~~that it made~~ a government and ~~top political~~ decision ~~short impossible~~ ~~feasible~~ ~~me of the position~~ ~~to be aware~~ is the real sense not of the question. The world was that resulted from it was of changed nothing but the sense of total mental increased. Thankfully, then in Washington to make the decisions of the time - thankful if decision-making is all you want.

The school went into shock the day 1 of all people, the school's, British, conviction objects and long haired Poet (no body was allowed long hair - ~~that was of a description~~ the phrase was a cliché), joined the OTC ~~by I did it~~ because it was that my decision to do so coincided with the beginning of ~~my religious phase~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~I could explain~~ <sup>springly</sup> ~~on my life~~ <sup>I had a great love of</sup> surprises, ~~could often cultivate the character~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~being~~ <sup>all related to</sup> we simply in order to explode ~~the department~~ ~~and make everybody fall apart.~~

The OTC experience was a farce of course. On the Parents' Day parade, where the teachers and particularly the head and his wife showed in one of her long silk scarves and flowing narrow chiffon get-ups, were waiting for Rowdon's appearance in <sup>all this</sup>, a military body - with his appearance altyrite and his appearance as a uniform smart crew and Hancock and spit-and-polished crew to pass that it - my right pants began to unfasten when I put my foot down to head at the command 'Attention!' and then we started marching the bloody thing started trailing behind and the other dummies led a it and I was pulled up to a halt and then stopped the one behind me and altyrite it was such a shoulder and when Captain Hipkins should have give an immediate order 'Company, HALT!', especially in conviction, the joke of laughter

Behind the distinguished headmaster's wife and (nearly) the severely  
titillated head himself who could hardly be seen to be enjoying as  
they would the evening in the solitude of their cocktail time  
in the magnificent house tucked behind the school gym.

It was me this Captain Spelford would laugh at. I can't  
be reprehended, I was too grave a matter. It extended to the  
question of the soundness of their own judgements. On the devil  
had I been allowed in to? Was it perfect wisdom, given  
my record, my status as the 'Woody' of my biology teacher's  
estimate, that I would do something of the kind? Didn't it  
announce it for me very true I opened my mouth & she  
walked across a classroom that I ~~had it in my possession~~ wasn't  
we capable of tying a putti round my ankle - well, and  
this was a very strong suspicion - that I had devised the ~~putti~~  
tying in such a way that a very little movement would dislodge  
the putti and send it trailing behind me to trip up,  
twist round and make stumble all the soldiers behind it?

I seemed to have a perspective of this kind of thing.  
When, later, I was chosen by ~~another~~ another unguided  
teacher of English literature (higher school) to become  
~~part of the~~ a member of the School First Eight  
a race parallel to the putti incident happened during  
the school's work in port & racing week of the year,  
again in 'dixie' school, Westminster. Any one who  
doesn't know what a first eight is should know that this  
refers to a long narrow boat containing eight rowers and  
a cox who guides the thing with a rudder. Rowing is  
very strenuous but by dint of 'rowing me' powers to the  
exhaustion doesn't set in for some one can learn to  
tie up a race. A boat has a stroke side and a  
bow side. The stroke rowers have their oars on the  
right, the bow rowers on the left. The first rower,  
that is the one who looks into the cox's eyes - the cox

Having his back to the direction of the boat, is a stroke <sup>side</sup> oar, the man at the back is a low-side oar.

But, exhausted isn't the only hazard in rowing. You can catch a crab. For a crab 1. the usual cause is when the ~~oar~~ blade of the oar does not remain close to the surface of the water, so as to attain maximum speed. It must come out of the water clean, that is you twist it so that <sup>the blade</sup> is no longer vertical but ~~long~~ horizontal — in this way it will move above the surface of the water at maximum speed, before ~~it~~ twisting and entering the water again for the pulling motion.

Now you pulling motion can be too enthusiastic. Or an under-water current can catch you ~~an~~ oar. Or any lack of a lead-control in the oar can send it spinning round in one way that it is pulled out of your hands, ~~and~~ ... and is inclined of the current into an upright motion which has an immediate influence on the boat and the other men — it is by pulling the oar ~~out~~ at a sharp angle and then away from the cox the cox is tipped, with his mallet, to like the boat. For you being parallel with the cox's feet that the First Right dished takes a sharp course left or right, and for the back of can't see but the devil has happened to pull the — then there a second off-course until you see an oar no longer moving in unison over and into the water, but sticking ~~up~~ up like a hooping pole out of vessel to the water those pieces in it is. This is called ~~struck~~ catching a crab.

We were lined up on the River Thames just beyond Chiswick Bridge and we were to race, I believe, to just beyond Hammersmith Bridge, the lake a course take ~~away~~ — the famous Oxford and Cambridge race. We were told by megaphone for the bank to get ready, which meant sitting bolt upright in no survival seats, with the oar held at right angles to the boat and poised <sup>just</sup> above the water. Those survived

seats are on a track and as far as I am concerned it was possible to get them off the track shortly unscrewing something on the track. I was determined, as at the OTC parade, to do all this enthusiastically, which meant getting off to a strong start. Our feet were secured in straps in such a way,

~~putting feet~~ ~~from the start~~ ~~you were off~~ ~~the~~ ~~both feet down~~ the legs were kept in place when we were ~~jump back~~ <sup>coming forward</sup> along the track, the is by bending our legs. <sup>The oars</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~away~~ <sup>in</sup> the foot-board, the is to straighten the legs ~~it is~~ ~~in order~~ ~~to~~ ~~pull~~ ~~the~~ ~~oar,~~ ~~it~~ ~~cut~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~water,~~ meant the degree to which the oar cut into the water and pulled the boat along.

When the start-gun went off I was tensed ready. I decided to push off with all my strength. It meant a highly straightening of the legs so that the ~~oar started~~ first oar-stroke sped the boat at its stationary position and hopefully put it quickly one or two lengths ahead of the competing boat.

I did push and was amazed at the force I achieved. The push was so great that it sent the boat flying off its track and ~~the boat~~ ~~to~~ the feet of the men behind me. The oar spun out of my control. It plunged into the water. The boat took a vast swerve. We were suddenly a length behind the other boat. I had caught a crab. ~~From~~ <sup>From</sup> it was hopeless to think that in a few short minutes we could make up the lengths we had lost. But I could look for the whole race being moved by the start, and sitting and watching, so to speak. I could feel, at the bank, the

Some kind of crowd on the Parents' Day parade, with its  
confrontation, since then were no other teachers and work wally,  
few of the parents, were present, but in the sense of their  
attitude which lay between 'the bloody fool <sup>again!</sup> ~~again!~~' and  
~~spoon~~ sickening laughter.

I think I should try to get my seat back ~~at~~  
because I'm sorry would it for a sitting immobile in the  
trunk - clearly my power to move the oar depended on  
being able to move my trunk back and forth. But I had  
to recline it for the boy behind and had to crane  
my neck to do this, nice, tight with the oar stuck in the  
walk and quite happy, it seemed, to remain there, but  
fitting in back in the trunk side I was sitting in the trunk  
was virtually impossible. But suddenly it was back. I  
was swivelling again and I almost fell sideways into the  
thames. I grabbed my oar, nice with the boat  
level violently most again. And then I began rowing  
as never before. But the competing boat went at us  
side by side. Having so many lengths ahead of us  
their cox had quite purposely steered the boat  
down so that they were visible of beyond our cox.  
head. So we were cheering. Two were home to get  
because the outcome was beyond alteration.

As we carried the boat up the bank into the  
boat yard I said to the English literature she stood  
her gazing at me (daddy), as on the other occasion)  
that my seat had come off. When we put the boat  
down I said 'He can fall off. It fell <sup>at</sup> his feet,  
pointing to the boy who had been behind me. But he  
said he couldn't remember. He hadn't seen it. I told

to be a vague idea by having caught a crab, etc on one the  
had stuck up in the water like a keening pole in front of his  
nose. And the note of the eight was as low-comitted.  
If he had worked so hard they could not recollect his own work.  
If he had lost, that was all. The hypnotic intention was dead  
believe I'd come of the trick, that was clear. Like the  
captain's of puff and his lines he didn't reproach me.

He walked away, <sup>①</sup> The genuine children at my school  
are the teacher, <sup>②</sup> the ~~other~~ <sup>school children</sup> ~~genuine~~ <sup>gave</sup> scheming,  
conniving, plotting, rancorously, and ceaselessly, and  
unyielding by ~~active~~ <sup>active</sup> the hyper-active team of wily and  
all-observing conspirators who ~~manage~~ <sup>manage</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup>  
and see everything in its true light, in that sentiment,  
and as reluctant in this pursuit of this an intimate  
incursion ends a war in my determination that nothing  
marked by the school as first a important to any degree  
should <sup>ever</sup> ~~never~~ win.  $\wedge$   
\* \* \*

② in this sincerity, gullibility and ~~with~~ devotion to entirely unreal  
ends.

① and I thought he was going to cry. ~~But~~ I was astrained, with a  
certain amount of delicacy, by the other voices the weeping. But  
since none of them was an associate of mine it meant little  
to me.

~~As to I was initiated into the <sup>secret</sup> of ~~another~~~~  
~~before I was made head boy at the local school~~  
~~was initiated into <sup>the</sup> ~~secret~~ of the boy I was displaced and ~~whose~~~~  
~~voice was breaking the stranger, most frightful and yet~~  
~~deliciously enjoyable sensation that we know, ~~was~~ of an ~~organ~~~~  
~~of the ~~secret~~ boy I was displaced because his voice was breaking.~~

smile, which I could understand partly / or than no <sup>could</sup>, seemed  
 to say that the ~~the~~ close encounter was a secret ~~that~~ ~~was~~  
~~was~~ like a quick sponge of the head ~~enveloped~~ with  
~~one~~ of the guards before being led off to execution. ~~that~~

like between us, and that all was absolved.

who ~~harmlessly~~ acted a ~~like~~ a sinking acid.

→ after the parade when <sup>the time</sup> it came to take tea in the teacher's canteen  
~~was~~ among people who ~~with whom~~ ~~myself~~ ~~and~~ ~~others~~  
 my figure. I happened to have just ~~filled~~ my cup <sup>with tea</sup> and  
 was beginning to move ~~towards~~ <sup>away from</sup> the table, when  
~~as I was~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~from~~ ~~unwanted~~ ~~pressure~~ ~~from~~ ~~some~~ ~~one~~  
~~looking~~ ~~me~~, <sup>I</sup> was ~~instantly~~ <sup>instinctively</sup> pushed or perhaps I simply swayed and,  
 I quickly corrected my self but not before much of the tea  
 had spilled down the back of a lady's dress. ~~before~~  
~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ of the headmaster's wife's ~~eyes~~ ~~in~~ ~~at~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~. before  
 in since, have I seen ~~such~~ an expression, a ~~staring~~ ~~and~~  
 looked into my eyes, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~such~~ <sup>depressing,</sup> ~~her~~ ~~of~~ ~~shoulders~~ ~~and~~  
 a exist —!! ~~these~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~that~~ ~~stared~~ ~~at~~ ~~me~~  
~~eyes~~ ~~put~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~proposition~~ ~~visually~~, ~~as~~ ~~hard~~, ~~they~~  
~~my~~ ~~eyes~~ <sup>And I ~~felt~~ ~~felt~~</sup> ~~felt~~  
 my smile, ~~was~~ ~~somehow~~ ~~close~~ ~~to~~ ~~her~~, ~~my~~ ~~eyes~~, ~~the~~  
~~arrows~~ of six bleeding ship masts across my back.  
 I don't mean it was a ~~mere~~ ~~triumph~~ ~~as~~ ~~anything~~ My

It is strange but very sudden interest in the war going on in Spain, and life in the Soviet Union, and the need for a new kind of world, a socialist one, ~~at~~ seemed to be closely connected with my leaving life the church choir because my voice was breaking, ~~leaving~~ and having deeply offended Mabel Tudor Craig, the choir mistress, and by father the vicar, and my having had an organ, a Wandsworth Common. It produced a new being, and nothing is a stranger being than a boy a girl in puberty, because all hell breaks loose inside the brain. ~~There was~~ ~~thought of cutting <sup>hair</sup> ~~hair~~ and get~~

When I sat in my bed now, overlooking the street, a book beside me, ~~thought for the first time, a world completely different from this one but not in the old way - this world was~~ ~~the different because of <sup>existence</sup> ~~new arrangements~~ ~~dark money~~, the ownership of factories and different not of things I gazed before me and imagined things in as altogether broader way than ever before. ~~first and foremost~~, my thoughts concerned me only remotely. They did touch in my life but I now saw myself as being in agreement with all around me, instead of in disastrous opposition. In the world I now thought what this world ~~was~~ OTC, whether an OTC to attack an OTC to suddenly join. This could be no battlefield to fight in and to escape to town from. There would be no relatives numbering against my mother and father because they wanted their sons at the university. Being a socialist those positions would be settled by law. There would be no such choice as the between sending a son out to work at fifteen and keeping him at school in the hope of a scholarship: the two would be aptitude and desire, not necessity. A socialist world would be very mother and father's world, it would mean no snubs for Virginia Woolf, no fights between my mother, my father would be cooperated for the loss of his hand, wars would cease, my uncle Arthur would always be belching because of something wrump his belly, and throwing up like my father used to, and pulling the window up at lunch time because and sticking his head out because his bolcher smelled so bad. All the ghetto aches were eased of these thoughts, and I seemed to have solved my life, since the <sup>low</sup> ghetto persecuted its children~~

with life, as a problem to be resolved.

A knowledge of socialist principle wasn't difficult to see ~~the~~ ~~was certainly not taught at school~~ because my parents belonged to: the local co-op at the end of the street, and there were lectures, visits from writers, and even Labour Party publicity cranked ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> trolleys in the meeting hall above the shops.

~~And all~~ [These new thoughts were mixed with the ~~the~~ acid smell of come, and alternated with feverish images of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ being taken advantage of by older women. I was nice set up, for such advantage-taking but I fucked it. The band-leader and his wife came to visit my parents <sup>one evening</sup> but they were not. He said he would have a stroll around and while I leaned against the table looking at the back window onto the gardens she came between me and the window, very close to me, and I lost my head, which meant, in my particular case, talking non-stop in order to hide the fact from her that she was doing what she was doing and the fact for myself that I wanted her to do what she was doing. He was angry a full hour, and I felt desperately disappointed at my failure of courage, and in this behalf too, since any close encounter between us, however slight and digital, would have provided them with my love of conspiratorial sexual talk in the dead of the suburban night. My wife was a lively couple. His ~~pl~~ band always played at the co-op till socials. His eyes were pinched with what some would call fatigue, but which I, with my young unweary mind, called fornication.

The smell of come isn't irrelevant to socialism or any other ideology. For one thing, as I discovered later, as a lover-making wasn't so much a background or accompaniment, as a practical discussion in socialist and communist circles as its centre. It is to pave the way for the revolution in me, the former head-boy of the church choir, who had displaced, had a year or so before would me to walk in Wandsworth Common with him because he had something ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> important to reveal to me, and it would astonish me, and it would not only

attention but although change my perspective towards all things, in  
 fact I wouldn't be the same again. He was clinical about it because  
 he wanted to share her experience, and not to encourage my first  
 one with partisan enjoyment of his own. He asked me to lie down  
 and close my eyes, while he sat beside me in the grass. He placed  
 my fly buttons, telling me not to be alarmed, the same had been done  
 when, and began rubbing my phallus in a way I had never thought  
 to do myself, and with a rhythmic and the accelerating force  
 which did create a numb in me but it was clear I had no wish  
 to end, and very soon, with a glance at the sky ~~and~~ the  
 cry 'Mother!', as if the two were the same, and had originated  
 my ~~strange~~ joyful, sickening, gorgeous unpredictable joy that  
~~was~~ was my first orgasm. From that time on I needed no one  
 to sit at my side. My own hand did excellent service, never  
 balked at or evaded the call to duty. Which were sometimes daily,  
 sometimes twice or thrice daily. Once I was so fevered with  
 sexual images that, happy in contrast, if it was raining, so  
 the my vast erection couldn't be seen, I walked into the reading  
 room section of the public library ~~with~~ in order to sit down  
 and ~~read~~ ~~the~~ lower the fever by future action, but  
 immediately before me to the left a group were ~~standing~~  
 reading - newspaper. In some ~~unpublished~~ ~~rooms~~ ~~the~~  
~~newspaper~~ newspaper were secured ~~down the middle with~~ a  
 boards against the wall like lecterns and I had to stand  
 up to read them, and lean forward slightly. This leaning up  
 made her hind quarters, secured in a tight skirt, so desperate  
 to hand, so apparently available to touch and I did by  
 quick skirt-raising movements ~~with~~ hospitable to the  
 foreign member, that she took my hold at once and felt the  
 warm wicked liquid flood my trousers (I think I wouldn't get  
 to the malepartic stage yet, in being thought that adults were  
 and her didn't get - (p. 5). ~~and to read~~ At any  
 where would have seen was a youth - a vain cock glancing  
 in at the reading room, standing still of a moment to collect  
 his thoughts, and then walking slowly, as if not quite decided,

t. me of the chains and drawing a reference back towards Li and  
themselves though it. Sitting there I recovered my strength, then walked  
home in the rain and ~~did~~ <sup>for</sup> some primitive abstractions. ~~So it was~~

Dialectical materialism, the ~~inherent~~ <sup>inherent</sup> ~~way~~ of the state, the  
dictatorship of the proletariat, ~~and <sup>deviation</sup> among deviationism and~~  
~~Stalinism a <sup>early</sup> Trotskyism~~, the Five Year Plan and the Ten  
Year Plan and the Kusba Dam ~~implied~~ with the unportable  
sensation of sperm caking like plaster on the phallic tip, ~~and with~~ <sup>lubricating</sup>  
its tiny intricate stimulations ~~the appetite~~ <sup>yet further</sup> douches,  
in a delirium of theory that failed to control or abate ~~this~~ a  
daily, lusty flood that could have served a thousand females,  
socialist deviationism, written in capital letters, reacting ~ Rosenberg. At  
the same time I read Graves's pages in Menalima and the night-long  
line of yump men who waited their turn to enter the bed in the chaos,  
the cavern, and it was somehow a justification of my own non-stop profligacy.  
I shot at ~~the pages~~ magazine photos of women, I cleverly engineered  
again with images alone, my hands ~~profoundly~~ <sup>profoundly</sup> ~~instilled~~ <sup>instilled</sup> ~~it~~  
~~magically~~ <sup>To see his power</sup> complacently invisible, and in the workshop  
popped down the road of a meeting of the Labor Youth or a strip  
as a non-member, since I wanted nothing to do with a movement that founded  
itself on the lowest Lenin principle we received, The ~~Rev~~ <sup>Rev</sup>  
Justifies the Means. to the YCL or Young Communist League.

like no civilization, when the young animal is ready to enter  
life all that awaits him is theory. I repeat, the young animal,  
let the young imagination or the young ambition. In the murder  
comes from the, rising out of the vapors of ferid thought and fevered  
aspiration that have triple animal ends, ~~the~~ <sup>not</sup> animal in the  
civilization's sense) non-intellectual but animal ends, that aren't  
driven to the lonely hand, and the lonely image, ~~and the~~ <sup>and the</sup>  
~~grandiose solution~~ and then the lonely grandiosity of ends  
that justify the murder. It is only the first years of  
adolescence that know the smallest, most remorseless thoughts  
People ~~who never have~~ <sup>who never have</sup> ~~regimens~~ <sup>regimens</sup> ~~are capable~~ <sup>are capable</sup> ~~of the deepest~~  
~~corruption and distastefully~~ <sup>in their</sup> ~~beings~~

The Spanish War started in 1936 and was often called  
the stage on which Left and Right confronted each other before

Little

→ Homo Sapiens is developing. Armed with fierce reason to  
the teeth. ~~But, he has lost his animal intelligence.~~

The real struggle, involving Nazi Germany, could begin. ~~For the war to start~~  
~~the left-right conflict was in evidence, and~~  
~~the ~~two~~ ~~main~~ ~~two~~ would be the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~. And to large~~  
~~degrees~~ The left-right struggle ~~played out its~~ Young people were to  
 gain to fight. Had I been old enough I would possibly have gone.  
 Being of two minds on all theory, the matter is doubtful in my case,  
 I stood outside Rushfield Station and sold a ~~copy~~ <sup>copy</sup> weekly called  
 Spain Today in a <sup>loud</sup> mezzo-soprano voice. One wearing a war cape  
 up to me and said 'If you're so interested in Spain why don't you  
 go there?' Being somewhat trained by now in the handling of these  
 well-known clichés (they <sup>was</sup> usually about the Soviet Union) I said  
 'I'm perfectly happy to go to Spain but I don't have the money.  
 If you will give me the money, if I can start up a collection  
 right now, I will go and I will prove to you that I have gone because  
 there will be an article in this paper about me.' A little group  
 collected round, help assured. ~~As Anglo-Saxon people always~~  
~~on the issues, since winter~~

I found a new friend called Sid. He was suffering from  
 tuberculosis and was a little hunched, tall and sometimes very in the  
 cheeks, slim and thoughtful, taking long strolls, always dressed in  
 blue suit. He had a dark girl friend and like the other gave the  
 impression of voluptuous enjoyment of life and entire natural confidence.  
 He belonged to the Young Communist League and we used to have  
 long ~~technical~~ discussions in which he urged me to become a  
 member too and about the 'gradualists' of the Labour Party.  
 Like many left-wing youths at the time he used to pronounce  
 mistled 'mistled', as in 'The capitalists have mistled the  
 workers.' I never corrected - not up because of the ridiculing  
 of doing so: I enjoyed alternative pronunciation and I did  
 alternative spelling. I believed the unimproachable rules of  
 grammar and pronunciation denoted the break-up of a culture,  
 I was fond of Sid of his ~~quick sense~~ quick sensitive glance and  
 his anxious look whenever he was talking about 'the struggle' or  
 'the crisis.' He died not long after.

In the ideologies tried to get hold of human problems  
 which they never addressed. ~~So it was~~ It was time of the  
 fascists as well. There used to be BUF in British Union of  
 Fascist meetings at the corner close to Mrs I sold Spain



→<sup>1</sup> as a <sup>p/oy-word</sup> ~~p/oy-word~~ to denote the relief that was actually escaping everyone.

cause of all the trouble! ~~It~~ was a few at the time knew that he did. Nice use he may say times, and probably during the flight of British troops in Belgium. One the way was at least organized and you could say with confidence that it would last ~~years~~ <sup>longer</sup> than he had long paused. So he could organize one he most wanted — the erasure of the entire demon race! And he had four to five years to do it in.

→<sup>2</sup> It was unbelievable that not one man or woman in the is called a 'influential' position (i.e. one usually kept in an artificial <sup>state</sup> ignorance by staffs and ministers and aids) thought to pause, reflect, look into the future where we all stand now. Perhaps Chamberlain did. But he was <sup>dis</sup>credited on the completely bogus Bolingbroke ~~basis~~ <sup>basis</sup> of his ~~policy~~ <sup>policy</sup> 'appeasement' policy. One ~~person~~ man did, however, pause. Just one man — the western world. And that was Hitler — the well-demon, the

dictatorship that certainly was, freely elected or otherwise, and was the wave, also predicted by communist doctrine as the last capitalist throes. Perhaps the mistake, ~~at these times and together~~ all those ardent people, of whom I was nearly one, was that ~~capitalist~~ while capitalist throes might be predictable it wasn't at all a foregone conclusion that this would mark the beginning of <sup>universal</sup> a communist peace. But we have the had some thing. Because a great peace may indeed result from the war, the disaster, the increasing (instead of decreasing) class differentiation by money, but again the peace will be communisting in the sense that the entire 'economic' world, warring with capitalism and communism, collapsed in the dust and cordite clouds, and nuclear mushroom of its eighteenth-century theories, dozed up in salms and costs as the old moral world collapsed by sheer weight of error.

