

Some (slightly!) autobiographical
Notes: A. M. in memoriam 1883,
first stay at sea with A.M.F.R. 1880,
"Miss Brown" 1884, preserved
from the old notebook sent
to the Cartiera della Lima
to make into new paper in
March 1920

WAR SERVICE

What a p'stly
I didn't put off
writing Miss Brown
thirty years!

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1920

"I will show fight" I said, yesterday the day before, when it came home to me, from the letters of Monkhouse, the talk of Bennett. That the anonymous reviewer in the Spectator was not alone in accusing me of having written what Monkhouse calls a "naughty" book. "I will show fight" - argue, prove that I am in the right, that my the restrictions placed upon the novel in England are absurd. That my novel is legitimate & free writing. It is a mere reaction - one of those almost mechanical explicable phases of feeling the sense of whose explicable has and monumental has given me so strange a sense of unreality - I should of the experience

reaction, which makes me, today, hesitate & pause to say, "I don't know what to answer?" It strikes me now, perhaps all those people are right, perhaps the British public is right; perhaps I have no right to argue on the matter because I may be colour blind about the data. Here I am accused of having, in simplicity of heart, written, with a view to moralise the world, an immoral book; accused of having done more mischief by setting my reader's imagination hunting up evil, than I could possibly do good by calling upon their sympathies to hat that mischief: accused, in short, of being, in a minor degree

disagree the very things
for which I execrate
Zola on ~~the~~ manufacture
the exaggeration is
obviously great, & such
as to make me, were
I in another mood, rebel
most furiously. But
somehow, I don't rebel.
I say to myself. "What
if these people were
right, or at least nearer
the truth than I?"

What if I were,
in some matters, almost
blind, what if I
had myself a morbid
imagination made
more morbid by
a hundred accidents of
training & reading; it
prevented from perceiving
the dangers ~~it~~
it was making me
run, by the accidental
fact of being clothed
in scientific
utilitarian garments?

I, who have said so much
about the delusions
of which people, such
for instance, themselves,
are subject, as they
insofar as they
mistook the call of the
beast for the call of God;
I who have written
many fine things about
the complexity of our
nature, the surprises &
deceptions to which
these complexities
subject us, the extreme
difficulty of knowing
one's own self -
am I not perhaps
mistaking the call of
the beast for the call of
God; ~~have I~~ may
there not, at the
bottom of this seemingly
scientific, philanthropic,
idealizing, decidedly
noble looking nature
of mine, lie something

Case, dangerous, dangerous
that is coming me?
Be sure that I am
obsessed by the sense of
the impurity of the world,
and that in transferring
his obsessions to my
readers, I am really
nervating, not bringing
them. May this be true?
May I be indulging a
more depraved appetite
for the loathsome while
I fancy that I am
studying diseases &
probing wounds for the
sake of diminishing
both? Perhaps. For,
after all, it costs me,
it has cost me, no effort
to handle these matters:
I have not felt at all as
I should if I had never
I accustomed myself
to endure the sight of
a hospital. I have
taken such matters
as subjects for

³ utilitarian moral legislation.
They have wished you me
as faithful evils to
judicial will because
they are evils; but the
origination, which has
made Thoreau say
that Socrates makes him
sick, has come to me
only in reading books
& like Lucretius: my
fibre is not so delicate.
It is contemptible to
suppose that one must,
because one happens
to be oneself, or because
one happens to recognize
in oneself certain noble
qualities, be possessed
hypotetically of every
virtue, & possess the
potentiality of no vice.
It is contemptible to
take for granted that
one's own instances
are normal, one's
own imagination pure,

merely because one cannot
readily take into the
imagination of others in
this unswept and
unarranged condition. It
is positively wicked to
fancy that everyone is
subject to one's own
business; nay, it is
unnatural, for I know
that I have recognized
potentialities in myself
nay have done mean &
idiotic things, the
recognition of which
potentialities, of which
mean & idiotic things,
I should shrink from
in people I loved &
respected. Whenever
I ask myself, have
such or such ideas or
feelings passed through
the mind, have seen
or such temptations
to untruthfulness,
meanness, injustice,
cruelty, or to say

4 in Mary, or in poor Anne
Lupton, could I endure
to think of them in my
cup Brown, the answer
is equally unguiltily
no.

