

JW

October 5, 1973.

Jack

This is what I need in Russian:

Sehr verehrter Herr Kollege. ① Много уважаемый коллега
 ...Nothingness.... ② ничтожество
 ...Your devout admirer... ③ Ваш - преданный поклонник
 ...Your humble friend ④ Ваш преданный друг...
 (in a FLOWERY, nineteenth-century style, please).
 your humble servant ⑤ Ваш покорный слуга

Furthermore: here is the name and the phone number of the Lady Sitter:

Monica Sharkey 969 4821

(in Paris, I guess)

WHERE IS DE JOUVENEL???????

* final y = pronounced ee as in eek!

- ① ~~много~~ oo-na-ja-em-y* kollega (2 words)
- ② ~~ничто~~ (1 word)
- ② ~~ничего~~ or nich to zhestvo (3 words)
- ③ Ваш predann-y poklonnik (3 words)
- ④ Ваш predann-y drug (3 words)
- ⑤ Ваш pokorn-y sluga (3 words)

[is accent (tonal)]

LADIES IN THE CANYON

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There are all sorts of gaps between all sorts of people. Age gaps; class gaps; language gaps; culture gaps; temperament and intelligence gaps. And the geology of gaps is peculiar. Some gaps potentiate each other, making rift valleys, deeper, far, than the Grand Canyon. Some cancel one another. Some can be bridged, some not. And there are all sorts of bridges. Suspension bridges which do not look very safe. Knotted of ropes of delicate delusions, and the "cat-walk" consists of thin stems of love and hope, of tenderness and gratefulness, loosely tied together. You can walk across it, perfectly safe. Elastically, trustily. Especially by night. For darkness shields you from the sight of the abyss. When things get out of control in the upper reaches, such as snows melting, and the river is in spate, the middle part of the bridge is sometimes washed away. This happens between December and May. And then, of course, every one who finds himself on the bridge crashes down into the world of shadows.

This is a story of May and December. Of May and all the year round, really. It is the most multi-dimensional generation gap you could dream of: potentiated by a culture gap, a class gap, an intelligence and temperament gap: you name it and it's there, in the deepest, most tortuous canyon the world has ever seen.

We'll put the characters of the story before you: the data background, behavioral information, etc. Then you put the book down and try to make up your own story.

I'll bet you my life, you'll never be able to. We ran these data through the computer, but the computer couldn't make much sense of them: of who seduced whom and betrayed and destroyed what: who was the guilty and who was the victim. When it comes to questions of cause and effect, of course, the computer is not much help anyway because its logic refutes the logic of simple cause and effect, and everything becomes cause and effect at once. And the computer is probably right.

The way we fed the data was fairly mechanical, after all. You've got the gap, and the bridge, and the ropes; and you ought to be able to calculate what gives when; but it was a poor story the computer came up with. Of course all the futures and past futures the computer turns up have one thing in common: they are not the future. Suppose you feed Beethoven's first eight symphonies into the computer, and have it project what comes next: well, the computer will write all sort of music Beethoven might have written, supposing he had undergone some trauma and become a "vegetable" -- but one thing is sure: the computer will never write the ninth symphony: the chance being no greater, and no lesser, than that of a million monkeys typing for a million years and coming up with King Lear!

I am mentioning it because it has a bearing on the question of personal responsibility; because, if the computer cannot predict or reasonably "simulate" the future, it may well mean that the future cannot be predicted. If it cannot be predicted, it means that it is not predetermined. If it is not predetermined, it need not have gone the way it went. If it need not have gone the way it went, every one who lived through it must assume his own responsibility -- even though the computer rejects

the logic of cause and effect, which means, of responsibility.

What the computer came up with, nonetheless, is not to be ~~thrown away~~ ^{scraped sheet at}. It threw up the need to modulate the interaction between conflicting subsystems, as a response to some threat to the stability of the system as a whole. If the threat is indeed a serious one, the computer said, the degree of cooperation required to implement the rule will automatically be created. It warned that when the interaction between two or more mutually incompatible logics becomes pronounced enough to cause trouble, then entirely new rules (and hence entirely new modes of development) must be imposed if the over-all system structure is to be preserved. That this was indeed indicated, the computer deduced from the fact that the feedback loops were not sufficiently linear and there was a considerable amount of phase-shift. Then, however, it turned up the equation of continuity: nothing is destroyed, nothing is created; and throughout the process of data-elaboration -- split seconds! -- it kept flashing: Mistakes have been made! Errors have been committed!

But the fact, of course, is that reality is enormously more complex than any computer program. Only the very simple-minded and the artist, perhaps, can grasp it.

Here, then, are the data. You make up your own story.

I don't know with which character to begin. It should be the central one. But each one of them is absolutely central: focal. Which is one of the aspects of the complexity of reality.

So I drop five names in a hat: (in alphabetic order): Alexandra, Nicolette, Perla, Sabine, and Sasha. (curiously enough, the alphabetic order also corresponds to the

age order: for Alexandra, Nicolette, Perla, and Sasha are great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and daughter. And Sabine is a young man whose age falls between those of Perla and Sasha.)

I draw one name out of the hat.

Sasha.

The lot has not made my job any easier. For Sasha is a child of four. A most lovable, blond, blue-eyed little girl, with a congenital squint, due to the paralysis of one tiny eye muscle which prevents her from turning the right eye towards the right side. So if the left eye turns to the right, the right eye stays fixed, which looks like squinting even though it isn't. It is a miniscule congenital defect, inherited through the maternal side and only to girls. It is rather charming, actually. But this streak of matriachate may have something to do with the story.

There is not much else one should say, at this point, about little Sasha. She is outgoing, affectionate with every one. Being raised multilingually has made her slightly retarded with her speech -- a defect which, at the age of four, is rapidly disappearing. She draws and paints articulately, shows a sense of rhythm and melody when pounding the piano. She is quick in solving puzzles and in puzzling things out. If I were a psychiatrist I would say it is possible that Sasha may develop difficulties in the relations with her mother, and that she rather has a fixation on her father whom she keeps calling -- "daddy, I want my daddy" -- even though he be far away; for Sasha's parents, like so many parents, are divorced.

She is the youngest in this abysmal story; therefore, certainly, the most innocent. For, as Perla said, responsibility grows with age. Yet even little Sasha has her share of responsibility; even little Sasha is both effect and cause.

Name No. 2 I pulled out of the hat is Nicolette.

This, again, does not make my job of unraveling the data any easier. For Nicolette is Sasha's grandmother. Actually, she does not see much of Sasha, for she lives far away the year 'round, except for one month in the summer. So there aren't any cute anecdotes about grandmother and granddaughter, that could be fed into the program.

Nicolette is in her mid years (early fifties) a creature of May and December herself. An anguished May and a dark December. A May of struggle, to assert existence vis a vis a sprawling past and a grasping presence, in futile search for the meaning of it all. And a December of shadows. She was reared in reverence for a father she had never known. The Grand Duke, an eminent scholar of Russian History, was killed after the Revolution, before Nicolette was born. This was generally known -- even to Sabine who did not know much nor did he care.

"I've been looking for my father all my life," Nicolette said to Sabine, "and occasionally I've found him."

Nicolette was neither beautiful nor otherwise impressive. Closed, Uncommunicative. Introvert. Yet she pretty well got what **she** wanted and whom she wanted. Due to an almost ferocious determination,

tantamount to inertia: the sheer force of inertia; for once she was determined to get something or some one, she was too lazy to give it up; and so she got it.

Due to an iron will, which showed in the occasionally harsh features of her face: an iron will to which she abandoned herself as to a fate; and so she got what she couldn't have gotten through only willing, too much willing.

Due to her conviction, perhaps, that human relations must be built patiently, like the life work of an artist, piece by piece. Each piece a struggle, the agony of learning, and no learning without agony, and no life, and no love, without learning, and building. And each piece was the whole, and you could not just take a slice of it -- say, sex, and grow it by itself. It just would not grow. Or the intellect by itself; for giving oneself to a superior intellect aroused the desire of giving oneself altogether -- or taking it all.

And the results of her life work, as a writer and playwright, began to add up. And that, too, played its role. For her personal and interpersonal work or world grew together, inseparably, and fascination with one's own work, or narcissism -- even the narcissism of the artist, creates attractiveness for others -- as Freud knew -- while the experience of life keeps feeding into artistic learning.

"I guess, I've been looking for my father all my life," Nicolette said to Sabine, "and occasionally found him."

It meant looking for older people, she said,

and most certainly not Americans. There had been a variety of Slavs in her life -- a Pole, a Czech, and a Bulgarian, all just about her father's generation, all "creative" as the word goes: writers, or movie makers, or scholars. Some one to look up to; some one to learn from; to subordinate oneself to. What generation gap! Boys her own age just did not fill that kind of bill; and she would not have known what to do with them.

her mother's friends, really, and that may have something to do with the story

That was when she was very young. When she was twenty, she settled for a Spaniard, piling the culture gap on the generation gap. Fascinated by the contrasts and certain similarities which she began to cultivate and love. Some similarities, between the Slavs and the Spanish, in their ways of speaking English. The same kind of raucous melodiosity in the language. Even certain affinities in the timbers and rhythms of their music. A similar mixtures of culture and wildness, of the rustic and the urbane. When you discover the gist of a foreign person you really discover yourself, Nicolette said. To live with the generation gap, and the culture gap, helps to distill what is really human.

The cooperation of fate and character remains an unsolved mystery. She must have picked the Spaniard because he was a political rebel and because that was what her mother had done. Since, in statistical terms, rebellious lives are less secure than conformist lives, she thus helped fate to repeat itself in its weird way. The Spaniard was killed in the aftermath of the Spanish civil war, before little Perla was born.

Back, then, to Nicolette's mother, the Grand Duchesse Alexandra, to whom the lot assigned number 3 in this assemblage of data.

Alexandra was nearly ninety when what happened happened. Confined to a wheelchair by an ailment of her legs, usually dressed in white, and still of a remarkable beauty, strength, and intelligence, she lived where there happened to be a delapidated mansion for reasonable rent; or a famous doctor for any of her current illnesses, or benign weather, or a chess tournament. The summer months she spent at Nicolette's summer house on the Italian Riviera, playing chess, mostly with herself and sometimes with admiring friends, for she still played a master game.

When she was young, Alexandra must have been absolutely dazzling. In fact, she was painted by every self-respecting Russian painter of the age, and her portraits still adorn the walls of the major galleries of the Soviet Union.

An actress on the Court of the Zsar, she found herself in Paris at the time the Moscovites put her husband to death. He left her a shrine of exquisite jewels which she learned to administer with astonishing adroitness. She knew how to sell, and how to invest. Which meant: she understood the market. Which meant: she understood the economic situation. Which meant: she understood politics and the makers of politics, many of whom became her personal friends. So precise were her analyses, so striking her predictions that it became customary for major journalists to consult with her before writing their own pieces and editorials. As the clouds of the Second World War gathered, her assessments became bleaker and bleaker, so that she was

nicknamed "Cassandra" in Paris. Heeding her own counsel, she gathered up young Nicolette and little Perla and what was left of her own pearls and diamonds, and escaped to New York -- just before the Germans took Paris.

Now to Sabine, who drew lot number 4.

My god. Who knows what catapulted him into that kind of story.

Take a Gainsborough. Let us say: the Blue Boy. His beautiful, almost perfectly beautiful, even, immature yet virile, romantic features. The soft flowing long hair. The genteel posture reflecting high breeding as well as spontaneity, elegance and nature. Imagine the Blue Boy opening his eloquent, sensuously but not too sensuously swung lips into a beastly yawn, a gaping blackness that threatens to engulf the world and everything it stands for or expresses. A carnal, uncouth, and unkind sucking round. Unthinkable: incongruent. But the image renders some of the idea of Sabine.

Imagine the Blue Boy stepping out of the picture, raising his finely clad foot: to inflict a brutal kick on a beloved dog and send him hurtling down two flights of stairs at the bottom of which you can imagine him gathering himself bedraggled and limping away.

Impossible. There could not be such discrepancy between form and content. Yet, Sabine was all that. The beast in the beauty.

That he was beautiful, about that there can be no doubt. Beautiful as so many rich kids in the States and elsewhere. Why? Because rich men marry beautiful women, and beautiful women, quite often, have beautiful children. Shaped, nursed, ^{by} and dependent on, their

fathers' wealth and their mothers' beauty.

Sabine's face was slender, delicate. His eyes, dark brown, soft and expressive; his eye-lashes, long and full; his nostrils finely swung; his profile, classic. His skin smoother than that of most adolescents; his shoulder-long, brown, wavy hair, well kept and well combed. He was tall, with an inclination to stooping, which was incongruent. His hands were large and strong, with long fingers, well formed and developed by the practicing of guitar and cello. His feet were large (in contrast to the Blue Boy's) and rather proletarian looking -- another incongruence. There was a puppylike clumsiness in his way of moving, although his gate -- again, incongruently -- betrayed symptoms of neurosis; as did his speech, which was halting, cumbersome and inarticulate (he tended to close his eyes while speaking, to gesticulate with his head, and speak in bursts) even though his voice was pleasant and his accent educated. He dressed in rags and tatters, which he carefully chose, after hours of searching and trying, at the magazines of the Salvation Army. Though ragged, his cloths always had some sort of Rinascimental or Medieval charm in cut or color, and he kept them immaculately clean.

Sabine was fascinated by his mother whom he thought to be absolutely the most beautiful woman in the world while he despised what seemed to him the stupidity and emptiness and falseness of her social life; and he was contemptuous of his father, whose manners he thought grotesque and whose aims and standards -- money, success, efficiency -- he rejected.

Like so many rich parents, Sabine's parents sent their son to a boarding prep school, where he learned the uses of drugs and the abuses of sex,

together with a lasting aversion against school, education, organized learning in any form.

Out of prep school, free at last, he set out to seek communication, affection, understanding, like a child, like little Sasha, yet he was able to close like a clam. Disconcerted, unfocused about life and what it is all about, yet determined and most effective in reaching immediate objectives. Hard working, he learned to elicit beautiful tones from his cello, which he loved, to the full satisfaction of his teacher, while he learned nothing, absolutely nothing about music, nor did he care. That is all Sabine. He would learn Italian, alone, within six months: better than anybody would in any school in years; but after staying in Italy for a year, he knew nothing, absolutely nothing about the country, the people, history, or art. He had not even been to the uffizi. Blissfully oblivious of his surroundings, he might have walked on the face of the moon, moved in the high plains of Tibet, or eighty leagues under the sea. It would not have mattered. He carried his own atmosphere with him, inside the overlarge, almost clown-type pants he loved to wear, sheltering the unfolding of his own problems within. And were they problems.

But you will meet Sabine anon.

In the meantime, here is Perla, whose name issued fifth from the hat.

Perla. At this point I'll break the rule. Deviate from the given, the fixed, the inevitable in which we live, by that comma: that minimum degree of freedom we have to change things (but if we have a random minimum of freedom, we really have all).

Instead of talking of PERLA AT THIS POINT, I shall talk of her dog, Fortunato. e.c.

A middle-aged Irish setter of exceptional strength and beauty: which no one would have anticipated he should ever attain; for he was born with a heart defect and a sexual deficiency, and the vet said he wouldn't live much. But he did. And to watch him chase over the lawn, his well-feathered tail straight out, the swiftness of his long legs, the elegance of his jumps and bounds, as his golden hair flowed in the wind of his own movement, was sheer delight to the senses. His face was sweet, alert, beautiful and intelligent. A certain yellowness of his teeth being the only defect one could detect in this externally most perfect of God's creatures.

"Fortunato is a fucked dog," Sabine said. "he's the most fucked dog I ever knew."

That he was the terror of mailmen, delivery men, and home repair artisans, whom he kept at bay with infuriated growls, his golden hair rising in frenzy -- that would not have said much against him. One the contrary, at a time when burglars were rampant, and there was not a house in the luxurious neighborhood that had not been broken into, it was a blessing to have a dog like Fortunato, and to have it known all over the place.

When you saw, on the other hand, how generously loving and endlessly patient he was when playing with Hephaistos, the Gordon puppy, or with little Sasha, you would have said: he's as good as he is beautiful. Hephaistos would clumsily fall all over him, grab him by the hind leg, or the ear, and pull, or stick his whole round head between Fortunato's yellow

teeth, and Fortunato would never say a mumbling word. Sasha would sit on him, pull him by the tail, beat him: and never a growl, never a protest nor warning.

But Sabine was right. He was a fucked dog.

Try to get him out of a place or into a place he, at the moment doesn't want to get out from or into. Obey he would not, and if you tried to induce him with threats, or lures, or simply leading him, he would bite. He would bite seriously. Even Perla he would bite. The only person he would not bite was Sasha, but she would not make him do things he would not want to do. They, and only they understood each other.

When Fortunato met Hephaistos on ^hgounds on which he did not care to play with him -- in the house, for instance, which, evidently, he considered his own territory while he was willing to share the garden -- it was woeful. He would nail him to the ground, on his back, in helpless, defenseless puppy position, kicking up his paws, imploringly, and losing little drops of pee out of fear. Fortunato would stand over him, issue sharp, attacking growls, ~~xand~~ at short intervals, and ripping into him mercilessly, making fur fly and drawing blood. And no one could move him away, except Sasha, who would not dotⁱ. And the pain- and fear-racked squeals of Hephaistos would echo unheeded through the house. Fortunato did sever a tendon in one of Hephaistos' hindlegs. Of course one should never call a dog Hephaistos and not expect him to limp. Names do a lot to persons, whether human or animal. And Hephaistos did limp, because of the severed tendon -- already before Sabine kicked him down the stairs. In the last analysis, Sabin's action didn't make all that much difference anyway.

One morning Nicolette was drawn into the garden by Fortunato's horrible attacking frowls, which lasted longer and sounded fiercer than ever -- and at an hour when the luxurious neighborhood rightfully claimed silence for the morning slumber.

A soft white little puppy had somehow found its way into the garden: unfortunate creature.

Had it been a cat, the whole horrible scene would have made more sense -- or would it? and why? Was this one of those "laws of nature" bred into our sensitiveness -- like the condemnation of incest, adultery, fornication or prostitution, or rape? Why should rape be more heinous than violence in any other form?

After all, it would have been just as atrocious if it had been a cat. Anyway: it was a puppy. Fortunato had pinned it into a corner, against the garden fence. The puppy was sitting there on his hunches, his soft white belly helpless exposed, his back pressed against the fence. Begging, crying. Fortunato attacking from ^{three} ~~these~~ sides: jumping; his hindlegs up, tail straight out; his frontlegs stretched out before him, chest on the ground. Frenzied. He'd pick up the puppy, rip a piece out of him, shake him up, throw him down, and pin him against the fence again, untill the next attack.

Nicolette, whose hand had once already been pierced by Fortunato, raced back to the house to arm herself with a grocery crate. Swinging it at the infuriated beast, she actually succeeded in driving him away from his wounded victime, and driving him into the house, slamming the door behind him.

Then back to the puppy, to help, if possible. But the puppy was gone: no trace of it. They found it in the garden, the next day, dead.

Fortunato was a fucked dog.

Let us put them back into age- and alphabetic order, then: Alexandra, Nicolette, Perla, Sabine, and Sasha.

The story begins with Nicolette and Sabine. And it is a most unlikely story.