Of course the ideologies were <sup>serious</sup> efforts to solve our problems, even the Nazi one, were the fascist one. But how could they solve the no problem ~~under the~~ <sup>concealed within the</sup> ~~suppressed~~ 'real' one - making human instability?

Since they themselves were expressions and emanations of the same instability, ~~the~~ blind and grandiose and alienated <sup>like</sup> other form of madness? All ~~inside schemes, unstable~~ theories for the stabilization of humans conceived in a state of dire instability could do no more than push the instability to its destructive goals until will- might nothing had been destroyed. The first stage of that process was the Great War, ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> orgy of utterly pointless mutual murder on the fronts which should have signalled to us ~~the process~~ the kind of process was afoot. We live in the aftermath of the second stage and at least can feel that we don't want war, we won't have war, we refuse to cooperate in the case of war, if the ~~sole~~ <sup>sole</sup> reason that war is becoming a decided ~~negotiation~~ market-disrupting factor which ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> weapons industry ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> its just another market with no more claim to priority than the food-distribution market. Per, we the eighteenth-century tippling talk about the 'laws' of the market, and the need of the 'freedom' of the market, is

since we ~~are~~ certifiably incompetent creatures, are still wellowing,  
have a truth and application, once you start adopting them.

The ideologies, you see, had an internal problem which they  
never really examined because it was too tough, in fact so tough  
that you couldn't even say exactly what the problem was. Namely,  
why was it that the results were so awful (for instance, of the  
universal-educational that was back in the fifties and sixties) the  
last century promised a the purveyors of world peace and nation?)  
when the vast majority of humankind was so good? The  
answer was one that only a seer could have picked up in the  
Twenties, largely because the psychological theory got in the way  
of any serious examination of human nature as an integral  
and organic characteristic born with the first human being.  
And the eighteenth-century contribution, the constant — his me  
based on the idea of a Homo Sapiens who only had to  
reason and verbalize his thoughts to send them out the window!

Now we, ~~are~~ <sup>able</sup>, being more informed and  
animals, witnessing what a shameful ~~performance~~ <sup>role</sup> we animals have  
played in the habitat, as we now call it, can ~~articulate~~ <sup>put</sup> the  
~~solution~~ in simple words: the human is a poor human but a  
bad animal. Of course he knows he's not an animal but yet,  
of course, he is, ~~because he would not~~ having lungs, brain,  
liver and backbone like the mammals. But he never found  
out why when ~~he~~ either his difference or his similarities with  
the other animals lay: ~~the built up his distinction, and~~  
~~by informed him, and by providing a habitat which he could~~  
~~belong, and being almost as an animal in a fixed~~  
~~habitat. In other words he had lost the power of the~~  
~~animal to live in the habitat. But he ~~still~~ <sup>ability</sup> to survive~~  
~~this loss (of animal intelligence) — he fixed himself up with~~  
an ideology that put him high above the other animals  
in intelligence and was consciousness (whereas he had lost  
his intelligence, having ability to live without special effort  
in the habitat, and he had to that degree lost his consciousness  
of it, compared with the animals). Now at least that.

ideology (which we quite wrongly call religion) ~~and of course arguing~~  
~~it is~~ is written too.

That with the ideologies should be mingled in the brain  
with origins of the most ingenious kind and the continual  
dispersion into parts and knicks of seminal and vaginal fluid  
should therefore surprise us. The animal is trying to be  
good too ~~and~~ but why the intelligence is allowed social and  
public acknowledgement. Homo sapiens ~~stuff got~~  
because the Puritan, he who prized the ~~wealth~~ wealth  
and illumination through knowledge was the fruit of labor,  
and the Puritan revamped life from top to bottom in the Anglo-  
Saxon countries, there were secret mental reference to the  
sexual machinery was cited as dirty, unwholesome as  
living blind like an animal, which ~~only~~ licks itself  
instead of having a good bath. That the Anglo-Saxon would  
on the one hand devised all the honors we are proud of  
~~living through~~ ~~death with~~ for the free market to ~~the~~ free radiation,  
with full collusion and praise for the risk of the world of  
crises, should have been predicted he saw war, though  
it was <sup>in way detail</sup> ~~easy to~~ predictable.

Am typical the I should dread my parts with some smile  
standing in a macintosh in a public library and promptly, with  
the smallest shade of gratification which no shrew could have  
noticed, ~~(the Puritan for tortures strictly to denote the still~~  
~~of a pipe or building a ~~low level~~ ~~base~~),~~ should move  
swiftly to a chair thinking <sup>I</sup> ~~was~~ ready to sit down to  
~~rest~~ ~~my~~ ~~open~~ ~~reservoir~~ ~~and~~ promptly begin examining a  
geographical reference book and within moments <sup>because</sup> ~~it~~  
~~is~~ ~~thick~~ ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~having~~ ~~a~~ ~~pad~~ ~~and~~ ~~pencil~~ ~~to~~ ~~write~~  
~~with~~ ~~them~~ ~~in~~ ~~order~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~notes~~ ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~swelling~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~  
current ideology! ~~designed~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~extinction~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~species~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~  
~~admission~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~

Meanwhile my school studies were going on bad to  
worse, and teachers had we stopped making their heads. They



→ unjoined Letter, a <sup>{French}?</sup> <sup>{Parisian} aspt</sup> ~~the~~ <sub>1</sub> ~~the~~, were and show...

→ ~~Camp~~ ~~teacher~~ teacher of the camp fire and midnight  
Touch-up,

And the women, I mean there is the front row who were teachers' wives and top proles, I glorified them though the talk just before construction of the second half and they had decidedly sickly looks, reflective and distant, with the ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> jibbering hell of laughter and red, ~~the face~~ no doubt about my grief.

But we must believe the ideology didn't cover all things, once you had horked into it. For instance, covering hundreds of women with your imagination, and devising them in a great variety of possible, and were tricking yourself into surprises by a ~~rather eclectic behavior~~ making your puppet abruptly change course for her donated character without losing the character altogether, was no different a activity, as far as the brain was concerned, than reflecting that the 'proprietors' and 'landlords' had only one goal in mind, however lavish the benefits they bestowed - the will to devote, heap-upon supporting to let the rich eat the poor, ~~to~~ <sup>cheap</sup> life insurance, health schemes, ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> knowing how to enslave and exploit the working to the hilt. You were still imagining this - proprietors and their luxuries and greed. Two revolution, gradualist or bloody, was what you looked forward ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> to be precisely the way you looked forward to preparing ~~your evening~~ <sup>your evening</sup> ~~organ.~~ <sup>organ.</sup>

~~Now then, the woman you devised was based on ideology.~~

Paradoxical ~~and anything in the youth~~ (and anything in youth is a paradox, the being one it takes to live in a deviated civilization ~~off~~) I was both extremely profligate and parsimonious in my behavior to the imagined woman and not do. At the time I imagined them I knew, and told myself, that they were unreal, however that they were undesirable (the ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~Puritan~~ <sup>ultimate Puritan twist</sup>). In fact they were sifting my ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> of exhausting myself - releasing the highly charged egg basket in the form of two hairy balls, ~~which were to~~ <sup>whose releases</sup> however were no more than stimulants of a re-charge - so that I might be free. That is sexlessness, to imagine - who? LOVE! Yes, but was no woman I wished to live with, and stay with. And I couldn't imagine her. But I sometimes touched her, felt her presence by me, smelled her breasts, saw, tabogganed, bicycled with her. ~~From~~ <sup>From</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> was no me & her. I might look for her all the days of my life and not find her.

I might find her (or and lose her (I did). But not one of her misters.  
 All men, all women, had up no creature they would properly make  
 with, feel privileged and awed and endlessly excited to be with, and  
 if they all men, all women tried no male after another they were  
 all searching for the one, and the more they tried, the more frequently  
 they bowed skirt or pants for new pleasures, the more that sole  
 male receded, until ~~death~~ not simply all the choices but all  
 the desire had exhausted themselves. This is the truth for me  
 today as it was then I was in very sorry puberty, and when the time  
 came for me to cast eyes on her I knew I had found her at last,  
 and I knew I had never in fact had a proper act of sex until  
 the time, had indeed not known what sex was, ~~the bed contained~~  
~~the Ad ideology~~ she knew it too, and said so, and escaped for dear  
 life. She promised to meet me in death, however, which made me  
 want to say, but I dared not, ~~and I should not return my rights to her~~  
~~lost~~ this time that by the time my egg basket would be gone.

I wrote a poem called Spain and when it was published in the school  
 magazine Captain Hiphkins came up to me and said 'I've seen your  
 poem and it's awfully good isn't it?' ~~to me, I believe~~ I believe  
 it was about straw and a young woman and looks a an explosion,  
 the first thing I'd written <sup>where</sup> ~~since I'd written~~ ~~to be forgotten~~ ~~me~~, in there  
~~last that~~ I couldn't determine <sup>how</sup> the thrill it contained had come  
 about. It was one of those missions into the future that ~~is~~ ~~always~~  
 unceremonious. Some years later I was standing in the window of  
 a farm house and was almost blown off my feet by a shell,  
 so close that ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> I heard ~~the~~ ~~whistle~~ <sup>the</sup> whistle of approach,  
 and when I looked down the haystack below <sup>me</sup> added caught  
 fire and three girls ran out of it screaming. It was in Spain  
 but Italy, ~~because~~ By then the war had extended ~~to~~ ~~Italy~~  
~~from the left~~ ~~Right~~ ~~it~~ ~~seep~~ ~~from~~ ~~a~~ ~~simple~~ ~~ideological~~ ~~struggle~~  
 to ~~the~~ ~~frontiers~~ into the <sup>ordered</sup> global kind in which people do  
 have no reason to kill each other and don't want to kill each  
 other denote themselves, <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~point~~ ~~of~~ ~~no~~ ~~return~~ ~~so~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~global~~ ~~war~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~  
 get cities as if do a small war <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~Spanish~~ ~~war~~ ~~because~~  
 there is no hate. ~~The only hate I found was in the behavior,~~  
~~was~~ ~~just~~ ~~back~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~administration~~ ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~of~~ ~~me.~~

was astonished at school of the respect no could earn  
 merely of the writing or performing something, when the vaunted

ideals, the men demanded by the 'school spirit' that the headmaster  
 talked at the Morning Assembly, ~~an audience of fasting and praying~~  
~~youths who looked as if they'd been dunking and fornicating all night~~  
~~even as they'd had an early supper and ten hours sleep.~~ namely  
 proficiency in rugby football or 'rugger' (~~the sports~~ (ordinary  
 footballers were called 'soccer cads' ~~and they were~~ in the boys' comics) )  
~~and football, whose expression was pure a rowing or javelin throwing~~  
 or high jumping or sprinting (~~short running~~ long distance) seemed a  
 to a cricket. Yet of these performances, of the knuckle-trailing  
 gym waste could be expected to offer congratulation, for one boy  
 to another. A poem, a story about a boy called Anphilelos who  
 fell in love with a jester? How did such things arouse attention,  
 and make teachers shake their head at pupils who with the best  
 of abilities threw all their chance away? Some civilization  
 entered at this point, and softened the ~~crude by poetry~~ ~~and~~  
~~constituted~~ like a breeze the unexpected <sup>thence the oaks of the driveway</sup> drifted down from  
 the upper ~~ghetto~~ <sup>ghetto</sup> containing W.H. Auden and The Waste Land  
 and the Sitwells, whose accents ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> soft ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> gayer ~~and~~  
~~confused~~ unflustered and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> insecurity of printers the purified  
 no school absent. Right all, no poor red-hick imitation of  
 a man's house that had lost its master and flitted  
 frantically from leather and plaster Tudor to walls Queen Anne,  
 then back to late-medieval and with a sudden leddy ~~strut~~ <sup>rush</sup>  
 up to Victorian neo-Gothic, was a wave ghetto <sup>half-way</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>are</sup>  
 house of half-way people, those on the way not yet ~~but~~ <sup>are</sup>  
 still ignorant of the way in.

One day the Yorkshire luthier, the one of the four breath  
 and the one of the sweet breath, clullent and loud and partly  
<sup>from</sup> too ~~was~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~was~~ catholical ~~at~~ ~~to~~, decided to play a trick  
 on me, and it involved Mr Auden (who was often called that, as  
 Mr Bliss was too). ~~They were~~ <sup>books were</sup> ~~both~~ regarded as obscure Poets. ↗  
 Nobody could understand The Waste Land (published in 1922  
 and still fox up every body) and it didn't have rhythm to  
 speak of or even spindles and ducts and all the rest,  
 much less hexameters. It could use to a rhyming couplet  
 how and then but so could anybody. In fact all Modern  
 Poetry was something of a jumble, ~~these~~ ~~described~~ <sup>in fact</sup>

→, to say the least, a half-way...

→ In use the word *everybody* diminished the *with*, and they were  
not diminished.

Any Fool Could Write It.

When foul-mouth and sweet-mouth did, with the louing, dashing enthusiasm of their, work to present <sup>me</sup> with - poems in the lunch hour ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~my~~ ~~and~~ ~~professors~~ ~~applied~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~book~~ they had found at home and couldn't bring to school with them. They said 'Read this. It's by W.A. Anderson. And tell us what it means!'

I read it quietly ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~impressed~~. I tried to piece a meaning together but found that one line ~~led to~~ ~~another~~ ~~with~~ another of with difficulties. A meaning I found, and I expressed it to them in a few words. 'Here you are!' they screamed. ~~That's what Anderson Poets!~~ ~~that~~ 'Modern Poets', a fraud! We ticked those lines together, ~~and~~ ~~then~~, they've done all kinds of poems. Not just Anderson's!

~~My~~ ~~reply~~ ~~was~~ ~~garbled~~ ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~academic~~ ~~expert~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~should~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~academic~~ ~~expert~~ ~~behind~~ ~~it~~. I was ~~humbled~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~granted~~

~~the~~ ~~victory~~, ~~but~~ the fact remained that I did find a meaning, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~they~~ ~~had~~ And meaning came from anything. And meaning isn't a logical one in poetry. But they say the help-way people is a help-way voice ~~as~~ ~~determined~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~help~~ ~~way~~ ~~voice~~ ~~as~~ ~~determined~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~help~~ ~~way~~ ~~voice~~ and I went round the school that ~~the~~ ~~historic~~ ~~was~~ also a fraud.

I failed my Matriculation, an essential of going to a university. But then I sat talking to Touchinette and it was unwilling to see this as ~~any~~ either a failure or my parents a rejection of the learning I was being offered. Also I had no intention of running away from my parents because this hope was pinned to me, as I thought they were. The truth might well have been that of this time, she with my father's near-death, his being laid off at work and the failure of all his business schemes, ~~right~~ ~~then~~ and drive all my mother John's conversion to a Bloomshury way of life ~~with~~ ~~me~~ a fraction of the conventional for that life, they ~~was~~ ~~getting~~ ~~fed~~ ~~up~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~support~~ a two-man <sup>ghost</sup> family could expect in the form of apprentices wages.

Also things had changed. When my mother spoke while we school, she was no longer new, it was with respect, quite as if it had been a real school, designed of learning and operation for day to day a relaxed lines. Two OTC had hardly impinged - this in readiness. No had nigger. Sports didn't represent of them as

they did for me a bit of unmeaning. Zy told me I should want to escape the boredom of cricket, and this I did. But they didn't catch crabs, Zuz had been a different headmaster in their time. The teachers were different too. Even the values of the teachers for their time had a serious, ponderous aspect, like huge gyalsak compared with the ~~fragments~~ glan-breaking tinkle of my day. It had been a 'classical' school then. Everyone who counted of anything had done classics. The Greek and Latin teachers were interesting, informative. The school had to their credit subscribed to the model of the eight upper-ghetto 'public' schools, of offering the ancient Greek and Roman civilisations as perfect guides of young gentlemen in anything from private morals to public comportment. It had worked, apparently. Now the school was a free-for-all, science and modern languages with the classics trailing anaesthetically behind. For the upper ghetto had in that short time changed. It was being shot at from within. The young were didn't believe in it. Zy contrasted the lower ghetto. Zy we lived, sometimes, lower-ghetto lives as an act of social penitence ~ in an effort to become realer people. Zuz was the mocking, shocking trio of irritatingly hillbait and iconoclastic young men. Anden (followed in the rear, so to speak, by Christoph (Sherwood), Spenda and Cecil Day Lewis. Zy were making headlines. I sat on the job h.p. ~~at the~~ reading ~~of the~~ Anden's Spain, which had just been issued in pamphlet form, ~~at the time to remember that time~~ ~~to~~ He renounced it later, so it is difficult to find. It looked at all the things we were used to, like 'the people and their summer island' (I ~~permitted~~ ~~at the time~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~as~~ ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~repeated~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~warning~~, ~~that~~ ~~for~~ ~~long~~ ~~had~~ ~~these~~ ~~interests~~ ~~repeated~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ 'But today the struggle!') ~~help~~. I knew what the struggle. Sid talked about it. So ~~did~~ ~~the~~ ~~visiting~~ speaker at the Co-op hall, ~~at the time~~. Magazine

→ And they were in the twenties. And we wanted to imitate them. But strangely they didn't seem to be looking at us, at themselves. When she had talked their ideology, addressed it to my very ghetto, it seemed still not themselves. Not only I like they, all three, for the charge of 'fraud' attached to 'Volshie'!

and weeklies defined and refined it. Until the struggle was done we could not work. Until fascism was defeated ~~we could enjoy~~ life of the magazines (standing in queues in public libraries, no doubt) could enjoy themselves. It was ~~regime~~ 'The end justifies the means' message of this kind that worked on us to at least get ourselves into some struggle, we if we didn't know that it was all out. And get into it we did. ~~And got the world into it~~ →

With underground shocks shaking the upper ghetto and ~~into~~ <sup>social</sup> chaos ~~it quiet down~~ turning its quiet drift into bankruptcy and <sup>chaos</sup> a halter-stutter downward slide, ridiculed by those who were pin down for Oxford, it was natural that we ~~see immigrants~~ <sup>supplied delectable</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>should be flying</sup> potential new immigrants ~~into the ghetto~~ <sup>should be</sup> with no teachers (whose ~~houses~~ <sup>delectable frontiers</sup> ~~positions~~ <sup>at the very</sup> ~~frontier~~ <sup>hard</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>invasion and subjugation</sup> ~~edges~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~ghetto~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>end</sup> ~~end~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>snarls and</sup> ~~flag~~ <sup>replaced one</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>mother's</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~quiet~~ <sup>quiet</sup> rational discussion in the dining hall ~~there~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> you could feel a certain order in the corridors, the chapel, the ~~common room~~, ~~the~~ <sup>mostly</sup> ~~living~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~hall~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~class~~ <sup>rooms</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~something~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~walls~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>present</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~presence~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~occupants~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~behaving~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> the ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~boarding~~ <sup>boarding</sup> ~~school~~ <sup>school</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~studies~~ <sup>studies</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~bed~~ <sup>bed</sup> ~~rooms~~ <sup>rooms</sup> were now ~~Project's~~ <sup>Project's</sup> ~~Room~~ <sup>Room</sup> (I held projects ~~higher~~ <sup>higher</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~entire~~ <sup>entire</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~than~~ <sup>than</sup> the teachers) and various ~~changing~~ <sup>changing</sup> ~~rooms~~ <sup>rooms</sup> smelling of ash-pits. I imagine there ~~must~~ <sup>must</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> a huge inglenook fireplace in the dining hall ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Tom~~ <sup>Tom</sup> ~~Brown~~ <sup>Brown</sup> could be roasted to ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~flames~~ <sup>flames</sup>. Turn, ~~Christians~~ <sup>Christians</sup>, ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~decidedly~~ <sup>decidedly</sup> ~~warty~~ <sup>warty</sup> ~~lot~~ <sup>lot</sup>, it seemed, ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~looked~~ <sup>looked</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> into the park with a certain wonderment at the degree of order and ~~order~~ <sup>order</sup> ~~dignity~~ <sup>dignity</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~viciousness~~ <sup>viciousness</sup> manifested ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~school's~~ <sup>school's</sup> ~~current~~ <sup>current</sup> ~~population~~ <sup>population</sup>, teachers as well as children (the latter should have known better) <sup>promis</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~approved~~ <sup>approved</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Lords~~ <sup>Lords</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~dignity~~ <sup>dignity</sup>. I wondered what night-long profligacy, involving way orifice in the ~~human~~ <sup>human</sup> ~~biological~~ <sup>biological</sup> ~~system~~ <sup>system</sup>, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~domains~~ <sup>domains</sup>. History

→ And by the time Andra the nig-lead had gone off to the States and  
didn't see to want to know what was going on, let alone the struggle.



with ordinary uninformed people like ourselves

mutual trust

INSERT

A104

Nothing ~~encouraged~~ did more for Hitler's image <sup>inside</sup> Germany than the ~~kid-glove~~ seriousness with which he was treated, chiefly by London. There was no question of 'appeasement' <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ ~~question was solely whether he could be managed~~ that was a word taken up by the Labor movement, which was as ignorant as we were as to the way going on in these peculiar silent chambers the involved visits to Munich and, in the proper order of world influence, Hitler should have been visiting London. The question was solely whether he could be managed to maintain his strong stance towards the Soviet Union, if which he needed to arm, and of which the Versailles restrictions on German re-  
armament would have to be eradicated in existence, without going over the top and trying, of all follies, to build an empire within Europe. He had no war 'appeasement' but collecting ~~collaboration and~~

→ 'What we didn't know and what we should know was that people in Germany were feeling towards Hitler something of the same baffled perplexity. Surely the man's a clown? Surely he can't be serious? But he went for success to success, and he was clearly taken with great seriousness by governments, more especially the British, French and American ones. He looked (though we were told as his enemy, was the Labor League, Youth) that he was the answer to the 'Russian problem', that he and he alone could protect us against a Soviet Union that was arising itself to the teeth and looking for an empire east and west.

→<sup>2</sup> the absence of those 'fallen' ones who, mostly forgotten now, fought with their Brnoy First 'sacrifice', had been shot or drowned in need or blown to smithereens or choked to death by gas. They were commemorated on Armistice...

INSERT A10Q to P. 112½

which was wrecked with the utmost sincerity and good will by a labor movement, ~~of which there was no sign at~~  
~~diplomacy, for the sake of peace and the basic~~  
~~idea~~ without the logical idea of the fact that they were  
bound, by providence and its own ignorance of the various  
mutually contradicting foreign policies being pursued by the  
conservatives, to support the right wing nature it chose to  
do - namely, make central Europe Hitler's stronghold  
or fight it. Since he was ~~the best~~ right-wing to  
the point of caricature of Hitler, as a labor man a  
woman, support it, so you had to fight it, that is  
join right-wing policies! So it was the labor  
movement that took up the cry of 'appeasement' which  
~~later on became, and the~~ later became one of the  
~~foundations for~~ cornerstones of Washington policy: the  
phony thirty-year war again conclusion!