Is my imagination
corrupt? Some say so,
I men. The question
is, which of the two,
the prude or the
caregivers, are themselves
normal, healthy? To
the disgust of Montblanc
is disgusting; but then
to Bowyer, to Maupassant,
my disgust may be
disgusting equally.
I don't mean to take
up a passion, of the
J. J. Rousseau or
Symonds' sort, about
myself, wailing over
possible but not
corruptious: that is
absolute enervation.
The ~~the~~ A persons.

not become vile for having
vile instincts, as long as
those vile instincts
are checked & goodness
given their full play.

If I could assure myself
of having "nasty" tendencies
of mind, I would take
my measures; just as
I would were I colour
blind. I should mistrust
the tendency to speculate
upon some subjects,
entirely apart from
myself, with
others; in those subjects
to the guidance of
people about whom no
doubt could ever be
raised? But how
find out? how know?
At any rate, the result
of all this is not "show
fight" with others, but
rather, ask my own
feelings for their passports.

New Year Eve 1884

(5) To thinking, as I continually
do now, of models of
talk and behavior with
friends, of the subject
has come up of the share
of evil in fiction. Without
evil, as a rule, no
action; ~~no active interest~~
for a hero requires
struggle, & good cannot
struggle against good.
There are, it is clear to
me, two separate
ways of showing this
conflict in action.
One is in
placing the two forces,
Ormuzd & Ahriman
opposite to one another
in a single individual;
the other is personifying
each separately;
a struggle between the
two halves of one nature
or between two opposed
natures.

Of the two methods the
first is given as
perhaps the most
valuable, & zoological

results, because we
commence with more
practical application,
from watching the
struggle of good & bad in
a single individual than
in two separate ones. We
are made to assist at a
battle of our own
may be called upon to
fight, the same of a
battle in which ourselves
may have an influence, if
we learn to take to heart.
But in the case of a
battle between evil & good
in separate individuals,
we have little power
of interference; we can
do little but watch the
fatal action of things;
experience is not of much
use.
Something for one method.
The other, while giving
up valuable psychological
& practical results,
gives us, for its
part, the only complete
aesthetic satisfaction.

6. The world is overladen
with mixed natures,
some of the great
~~wants~~ weariness,
one of the great pains
of ~~the~~ spiritual life,
is the perception
that we can never
rest satisfied with
any individual that
we must for ever
see faults, inconsistencies,
must for ever take
exception; that we
cannot give up our
soul to absolute
reverence, love, ~~satisfaction~~
Hence the prisoner
desire to obtain
from art what we
cannot obtain from
reality, to create
beings whom we
can understand
without criticizing,
without sorting good
from evil; to create
friends whom we
can love completely.

Another circumstance to
increase that growing
tendency of mine to look
at all things as mere
appearances, more subjective,
fluctuating impressions
with unattainable "things in
themselves" - All this
to increase also the
growing desire for an
artificial ideal being,
Impetuous, Capovaccini,
Lily Browns, who can
never shift the moral
light in which we see them,
who can never turn
round in their frames &
say "see, we are not
what you imagined";
to increase, perhaps also,
a tendency, I feel in
myself, towards taking
people as such ideas
for as long as convenient
expecting & knowing them
to alter, to cease to be
ideas very soon. The
circumstances of that interview
with A.C. about the
ms. which I have

7
submitted to her. It would
seem almost as if I were
so constituted that nothing
can be really painful to
me so long as it is still
exciting, that I enjoy the
drama too much to feel
the blows I get in it. Certainly,
with the exception of one or
two minutes, I distinctly
enjoyed that talk when
we leaned out of the windows
she in the glimmering twilight
broaded deep, looking out
into the ramp darkness
among the leafy trees,
and the fact that I was
being robbed of a long-cherished
belief, being deprived of a
friend who had walked
faithfully by my side this
year & more (often consoling
me, poor non-existence,
with the certainty of its
non-existence love) added
merely an excitement in
which the beauty of the
woman by my side, the