Nicolette lived at Santa Monica at the time, doing various things for Holliwood to make ends meet. She had rented a big house on the ocean front, and it was an open house, as open as her house ever had been since Perla was a kid, and the house was always full of Perla's friends.

Now Perla was gone, but the habit lingered, and the house was always full of kids. She got one, to take care of the dogs, mostly when she was gone, a sort of dog-sitter; and once you've got one you've got them all. Various friends showed up, wanting to clean the house, to wash the windows, to do various typing jobs, and so on; and Nicolette kept doing what she had always done: she kept them all. Always three or four at a time. Figuring that it was better for the kid; and what was better for the kid was better for the house; and what was better for the house was better for her, and the whole deal was mutually advantageous and as long as it was mutually advantageous, it was worth doing besides being really very nice, and a sort of commune and all that.

So one day Sabine came, with his cello on his back. He wanted to stay for cleaning the house once a week.

Not as though he had cleaned many houses or any houses before that.

But he learned. He learned fast. Clad in the most tattered and ragged of his Salvation Army outfits:

those that had really been shredded by the washing machine -- Sabine went to work: muscular, fast, athletic, and a little stooping. And the house turned beautiful. He put his whole pride into the job, and the place looked really neat.

Sabine would be up at five. He would ^{make} coffee for Nicolette who liked to work during the early morning hours. Sabine would be ready to walk the dogs with Nicolette on the beach at 7 a.m. Walking on the beach they did much of their talking.

Sabine learned to cook chocolate mousse and Spaghetti Carbonara and Sacher Torte from Nicolette, and a lot of other things; and he did them at five in the morning, if necessary. Too much he did, too well he did it, and everything he did to ease Nicolette's busy days; to make her find everything just perfect. He took care that the groceries were in; that the flowers were all right; that there were bees' wax candles; and that the carrots, celery, onions, green peppers and mushrooms were all chopped up when he intuited she might want to make Italian tomatoe sauce. He took the clothes to the cleaners and the dogs to the vet. He did everything, and was always there.

. All Nicolette ever thought was: Strange. He never would be that good at home. Why is he like that in this house?

Pride. Sabine was full of pride. He was earning his life, and life was not bad in Nicolette's house. And he wanted to earn it.

They talked during the early morning walk on the beach, and at breakfast, and Nicolette was gone all day for work, but by and by he took to coming to the studio, too, because he had forgotten this or that, or wanted to use the electric typewriter.

They talked at dinner, and Sabine would fix the fire wood in Nicolette's bedroom and wait for her there and turn on the hi fi, and wait for her and talk more and listen to music, stretched out on her enormous bed, and the dogs there, too, four of them, and Nicolette stretching out on the other side of the king-and-queen-sized bed, and they kept talking.

He liked some pieces of music Nicolette liked; or perhaps he liked them because of that. The Chopin Preludes, and the Brahms cello sonata. And whether she was there or not, he played them over and over and over, and loved them more and more and more.

Like knowing and loving a human being, Nicolette said: you want to know every milimeter of his skin, and every motion and every action and reaction. Over the years; and you love always more and more and more.

"We ought to turn back," Sabine said. "The egg-plant takes an hour, and I want to bake bread, and we are going to be ten for dinner.

The setting sun was gilding wind-chased clouds on the tropical sky, to the slow-rhythmned crashes of the long surf. The dogs were doing their thing: each one his particular thing. And it is so good to study and find out what that thing is, and you love them the more for it.

SJinxie was pointing to birds and chasing them. Birds flying in front of her, low and slow. Teasing her, luring her hither and thither. SJinxie after them, uttering cries of anguish and frustration, and enjoying it; though she'll never never get the bird; till her heart is pounding like a steam engine, and there's blood on her tongue.

Ada, who was the mother of the other three, Ada

always had a "project." She would pick up a heavy piece of driftwood or a very long stick, right at the beginning of the walk, and carry it all the way and back again to where she had taken it from. Sometimes she would attempt two projects at the same time: e.g., carrying a big piece of driftwood, carefully balanced, and, at the same time, flushing a group of birds and chasing them; or carrying a tennis ball which effectively corked up her gaping mouth, and trying to bark at the same time. *Humorous like a Muted trumpet.*

But it was good that ~~Tada~~ Tada was tied down to earth by her projects; because if once she was not, things were worse; for she made mountain climbing her project. She would escape from the safeness of the beach, up the steep rocky wall, swift like a mountain goat, up where the train tracks lay and the cars came racing down the free way. It was a nightmare. And she would lure her children into perdition.

~~Annette~~ ^{Stanlet} Annette, the lady-in-waiting, would way-lay, her head ducked in the sand, waiting till one of the other dogs would pass, near or far; and then she would pounce on him or her, for a joyful little bout; while ~~Padio~~ ^{Claudio} Padio would look for existing and non-existing flies and fleas in the sand. Long observing, and then most strangely jumping around. Spun into an enchanted world all his own. They did this day after day, week after week, month after month.

These were Nicolette's dogs, large English setters all. Sabine had a preference for ~~Spi~~ ^{Spi} Spi, whom he carried around in his strong arms -- she looked so small in his arms -- and he let her sleep in his bed at night.

"You are a compulsive worker," Nicolette said, "just like myself." "or worse," Sabine said. "And it is so beautiful this evening. Must we really turn back?" Nicolette said.

They turned back. Looking over their shoulders from time to time or walking backward, to watch the kaleidoscopic color changes effected by the sinking sun.

"I practiced five hours today," Sabine said.

"That's pretty good," Nicolette said, "in fact I noticed, it's beginning to sound like something."

He was convinced he could never become a concert cellist. Nor did it irk him. Having started with the cello when he was already nineteen, it was too late. But he felt he could learn to do with the instrument pretty much anything he wanted, and he was willing to work for it, and to work hard. His parents would not give a shit if he practiced five hours. They did not consider it work. Because he was out of school. They did not understand. Nothing. Why did Nicolette understand? How much would she understand? Where was the limit? How hard could one press? Why press?

"To a conservatory? Never. First of all, I'm not ready, and second I wouldn't want to. You don't understand. I am not interested in music. All I am interested in is the cello. Do you understand?

For his own good, she should push him: encourage him to be regular, to go to school, conservatory, what not. It is better for him. Why? Was she not sticking sluggishly to worn-out concepts and systems? Why should he go to school? Why should he learn the way people had always learned? Why should he get ready for a job? Should she not, rather, be ready to ~~xxx~~ re-examine everything she had been brought up on. To re-~~xxx~~amine it all the time? It is amazing the amount of dead weight one carries around fancying it to be gold, at least.

"But you see, to go to some sort of school, some conservatory, something -- it would make life a lot easier for you: be with kids your own age;

get along better with your parents" By Jove. She had done her duty. Why do her duty towards him? Why not be spontaneous. Tell him only things she really believed in. Be free? But how was one ever sure of what one really believed in, or what was just bred into you.

"Tough shit," he said. To school: never. You don't understand. It would be defeat. To give up my life-long struggle. I am not going to give up. Do you understand? And why make life easy?"

"Did you make Perla go to school," he asked.

"I didn't make Perla do nothing, never."

Of course one influences people. You are not free not to influence, just as you are not free not to be influenced. You are not free, period.

"But Perla says I instilled a protestant working ethics into her. And at the same time, that I spoiled her. And probably both things are true."

"You know school doesn't make any sense any more, if it ever made any. May be it did, but it doesn't any more."

"What are you going to put into its place?"

"I give a flying fuck," he said. "Something is going to take the place of school all right. Something always takes the place of anything."

"What is a flying fuck?" she asked.

"I don't know and I don't care. But ~~ix~~ I think it is a rather deacriptive expression, or expressive description, as the case may be."

The horizon was darkening now, and the moment had come to catch ^{Claudio} Tadio and ^{Selma} Selma. For part of their thing was to run ^{up} past the ^{point} point. at the ^{end} end of the walk. And to ~~ix~~ run up the point, for more birds and existing and non-existing flies or fleas, and then one had a very hard time getting the four dogs back into the house. Instead, if ^{Claudio} Tadio and ^{Selma} Selma

were caught before they passed the house, then all of them would come in without trouble. So Sabine picked up a long chain of kelp and invited them to play tug, and they took it and started pulling, and he pulled them in, one on each side, and Nicolette followed with the other dogs, and looked at the triple silhouette with pleasure and poignancy, and the beach was so beautiful, and the surf and the sunset, and the dogs, and Sabine was such a nice boy.

Sabine had been around for eighteen months. That's as good as two pregnancies, and Nicolette considered him simply her son. Strange, to do things over and with a boy this time instead of a girl.

Of course they talked about Sabine's parents, in an almost ritual way: always the same, in the sense that his mother was the most beautiful woman on earth but so screwed up and empty, and his father had such dreadful manners; and neither one of them had ever taken the trouble to understand Sabine or his problems or his generation or what he wanted from life or what he hoped from them. And that, if he took the trouble to explain something to them, in a long, long letter, for instance, what Kafka's Trial meant to him, they simply would not reply; probably they didn't even read the letter. They were hopeless. On the other hand, Sabine studiously arranged that Nicolette should never meet his parents although San Diego, where they lived, was not all that far away. Until one day, suddenly, he changed his mind and introduced them, and it really went rather well. No problem.

They talked about Perla who lived in Italy and taught French and Spanish at the Liceo in Torino, and Sabine looked at her pictures. "She must be beautiful," he said.

"She's beautiful," Nicolette said; "and she is smart, she is complicated too: Quite a person."

"Why is she complicated?"

"That's a long story."

"We all have long stories."

"To have no father is just as bad as to have too much of a father, or to have the wrong father," Nicolette said. "I remember when she was quite small she said to another kid, 'your father's weird,' and the kid said, 'your father's a corps.' And I think she thought a lot about it and it hurt her. And of course she had to blame it on somebody so she blamed it on me. Why couldn't I have gotten her a father like everybody else? Why had to be one that got himself killed in a civil war? It obviously was very selfish of me to marry such a cook without thinking of her. But that ~~was~~ is just part of the story."

And Sabine mused over the grotesquely bad manners of his father.

"You know," Nicolette said, "come to think of it, there are as many unhappy motherhoods or parent-hoods as there are unhappy marriages. There really ought to be the possibility of legally divorcing one's children and of re-parenting."

"It's a continuous divorce all right," Sabine said, "from the moment a mother shits her baby into this world to the moment she meanly refuses to feed him and makes him eat his own crap."

"Have you seen the beautiful sweet white doves in the Newman's garden across the street?" Nicolette said. "They are so loving with their babies and then, just as soon as the new brood is ready, all too soon, they simply kick them out of the nest. Brutally. Beastly." "I guess that's the way of the world," Sabine said.

"The relation between a mother and a baby is an intense physical love affair," Nicolette said.

"And then it wears off, like a marriage. What's a marriage, after twenty years," and his mind went back to San Diego. "It's dead. It's worse than dead. It's routine. It's a lie. It's degrading."

"It needn't be that way, Nicolette said. "If it's good to start with, it gets better all the time. But with children: it's bound to go the other way. It's natural.

"It just changes," Sabine said. It becomes something else. You become friends, from having been lovers. That's all right too."

She let her mind wander. You can't really divorce your children any more than you can divorce your mate. Not because marriage is a sacrament, oh no. But they say marriage is a sacrament because they know it can't be dissolved. You never get away from it and you do it over and over and over: the same thing over, time and again. You never get over your first love.

"It's complicated, very complicated," Sabine said, "and Perla is complicated," Nicolette said.

He taught her surfing. Man is an existential surfer riding a cosmic wave. But he did look a bit like The Graduate, in his wet-suit, with his beautifully painted surfboard. Oh, Mrs. Robinson. She taught him skiing. On the frozen waves, those that splashed toward heaven when the continents clashed and buckled. But he did look a little like a clown when he tried to use his skis like a surfboard. But after two days he owned the mountains. He was a whizz. They shared the redwoods, the birds, the seals; the symphonies and the socker games, and unending streams of cars. And the rains. And the dogs and the news. They shared the chores at home

and at the Studio. And friends and bores. And what he read and learned. And what she wrote and learned. Films she was making and which she wanted to have a message. About the senselessness and cruelty of life. Films against war and against exploitation of classes and races and nations.

Sabine liked Nicolette's work, and they projected her films, or scenes thereof, at night at home as often as they projected surfing movies, which they liked as well. And he thought the Russians must be nuts to prohibit Nicolette's films and that it certainly would win the Cannes award because it just happened to be terribly good. Nicolette thought, it wasn't all that poor and besides, a lot depended on the political mood of the moment. Success was not something that had anything to do with quality. Everything you did was a lottery every time. You might win or lose. But that should not bug you. You had to go on doing what you believed anyway. And that was what gave meaning to life. Not the question of success or failure.

Don't be so unctuous, Nicolette thought to herself. That was what drove Perla up the wall. All that stuff about work and greatness. You live in the nineteenth century, Perla said. There is no longer any such thing as a great work or a great man. Forget about it and thank goodness.

Then Sabine began to fall off. He would not eat, and he would not sleep. He would wait up for Nicolette, till late at night, or fall asleep on her bed, and she would find him there when she came home, and then they would talk more until almost morning. He lost weight. He suffered like a dog. He pushed himself hard. She did not notice, or pretended not to notice; thinking that it would go away but it went on until,

one night, it exploded and he told her that he loved her, that he needed her, that he knew it was crazy and he knew it would pass, but that it could only pass if it was fulfilled, and she had to help him to fulfil it and have it pass. It was an October night, and he said, between now and Christmas, I need you. I need you physically.

She told him that it couldn't be true; that it was his mother complex and that's all; that things were beautiful the way they were. Beautiful. How could she say that when he was miserable and suffering like a dog how could she say that. Beautiful, she ~~xxxx~~ said, and why change them, then, and why spoil them, and if he had what he wanted, he probably wouldn't like it and besides it was quite unnatural.

Why should it be natural for a young woman to be in love with an older man, and unnatural for a young man to be in love with an older woman?

A Young woman and an old man can make a child, Nicolette said. An old woman and a young man can't. So that goes to show

To show fiddlesticks, Sabine said. And what if they don't care whether they make children or not; what if they just love each other?

Deep down Nicolette knew that he was right and she merely tried, and could not, cling to Victorian morals and male chauvinism.

"Nietzsche said," Sabin said, "that every man should marry twice: first an older woman, from whom to learn, and then a younger woman, who could learn from him. When I read it, and you know where I read it, IN YOUR BOOK, I knew that was it. And, of course, the same goes for woman. And if it was all right for you to marry a man thirty years older than you when you were twenty, it's all right for you to go with ~~xx~~ a man thirty years younger, now that you

are fifty."

He was pigheaded. He was desperate. He needed Nicolette.

She pretended to be more flabberghasted than she was. Of course she was flattered. Deeply flattered. That such a beautiful, charming, interesting boy of twenty should fall in love with her. Of course she was fond of him, fond as of a son. And an intimate physical relationship, even if passing, would make up for the intimate physical love affair between mother and baby which she had not had with this sort of son whom she wanted to love like a son.

Of course it was time for her to realize that if learning was a life-long concern, she had to learn to learn from the young. And a learning relationship was a loving relationship. For when the lover and beloved come together having each of them a law and the lover thinks that he is right in doing any service which he can do to his gracious loving one; and the other that he is right in showing any kindness which he can to him who is making him wise and good; and the one capable of communicating wisdom and virtue, the other seeking to acquire them with a view to education and wisdom; when the two laws of love are fulfilled and meet in one -- then, and only then, may the beloved yield with honor to the lover. And Plato and Socrates were not too precise about who was what sex. It didn't really make any difference and, after all, Socrates' own teacher, Diotima, was a woman.

All these, of course, were rationalizations. And she told him about Colette and Cheri. And that she knew the real Cheri, and whereas in the novel he never got over his love for the older Woman, Lea,

in reality he survived quite happily, and Colette's love hadn't really hurt him, on the contrary.

All this filled up a little more time. But the simple fact was that Nicolette was quite responsive to Sabine's love: she could love him as he loved her, and if he needed it so badly, why, for heaven's sake, take yourself so seriously and make yourself so precious. And three nights after his first, impetuous declaration, on the huge bed, with the fire burning in the fire place and the Brahms Cello Sonata going on at concert strength and Sphinxie being there and witness, she yielded. She yielded to Sabine who was at least as surprised as he was delighted.

He loved like a puppy and he loved fun. He loved in the most unlikely places and at the most unlikely times. He pounced and he romped and he wanted his back scratched. He loved with eagerness and with generosity. He loved conscientiously and spontaneously. He loved the way he lived.

"Was it all right?" he asked, half in fun, half concerned, "Did I make any mistake?"

"You didn't," she said, pressing her head on his flat, strong chest. "Why, did I?"

"Never," he said. "You couldn't. You are so experienced."

Snowy slopes and the Engadine. And Perla, skiing. Perla learned fast. And Nicolette already middle-aged, and Perla, very young. And soon there could not be the slightest doubt that Perla skied better than Nicolette. Obviously: naturally. It would have been very strange if she had not. But Perla would not admit it or realize it or believe it when told, by Nicolette herself or by others. "My mother skies marvelously," Perla said, "Much, much better than I do." It took her years to admit that she skied better than her mother.

And he wanted his back scratched, and he was always there. For Nicolette, to find him always there, next to her; to know every millimeter of his skin, the roughness of his hands, the musculature of his belly; the cleanliness of his body and his hair, the rhythm of his breathing, his weight; to tell him everything, to take his advice, to try to nourish his thought, his work, his progress: all this became an essential part of her life.

But when he became her lover he was born her son, and the process of expulsion and rejection started: mutual: the ongoing divorce from one's children. There was a subtle change from his wanting to explain Perla to Nicolette, from his asking her to be open, to be ready for change, to his identifying with Perla, to his repeating Perla's charges, as he heard them from Nicolette and as he eagerly read them in Perla's letters.

Perla resented Nicolette's work. She did not want films with messages; films should entertain, and that's that. She did not believe in trying to improve the world, because the world couldn't be improved anyway. She did not believe her mother should be obsessed with work when normal mothers were housewives and played Bridge. She sneered at Nicolette's rather large earnings which she credited, not to Nicolette's merits as a writer but merely to the fact of her great old Russian name for which people were willing to pay. Even though Nicolette passed her enough money to round out comfortably the rather modest salary Perla made as a teacher in Torino, Perla felt left out of the family fortune which she imagined to be vast as the crown treasure in the Kremlin. Perla resented everything that was "unique" and irregular in Nicolette's family -- success, fame, wealth: all manifestations

of injustice; heroism, devotion to great causes and great work: all manifestations of selfishness and vanity. She wanted to be like everybody else, and have a life like everybody else.

All that went back a long way -- way before little Perla knew anything about revolutions and exile and work. She was about two, then. If she had wanted to look like everybody, she would not have succeeded. The fine, mediterranean lineaments, inherited from her Spanish father, crossed with the Crimean features from her mother's side, irreparably distinguished her from the run of the mill. Whose fault? But all this, little Perla did not know, then. What she knew was that Nicolette did not talk like the other mothers and that she herself was beginning to talk like Nicolette. And here she could take action, though she was only two years old. She stiffened her back, arms on her sides, hands sticking out with palms down. She walked without bending her knees. A body-wracking effort it was to utter those nasal sounds, those gum-rolling r's and l's.