~~It offered pictures of people (how many of the)~~  
~~talking themselves as duty into the front to battle which~~  
~~side they were on, then, to tell they were actual~~  
~~competitor and~~

Hitler was getting under no skins....

of the guns from the Horseguard's Brigade(?), so great was the stillness, as if to hush back the sickle silence of death repeated a million-fold for all of us sorry survivors, the clutched <sup>guards</sup> indeed, to hear. One could hardly do less for an idiotic blood-spree hero, German or French or British or American, could account for. The trains stopped, the train stopped, the shoppers in the street stopped, people washing up in their kitchens stopped and closed their eyes for the two-minute silence. We blood-drunk giggling <sup>foping</sup> afterwards - people can hardly conceive of ~~what a~~ ~~total~~ ~~universal~~ ~~action~~, ~~arising~~ ~~from~~ ~~one~~, ~~our~~ ~~choice~~ ~~total~~ ~~universal~~ ~~obedience~~ to something not in our immediate grasping interest - not a car, a wheel, a drink, a wad of money passed across the counter, not a blow-job or a blow-throat, not a wank or a ~~fuck~~ blue film or a serial <sup>a simultaneous, interacting action in both directions</sup> ~~murder~~ ~~or~~ ~~anything~~, ~~or~~ ~~anything~~ ~~from~~ a collective response, a collective sorrow that the human had been ~~the~~ a ~~death~~ <sup>death</sup> that surprised our madness ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~parallel~~. I remember the creaking of my mother's shoes as she stood in the front and last toilet silence of the year, eyes closed, wherever she happened to have been standing. At precisely the last second of the second minute the road started again, the life of idiocy was renewed to prepare for precisely the same unthinkable deed, the same absence, this time of almost a whole race chose for wanton persecution from somewhere out of the demented recesses of the human brain.

Of course we must all have known she was coming, and together any ideology that could explain how the demented behavior could we have been initiated (without once trying to explain, or we acknowledge, the dementia itself). ~~There was talk~~

I was no longer in the church choir. ~~My~~ My voice had broken. But I hadn't become an altar, to sit behind the white-collared masturbatory sopranos. By the time I was under a shadow in fear as the dear, ~~the~~ ~~stray~~ ~~stray~~ ~~stray~~ Michel Tudor Craig was concerned. It had happened during a Confirmation Class. I had announced that I didn't want to be confirmed. I said because I was a communist. This was almost since I didn't really know the communist

→ actin, myosin, etc.

wa and the real ocean wa the I found the Copernican classes, so  
 absurd, so crudely ignorant of the religion I had dimly and instructively  
 perceived on our all-day Good Friday vigils, and at Haven Time  
 and ~~the~~ ~~Christmas~~ Nativity time, that I couldn't take the church  
 leaving my home and 'communion' in any way of saying it.  
 But since, as at school, no questions were asked, nothing was probed  
 or discussed, so no one was humbly looked at in the eyes in order  
 to perceive this truth, I was believed as if I had been an  
 aide in the Foreign Office and refused to work again on the same  
 grounds. Mabel Tudor Craig huffed and walked away ~~more~~  
 heavily as he looks than usual. She told me to go home and  
 never return. When I got home my mother said 'What's up?'  
 and I told her. On the evening of the next choir practice  
 she sat down quietly and wrote a letter to Mabel Tudor Craig  
 and told her I was just being silly, and handed it to me.  
 'Now just go along to practice and give Miss Craig this!  
 And I did. <sup>Mabel</sup> ~~she~~ nodded and pointed to my seat. It was  
 an ignominy of a head choir boy. She didn't invite to private  
 country outings again.

~~I suppose that it was the dawn of my prebents, a~~  
 warning shot of both the ~~points no longer landed~~ <sup>quarrels</sup> and the ideologies  
~~the lay~~ ahead. In Hitler closed the epoch of rehabilitation, its  
 subject all of mankind, as little act confirmed the  
 closure. But the rehabilitation programme had hardly  
 begun. I had scholarships to take, universities to fix my  
 sights on. The government had disarmament programmes.  
~~It is interesting to see a rehabilitation programme that early~~  
~~you are likely to find that was then called the 'neurosthenia'~~  
~~resulting from its ~~plain~~ ~~reasons~~~~ for us, and armament  
 programmes of the Germans, and wages increased, spending  
 took heart, then was a bottle in the air that said the Great  
 War had passed, the shadow in the garden wasn't there ~~the~~  
 any more. It looked like the rehabilitation programme was



→ in the history of Oxford and Cambridge had succeeded  
in getting on their with walled brains was money.  
~~to find me of the other, and set down both together. That~~  
~~was the ~~best~~ story. It was perfectly natural for an~~  
upper-shackles boy to go to the college of his or his parents'  
choice, but wrong for a lower-shackles boy to get  
there without ~~(a lot of) is the case of the upper-shackles~~  
~~boy) training. Let not of a lower-shackles boy. That~~  
~~was why I was a socialist. I considered that we~~  
~~should be equal. Hence very socialism.~~

→

Dear Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir ~~paradoxically~~ insistently  
 several people use for France, was <sup>preparing the coup</sup> ~~then~~ ~~paradoxical~~ leader of ideology  
~~the cause in order~~ of the very puritanism they scorned, he chose  
 was, in fact, ~~and~~ ~~though~~ ~~all~~ ~~they~~ ~~became~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~chief~~ ~~leader~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~,  
 ing the ~~theory~~ of Honor Sapient ~~dealing with the animal and the~~ ~~theory~~ in  
 its practical application. ~~By the time~~ ~~the~~ ~~theory~~ ~~was~~ ~~formulated~~ ~~the~~  
~~intellect~~ ~~had~~ ~~lost~~ ~~the~~ ~~large~~ ~~charm~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~prestige~~, ~~and~~ ~~street~~  
~~politics~~ ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~learned~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~result~~. ~~Since~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~the~~ ~~actual~~  
~~learned~~ ~~in~~ ~~Paris~~ ~~there~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~reliefs~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~system~~: ~~These~~  
~~The~~ ~~system~~ ~~and~~ ~~France~~ ~~was~~ ~~due~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~ideology~~ ~~repeated~~ ~~the~~ ~~essential~~  
 puritan formula that was ~~and~~ was a unique creative ~~there~~ ~~had~~  
 'rise' ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~animal~~ ~~feature~~, ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~by~~ ~~getting~~ ~~his~~ ~~system~~  
 life ~~and~~ ~~entire~~ ~~constitution~~, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~world~~ ~~must~~ ~~reflect~~ ~~his~~  
 uniqueness to such a degree that it appeared not to be an animal  
 product at all, ~~And~~, ~~indeed~~, ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~people~~ ~~who~~ ~~do~~ ~~stuff~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~  
~~not~~ ~~for~~ ~~pure~~ ~~animal~~ ~~reason~~. ~~And~~, ~~indeed~~, ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~people~~ ~~who~~  
 but a pure mental product, ~~a~~ ~~thing~~ ~~all~~ ~~practical~~ ~~life~~ ~~must~~ ~~be~~  
~~based~~ ~~on~~ ~~arising~~ ~~not~~ ~~from~~ ~~instinct~~ ~~in~~ ~~ideology~~. The trouble with  
 we can see I could see the reality of the way things fit in.  
 I didn't think my teachers were to be intimidated - reality. I considered  
 them to be teaching by rote ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~by~~ ~~earn~~ ~~ing~~ ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~and~~  
 without any reference to truth whatever. I didn't we believe  
 she has told me. I didn't see why I should know where  
 a rabbit's liver was or how its blood flowed. Nobody told  
 me ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~because~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~horse~~ ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~function~~ ~~of~~  
 the liver was, much less that I had one, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~hired~~  
 out of my thing in this way. I was never addressed. I didn't  
 see how I came to anything - only the ~~then~~ ~~were~~ ~~self~~ ~~of~~  
 rules to be learned, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~facts~~ ~~teaching~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~  
~~intention~~ ~~and~~ ~~at~~ ~~a~~ ~~evacuated~~ ~~point~~ ~~and~~ ~~two~~ ~~they~~ ~~were~~,  
 without the smallest effort to say why we had devised  
 this learning, or that they had in fact devised it. For all I  
 was at school learning just way, and it had us were been for  
 taught by men and women like me than the known had been  
 invented. Apart from the knowledge was just discovery. Somebody  
~~discovered~~ ~~the~~ ~~then~~ ~~was~~ ~~discovered~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~invention~~. Somebody  
 else discovered that there was discovery or grants. That

metals expanded with heat, the dense form of water the a certain weight  
sunk in water, the volume of water displaced by the weight of a  
form, is a phenomenon of utterly unexplained hotel hotel 'fact'  
which didn't add up to a string of beams ~~so far as we are~~  
~~concerned. to a certain extent, de~~ so far as we are  
daily life we concerned.

But people like Sartre and de Beauvoir don't become ideological leaders,  
and he young like them, because the ideas sound good. Ideologies work,  
they produce the next batch ~~they~~ is not in the sense that they  
provide the relief they say they are going to, but in the sense that they  
and nothing else produce all the politics and the confusions d'etat  
and elections and tyrannies and police systems and in sum  
systems that we know well. It has been the case ever since the  
Greeks (of all unmitable people) put at the Homo Sapiens idea,  
And that is why the human has lived less and less with relief,  
and more and more with his unhelped aspirations, since the idea  
isn't of socially in the ~~of~~ Athenian games.

What did get me moving wasn't bottles at all, or any effort  
on my part to discipline myself, but the fact, which fact  
led me straight to Oxford rather effort. The school hugged  
with the news that if Hitler was foolish enough to provoke war  
and his undoing (our undoing ~~would have~~ <sup>would have</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~unaided~~) ~~accepted~~  
~~a few people who were justly called~~ <sup>(there would)</sup> we  
could be evacuated into the countryside, <sup>to</sup> continue no  
learning while, personally, no poor parents ~~but this~~  
~~of the school~~ covered in a ridiculous makeshift steel  
'shelters' which constituted in the jargon of protest against  
aerial bombardment, and which a heavy <sup>but the</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>would have</sup> ~~displaced~~  
<sup>this move to the city</sup> ~~Most~~ <sup>(I was one of the)</sup>  
No one took ~~it~~ <sup>seriously</sup> ~~seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup> ~~seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup>  
was convinced that Chamberlain would pull something off  
<sup>some</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~guaranteed~~ <sup>peace</sup> ~~in no time~~, we thought way of  
us (I was one of ~~them~~ <sup>them too</sup>) knew that this was quite impossible  
and that once embarked on his Lebensraum policy, Hitler  
couldn't stop. ~~Hitler invaded Austria~~ occupied the Rhineland.  
He invaded Austria. He marched into Czechoslovakia.  
And Chamberlain ~~hesitated~~ <sup>hesitated</sup> that if he touched Poland the  
would be the last straw. ~~No one took it seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup> ~~seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup> ~~seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup>  
obliged to produce his ultimatum. Still no one took  
it seriously. They went on exactly as they had before <sup>was</sup>



→ The first air-raid warning came, in five minutes by water, and the streets were silent as they had up been, appropriately, on the day called Poppy Day, when the Great War was commemorated. My ~~mother~~ <sup>mother</sup> and I (by this time by the time she was in Bromley with Dudley Mearns - the disliked war - and by both herie was in the army) hurried to the shelter at the bottom of the garden and waited in the silence.

and ~~the~~ ~~down~~ a neighbors

→ say the ideologies ~~don't~~ don't have effect?

prolonged

Then we suddenly a ~~stuttering~~ dull overbearing explosion in the distance which we might in the first of many hours to come - H. G. Wells, in his ~~shape~~ <sup>shape</sup> might to come, had promised us the hours would be raining for the sky. But afterwards the air was still again. The silence continued. And then ~~to no advantage~~ the all-clear came. And nothing more was heard of <sup>barbarism</sup> ~~there was still~~ ~~barbarism~~ or hostilities of any kind for ..... months. <sup>the</sup> the the bomb had dropped - Croydon aerodrome, ~~air port~~ ~~was the~~ ~~called~~. But the newspaper said nothing. The radio said nothing. Perhaps a lone German pilot had disobeyed Hitler's order and Hitler had, though a Swiss embassy, apologized for it. It even was ~~that~~ was there a strange war, a one better designed for boys in their early teens ~~to~~ to frolic in. I ~~had~~ <sup>never</sup> had such music and poetry in all my life.

It made the sky look sick, a ~~deadly~~ ~~fatal~~ ~~promise~~ the had played us false, as it tried to ~~brighten~~ ~~the~~ ~~dead~~ ~~map~~. When I heard it as I seemed to be listening of Germany, since lay under it.

This ~~whole~~ way as we did, and ~~only~~ ~~for~~ an explanation.

I gazed up at the high and low spirits sister who the ~~we~~ smelled of unexpressed sexual fluids (had stung pinions) and we were all wondering how ~~it was~~, on this high September morning, we had got ourselves in this situation, and all we could think of was that the Germans (of whom we knew nothing) were to blame. It was simply impossible to imagine that we had done anything to make people want to blow us up, but there it was. There was...



the with hunger strikes and the General Strike and the Mean Ten,

→ between the shadows before, [but now suddenly there was and there was someone  
talking addressing us all quite as if we belonged, as he thought we belonged.



→<sup>1</sup> The house was a detached stockbroker's box overlooking  
Petersfield's house, built entirely of practical and sensible wood and  
I'm sure ~~without~~ <sup>depressive</sup> ~~farmhouse~~ when the sun was shining. I don't think

→<sup>2</sup> all we saw crowded bedroom. ~~the rest~~

~~AB The details from the philosophy. But to see a thought the person who  
was not and sudden tears and quick ~~sett~~ ~~sett~~~~

we enjoyed our stay, though we were pained to think about  
it. As for the owner, his fine state of shock when he  
opened the door to us intensified with every moment we  
were here. Yet he never expressed irritation, only  
looked from time to time so desperately anxious that we  
stopped doing whatever it was ~~that needed to be done~~. He  
couldn't bear. How, then, when we ate I can't remember,  
it was as fine part of call, and ~~the~~ the evacuation  
scheme, being high and pragmatic, developed - the  
basis of preferences, so that finally we each got what we  
wanted, not up ~~to us~~ <sup>we wanted</sup> the house, but the company,  
~~and the order~~ we wanted. In all I stayed in few houses before  
I returned to London in time of the ~~last~~ <sup>first</sup> of the ~~war~~  
regular air raids.



were, I was in the sideline relegated to anonymity while they performed and demanded of us reason that I could ~~not~~ discover that I regard them as all and myself as nothing. My ~~English~~ English teacher was the young spectacled man who had nearly cried when I caught my historical coat, and a wonderful picture he gave me of the sincerity and innocence <sup>that belonged to childhood and which I began to</sup> ~~of the first time~~ discovered in myself. It was all mixed up with The Fairy Queen and The Rape of the Lock, and Edward Thomas, the poet of sheep, me of the war poets, yes of the very <sup>village</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>that was a few yards up the road,</sup> ~~where we were staying~~, and I couldn't tell, in this new dream of life I should ~~if~~ <sup>I</sup> could breathe at last and listen to ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> thoughts, and ~~that you sleep & think great ones~~ ~~thoughts as if they were far away~~, I couldn't tell when these <sup>thoughts</sup> began and the tickle of the leaves outside the ~~windows~~ and the heady dusty heat-smells that came from the garden ended. He and Mr Pring greeted me with pleasure, which seemed impossible and showed me that they too had been released ~~from the bondage which binds the world~~ ~~and from bondage to~~ ~~enjoy~~, instead of treading through their youth.

The ~~only grey~~ <sup>only grey</sup> lessons were <sup>those</sup> in the classrooms of a local secondary school <sup>which</sup> had the same ghastly problems as our own in <sup>made with similar</sup> ~~which~~ ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~in~~ ~~determinate~~ ~~which~~ ~~seemed~~ architectural progeny. <sup>7/10 was</sup> ~~7/10 was~~ called a 'college', ~~and this seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~part~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~poor~~ ~~devils~~ ~~who~~ ~~belonged~~ ~~to~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~couldn't~~ ~~share~~ ~~the~~ ~~transport~~ ~~of~~ ~~having~~ ~~been~~ ~~evacuated~~ ~~and~~ ~~superior~~ ~~while~~ ~~we~~ ~~our~~ ~~heads~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~after~~ ~~a~~ ~~time~~. They wore caps as ridiculous as ours, and their uniform of light grey in the summer and dark grey in the winter <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~our~~ ~~chagrin~~ ~~and~~ ~~their~~, always the same, ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~summer~~ ~~boaters~~ ~~were~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~flagrant~~, <sup>A</sup> ~~was~~ ~~no~~ lower-class imitation of ours, as ours were to them. ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~no~~ collaboration. ~~The~~ ~~iron-curtain~~ policy started at the top and quickly came to us. <sup>Our</sup> ~~The~~ ~~teachers~~ ~~too~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~the~~ ~~loss~~ ~~of~~ ~~us~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~penance~~, and they became we fewer. We could ~~enjoy~~ ~~our~~ ~~summer~~ ~~idyll~~, which produced hard work and good results. My French, English, Latin and History improved, and it was predicted that if I kept it up I might have a go at Oxford. ~~My~~ ~~English~~ ~~teacher~~ I kept getting alphas and beta double pluses for my essays, and the smallness of the classes, how the I was in the sixth form, ~~sometimes~~ ~~was~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~first~~ ~~year~~ ~~at~~ ~~college~~. Sometimes I was alone, which made it very first taste of the late Oxford tutorial. The

Bygones Teacher was giving me special lessons in the hope that I would try for a scholarship in the subject. I think I would have done better had I followed his advice and gratified his enthusiasm but ~~the ghetto~~ ~~gang~~ ghetto hierarchy still gnawed at me and I remembered my mother (demagogue cultural parents) telling me the English was a Cinderella subject and that I would probably waste my time at university reading what any normal individual could read at home for pleasure. In any case, ~~I would have done my scholarship~~ I could have changed my subject after getting it. But I was found that out when it was too late. So I got disappointed in: I opted for history, which was now in the hands of a handsomer, slim man who sat bolt upright in his chair and impressed on me the need of precise statements, preferably with dates. We did lessons with him at <sup>9</sup> house he had rented and we often sat in the garden. He introduced us politely to his wife, and sometimes one was invited to tea. We <sup>also</sup> went to his for general discussions, and he too was more a friend than pedagogue. The days of history as a ~~shorter analysis of~~ tale of personal folly ~~was~~ <sup>see though a kind of pipe</sup> ~~yearly~~ <sup>by the Middle Ages had</sup> ~~were one.~~ <sup>Yee these</sup> ~~books~~ <sup>gave me a better view</sup> of history than any subsequent ideological account. One knew teacher concentrated on style, the way well should be laid out on a page, ~~after~~ <sup>once</sup> the theme ~~the user to join~~ them and divide <sup>(sometimes forced) the to a conclusion</sup> ~~intuition~~ <sup>intuition</sup> ~~closed.~~ Introduction, discussion, conclusion. <sup>the was that</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>structure</sup> of the essay as it had been punched down <sup>for the time of hand</sup> and Haylitt, and it <sup>held for</sup> ~~dedicated~~ <sup>whatsoever</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>provided</sup> ~~subject~~ ~~excepting~~ ~~and~~ ~~matter,~~ could be written that ~~the~~ ~~at~~ ~~for~~ ~~physics~~ ~~excepting~~ ~~and~~ ~~matter,~~ ~~chemistry and~~ <sup>which is my</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>it was always</sup> ~~was~~ ~~with~~ ~~and~~ ~~physics~~ said at Oxford that the treadmill would get a bit, the William mind a second. Actually my future philosophy tutor was so William he got. Third, and he became Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, before settling down at Balliol. These were all upper ghetto formulae since we learned what we before ~~settling~~ going up. The health has similar terms - a show goes up and she ended come down. They were all the

long, intricate terms of a civilization, in this case <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> strangely  
 idyllic eclipse before the final <sup>fall</sup> ~~collapse~~. The numbers and outcome  
 of 1939 were since we had rarely been seen, throughout Europe, a  
 final farewell from ~~the~~ Athens and Rome before they were lost  
 to memory. They weren't the best possible basis for a civilization,  
 but they were - all we had. And she we had was less by far than she  
 they had. I only learned these things slowly, particularly at Athens and  
 Rome were closed books to me - as I found them to be to most classical  
 scholars, too. ~~How can we make the best of it, the present situation~~  
~~was so~~

~~We were soon removed for the lakeside house. The rest of the~~  
~~put in each among no closer about friends, and I found~~

Every lesson the look we up, the hill to steep was a double  
 glory to see. The ugly Cricketers' Inn stared at me at the top of  
 the hill, as it stared at a ~~poor~~ petrol station opposite, which stared  
 back with the same complacent vacancy. To left, to right and  
 ahead further up the hill lay marvel of hill and woodland that  
 made ~~the existence of these two~~ this introduction to them  
 incomprehensible, and finally unimportant. By turning right we  
 walked along steep, my street, and half way along the street,  
 its houses of all periods deep in trees, a behind lawn, we  
 came to the entrance of Bedale school where ~~both~~ boys and girls  
 studied together, which ~~stare~~ made its ambiguous, experimental  
 and, almost before we knew of its existence, a subject best left  
 alone and, for quite other reasons, opposite ~~resonance~~, a no-go area  
 like the 'college' <sup>in</sup> which some of our classes took place. ~~It~~  
 we visited ~~there~~ the 'hardy boys' to Bedale ~~is a thing like~~  
~~official form~~, and the <sup>the teachers, the</sup> 'hardy boys' made no effort to avail  
 themselves of its ~~unorthodox heterodox~~ unorthodox. Besides,  
 Bedale was full of the sons and daughters of foreign diplomats  
 and had a first academic record, apart from an entire lack  
 of sports men - both judgements being arbitrary and without  
 supporting statistics. The ghetto school that had lost its  
 boy of the duration could still be felt. Since all its effort  
 was upward towards the Bigg, to descend a discover a school  
~~of this nature, in the fish, flesh & fowl, was the want~~  
 in effect a ~~school but~~ youth camp, with a few typical little

sex scandal that revealed the ear for time to time, was an unexpected new source of ~~our~~ success.

I was intrigued and entranced. ~~But we should have~~ ~~ok~~ I climbed the hill ~~with~~ in a ~~sluggish~~ state of expectation that ended, we disappointed ~~but~~ <sup>strangely</sup>, in a heavy lesson. Bedula disappointed itself on a <sup>slowly stopping</sup> hill side, <sup>village</sup> with the church and graveyard looking down on it for me ~~side~~ <sup>end</sup> of the village ~~and the Cricketers' tea, was it~~ ~~able to see through trees, and the while the ~~shadows~~ ~~looked~~~~ ~~at~~ the road that led down to the station looked across at it from the ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> end.

Did then ~~we~~ ~~should~~ ~~help~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ we were suddenly relieved from our lakeside house with its dismal suggestion of life lived ~~and~~ of security. The reshuffle ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~we~~ put us among our closest friends. Six ~~men~~, boys of whom two were we chose to occupy a tiny house the sat snugly in a dip dark with trees, ~~at~~ its front gate giving on to a narrow road, at the fork, they will the ~~road~~ <sup>rose</sup>, across stiles, to ~~the~~ a footpath at the side of the steep graveyard, and, to the left, down the hill, a view of the school the ~~space~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ of all the ~~poets~~ and <sup>musicians</sup> ~~people~~ that had kept her alive in London from the Tannhäuser ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~cracked~~ ~~record~~ to Tannhäuser.