Shimmer of huddles, the ⁽¹⁸⁾ ~~thing~~ ^{thing} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~pleasure~~ ^{pleasure} ~~of finding~~ ^{of finding} ~~myself~~ ^{myself} ~~in presence~~ ^{in presence} ~~of a~~ ^{of a} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~strange~~ ^{strange} ~~emotion~~ ^{emotion} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~me~~ ^{me}, seemed to
acquire a greater value,
a greater pleasure all the more.
But I went away cruelly
dashed. For the thing which
resulted from all this
talk was, or seemed to be,
that I had been mistaken,
that I had not been
loved where I thought
I had been loved; that,
alas, this ghost which
for eight months had
walked by my side, had
taken my hand & looked
into my eyes, was a
mere phantom of my
own imagination; that
I had been mistaken when
I had said to myself
"Why can ~~any~~

deprive me of this dead
woman?" no indeed,
for I was being deprived
of her then, being told I
had never possessed her.
As this ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~been~~ ^{been}
an unreality? Have
I been describing myself
as pursuing & then
liberally regretting, preferred
affection, as the dupe
of my own vanity &
suspicious up while
in reality there was
no affection to pursue
or regret, while in
reality I was dupe
^{when} ~~while~~ I repented of
my suspicion, not that
I had them?
I miss? I turn the
matter round & round; &
answer to myself: I
cannot tell.
The real woman, what
was she? how did she
feel? Strange to say, I

Now feel again on that
point. Accustomed to
see everywhere the unreal,
accustomed to haunter
even for the ~~unreal~~
absolutely imaginary
as the one & only certainty,
I feel as if I had lost
nothing or but little in the
possibility of human
surrender; for does there
not remain, unchanged &
unchangeable, the imagined
one? Do I not know
her one; have I not lived
by her side, leaned upon her
in my trouble, looked into
her face in my isolation;
do I not see her eyes
mouth, do I not feel
her love just the same?
The dead; yes, even the dead one
may lose, I grant it you. But
the creature born of one's
fantasy one's desires, the
unreal, one cannot ~~lose~~
lose. She remains, & remains
to me a certainty.

April 8.

19 Prose - everywhere prose.
~~John~~ Yesterday that old,
old man with the hairy
chest and the medals of
the Napoleonic wars, turned
up again. A flash, a spirit
at least, of poetry. Something
fine, within: a moment's
imaginative emotion. If
we could fix that moment!
But the very next, the mind
working on the subject, #
meets trivial details.
This old man, what has
his life been in its detail?
Nay what were his every
campaign, in its detail?
Prose; the eye, or ~~the eye~~ ^{the eye}
that on which the mind ~~can~~
not care to dwell. Is all
then a mere moment - a
combination, as it were,
at a certain angle, of the
things outside us & our
own fancy? The real
attraction in the thing
outside, or in our own

abitude, destroying all?
 In fact, in life, only as
 the bird of a grain of
 sand?
 I am giving to them, to
 see the pleasure of
 paying impressions of people,
 to let my imagination, my
 feelings, all about them
 while knowing that it will
 not last; giving to them
 as we take flowers, knowing
 that they will not last
 and no longer be worth
 looking at. In the middle of
 feeling, I see to myself:
 "How will it be in five
 years?"

And yet, they are proud,
 when they come, those
 moments when in the real
 one finds in the woven
 thread of the world
 our imagination weaves,
 the ^{dream} ~~thread~~ ^{stuff} which makes
 Pomphilia, Capousacci,
 Jean Valjean, Clarissa -

there is nothing like it in the
 pleasure we receive from
 nature: he only may come to
 dear it is mine. Thus,
 when, lately, there has
 come home to me the
 knowledge that in
 this world of ordinary
 Amazon woman there is a
 sort of primitive, homo sapiens
 soul, so swallowed
 up in its own distortion
 of the whole of all jealousy
 becoming impossible;
 that there has been,
 closely, under my very
 eyes, an all proceeding
 passion of sex life love;
 something, even in its
 reality, of the white
 flame, as I have said,
 of the Vila Narva, is
 the love of two women.
 I have seen this, what
 a pleasure! It is like
 having seen some great
 sunrise or storm; like
 having heard some great

I am unable really to
judge, behind me; a
vague, rather amorphous
future; and in the
present, restlessness
and uncertainty, a
doubting of all
realities & a poignant
yearning of them - a
vision carefully
constructed for months
by ears out of
carefully selected
preparand materials.
But what shall it
turn be? Soliman or
rain? And who
shall play upon it?
Baldwin

Belkappa June 11

Last night. Noonep;
Comparatively few
fireflies. Blue luminous
sky, powdered thick
with small stars. The
black cypruses point
up into it, but it does
not touch it. This is a

(37) days infinity removed
above them. There seems
to be a perfectly empty
space between them
fit, for it is hollow,
definite.