"Why are you talking like that," Nicolette asked, somewhat alarmed.

"I am talking like girl," Perla said, definitely, meaning: like the other girls.

A few times Nicolette tried to stop this painful and futile effort.

"Stop talking like girl," she said. "You are much nicer when you talk like yourself."

But it was of no avail.

Nicolette decided it probably would go away if she let it alone. She always thought so.

But it didn't go away. It changed. It took different shapes.

"It's funny," Nicolette said, "a beautiful clear moon-lit night ought to be a beautiful clear moon-lit night. But when the moon is waning, it's awful. Just look at it. The waning moon is dirty. The waning moon is depressing."

"you are funny," Sabine said. "It's you who are tired and depressed. Why do you work so hard?"

That was still Sabine.

"Has it ever occurred to you that if you didn't work so hard...if you didn't work at all...if you didn't even exist...the world would be exactly the same...the same old crummy place?" That was Perla speaking.

"You of all people should say that," Nicolette said. "With your working compulsions. You are worse than me. Besides, the world obviously is changing. It always is. It's really never the same old crummy place. Not because of anybody in particular, but because of everybody. But if nobody cared, or nobody existed, it obviously would matter. And Furthermore, I have news for you. One works, not because one wants to change the world but because one is in it and one gets carried away and one can't get out of it and besides it's beautiful and one loves it. No?"

Sabine flung a piece of driftwood into the sea, far out, for Sphinxie to retrieve. An explosion of light. Silver splashing up around it as it touched the waves. Millions of little phosphorescent gnats. And Sphinxie's moves were silver-lined. A spectacle apt to compensate for the depressiveness of the dirty waning moon.

Sabine was wearing one of his most clownish overlarge pants, disguising his beautiful slender

body. With a rip in the back.

"Are you fed up with me, Sabine? You must be fed up with me, sooner or later. It wouldn't be natural if you weren't."

"What do you mean," he said, sincerely bewildered. I? Fed up? With you?

"I mean that I wouldn't mind at all if you got yourself another girl friend."

"Oh, come on, even if I were fed up which I am not, you know I wouldn't do that -- not while I am in this house. I wouldn't ever do that to you, and you know that."

Perla. Nicolette thought. At about twelve to fifteen. Like most kids, at one age or another. It had to be the worst, torn, patched, filthy, stinking, yes, stinking blue jeans. Nicolette raised the issue a couple of times, but then let it drop. Poor Perla. She has other problems. Why bother her with something as unimportant as cloths?

"It's there that you are wrong!" Sabine said. Clothes aren't unimportant. They are terribly important to kids. As a matter of fact, half the fun in wearing ridiculous clothes is to get into conflict with your parents. That's what you took away from Perla. Had she had anything to rebel against when she was twelve, she wouldn't have to do it now, which is worse."

And Nicolette had taken that fun away from Sabine as well. For all she had told him was that she thought people ought to dress the way they felt comfortable, and that she didn't mind at all. Tolerance which at one and the same time was love -- you take a beloved person the way he is and don't try to change him which you couldn't do anyway -- and aloofness. Dis-humanity. Actually, it was Perla who made Sabine

change his style of dressing, not Nicolette.

Sabine was just the age now -- twenty-one -- at which Perla rebelled. And Sabine was a prisoner, not Nicolette's prisoner. A prisoner of his own love-hatred for her.

People do such weird things. Samuel Simon, a kindly, rational liberal creature next door, who had spent fifty years of his life emancipating himself from his severe Jewish Orthodox mother: to the point, at last, of marrying a blond, thirty-years-younger (no danger of mothering) girl by the name of Ingrid Hanssen (no danger of Jewish Orthodoxy), and what would she do? She got herself converted, became more rabidly orthodox than her mother in law, and began to mother him more Orthodoxly than he had ever been mothered in his life. All this happened in the span of a couple of years.

A couple of years it had taken Nicolette to remake her daughter, albeit it was a boy this time, and a lover and, of all things, an American.

Time had come for Sabine to leave. Long established, long before the moon was waning. Established always. Sons must leave. As must daughters. Nicolette and Sabine had talked about it for months -- since the beginning.

"I want to be independent. Free. For the first time." Sabine said. "Away from the family, away from the past. Stand on my own two legs. I want to be a different person in a different place."

"That, I think," Nicolette said, "is an illusion. No change in environment can set you free. Your freedom you carry within yourself, no matter where you are. Or you are not free. Nowhere."

She should not have said that. It was cruel. Even if it had been true. It did not make any sense

anyway. Since no one is free anyway. The whole thing was just wrong the way he put it and the way she reacted.

She did not feel she should push him out. It might have made things harder for him, and sadder. And she was going to miss him so. But certainly she did not try to stop him.

Sabine. It was his mother's birthday. His real mother's. The most beautiful lady in the United States. The mother whom he loved and despised. Actually, she was older than Nicolette, a few years older.

Sabine had decided he wanted to bake a Sacher Torte for her birthday. He rushed around buying ingredients, and vegetable coloring and a pastry tube, to write HAPPY BIRTHDAY on it.

He wanted Nicolette to help him to bake the cake. Help him, yes, in the sense of supervising. But he wanted to make the cake for his mother alone.

Naturally he was late. Naturally everything was kind of pushed. Nicolette decided they would make two cakes, one for dinner, and one for Sabine's mother. She would make the one for dinner, and so she could show him.

But it was too much help. It might have been too little, but it was too much. He resented it. Deeply. He wanted to make the cake alone. He resented everything in her a moment, a fleeting moment.

He decorated his cake beautifully. As a matter of fact, it was a great success.

Where was he to go?

They worked by exclusion. Certainly it would have to be out of the country. He hated America and Americans. He had a love-hatred for California, whom he

thought to be a very special brand of Americans. Especially the young ones.

"If you were born in California, you really just can't live anywhere else," he said. "We Californians are rather spoiled and quite advanced. And you don't have to know what life is all about and you don't have to work and you don't have to have a sense of responsibility and you can always live off somebody. That's California. You don't understand that."

So the place he ought to go to would have to be one that was not full of Americans. Not Paris, for instance. Nor Rome. Nor Florence. Italy, yes. Sabine was much taken by the idea of Italy, and Italian which he wanted to study. Torino.

Of all places in the world Torino.

Of course it was relatively easy for Nicolette to help him in Torino. She knew a Cello teacher there; she knew families who might rent him a room and give him meals. He did not want to have to rely on Perla. He wanted to stay away from Perla; for otherwise it would have been a continuation, not a break. So Nicolette arranged everything from Santa Monica.

She took a pine tree that was potted in the house and had been Christmas tree for two years, and planted it outdoors. It's too big. More than two years you should not try to hold it in the house she said. It will be well taken care of: in a place, not too sunny not too shady, good earth and enough water. It will thrive. The pinus That was in Yugoslavia, the pinus. In the wild mountains somewhere, on the island of Brac. A professor she had just met showed her the place. His English was unsure. They had arrived at a little village and looked at the old church on the square.

"You see the pēnēs," the professor asked.

Nicolette was somewhat surprised. Some way of starting something, she thought.

"On the roof on the church tower," the professor clarified. She looked for some phallic symbol on the church, but rested her search on a little pine tree which, curiously, had struck roots on the slant roof and grew out of it, perpendicular to the roof, at 45° angle to the ground. It eaked a miserly living up there, but it made it.

The pinus. "We'll call it Sabine. Nicolette said. So long as it grows all right, you'll be all right out there. I'll always know how you are, by looking at the Pinus!"

After several attempts with several friends, by cable, by telephone, she found him a good home, on the hill over the city, practically next door to her own house, where Perla lived with little Sasha.

He walked down the road, the few steps that led from his house to Perla's, his heart in his throat. He brought her a letter from Nicolette -- considering that the mail service had practically broken down. She was going to sneer at him. She was going to be mean. And yet, she was all he had in this foreign place. And Nicolette's letter.

Perla was not at home. A pretty English au-pair girl opened the gate, with little Sasha trotting up behind her. A beautiful wild looking child. It gave him a pang. Perla would be back in a couple of hours, the girl said. Hephaistos was tied up at a tree, howling. Fortunato sniffed at his pants and licked, his hair bristling on his back, but licking. His tail between his legs. He thought of Nicolette's

dogs. He thought of Sphinxie and felt another pang. He left the letter, saying he would drop in later, and walked back up the hill. Somewhat elated, winging his steps with the graceful melancholy, the clumsy agility of the Scherzo of the Brahms e minor cello sonata on his lips. "It reminds me of ^{Claudio} Tadjé," Nicolette said, "when he's with a girl dog who's in heat. Look at him. His ears pricked. His tail up. Prancing, How cute he is."

The cello. He walked into the empty house. The landlady was out at work. He walked into the den he had been assigned, filled with old pictures, frames, canvasses and dusty smelling books. Breathing hoariness dust and oil paint. Something dilated in him. The cello. He thought of practicing for a moment but discarded the idea at once. He flung himself on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Do something, it cried out in him. "You are under arrest, certainly, but that need not hinder you from going about your business. Nor will you be prevented from leading your ordinary life."

That was Kafka's Trial. He stared at the page.

Then time was up suddenly. He walked back down to Perla's. She received him with a conventional smile. She reacted to the letter as one reacts to letters from one's mother. Shrugging her shoulder. "She could have mailed it, without bothering you," she said.

"Why, it was no trouble, no trouble at all," Sabine said.

She sized him up. Her eyes were remarkably beautiful. Mediterranean Renaissance eyes. But grey-green, with a brown rim around the pupil.

"Oh year, you'r my brother," she said.

"Your brother," he asked, noting that she had used a white lipstick, and somewhat sloppily, running over, deforming her shapely lips.

"My mother introduced you as her son, all around," she said. "it caused some degree of confusion."

"Did she really," he said, half amused, half embarrassed in front of her.

"You know..."she shrugged her shoulder, establishing a first bond, however tenuous, between them.

She really was busy. He should come back another time. Any time. Come for a drink, Use the swimming pool. Let her know whether there was anything she could do for him.

She took Sasha's hand and exited. They both were so beautiful.

Sabine walked back home in a ~~daze~~ daze. He sat down to write to Nicolette. About Perla. How kind she was. How gentle. How good with Sasha. And how beautiful. And that if Nicolette and Perla did not understand each other, it must be Nicolette's fault. He now could see it. And that Perla really was the only human being he had met here. She was all he had. Then he tore up the letter.

But he went there, every day. He took The Trial to the pool and waited there looking down on the city and waited till she came. She had never read Kafka. Nor did she feel any burning desire to do it now. She had never read much of anything except what they rammed into her brain at school, and thrillers. As a matter of fact she simply was not interested in literature. There was too much of it in the family, and if you have to live with it that close, you'd rather stay away from it for the rest of your life.

Now he had a mission. He had to convince her to read *The Trial*. And he did. But then he might as well never have done it. She reacted in a way that just couldn't be true. Either her mind, natively extremely bright, must have been stunned into non-development at some point, or she simply played illiterate to impress him, to be different from Nicolette. He couldn't make it out.

"No," she said, "it really doesn't add up to anything. You wait for a climax but it does not come. It's always at the same level. You don't even have to worry whodunit. I think it's simply boring."

He was fascinated. I'll break this insane block she has against literature of all kinds. He talked to her about Brod and Goldstücker and the Russians and Kafka's father.

She yawned. "That's what you get in Santa Monica," she said.

When he got home, he could not read Kafka any more. He stared at the page, read the same line over and over until it was emptied of any meaning. He thought of his mother, whom he blamed for not reading, and of Nicolette whom Perla blamed for reading, and he thought of Perla and of Perla and of Perla, and he fell asleep.

So, Kafka was out. Not only for her but for him too now. Leaving a void in him which he let fill up. A subterranean river of revulsion against Nicolette rushed in.

The next day he talked about his mother, and how beautiful she was, and that she could have become First Lady, and how empty and stupid her life was, and he bemoaned the atrocious manners of his father. And when children are fucked up, it really is the fault of the parents.

He wanted Perla to speak about her mother, but Perla wouldn't. She merely shrugged her off. Which stung him with delicious pain. more so than if she had called her mother a hoar.

He goaded and spurred her. About the senseless and wasteful luxuries of life in Santa Monica. And how Nicolette thought god knows what great things she was doing between one caviar and another.

Perla knew that. It had always been like that. My god. It's sickening. If you think that with just a little bit of common sense, between her and Alexandra, they really could have put together a fortune.

Sabine let his eyes glide over the handsome stone railing of the terrace, over the orchard, down where the city lay, across hills and cypresses.

"But, besides the villa, she does give you money?" he remembered, hesitantly.

"Oh yeah," Perla said, ci mancherebbe altro. She gives me four hundred bucks a month, but what is that? You should see my friends, with their rich parents. They have maids and cooks and nurses and two cars, and they can rent a chalet in the winter for skiing, and all. Just because their parents are rich. When you've got money, you've got everything. It just isn't fair. That she lives the way she lives, and I have to be careful about every bottle of whiskey I buy (no, please, you may have another glass). I think I wouldn't even have broken up that marriage if I had had more money.

Sabine began to see the point.

"It isn't fair," he said. My parents give all that money to my brother, and a Porsche too, because he goes to college and he has short hair and he is square all right. And to me -- they gobble up in

one evening at the restaurant what they give me for a month. It isn't fair.....You should see it," he said triumphantly. And it was not only me. The other kids too. I did it because they all did it. Three, four, six at a time. And they would simply go to the finest store and charge whatever they wanted to Nicolette's account. And do nothing. Nothing at all. Just surf and sit around and smoke pot all day and drink beer. Imported beer, which they charged to her."

Those were his best friends he was talking about. A shiver of pleasure went down his spine.

"Of course you are jealous," he added from nowhere. "How could you not be jealous."

"It's taken you two years to find out," she said. Well' it's taken me twenty. It's never too late. Let's change the subject.

There were other people around, various types, around the clock.

During the mornings Perla was invisible. Either she slept, or she was at school. So, by and by, Sabine, too, took to sleeping in the morning, waking up with a pang at eleven, thinking the dogs had not been walked, till he realized that he was not in Santa Monica but in Torino and that he had not missed anything. Thought of Perla who probably was still in bed too, stretched, and felt his virility in turmoil.

Sasha and the English girl would have lunch by themselves. When Perla came home, at two, she usually just grabbed a sandwich. After three, the first round of people showed up -- on week-ends, already in the morning. People who came to use the swimming pool. Some of Perla's students, Italian kids, just about Sabine's age, or a little younger -- and some

visiting Americans, mostly Perla's age or older. They stayed in two groups, hardly said "hey" to one another, and never mingled. Not even in the water. Sabine would have liked to join the Italian group but found it hard to communicate. The girls were pretty but unapproachable. The boys talked too fast, and what he was able to understand of all they said sounded so old to him, so *deja vu*. He had heard it a thousand times.

"E te, cosa fai?"

"Io? Niente."

Come niente!

"Niente? Devi pur fare qualcosa!"

"E perche'?"

And then, the usual thing. Those who tell you that you must go to school: study: do something: otherwise you are worthless; otherwise you disintegrate. And those who tell you: Why bother? It's a rotten world. Nothing you do makes any difference. You don't get anywhere anyway. So you might just as well sit back and make the most of that.

The Americans usually were looking at train schedules and plane schedules. They talked about restaurants and shops and prices. He hated their bathing suits, and the way they were chewing gum, and the only thing on which he agreed with them was that it was too bad you couldn't surf in the Mediterranean.

So most of the time he chose a place, under the fig tree, between the two groups, and pretended to read a book but stared at the flowers and shrubs around him and found, to his amazement that he was stretched out in a dog cemetery: Flat marble slabs, heavily overgrown, with names of dogs (There was another Hephaistos, and one Arlecchino) with dates of birth and death and their pictures on it. And he was beginning to feel like a dead dog.

When the Americans were playing frisby and the Italians were necking with their girls, he dived into the pool, cooled himself, and went home, TO DO SOMETHING.

His fingers and his mind parted ways. What was meant to be practicing turned into doodling. Wailing doodling. Over and over again. The song of a whale, a whale of a dying race. Lonely over icy expanses. Wailing. Doodling. Resounding in the empty house on the hill, out of the windows where nobody heard it, and it didn't make any difference anyway.

"Did you practice today?" Perla asked with the sarcasm of one child to another: one who knows that the other knows that she couldn't care less. One who knows that the other one hates it. She asked with the voice of a child imitating her mother who enforces this bore of practicing like so many other bores, medicines, order,

school: did you practice today, dear?

He was embarrassed, both because of the quality of his practicing which he tried to hide from himself and the others and because of the tone of her questioning.

"You know, my mother made me practice too," Perla said. She made me. But she gave up when I was twelve."

I have hardly played the cello, however it remains the only solid discipline that my life embodies, not to say that my life embodies very much at this point.

"I have my lesson tomorrow," he said, falling into the child role.

"With Maestro Magretti?"

"Do you know him?"

"Ugh. A friend of my mother's I always thought he was an idiot.

So the whale died. And it left a great bitter emptiness in him. And in rushed a powerful subterranean stream of hatred and rebellion against Nicolette who believed in his cello playing to the point that he could believe it too.

In the afternoons -- round five, or six, it was ladies who came, mothers of children, Sasha's size or a little smaller or a little bigger, young ladies, well dressed or trying to, at least. Ladies with long open hair

and a lot of make-up on their eyes. Ladies who chain-smoked, sipped whiskey, played bridge, called out, with flat and hoarse voices for their kids who were overdressed and not supposed to get dirty while playing. Ladies who talked, my god, like streams. Mostly about who was leaving whom and who was going with whom and what a bore Giuseppe was in bed and that you couldn't really blame Andreina, at her age, for running out on him, really she still was entitled to a little more attention to sex.

They were mostly in their early thirties, but most of them, so it seemed to Sabine, were suffering already from middle age crisis. Of course kids these days start living earlier, and so they get hit earlier by the middle age crisis. Italian women, furthermore, lose their looks pretty soon -- unless they are very very rich.

They seemed to live in a state of panic: about having missed something. They had married young but all too soon romance had given way to routine and life was walls without windows or doors. Without challenge without hope without surprise. Husbands had found their little niche and were locked into it. Financially, intellectually, psychologically. There was nothing to look forward to any longer. Fading trousseaus and decaying teeth. There was nothing to do, really except to give vent to frustrations and try to recall what had slipped by. Sex, write large.

"It has nothing to do with marriage," Adele said,

I wouldn't want to be married to any but an intelligent man, but what a bore, in bed. What you want in bed is broad shoulders, a big penis -- let's say, the butcher boy." And from under her purple-painted eyelids she softly glanced at Sabine who hurriedly got up to get himself a glass of whiskey.

Then Angela walked in. They said

Ciao Angela, come stai?

and she said, please take the dog out, I am allergic and Perla took Fortunato by his collar and led him into the kitchen and came back with Sabine and introduced him to Angela saying

"This is Sabine. He just moved here from California." and Angela sized him up with a knowing look and said

Oho!

and then they talked more about sex and how much you need of it and when and how and that it was simply a commodity, and the more you could afford of it, the better.