~~One plump youth named Gordon was my special friend~~  
~~in this sex new group. He was~~

The wife of the house was a lady with ~~blow~~-crop hair with a faint yellow ~~blow~~ from the lips to her eyes caused by the ~~smoke~~ ~~of~~ ~~cigarettes~~ the cigarette she had continually and without pause, all day, in her mouth as she sat at the table in the kitchen of <sup>a</sup> window ~~to~~ looking straight at the small lawn bordered by a ~~brick~~ clay cliff the rose vertical to the neighbour's property. A two-lapied tin of Craven A always lay open before her, and she would take a <sup>new</sup> cigarette with the old one still in her mouth and light it with the old one, since she stubbed out ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~one~~ still talking, in a mechanically ~~as~~ ~~coughing~~, since she did a great deal of.

~~The daughter was an actress~~ She was in love with a piano teacher who lived with his wife in a new stately house round the corner and deeper in the woods. I walked to the end of the lane and turned right, and there hidden among trees was the house where Mr and Mrs Briggs lived. He would pop into the kitchen for time to time, and used to ~~broadcast~~ do a <sup>weekly</sup> music program on BBC radio, of which he was, ~~in the past~~ <sup>in his car</sup> a cloud of importance, from our point of view, to London. ~~the~~ Mr Briggs was the opposite of Mrs Kirth, being plump and a likely source of boyish daydreams. She would laugh a lot. Mr Kirth used to dine with them quite frequently, and she also cried, alone in the kitchen. Upstairs, permanently in bed, there was Annly, who wrote all cheques of the housekeeping and we had to take them to the butcher, greengrocer, general stores in town. One day, at the end of our stay, not long before we were required of our various functions in the house - went in dusty by the full evening, a check was returned. There was nothing left in the bank, and the poor white-haired lady, well pale. She had a ~~light~~ giggle as I left on her face and he thought, and she sometimes received a carefully prepared visit from a ~~retired~~ retired military man with a straight back and eyes gleaming with adoration, of whom she fluttered and looked away. It was said that there was no need of her to be in bed but Mr Kirth found it more convenient that way. She found as all a great adventure, which was a healthier reaction (to her) than the dyspeptic tubercle man's reaction.

Mr Kirth's daughter was an actress and she too was frail. Tuberculosis was renewed but her mouth retrieved to bed was more like hormone-velvet. She had her aunt's fineness of feature and had a way of seeming not to have natural functions and not to need food. She liked a drink, however, particularly when her boyfriend came down for a day or two, usually late Saturday night after the last show until Monday morning. They took a special interest in me and I was for in the bedroom, where Ronnie sat sipping his whisky and soda. He had made ~~at the time~~ <sup>at the time</sup> the ~~socially accepted~~ <sup>socially accepted</sup> were they racy and then for OK of the other people but not serious men, which was Rex Harrison were then for 'the Rake'. ~~Forwards~~ ~~given to see~~ It was thought, during this grave time to be devoted

by the Right to the number of Germans and by German to the number of <sup>the</sup> Right, race and any other who could be used in against them. The American vote hadn't yet been cracked, in fact few people talked about the States 'coming in'. But when the possibility was discussed there was in reality ~~of~~ meeting the 'fact' that the process of persuasion would be an awkward one because of America's isolationism. ~~the~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~people~~ ~~who~~ ~~were~~ ~~considered~~, ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~policy~~ ~~they~~ ~~had~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~position~~ ~~they~~ ~~had~~ ~~acquired~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~policy~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~America's~~ ~~policy~~ ~~was~~ ~~preventing~~ ~~the~~ ~~democracy~~ ~~of~~ ~~every~~ ~~western~~ ~~government~~ ~~with~~ ~~any~~ ~~power~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~, ~~making~~ ~~its~~ ~~support~~ ~~of~~ ~~Hitler~~ ~~a~~ ~~guarantee~~ ~~of~~ ~~order~~ ~~in~~ ~~Europe~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~containment~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~new~~ ~~more~~ ~~morally~~ ~~inclined~~ ~~Soviet~~ ~~Union~~. ~~America~~ <sup>Washington</sup> like ~~every~~ ~~other~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~, had to do an about-turn, and it was this the caused the need of persuasion, in both capitals. The winning over of the people was a comparatively easy job, given the way Hitler looked, his oratorical and goose-stepping and attitudes to the Jews which had not long ago been accepted as 'the business' of the Germans'.

<sup>given</sup> The Soviet 'imperialism' was by no means an invention, ~~and~~ the support of Hitler <sup>was</sup> by no means <sup>based on</sup> a mis-reading of the ~~situation~~ situation (another word the came into great vogue at the time - you had the political situation, the social, the class, the material). When I was fifteen or so I wrote of T. Radio Moscow, which I listened to with bewilderment, of the ~~three~~ volume ~~in~~ ~~English~~ about Marxist-Leninism and the Five Year Plan and ~~the~~ dialectical materialism in the English language ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~translated~~ which they proved to be very willing readable (as it turned out) to read the. It arrived in great packages ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~must~~ ~~say~~ ~~they~~ ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~effect~~ ~~of~~ ~~conveying~~ ~~an~~ ~~immediate~~ ~~powerful~~ ~~impression~~ ~~of~~ ~~entire~~ ~~dullness~~, ~~divided~~ ~~into~~ ~~paragraphs~~ ~~filled~~ ~~with~~ ~~terms~~ ~~that~~ ~~all~~ ~~were~~ ~~newly~~ ~~defined~~, like 'imperialism' and 'proletariat', like philosophical essays

~~devoted to the idea of enlightenment~~ Unlike the Left Book Club  
 and Victor Gollancz who mainly and which I joined, it gave  
 no hint as to whether there should be any form of  
 socialist organization, only dense philosophical argument full  
 of non-philosophical propositions, as if a ~~negotiated~~ medieval  
 disputant had gone crazy. Yet the propositions fascinated  
 me like an ugly poetry that defied all the best the purely  
 formal rules, and offered no meaning but the sound of its surface.  
 Later I had long discussions in the night with people who talked  
 like that, and keeping within the confines of their arbitrary and  
 abstract concepts, for 'imperial' to 'deviationism' (which is  
 what I always came in) gave me a thrill of the kind that never  
 have ~~accompanied~~ <sup>caused</sup> the first ideology we - ~~that was~~ a  
 detachment that sees the whole world as transforming at the  
 moment into the thought one is thinking, namely one of the  
 first stages of dementia. Only Socrates saw the medium is  
 a transmutable passion, and the ~~source~~ in education's principal  
 spur, and I found myself cherishing these long hours locked  
 in thought while ~~that was the case and wasn't going to~~  
~~happen, like~~ 'situations' and 'facts' that <sup>became,</sup> the more thought  
 they got, ~~the more~~ <sup>real until</sup> less 'concrete' they became, until <sup>me</sup>  
 I could see, faintly emerging from the woods. ~~The vast world~~  
~~was created on the basis of all that, and reached down under~~  
~~and accordingly, crashed into~~

But these volumes ~~had~~ were formidable in size  
 and far better bound and handled than ~~a British publisher~~  
 anything put out by a British publisher. ~~hopeful of gains~~ They  
 argued wealth and confidence, and as would the well to do  
 Soviet. ~~And~~ <sup>if</sup> you consider the <sup>this</sup> 'Bolshevik menace', as  
 it was called, <sup>became an ally,</sup> and the world only <sup>interested</sup> ~~interested~~  
~~to emerge, and face - at face value - a strip of paper~~  
~~of the greatest association - face action - history must have~~  
 genuine 'bulwark' again it a enemy, ~~and~~ you were forced  
 to include the one of the biggest associations. face nations  
 took place, and in a remarkably short space of time.

And we were told, and we've been told ever since, that we were dragged into <sup>solely</sup> war by Hitler's actions. That these actions were his demonstration of that a reliable 'bulwark' he was (after all, how could he be a 'bulwark' with laggard neighbors, especially neighbors to the east?) was not mentioned. No one (Hitler's <sup>quite alone</sup> with admiration to whom he found that he'd been a <sup>putting</sup> ~~acting~~ <sup>in</sup> play that of yesterday had enjoyed a full cast. ~~and was~~ ~~added~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~stage~~. He could have knocked him down with a feather. A number of German <sup>did</sup> <sup>say</sup> <sup>(to</sup> actually ~~said~~ this ~~to~~ <sup>the</sup> <sup>west</sup> <sup>diplo</sup> <sup>mats</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>west</sup>. But <sup>he</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>put</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>saddle</sup> <sup>until</sup> those same German <sup>could</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>driven</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hide</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>rear</sup>. <sup>the</sup> <sup>concentration</sup> <sup>camps</sup> <sup>could</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>surrounded</sup> <sup>by</sup> a security system perfectly justified by war. The trains bearing the Jews, the gypsies, and some communists to those camps were <sup>how</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>subject</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>legal</sup> <sup>scrutiny</sup>. Station masters were told ~~to~~ 'by military order' and that was that.

\* \* \*

The fact that bombardments and invasion and the possible recruitment of weas was and some in the British Isles ~~was~~ <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>air</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>close</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>us</sup>, its defense were in the air, close to me. <sup>and</sup> <sup>made</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>keep</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>enchanting</sup>, and the honeyuckle that hung ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the hedges had a special dense smell that brought feathers to the belly because of its daring lack of any appropriateness to the 'real situation'!

My best friend in the new quarters was a boy called Gordon who was also attracted to the war of the churchyard and Bedale. In fact he fell in love with a young violinist there called Joan, and she happened to live in the school house opposite the church door he for the war was deadweight. Gordon could climb the hill most days of the week and would return beaming, his rather tight lips deceptive, perhaps deliberately, of the surrealism with it, and he would talk about her in a way that would make her seen, with her long black hair and thick eyebrows, and her long lithe body, the <sup>ghost</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>little</sup> <sup>war</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>dream</sup>, the little war the dream.

the field

the summer, of no draws, mine as well as his.

There was a field close to the school house and the first time Karolina Polanyi, as she was called, ~~and I~~ looked <sup>strange in my eyes</sup> ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~lying~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~yards~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~deserted~~ ~~road,~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~met~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~entrance~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bedule,~~ ~~where~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~middle~~ ~~school~~ ~~girl~~ ~~from~~ ~~Vienna,~~ ~~and~~ ~~Karolina~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~scholarship~~ ~~in~~ ~~German.~~ ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~Hungarian~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~father's~~ ~~side,~~ ~~Polish~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~mother's.~~ ~~We~~ ~~met~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bedule's~~ ~~teacher~~ ~~whom~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~know,~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~talked~~ ~~for~~ ~~hours~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife,~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~ ~~She~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~

~~the~~ ~~parents~~ ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~long~~ ~~before~~ ~~she~~ ~~came~~ ~~to~~ ~~England,~~ ~~and~~ ~~Karolina~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~scholarship~~ ~~in~~ ~~German.~~ ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~Hungarian~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~father's~~ ~~side,~~ ~~Polish~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~mother's.~~ ~~We~~ ~~met~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bedule's~~ ~~teacher~~ ~~whom~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~know,~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~talked~~ ~~for~~ ~~hours~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife,~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~ ~~She~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~

~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~was~~ ~~along~~ ~~a~~ ~~path~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bedule's~~ ~~teacher~~ ~~whom~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~know,~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~talked~~ ~~for~~ ~~hours~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife,~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~ ~~She~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~

~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~was~~ ~~along~~ ~~a~~ ~~path~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bedule's~~ ~~teacher~~ ~~whom~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~know,~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~talked~~ ~~for~~ ~~hours~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife,~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~ ~~She~~ ~~had~~ ~~two~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~for~~ ~~years.~~

where encounters with the London Boys would encourage.

By this time I knew Jeff and Irene. He was history teacher at Bedule's and I met Kari at his home, I think of a diversion group. We sat round the drawing room in a circle and I remember talking at some length, since I almost never did at first meetings. As the dusk came down and none wanted to put on the lights it seemed to me the Kari was extraordinary shadow, a presence that ~~was~~ ~~felt~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~room,~~ ~~quite~~ ~~still,~~ ~~a~~ ~~presence~~ ~~that~~ ~~became~~ ~~more~~ ~~and~~ ~~more~~ ~~powerful~~ ~~of~~ ~~me,~~ ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~felt~~ ~~unfamiliar~~ ~~and~~ ~~unfamiliar~~ ~~feelings~~ ~~washed~~ ~~through~~ ~~me,~~ ~~my~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~cheeks~~ ~~flutter~~ ~~and~~ ~~flush~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~strange~~ ~~way,~~ ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~could~~ ~~hardly~~ ~~receive~~ ~~touching~~ ~~her.~~ ~~sexual~~ ~~of~~ ~~being~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~presence~~ ~~of~~ ~~her.~~

had a gruff way

like the other me, kept ~~talk~~ speaking as if he regarded himself as being close to the work and well, like the other.

→ as different a biology teacher from ~~the~~ my former me, with his insidious knifing at my neck, & I could wish ~~to find~~ ~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~similar~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~existence~~ of being closer to the work and work of life than others to. This was useful for both his wife and I, who would go on flights of supposition and get beyond ourselves in the discussion the week or so. Jeff's chagrin and some jealousy, ~~for~~ into the night. We had another friend, not so close as Bede's but always there at week-end, Ian, who like Jeff & Irene was Jewish, & he had private means, it was said, and a delightful creature who made one laugh. After I'd met Karstine it was he perhaps. It was he perhaps who brought Karstine along, for a small discussion group. We were seated round the small drawing room that overlooked the fields leading down to <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~and~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~green~~ ~~lawn~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~extraordinary~~ ~~force~~, dark and modest.

This was a useful check on Irene and me, who talked of the how <sup>and did</sup> with a lot of giggling, ~~what he~~ ~~talked~~ ~~during~~ ~~days~~. Our talk he kept him awake and he was often annoyed, even jealous. But

→ Turn already a brief visitor at the tiny house where we first met.



~~What I was receiving, or understanding if the idea of talk  
starting with her and was, she was standing with her and was  
knowing  
how she was there~~

→<sup>1</sup> Yet she was simply sitting there, quite still, the windows behind her. ~~My horrors became so great~~ I was aware of her as close to me like a shadow is close and like a shadow it delved far into my past and off into the future, so that the meeting, once it had taken place, once she was sitting there, seemed to be too extraordinary of words, too ~~unthinkable~~ to be unexpected of me ~~to~~ ever to believe it had happened, so that it seemed to have been made of the air itself, worked out and planned in another place, quite ~~beyond~~ <sup>outside</sup> ~~the~~ human ~~power~~ <sup>range</sup> ☺

→<sup>2</sup> sure that she was ~~the same~~ ~~transport~~ close to me, her shadow merged with mine, and simultaneously I was as sure that she wasn't, that I was no more than a stranger to her



~~on substitute words of 'civilisation', because of our do something  
 old it with new forms of organization. We were told we had to  
 make up our minds about it, and we if we hadn't been told  
 by party members - fascist, communist, socialist, anarchist)  
 we would have been pushed by <sup>we</sup> into rethinking the  
 very basis of the society, <sup>they were taking the</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> came it = being  
~~the basis~~ though the man was even changed by it. →~~

~~the moment the war got going, these were so-called  
 'ABCA' lectures, designed to inform and promote discussion  
 It was probably the result of these that the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~going~~ <sup>going</sup> of the  
 army decided at the end of the war <sup>in 1945</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~originally~~ <sup>originally</sup>  
 of the war and the 'old' society <sup>and the new one was named</sup> ~~and~~ ~~decided~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~  
 like Winston Churchill, and put him and his party  
 out of power. But by the time 'society' = the Ad sense  
 had gone the ~~country~~ <sup>country</sup> had gone. And the ~~darkness~~ <sup>darkness</sup> of  
 human ~~darkness~~ <sup>darkness</sup> had begun. But by the time a state of peace  
 was the war was over. And then, when the ~~darkness~~ <sup>darkness</sup> returned, saw that  
 nothing spectacular changed, the war was put back in again.~~

1. In this case the means were to be the unconditional  
 surrender of the Germans, the redemptor, as in the 'Coven' war,  
 to a state which would replace a virtual tabula rasa state  
 non-participating member of Europe. After the 'Coven' war  
 it had been decided to 'squeeze them until the pipes squeaked'  
 (means law) and now the German Question was to be  
 laid to rest for ever. In the first few months in Potsdam  
 to such war-aims had been declared. The concept of 'total'  
 war was hardly accepted, outside Washington, there it was  
 been in the context of [SMEPPING?]. It had produced a disastrous  
 dismemberment of Central Europe into loggish independent states,  
 and this had much to do with the official causes of the  
 second world war. When America entered the second war, the  
 policy came up again.

But it had already become part of the modern  
 notion of war in any case. The technologies were now  
 becoming too fast <sup>to take hold of localities, even more countries.</sup> ~~both~~ ~~the~~ ~~air~~ ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~both~~ ~~is~~

~~endured with~~

~~stayed~~

→ <sup>just</sup> ~~to wait for~~ few people ~~of the~~ intelligentsia, a ~~the~~ ~~top~~ called it ~~she~~ was talking all these things. ~~He~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~just~~ <sup>the</sup> Kari, and I ~~to~~ talked all the time of the time we were together, ~~and as if it~~ ~~was~~ ~~so~~ ~~that~~ I took the place of flitatioi and, late, domestic life. Like he was the Kari was a columnist, and she hoped to base her life on it as he mother had done. We were already left out of ourselves, no youth and no love, and then by a kind of code that ~~detained~~ <sup>concerned</sup> a conversation, also gave it something ~~every~~ ~~of~~ ~~geek~~, and which dimcultaneously, ~~with~~ ~~any~~ ~~possibility~~ ~~of~~ without any possibility of resume work from either of us, extracted us. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~all~~ ~~at~~ ~~war~~, ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~long~~ ~~since~~ ~~been~~ ~~recruited~~ ~~with~~ ~~no~~ ~~knowing~~ ~~it~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~chief~~ ~~thing~~ ~~he~~ ~~knows~~ ~~about~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~recruits~~ ~~the~~ ~~role~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~person~~. The love and ~~the~~ ~~kind~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~possessive~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~endless~~ ~~hugging~~ ~~and~~ ~~embracing~~ ~~and~~ ~~trickling~~, ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~dist~~ ~~transport~~, ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~dist~~ ~~transport~~, ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~dist~~ ~~transport~~ of discovery, the opening of the eyes in the world ~~is~~ ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~dist~~ ~~with~~, is all recruited and ~~invested~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~entertainment~~

~~for~~ ~~father~~, ~~dead~~ ~~or~~ ~~alive~~, ~~for~~ ~~battle~~ ~~or~~ ~~work~~.

~~father~~ ~~entertainment~~.

~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~the~~ ~~Justified~~ ~~the~~ ~~Alcan.~~

months before it officially claimed us.

Like we didn't know was the wife

~~Joseph~~ ~~the~~

~~the air, <sup>quicker</sup> ~~the~~ ~~fighting~~ ~~and~~ ~~barbaric~~, and ~~the~~ ~~tragedy~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~~~  
~~land-based~~ ~~staying~~ ~~fighters~~ and ~~workers~~ were going to fly  
 quicker and for longer periods without the need for refuel, and they were  
 going to rely on the same to be called radar information. Artillery  
 were to become more mobile, so that the 25-pounder gun, or if  
 we called, ~~could~~ could ~~be~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~move~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~ground~~  
~~before~~ before being targeted, while the mortar gun (called in  
 Germany multi-firing) could be manually mounted close to the  
 battle line and moved ~~fast~~ as legs could carry it. All this  
 required the total concentration of the human being. Mobilisation

was how, had we in 1939 and 1940 known it (but the leaders  
 didn't know it!), <sup>a</sup> total mobilisation of <sup>human</sup> ~~the~~ ~~country~~. And  
 the long discussion Kari and he ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~ I had, ~~sometimes~~  
 for it: the <sup>Kerim</sup> ~~night~~ ~~was~~ ~~of~~ ~~aspects~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~  
~~planned~~ ~~for~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~was~~ ~~'of~~ ~~radical'~~ ~~approach~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~planned~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~

~~capture it~~ ~~being~~ ~~pre-empted~~, a ~~hockey~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~have~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~attack~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~  
~~and~~ ~~collapsed~~ ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ~~way~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~attempt~~ ~~to~~ ~~control~~  
~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~hole~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~civilisation~~ ~~that~~ ~~had~~ ~~long~~ ~~ago~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~process~~ ~~of~~ ~~falling~~  
 the infinite energy ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~all~~ ~~civilisations~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~energy~~  
 and spirit of ~~life~~, ~~for~~ ~~total~~ ~~and~~ ~~social~~ ~~and~~ ~~global~~ ~~order~~,  
 is a wordy ideological map. And we sit at a TV set and  
 watch the grandiose ~~superfactive~~ ~~unfold~~ ~~its~~ ~~working~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~blindness~~  
 all its own ~~little~~ ~~cliche~~ = 'It's all in the mind'.

See world

\* \* \*

~~The book~~ ~~the~~ ~~hill~~ ~~the~~ ~~data~~ ~~to~~ ~~Bedale~~, as I  
 turned to look ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~path~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~graveyard~~ ~~was~~ ~~so~~  
 real to me that it participated in my thoughts ~~and~~ Kari,  
 became there, with the close dry scent of the leaves, and the  
 wild thyme and cat mint and an occasional whiff of fox. It  
 was all so real to me, ~~that~~ it all joined in with my  
 thoughts so cooperatively, and made me go to the right place at  
 the right time (wonder how I could find Kari - or someone else  
 who would find her), that I seemed at times to be consulting  
 it. 'But today the struggle', Andra said. Today the struggle

realist was the war, which we all knew, we didn't believe, would be a ~~prolonged~~ repetition of the last ~~one~~ one, though it would extend its destruction to the 'home front' while the battle front would ~~have~~ ~~participate~~ and ~~not~~ ~~new~~ ~~reach~~ 'attrition' as they had before, strategy would require <sup>agility</sup> ~~the~~ to engage and disengage far more rapidly and flexibly.