June 16:

Even now when a person
like myself, to whom
Belkappa has never been
a mere name, is
enabled to understand
for a moment somewhat
of its importance to others.
She goes up to her room,
hundreds of miles from
what the world calls
her home, in the house
of people she scarcely
knows & who scarcely
know her, whose
~~degrees of~~ position in
the matter of affection
is a great X to her;
She feels that she is

among strangers, that ⁽³⁸⁾ her own kith & kin are
indifferent to her, that
the people who show
her the externalities of
kindness may be utterly
indifferent also; she
feels forgotten, misunderstood
neglected, alone. And she
turns to God, or Christ
or the Virgin. These
belong to her, these
remember her, understand
her, watch her, accompany
her as much as ever
her heart can desire; these
love & can be loved to
the plenitude of her wishes.
These are always exactly
what she wants most,
& at the moment she
most wants it. They
are always there,
and why? Because

they are made by
herself. The ideal,
the unreal, for ever
that which is true
to us. I

We never love one
friend so much
as when we have
been given the
cold shoulder by
another. The not
meeting what we want
arouse our creative
powers, makes
no ~~make~~ ^{create} that in the
person of some
semi-imagined reality
which we desire
strain after. Nothing
perhaps is more
imaginative (even
allowing for the fact
that certain characters
are better apprehended
when we are moved
than when we are
cold) than the

friend to whom we wish
our grief, to whom we
wish to unburden
ourselves do so in
the intention.

As usual / and perhaps
theory of ancestor worship
is corroborated by
such evidence)

the
Monomine of death
greatly explain our
religious feelings.
I know how I for
instance, whenever
the feeling of being
misunderstood or
misappreciated came
over me, used to
seek comfort in the
thought of A. M., who
very likely, had she been
alive, would not have
been particularly
comforting. In this case
A. M. acted just like God.
She was a basis for
the ideal, i.e. for the
desired.

Edith June 19th

Having these evening
strange place at home
I may as well
put down some things
which reading Le Arund,
Literature & Drama
have brought home to
me very strongly.

How shall I explain it?
It seems to me that
there overhangs us a
fatality according to
which we are not
permitted to understand
or explain things except
at the ^{sacrifice} price of a
certain degree of
futility. We insist
upon having all
explanation worked
into a theory,
which theory is nearly
always false by
omission - we insist
upon having things
fit in a pattern of
thought which has
no counterpart

in the reality. Or rather ⁽⁴⁰⁾
is ~~not~~ not the main
order to be shown
things they must be
seen through the
eye of an individual,
that the eye of an
individual is only
part of in a degree
distorted content?

It is difficult to explain
myself - to Republish
the bounds of a mere
remark, not to make,
I also, a thing.

Notice for instance that
a Arnold is able to
show to prove his theory
about the Bible merely
by the fact of that theory
being extremely artificial
& almost false. To
be conscious the Bible
as the expression of
the ^{people} to whom
God meant merely
"the form that makes

for righteousness - is to
take a mere side
view, a mere modest
sight at the Bible.
Yet the very success
of the man depends on
his having been satisfied
to that end a side
view as if it were
the whole one. It
gives the idea the
nature of an aesthetic.
The fact is that truth
is too mixed, too
fluctuating, too
dimming forces
to be able to get hold
of it all at once. We
have to determine
into what sort of
intellectual schemes
colour it is seen in
as a proof of this
would point out that
no novelist has ever
attributed any action
of any character to
a real source, i.e. to
a mixed one.