And Perla was sitting there, with little Sasha who was getting tired and sucked her thumb and leaned her head into Perla's lap, and they both looked so sweet but Perla's white lipstick was dashed on a bit sloppily and there she was, talking like girl.

In the evenings it was the turn of the hash smoking

lot. There was Emma, a German girl, a friend of the English au pair. Short cropped hair, a boyish face and figure, and clean manners. It was her first experience, and she liked it. And her fiance, singularly indistinguished. A clerk at the post office where, as one knew, everything had gone haywire. Which gave rise to much mirth and laughter when the air was thick with the aromatic smoke.

There was Francesco, a school teacher, visibly and painfully in love with Perla whom he devoured with his sad brown eyes -- an art Sabine was to learn from him -- or clowning with little Sasha: blowing the smoke into her face, and once he got her to get pretty giggley to every one's delight except Perla's. Perla got pretty annoyed. She got pretty annoyed with him often, whether he was clowning or yearning, Sabine noted with satisfaction. Obviously she was in the process of liquidating him. And when she liquidated some one he got truly liquidated. Sabine was quite aware of that.

And there was the pediatrician, a man in his early thirties, successful, bright, handsome, and cocky: a male chauvinist if ever there was one, a friend of Perla's ex-husband. He and Perla always had lots of things to talk over and look at. For he was Sasha's pediatrician. And when Perla went out in the evening as she often did she usually went dining and dancing

with him.

These Italians smoke all right although they waste a lot. You should see the roaches. But they don't know how to prepare the stuff. They don't know to do anything around the house, my god, and the place was such a mess.

Sabine took to saying, my god, quite a bit. But then he enjoyed the mess. A mess, at last, when in Nicolette's house everything always had to be just so neat: at least superficially.

Sabine lit the oven, cleaned a pie dish or two and the flower^m sifter and went to work. With gusto and professional efficiency. Not to make chocolate mousse ~~with a splash of his mother~~ but to prepare the grass.

Grass is beautiful. So fresh. Cut this morning. What delicate fans. Nature's perfection. A warm glowing dark green on the upper side, a protected whitish, on the lower. Or maybe fingers of fairy hands. Flowers, tender green, small curly stars, where the fan blades converged or the fingers. Not many, but that, of course, was the best part.

They sent a tangy herb aroma through the kitchen, might have made a nice, healthy tea.

Of course they should not even have been cut that way but Italians don't know any better. They should take the whole plants and hang them upside down for a few days so that the juice, the resin

descends into the leaves. Then they get you high.

He arranged them lovingly on the pie dishes. His mother's birthday cake coming to his mind, for a moment. The others were out in the livingroom smoking what was left from the last order and the record player on. They always played the same record. That was part of it.

When morning comes to morning town
the merchants haul their awnings down
the milk trucks make their morning round
in morning morgen town

When the leaves were nice and dry and crisp he put them on a sheet of wax paper and crumpled them up. Then he passed them through the flour strainer into a dish where they formed a neat even aromatic heap. He carried his handiwork into the livingroom. That's about eighty dollars worth of stuff, he said. And they talked about being busted and how, in the States, you always came out on top of it if you could afford to have a good lawyer. They are very expensive. In Italy, instead, when you are busted you had it. Take poor Frankie Mitchel, my god what he went through his parents got him the best lawyers, American and Italian and they mobilized the Embassy but they couldn't do a thing Frankie had to sit it out: eight months in Regina Coeli can you imagine?

"You 'dhave to be pretty dumb to get busted in Italy," Sabine said. At that he felt, somewhere, some envie for Frankie whoever ~~he~~ was. Eight months in jail. That would be about the best thing that he could think of. It would solve all problems. And that's the way to really get to know a country.

Then he started laughing. Giggling in the most hilarious way. Till his rib cage was aching and tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Look at him," the pediatrician said, "he's gone."

"What's so funny?" Perla said.

"It occurred to me, Sabine tried to say, his voice breaking like a boy's, "Was just been thinking, oh, my god, that if we get busted, at home, I mean, if we got busted my father and Perla's mother would have to pay for Francesco's lawyer, oh my god."

Francesco was eating a piece of Perla with his eyes and didn't think it all that funny.

Sabine turned silent and clear. Clearer than ever he saw a gulf between him and Perla on the one side and almost everybody else on the other. They were marginal people, he and Perla. On the fringes of the jetset, not able, or not willing, to climb aboard, hopelessly separated from the rest of the lot. Those who had to work in order to earn and to earn in order to live and who couldn't have anything that was not earned -- including an expensive lawyer, like Francesco or the pediatrician.

We'll rise up early with the sun
the record player was blurting,
to ride the bus
while every one is yawning
and the day is yet aborning
in morning morn town

Obviously ^{these people} ~~they~~ would look at work and at life differently. Obviously they could not understand either Sabine or Perla. Nor could their ^{own} parents even understand them. They were out of it on the other side. No one could understand them. They were pretty lonely. All that was crystal clear to Sabine. What he did not understand was that not to be understood is the same as not to understand.

She is dying, he said, grinding his teeth. I know Sphinxie is dying.

She was lying on the couch, her head on a pillow, and running in her dream. Quivering. Giving accents to her feet, rhythmically. The black and white of her body was heaving in waves. Like the white crests on the waves in the wake of a fast boat by night in the light of the waning moon movements within movements then the speeding boat hit a wave, hard. It wacked your body and knocked the wind out of you.

"She's dying," he said, looking around for help.

Nobody cared. They were all talking, saying things he had heard a thousand times. Ladies in the rainbow fashion. They looked terrible. The only one who looked halfway decent, and quite remote, was the pediatrician.

Nicolette leaned over him, to look at Sphinxie. "She's o.k.," she said, "don't worry."

Sphinxie caughed again. That is what gave him the feeling of the boat hitting the hard waves. Taking off from the crest cliff, flying out, crying out.

"She's dying," he moaned. "Don't you see? DO SOMETHING, for heaven's sake..."

He looked at Nicolette. She was positively hideous. The strains of her oily looking hair. He could see each one of them and they were heaving and moving like the black and white waves on Sphinxie. Her face was like a mountain landscape, the linaments like rivers circling purple patches of wilted flesh. He held his breath. The wind was drowned in the dirty town.

Sphinxie was still accenting her feet, quivering as though to remove a fly.

"She's dreaming," Nicolette said, boring her eyes into Sphinxie's which were glazed and half closed, and then into Sabine's forced round open.

Nicolette's eyes were horrid, naked, without defenses, telling him far more than he wanted to know.

Sabine tore himself away and went to the bathroom. His legs were longer than usual and everything was somewhat higher. He noticed things chipped and dirty. So old and run down. Little cracks in the porcelain of the basin. Like veins pulsating with sadness. He looked up into the mirror, his eyes moving up over patches matted by age, humidity and dust. And, oh my god, his own ugliness was unbelievable. Corpse colored. Flaccid. Dirty. Ungroomed. His beard sprouting like ~~hair~~^{wilted weeds}. Curved. His chest caved in. His belly breaking in hideous little heaps. His mouth, of repulsive voluptuousness, his eyes sunken and red rimmed. He moved his hand in front of his face, and his ugly grasping fingers remained there, multiplying, forming a lattice in the air.

He groaned, ground his teeth, and woke up in a cold sweat. My god.

You are -- a refugee--

from a wealthy -- familee --

He sat up, turned the light on, got on his feet, pulled the sheet around his nakedness, blacked out from weakness, groped through the door, leaning against the wall, went to the kitchen to get something out of the refrigerator. Anything. As quietly as possible.

But the landlady heard him and indicated as much with a disapproving cough.

She found he ate too much, and his hunger grew in direct proportion to her disapproval.

Then he slept some more, a long, leaden, sullen sleep, and rose almost at noon, with nothing and nowhere.

My god, he thought as he brushed his teeth -- a habit even stronger than despair. My god. Perla had Sasha, and a job. Nicolette has her fucking work but she believes in it. My parents and my brother have their fucking world -- and I have nothing, absolutely nothing. No education, no knowledge, no art no craft. I can't do a thing except house cleaning. Nobody who cares; No one whom I love. No job, no children, nothing that measures, or even registers my passage through this crummy world. And inside and outside of me, it's the same landscape: hideous emptiness. I have hit the bottom.

As he was dressing he noticed that his Salvation Army clothes were beginning to fall apart, and there was not even a place around here to buy another set of the same kind.

That was the time when Nicolette arrived in Europe and they all got ready for their vacation on the Riviera, with Alexandra.

Nicolette's plane was late. Of course it would. What planes do to you has very much to do with what

you are doing to herself. Another time, in the past, when Nicolette's plane was late and Alexandra was waiting for her with lunch, Alexandra got very angry with her. She scolded her like a child being late from school and having been god knows where. Your plane was late! Nonsense! I've flown a lot in my life time, believe me, but my planes were never late!

So Perla, Sabine, and Sasha had to wait at the airport, getting annoyed, and little Sasha, fretting.

At long last she came, looking ugly after the long flight. Perla put on an awfully artificial smile when she greeted her mother; Sabine did something between nodding and bowing a little and looked coy, and little Sasha, who had not seen her grandmother for a year, played shy, sucking her thumb and gripping her mother's pants as a safety blanket.

They talked small talk at lunch -- just how expensive everything was, and what a mess the airports were and how you got jipped all the time. Nicolette mentioned that Samuel and Ingrid had got married.

"How fascinating!" Sabine said, contemptuously, and looked for Perla's eyes, questioning.

Nicolette said that the dogs were just fine and that the house had got a new roof and that the

kitchen had got painted, and that everybody missed him but the reactions Sabine produced did not encourage this kind of conservation. "How exciting!" "Really?" and he looked at Perla meaningfully. "You see," his eyes said, "I told you so! She is hopeless. You are right."

In the afternoon he came to Nicolette's room to talk, long. Everything, he said, was much much more difficult than he had imagined, and much much more beautiful. He ought to be very unhappy, he said, but he was not, on the contrary. He was happy and he would stay there, perhaps for ever. Perla meant a lot to him, she was really the only person he could talk to, and he was amazed she had not rejected him even though he was a friend of her mother's. I come for conversation she comforts me sometimes comfort and concentration I know that's what I find.

Nicolette said: Watch out what you are doing. She'll seduce you. And then she'll make you very miserable. He said he was quite aware of that. He wouldn't want to end up like Francesco, who had gotten a very rough deal. But he was quite capable of handling the situation. She would do it, Nicolette said, just to destroy his relationship to her, Nicolette, whatever that relationship was. You're my child you're my father. She would do it to take him away from her.

Sabine thought that was far out, even mean. But the fact was that now it had been pronounced, and when it had been pronounced, it was in the world, it was real even though, until then, it was quite unreal. Nicol ette had put it into the world, had given birth to it.

They talked more.

You look like Claudio, she insisted, when you're around Perla. Like Claudio, when one of the dogs is in heat. You look so cute.

This life here, he said, has drawn me in and will suck me further -- I should try to exercise more restraint. I sometimes walk around in a complete daze from one Piazza to another, without the slightest concern for time, distance, or responsibility. I feel the vastness of this world much more than I feel the flesh and bones of my body. And somehow I always move in the direction of streets one calls via senza uscita. The place that I try to steer shy of and yet in doing so I move headlong and evermore towards it.

I think you've had it, she said. There isn't much more you can get out of Torino. I think you should leave.

Sabine came to see her at night, lay down next to her, when she was already asleep, felt life-confirming. Believe it or not, he said, when it was over,

I haven't made love since I left you. I can tell, she said, you made a deluge. She felt totally close to him, and relaxed. The pinus is pining, she said. It's alive, you know, she said, and has grown about two inches, but a little warped. It will take time to adjust to life outdoors...

How is Sphinxie, he asked. The other night I dreamt she was dying. And he turned over to the other side.

Nicolette flew to Paris the next day to get Alexandra. Perla and Sasha and Sabine drove down to the Riviera, to get the house ready. Three days. What had to happen happened.

For heaven's sake, Nicolette, what difference did it make. Or did it make any -- except that there was now, for the first time, a body, a name, for the nameless, disembodied hostility that had been there for so long, between Nicolette and Perla? A body, concretizing and unconcretizing, jelling and dissolving.

Sabine.

He was lying somewhere staring at a book without reading. He was moving about like a shadow. The trauma had further hunched his shoulders and made his gait more neurotic. He was oblivious of sea and mountains and sun; and what was happening to his beautiful face

Ladies in the Canyon

There are all sorts of gaps between all sorts of people. Age gaps, class gaps, language gaps, culture gaps, temperament and intelligence gaps. And the geology of gaps is peculiar. Some gaps ~~potentially~~ can often -- ~~into deep canyons~~ ^{making} deep, for them the Grand Canyon. Some cancel one another. Some can be bridged, some not. And there are all sorts of bridges. Suspension bridges, what don't look very safe. Knots of ropes of delicate deliberations, and the "cat walk" consists of thin stems of love and hope, of tenderness and gratefulness, loosely tied together. You can walk across it, perfectly safe. Especially, trustfully. Especially by night. For darkness shields you from the sight of the abyss. When the snows ^{in the upper reaches} are melting and the river is in spate, the middle part of a bridge is sometimes washed away. This happens between December and May. And then, of course, every one who finds himself on a bridge crashes down into the world of shadows.

This is a story of May and December: of May and all the year round really. It's the most multi-dimensional general-canyon you could dream of: potentiated by a culture gap, a class gap, an intelligence and temperament gap - you name it and it's there ~~in the deep~~ ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~depth~~ ~~of~~ ~~bridges~~, ~~excepted~~ ~~in~~ ~~all~~ ~~directions~~. in the deepest, most forbidding canyon the world has ever seen.

5. An ambiguity of because it has a bearing on the question of ^{an inevitably "concrete"} personal responsibility; because, if the Computer cannot predict the future, it may well mean that the future cannot be predicted; if it cannot be predicted, it means that it is not predetermined. If it is not predetermined, it need not have gone the way it went. If it need not have gone the way it went, every one who lived through it must assume his own responsibility - even though the Computer rejects the ~~to~~ logic of cause and effect - what means of responsibility.

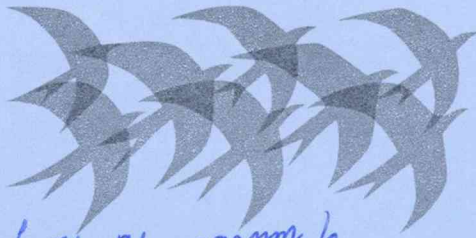
What the Computer comes up with, nonetheless, is not to be thrown away. It throws up the need to modulate the interaction between conflicting subsystems, as a response to some threat to the stability of the system as a whole. If the threat is indeed a serious one, the Computer said, the degree of co-operation required to implement the rule will undoubtedly be created. It warns that when the interaction between two or more mutually incompatible copies becomes pronounced enough to cause trouble, then entirely new modes (and hence entirely new modes of development) must be imposed if the overall system structure is to be preserved. Then this was indeed indicated, the Computer deduced from the fact that the feedback loops were not sufficiently linear, and there was a considerable amount of phase-shift. Then, however, it showed up the eruption of continuity: nothing is destroyed; nothing is created; and throughout the process of data-elaboration - split records! - I kept flashing: Mistakes have been made! Errors have been committed!

But the fact is, of course, that reality is enormously more complex than any computer program. Only the very simple minded, and the artist, perhaps, can grasp it.

So, then, here are the data: you make up your own story.

But the piece was whole - and you could not just have a slice of
it: you had to have it all. It just wouldn't pass. On the
intellect, for giving one self to a superior intellect among the class of free men
altogether - or having it all.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, partially obscured by the USA logo.



USA
postage 15c

Handwritten text in the upper right section, including the phrase "I think that the means in".

VIA AIR MAIL • PAR AVION

SECOND FOLD

Vertical handwritten notes on the left side of the envelope flap.

Handwritten text in the middle section, including the phrase "I think that the means in".

Handwritten text below the middle section.

DO NOT USE TAPE OR STICKERS TO SEAL
NO ENCLOSURES PERMITTED

FIRST FOLD

Vertical handwritten notes on the left side of the envelope flap, below the "SECOND FOLD" line.

Large handwritten text in the bottom right section, including the phrase "I think that the means in".

Then my father, he is an Italian
Now he want to see you

He is my child he is my
father

but you know it's hard to believe

when you're a little girl

in the way of my life

but you are born to love

it's like the blues

There was a very reason why I love him

he is my child he is my father.

it is so pleasant to be part of the arrangement

it could have been more

then a name on the door

it could have been more

you are a refugee

from a wealthy family



insertion: obligation. Need a lot of violence of free will and
part IV. part III.

↳ part I. I think you need law and principles as how

↳ part III. why did you not take any way for

Minimum freedom is all freedom

↳ D. H. Lawrence

Nicolette was a creature of May and Rebecca. An anguished May ^{of permanent} struggle to assert
existence against an insupportable past and a grasping present. Reared in reverence of a father who
got drunk every week for money, if at all. May's Grandfather, an eminent scholar of the American ^{history} Revolution
before Nicolette was born, was ^{generally} known as Val, and he did not know what he did for her case.

I guess I've been looking for him all my life, for she said he was - and
occasionally found him.

It means looking for old people, Nicolette said, and, more certainly,
not Americans. There's been a variety of places - Italy, a Yugoslav, a Bulgaria -
all, just about the father's generation, all "beaten" as it were, war, winter,
more war, scholars. Some one to look up to, some one to look from,
to value and not ourselves. ~~But~~ that period - few, my own age group
did not feel this way of life. I wonder if he was ever to do with the. The words myself
were forced me.

~~I state that my father, as in 20 or 30 years ago, was a very interesting person. He, too, was interested
in old people, but only in the past. The his difference is that he, Nicolette said, was a very different person. He was
not a scholar, but a very strong person. He was very interested in people, and he was very interested in the past.~~

Nicolette's husband is a specimen: a thin, Mediterranean-type, poet.

~~Nicolette has been the beautiful, the ethereal, impressive.~~

We'll put the character of a play down before you: the "date" background,
behavioral information, etc. The year put it down down and try to make up a
why you're down. I let you say life, you'll see he did be. We see there
like Henry H. Computers, long the computer ^{over} did not make any sense of it:
of the redness when ^{behavioral} and ^{disturbances} what - so we'll find out of
we the victim. The it comes to question of cause and effect, of
cause, the computer is not what help any way, because its life results
it type of cause and effect, and everything known cause and effect of some.
And the computer is probably right.

Year
And your husband
Cher
Rickie
Symptoms

It is different about,
Nicolette was

It is of Alexander
Cultural of
movement of some
relatively why - it
same

The way we ~~first~~ feel it is as pretty mechanical, after all. Then you've got the
gaps, and then bridges, and keys, and you ought to be able to calculate what gives what;
but it was a poor thing the computer to come up with. Of course the factors that the
computer comes up with have all our keys to common: that they are not the future.

Suppose you feed ^{the first} ~~the~~ symptoms into the computer, and then predict what comes
next - well, the computer will write all sort of reaction may how will
slipping the key + underpin some essential response - to control has our key in view,
the computer will write but it will symptoms; ~~Not that any great probability of~~
change key in predict ^{some as soon} the key of a will maneuver, by way of a will you that only
up not to think! I can maneuver the because it be a heavy ⁱⁿ probability.

because of the computer comes predict a future, it means that the future can
not be predicted; ~~also~~ if it comes be predictable, it means it is not predictable.
if it is not predictable, it means not how you it way it went, if it need not be
for it has a heavy maneuver the at least through a maneuver maneuver his responsibility -
the key to computer maneuver the type of cause and effect: what means of
responsibility.