But the war was in the air in the head. It made the senses sharper. ~~One~~ I met Ian one day at Irene's and he too hugged me Bedale's, like a bee, as he had never been there and had close friends there. He talked to me about Kasi. He said she had a 'BD' pollen. I didn't understand this at all. We were always laughing and I didn't know if it was half-joke. I certainly noticed walking, but then very gentle collies, and a ~~open air~~ <sup>in the fields</sup> life in the middle ages, regarded as pits and certainly the costed as society that could be attended to once a week, come fair weather or foul. So ~~perhaps~~ they wouldn't get trained to sweet-detection. I knew the Kasi, like all Bedale girls (the boys were stolid and more thoughtful, perhaps because of the job), ~~kept~~ ~~formed~~ ~~me~~, ~~head~~ ~~forward~~, ~~and~~, ~~in~~, ~~the~~, ~~second~~, ~~outings~~, ~~and~~, ~~sitting~~ ~~up~~ ~~still~~ ~~for~~ ~~both~~ ~~of~~ ~~us~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~a~~ ~~lectic~~ schedule covering a small area between the music hall and the library, while they went to work for climbing the hill sometimes three times a day. We met again at Irene's, she knew at once, the very evening of <sup>my</sup> first meeting with Kasi, who had happened to me. So that, with the wonderful golden will, she arranged further meetings in a way that made them seem chance. ~~Kasi almost joined me as a~~ ~~successor~~ ~~member~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~club~~ I continued sitting with Irene until late. Jeff, <sup>rarely</sup> ~~understand~~, ~~shove~~ ~~my~~ ~~heart~~ ~~lay~~, looked at me with eyes ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ 1945 - ~~with~~ ~~me~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~doom~~ ~~state~~ ~~of~~ ~~half~~ ~~amused~~ ~~by~~ ~~it~~. Irene and I were stopped talking. We entered a discussion (where what the war was an ideology) the moment I entered the kitchen, without the formalities of 'hello', and it was on, with a





also love-affairs he probably happier with in-house me, ~~than~~ than the  
 kind ~~that~~ I was ~~hopeful~~ <sup>idp</sup> ~~to~~ have with Kari. But I wasn't  
 under surveillance, not any less at least, not since I appeared with  
 love at work, and Jeff began to talk about me. I read Edward  
 Thomas and was told what the should of Milton, a hill at the back  
 of steep, which he wrote about. I never find it. I thought the field  
 Kari and I lay down on, the first time we were alone together,  
 opposite the church, was it, and I thought of Thomas while we were  
 chatting, and instead die in the names of the spot we were  
 actually at.

By his time, the second summer, I had moved again.  
 Gordon was too many Joann, and he did soon after he went to  
 Cambridge. He came to see me in the battle line in 11th and  
 we watched a dog fight in the sky <sup>from</sup> Sessa Anzura,  
 which was not far up from the Volturno river. We were a little  
 nearer together, ~~and the robot fight was here~~. He talked  
 about Joann. We looked for a leave, an artistic, Hitler's  
 assassination. I had Kari's photo in my left breast pocket  
 (not consciously placing her my heart). It was how to work that  
~~it~~ it looked like a pointillist impression and ceased to have  
 any connection with ~~the~~ her. In any case she years in love  
 you can't imagine the beloved. Even a photo doesn't help  
 create out no <sup>single</sup> impression, least of all a physical <sup>one</sup> ~~impression~~,  
~~can hope to supply~~ can supply. We were two years were  
 him, the main reason why we wanted to stay alive, the  
 diff once being that he ~~returned to his and~~ <sup>already</sup> would return to  
<sup>Joan</sup> ~~be~~ as his husband while Kari ~~had~~ ~~already~~ ~~abandoned~~ ~~me~~  
 staying alive which emphatically, an ideological as in all the usual  
 grounds, <sup>didn't</sup> include me. Which gave the photo a somewhat  
 graveyard aspect.

I walked one afternoon with Kari and a tall  
 schoolfriend ~~that~~ who seemed amused by us and kept  
 giving me laughing glances. We took the road leading  
 down to the station for the Cucketers, but turned it  
 the footpath leading to Bedda's infant school. I got

to my new ~~room~~ (jinx up the hill from Mr Rith) ~~and so could~~  
~~hardly feed herself and be out, let alone handle yards~~ and  
 lying on my bed with the wide jalousie window before me looking  
 out on to a well-kept garden the Mr Rith could afford,  
 decided to write Keri a ~~letter~~ <sup>little</sup> note. It read, 'The heart has  
~~not~~ raised its ugly head at last. I love you!' She →  
 came to see me, with a wondrous look. We saw each other  
 the evening too and kissed each other & she seemed hours  
 underneath a hook near ~~the~~ my new home. We tipped it to the  
 kitchen just after dawn. I remember the ~~peas~~ and copper pans  
 glittering on the wall. Why we went to the kitchen I don't know.  
 We couldn't stop touching each other. I walked back to  
 school.

By the time I'd taken the exam called The Higher Certificate  
 and got my distinctions, which gave me my right to try for a  
 scholarship. I tried first at Peterhouse, Cambridge because that was  
 where <sup>my</sup> present history teacher had been. He extolled Buttfield who had  
 written a famous biography on Napoleon. I went up and stayed in  
 college, ~~and by the acceptance of the papers and the~~  
~~travelling first~~ and my first experience of a woman is merely, the  
 studying alone, overlooking the pond, with a tiny adjoining garden.  
 A little later I got a letter from Buttfield saying that I had  
 come just below the line for a scholarship, and how so sorry.  
 As I really preferred Oxford, perhaps because I already knew  
 Cambridge through Robert Blair, I went for a small group of  
 colleges which included St. Edmund's Hall. I reckoned that  
 being so tiny it might feel tucked at my being close to it,  
 but ~~it~~ it would probably, by the same token, be better to have  
 a personal introduction there. I think I did badly too, and heard  
 nothing. At last they were open to me. I chose the Balliol  
 group but of course Balliol could be the choice of the majority  
 of the candidates ~~and~~ the most brilliant of them too. So I  
 went to the <sup>end of the</sup> list and chose Keble, the theological college,  
 on the grounds that no one else would want to go there and that

→ I puzzled about why I should call love a beast and hearing  
its head' was ~~the first thing I felt to be~~ a misdescription  
of me I felt this love inside was doing. ~~to other words~~ <sup>I think</sup>  
I was afraid to say 'I love you' because ~~of the words~~  
~~face the love wasn't spread in the air around humans~~  
~~the ideology~~ <sup>is</sup> no head, ~~was missing in second~~ <sup>is</sup>  
~~excluded~~ ~~of~~ ~~valid~~ ~~swan~~ ~~in~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~include~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
~~definition~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~include~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~list~~ ~~of~~  
appropriate attitudes. I added something else our  
knave's things life together, since we never to say  
heart, and, as it turned out, the date to which the  
gave most attention. ~~We needed courage, I think,~~  
~~and had I done so they would have been better for me.~~  
~~My hope was that some bed sheet I'd written the~~  
~~note the day after the~~

~~Competition with the kind~~ I could find the competition of world-be  
 prolate slight. I got in and was called for a viva. Two ~~times~~  
 Donald Mackinnon came and spoke to me, and asked whether  
 I could think of changing for history to philosophy. I said I would  
 let up after the first year. But we could not arrange,  
 and I was to spend my first three terms at University college,  
 on the High, because Kelburn fell of WAAs. Kelbe was  
 the someone called Victoria streaky-brown period, and it  
 duller, over-identical red bricks managed to look ~~stark and~~  
 torporific on dull days, ~~and~~ like the stale smell in the  
 dining hall in the afternoon when you passed to go to the  
 library to order your tea, and ~~pretentiously and~~ falsely florid  
 and hung on sunny ~~days~~ <sup>days</sup>.

So, at Bedeli (in the library now, studying) or  
 sitting in the garden of one of the ~~three~~ ~~houses~~ free-lugged  
 cottages ~~on the other side of the school gate of the road~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>opposite</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~road~~ <sup>for</sup>  
 the school gate where Kari's tuddies lodged, or at  
 home, with the tables on the floor and the small  
 tables, ~~or~~ ~~with~~ ~~Kari~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~sit~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~  
~~from~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ I was now the youth waiting to  
 go up to Oxford, which spread down ~~the~~ ~~line~~ ~~closed~~  
 to other visitors from other quarters. Gordon of course was  
 to be seen at Bedeli for time to time but Joan Giddins  
 was not used for rehearsals and some practice, so that  
 Gordon was mostly at his home, ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~book~~ ~~with~~  
 carshole of his future father-in-law's heild, tense ~~lines~~  
 yet patient voice for the classroom next door. He read  
 all the Show prefaces ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~, ~~the~~ ~~like~~ ~~we~~, ~~before~~  
~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~Cambridge~~. ~~and~~ ~~challenged~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~to~~ ~~write~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~

waiting time, before the first of Cambridge Term.  
 I took Matriculation at Oxford, which meant  
 doing one Latin paper, in order to be admitted. I was more  
 sure the ~~the~~ <sup>would</sup> fail me, and ~~the~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~work~~ ~~was~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~Oxford~~,





→ Bombs fell all night, but none <sup>so far,</sup> on the street. There were several holes ~~in the streets~~ on the hill toward Woodworth Canyon. I passed one where a man was rummaging litter in the rubble. ~~There~~ <sup>another</sup> man was ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~side~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~street~~ <sup>dead</sup> and he swung <sup>on</sup> the telegraph wires. There was the daily <sup>local</sup> news, conveyed in low voices, ~~transmitted~~ <sup>lantern</sup> voices. There was no choice - ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> was the woman could try to pin white feathers on a man who happened not to be in uniform. The total war is total in all senses, until it enters the heart, and peace cannot be regained at any price.



to Canada, a fact which I may have after some months she she casually remarked that she must discuss with us what arrangements must be made 'if I should go down'!

That she knew Soviet leaders and had attended Comintern meetings ~~seemed~~ didn't stand in her way at all, once the Soviet Union had come into the war. Even Hitler's former friend in the Foreign Office, Malin (or Malin) and political guidelines, would now see her as an asset. The remarkable thing to me now is that the three of us in our long discussions at Home's house in Kent never mentioned the support Hitler had got for the very government that was exhausting every way to fight to the last on the beaches. There was no particular shame in this support now one had accepted that all governments, including the Soviet one, followed a politics of power and not predilection. But no one in the Labour movement mentioned it either. It was as if they had made a pact with Rye to let earlier gaffes be bygones. What had happened was that Hitler had made certain demands, which would have been perfectly well, to expand into surrounding territories as a act of security (called Lebensraum in his speeches — a need for more space) ~~in the name~~ on behalf of the role to which all governments were of him looked to him for — a defensive, and possibly later an offensive role again in combination. Hitler actually fulfilled his side of the potential bargain: he did attack the Soviet Union, and ~~then~~ the Soviet government and the Labour movement and most sensible everywhere had the distinct impression that the Allies were hoping that, with the minimum fighting in France and the Mediterranean zone, the two powers would fight themselves to ~~perish~~ and peace and prosperity. There is plenty of evidence now in Foreign Office archives that Hitler was listened to and his demands understood and appreciated as not what fairness (i.e. considerations) Britain's vast imperial power) required. ~~France fairness had nothing~~

~~To do with it, being an attitude that great power can afford~~ and Mussolini, who had also been understood in his time, she had wished to create a small man's empire, beginning with Ethiopia, was alarmed at Hitler's intentions. He was the only one to feel alone. When Hitler marched his troops into Austria ~~the time~~ he was the only government to send troops at once to the Austrian border, they watched those and then went home.

The tragedy of the earlier policy of collusion with Hitler was that it wasn't followed through to its proper end, not that ~~it was suddenly curtailed~~ it made Hitler too strong too soon. So that if we could stop him. He became too strong too soon because the policy was suddenly dropped. Not the conviction — they remained within the Foreign Office, which pursued until the very end of the war, as we now know, a policy of non-cooperation and emboldened scorn towards all of Hitler's enemies in high places. The were general and administration and landowners. This policy was an act of deliberate concealment, earlier affiliation, and a subtle continuance of those affiliations — loyal to Hitler to the last, and (not we secret) thankful that he didn't get murdered after all. The invention of the word 'appeasement' to describe those earlier affiliations, ~~and the word had~~ was a masterly ~~setup~~ final touch to the concealment, which America found useful not simply during the war but of thirty years afterwards. We have to remember that perhaps the largest Nazi rally held outside Germany in the pre-war years happened on Long Island. And, ~~as we have seen~~ as we all know, there was never a problem of the U.S. military in

missing useful Nazis out of range of the war trials.

By <sup>1940</sup> ~~1941~~ it was as plain as day to all of us that Hitler was a lunatic (he was anything but), unless most politicians were) and that the war against him was a crusade which America could be morally obliged to join as soon as the president, a born crusader like Winston Churchill (and, again like Churchill, ~~an unyielding~~ ~~American~~ patriot who put America first in all things), had a chance to convince the American people. Who wanted war as well as the Germans, the French and the British, that is not at all.



in the end, unusable.

nothing greater than a

we knew that a ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> was upon us, but we thought it was/was, →  
 I went down to the village of Shurchan with Kasi, ~~and Samuel~~  
~~Palmer, the painter, with me. Blake's friend, had once lived~~  
 Howell's cottage was thatched and lay behind thick bushes in  
 the village's main street. Most of us hitchhiked down. The few  
 cars that travelled the roads were glad to pick youngsters up;  
 since they were on a tight petrol allowance ~~and~~ they might  
 as well share <sup>it</sup> - and gestures were 'in the national interest',  
 a phrase of the time. [William Blake ~~to~~ visited Shurchan  
 to see his friend Samuel Palmer, the painter. It had an air  
 of the ~~time~~ <sup>period</sup>, a century and a half before ~~at~~ <sup>some</sup> said that  
 Blake had seen the snake <sup>in</sup> the 'Satanic mills' for here.  
~~But~~ <sup>the</sup> there were sharp upward slopes to one side of the village,  
 and to the other a gentle downward series of terraced fields  
 & since the Darent river crossed <sup>for</sup> below, so the level in  
 some places was as high and some as low as the level of the  
 the water, the Kasi and I were far from the - were  
 safe.

~~Somehow~~ Howell would hear us kissing and ~~loudly~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~said,~~  
 other in a whisper <sup>in a whisper</sup> you were had all gone to bed and ~~she would say~~  
~~very faintly~~ and with the greatest sweetness, 'Now, children please,  
 which made the inner door ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~preoccupied~~  
 with it was in her voice, and ~~she~~ ~~said~~ ~~a~~ ~~realistic~~  
 precision, and <sup>ready</sup> on kisses ~~she~~ ~~said~~ ~~the~~ ~~play~~ ~~of~~ ~~children~~ ~~is~~  
~~the~~ ~~storm~~.

Kasi came to Oxford while I was there and I tried to get  
 out of college late at night to show he <sup>side</sup> ~~had~~ ~~had~~ ~~me~~  
 the milk across the roofs and <sup>side</sup> ~~reached~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~  
 wait. But I was too high. The railings offered me nothing  
 to grip, with hands & legs, and we had to give up. ~~He~~ ~~had~~  
~~been~~ ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~helpful~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~high~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~help~~ ~~the~~ ~~roof~~ ~~the~~  
~~some~~ ~~was~~ ~~attached~~ ~~in~~. The deserted lane, the roofs all round  
 me, the ~~city~~ ~~city~~ and Kasi standing far below ~~was~~  
 and an almost full moon remained with me all night as I lay  
 in bed feeling that I had let her down, that I should have slid  
 down those railings and got an injury, ~~as~~ ~~almost~~ ~~though~~ ~~the~~

→ and if we survived it we would return to our previous lives. (we didn't  
to want us contemplate the possibility that we might survive physically  
but in all other respects die, and the future generations might  
not even know what it was that had died in the human being.

was enormous with the time in its absurdity, its bestowing of importance to something trivial and its inviting empty theories. At last, we thought the London Embassments had started, we didn't quite know what we were required to do or feel. Were we to look forward to German occupation - a swift attack by air and see the could disable our wireless defence system? We didn't even know whether we were in fact weak (we weren't) or ~~the~~ whether the Germans were in fact overwhelmingly strong. We were told so. But information can only sink in so far. I think perhaps we were surprised that a hood, having didn't take the view - that we didn't all work to the beaches and the vital defence areas and offer no immediate services. Unsurprisingly we looked them on a contradiction. A militia-type force was already in being. Voluntary jobs were accepted. But they had an air of ~~ambivalence~~ theatricals, and a lot of retired people. I had sat on a pile in the dead of night watching a railway track, and had a couple of Germans appeared I doubt whether we could have had the presence of mind to undo <sup>the</sup> safety catches or no rifles. It wasn't that we'd been going through a phoney war alone. Nothing matched up. And why how do we know exclusively that several quite contradictory pictures were being followed, none of them strongly a wholehearted, and we were <sup>at</sup> forced ~~to~~ of them. So whoever was thorough and wholehearted (like Beaverbrook the newspaper magnate who was given the university) something happened. And Hitler's attacks happened. And for the rest we all drifted into that emergency situation above - the bombing of London, the ~~Belgian~~ <sup>Nazi</sup> thrust across Belgium, the Nazi ~~invasion of~~ North Africa, ~~the~~ Italy, Greece.

AR.P.

The island was too deeply given over to peace if it is to be otherwise. But the same could properly be said of Germany too. Hitler's chief miracle was his success in getting Germans to fight again. He did it as Churchill got the British to fight - by creating a no-option course: either we fight or we die.

When I looked down at Kani in the dead of night ~~and~~ and stood among the roofs in the ancient corner of University College, she is a lane that had changed little since medieval times, the way the impression I carried to bed, and why I thought of that image all night: a peace that ~~was~~ ~~we~~ ~~relinquished~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~would~~ ~~never~~ ~~know~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~not~~ was the only real strength, the only

chance of survival and the ~~team taking~~ ~~to produce~~ this least likely to produce the will to kill.

<sup>[Kari's old]</sup> ~~room~~ on my bed in the tiny room leading off from my study - a refuge from the deafening traffic in the High, much of it dumpy trucks. Kari could come in as a guest at tea-time and if I spotted my oak to me so he'd as knocked on my door, was my scout. I think we were all used as how to do. Down the corridor Shelley reclined in the weeds behind iron bars, and ~~one could also~~ in the afternoon tourists came in and looked at it with giggles and smelly gasps. Kari was at a northern university studying physics. I saw the pages she covered with calculations and was baffled. <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>exchange</sup> ~~the~~ long letters, ~~and these~~

~~letters~~ One of her ~~letters to me~~ was fished from my rack at the porter's lodge and one afternoon she took alone a handful of undergraduates clattered down the stairs and knocked loudly on my door. <sup>pushed into my room and</sup> They began ~~staying~~ talking about Kari <sup>as if they knew her.</sup>

~~was astonished that any of them could know her. They told me things about her and I could know, and I was pretty friendly with a sense that the secret we keep work ~~discreetly, first love, was not~~ the secret we keep work discreetly ~~she is happens, first love, was hidden, in their case, with a touch of huffiness.~~ It was a 'rag' I think they meant to break up my room - a legitimate initiation into college life. But they relented, and he produced Kari's letter, opened and read, and he left peacefully, with invitations to tea some time.~~

perhaps realising the they had given me a shock no degree of furniture-making could achieve.

Friends ~~stayed~~ used to knock at my window ~~instead~~ of coming round for the High, ~~jumping~~ ~~copying~~ in the air to do so. I remember vividly ~~Frank House and Michael Shepherd~~ ~~group~~ by window and talking to two of them below ~~and declining this~~ they would use to come and see ~~a wee bit, of what~~ Citizens' Kane, which was the talk of the town. I said no - they would use

→ ~~It took a hand~~ by a fight-or-lose-all propaganda  
(a word used almost meaning at the time) could stir us  
to shed blood. So the war that was provided ~~with~~ a blue  
few token gestures of military-like preparation ~~and~~  
admonition to night and day vigilance (did <sup>detect</sup> ~~the~~ = German <sup>accuse</sup> ~~the~~  
<sup>is the stranger's speech?</sup> ~~accuse~~) before <sup>the</sup> night of the long knives ~~use of a war~~  
began in earnest.

several times and I could of the life of me understand why I said no  
 instead of yes. ~~What I could explain here does not~~ since I had  
 nothing to do. I felt a quick disappointment as they went away.  
 I could devote hours of my day to thinking about Kari. I  
 could look at her letters again and again. ~~I would have liked~~  
~~what to taking a job in a munitions factory down.~~ ~~As for poetry~~

As for poetry, I don't remember doing any. Which means not that  
 I ~~wasn't~~ didn't write it but that it continued to be unrememberable -  
 I was him created in a history, especially the thinkers like  
 Nabier, but the ~~was there~~ <sup>were there</sup> on the ground. I let her go by,  
 especially she was sent right by her, ~~and that says~~ I  
 had no gramophone. I used to listen to music in Rankin  
 Hume's room at Clark Church. He had piles of records.  
 He would talk about what he proposed to do 'aftwards'. I  
 remember urging him to go into the theatre, to ~~write~~ <sup>run</sup> his  
 membership of OUDS ~~affiliated~~ into a career. He directed  
 and sometimes performed at the Playhouse of the  
 Hotel. ~~These days passed~~ I would still see for

Frank's and talk to Mrs Martin, whose room was at the  
 end of the college, the week he left. One  
 morning I passed in the High and said, 'Hello, John,  
 how have you been up to?' and he said 'lagging' (he had an  
 ail of covering his intense idleness with ~~that~~ a leisure,  
 smiling as) 'I'm writing a novel. I've tried of not being famous!  
 I remember accepting writing that ~~the total would~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~not~~  
 famous. These days were strange. ~~That~~ This was the war  
 something that never happened again. If you were at war  
 the rhythm changes, since being at war is on <sup>you</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup>  
 state. And if this time state felt hold <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~human~~  
~~being~~ the rhythm spins out of control, ~~and there is no~~  
~~time rest, no leisure, no time writing~~ ~~of the kind~~  
~~the 20s and gradually all things that belong to rest and~~

and if the war is total war, that is it mobilises all of you, doesn't let a single thought alone, you can't come out of the war, you're either in or out of food, and the tension and plans and cars go fast and fast to satisfy you, and the things that have to grow slowly like plants and trees are a silly background not properly alive as the animals will properly because they have't you, they will ~~feel~~ feel like a special consciousness, use a higher consciousness, an achievement putting you far above ~~the things you live of, and the way to the end of the war~~ ~~is to take it, so that is the end there~~ all existence since you will exist properly, only conceiving and projecting your plans and either succeeding with them or scratching your wounds in failure. Care so high, to be mobilised, that you can't stay put, you must move, it is part of the general mobilisation system, it is a global thing, and money is the only token of your viability that means anything, since all you old systems of life that work along in the old rhythm, like friendships and love of a non-sexual nature and personalist, have gone on a mass to self-effort advancement, it must be done now on the open market, you sell and you buy, you sell your product and you buy materials of the old life, ~~you get six marriages for one, you get every~~ ~~evening~~ you see it in film, you read it in books, you fall in love for a fortnight like people did for a lifetime before, you get two, six, marriages for one, you have the globe of your ~~best~~ holidays, you can ~~sample the old life Spanish, the old life Italian,~~ ~~the old life Provençal, the old life the tourist organisation will~~ ~~secure it for as many weeks as the~~ simulate the old rhythm on beaches, in the mountains, by way men, if you can manage to be a bit of a fool, believe that this is still a possibility, that there are still simple people who walk their own and the drink it and go to bed at dusk, and perhaps it will fortify to believe it, you work hard getting value of your money. Art, literature, thought, leisure, become a nostalgia industry.

That first year at Oxford remains for me locked not at all in a better time than things were easier because they were slower. Now at all. ~~Things were of an~~ The ordinary difficulties of daily life remain a constant, each episode bringing different ones with varying new comfort. Oxford doesn't look ~~much~~ different from what it did then, ~~the colleges were~~ <sup>the colleges were</sup> a ~~renewed~~ <sup>renewed</sup>. It was the look of the old ~~times~~ ~~based~~ Oxford, ~~with the rich and patrician~~ since the sons of ~~poor~~ blue blood or wealth looked on an extension of their homes,

~~grouped into intimacy and exclusiveness, like a fort or a gate in~~  
 intimacy, exclusiveness, making it similarly intimate and  
 at the same exclusive, entirely open and yet carefully protected  
 at the edges, with the scouts who cleaned the rooms and brought  
 the butterfly meals no more than temporary vales than you called  
 of his Christian name and treated decently & unobnoxiously  
 as you did at home. The scholars do use this way into  
 this by means of exams weren't altogether a race apart because  
 at home you didn't treat guests as outsiders were if, as  
 you knew, they didn't quite belong.