liberally self-controlled or disciplined
by circumstances; after
two months there is no
between us a degree of
intimacy, if intimacy may
be measured by the frequency
length of interviews, the
outspokenness & absence
of pretence, such as it
took me two or three
years to attain ~~to~~ with
Madonna or my good
Comrade Bella. Yet,
after ~~an~~ eighteen months
& more, of continual
living ~~on~~ ~~with~~ writing,
we seemed not to have
got much further. Perhaps
because we had got to
the complete friendship,
consummated it, at once?
Far from it. We may
make the two strangers,
~~who have ^{the two friends} ~~consummated~~~~
Say "now we have met,
we are safe" - this I
believed, & to be almost

always the case, I should
probably believe so
know, had not this experience
Fought me the contrary.
~~For~~ I now recognize
the sad facts that we
are some (perhaps all)
of us made, so to
speak, of several
pieces, of an inner
and innermost soul
myself and of a number
of outer ones - that
~~we are~~ ~~face~~ our
real soul which can
appreciate, love, help,
is sometimes feared
in, as the great King
in his castle, by
a crowd of habits
of thought & manner,
of accidents or
deliberately made.
up soul, ~~which~~

hedge the reality in,
preventing from
seeing the realities or
at least from touching
them. Thus it was
with me. I don't know
whether that possible
woman may, as
Mary & Maclan
pretend, have seen
through all this; ^{myself} say, but the shells &
I doubt it, because,
even supposing her
to have possessed a more
unerring ~~judgment~~
~~character~~ ^{instinct} for
character than I have
any reason for
attributing to her. Because,
I say, the ~~best~~
~~myself~~ innermost
myself was nearly always
in her presence, hedged
round by the other
myself; not less

real than it, but yet
not the ultimate reality.
~~the~~ ~~is~~ the myself ^{made}
up of old habits &
decisions & view of
character, forced upon
me, others, by circumstances,
produced by the necessity
of antagonism of
self defense ~~as~~ as they
claws of certain creatures
have been. Similarly
with her: if she too, I
think, she in her final
reality, was surrounded
by a hundred false
selves, ways of thinking
& feeling which she
took from her surroundings,
and which she imagined
were her absolute self.
What is our real, absolute
self, ^{our soul} could we see it

thin, beneath all this
remains the inevitable
conviction that the
adoption of the standard
or the particular application
thereof in the present case,
is merely an expression
of the nature & limits of
the critic's personality.
The whole thing is that in
this very discussion my
point is proved, for everyone
who at all knows Miss
Poegter, must guess how
large, though perfectly
unconscious a part in the
the adoption of this view is
explained by her constitutional
aversion to any sort of
intrusiveness of the individual,
to any sort of presumption
of the reader towards the
writer, of the unknown
towards the consecrated.

Myself, the more I live,
the more I feel how completely
this world is made up
of relatively ~~just~~ appreciations
& how useless & absurd
it is to attempt to feel

at a positive one. We think
according to our ~~own~~ minds;
of admiration; we must
continually select & balance
the judgments of others against
ourselves, & other folk must
do the same with ours. We
must all of us feel ourselves
the centre of that great
system of circles whose
centre is now here.
Hence it seems to me that
it were not only again
in the sense of enormously
increasing our sympathies
& so to speak intellectual
loves & friendships, but
also of actually letting us
see the value of opinions,
if personality could be
reinstated in our books
of philosophy. Is it no
~~no~~ gain, no warming,
no pleasure, no
encouragement, to have
met two such personalities

as Carlyle & Ruskin, such
a personality as Clifford;
and is it not far easier
for us to find out the
~~real~~ what to us will
be the actual worm of
these men's opinions by
knowing the character & ^{the}
their origin? In short,
shall we not gain enormously
by having the pseudo
scientific or rational pseudo
religious impersonal
dogmatism of judgment
according to standards or
supposed standard, replaced,
into aesthetic world, by man's
impressions, in the intellectual
world, by their opinions, in
the moral world by their
~~opinions~~ ^{convictions} & indignations? Shall we
not gain by human beings showing
themselves to be human beings,
& not invisible entities clothed
in paper & printer's ink?

Jan. 9.

It was, to a great
measure, still
born, that friendship
between her & me. It
is sad to have to
admit to myself that
had she lived, we might
perhaps have not
got much nearer
to one another, never
perhaps to that
power of point of
seeing, of being able
to touch & embrace the
whole personality which,
in my opinion, is the
only complete friendship.
She went quickly
with a woman of her
ardent, impatient,
imperious temper; things
usually go quickly with
a woman as imaginative
impressionable, as
passionate, wayward
& vain as myself - perhaps
I ought to add as

needed? Perseverance, and
until it be attained,
and all the rest beat back,
not friendship can be
consummated. Nor is this
all; we have, many of us,
another self outside our
personality, a self
modular in some degree,
and according to which
we model ourselves, in
some other person; she had,
I do; and perhaps these
two ~~we~~ may have in
some measure, ~~and~~