~~The fact is that reality is enormously more complex than~~

~~what a computer comes up with, where the lens, ^{is} not
L L how away... Maneuver how he made, to keep flask's, time and space.~~

But the fact is that reality is enormously more
complex than any computer program. Only the simple mind, ^{and} the
actor, perhaps, can grasp it.

So: here are the data: you make you so - key.

she lived when there happened to be a delapidated mansion
for reasonable rent; or a famous doctor for any of her common
illnesses, or benign weather, or a chess tournament. The
summer months she spent at Nicoletti's ~~house~~ summer home
on the lake's shore, playing chess, mostly with herself; sometimes
with other women present, for while as to age she played
with some. ~~On this subject:~~ those round or rectangular, glass
covered boxes with a double

fiction inside -- a jigsaw, or a set of
a ^{chess set} ^{with chess caps (and a number of other)}
a ^{board} ^{with windows, the animal form -- with an appropriate}
number of little white and ^{corresponding} number of little
steel balls ^{pellets} which had to be maneuvered into the
holes. ~~It is mostly~~ ^{pieces} of the sort, apparently quite impossible
to find in place for normal people, were Alexander's delight, and
French and admirers ^{kept ready by the sea, from all}
over the world, ^{billions of such, China, Japan, & Persia} ~~with all sorts of folkloristic~~ ^{improvising}. Now if
you or I take a box of this sort and try to shake the pellets
into the holes, they shoot out, one on another in a non-chaotic process
round the edge of the frame, and that's that. Alexander, in his
manipulation ^{to} ^{shake} half of the pellets into their holes right at the
first go, but the other she acted a ^{little} ^{remission} ^{and} ^{was}
~~a~~ ^{testament} ^{of} ^{analytic} ^{intelligence}, ^{to} ^{show} ^{that} ^{her} ^{obvious}
merit, and something that has been missed and ^{missed}, ^{missed},
Magnificent: she gently nudged the glass with her perfect hand ^{and} ^{revels},
and so! the pellets became obedient to the ~~direction~~ ^{direction} of her
~~perfect~~ palpitation of her well-proportioned fingers.
For good or for evil, this was the ^{formative} ^{of}
Alexander's life.

Soviet Union.

As a lecturer at the Courant Institute, she found herself in Paris at the time of Brezhnev's the visit to the death. He left her a sense of exasperation that she learned to associate with a long-term administration. She knew when to buy and when to invest. Every month she understood the market. What meant: she understood the economic situation. What meant: she understood politics and the nature of politics, many of whom ^{became her personal friends} ~~she knew personally~~. So precise were her analyses, and so striking the predictions, that she became customary for journalists to consult with her before writing their own pieces and editorial. This led her to ~~meet Alexander~~ ^{Key} ~~one of Alexander~~ ^{one of Europe's} ~~most important persons~~ His name was ~~became~~ ^{became} ~~clearer and clearer~~ as the cloud of his return home was palpable, so that she had to ~~reconsider~~ ^{reconsider} ~~Paris~~. Heeding her own counsel, she gathered up ^{young} Nicolette and little Paula and what was left of her old jewels and diamonds, and escaped to New York - just before the German took Paris.

Chips
apples

Now to Sabine, who drew Col number 4.

God. He knows who captured him in the heart of the day

Pete & Gan. Long. Let's go to Blue Boy. His beautiful, almost perfectly beautiful, ^{immaculate} ^{eyes,} ^{set you mind} ~~features~~. The ~~soft~~ soft glow by his. The gentle posture, ~~betray~~ ^{betray} reflects his breeding & self ^{elegance and reserve} ~~spontaneously~~. Surprised to Blue Boy ~~stepped out of the picture~~ ~~lost~~ opening his elegant, sensually, but not too sensually swayed lips into a barely grown, ^{gaping} ~~blackness~~ ^{blackness} that ~~seems~~ ^{threatens} to engulf the ^{world} ~~the~~ ~~partly~~ ~~and~~ ~~every~~ ~~thing~~ ~~I~~ ~~know~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~expense~~. A ^{angel} ~~flirty~~ ~~uncanny~~, but unpaired, snickling round. Unhitchable, incompromising. But to more needs

he repeated.

Like so many kids of rich parents engulfed by the emptiness of their own lives,
Sabine's parents sent her soon to a boarding prep school, where he learned
the uses of drugs and the ethics of sex, together with the early American
epic school, education, or learning as a form. ^{and prep school, at last to keep free at last, he set out to} See the Commission, affection,
understanding, like a child, like Bill Foster, yet ^{was} able to draw like a clown.

Discontented, unprepared about life and what it's all about, yet determined
and most effective in clearly immediate objectives. ^{and so completely} ~~Most~~ ~~unconcerned~~, ~~for instance~~, ~~and~~ ~~learn~~, ~~working~~, ~~to~~ ~~study~~
in learning ^{to} ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~cells~~, due to love, to be full subjects of his teacher,
while he learned really, absolutely nothing about music, nor did he care. That's all
Sabine. He never been ^{about} ~~stated~~, with it much - better than any lady would in any school,
but off staying and not much in Italy, to know nothing, absolutely nothing about
the country, the people, the history, ^{of} ~~the~~ ~~country~~. He had not the time to
study. Blissfully oblivious to his surroundings, he might have walked out
in face of a wave, moved in a big plane of light, or even leaped across
the sea. He ~~concerned~~ to it would not have mattered. He ~~concerned~~ his
own absorption of time, sheltering the simplicity of his own problem inside.
And over the problem.

But you will meet Sabine soon.

In the meantime, here is Pearl, whose name is never given
then to Crystal Ball.

Pearl. At this point I'd rather have Pearl's dog, for himself.
There'd be other dogs in the story later, all important.
~~Some times people see dogs into residential areas.~~ At you

~~know the dog you know the world (or the street, or the one you see.)
see the book to have some grammar rules, of course.
But let me try to describe Pearl's dog, for himself, with
the feeling about Pearl. It's easier.~~

like the overstep,
about class-type
part to know
to work -

break the rule.
Deviate by that
from the given, the
times, the inevitable
in what we live, by that
common: that minimum
degree of freedom
we have (out of our
own minimum of
freedom we really
have all)

Instead of talking of
Pearl in the past, to
help what he did, for himself.

He would hit someone. Even Perle he would hit. The only person he would not hit was his sister, but she would not make him do things he would not want to do. They, even his mother, understood that.

When Fortunado met Hefkasta on grounds or when he did not see him, ~~at the house~~ in the house, he always, when, eventually he considered him as something which he was willing to share 4 parts - 1 he accepted. He would not let him be the person - ~~that he wanted to be~~, in help, desperate puppy, ~~to help him up his feet~~, impudently but being little drops of spit out of fear. Fortunado would stand over him, in sharp, allowing feet, at sharp intervals, and ripping out him mercilessly, making him fly and draw blood. And no one could move him away, except some, who wouldn't do it. And the pain and fear-racked sprints of Hefkasta would echo underneath things in home. Fortunado did every 4 parts to one of Hefkasta kind legs. One should never call a dog Hefkasta and not expect him to limp. ^{as some} And Hefkasta did limp, because of that the person, who would be around. And Hefkasta did limp, because of the severe tendon, - already before Sabine ^{kicked} him over the shoulder. In the last analysis, Sabine's actions didn't make all that much difference anyway.

Fortunado's
One day Nicolette was down in the yard by the horrible
attracting yards, she later says and wounded ^{from} the eye - and as
as her ~~the~~ the Luxion neighborhood rightfully claims silence of for
the woman's silence. A white to like puppy has some his friend
the yard - important creature. Fortunado promised it ^{that the dog will find some sense in what we sense.}
and a corner, against the yard fence. He was sitting there a long time, ^{and dog, a puppy.}
himself, his eyes were half closed, his back pressed against
the fence. Begging, crying. Fortunado allowed for the three weeks - jump

+ or would it - and why. Was this one of those 'Coo of Nature'
breed into our Victoria Monks - like the ^{ancient} ~~ancient~~ of incest,

adultery, pernicia or post-hoc Σ , or rape: Why is there more violence in an old form?

After all, it would have been just a violation of it had been
a cat. Any way. It was a puppy.

his kindles on, get straight out, his family, whether out before him, chat & to prevent
Frenchie. He'd pick up the puppy, rip a piece out of him, shake him up, then to
star, and put him against the fence again, till it was black.

Nicolette, who had had once already the pleasure of Fortitude,
never knew to know to wear herself into a grocery store. Strangely it
imposed that she actually succeeded in driving him away from his wounded
victim, and driving him into the house, planning to do it before him.

The house to the puppy, to help, if possible. But the puppy was gone.
no trace of it. They found it ~~dead~~ in the garden, dead, the
next day.

Fortitude was a famous dog.

Let's put them back out again, and aspected with them: Alexander, Nicolette,
Perle, Sabine and Vaska. ~~But you puppy of the ^{you} ~~fortitude~~ ~~and~~~~
~~see to the ~~fall~~ into the hole.~~

The story ends in Nicolette and Sabine. But it's a
most unlikely story.

Nicolette lives at Saint Pierre at all times, doing
various things of Hollywood to her east street. She
had neither a big house or a big open space, and it was
an open house, an open to the house she had her own
Perle was a kid, and the house was always full
of Perle's friends.

Now Perle was gone, but the light improved, and
the house was always full of kids. She felt sure, to have one of the

sleep mostly like she was gone, & sort of dis-
 miss you're not for you're kept the all. Vorn first showed
 up, (perhaps) & clear to home, & out of window, & at Vorn by the
 job's done so on, and Mirolette kept doing she she last always.
 done: she kept the all. Mary 3 or 4 or 5 time - - trying
 but it's better for to kid, and she's better for to kid and
 better for to kid and she was better for to kid and better
 for to kid, and it's what she's been doing all the time,
 and a boy & a girl was constantly advantage, it's
 just they heads they really very nice, and a very
 of a course and all that.

So, ^{one day} ~~the~~ ^{with his wife on his back. he comes to stay, and for}
~~the~~ ^{responsibility}
 of cleaning to home once a week.

Not a Mary to last shows very home
 on any home help that.

But to learn. the learner part.

That is the most common and suggest in the
 Samuel Ray Duff - that that has really to
 & whether by a last number - which was to be ^{the} ^{mission,}
 part, a whole, yet keeping.

and it have known beautiful words by learning hands.
 The pen has what people ~~and to write~~ not to jobs,
 and to place Cooper next, believe me. And by writing period would
 well though not reach fast, and Sabine would join a then
 like a type - his as friend, and ~~and~~ the clear ^{for fast} work
 the ~~money~~ ^{money} up, who had but to hours ^{of work}.

Sabine would be up in five. He would cook off
 for Nicolette the dinner to have done to ready morning here.
 Sabine would be ready to walk to sleep with Nicolette
 a 4 hours at 7am. Nicolette had had sleep
 the he left, but Sabine somehow felt she needed
 keep + to sleep not to puff, and that he was.
~~the~~ ~~common~~ ~~was~~ ~~going~~ ~~on~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~, they did not
 of their habits.

Sabine learned her to cook chocolate brown
 and Sybil Carbone and Seth Port for Nicolette.
 and a lot of other things, but he did the - on the
 in the way of money. Poor was he did, she held to day
 and may try to still to ~~the~~ Nicolette's long day, to make
 to find money just perfect.

They to process was
 in, they to grow
 were all right.
 That they were
 bees' was another;
 and his to Carol
 Coley was, green
 pepper and mushroom
 were all pepper
 up when he
 inspired she
 might want to
 make that
 tomato sauce.
 He took to Clot's to be done and to day to be over. The day everything and to be over there

Me, visible to night as; strange. The two heads & that goes
of love, why is he like this in his home?

And, Sabine is full of joy. He has seen his
life, and his life has been in Nicolette's ^{dreams or visions, and happy or peaceful} room. She is
wonder to see it.

And the picture during a long time with a head,
and a breakfast, and Nicolette is for all ~~the~~ day to
be; and he all looked at alone, and Sabine comes
for it for her - Nicolette's head room and sees
to be there and for a long time, and she is
her and looks over. and look of a woman, steady
day - the woman here, and is deep from her, for
my life, and Nicolette is looking over to her and
to that and give some help, and to keep talking.

but the
by and by he looks
to coming to the
Maudie, for, because
he has forgotten
this or that, or
wondered to see
the electric light
write.

The first of some pieces of Miss Nicolette's, so perhaps
to give the history of that. The Chapin Melody, and the Boston
cells, etc. And, what shows the way, by playing them over
and over and over, and would then see the all over life.
Like knowing and being and then they, Nicolette says: you
want to know every inch of his skin, and every word and
every the act and reach. So by the way, and you have always been

some times she'd attempt the project at a some time: e.g.
carrying ^{by} a big piece of driftwood, carefully balanced, and at a
same time, flanking a group of birds and chasing them; or
carrying a femur-like thin effectual carrier up the gorge of water,
and trying to balance at the same time.

But I was a great thing that Tardus was tried also
to catch by the project, because if once she was in it, things
were done, for she made mountains climbing by the project
she would escape from the rapines of the hawk, and the deep
rocky wall, ~~up when it~~ to swift like a mountain peak,
up when the hawk breathes by and the hawk can come racing
down the free way. It is a night-mare, that she would come to
children into perdition.

you talk as a Communist worker, Mitchell was - just
like myself. It was taken well, and it is beautiful
for evening. That was really for her, Mitchell was,

They turned back. Looking on their shoulders
for time to turn a walk because, the water is late because
the change effected by the sunny sun.

"I studied from your book," taken back.

That's pretty good Mitchell says, in fact I never, it begins
to sound like something,

When
school
was
supposed to
influence the
young people
Mitchell was.

He is anxious to only now become a Communist.

No doubt in his. Having started out a cell who he was
already known, that he felt he could be
to do it in a institution pretty much anything he wanted, and he
willing to work for it, and I work hard.

"To a Communist?" No, first of all, I am not ready
for it, and second, if I were to do it I know what I would
do. I don't think people are Communist.
to go. Name they, history. You don't understand.
I am not interested, Mike. All I care is the cell. It
may be, some time or to future. Not now."

"But you see, to go to some sort of school - Communist
a cell - would make you life a lot easier. Yes, not at
least you are. Have you curriculum organized for you,
enlarging it scope of your life. Finally you submit and your parents

Mitchell

in the year 1968

fully ready to come back to job but you've got to believe in it.

- Found what he said, to school; well, if he'd understood, school's no big deal it was in your days - or even the first year to school. Did you mark Perl to school?

- I don't think I mark Perl at all. As a matter of fact I left ^{new job. Busy} ~~him~~ ~~completely~~ free. But, undoubtedly, I influence her. She ~~is~~ ~~blame~~ ~~me~~ ~~was~~ ~~both~~ ~~for~~ ~~having~~ ~~instilled~~ ~~a~~ ~~'~~ ~~profound~~ ~~working~~ ~~ethic~~ ~~'~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~, ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~spicing~~ ~~it~~. But both things are probably true. But I don't feel ~~guilty~~ ~~about~~ ~~either~~. But I think I don't feel a lot about it. —

- of see, at one time, you had to go to school to get jobs. That you don't get a job if you go to school. The more school you have, the less you are chosen to get a job. It just doesn't make any sense any more. At one time, going to school was part of a whole life style. That it just isn't any more. Why should I work my time learning a lot of stale stuff I'm not interested in and I'll use none. Why should I work my time as a teacher to have nobody to teach me? You should see what's per + school. But parents, I think should not try to influence their children. It's best. Let them make up their own mind and reach their own conclusion. It's the only way that parents and children can get along. And of course I know that I am making things hard for my self, but so what.

Passion
Influence
freedom
peace &
equity
rebellion
Cultural change

The word of mouth to disagree ~~that~~ a few of the boys of the school system are
convinced. Obviously, schools were just obsolete, and something better had to be
done about it. But, Nicollet was, it's cheap to simply want to abolish
them without suggesting what you want put into their place.

I don't give a flying fuck to be exact. Somewhat for
to have a piece of school district. Somewhat is always hard to
plan of anything. But on 11 November, it fits a hand we to
break up the ~~in~~ ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ~~open~~ ~~of~~ ~~to~~ ~~use~~. It
was just to see Cooper's with what we had.

"What's a flying fuck?" she asked.

well, ya know what I mean. I think it's a real descriptive
expression.

The Sun set we party was, and 11 November had been to
Gabe Dodge and Jimmy. For part of their party was to run part
to home, and to end of it walk, and with up to part of more
kind and exciting or unexciting. It's as on feet, and the sun
had a very hard time to get it from your sleep back out to house,
by then, if Dodge and Jimmy were caught before they passed &
from, the all four young dogs would come in without trouble. So
Fahim picked up ^{by chain of help} ~~them~~ and invited them to play tag, and they
took it and ~~hardly~~ pulled, and he pulled them in, one on each side
and Nicollet followed at the old dog, and Cooper as the people
delivered with a pleasure mixed with surprise, and to hear us & beautiful
and to say and to himself, and to dogs, and Fahim was sure & the
boy.

The way the

His parents haven't got a shit stick of the procedure (how). They didn't
conclude a week. Because he was out of school. They didn't understand. Why?
Why did Elizabeth understand? Has she ever understood? Has she ever seen
them? Why didn't she?

"So a conspiracy? Never find out if I'm not ready, and
second I want to know if you don't understand. I am not interested
in music. He is an interest in a cell. Do you understand?

For his own good, do show just him: encourage him to do reports, to go to
school, conservatory, what not. It's the both of them. WHY? Is she
not ~~happy~~ happy? Why slappingly to learn any concepts and system.
Why should he go to school? Why should he learn to keep people but always learned?
Why should he be ready for a job. Should she be, well, be ready to
re-examine everything she has ever brought up on? ^{to} Re-examine it
all the time? It's enough of a amount of dead weight on her, around, forcing
it to be sold, at least.

Now you see, he got to some school ^{out of} very conservatively - something
it wasn't music life & but kind of eye. He will wish you
own eye. Get along with his parents.

By golly. This'd down to study.

Why do he study towards him? Why not be spontaneous?
Tell him any thing she really believes. Be FREE.

Now he has one more of the same need believes in, a bit of just
been but you.

-
Tough shit, to say. To school with you don't
understand. It wasn't be defeat. I wanted to try my life by
struggle. I'm not sure I got it. He got made show.

"Don't worry Perk to be scared."

"I don't worry Perk do really, ever."

of course you influence people. You are not free not to influence, just as you aren't free not to be influenced. You are not free, period.

But Perk says to install a protection whereby others can't hear. But at the same time, that's what he's doing. But probably both things are true.

Yes, you, school can't stop it. It's just doesn't make any sense of it even if it's.

"Why are you going to put it in place?"

"I gave a flying fuck, he said. 'Something's going to be in place of school all right. Something always has to be in place of something.'"

"What's this fuck? She asked."

"I don't know, and I don't care, to say that's a rather drastic expression."