It was a world where status was measured carefully &  
~~and~~ The winds of money complicated this to such a degree  
 that there was a <sup>growing</sup> change of democracy ~~by~~ ~~the~~ people came  
 up from the 'lower' classes they invariably preferred to stay  
 in the 'higher' if they could, with a little critical with  
 this ~~Ad~~ <sup>some class</sup> ~~was~~ as possible. So classes changed slowly, and  
~~and white money~~ ~~was~~ ~~gained~~ ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~,  
 its effects ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~it~~ <sup>money</sup> extended its governmental ~~into~~ of  
~~of~~ ~~its~~ ~~aspect~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ ~~and~~ ~~slowly~~, ~~and~~ ~~again~~ ~~a~~ ~~colourful~~  
 background - since this appeared to be - 'ruling' class  
 and - 'working' class, ~~but~~ ~~not~~ <sup>with</sup> - 'middle' class in  
 between. It was a false structure but ~~this~~ ~~has~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~  
~~done~~ ~~structure~~ ~~and~~ ~~total~~ ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~the~~ ~~state~~ ~~lot~~ ~~and~~  
~~utilised~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~one~~ ~~end~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~state~~ ~~process~~ ~~of~~ ~~slow~~  
~~change~~ ~~ceased~~. Because ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~believed~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~exist~~,  
 it fulfilled its function of promoting the idea that the state really was  
 a composite England and not a ~~two~~ class of sometimes warring  
 ghettos. The same was going on all over Europe. People  
 during believed they were 'English' or 'British', they believed they  
 were French and German and Italian, and this was wave of  
 course ~~the~~ ~~concluded~~ on the basis of this device but quite  
~~with~~ anachronistic belief.

It is why the ~~second~~ second world war came about,  
 like the first one, in an entirely blind way, on the basis of a

→ ~~of the A level~~ makes a level society, where nobody has  
any power at all wanted. And then, as people...

by the multitude of groups  
rhetorically sealed to each other.

hundred policies, and attitudes they to be shared but not shared at all, and a vast amount of talk and negotiation ~~and~~ ~~public~~ which ~~achieved nothing and~~ remained a secret because inter-communication was at way from thwarted.

~~but you at Oxford were all there to be addressed and the after the total war we were on a stamp, very much in his own world to be a quite different life.~~ There were great <sup>or</sup> similarities between the 'upper' ghettos ~~in England and the 'upper' ghettos in Germany~~ and the 'lower' ghettos in ~~these~~ <sup>either of these</sup> countries.

Yet each <sup>nation</sup> proceeded as if it were a separate integral unit. Hitler was a suspicious character of the 'upper' ghettos of both England and Germany, <sup>at the same time he offered attractions</sup> to both.

Both ghettos misunderstood <sup>the</sup> 'lower' ghettos <sup>that</sup> (the German one produced Hitler and his staff) <sup>through</sup> a petty bourgeoisie.

<sup>Nazi</sup> created havoc of dealing with each ghetto separately, <sup>and</sup> promising separate satisfaction <sup>in</sup> a way all people who <sup>knew</sup> ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ with all the ghettos and <sup>didn't belong to</sup> ~~the~~ ~~total~~ ) they could have done.

So Hitler's <sup>early</sup> ~~ambitions~~ <sup>rebounding</sup> ~~access~~ <sup>to</sup> were ~~easy~~ <sup>easy</sup> ~~access~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ ~~German~~ <sup>entire</sup> ~~confounding~~ <sup>confounding</sup> ~~the~~ ~~German~~ <sup>entire</sup> ~~ghettos~~ <sup>ghettos</sup> ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~doing~~ ~~this~~ ~~he~~ ~~confounded~~ ~~the~~ ~~English~~ ~~ghettos~~.

And nobody realized that <sup>his</sup> ~~idea~~ was <sup>a process</sup> ~~an~~ ~~abstract~~ ~~task~~ ~~no~~ account <sup>of</sup> 'national' boundaries at all. ~~But for his sake~~

~~there was a war which produced a virtual vacuum between being a being with nowhere to belong, because even his ghettos, his last available dwelling place, were destroyed, as his 'nationality' had been, invisibly and silently, so that he didn't know he could return to his old streets, his main house, a big detached semi-detached house, and had to keep the nothing had changed. ~~Therefore~~ ~~his~~ ~~identity~~ ~~had~~. And living without an identity is a problem, a daily, a howling noise.~~

→ and had a natural basis of harmony in the form of a common language (this was the Volk theory, disinterested of Nazi ideology).

in England and the ... (in the Mitford North, the Opponents of Nazism) in Germany.

a rural world now all but forgotten. The of the ghetto of corporate patriotism was the ghetto of "old" families with no new wealth, and ~~the~~ the was better welcome nor a/b mental crop = matter. Also it did eccentric things, like the Mitford/dad. And ~~no~~ Leade likes the.

in the 'lower' ghetto

→ Thus it was the better Churchill was Hitler were able to make war without ~~producing~~ <sup>or skip</sup> the identical defend-yourself-or-die paranoia always present in chauvinism. Why Churchill had to be ~~something~~ like a ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup> ~~king~~ <sup>king</sup> and Leade ~~at the~~ <sup>was</sup> than prime minister, because ~~only~~ <sup>made</sup> me war alone ~~can~~ <sup>was</sup> the focus of collective self-sacrifice. The lower ministers will be handed the mantle.

of the simple reason that the ~~solid~~ <sup>solid</sup> patriotism existed in the 'lower' ghettoes, inherited from ~~the past the history~~



~~Delight~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~wonder~~ ~~face~~, the tutorials and lectures and we very  
 mini-finials at the end of the year, <sup>there</sup> are ~~the~~ ~~then~~ shadows around me  
 night in age, Kari. I <sup>go</sup> ~~went~~ to a lecture by Edmund Blunden, a  
~~man~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~those~~ ~~undertones~~ of war I ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~yet~~ ~~read~~, ~~that~~ I ~~learned~~  
 all his ~~poetry~~ <sup>for 1917. find myself</sup> ~~wondering~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~poetry~~ ~~and~~ ~~something~~  
 speculative in his eye, something of pity, as he looked at us, knowing  
 that ~~in~~ ~~that~~ ~~time~~ we would be ~~over~~ ~~in~~ ~~of~~ ~~something~~ ~~all~~ ~~gone~~,  
~~that~~ ~~might~~ ~~very~~ ~~soon~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~position~~ ~~to~~ ~~write~~ ~~as~~ ~~poets~~ ~~ourselves~~.  
~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~remember~~, only a ~~German~~ ~~professor~~ ~~who~~  
~~was~~ ~~dead~~ ~~entirely~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~who~~ ~~I~~ ~~could~~ ~~except~~ ~~except~~, if  
 'poetry' ~~Brigitte~~ ~~Kari~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~did~~ ~~between~~ ~~them~~ ~~two~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
 pity' I wondered how much pity was left.  
~~Tana~~, ~~Believe~~. The race I spent with Kari, in London

a compact, detached, quite small man with a wonderful complexion.  
 I'd read some of his poetry ~~later~~, .....

or in Kent. We had an uncanny mode of making appointments  
 with each other. We would sometimes be several hours <sup>late</sup> but we  
 would ~~meet~~ ~~just~~ ~~the~~ ~~date~~, <sup>find each other</sup> even if the meeting place was  
 in the ticket area at Leicester Square tube station. Whenever  
 I descend the ~~stairs~~ steps to it from Charing Cross Road I  
 remember how I came looking for Kari at the appointed  
 time, allowing a fifteen min of perhaps thirty minutes,  
 which came within the meeting of 'on time' and she I  
 didn't find he I left at once. I returned two or three  
 hours late and she was smiling at me from the newspaper  
 picnic. She came from Peterfield one day and we arranged  
 to meet at the Rushfield house. It was December and  
 my parents were on holiday. I went about my day and to  
 my astonishment, <sup>because she had no keys,</sup> I found her <sup>already</sup> in the house. She said she  
 got in through the coal hole. She slid down the coal-  
 dusty door chute to where we sat during air-raids and  
 dashed up to the door, which she said was by the  
 steps had to get in.

I felt the pity leaving us - I mean the way we were

to each other. I could perceive a periodic loss, but could describe it, and I could discern at once from my mind. We romped and laughed and helta-skelted together, we were never a moment without kissing and hugging, but the moment we were separate another mood intervened, our mood was in the sense that we were experiencing, not in the sense that it came from anything we wished for, but that it belonged to us.

I found myself saying, in the ~~bedroom which Kari~~ won Kari slept in above the back room at the London house, that perhaps 'one day' we would always wish to be the of people we loved, that perhaps 'one day' we might have the experience. She received this calmly but thoughtfully. The next she came from Peterfield when she ~~had had to spend the night~~ she said she had spent the night at the Coumbs' house, they were away, and ~~a young man~~ <sup>someone</sup> we both knew, a charming boy who was always in and out of Bedale's, and was going to be a dancer had spent the night there too, and most of the night they had fondled and kissed each other, but it had been gone beyond that. I was horrified, I smacked her in the face, and she reminded me of what I had said. I realised I would no longer be prepared to say she I had said - the way her devotion was the fruit of someone else's action, ~~not my own~~ ~~therefore~~ ~~not~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~.

So the home we had made between us collapsed, and we both knew it, but went on romping and laughing, and with a shadow upon us not dissimilar to the principal shadow, was. After the physics course she intended to go to a meritious factory, as he was a service. She ~~ought~~ <sup>thought</sup> that she would be called up. Hoha meant to settle in Canada. Kari's father had not yet appeared at the Kent house, I think he was ~~at a~~ ~~place~~ teaching at a university, busy with his book The Great Transformation, which Gollacy published. He corrected it again and again, first in manuscript, then in golly proof. He was plump and benign of feature, with a smile that lighted peace to Hoha, and was hinted at in Kari's features, and no could see that ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~justified~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ bloody revolution wasn't his style,

as it was Howe's. Howe, however, had Kati's approval in the respect. She was fascinated to be in Rushfield at a workers' home, and she looked to me for certain attitudes which, logically to her, she didn't find in me. I was believe that her father wanted those same attitudes in me, a certain hardness, ~~an inflexible~~ clear-headed sense of direction which belonged, supposedly, to an abused ~~and~~ (the word was 'exploited') class.

In our long discussions when Kati's father was about we never doubted that the class Marxist theory ~~which she~~ named existed, <sup>and</sup> the one was ~~in~~ a class society. ~~I didn't doubt~~ ~~it either~~. Neither the Left nor the Right doubted it. ~~But~~ If we ~~discussed the~~ ~~denouncing~~ the 'upper' class ~~and~~ ~~defaced~~ of the 'lower' class, <sup>denounced</sup> <sup>or told out the</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> emergence of a 'classless' society in the Soviet Union <sup>and</sup> the equality of the sexes <sup>the</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>of</sup> opportunity, <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>no</sup> <sup>doubt</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>conviction</sup> <sup>deep</sup>, that there were those as so in movable classes, and ~~it was~~ ~~the~~ ~~their~~ ~~existence~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~a~~ ~~matter~~ ~~of~~ ~~discussion~~. ~~But~~ ~~we~~ ~~these~~ ~~classes~~ ~~were~~ ~~named~~ ~~up~~ ~~with~~ ~~difficulty~~. ~~It~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~clear~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~bourgeoisie~~ ~~could~~ ~~adequately~~ ~~cover~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~with~~ ~~money~~ ~~and~~ ~~influence~~. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~even~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~bourgeoisie~~, the petty bourgeoisie, the new white workers in bourgeois. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~bourgeoisie~~ ~~or~~ ~~upper~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ which was wealthiest and would include the the middle class — the really big bosses, the chairmen of companies etc. The 'working class' wasn't a composite one. There was the ~~iron~~ ~~lumpen~~ proletarian or lower working class (in Rushfield — street was its headquarters and it was said, ~~factually~~, the police would patrol down it), and there was a class which ~~wasn't~~ ~~quite~~ ~~petty~~ ~~bourgeois~~ and the Marxists named which wasn't quite petty bourgeois and wasn't working class either. Members lived in working class streets and did many things by no means all of the daily ritual activities everyone else did, necessary that they were variants. We had several in Walden Road. A few down down from there by ~~water~~ ~~and~~ ~~father~~ ~~lived~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~upper~~ ~~parents'~~ ~~second~~ house a tall man who always wore a black frock coat and had an equally tall wife and equally tall daughter who also wore black <sup>play</sup> ~~at~~ ~~no~~ ~~end~~ ~~at~~ ~~no~~ ~~end~~ kind of discipline ~~the~~ ~~at~~ ~~no~~ ~~end~~

→ that anybody could doubt. <sup>Industrial</sup> A bourgeois class had come into being during the nineteenth century, and a middle class had come into being that was equally indebted to industry for its existence: This was class.

But it didn't tell the whole story. For instance, there was an 'upper' class that wasn't really middle-class. It tended to be titled and wealthy, and sometimes owned a lot of land, or a business so big that it was almost an institution. Obviously 'middle class' or 'bourgeois' didn't cover all the people with power and influence. For instance, there was (in the common work too) a pretty bourgeoisie, who....

of the street, or rather if you had went into his front garden you didn't  
 door, as you did at <sup>also</sup> ~~my~~ house, walk in the gate and get in. He  
 would stand at the curb and in his awesome grating voice tell  
 you to be careful or cut down the noise. He was constantly staring  
 out of his house, ~~and~~ a vast shadow from a former  
 world, if the playing got too wild. He was an inspector of schools,  
 I think. <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> ~~couldn't~~ <sup>enough</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>had</sup> the <sup>aspirin</sup>  
 attitudes <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~ petty bourgeoisie. ~~That~~ He lived and died in his house,  
 and so did his family. ~~His~~ Mr Higley's parents, Mrs. and  
 called Matt and Pat, were also ~~staunchly~~ staunchly working-  
 class people (as their gods Sidney and Beatrice Webb would  
 have them be), and rejected any suggestion of upward mobility.  $\rightarrow$   
 Then <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>face</sup> we never looked at ~~was~~ ~~(the script on the~~  
~~no one had looked at it yet)~~ was the ~~process~~ <sup>disturbance</sup>  
 that <sup>had been</sup> ~~was~~ happening in <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ so-called class 'system'. There was  
 in fact no system. ~~That~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>the</sup> theory. And it was easier for  
 Howe, Kasi and I (and ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>occasions</sup>) to call  
 the theory reality. The new philosophical we became, the  
 more we ~~changed~~ used the Marxist codes (the  
 withering away of the proletariat), <sup>(late)</sup> the more we felt we  
 had a hold on reality, <sup>we</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>realized</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~said~~  
 'reality' <sup>too</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~philosophical~~ <sup>term</sup>, <sup>(a code for us here.)</sup> ~~My~~  
<sup>in the discussion</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~peculiarly~~ ~~un-proletarian~~. It was to enter the  
 strangely ugly world of ideology, cover myself in, for  
 almost aesthetic reasons - as one does a system of  
 metaphysics: a kind of autism transpired, a self-protective  
 mode the <sup>gap</sup> ~~gave~~ the night and the Kertin will and the  
 twinkling of the trees inside a special cloister. ~~There~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~of~~  
~~attending~~ all the reasons of joining order in this  
 discussion, Howe and Kasi would, I am sure, have considered  
 the the most deopikable, that Kasi would have used another  
 word, and smiled.

She was disappointed perhaps, and I think (for a minute)

But no one noticed it. ~~I doubt if they~~ So in 1940 and 1941 we talked about the 'classes' as we do now today — long after they had begun fragmenting, so that it was no longer possible to create ~~the~~ fixed ideologies about them. ~~The bitter class~~ ~~But~~ The bitter class was the last place in England throughout the period were any give the names because the word 'class' was the only one people had to describe the way of the ghettoes. And the time happened that deepened the certainty that there was a 'class system'.

England's ghettoes talked virtually different languages. You said 'dessert' in one, 'sweet' in another. You said 'huncher' in one and 'dinker' in another. ~~But~~ You put milk in your tea after you'd brewed the tea in one and before you brewed the tea in another (the latter was called 'moss' tea' in the upper ghetto <sup>to happen</sup> ~~to happen~~ this lower ghetto household). → [B712]

→ In the same way there were a number of ghettoes in the 'upper' ghetto, and ~~these compartments~~ they tended to be exclusive of each other, sometimes scornfully so. If you read the plays of Wilde, Galsworthy and Maugham or even Wilde, Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward, ~~in the order of the~~ ~~(in descending order of time)~~ ~~the period~~ ~~and~~ ~~works~~ ~~then~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~these~~ ~~three~~ ~~epochs~~ showed a progressive decline in upper ghetto power and cohesion, you will find that the gossip and the scandal (political, financial) are talked about within the ghetto in such a way that ~~the~~ ~~son~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~culprit~~ ~~is~~ ~~sent~~ ~~away~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~culprit's~~ ~~son~~ ~~or~~ ~~daughter~~, cannot escape ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~glance~~ ~~wherever~~ ~~he~~ ~~goes~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ — since he or she goes to places known, usually marked by the ghetto, with ~~its~~ ~~reputation~~ ~~for~~ ~~behavior~~, as far as India and Malaya, and the correct worthy names in London will be those in the far-flung places too. <sup>various</sup> ~~But~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~plenty~~ ~~of~~ ~~notes~~ ~~but~~ ~~particular~~ ~~ones~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~upper~~ ~~ghettoes~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~upper~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~its~~ ~~height~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~19th~~ ~~century~~, ~~and~~ ~~wealth~~ ~~was~~ ~~now~~ ~~of~~ ~~course~~ ~~changing~~ ~~the~~ ~~scene~~ ~~a~~ ~~little~~. By Maugham's and Coward's time the scene had changed a lot — the money winners created spawn-ghettoes.

B712

INSERT from P. 157½

But terminology was the least subtle of the areas of differentiation. The differences of accent, being an immediate indication of ghetto-identity, were so many and so great that one could say that accent was the chief watchdog, requiring no special way of dress or comportment, ~~in order to~~ no showing of credentials, but in order to be accepted. Some of the accents were so beautiful and musical that they could induce a sensitive interlope from the 'lower' ghetto, some had a harsh, slightly brutal sound, and one was jolt to the middle classes, despite certain accents. They achieved a new high and clear ~~notation~~ notation, the general use of pronunciation was pretentious and not the 'lower' ghetto called snotty-nosed.

As power died in me was of a ghetto so an accent died. If today we listen to old recordings of English voices we shall hear ~~at least~~ pronunciations which were unknown to us, ~~and~~ whether in the 'upper' or the 'lower' ghettos. In the 'lower' ghetto a very clearly articulated Cockney accent ~~was not~~ hasn't been heard for generations, and that <sup>was known</sup> even in the Thirties as Cockney was ~~not~~ a ~~degenerated~~ <sup>(loose)</sup> degenerated product of the rich,

Oxford he made the we make and then in father's way, the there was  
 no proletarian to be found in use. ~~was (this was Kant's refer~~ To  
 be great disappointment he found none in his pocket, none in  
 his friends, none in the people who talked to him and down the  
 street. The proletarian didn't exist. A ghetto ~~with~~  
~~is~~ remaining near for an entire form of civilization did. We had  
 decided views on what was an honourable form of conduct, she  
 was vulgar ~~and~~ (like ambition), and a contempt for money which  
 although contradicted, of an intention, the need and quest for higher  
 wages. We thought of ourselves as having a certain refinement, we  
 it want of manners, lack of education. Xambelien people  
 in their ghetto read books ~~at~~ ~~but~~ not because they spoke a  
 new language to ~~the~~ which they aspired to because it was their  
own language. The ghetto did, study, adopt ~~the~~ ~~clear~~  
 attitudes - that books and music and paintings and sculpture were  
 something to do with culture & education, and implied high-  
 class, superior status. I myself have always marvelled that pleasure  
 in a Verdi opera or a play by Marlowe or Aeschylus should be  
 thought to be ~~a~~ ~~upper~~ ~~proletarian~~ a socially desirable possession  
 of a 'cultural' taste! But gradually ~~the~~ ~~view~~  
~~dominated the ghetto, in the form of the~~ the art ~~was~~ ~~an~~  
 upper class pretension dominated ~~the~~ the ghetto & downward  
 for some, and the patronising tones of the Bloomsbury group didn't  
~~help~~ help.

Much more than any 'circumstances' (and Marxist ideology  
~~love~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~these~~ as an irreplaceable, unchangeable providence, myself  
 signalled <sup>the</sup> use of the word 'situation') the war we were all  
 thrown into came not because the human wind, not any supposed  
 class or 'animal' quality or, incidentally, "force of reaction," went  
 wild. The war was atrocious, no blood-letting the death come  
 from a ~~basic~~ decision of ~~the~~ mind/believing ~~themselves~~ ~~attacked~~ ~~the~~  
~~rightness of it~~ and ~~the~~ ~~truth~~ ~~of~~ its philosophical ideas ~~for~~  
 The Kristall Nacht, the burning of the Reichstag (the burning)  
 the sun with yellow stars and the ~~planned~~ ~~destruction~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Jewish~~ ~~ghetto~~  
~~was~~ ~~these~~ ~~beat~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~Jews~~ ~~in~~ ~~Berlin~~ ~~and~~ ~~Vienna~~  
 as a preliminary to mass arrests ~~was~~ ~~done~~ ~~on~~ the basis of  
 ideas alone.

→ I know Kari was deeply disappointed in me and my parents  
in an ideological way, not at all in an intimate <sup>or personal</sup> way —  
on the contrary! She didn't find the proletariat precisely  
because the 'lower' ghetto wasn't anything so simple. Not  
proletariat was best represented at the time by the vast  
Soviet statues of the worker with fist like multi-  
articulating hammers, and a set jaw demonstrating  
unflinching will, and muscles won by daily hard labor.  
The hair had to be short, the eyes idealistic ~~and~~ but  
hard — not, ~~dreamy~~ of all dreamed things, dreamy!

Well, it wasn't a very good portrait of the actual  
worker who were mostly suffering from way kind of occupational  
disease, at least in no part of the ghetto. We didn't have  
unflinching will and fists were used of rarely, while the  
general physique was necessary on the rather sickly  
side. The story can more Oliver Twist and the cunning and  
adaptability required by the Twist destiny than ~~that~~  
~~constant and single-mindedness~~ ~~article~~, or a matter of fact,  
~~can~~ shining knights in armor stuff. → [B64.12]

→ the reality of things you can touch and see. Millions of workers  
are committed on behalf of a terminology that dies in me  
on several generations.