prevented each other attaining
the other's innermost
reality; though, in point
of fact, it was, mountains
anything, the outer self,
the habits poiesis, which
I see, which reach upon
each other, made
each other inevitable in
heretofore conflict, & ~~the~~
wounded the two inner

souls from meeting. It is
most sad to think how
that which is least made,
one's mere fictions,
habits of character,
one's mere social
abituaries, may
get between one's real
self individual &
another, which ~~we~~
all the time one loves,
desires cannot grasp;
Sadder still to remember
that these two years
of friendship, if
friendship it may be
called, were but a
Sorrowful duel; were
spent in vainly trying
to leave the mark of
each other, to find each
other's heart, & in
wording off, covering
up with ~~the~~ artifices

one's real personality. There are persons & circumstances where the fortuitous, the artificial, the merely habitual & defensive, drops off at once; others, where a lifetime will suffice; here, alas, perhaps no length of time might have sufficed; and time was not granted.

Hence ~~as~~ I say that this friendship, which, ~~when~~ when I look at its dead face, seems to have been made to be so seen, to strong & pure, was still born:

~~that~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~ ~~before~~ ~~it~~ ~~had~~. But, as we may imagine that the souls of the still born

the little children were not left for ever in that limbo nearest the door of hell, but on the contrary, were removed ~~there~~ to their and developed; perhaps as they might scarce have developed on earth, in some part of heaven; so also has this poor ~~friendship~~ ~~of love~~ ~~of~~ ~~friendship~~ still born friendship flowered & ripened not then permitted to remain in a mere sad like corpse in limbo, but has gone into another sphere, & there developed & matured, as I fear it might not have developed on earth. The false mystery are gone, but not myself is alone, could she see it; but she is gone; and withal, that ~~friendship~~ ~~or~~ ~~not~~ ~~friendship~~, that

still born or not still born, that
fundship might be, but
for an hour, in my hands
again.

Jan. 13 1888

R. Pennington

Yesterday, in tearing up
all the scraps & rags of
ms remaining after the final
despatching of Euphorion
I found at the bottom of the
waste paper basket, a
little crumpled piece of gray
paper, which proved to be
a ~~not~~ hurried note written
by Mrs. Calhoun & telling
me NOT to come, as fixed,
that Monday evening, because
her friend was very, very ill.

This piece of paper, still crumpled
as I crumpled it when, ~~surely~~
with more concern for the poor
little woman I wonder whether

I should go the following day
or the following afternoon, I

threw it into the basket; this
piece of paper, so completely
the message of the moment,
brings home to me, now I
look at it, as nothing even has
the sense of these words

"Ruit Hora"

She was alive then, still
~~alive~~ alive, completely,
entirely; ~~but~~ but her brain was

reaching out: that note, those
few words, represent that brief
moment which is still the
present, ~~not~~ only, ~~time~~ to
become, before we ~~have~~
know what has happened, the
past. The present, the living,
where are they now? They
glance watched, in stations,
the train appearing, ~~&~~
~~more~~ two ~~two~~ ~~two~~ ~~two~~
eyes, a cloud of ~~red~~ reddish
smoke, against the blue
evening sky; the line is
free, free, nothing but the
rails, you see a crop them:
you have time to notice that
the ~~train~~ line is free, that
the train is not there, ~~and~~
one minute; and ~~there~~
the train, the huge ~~black~~
~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~ ~~map~~
map, the long ~~black~~
shiny light, the great
belched out cloud of fire,
has moved on, &
passed, leaving behind it
long trail of vapour
fry smoke, its crashing
echoes. And that
empty line, ~~may~~ might
have been yourself.

Jan 16.