Sabine has been around for a while. Not in person, but frequently,
 and Nicolette has considered her simply the son, and found a wonderful
 experience to do things like, and not to pay the same ~~total~~ ^{total} ~~total~~ ^{total} of
 course the father about Sabine, parents, in a almost ~~to~~ ^{way} - always, to
 sure, it seems that he will be a extremely beautiful, and so empty and
 so stupid, and that he will be a vulgar, and that ~~that~~ ^{appell} manner,
 and that with an eye he has hope to be able to understand
 Sabine on his problem on his generation or that he would go life or
 that he has hope from her. But that, if he took it possible
 to explain some things to her, in a long, long letter - for example
 why Kasper ^{Price} ~~Carte~~ has done to her, they simply would not reply - probably
 they didn't see read it, they were hopeless. ~~Some~~ ^{Some} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~him~~ ^{him}
 Sabine suddenly arranged that Nicolette should meet with her
 parents, although she says, when they meet, we'll all meet for once.
 Well, an eye to everything changes his mind and understands them,
 and it really seems that with a problem.

They talked about Paula at Eves. They also talked
 about and parents in ^{in town} Lincey, and Sabine comes at the pictures
 she must be very beautiful, he said.

~~Full text~~ ~~Form~~

She is beautiful, Nicolette said, and she is sweet. She
is complimentary to her father.

Nicolette and Pauli has been very close friends
Cherish her, she is not a boy, Calicut, Calicut,

- Why is she complimentary?

- That's a boy story.

- We all know boy story

To know the father is just as hard as to know the mother
of a father, as to know the wrong father, Nicolette said.

I remember when she was just a child, she said to her

mother, 'you father is weird,' and to her father, 'you

father is a corpse.' And I think she thought a lot

about it, and it hurt her. And of course she had to blame

it on some body, and so she blamed it on me, why couldn't

I be like the other father like everybody else? Why was it so

hard on me that got brutally killed in a car accident?

It is obvious as very selfish of me to worry ^{and} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~about~~

thinking of her. But that is just part of the story.

- And I have memories of going to see her mother of her father.

- You know, Nicolette said, come to think of it, there are a
many unhappy marriages or parent hood and there are unhappy marriages.
You really ought to be a parent of a child, and
of re-parenting.

- It might be the parents and children, it seems to me, John says,
is one continuous dance. For a moment a mother starts to do
an of kind to her mother she means for her to feel her and love

how to take care of her or food, in every sense of the word,

- How you see this sweet beautiful white doves in the New man's garden across the street? - Nicolle said. They're so sweet and their babies, and then just a week or a few hours ready, they simply kick them out of the nest.

Beautifully. Really. I guess that's the way of it would -
Sabine said.

The relat-ship of mother and baby is an sublime physical love affair, Nicolle said.

And the mother off. Like a marriage. What's a marriage, let's say after 20 years? It's dead. It's never the dead; it's nature it's like, it's degrading.

- It needn't be that way, Nicolle said. If it's good to stay with, it gets better all the time. But not children - it's bound to go the old way. It's nature.

- It just changes, Sabine said. It becomes something else.

It becomes friend, for how long ever. That's all right too.

→ It's complicated, very complicated, ^{Sabine} ~~troublesome~~ said; and Paul's complicated. Nicolle said.

- You know how to look at it people for her side, Sabine said. And we still stay - you said, and to cope, and then and change. The it'll work out.

He taught her dancing, she taught him skiing. They

shared the redwoods, the Rockies' crazy peaks, the birds, the sled; friends and boys, chaos at home and in a studio; and what he read and learned and also the whole and learned; Films when she wanted to have a marriage; but a marriage that was one into the absolute Gaudin and a sentimental value, and she was not to be it. Any he say film but just her replied by Soviet Union. My god, she said, if you think that they ~~stare~~ ^{stare} and stare for a 20, and to film my made; and now the same people, it some again have

The graduate skiing club

You can't really divorce your children, just as you really can't divorce your mate. Not become marriage in a sacrament, oh no. But the way marriage is a sacrament because the man it can't be dissolved. You never get away from it and you do it over - it's a time over and over. You never get away from your first love. about the sanctification and sanctity of life, plus apart sex, and apart the exhibition of class and class and values

because of world's most read-way rearrangement. It's incredible. Just yesterday we had
an Soviet academic there, Nicollet said, but he was enthusiastically praising the social
consciousness of his trip America for Executive, and the good the Mutual and
Corporate this day, not only the American business, but to the world of Europe.
Lena would have to his praise of the hard to see it,

Sabine lives Nicolette's work, and she prepared to film, or print
there of, at night at home or off on the papers reading about what they are
Lena's work. And the thought to America must be such, but that to film such
would be to damage account, because it just happened to be terribly good,
for Nicollet thought, it was all the good, and beside, a lot dependent
a to political head of the moment. Success wasn't ^{enough} ~~enough~~ that hard anything
to do not quickly. Especially you did not see a lottery every time.
you might win, or loose, but that shouldn't buy you, you had to be
doing what you believe anything. And that was why your means to be for
not ~~not~~ to quote of success or failure.

Peter and
Nicolette's
work



The Sabine kept to fall off. He would not eat, and he
would not sleep. He would wait up for Nicolette, he'd be at night, or
fall asleep on the bed, and she would find him there when she came home, and
she would talk to him until almost morning. She did not smile, or pretend
not to notice, but she would say, "well, one night, it exploded, and he told
her that to love her, that he needed her, when she was of him, that he knew
she would think that was crazy, and that he knew it would pass, but that
if it could only pass if it was fulfilled, and she had to help him,
to fulfill it and know it pass. It was a October night and a hour
before we saw Christine, I meet you. I meet you physically,

She told him that it couldn't be true; that it was his
North Complex, and that, all, that days were ahead for the way
they were, and why change them and why put them, and if he
last what he wanted, he probably wouldn't see like it and beside
it was just unimportant.

Why should it be noticed for a you because to be

It's one not an old man, and unimportant for a young man

to be driven in movie, how to be of them, and the dog.

A piece of work from
very late, and found
that it was
a whole. He
in business she
we can have her
but she had
Gunn's that with old
and that to work
got the way
it moving.
And once he

Unhappy for them to
to be driven in

to be a young woman?

As young women and an old man can make a child, Nicolette said, An old woman and a young man can't. So that goes to show...

to show fiddler's bit. Sabine said, And what if they don't care about the man's children or not. What if they just love each other.

Deeply about Nicolette knew that to be right, and why she was trying to explain the Victorian moral and male chauvinism.

Nicolette said, Sabine said, that each way was a double way. First an old woman, for when he comes, and then a young woman, she cannot bear for him. She's dead then, and you know where I heard it, in your book, I know that as it. And, of course, it was for a woman. And if it was all right for you to marry a man 30 years your elder when you were 20, it's all right for you to marry a man 30 years your younger than you, when you are fifty.

He was pig-headed. He was dependent. He needed Nicolette.

She preferred to be more flattered than the other. Of course she was flattered. Deeply flattered. This was a beautiful, charming, intellectual boy of 20 who had fallen for her. Of course she was fond of him, fond as of a son. And an intense physical attraction, and I guess women were not so interested in love affairs. When with any lady who she had not known but this sort of son, when she wanted to be like a son, of course she had to have for her to realize that if learning was a life-long concern, she had to learn to learn from the young. And a learning relationship was a learning relationship, and she remembered Plato's Symposium and it really became a teacher and pupil. "and Plato wasn't too precise about the way they really made any difference, and after all, Plato was a woman."

all these, of course, were nationalities. And the fact he about Colette and
Cheri. And the v. he really knew the real Cheri, and whereas in the novel he
never got over his love of 5 older woman, Léa, in reality he survived quite
happily, and Colette's love hadn't really hurt him or the country.

All this filled ~~up~~ my a little more time, but the simple, human,
nurtured from his Mrs Nicolette was very responsive to Sabine's love;
she ~~loved~~ could love him as he loved her, and three nights after
his first, impetuous declaration, on the very bed, in a fine hurry
to his first place, and the Breton cells sound going on at ancient
strength, and Ginepro being there and when she yielded - she
yielded to Sabine, not as a ^{stagnant} ~~stagnant~~ or he was delighted, —

From then on, the lover kept, ~~for~~ ~~at~~ ~~times~~, a lover,
in, with, or he-hands and wife. ~~Fatherly~~ ~~support~~ ~~and~~ ~~mother~~, ~~past~~ ~~and~~ ~~present~~,
and proudly, on a lot of levels, or one and it came then. He

had had plenty of sex, before, but this was his first stable relationship.
That didn't seem to be loved out of love when, a little later,
"from her. The lover like a puppy and he loved her. The lover is
a bachel had had, and he loved a to remaining part. He possessed
and he ^{to} ~~was~~ ~~his~~ ~~hand~~ ~~scratched~~,
scratched, and he was always there. For Nicolette, he first
knew about her, next to her; to know every ~~inch~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ~~middle~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~
skin, the roughness of his ^{the} ~~numbness~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~feels~~,
and his hair, the ~~shape~~ ^{the} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~growth~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~beard~~ ~~and~~ ~~down~~
beard, ~~that~~ - he was too ~~much~~ ~~into~~ ~~it~~ ~~or~~ ~~staring~~, ~~letting~~ ~~the~~ ~~stems~~
sometimes a ~~man~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~half~~ ~~even~~ ~~to~~ ~~help~~ ~~him~~ ~~every~~ ~~day~~,
to ~~have~~ ~~take~~ ~~his~~ ~~advice~~, ~~to~~ ~~know~~ ~~it~~ ~~isn't~~ ~~he~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~to~~ ~~try~~ ~~to~~ ~~know~~
his ~~or~~ ~~week~~, ~~as~~ ~~his~~ ~~thought~~, ~~to~~ ~~progress~~ - all this became an
essential part of his life.

he did not have good job,
and yet often he is poor.
He found in it many
unhappy places, at the
same ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~very~~ ~~times~~.
He possessed ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~happy~~ ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~...~~
The lover was
generally
and ~~desirable~~. He
loved a lot of
Lovers of ^{why} ~~he~~ ~~decided~~
Nicolette's
fresh experience.
Silly boy. In the
field, or least fresh
experience he really
must have had
to know
" ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~
all right, " ~~no~~ ~~more~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~
to help him, ~~has~~ ~~occurred~~

"did I make any mistake?" ye didn't, she said, ~~press~~ ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ - his flat, strong chest. And I
she ~~said~~, ~~ye~~ ~~couldn't~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~. ~~None~~, ~~he~~ ~~said~~. ~~To~~ ~~be~~ ~~so~~ ~~experienced~~.

is very interesting

[She thought of the ^{story} slope of the evidence, and ~~Paul was not~~ readily
 Paul took this. And Paul learned fast. But for Nicolette already
 Nicolette aged, and Paul very very young. And in a few years' time
 then came in to the situation about that Paul stated better than
 Nicolette. Obviously; naturally. It would have been very strange if
 she had said. But do you think Paul would admit it or realize it
 or believe it was told by Nicolette herself or by others? My mother
 this morning, Paul said, "Must, must believe that I do."] ^{It took her years to} _{actually she stated}
_{believe the truth.}

idea of course it should not be.

Might she have been like she told me, ~~when you know~~, why change our relationship?
 when you have what you want, everything my change, and it is my job.

Fulfillment of the many points. It is because he can be ^{or born a} ~~between~~ the son, and
 a person of expression and respect ^{mutual} character, he can get divorce for his choice.

There is a subtle change of his heart, to explain Paul & Nicolette, from his
 ability to be open, to be ready for change, to his identifying with Paul, to
 his repeating Paul's change, as he hears her from Nicolette, and ^{express} ~~states~~
 the Paul's letters.

Paul resented Nicolette's work. She did not want further
 with message; please should elaborate, and that's that. She did not
 believe in his response to her, because the best could not be improved
 anything. She did not believe ^{he would} ~~that~~ should be observed but when, when

moment when we know we are playing bridge. She presents herself as
 Nicoletti's ^{sole} large company, what she creates, not the middle's mess, a mess
 to be right, but merely to be part of the great old Roman - name, she plays
 the will, I pay for. Even though Nicoletti jangles his always money to coming
 and comparably to the middle valley Paul made a few: Paul, Paul
 felt left out of a family picture after she recognized that he was a the
 one because of a Bemie. Paul's reaction was that he "must" have
 because of Nicoletti's family - ~~from~~ ~~wealth~~ ~~and~~ ~~income~~, ~~from~~, ~~wealth~~, ~~from~~,
 all manipulation of injustice. However, despite the great cause and great work: all
 manipulation of selfishness and vanity. She wanted to be like everybody else, and
 have a life like everybody else.

better the girl
 when doing her.

equals
 holds rebellion

Sistine: also
 important.

John was not
 one of Paul's
 who she remembers as of
 home.

Nicoletti's attitude
 in the years to understand
 of beauty.

But that was back a long way - long before Little Paul knew
 anything about revolution, evil, and work. She has about the, then,
 by she has wanted to look like anybody, she wanted to be successful,
 to be the fine, Mediterranean Enchantment, inherited from the Spanish
 father, crossed with the German features for the mother's side,
 irreparably distinguished to her to her eyes of a mile. Whose
 fault? But all this, Little Paul did not know, then. When
 she knew was that Nicoletti did not talk like the other
 mothers, and that she was beginning to talk like Nicoletti.
 And then she could act, though she was only ten years old.
 She shipped her back, arms on her sides, head sticking out at
 palm side. She walked to the head of the knee. ~~That~~ ~~of~~
 A body reacting after a few

to after the nasal sound, the g-m-r-sounding r's and l's.

"Why are you talking like that," Nicolette asked, somewhat alarmed.

"I am talking like a girl," Paul said, deprecatingly, meaning, like all other girls.

A few times, Nicolette tried to stop the pompous effort and failed.

"Stop talking like a girl," she said. "You are much nicer when you talk like yourself."

But it was of no avail.

Nicolette decided it probably would be wiser if she let it alone. She always thought so.

But it didn't go away. It changed, it took different shape.

"It's funny," Nicolette said, a beautiful, clear moonlit night ought to be a beautiful clear, moonlit night. But when the moon is waxy, it's awful. Just look at it. The waxy moon is obnoxious. The Waxy Moon is depressing."

"You are funny," Sabine said. "It's you who are tired and depressed. Why do you work so hard?" ~~That~~ That was still Sabine. "Has it ever occurred to you that if you didn't work so hard - if you didn't work at all - if you didn't use any

is it like the waxy moon

is it like the waxy moon
you have to work so
damn hard

Clara

expected to
rebel

The world would be exactly the same? The same old crummy place?

~~That's not true~~ But we Perle speaking -

Ya of all people should say that. You Nicolella said, but you working computer that, were the same. Besides, the world is obviously changing. It always is. It's never the same old crummy place. Not because of anybody in particular, but because of everybody. But if nobody cares, or nobody cares, it would obviously matter. But furthermore, a ya damn well know, one works, but because one want to change to work, but because one is in it, and one get carried away, and one can't get out of it, and besides its beautiful and one love it. No?

in ex-ple of Peter
Silvia exploded up
around a 11 inches
to some: million of
little photographs
frags. And sets
prints, news and
miscellaneous, a
view that with
new rearrange
out to the previous
of her work, mean.

Jabine ~~to kick a piece of driftwood in the sand~~ ^{flung} a piece of driftwood, but to see, for out, of Jimmy to represent. He has heavy one of his most clearest ~~part~~ ^{part} overlap pants, but ~~is a guy in the back~~ ^{disguising his beautiful slender, strong body.} but a guy in the back.

~~Most kind of Henry that, Nicolella thought~~

Perle. Nicolella thought. At about 12 to 15. Like most kid, as one eye or another. It has to be the worst form, politer pretty, shinky, yes shinky blue jeans. Peter Nicolella knew the issue a couple of time, but the last of sleep. Poor Perle. She has other problem. Why both be not something a ~~unimportant~~ ^{unimportant} as clothes?

Then ya are away, Valérie said. Clothes aren't unimportant. They are terribly important to kids. As a matter, half

It would seem to me that the only way to do this is to have a...

"Are you for my old man's sake? You must be for my old man, for my old man's sake."
"It wouldn't be unusual if you were."

What do you mean, he said, serious behavior? I? for my? or you?

I mean that I don't think of all of you for your old man's sake.

- Oh, come on, even if I were for you - you know I would never do that to you - not to say that I am a bit of a...

...but you know the beautiful one...

~~...the beautiful one...~~
~~...the beautiful one...~~
~~...the beautiful one...~~

...the beautiful one...
...the beautiful one...
...the beautiful one...

...the beautiful one...
...the beautiful one...
...the beautiful one...

I want to be independent. Free. To be free
from. John said. But for 4 years, only for
4 years. I want to be on my own legs. - But
I want to be a different person in a different place.

Time has come for John to leave. Long established, long habit to ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country}.
Established always. John must leave. No more daughter. Nicolella and John
has better class of friends - since the beginning. ~~Where to?~~ ^{What of}
~~the country.~~ ~~He did not feel well in his country.~~ ~~He~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~
feel she should put him out. If you have made it hard for her, and so on,
~~for the time she is fit to miss him so.~~ But she certainly did not why her. ~~From~~ ~~from~~
~~where?~~

"That I think,"
Nicolella said, is an
illusion
No change in environment
in any of free.
you prefer you can
with yourself, so
will do you. As you
are not free, mother.
She should not have seen
her. It is a shame. But
if it is true, it
didn't make any sense any
more or free anyone.
So what they put in one
the way he put it
and it was the
needed.

They were by exclusion. Certainly it would have to be out of the country.
He hated America and Americans. He had a love hatred for California.
Some of things like they special brand of American. Especially in young
ones.

^{was her own}
If you ~~can~~ ^{can} live and your life in California, ^{you really just can't live anywhere else any. There is}
~~it's the spirit of life.~~

He said. But you don't know what life is there, and you don't know
well, and you don't have a sense of responsibility, and you do always
live off somebody. That's California. You don't understand that.

If you have to be a place ~~where~~ ^{that} ~~there~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~full~~ ^{full} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Americans~~ ^{Americans}.
Not Paris, for instance. Not Rome. ~~Italy~~ ^{Italy} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~France~~ ^{France}. ~~Italy~~ ^{Italy}, ~~you~~ ^{you}.
John was ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~born~~ ^{born} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Italy~~ ^{Italy}, and ~~John~~ ^{John}, ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~Italy~~ ^{Italy}.
Paris.

Of all places in the world ~~Paris~~ ^{Paris}.

If you ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Paris~~ ^{Paris} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~rely~~ ^{rely} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~John~~ ^{John} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~help~~ ^{help} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Paris~~ ^{Paris}
the way ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~does~~ ^{does} ~~else~~ ^{else}. She knew a Cell had her; she knew
people ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~next~~ ^{next} ~~door~~ ^{door} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~door~~ ^{door} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~open~~ ^{open} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~there~~ ^{there}.

He did not want to ^{to} ~~rely~~ ^{rely} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~John~~ ^{John}. He wanted to ~~stay~~ ^{stay} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Paris~~ ^{Paris} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~go~~ ^{go} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~Italy~~ ^{Italy}.
Paris; if Nicolella it would have been ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~continental~~ ^{continental}.

the California are
rather special and
quite advanced.