B6412 from P. 158 1/2

~~There was an unpleasant suggestion of middle-class~~  
~~patronisation in this 'portentous' stuff. We didn't by any means~~  
~~all work in factories. <sup>Now was</sup> The labor ~~was~~ all physical. ~~More~~  
~~than any~~ the ghetto, ~~perhaps more than we had a great variety of~~ and  
~~contained a multiplicity of activities, from basketry and~~  
~~horse-trading to the rag-and-bone trade. If a 'lower' ghetto~~  
~~person visited an 'upper' ghetto house he <sup>(of course)</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>fell</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>place.</sup>~~  
~~because he didn't know the <sup>required</sup> ~~right~~ <sup>verbal code and behavior,</sup>~~  
~~especially at table, but the opposite was <sup>also</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>time.</sup> ~~rule is,~~  
~~in 'upper' and 'lower' <sup>had</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>rituals - both?</sup> ~~and speech,~~  
~~and these were <sup>equally</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>varied and complicated,</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~lower~~ <sup>one of age.</sup> ~~the~~  
~~was a basic difference <sup>did exist</sup> ~~between the~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~of age.~~ <sup>the</sup>  
~~'lower' ghetto referred back to much more distant times. This~~  
~~is why <sup>the</sup> ~~old-style~~ <sup>landowning</sup> ~~ghetto,~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~seemed~~ <sup>richer</sup> ~~and~~  
~~ambition, was much closer to the lower ghetto than any of the~~  
~~other 'upper' ones. ~~less like a 'portentous' than the <sup>middle</sup> ~~middle~~~~~~  
~~to ~~show~~ ~~difficulties~~ ~~in~~ ~~addressing~~ ~~each~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~'upper'~~~~  
~~how ~~shades~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~higher~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~was~~ ~~closer~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~~~  
~~the ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~arise~~ ~~from~~ ~~difficulties~~ ~~of~~ ~~account~~ ~~or~~ ~~social~~ ~~position~~~~  
~~was ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~was~~ ~~closer~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~



meals, perhaps was a wealthy Jew, she became Lord Nathan, and you probably couldn't meet anyone she didn't love Paul Robeson. Foreigners were regarded as peculiar but interesting, except in so far as 'upper' attitudes trickled down.

→ of people because of their race, not a class system. Precisely when ghettos began in England, in the nineteenth century, attitudes began to change towards Indians, Africans, foreigners in general. In this change the 'upper' ghettos took the lead. The 'lower' ghettos retained the old Catholic attitude to equalize under God. ~~The~~ the ~~old~~ old ~~Belgian's~~ Belgian's were beloved.

were considered heinous. But in the industrial period when the classes were finally dissolved, and isolated ghettos, locked in mutual suspicion because life was reduced to a market transaction, were obliged to take care, and somehow ~~managed~~ <sup>managed</sup> by means of cosmetic parliamentary effects under Disraeli and Gladstone in a series of industrial acts, to produce a state that there was one country, with one government, and one people. There was a hard talk of the danger of 'two Englands' arising from the chaotic disruption of the previous agrarian system & in order to produce a sort of central hub without any particular home: the 'free market' cut right through the ~~villages~~ <sup>the</sup> manorial system, the use of common land by the poor, the hierarchy of classes that made every town and village a ~~miniature~~ <sup>self</sup> governing community that was repeated up and down the country in the same form. The 'two Englands' - namely those who, in Marxist terminology, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> possessed the means of production; and those who produced - were in fact never brought together. Did they ever? Together now.

~~But they did seem to~~ [The 'upper' ghetto governed <sup>England</sup> India. It was bloodily tolerant, and turned its tolerance by occasional acts of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> most heartless oppression. And Oxford, were the only place in the world ~~reflected~~ <sup>reflected</sup> this was ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> an ~~extended~~ <sup>extended</sup> extension of a great county house, with a vast <sup>despite</sup> population in its midst <sup>in the city of spires</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~country~~. This proximity of two finely exclusive ghettos, <sup>in the city of spires</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> emblematic. Snobs and snobism expressed the 'lower' state of resentment, while the 'higher' ~~seemed to be~~ <sup>seemed to be</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~college~~ <sup>college</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~costly~~ <sup>costly</sup> and ~~expensive~~ <sup>expensive</sup> blandly its drawl life with no concern for people whom, frankly, they could hardly recognize as being English.

Hobs and Kavi predicted, as all Marxists at the time did, a bitter class conflict at the end of the war. <sup>This</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> result is the first bloody revolution <sup>Britain</sup> ~~the country~~ <sup>the country</sup> had we

→ Just as its sons and daughter could be scathingly rude to  
cutters and valde, and strip them with words of such vulgarity  
the they never forgot (he didn't want to lose their jobs), so  
they resorted to the rifle and the club in the case <sup>when they</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>their</sup>  
~~the~~ dressed up a 'nuntinier' ~~and~~ 'noti' in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ghetto  
home-fun-homes that came to be called cottons.

seen.  
~~Experienced~~, I have believed <sup>it</sup> ~~that~~, and ~~they lay up to~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~have~~ been  
 seemed to them an understandable blindness in no horn and might  
 up in an island world ~~and those as a people~~ ~~which could not~~  
~~with~~ whose isolation for relief had been ~~taught~~ ~~the~~  
~~finances~~ <sup>subsidised</sup> ~~to operate~~, by wealth derived for a world empire.  
 Their empire was showing signs of breaking up. London was no  
 large capital <sup>ever</sup> financing its ~~support~~ administration. <sup>1. for</sup> ~~the~~  
 chiefly, under <sup>Queen</sup> Victoria, had the empire produced vast wealth.  
<sup>They</sup> It had evinced a euphoria not yet met, despite the fact  
~~obvious evidence~~ ~~of the devastation~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~left~~  
 Britain <sup>the 12th</sup> ~~of~~ world power up by tradition, not in ~~fact~~ ~~and~~  
 So it was understandable, <sup>from Howells, Pausanias,</sup> <sup>being</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>(no)</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>beneficiaries</sup> ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
 empire (since) <sup>believe</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>crude</sup> ~~wealth~~ tumbled down to the 'lower',  
 should ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~conviction~~ that the uneasy peace between the  
 'classes' ~~is~~ could last for ever.

But there was no revolution, as it turned out. <sup>how was</sup>  
 bitter ~~the~~ conflict between the ghettos. An 'upper' accent  
 was something people learned to modify in the streets of  
 London. It might be seen and imitation. It cannot,  
 however, be heard today except on tape. It was called a  
 'class' conflict but it was no such thing, so ~~to~~ there was  
 no revolution, no communist regime such as everybody  
 had (with pleasure or misgiving) predicted, not was a  
 socialist ~~to~~ me - of the reforms necessary to make the  
 'lower' ghettos comfortable, and lay it down once and for all that  
 it was a major power in the courts, if not the determinant  
 one. No government could survive, for 1945 on, with  
 ghetto politics. Casual negotiation and trading between the  
 ghettos had to go on, until finally the 'upper' men were  
 dispersed, and gave way to a pure money identification.  
 You had it, lots of it, as you did it. And everything <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~  
 reflected the old civilization, ~~chiefly~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~ghetto~~  
~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~ghettos~~ 'high' and 'low' disappeared, and

Oxford, like Leeds, became ~~another~~ <sup>a</sup> place like any other, and consisted of people earning their living (their place in the market) and speaking with the accents, and comporting themselves according to the laws of the old ghettos, but rather as one inherits a lip or a laugh, without significance in the exchanging of bank notes that comprised the ~~most~~ <sup>truly</sup> commercial act of the day, <sup>how</sup> called, of all this, 'democracy'.

\* \* \*

I think I only met Kasi's father once or twice. He was so absorbed in his book that he can only have noticed Kasi's by friend vaguely. He came up to Oxford and I think we have coffee or lunch together and I saw him on the London train. He happened to be writing about the matter in the history books all left out of me - namely the great transformation, as he called, it that had changed the British Isles into a different world without, apparently, any inkling of those ideas ~~regarding~~ knowing that it had happened, and that it meant change the he knew being no end for all.

The usual approach to the transformation was that it had been the result of 'discoveries' or 'inventions', done no doubt to a sort of ~~technical~~ <sup>coincidence</sup> of age, the he knew it talked, which woke up one fine day to see that it was much better to produce four, or eight instead of twelve, and ~~with~~ ~~without~~ ~~great~~ ~~number~~ ~~of~~ ~~men~~ ~~working~~ ~~hard~~ ~~work~~, so that you could lay off workers and either leave them working (then reducing the rate of pay of those who did work) or putting them in other areas even more removed from the soil.

It was a common version of what actually went on, ~~at~~ <sup>but</sup> the surprise isn't that it was the socially accepted one: it was iterated by no historian after another, with now and then

a perfectly ~~appropriate~~ reference to the fact that a genuine population problem and the Napoleonic War might have had something to do with it. And my impression on the — Polanyi was meant to fill us in about the nature of the frightful upheaval for which the globe hasn't recovered yet and, until the death of the bank-hold as the sole arbiter of government and human relations, will never.

He was sitting at the fireplace in Sturchee workshop on the jolly group Victor Gollancz had set him and didn't notice that Kasi had put a cloth <sup>with</sup> <sup>underneath</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>himself</sup> between him and the fire to dry. It <sup>burst</sup> into flames, and when Kasi dashed in ~~and~~ ~~put~~ ~~it~~ ~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~, smiling, myopic and said quickly, 'I ~~just~~ ~~smelled~~ ~~burning~~.' He was still working at his galleys. The flames were rising almost to the ceiling and he said when they were put out, looking up in his build, detached way, 'I thought I smelled burning!'

I lost track of the Greek Transformation and so, probably, did the reading public, because of the war. ~~It would have done much better to have published it after the war but by this time he was working in Cambridge New England. By its end he was working in New England.~~

Since I could ~~find~~ <sup>find</sup> almost nothing in the history books <sup>the only</sup> ~~about~~ ~~it~~ ~~interested~~ ~~me~~, ~~since~~ ~~all~~ ~~history~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~traced~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~blatant~~, ~~anecdotal~~ ~~way~~ ~~that~~ ~~reported~~ ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~war~~ ~~events~~ ~~are~~ ~~beyond~~ ~~dispute~~, ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~they~~ ~~were~~ → I did badly in the war-degree finals that took place at the end of my year. I got a third like a war degree looked like something you would never use, unless posthumously. But you could write down 'B.A.' in your list of achievements and you came to the end of your life as a sacrifice to your 'country'; the peculiar ~~thing~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~highest~~ ~~and~~ ~~prayer~~ ~~mentioned~~ ~~imagined~~ ~~commemoration~~ ~~the~~ ~~came~~ its existence only in war — a commemoration to know their futility. How a crowd of people essentially estranged the

and then could be for to ~~the~~ right other peoples equally  
estimated for each other of the ghetto system, called 'German' and  
'French' and 'Italian' and 'American' was another level  
of imperialism. But of course it required <sup>an unprecedented</sup> ~~the~~ collaboration between  
(~~'collaboration' is the apter word~~) of 'lower' ~~and~~ 'higher' ghettos,

~~left with Right <sup>to</sup> in order to fight first a left was again a  
Right dictator, then a Right was again a Soviet dictator,  
the sole result of which was the global market, <sup>for destructive the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
'nation', the 'nations', the 'homeland', the 'motherland', the  
'fatherland', ~~the~~ Then you had the peculiar situation~~

Churchill could never have governed the ghettos he called 'England'  
had ~~the~~ ~~signature~~ of the left took up the lower part of the  
Communist party been equally it was again bitter. His own ghetto  
had no faith in him, and regarded Chamberlain as a much better  
politician, since he pushed war. But Chamberlain was a leader.

So we all pushed ourselves, in various degrees of perplexity,  
fright and the bravery that fight <sup>up</sup> ~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~up~~ it, first, a left  
was again a Right Dictator (1939-45), then a Right was again  
a left dictator (1945-1985). And the war was alive to kill the  
strong at all is due to the fact that the second part was a  
phony war taken to the very edge of provocation, the sole result  
being a global free market which takes no more notice of the  
'nation', the 'old countries', the 'homeland', the 'motherland' and the  
fatherland than it does eggs and onion rice at a local church  
fete in the heart of Stockholm Sweden. ~~In other words, at this~~  
~~was on top~~ That world market had to be fought for. I can't  
get whole peoples to give up their homes and their modes of  
speech and their particular daily habits without a fight.  
I can't get them to say the house, those things are  
important - that the habits and accents and ways of  
kissup, ~~and all the things that this war~~ had to say the  
literatures and those things and the music and the paintings  
the evoke them and make themselves responsible to us  
because they are all that we do in this life ~~and~~  
~~you can't take it just all that up without a fight~~

A) The Dad is the character for the 'Nation'...



→ Those who had foreseen the last story (e), like Andu, Meena and my  
mother, and knew that it would help us in any good rice fight for  
the people's error and interests now does, go to it, Andu is the  
win and my mother and her friend to the East. I was too young  
to believe that prognostications ever turned out to be true.

pressing my own and keeping me at range to the bullets. He, who used to be, made a non-committal remark about vacancies of existing in the armed services, and I plumped for me I was that they would achieve under the same detachment for bullets, the artillery. He gave me a book and I was hooked to it. He said I took a printed, a side-walk getteway, would be a officer's training course.

I went to Shroton of the summer, and there I should occupy myself as if the call-up, would have come, <sup>it was</sup> ~~for the British a mass~~ Stephen Spender ~~had~~, I think, <sup>who gave up</sup> ~~for~~ the name of a young man who ran Man Observation, and I went to see him. He was ~~off~~ <sup>very</sup> charming and gave me a job right away, a home journal in Kent, to write to interview hop-pickers of their views on the war and how it had come out and how we were going to cope with it. I was sitting in the plants of hop-fields near Shroton, and I remember sitting in the chair where ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ had smelted his daughter's knickers with <sup>with my report</sup> and ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ in a clear, weak hand, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ I remember of me of the summer, made to me by a high-set man with his sleeves rolled up. He said that the scientists had got in its way, and that they would take me anything. Well, science did, didn't it?

Harrison called me a few days later and ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>was</sup> to ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ and see him. He was delighted by my work and said it was exactly what they wanted, and he would be in touch with me with a few arrangements soon. The work was well paid, so I went happily.

I forgot my I moved to London. Perhaps ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Polanyi returned to the Kent house and ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ needed ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>\_\_\_\_\_</sup> needed peace and quiet. More later, Kari started her scientific work. I have a distinct memory of her walking down Weldon Road with a worker's scarf tied round her head, tied up all the hair. That was truly significant of me, the fact that her hair couldn't be seen. It gave her face a look I can not describe or describe relevance, as if ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ of the relevant things occupied her, no longer the very wayward things she love implies. I was ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>often</sup> in Hampstead in those days. I saw a lot of Lucia Lloyd and Mary Coxton. I stood in the Coates house one morning by the grand piano. His father was <sup>\_\_\_\_\_</sup> well-known pianist. <sup>Jan</sup> Together we were, so solid, with only ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>\_\_\_\_\_</sup> the curtain.

→ It was a tradition the Bern. Bundes ~~for holidays~~ did the half-picking,  
as a kind of paid holiday.

Standing in a tired house, they we didn't know it, suggested a threat to us - that the ~~the~~ night soon receive the book with its number on it. But it wasn't a precise thing. One was only working in us was a sense, and as any animal would know, that some collapse had taken place, and the situation was to come was issuing, the collapse which no one could describe - no one could describe even after it had happened, except in artistic terms.

Lucian had rather thick eyes. He would glance at things with youthful suspicion - not exactly suspicion but something guarded. The bodies on his canvases were exposed flesh, very close to one Francis Bacon did, but without the degree of calculation there was in Bacon, where the colours and the contours of the some kind of praise. In Lucian all was still. I was captivated by his accent, and the way he walked - a way all the girls looked.

~~He was always the visitor~~ We were never in doubt. He said he was put on a suit and tie of the dentist. It was fear again. I understood it fear, not any kind of courage at all, had got me into this wretched call-up. The days with Lucian were ~~the~~ strangely raw (his bodies again), exciting, quite frightening in the captivities they were threatening. He found me a magnificent studio, belonging to the painter Mark Hawthorn, who was away, and I installed myself there. I had paper - ink, and one day, and I took up my pen, and Troublep made me put her away again. It was the first time that had happened.

In a foolish moment I asked ~~the~~ <sup>Alexander Shaw</sup> the man Carr Fisher, 'a friend of my brother Bob's' if he had a script-writing job for me. He showed me a brief synopsis and I knew I couldn't work on it. I said that the call-up paper wouldn't come - or rather that if I found work I would be happy to let it go. Dyla Thomas worked for him, and it seemed to be a reversed occupation. My mind was in this whirl of child-like thoughts the world's real thoughts, either that - phantasmagoria of ~~fantasy~~ <sup>troubles</sup> apprehensions, the chief one being that I was about to yield up the scene which I was on the earth - that I would soon commit crime again in the very life

my name had been given to, Lucian came and went. Kari and I  
stayed in the tiny bedroom. She is her new work, I in my new  
waiting abstraction, seemed not quite related to the people we  
had been before. Our home had gone. The Shroton cottage could  
soon be returned to its owner. Not that I mean it was a home  
of us. The Redfield house was just a work a home, and that  
could be there if as long as a wall didn't get it. The house had  
disappeared <sup>from</sup> inside us. We didn't romp and fool like before.  
One night didn't ripple. I sat watching dear Lucian paint.

He had a direct, unfeeling eye and I ~~felt~~ <sup>felt</sup> ~~was~~  
~~alone in this~~ ~~house~~ could read the collages, <sup>the human collage,</sup> his work that house I was  
mentioned. ~~There had been~~ <sup>with</sup> Once we had to write her book  
and <sup>he</sup> slipped in his father's house at dusk ~~the~~ ~~we~~  
and came out with a bottle. ~~He had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~and~~ ~~come~~ ~~out~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~bottle~~. Sighned,  
his grandfather, was living some miles away, in St John's Wood,  
I believe. Lucian's conversation of him. But a story <sup>was</sup> ~~that~~ the  
Sighned had <sup>the</sup> ~~been~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~line~~, in a hard,  
analytical way that had frightened <sup>him</sup> ~~her~~, and ~~was~~ ~~believed~~  
~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~have~~ ~~believed~~ ~~what~~ ~~I~~ ~~never~~ ~~believed~~ ~~it~~ ~~Lucian~~  
had his own life, we owe with but not life to parents and <sup>2</sup>  
grandparents, <sup>and we can hardly blame us with a eye.</sup> ~~to~~ ~~give~~ ~~us~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~lot~~ ~~of~~ ~~living~~ ~~with~~, ~~but~~ ~~we~~  
~~live~~ ~~there~~. [Kari and I gave - partly at the studio and I  
found myself hanging out in the garden, and just going for a  
walk alone.

I used to walk and the ground in love feet. <sup>1</sup> ~~we~~  
could sleep in each other's flesh & houses during the raids. These  
have inspired no movement. I remember watching the searchlights  
~~at the~~ ~~front~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ for a balcony high above heads, and the  
building shook for time to time. Once the car a close one, and  
I thought the world be how it would happen - the thing I was fearing,  
the collapse. I would go home <sup>to</sup> ~~and~~ ~~live~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Redfield~~ in the  
morning if a raid was bad. I hoped the Redfield was too  
kind of an obstacle to it even the German bombs we  
ultimately this proved not to be the case. The black-out had



everything we did ~~at~~ a certain middle point. We listened to  
 gramophone ~~and~~ records, figured things out, and Kari and I were  
 no longer together. Nothing had happened yet. But she finally I  
 took her to the station to see her off to the north she said  
 it was over. She would be going to the London School of Economics  
 and it would be a new life. ~~and~~ I think this was foreshadowed  
 by a little incident too, I believe, focused her disappointment in me.  
 We were at a friend's house and had stayed the night. It was  
 somewhere in London. The friend had left for the day and we were  
 talking in the sitting room. I was wearing a violet cravat and  
 put on some dark glasses I found, and the combination, I suppose,  
 suggested all the bourgeois deviationism there had ever been since  
 1917. I talked like a friend of mine who  
 danced ~~at~~ the Sadler Wells company called Derek Mendel.  
 It was a stately, camp walk and the woman I fastidiously  
 the woman she shouted ~~at~~ at me, almost crying, to stop.  
 Finally she dashed across the room and snatched the glasses off.  
 'I can't bear you to be like that,' she said. But I had thought  
 in my blood, I told myself — I only imitate character. She  
 was so serious about it, so sure, that I only discovered all the  
 moment how much of her I had missed, and how deeply she looked  
 for a man who could give her what she wanted — not flights of  
 imagination, not long searching enquiries in the dark, night,  
~~but the~~ hot ideas that might lead anywhere and often led  
 to love, ~~but a man who~~ but, a woman said, 'today the  
 struggle.'

At the station where we ~~was~~ said goodbye she turned  
 to me as we walked up and down. 'You're such a calm person,'  
 she said. 'But calmness isn't anything.' I couldn't understand  
 her at all. Surely a calm exterior was the best thing she  
 was attributing to me? How could she understand why  
 they lose their hearts, or why they ~~decide to~~ lose their love.  
 Kari said, 'It isn't that I've made up my mind. Kari isn't  
 my last word. I don't know what's going to happen.'  
 And she happened wasn't that we talked it over again

or week again for a period of a week or more, wrote to and other regretting or blaming or reconciliation letters, but my call-up paper came. I opened the His Majesty's Service envelope in Mark Hamberg's studio, sitting at the table for I had tried to write and flump down by pen, and I went diggy as if my body had gone and I only had thoughts and memories left, and no longer had any charge of my life or laughter. It was the end of my flirtation with the Crown Film unit, the end of my little escapade with Lucian and sometimes Johnny, who laughed with a seriousness I never met in any other person.

I took the train to Wrotham Camp <sup>(all the way from the village of Shoreham)</sup> on a hot, hot afternoon and wrote very thick ~~prickly~~ ~~whisper~~ khaki like a cricket. I was appealing to everyone I knew, from my parents to the love, to return to me. To give me a signal, appear to me in some way like the sun was of the crowded concentration of soldiers and the same hot afternoon. I watched an officer kiss his wife on one of the stations we stopped at, and his helplessness left gage at her, and he softness, the ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> of a world that developed naturally for with the death, and somehow I used this in the way they gazed, solely <sup>at</sup> the end of the day.

It was to be an intense 'battle course', the idea being the <sup>way</sup> I should have had here the - few moments to myself. We were virtually there in a bed. We leapt up and down walls, taking high new water, scrambled through pipes, fixed it with drinking bottles, scrambled it by sergeants, in a heat that didn't abate, until the evening came and all we wanted was our

Yours - <sup>nothing</sup> could have been better of me. In two or three weeks I had thrown off my rheumatoid complaint, the result of heavy smoking, and described by a specialist as pre-emptive. My back straightened, my chest no longer curved in. I ate with a voracious appetite and I slept like ten dead men, and there wasn't a moment of any clear thought about Kavi, or any rehearsal of future reconciliation, or any self-indulgence with memories of Steep & Kent or, simply, being close together, always touching, tugging, kissing, even with friends, or in preparation of a long domestic

→ An instructor told us the tin hat could be used in various ways, not necessarily on the head. He stood in one of the clay pits holding me in his hand. He said, 'Some people hold it over the balls. To defend those you've got scared of getting hit!'

It was a big view of battle, since leaves are no time to be kind of reflection. As a matter of fact I discarded the tin hat, ~~next was a superstitious~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~idea~~ <sup>idea</sup> I was in that peculiar ~~idea~~ <sup>idea</sup> called 'battle', ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> superstition found - that if I wore it I would get killed. So I wore a beret throughout.

~~On the way back, I heard of these other friends, ~~some of whom~~~~  
Besides, tin hats were heavy, they tended not to stay on, and they clinked. It was unlikely that we would be sniped at because battle lines ~~would not~~ <sup>would not</sup> fall in a ~~straight line~~ <sup>straight line</sup> surface ~~and they did not~~ <sup>would not</sup> be visible. The shell sought the hole of me, not the head above.