Reading Symonds' very interesting book on Shakespeare, Cambruges, by the sort of fetish or rather enibolite which we moderns have made out of. Nothing, the abstraction, which we call natural law. When I say Symonds has suggested this, I don't mean that he goes more than others in this direction; I think with a kind of sad annihilation of the quasi-philosophical doctrine of artistic evolution which I laid down in my paper on Comparative Aesthetics. Yet such egotism is not really so much in my nature as in that of many others, especially of Jimenez, under whose strong influence, as much as under that of any writer I was when I took down the notes for that paper. I can believe that

had Jimenez lived into the 18th century, his wonderful energy, imagination & power of thought would have been wasted in seeking for some cabalistic reduction of all things to number or algebraic formulae. To return to my point. I do certainly still think that art follows a certain course correctly described by Symonds, & perhaps even more correctly described by me; but I think that the law, the necessity of such a course must be followed, but that if such a course be begun it will be what it is. This I would as a sceptic. What I mean is that the necessity of really conscious

John Geminus is the only person
with the inhuman or cuboid
shape, with whom I have ever
met a mental tendency
small matters extremely
like my own: the reason
this, perhaps, for his being
the only man whose
opinion has weighed for me:
it is like a more advanced
myself; like my own more
mature judgment. Correcting now
my less mature ideas.

Dec 11.

I wrote down, full in acres
bound to write, every thought
that passed through
my head. my notes are
too abstract, too little of myself
and my life in them. Yes, happiness
is better worth proceeding
than logic; if only we could
print off, in ink, a
picture of the few good
times we have. There is
something in Mary Robinson's
theory of pleasant things
confounding (if we care to
make them) in parallel
lines to our everyday life;
so that we may occasionally
turn aside from the dreary
present to the delightful
past continuing to
move on its tide.

And so, in a way, in minutes
condensed, alas into hours &
hours bunched up into days
condensed ^{some} ^{perhaps} ^{others} ^{at last}
into my mind. The solitary
journey that soft winter
day down the hills, from
between the bright green
feathered pines of
Montstupo and the
leafless pale poplar
of Empoli; up the
hills through the hilly
country between Empoli &
Possibonno, with the little
undulations of pale
clay, pale green with
the budding corn, and
the mistletoe overgrown
apple trees of the tawny
leafless alders in the
fields (flaming blue
as many called them
by the little castle
Castello, looking
in ~~the~~ road at
beneath the walls, &
the town in the foreground
Sant'Andrea Fabrica
Nativity; just a red
damp haze over
the country; near
Cymbeline, to the

the inhibition of the... The second...
relinquishment has merely been
eliminated, but not replaced.
The only Christian thing I can
remember is Markgraf Redgrave
saying that he will give his life
but not his soul for Chumchild:
but this again is not really
Christian. Also I remark
the easy going way of mixing
with Pagans, Chumchild's
marrying Abila, who was
completely not the Macon
of the middle ages, and the
of an church at Abila's case.
his indifference seems to me
point to connect the
final elaboration of the
poem with that semi-pagan
condition of things of
immediately preceding
Medieval Revival
Frederick the reformer of
above the people who
practise caprice et
cetera.

Dec 8.

at necessity of
evil seems to me
shown much less
chological study
can even deny it)
is historical study
studying the great
of thought & feeling
of the provincial
on that we see that

Who generations have
been doomed at times to
moral terror and evil: the
sense of this first came
strongly upon me when
writing my first Renaissance
paper: I saw the Italian
of the 15th century being
overpowerably pushed into
crime by all the forces at
work creating the modern
modern world.
But this moral distress
of individuals, generations
& races does not at all
virtually militate against
our sense of responsibility.
It is only remotely to our
consciousness that we are
being pushed: proximally
we move freely. It may
seem a ridiculous contradiction,
but to me it is nevertheless
certain that there is both
Necessity of free will: the one
perceived by the reason, the
other felt by the moral side of
us. This strange mysterious
dualism throughout things
This standing of a vague
Fatam behind the throne
of an omnipotent Jove
is an idea which I never
found understood or explained
Coco Gimeres to whom I owe
the above image Dec. 11.

prominent hills taper over
Mabodi Giovanni's
altar piece, making now
one group of floods, and
now another, with lush
Come out, in purple
wreath of pure colours
ropes, of the dim dark
golden sand; and the
strife on the terrace garden,
picking the Parmaritis
all drenched and drenched
draped chrysanthemums
of the frulladen olivets
on the wall while the
Sunset streaked the
clouds, sky red, and
mist rolled down out
the way, sea green brown
plain, fall became damp
silent solemn. And the
beaming, the cooling
water in a lidup basin,
into another large room
looking out on a counter,
& sitting round the
crackling fire of looking
to stone, and the
hour into the ice cold
drawing room, half

at, white decrepitude
of wreaths measure
Madonna, trying over
luck's music at the harmonium
piano, she with my
buried in my all too white
to the ears, white skin
drapping over her heels,
trying humbly patients to
my under my direction;
and after that the walk
in the sunlight, drinking
round the deserted
Cathedral square like
yellow fairs, to the
rest of poor pale,
ghostly in look, and
then returning home
through the hushed
looking at the winged
& grotesque mouths
of gnomes project
as gurgles from
Baptister, Stella
Simenez's ghostly
stones out of fire
and metal latch
before my blazing
pot of red, as
she on the Caspe.