Sibine. It was her mother's birthday. Her real mother. The most
beautiful lady in the house. She had been in love and despair.
Actually, she was old & middle-aged, 40 years old.

Sibine ^{had} decided to wonder to have a taste of her husband.
The man was, high intelligent, and very like color, and
a good look, and very happy husband a man.

The woman Miroletta to help her to have it done.
Help her, yes, but ~~she wanted to make~~ to it in sense of
importance. But she wanted to make to come of her work alone.

Naturally it was late. Naturally everything was done in
order. Miroletta decided the woman was 2 cases: one of the
to dinner, and one of Sibine's work. She would have to be
of the, and so she could stay here.

But it was too much help. It might be too little
but she wanted it. deeply. The woman to make to come alone
to remain by, so they could be a woman, a flesh woman.

She decided to come heartfully. As a matter of fact,
it was a great success.

The day afterwards ago. How was he to go?

not a break. So Nicolette arranged everything for Saint Maurice. &
 After some several attempts not several french, by call, by telephone,
 she found him ^{good} - ~~right next door~~, a little way in city, ~~right next door~~
 next door to her own house, where Paul lived with little Sacks.

He walked ⁺ ^x over to road, 11 for steps that led from
 his house over to Paul's, he heard in the street. He brought her a letter,
 for Nicolette - Considering that the small review had probably looked
 over. She was for a moment at him. She was for to be there. And
 yet, she was all he had in his paper place, and Nicolette's letter.

She was not at home. ^{the} ^{pretty} ^{English} ^{one} ^{per} ^{find}, with opened
 it felt, and little Sacks ^{walking up} ^{behind her} ~~to be~~ ~~stair~~. A beautiful wild ^{footing}
~~staircase~~, in four times a day. Nicolette Paul would be back in a couple
 of hours ^{minutes}. He had to be first up in a line, ^{Love} ^{fortune} ^{looking}.
 Fortunately ^{she} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{room}, ^{looking}, ^{near} ^{the} ^{house} ^{to} ^{be} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{last} ^{part} ^{of} ^{the} ^{day}.
 Nicolette's day, and finally, and felt another page. He left it little,
 saying he would stay in late, and walking back up it felt, somewhat
 elevated, swinging his steps and the general melancholy of the exchange of
 a E-mail cell sounds on his lips.

The cell. He's
 He walked into his empty house - It could look like out as
 were, but to see he had to be anyway, filled with old picture
 frames, canvases, and dusty vintages books. Breathe age, dust and
 all part. Some his children & kin. At the cell. He thought of painting
 of a woman, but discarded it later as once.
~~The cell. The best picture of a woman, but faded, not her~~

In remembrance of 'Tadpo', Nicolette said, 'When in hot &
 hot & good-day it's in heat. Look at him. He can protect his hot
 feet, & prancing. How cute he is.'

She took a pine tree, that was felled in the house and had been Christmas
 tree of her year, and planted it out door. It's too big. For the last year
 ye should not buy to hold it in the house, she said. It will be well taken
 care of: in a place, not too sunny not too shady, good east, and enough water.
 It'll thrive. The Pines.

That was a year ago, in Pine. In the winter mountains
 somewhere, on the island of Borneo. A province she has just now shoves
 in the place. Her Baylet was half's. They had arrived on a little valley
 and looked at the old church & the square.

Ye see the pines² on the church tower, the province ahead.
 Nicolette was somewhat surprised. Some way of study & power the
 thought.

on the roof - on the church tower. The province clamping.
 She learned of some phaler system on the church, but never to
 every a little pine tree that, curious, had ~~been~~ been
 nearly a to roof and grew out of it, perpendicular to the roof, at a 45° angle to the ground.

we'll take it to him. Nicolette was, to buy a of pins all night, you'll be able to get over there.
 I'll always see her go on, by town or in Pines.
 The pines

He flung himself at her and shared as he called. Do something, I want you
in bed. ~~How can I, it replied.~~ You are wholehearted, certainly, but that need not
hinder you from going about your business. Nor will you be prevented from leading
your ordinary life.

That was a happy piece. He stared at the page. ~~It~~

The book was up suddenly. He walked back over to Paula's.
She received him with a surprised smile. She read it. A little as she read to
Cotton. From one's mouth. Strongly he showed. She could see behind it, without
bothering yet, she said

^{any}
"It is no branch, no branch at all, I believe said."

She wiped him up. Her eyes were remarkably beautiful. Mediterranean
Renaissance eyes. Not grey-green, not a brown rim around the pupil.

"Oh yes, you are my brother" ~~my whole sentiment of all of it~~
~~please to see, it comes first of all.~~

~~Oh don't do, to see, half of~~ ^{that's not what I}
you back? he said, ^{which is} with lips, and
some other slapping, ~~some~~ ^{deformities} over deformities shaped lips.

My ^{important} ~~sentiment~~ of you in his case, all around, she
said. A ^{kind of} ~~kind of~~ of comparison.

"Oh don't do, to see, half around half ~~around~~
discovered in front of her."

"You know... she stamped to shoulder, ^{elaborately} ~~elaborately~~ ^{in front}
long, brown hair, where the."

She really was happy. He should come back each time.
Any time. ~~that~~ come for a dinner, make something good. Let his
know whether there are anything she should do for him.

She took a hot hand and excited. They both were a beautiful.

Johnnie walked back home in a rage. He sat down to write to Nicolette.

about Paula. How kind she was. how gentle. Her feet and hands. And her beautiful.
and that if Nicolette and Paul did not understand can do, it might be Nicolette's fault.
He was never see it. And that Paul really was the only woman he had met
here. She was all he had. Then he tore up the letter.

But he went there every day. He ~~wrote to her~~ took the Train to
the pool, and waited there looking down a city and waiting
till she came. She had never seen before. Not ~~that~~ ^{not} ^{feel} any funny
about it do it now, she had never seen ^{any} of anything except
with the ~~resemblance~~ ^{and to her} of school - and Miller. As a
matter of fact she simply was not interested in literature. There was too
much of it in the family, and if you had to live with it that was,
you'd rather stay away from it for a part of your life.

Now he had a mission. He had to convince her to read the book.
Any he did. But then he said a well never have done it. She reacted in
a way that just couldn't be true. Either he was, naturally extremely bright,
must have been stammer and non-developments of some kind - or she simply
played ill-hand, to impress him, to be different for Nicolette. He couldn't
make it out.

"No," she said, "I really doesn't hold up to anything." ←

ya had for a drink, but it doesn't come. It's always on a some level.
 Ya don't even have to have whodunnit. I think it's simply boring.

He was fascinated. I'd break this in some block she has against literature of all kinds.

He talked to be about bread and gold sticks, and to Morrison and
 Kafka's fall.

She yawns. "Not, not ya get a Saint Monica." she said.

She looks down, he only not read Kafka any more. He stares
 at a page near to some line over and over until it was emptied of any meaning,
~~then down again and down to back.~~ He thought of his mother, whom he blames
 for not reading, and of Nicolette who Pearl blames for reading, and he thought
 of Pearl, and of Pearl, and of Pearl, ~~and of K. L. L. and fell asleep.~~

So, Kafka was not, Not only for her, but for her too
 now. Leaving a void in her, when he ~~fell~~ let fall off. A vertiginous
 river of revolution against Nicolette.

The next day ~~they~~ ^{he} talked about his mother, and her
 beauty and she was, and that she could have become First Lady, and
 her empty and stupid but ^{he} life, and he became the obnoxious
 manner of his father. And the children are fucked up, it really is
 fault of his parents.

He wonders Pearl to speak about his mother, but Pearl
 wouldn't. Not yet. She merely shrugged her off, contemptuously,
 then ~~fell~~ ^{stung} him with delicious pain - there is the way
 she has called to mother home.

He graduates and speaks to her. About the selection and
 workshop lectures of life in Saint Monica. And her
 Nicolette ^{through} ~~that~~ felt that was the first thing she has done before

Sabine was glad she had some idea of the ~~the~~ house, or
the orchard, down near the city bay, across hills and cypresses.

"But, besides the villa, she also gave you money?" he remembered,
wonderfully,

"Oh yes, Peter said, £1000 manchesterster. She gave
me \$4000 worth, but what's that? You should see my

~~ye-ster~~
friend, not that very friend. They have Madelon and cooks and
nurses and two cars, and they are now Charles of the world
to the city, and all. Just because their parents are rich.

When you've got money, you've got everything. It's just not
fair. But she lives the way she lives, and I have to be careful
of my own bottle of whiskey I buy. [No, you may have another plan.]

I think I would have been better off by this marriage if I had had
more money.

Sabine began to see the point.

"It's not fair," he said. For instance, my parents
gave all their money to the ^{and I should see} brother, because he goes to
College and he has shown her and is required to report.

But to me - They gobble up in an evening at a restaurant
what they give me for a month! It's not fair.

But the less money was for his mother's sister & Nicollette, and he could
see it was:

am Cap's and Aunt.

Perk was that. It had always been like that. My god.
It's sickness. If you think they had just a little bit of
common sense, between her and Alexander, they really could have
just a few more people.

now my, my.

"You should see it," he said, firmly. And it
was not only me. The old kids too. ^{It's become a tradition.} Mrs. Jones, it was a time.
And my heart might feel to be first step, and change after
my heart to Michelle's account, and do with. Nothing at all,
just my and not around and sure to get all day and
share her. Impulse been, it's what he changed to Michelle.

There was his best friend to be talking about. A
shape of pleasure went over his spine.

"Of course you are jealous," he added for now,
but even you not to be jealous.

"It's like you two years to find out," she said,
it took me twenty. Well it's not like with it's not to
~~of it's not~~ I found out pretty soon

Let's change to suspect.

There were other people around: various types, around it clock.
From the morning. Perk was invited. Either she slept, or she was
at school. So, by and by, when, too, look to sleep, it's morning,
waiting for a party at 11⁰⁰ & then the other had in it her heart -

like to realize that he wasn't in Santa Monica, but in SoCal, and that he had not missed anything. Thought of Pearl, who probably has still in her face, stretched, and felt his virility in town.

Sasha and I. Expect just would have been found by themselves -

like Pearl came home, she ~~was~~ at 2, she usually just grabbed a sandwich. App 3 in first round of people about up - a weekend, already in the morning. People who came to see to swimming pool. Some of Pearl's students, Shelia's kids, just about Sabine's age, a little bit younger - but some visiting American. They stayed in the group, hardly said "Hey" to our mother, and were ~~happy~~ - not even in the water.

Sabine never has been to join in Shelia's group, but found it hard to communicate. The pool was pretty but unapproachable. The boys talked too fast, and what he was able to understand of what he heard, sounded so old & kind, so deep-voice. He has heard a woman's voice.

Ada
Starlet
Sphinkie
Claudio

E te, Ore fe?

Niente

Niente? Devi per fare qualcosa!
e Porche?

And then, he means this: There is tell you that you must go to school - study - do something - otherwise you are worthless, otherwise you drink/poke - And then he tells you: Why bother. It's a matter of time. Nothing you do makes any difference. You do it for whatever anyway. So you must go with it back and make it out of there.

The American usually wears Coors or has schedules and plane schedules. They talk about restaurants and shops and prices. He hates them talking much, and he says they are cheap prices, and he says they are expensive as the way they talk but he has to - couldn't say to the Mediterranean.

So most of the time, he comes to play, and he says free, just ~~was to formal~~ ~~staying~~ of between the two groups, and pretends to read a book, but shows at the floors and shrubs around him. And found, to his surprise, that he has stretched out a dog of country: ^{Per} Marble slabs, heavy, one piece, with the names of dogs, the three H's and Hejhasler, and one Anlecker, and lots of birds and dogs, and their pictures on it. And he has begun to feel like a dead dog.

Like the American who plays Frisby, and he talks with Mickey and his girl, he dives in the pool, cools himself, and stays home, to do something.

His fingers and his mind wander ways. What we mean to be practicing turns into doodling. Wailing doodling. One and one and one again. The song of a whale - a whale of a dying our race. Lonely, on icy expanses. Wailing doodling, resounding in the empty house as he kills, out of the window, when nobody hears it, and it didn't make any difference anyway.

"Did you practice today?" Pele ^{asked} ~~repeated~~ at him, with the
 concern of one child to another: one who knows that the other one knows that
 she couldn't see him; one who knows that he she one hole of, ~~and~~
~~that he told her in a letter.~~ She asked with the ease of a child
 immediately ⁱⁿ mother who is expert; his home, ^{of poetry} like so many others - medicine,
 order, school. "Did you practice today, dear?"

He was embarrassed, both because of the quality of his practice which
 he tried to hide from himself and the other - and because of the tone
 of the first question.

"You know, my mother made me practice too," Pele
 said. She made me. From the first day she was twelve.
I have hardly played in cells, however, it remains the only solid
discipline that my life embodies, not to say that my life embodies
very much at this point.

"I know my little tomorrow," he said, falling into
 the child's role.

"Who's maestro Magrell?"

"No you know him?"

"Yes. A friend of my mother's. I always thought
 he was an idiot."

So the whole died. From it left a great bitter
 emptiness & him - and in himself a powerful subconscious screen

In the afternoon - some firm, or not, some ladies who come,
 mothers of children, some's ^{own} eye or a little ^{small} ~~young~~ or a little ^{little} ~~old~~, young
 ladies, well dressed or trying to, or least. ~~Ladies who~~ ~~showed a lot of~~
~~open~~ Ladies not long open hair and a lot of make up on their
 eyes. Ladies at some other summer, rippin' whines, played
 bridge, called out, not flat and hoarse voices for the kids who
 were surrounded and not supposed to get dirty while playing; ^{and}
 talked, my god, like stream - mostly about what was leaving when
 and what was going out when, and what a bore Giuseppe was & had any
 but ye could really blame Andrews, of his age, ^{for running out on her} really, she did not
 entitle to a little more attention to sex.

They were surely in the early thirties, but some of them, so it
 appears to volume, was suffering already from middle age crisis.
 I could find them days about city center, and so they get hit hard
 by the middle age crisis. Helen Brown, Justina, Cook the
 look pretty nice - Helen they are very very nice.

They seem to live a whole of pain; about being married
 something. They had manners young, but all too soon romance
 had gone way to routine, and life was ^{walked without wrinkles or drama.} ~~without~~ ~~flavor~~. Husbands
 had found their little niche in life, and were locked into
 it. There was nothing to look forward to any longer; there
 was nothing to do, really - except to give vent to frustrations, and
 but try to recall what had slipped by: Sex, not large.

Call of numbers

Sex

In volume

"It is really to do with marriage," Adele said. "I only would marry
 if I married an intelligent man, but what a bore, it is!" What you
 want is a broad shoulder, a big penis - tell us, the Galician boy.
 And she ~~glanced~~^{glanced}, from under her purple-painted eye lids, she softly
 glanced at Valérie, who humbly got up to get herself a glass
 of whiskey.

Then Adele walked in. They said,

Ciao, Adele, come avanti?

and she said, please take the dog out, I am allergic,
 and Peter took Fortnude by the collar and led him out to
 kitchen, and came back with Valérie and introduced him
 to Adele, says,

This is Valérie - he just moved here from
 Calpernia, so

and Adele stared him up and down ~~and~~ saying, how
 and said,
 oh!

and then the Galician woman went about sex
 and how much you needed of it and when and how, and
 then it was simply a Comstock, and it was your
 affair of it, the letter.

And Peter was sitting there, but little while, he was fully here

420

and smelt in front and ~~had~~ ^{leaned} his head into Pearl's leg, and
his both looked so sweet, But Pearl's white lips were as white as
a ~~girl~~ ^{girl} sleeping, and then she was, talking like girl.

~~And he had been out during one day in the past.~~

of hatred and rebellion against Nicolette in his
Cells playing to his point that he ^{had} believed it too.

< 41A

pot smoking
Cora.
marginally
dream

In the evening it was the turn of the headmaster
Col. Then was Emma, a German Girl, a friend of the Budget
of Paris. Short-cropped hair, a leggy face and figure, and clear
manners. It was his first experience ^{and the 2nd time}. And he found, ^{irregularly} ^{about a mile away,} ^{events last few days}
undistinguished ~~black at the post office~~. A clerk at the post office: ~~about~~
you see to mind myself and Campbell - ~~at a time when~~
~~like public service had been~~ when the air was thick with
the aromatic smoke.

Then in France, a school teacher, visibly, and heard
heart in Cora at Paris, when he discovered in his brown eyes - as
and Sabine learned from him - on clearing in little ranks;
blowing the smoke to his face, and came to get the pretty giggles, to
every one's delight, except Perle's. ~~she went to~~ Perle got pretty annoyed.
She got pretty annoyed in her office, which cleared a year, volume
which was satisfied. obviously, she had a to piece of Equilateral too.
And when she Equilateral volume on the post truly Equilateral,
Sabine was quiet even of her.

And there was the pediatrician, a man in his early thirties,
sincere, bright handsome, and cocky: a much champion
of them even in one - a friend of Perle's ex husband.

They always had lots of things to discuss talk on and
look at. For he had Sabine's pediatrician; ~~and~~

but Nelson don't know any better.

They should be back to work plants, and bring them up side
down for a few days so that the piece, of which descend had to learn.
Then they get you back.

The arranged ^{stem} Cowry a to give desks. His mother withholds care coming to
the other was out of Cowry room, ^{to miss for a woman} ~~something~~ what was left for
a lot more, and to record place on ~~play~~ ^{play} on.

They always play the same record. That was part of it

After morning come to morning soon
The merchants hand the morning about
The milk trucks make the morning round
in morning morning soon.

When the cows were nice and dry and Cowy, he
but then a sheet of wet paper, and crumpled them
up. Then he passed them through the floor strainer, into
a dish where they ferment & keep even, around keep.
The cows had hand were out to Cowy room.

"That's about 80 dollar worth of stuff, he said."

But the talker about being hustled, and how, he is
stale, ya always come and a by it ya could afford to
have a poor Cowy - the is very expensive.
In Staly, instead, when ya are hustled ya best of.
Take you Frankie Mitchell, my god. What he want through

his parents get her to her Congo, America and Madia, and
they from to make her to London, but they couldn't do a thing.
Frankie had 1 or 2 or 3 - eight months in Popen Coal, Co go
'magine?

ya know he pretty stupid, & get busted in Italy, ' John
said. At that, he felt, remember, some enure of Frankie who
to me. 8 months in jail. This would have to effect to her
they he comes think of. It would value also problem. And that,
it say & really get to know a country.

Then he shoulder laughing, giggling in a most to-been way.

"Look at her," the pedagogue said, he's gone!

"What's so funny?" Peck said.

My assumption to me, John said to say, ^{his voice} ~~between~~
^{breaking like 2 boys}
~~put of laughter when he heard her~~ - "I see your thinking"

- Oh my god - that if we get busted - at home, I
mean - if we get busted my father, and Peck's
mother would have to pay for Francisco's lawyer -
oh my god!"

Francisco was only a piece of Peck but his
eye, and didn't have it all that funny.

File his n's cage was
acting, and then screaming
over his chest.

And Valium makes silent, ~~and~~ ~~powerless~~ his mind flaking.

Ullmann then can be seen a gulf between him and Peckle on the one side, and almost everybody else on the other. They were marginal, he and Peckle.