We were taught to drive trucks, Jeeps, motor bikes. In my truck instructor I drove my vehicle straight up a grassy bank at the side of the incoming road and I swerved with my right wheel and parked the car at forty degrees. The sergeant turned to me and said between teeth, in a low voice the best - particularly in a ~~low~~ <sup>low</sup> voice the play of the bloody foot like this! 'Listen, if you go on get your bloody well sent away!'

At the moment he made staying and becoming an officer and doing all the ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> idiotic things we must do in an idiot <sup>position</sup> was seen desirable. ~~to the~~ <sup>to the</sup> point that this was the the guy ~~kind~~ <sup>kind</sup> is sold to the work below project ~~is the~~ <sup>is the</sup> ~~idea~~ <sup>idea</sup> I found I could drive easily off the. The 'lower' ghetto had spoken to me. It had steel in its teeth like any other ghetto. ~~And we had all believed~~

life. After six weeks I was fit to be considered a potential officer, and was transported with dozens of others to Catterick camp, near Richmond, Yorkshire, where the ~~strong~~ winds blew and the winter put a ~~hoop~~ <sup>hoop</sup> on the parade ~~ground~~ <sup>ground</sup>. There too we were ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~known~~ and felt sick.

\* \* \*

I enjoyed the guard duties at the entrance to the camp. It wasn't drinking tea for time to time in warmth, and then, at night, going to bed in - perhaps the coldest way they could pass for sentry duty. We were to Richmond and crossed the Yorkshire high fens in crowded cattle trucks. I had never seen such business. It seemed you couldn't avoid seeing your own kind wherever you went. To discover someone you knew, or a relative, and visit them, and take of your uniform and walk the lanes as if you belonged to the country and not to some lunatic enterprise conceived in the fog, was a dream, ~~the~~ ~~actual~~ ~~spirit~~ actually a postcard daydream. But in the center - the weird foggy before me. It felt like watching a body wave around and look a certain way, not to be told it was me, now. I think I looked in the mirror and hardly recognized myself.

We had small boxing tournaments in the gym in an effort to trip the muscles to trigger-pulling status. I won a truck with another cadet and, never having boxed before, boxed without recognition. She felt like at the receiving end. When I was over she looked at me with great approval, and said, "I didn't know to be all the serious she is!" I realized I had - like a child - in the belief that she would be destroyed if she didn't destroy (she had the slipper in my hand), and I was hitting someone like myself, beating my own flesh. Another step into the role ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~all~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~ I had regarded as despicable. I remembered being furious she was six feet tall and Mr. Higgins showed me his riding whip for the Great War and said I could have it. I thanked him profusely but was seeking with a child's horn the Mr. Higgins should have been a paid and elected member - he should have refused and a vote - refused!

But fury is often directed against an unknown part of the self. I got most things wrong. A rifle was simple but she is came to ballistics and trajectories and wind speed and, above all, setting the instrument that told me the precise location, ~~target~~ ~~and~~ and therefore relationship to the targets ahead. I was steady and best at the things, even at doors. I found myself regarded as an idiot in the way I was at school, until the war pushed me to the country and the joy of first love. I had no proof that the officers and NCO's thought me an idiot but if you can't turn right in a platoon marching to the rear ordered to do so, or ~~stand to attention~~

present arms with the damned rifle wobbling, the verdict is likely, however well you might, or an impulse, do this well from time to time. It wasn't the 1st time I took the park. Not at all. And among the Oxford background argued some intelligence. It was clear that I wasn't using very resources. It was close to the 'bolshie' verdict again, and indeed I regarded every moment of the training as dedicated to the ridiculous for no other purpose than to make the world a worse place. It wasn't that my attitude wasn't shared. But the other could somehow divert attention as it was required. I well thought the whole was never understood how to handle the field instruction and for years had to repeat go through the notion of being otherwise engaged so that an NCO would stand in for me.

The 'educational' part of the programme loved me more than the rest. It was part of the new idealism that the part between the Tories and the Labour party thought it being that soldiers shouldn't be treated as cannon fodder if only because they ~~otherwise~~ were. They had to keep their minds active. The result was some of the most tiresome <sup>non</sup> boring lectures I have ever heard. ~~The first and rifle cleaning~~

But one day there was a class on the Bible and religion generally. Being educational in the idealist sense it ~~course~~ ran down the Bible and imparted the religion was something the people used to ~~have~~ need of but now we had science etc etc. I jumped up and nearly blew the ceiling off of about ten minutes. When I sat down there was a stunned look. And as we left the hall a staff lieutenant came up and said quietly, 'Major Worley would like to speak to you.'

Worley was one of the most charming men I ever met. Had the 'upper' ghettos existed and I mean like die - enquiring, <sup>self-assured</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>with company,</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>well-to-do</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~got~~ <sup>got</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~stand~~ <sup>stand</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cooperation~~ <sup>cooperation</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~German~~ <sup>German</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~civilization~~ <sup>civilization</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~survived~~ <sup>survived</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~pre-ghetto~~ <sup>pre-ghetto</sup> ~~times.~~ <sup>times.</sup>

When I got to his room he called me to sit down and told me that he had for my ~~interest~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~educational~~ ~~speech,~~ which showed an unusual intelligence and vigour, he would have sent me away from OCTU and I would have spent the war as a private. In fact, he had made up his mind days before, and it

was my office outside the had prevented her doing it. How a girl is to give me another chance. He now knew the my heart wasn't in the training, so would I please tell him she was wrong, and if indeed I didn't want to be an officer? The body sitting in my chair crowded, ~~and did so in every way possible~~ and committed me, to my astonishment, since I in fact didn't want to be an officer, well then a soldier, to being an officer. And from the time on, as in the case of my truck-driving lesson, all went well. Another step had been taken, this time not as a result of a steady lower-growth threat but of ~~the~~ civilisation.

~~Imagine the German was being used in the state~~

I stared at Kar's photo again and again because it was fast becoming my only circumstantial evidence of a life we all should have had and pursued to the end. It wasn't a matter of my youth being interrupted. Youth went on. But the options were forced on us. It isn't even that we didn't choose our options. We never do. Only that the options were those of the men for other lives than ours, and ~~that they needed us to fulfil their~~ ~~options the world has us, as best~~ ~~that they needed us to fulfil their~~ ~~in purposes foreign to us.~~ ~~Yes you could single those women out~~ ~~of say the certain people up~~ I wrote things down continually, toppling the lines right from books, but I threw them away because the body in my chair knew nothing it wished to say as if to her this was put in no tea (this was a favorite soldier's suspicion because his sexual impulse declined) — something the severely lobotomized, that is helped the personality.

My neck grew thicker. I was given a leave — I think it was all too long, fifteen days, before I was to join my Kopyov unit, while in turn was the anti-chamber to embarkation of me, the battle front. I now waited this with some urgency — a foreign scene would ~~take~~ take away my fleeting memories, there would be Sabulov's things to call them up. I suspected the the leave was the best I could have before the end of the war. I was to London and again sat in the shelter with my parents. Most I was not — I look this time, ~~and that's about~~ I had money in my pocket and I went to the bar in the West End. I began drinking hard liquor. I remember the Hotel Pastoria, full down for Leicester Square. I met women, but ~~I can't remember either~~ of alcoholic, toppling flirtations took place, and as just as the one or the other or both didn't keep. ~~was very surprised, though, becoming~~ saw Dylan Thomas in me, the Charlotte Street pub's gossip towards ~~was~~ <sup>a woman</sup> at the bar in deafening talk that was probably

literary. In my new Officer's uniform I received a hardy look from a young Indian and accepted it humbly. I met Mr. Lehmann, who was just starting his Penguin New Writing. He was tall and deep-voiced and patient like his fingernails. He was at ease, so well so that he surely couldn't have been. I suspected that he was picking me up, but we soon got on to poetry and I formed the opinion that he was a man of small judgement in these matters because of the familiarity he had guarded every word he said, every expression. He was still working, I think, with Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press. He enjoyed wealth, son of. ~~But especially he could~~ He had German origins and ~~from~~ headquarters in Germany in German. He had an air of being in, a favorite English form of snobbery that is greater today, if anything, than it ever was. He seemed to me to have arrived in a ~~world~~ glittering, smooth world of radio studios, publishing offices, dinner parties with the current, for since me - by some peculiar impulse that came from me, possibly unaware - was by the way in placibility of fact excluded. It was a clerical middle-class dysfunction - those already in are of course utterly out of the world, while those not are as clearly not. Then it seemed that the in world was never to be increased, except by those on whom the word 'in' was written in very fainter. All this was upper shells and I hadn't met it before. His very accent, his ~~invariable~~ impeccable self-assurance in restaurants, deep-voiced in his commands, neither patronising to the lower orders nor obsequious, liberal, only in perfect control.

We dined together ~~for time to time~~ and I began to notice new words ~~the~~ (in instruction - this wasn't a fact very long) that he never introduced me to - his equals. Yet he did the pub, the same man Dylan Thomas did. He took money to Thomas, in length poems he either received or dictated. But I stiffled the feeling that I might simply be trade of him (and, with any in form, rough trade at that) because I needed the subjects of conversation, and which in fact he couldn't talk with any conviction or sincerity. Like ~~the~~ a medicine that would help my body back to me. ~~That the~~ It was all very well to want to get out of England ~~and to escape money and a false scene~~ but he was a decided lack of was going on. In fact, apart from the air itself, one might say that neither Germany nor the Allies, as they

grudgingly called themselves in the <sup>future</sup> hope, having ~~stayed~~ <sup>stayed</sup> ideas I wanted to  
 such as a job to go off. It was delightful. There was a false  
 start, like a job that ends, a shell across a frontier because a  
 guide has gone berserk. Apologies were offered, compensation agreed on,  
 visits exchanged. Meanwhile I was coming to know that it felt like  
 to be a drunkard. I could return to Rushfield swimming for time to  
 time at two or three in the morning, and one day my mother said to  
 me quietly, 'Whatever are you doing, Maurice?' ~~It took~~ <sup>It took</sup> ~~me~~  
 beginning to look dissipated! And promptly, in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> space of the  
 next week, the drunkard ~~came~~ walked away. I ~~did not~~ <sup>did not</sup> ~~of~~  
~~take any note of the~~ ~~degree~~ ~~of~~ ~~either~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~an~~ ~~alcohol~~. ~~and~~ ~~but~~  
~~the~~ ~~note~~ returned to Catterick camp and promptly went yellow  
 and developed a dangerous high temperature. Was told to pack  
 my bed things and haul them across the icy parade ground to the  
 sanatorium, and how I got Mrs. Small well known.

<sup>until then</sup>  
 My expense of medicine ~~to~~ was that you got a  
 bottle of pills. <sup>of its own accord.</sup> ~~the~~ ~~did~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~sickness~~ ~~took~~ ~~its~~ ~~course~~  
 until it went. It was the same in this case. Meals were put  
 down = fruit of me that were provided the same as the meals being  
 eaten in the mess - pork, greens, gravy, Yorkshire pudding and  
 doggy baked potatoes, and I turned it all away. I now know  
 what benefits fasting does to the body, and with a week of <sup>fasting</sup>  
 with my temperature going up and then, slowly, down, I began to  
 mend, and the jaundice no longer made me yellow, my left eye  
 with a time the ~~eyes~~ didn't mend of decades, a do.  $\rightarrow$

It was all because of Kari. I knew this. At the same  
 time I recognised that we were so far from each other as to have  
 become <sup>by now</sup> ~~different~~ ~~creatures~~ ~~from~~ ~~an~~ ~~entire~~ ~~distance~~ ~~like~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~being~~ ~~up~~  
 into lives that would have no ~~connection~~ <sup>connection</sup> with no earlier  
~~experience~~. The Kari ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> exceptional in that he had nothing  
 to do with her, and I felt I was misusing her but <sup>was</sup> ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~  
<sup>because</sup> ~~because~~ I was carrying something with me <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ ~~bag~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~thing~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~left~~ ~~behind~~ ~~me~~  
~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~protecting~~ ~~behind~~ ~~me~~  
 while my body no longer seemed to know what, even though it had  
 experienced it.

I was sent back to Kari, this time to a washer house  
 in which the carpets had been taken up so the new roots re-laid on  
 the bare boards of the stairs, and it looked as if we were doing  
 hundreds of pounds worth of damage a week just by existing.  
 We were officers now, and this was a kind of hold-up unit, a

→ The doctrine was non-committal, quite as if he'd received orders  
to let those cadets who showed no mettle die ~~(better not~~  
~~to train them up <sup>is not</sup> ~~the best~~).~~

reservoir of future despair to Frank the end if they should appear. The village nearby was as close to the ~~eighteenth~~ <sup>seventeenth</sup> and eighteenth centuries as it had been of many decades, being still, it was very poor shading the yellow tiled houses, and - put directly in the middle the wall now has been in and stables. ~~my car~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~vehicle~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~disturbed~~ <sup>it</sup> it, otherwise it seemed to be looking to the ~~house that had been~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~there~~. I used to wear in an ugly motorbike or some fast machine in other the world has better had it not been done, then was back ~~through the~~ along the lanes, that had no means, tragically, of objects to keep ~~strengthening~~ <sup>awful</sup> combustion and breaking up the machine and all such wheeled vehicles. The sight of the country in its first and last innocence of many years turned into an invisible Luddite, but a Luddite on a motor bike, especially the designing model that existed then, is a poor devil ~~indeed~~.

I found local pubs and met girls. Believing myself invulnerable to heartache, as I'd always believed, I stood in a dark alleyway with a girl and she unwisely admitted me, giving me a slap. This began with a honing sensation in the phallus, and superstitious for the tip. I concealed it for anyone but at the first opportunity to see myself to London of examination. Two girls sick leave. I went to the hospital in the north of London and ~~was at the~~ began the uncomfortable treatment of inserting a tube into my penis and overruling the urinating urge so as to admit its potassium lagoon. I remember a hotel at a seaside resort where I gazed for only at the windows at the night see, unable to believe that 1 of all people who had the gift of swimming though life without swells, a undergrowth, and always seemed reaching a golden shore, should now be experiencing agony way true I had an erection, as if the immense system had devised a cunning punishment in punitive guidelines of the seaway. The cure was a protracted because I kept delaying my visits to hospitals in the more reckless way. But I still was healthy again - but never again free with my sexual appetite. In hospitals, once I was abroad, I took the greatest precautions, and

and did the clap-cure, and we were administered to, even though I didn't have it, as a preventive. At all foreign military stations there were medical ~~stations~~ <sup>units</sup> like animals where you ~~stood~~ <sup>stood</sup> receiving the ~~red~~ <sup>red</sup> liquid into your phallos, if you could ~~make~~ <sup>make</sup> it.

When I returned to the manor ~~the~~ <sup>hour</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>already</sup> inhibited, ~~and~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>kind</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~charge~~ said to me sharply, 'I don't like my officers hanging out with ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> women!', with which I humbly, in the dearest ~~part~~ <sup>place</sup> of my heart, ~~agreed~~ <sup>agreed</sup>, not understanding how my body could have become so estranged from me as to enact a pleasure she was clearly not ~~going to be pleased with~~ <sup>going to be pleased with</sup>. But there were no repercussions. Apparently the British way acknowledged the fact that soldiers have sexual desires, and every kind of venereal disease was known to it, and crates of french letters were dumped in my quarters, those an inhibited officer hid them away. ~~two girls~~ ~~and told to~~ ~~directed~~ ~~to~~ ~~try~~ ~~me~~ ~~a~~ ~~week~~, ~~but~~ ~~was~~ ~~been~~ ~~a~~ ~~request~~

In the period I managed to see Inoue, who was proffering the wisdom of a long separation for Jeff. I was full of lachrymose eyes, but it had a different edge. I filled a piece of paper with olympic couplets so he and me, the wa 'Hap' Hap, the world cried 'clap!' I could imagine he pained face. ~~When~~ <sup>When</sup> I was <sup>meily</sup> admitted to hospital I was ashamed to face the nurses, unless when ~~advised~~ <sup>advised</sup> ~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> they proved ignorant of my agonising symptoms, and I walked out with me, then. We kissed and then ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~honorably~~ <sup>honorably</sup>, and wisely didn't assume the ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~crucial~~ <sup>crucial</sup>, since the ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~held~~ <sup>held</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~crucial~~ <sup>crucial</sup>, since the ~~ghostly~~ <sup>ghostly</sup> ~~tone-ache~~ <sup>tone-ache</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~quite~~ <sup>quite</sup> ~~abated~~ <sup>abated</sup> ~~desire~~ <sup>desire</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~erectile~~ <sup>erectile</sup> ~~erection~~ <sup>erection</sup>. ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~hospital~~ <sup>hospital</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~delightful~~ <sup>delightful</sup> ~~gardens~~ <sup>gardens</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~wrote~~ <sup>wrote</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~focus~~ <sup>focus</sup>. ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~thin~~ <sup>thin</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~remnant~~ <sup>remnant</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~divine~~ <sup>divine</sup> ~~play~~ <sup>play</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~Kari~~ <sup>Kari</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~disloyalty~~ <sup>disloyalty</sup>. ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~trick~~ <sup>trick</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~Kari~~ <sup>Kari</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~complete~~ <sup>complete</sup>, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~used~~ <sup>used</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~universes~~ <sup>universes</sup>, ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~address~~ <sup>address</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~gargantuan~~ <sup>gargantuan</sup> ~~respite~~ <sup>respite</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~happened~~ <sup>happened</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>, ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~gargantuan~~ <sup>gargantuan</sup> ~~respite~~ <sup>respite</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup>. I led us down to these carefree little kisses and hugs being a disloyalty to Kari, a crude, ~~iteration~~ <sup>iteration</sup> of degradation and repetition on the power level. ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>far</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~trip~~ <sup>trip</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>. It was ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>far</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>. It was ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>far</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>. 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→ required a need to cohabit.

~~→ can free kings and have been a dir. jells to Kar. the~~



major = charge of his company. I think the cadet might have begun with the idea that he wasn't attractive to women, but, again, water don't choose cold steel in the hair, ~~attract~~ general attraction like a very particular one which no one else might feel for either of them. The heard afterwards how deeply ashamed, & his ugliness he was I was, as aware of it then. In other words, he and his beholder, the major, concocted it between them. The major taunted him at every chance. We watched it, bemused. He showed his disgust in every way possible. He had, already, some disgust planted in his own features, waiting for its victim. From which of the higher ghettoes he had come I don't know but his latent hatred of the human creature must have been a source of suffering to him, especially when the cadet seized a revolver and shot himself through the mouth in a warning.

The adjutant was a thick-set young man with an upper ghetto accent, the club-bar type. He was fond of 'bawling out'; that is making a beastly servant or other Ranker feel exposed to such blistering ridicule that they wanted to hide themselves.

One day after lunch a servant came in and tried to deliver a message to him but couldn't get it out clearly, probably because he was nervous. The adjutant ~~started at him~~ rasped at him, without shouting very much, 'well, come on, man, spit it out - what have you got in your bloody mouth, a pound of butter?'. This was my first exposure to the <sup>mid-air combat</sup> ~~the~~ higher ghetto and I found that

~~these intimidatory, sometimes clearly twisted creatures struck me both as fellow-Englishmen at all - but as creatures strange to me by far than I could understand how their minds worked, we think they were talking about, far less than I could <sup>at all</sup> what~~

~~the people~~ those hitherto in my life who were used to <sup>what</sup> ~~refuse to talk~~ Foreigners and Jews. I simply didn't know how <sup>because I kept my mouth shut and</sup> ~~that I could get a reputation~~

to talk to them which served me <sup>well in the past</sup> ~~to get a false reputation for keeping my own counsel. They had an etiolated~~ <sup>exclusive language, was of speaking it, ~~the~~ <sup>tone of speaking it, and it</sup> ~~glared the words and~~ <sup>was the language in use, the</sup> ~~mental~~ <sup>mental</sup> ~~category survived.~~ its strict form, its ~~refusal~~</sup>

unawareness, that as the form was a ~~simple one, was a~~ valid & decent & proper one, ~~decreased~~ made possible my replies strictly within its structure. As a ~~protective~~ vehicle of ~~entire~~ exclusion, and then self-protection, it was the most efficacious formula a ghetto we devised. A crack & Jewish or non-Jewish ~~got~~ ghetto had nothing like this immediate signal of membership that flashed from the

enunciation of any work, a year or a half, in, establishing at once an alliance against any third party who, blind to the language that we no longer speak, didn't speak it.

It was evident that they had an amused ~~an amused~~, a stinging power for themselves, however much it might now be appearance was the fact. It sat in their self-assurance, and in their frequent earnest chat, <sup>in their</sup> manner so exquisite that it ~~was never stiff to be with them, by the way, it seemed~~ made any one from a lower ghetto wonder at the poverty of ~~these~~ <sup>their</sup> resources. That a mixture of landowning families, allied by marriage to America heiresses, and new English wealth derived from 'Trade' (a word that would strike shame into a wealthy man whose money ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> from chicken food or ~~tarantula~~ <sup>Johns</sup>), and modest entry squires, and ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> farmers ~~that~~ <sup>who</sup> had graduated from yewer to gettane, and ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~subsidary~~ <sup>old</sup> families with titles to pan and ramshackle houses and barely enough to live on, should ~~magnetically~~ <sup>have</sup> lured so long in the seats of power we owe due to the extraordinary magnetic power of a few people who set a collective ghetto example and made the lives they led, and the way <sup>they</sup> ~~spoke~~ <sup>spoke</sup> and ~~smiled~~ <sup>smiles</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~judged~~ <sup>judged</sup> with respect everywhere, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> and proper and authentic lives there were no eye could be in the face of the earth. That their almost constant error of judgement ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~blindness~~ <sup>blindness</sup> to weighty ~~events~~ <sup>events</sup> that their ghetto ~~thought~~ <sup>thought</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~recognized~~ <sup>recognized</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~nightfall~~ <sup>nightfall</sup> ~~existed~~ <sup>existed</sup> ~~proper~~ <sup>proper</sup> should have plunged us all into the most fatal bloody deeds were in human history, and which destroyed them and which their accents and respect and houses of care, should be surprising, give how astonishingly ~~unfit~~ <sup>unfit</sup> their motto mottoy ghetto was, ~~how unhelpful~~ <sup>how unhelpful</sup> ~~to travel the sea and~~ <sup>to travel the sea and</sup> ~~estimate~~ <sup>estimate</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~value~~ <sup>value</sup> ~~deep~~ <sup>deep</sup> ~~assurance~~ <sup>assurance</sup> ~~at home~~ <sup>at home</sup> ~~how distant~~ <sup>how distant</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~part~~ <sup>part</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~England~~ <sup>England</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~majority~~ <sup>majority</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Englishmen~~ <sup>Englishmen</sup>, while representing England, ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~England~~ <sup>England</sup>, on the seal and up of me!

We went on courses which provided us with a sense of being back at college. We often lived in hotels. The lectures were held always at usual hours. There could be a break for morning tea at eleven and a break for afternoon tea at four, and the class would be casual and leisurely, as befits officers. The upper ghetto people never had been aware till the officers coming in these days were ever more frequent than during the last ~~year~~ <sup>years</sup> health, the Great



Crawling

→ then the Simpson & Austin Reed with we were sitting in. His was a simple, casual suit, not a uniform, and ~~his very way~~ he made us <sup>feel</sup> this feel like perceptive.