I read it when the train stopped
at each station. As the
train The slow, thumping
ascend into the Suenes hills,
where the little yellow
Staffia eats its way
through the carried traction
among the berries, leaves,
bushes, among the stumps
clues of roots, where the
strange castellated village,
Stappay Monterisium,
with its round tower
in its wall, and, approaching
Siena toward toward
the dulness of the short day,
sit aflame in the grey
clouds, and the acre
brown oak wood reddens
the gleam. And then
arrival at Siena, in
camp, coal dust station,
seeing the Roman
walls up beneath
walls; and then
looked up drive
expectant workers,
puffing in
and my dear
my Quicora
out, in green
rest of your
it flushed like
in the stomach

beaver hat, running up to
me; and the drive, all
bewilderedly taking all the
sanctuary, up through the
foggy town to the old families
house near S. Vignola, the
end up rushing up of down
considering disputing over
it. The bridge through
the dusky, misty town,
up & down all the slippery
steps & lanes, with the
tower del mangia ^{eroding} ~~eroding~~
gables was up just up the
normalist; the rushing
from church to church
in the morning, what the prince
Quicora de las arm, looking
at the odorous Becapumis
she with change expanded
her eyes flashing like white
white light like pale flames
and she would burst up
pictures, talking over
the painting, the Renaissance.
And the afternoon at
the Monastery, sitting on
the altar rails in the holy
chapel while
the sacristan stood by

to the ...

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Chimney ...

Quadrant ...
in the great full moon
night; singly ...
along the way.

Thinking ...
railway ...
where ...
with never finished, even ...
interrupted ...

liberalism ...
for as ...
with ...
and ...

camp ...
down ...
white ...
down ...

to pick ...
growing ...
earth ...

It is ...
desperately ...
one, between ...

more than happy few days.
But in a way it continues
to be those beautiful
soft winter days, with the
Pompeii Quasara, more
beautiful than the brilliant
Sena days of August.

Dec. 20 - 28th

AB | There are some people
who ...
power of habit or reasoning,
to whom the act is all, the
talents are not rational
for surely a demand will
be supplied by that
but merely dialectic.

They Their whole strength
goes in trying to ward
this ...

discover ...
step him up: ...
they discuss ...

discuss ...
argument, ...
the many

Can even be ...
a man really ...
of arriving at ...

the arm of my chair, taking grains
know what mixtures of
philosophy, rubbish, & wit we
were. very happy half day.
And the drive to Belcaro,
up & down ground of round the
hills of ploughed terra-cotta,
with the pale pink leafless
bushwood, and the English
cuneta, with the dark
oak branches ~~and~~
bending over us, sweeping
most mournful faces, as
I drove full speed through
the narrow hedges lanes,
with the dark companions,
close of garden, when
came the forest of the
king, riding with
his horse saddle
in a bandata, riding
after us on his
And he looking
on the villa
to, over the top of
leaves of
in a corner of
to the hills
with the sea
took with
even olives
of golden oak,

of distant strange towers
belfry, away toward Siena,
with towers of walls, grey on
the horizon below the
clouds grey, pinked with
cloud maps, vivid of red
like Becafum's death of
the basin, as if the clouds
of yellowed at the long
might gather into a vague
compressed shape with
palm shaped wings of flushed
faces reddened pale looks.
Then the last day at Siena,
a pale, misty blue beautiful
day, the morning among
the broken marble in the
Parade of Duomo of the
illuminated mops of
red Siena, with walls
brilliant of golden chieftain
of fantastic like mops
leaves, with beautiful
plumed of forest of
Prince charming
of Pistoria - a
sort of Walter Crane's
morning. And in the
evening, the ~~to~~ ^{with} the