Peckle on the ~~edge~~ ^{fringe} of the jet-set. Not able, or not willing to climb aboard, hopefully repatriated from the rest of the lot. There he had to ~~be~~

work in order to earn, and to earn in order to live, and who could not

> have anything that was not earned, ^{- includes his experience longer -} like Francisco, or the Mediterranean.

Obviously they would look at work, and at life, differently. Obviously

they could not understand each other or Peckle. They could then pretend they understood them. They were out of it on the other side.

No one could understand them. They were pretty lonely. All that

he Crispin clear to Valium. What he did not understand was

that not to be understood is the same as not to understand.

x
x 1

She is dying, he said, grinding his teeth back.

3 ^{Junkie} ~~was~~ ~~she~~ is dying.

She was lying on the couch, he heard a pillow, and rumbling as he dream, grinning. Giving accents to

his feet, rhythmically. The black and white of his

body was heaving in waves. Like the white crests of

the waves in the wake of a fast boat. ^{by night. he is ~~the~~ light of a warning moon,} A movement

within movement. Then to ^{opens} boat hit a wave, hard. He cracked

your body and knocked the wind out of you.

* She is dying, he said, looking around, for help.

we'll rise up early with
the sun
it seems playful
slavery,
to ride the bus
while every one is going
and the day is yet something
in morning, morning hours.

When Jack was out in the evening, as the owl did, it usually
was drowsy and dandy in his

Now Vakim came out to see, for these Hadas were all right,
although the male is fat, but they don't know how you should see it. He says,
but they don't know how to prepare it stuff. They don't know I do anything
around to know. My god, and to play on that & more. Sighing woman.

~~Vakim: describe talents come in handy. He will~~

~~know~~
and to look to say "my god" just a bit. But then he enjoys
a man. A man, at least, who is "ricochet", knows everything always
had to be just so well - or least superficially. &

He cleaned the pipe out of the oven, cleaned
the pie stove and the floor system, and was to work. Not quite
professionally efficient; but to make checks measure, but
to prefer to ~~the~~ gun.

grass is beautiful. It is ^{so} just. Cut the morning.
~~the~~ delicate fans. Nature's perfect. A warm glow above
green to the upper side; a protected white at the lower.
or may be fingers of pink hands. flower, land green, when the fingers
few blades a ~~finger~~ converge, or 4 fingers: Not many. Not many, a cover
for the best part.

The ~~bit~~ They seem a happy kind around things to which -
may have made a nice, healthy life.

of course, they should not ever have been cut that way

Nobody cared. They were all talking, saying to him, he had heard a thousand times.
Ladies in the ransoo fashion. His looks terrible. The one or of better half way decent, and
Nicolette leans over him, to look at Jimmy. +
"She is O.K.," she said. "Don't worry."

Jimmy coughed again. That's what people like to feel, as to how he'll fly to have some,
flying off from on a coast cliff; flying out, crying out.

She is dying, to wound. Don't go see. DO SOMETHING,
for heaven's sake...

He looked at her. She was positively hideous. The shape of her hair. ^{Nicolette}
The color she had on of her, and the way her body was moving like a black
and white woman a Jimmy. Her face was like a mountain landscape, the lines
like rivers ~~valleys~~ circling people patches of water flesh. As He held
his breath. The woman as observed it to study face.

Jimmy was still exactly he felt, quivering to a to someone &
fly.

She's dreaming, Nicolette saw, from her eyes and Jimmy's other
was glazed and half ^{closed} open, and the rest volume's, ~~she was~~
frozen round open.

Nicolette's eyes were hollow, weary, without defenses,
felling him for more than he wanted to hear.

Jimmy had himself away and went to the bath room.

His legs were long the times. But everything was somewhat high.
He returned with clothes and dirty. So also and more also. Little
Oscar to the particular of his face. Little veins, protruding and vastness.
His looks up into the mirror, he & in eye was up on patches
marked to eye, dimly and dark. Part of my part, the surface
was unbecoming. Corpse colored. Flabby. Flaccid. dirty. unattractive.

his beard & spread like dust. Curious. His chest comes in. He belly breathing -
hidem little keeps. His mouth, of repulsive voluptuousness, his eyes sunken,
and red rimmed. He waves his hands, a part of his face, and his ugly,
heavy lips remain open, mouth flying. from a cloth in his hand.

He groans, grinning his head, and looks up, a cold sweat. My god.

you - an - a - refuse - -

from - a wally - families - -

numbers -

He sat up, got on his feet, pulled his sheet around him, ^{in woman,} blood
bleeding out for woman, fingers flying to floor, leaning against his wall,
went to the table to get something out of the refrigerator. anything. As
graciously & peacefully.

Not to least lady heard him, and indicates a man, and a
disapproving laugh.

He found to be he said, ~~from the man who dropped~~
and his hands were in dress prepared to be disappointed.

He he slept some more, ^{by} heavy, leader, under sleep,
and now at almost was, with nothing and nowhere.

My god, his thought & his breaks his heart - a habit
sprung like the debris. My god. Paul his sister, and
a job. Nicolotti he he idiotic were has she believe it.
My parents and her broke her the, facing world - and
I have nothing, absolutely nothing. No education, no knowledge, no
craft - I can't do a thing except housecleaning - no bad at cars
no one to love, no job in children, nothing that means,
a few registers in papers through the ordinary world.

I'm bit to bottom. And inside and outside of me, it's a some landscape; kitchen cupboard -

As he was driving, he noticed that his valise - among other things
 began to fall open - and there was no one else around him to
 by another set, of the same kind.

x
x x

That was the time when Nicolette arrived in Europe
 and they all got ready for their vacation on the Riviera, with Alexandre.

Nicolette's plan was late. Of course it would. What plan
 do you do very much to do not what you are doing to yourself.
 At that time, in the past, when Nicolette's plan was late, and
 Alexandre was waiting for her at Cannes, Alexandre got very
 angry with her. "Your plan is late she would be late & then,
 being late from school and having been gone from school. "What your
 plan is late? No wonder! I've floor & lot in my life time,
 believe me, but my plan never was late!"

So Pearl, Sabine and Vaske had to wait at the
 his post, getting annoyed, and little Vaske getting ~~nothing~~
~~and~~ getting.

At long last she came, looking ugly after the
 long flight. Pearl put on an awfully artificial smile
 when she greeted her mother; Sabine did something between
 nodding and bowing a little, and looked coy.

and little Sasha, who has not seen the ground under his feet for a year, played
sky, "sincerely" he thinks and ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} parts as a vessel.

They talked small talk at lunch -- just two expressions everything
was, but why a man at airport were but has you for jitters all the
time. Nicolette mentioned that Samuel and Guy had just
married -

"How fascinating!" Sabine said, contemptuous, and
~~looked~~ for Perla's eye, questioning.

Nicolette said that the day, were just fine
and that the house had got a new roof and that the kitchen
had got painted, but that everybody, besides him, had ~~nothing~~
"How exciting!" and reading Sabine produced ~~the~~ ^{the}
did not encourage this or kind of conversation. "How exciting!"
"Really?" And Colette or Perla meaningfully. "Ya see," an eye
would say. "I bet ya see: she's bejealous. Ya are right."

In the afternoon he came to the room to talk, long.

Everything he said was much more than difficult than he had
imagined, and much more than beautiful. He thought he
he very unhappy, he said, but he was not, on the contrary.
He was happy and he would stay there, perhaps for ever.
Perla means a lot to him. She was really the only person
he could talk to, and he was amazed she did not reject him, at
least though he was a friend of her mother's

- ↳ Come for conversation
- she compares and sometimes
- compare and comparison
- ↳ know that's what I find.

yo he's up closer to
my father.
I love of conversation
as conversation
delays
reference to dream

Nicolette said: watch out for Peter. She'll seduce you. But then she'll
 make you very miserable. He said he was just aware of that. He would not want
 to end up like Francisco who had felt a very bad deal. But he was just
 afraid to handle it himself. She would do it, Nicolette said, first to
 delay his relationship to her, Nicolette - which he held very dear. ^{of course}
 Maybe that was far out. But he felt like that was it had been pronounced,
 and she ^{had been} pronounced, that it would not need any more, and
 the other was quite correct. Nicolette had ~~said~~ put it out to wonder,
 had from behind her.

My father more ^{of} this life here, he said he drove me in
 that with some me further - I showed by the extent more exhaust.
 I sometimes walk around in a complete daze from one Maegge to
 another, without the slightest concern for time, distance or responsibility.
 I feel the vestiges of the world when there the I feel the flesh and bones
 of my body. And some how I always move in a direction that is
 devoid of the streets that our city vie rouge holds. The place
 that I try and when shy of and yet in doing so
 I move heart-ly and evermore towards it.

^ you look like Paddy. She said, she was 'n' about
 Peter. Like Paddy she was one of the deep in the heart. You look
 so cute;

~~And Sabine came to see her as usual, lay down next to her, naked, without any preliminaries~~

I think you should leave. I think you've had it here. There isn't much more you can get out of Poem, she said.

Had she run out of it. How can you be so insensitive. Do you not want me to join up? Do admit defeat? Do retreat? Never. First of all, I am not unhappy. I love you, and because, it would be to relinquish my life, my struggle, all I've ever stood for. There isn't much more I can get out of Poem? I'll show you. I'll show you I succeed or fail, it's over!

Sabine came to see her as usual, lay down next to her, naked, when she was already asleep, felt life-compromising. (There are so many reasons why I love him: he is my child, he is my father.) He reached into her without any preliminaries.

When it is not, he is not, when it is not over, I haven't made love since I left you. I can tell, she said, you made a mistake. She felt totally close to him, and relaxed. The first time, she said, it's about, you know, the way

"Have a drink, he said, I obtained the old report she was doing." And he turned over to the old Poem.

x
x x

Nicolette to flee to Paris the next day to get Alexander. Paul and Sarah and Sabine drove her to Paris, to get to

and give about two weeks, but it's a little longer. It's the best I
advice to go outdoors.

I think you should have a look at the book 'The

and I think you can find out more about it.

There are many things to be done in the world. It is not
the same as the old days. The world is changing. It is
not the same as the old days. The world is changing. It is
not the same as the old days. The world is changing. It is
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For heaven's sake, Nicolette, what difference did it make? or did it make any, except that there was now, for the first time a body, & name for the nameless, disembodied hostility that had reigned between Nicolette and Paul for so long? A body, concealing and unconcealing, falling and dissolving.

Sabine.

He was lying on a bed somewhere, staring at a book without reading. He was thinking about life & death. The woman had pushed her hand to his shoulder and made his feet move nervously. He was oblivious of sea and mountains and even, and why was happening to be too beautiful for, too pitiful.

Paul & Gainsborough, The Blue Boy. His immense yet brittle features.

Let it be painted in aquamarine rather than oil, for yet greater tenderness, and a golden brown prepending. And then let a drop of water fall on the face, and it fall starkly to ruin and dissolve...

dissolving, falling. They looked at each other, Paul and Sabine, like Tristram and Isolde after they had drunk the love-potion, every time Nicolette was around, and gave quite a show of whispering, alluding, giggling and petting, and Sabine turned clumsily and unexpectedly nude toward Nicolette. Somehow, he did not even find it worthwhile to think about the whole thing, which had been dreadful anyway, and was off to sleep and now.

Guilt? responsibility? Who did what to whom?

There were so many people on the beach. Ladies who spent their time in bodyshops in Milano for their figures as in Bikini seas. Ladies who loved when they paid or who paid them, five days a week, and the children called them "uncle" on week-ends, when

Wife bands came from Genoa or Milano, leaving their sex-refers behind.
 People who looked rich or tried to. People who you saw you saw
 a year.

"Perle," Nicolette said, "with her a girl around 4 heads
 and a waist like. She says you said to her, 'my mother brought
 herself a young boy one from a school, and I picked him up
 from right under his nose. The air is so thick at home
 you could cut it with a knife.'"

Sophie looked at Perle questioning.

"Mamma, I wouldn't have said such a thing, would I?"

"I can't help ^{to} me to believe she made it up."

"How do you know that's not what she's saying?"

"She told Anne and Anne told me."

The wars were breaking, showing and making waves. on what ~~an~~ a plane
 had dropped sheets of publicity. Hundreds of sheets. Pink ~~and~~ and
 and blue ones. Advertisements and night clubs. Advertisements and the bar scene.
 They made the waves, disintegrated, bobbing, mixing in seaweed,
 beer cans, plastic bottles, skis, foam and dead fish. Working as hard
 Leaning a rim, bobbing back. It was bad this year.

"I wouldn't have said anything of it said," Perle protested.

"What did you say, Nicolette asked."

"I may have said, well, I don't remember."

"What did Anne say with her said Perle said," Sophie
 wanted to know.

Ma madre s'è portata un ragazzino dall'America

ed io glielo ho chiovato.

"If you see? I couldn't have ~~ed~~ chiovato, I just knew
the the word."

"So what might you have said? Nicolette asked

"Soffiato de soffe il nose."

"What does that mean," Sabine inquired."

"The same damn thing," Nicolette explained. "Big sniff;
And it's a fair description of the situation, Peulo. ~~And~~
That's exactly what happened."

"First of all," Sabine said to Peulo, "your
mother did not bring me. I came by myself."

Poor Sabine. That seemed the only thing that
irked him.

There is a lot of jelly fish this year. ^{Rhizostoma pulmo. A simple animal,} They seem to ^{consisting about 99 percent}
have on some of the stuff we are ~~throwing~~ dumping in the. It feels ^{of holes. They move}
them well: Eutrophica. It chokes most of the things out + 4 side. ^{through rhythmic}
But the does not matter to them. ^{contractions of}
^{the umbrella.}

They come in all sizes. Small ones - no larger than a thumb; and some
are pretty large, like a milk can, they spread them out. Irresidescent,
with beautiful bluish hue, and harmonious in the color. But do the thing,
people come lumpy and yellow out of 4 hole; and the ^{best} jelly substances
operates mostly about the left floor of the stomach. Brown and green. Unlike
it stand out with beehive look. ^{But} they become mean, red patches.

the there is constant, the head is perfectly different with these things;
and you have to work through a sea of jelly, but look on, just to get your boat of other.

Then it rained over the place as it used to rain here. And it rained
 and the trees were withering and creaking. And it was a muddy brown, and
 the sky fell like a ~~heavy~~ ^{heavy} ~~weight~~ ^{weight} and it was cast up to keep, ~~it~~
 by a poisonous looking yellowish strip - when it lay with by, exuding sulphur and
 hydrogen.

They all sat around in the living room. What else can you do, and it
 kept raining. And when it rains down to holidays as to Riviera,
 and everybody is packed together in the home, and no one has
 anything to do, and there is no room for anything anyway, it's
 really hard.

from, to see his made some more beautiful when it comes, your to head, only
 and obscure, and to wear this, but to wear was disorderly but short, like 50's
 when you wear, -- not like to long, by the way -- to pacific deep breath, when to enjoy us alone.

The old in comes in to find you, and it comes
 to find you, and it comes in to find you, and it comes
 to find you, and it comes in to find you, and it comes

The old in comes in to find you, and it comes

Alexander the Great, the conqueror, the conqueror, the conqueror

Alexander, the conqueror, the conqueror, the conqueror

Alexander, the conqueror, the conqueror, the conqueror

Alexander, the conqueror, the conqueror, the conqueror

Why must you always play this horrible music! Alexander said, why don't you play some Tchaikovsky or Shostakovich.

~~Take, for him to record plays, I'd say, it's too long for ~~quintessence~~~~

Grand ~~Alto~~ piano with

It was such a pleasure to hear her pronounce the names the way they should be pronounced: not a Paganini concert.

After the she began to recite verses, about to old days in Paris, and that paper and Lipinsky, he melodious, but somewhat out of age imperfect voice completely against

The Ladies of La Caya

Sasha did, of him about to record plays, Pearl said, it's too long for Grand piano with.

Sasha skipped across the hall, manipulated to record plays with that a big scratch up to those fans of La Ladies & La Caya, moving everybody's things, and turned to volume about. The she skipped back, lifting up her little skirt and flapping it like wings. She skipped up to Sabina's chair, she lifted up to them a key as it was, being her little white underpants and a piece of naked bottom, and she jumped around in front of him.

"Get it out, Sasha," Pearl said. And to Sasha clanked on the back of Sabina's chair, clapping her hands around his feet, all of a sudden let go and slapper him over to face. "Daddy, she does, 'I want my shoulder!'"

Sabrina

floor ~~side~~, ~~Nicole's~~ ~~thought~~, he is really getting it for all side, Nicole's thought.
This was indeed because Sasha's trip: She would stand, on all fours,
to the side of her chair, pop up, kiss his arm, and then ~~to take it~~
think he little with teeth into it, as hard as she could.

"Dad," Sasha, smuggly, he would shout, and
she -- Daddy, I want my daddy."

insert →

She would come to him on the beach, and her legs
in to him, she looked adorable, he ^{almost wanted well-maint} golden brown little body, against
his ^{deceptively} blue eyes, and a ^{black} ~~black~~ ^{cap} on his floppy blond
hair. She was carrying a ~~little~~ ^{plastic} pail in something, covered also
next to Sabrina, "Loose," she said, ^{to} ~~show~~ ^{showed} him it while
and him squirming for in the pail. As he ~~rose~~ ^{rose} ~~on~~ ^{on} his knees he held an
~~elbow~~ his palm, ^{benign way, even in pain, he set out} ~~elbow~~ ^{Sasha} ~~stretched~~ ^{stretched} ~~jerked~~
up, glabbed a handful of sand and ~~threw~~ ^{threw} it in his face.

She did not say. "Daddy!..."

"She is cute all right, Sabrina said, but I don't
know what to do with that eye." I guess I being it away
out in his, he said. "I guess I being out it everybody, ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{carefully}.

here → (2)

^{Sasha's} ~~And~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~bordered~~ ~~back~~, to his brother, and his
parents, and he said I love, ya know, the only woman being
to my family, really is my grandmother. She is a + 3

Marygrace & Alexander, was by a long shot, as a matter she's
with fleaky, but she's the only woman being. And then they were again,

to her ^{of them} ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~past~~ ~~children~~, who couldn't talk to their parents,
become ^{their} ~~my~~ ~~wouldn't~~ ~~understand~~ ~~them~~: not even talk to brother or sister.

insert

(2) rows of trees ^{dead} reaching a height. Black, baggy trees; gnarled trees.
The breeze from the sea, laden with the perfume of flowers,
breaking on the needles and leaves, curled and whirled them, paralyzing
the sap so that it ran no more. They shuddered from their dead
branches, in a sort of accumulation and warning. They rose there,
a monument to some guilt.

(1) She would accost him affectionately, usually with a doll or
mother toy in one hand, and encircling the thumb of the other. She would
chuckle up against him, climb over him, caress him, and then
suddenly spring, scold, like a spit and run away. Since she
never peed in his leg. When reprehended, she would cry
out for her daddy. Any she looked delicate, and a little
pale.

and his eyes at the melting, went into Perla's.

Perla slept in Bob's room every night. As usual. Leaving her
no bed turned, and the door to be room open, so every one could see.
As might she simply didn't care. But why should she, or why should
anybody, what does it matter, vicious words. Jealous. Dump it, why

the rest of the passage, into the sea.

The passage began to hit back, though. Too much had
been dumped, for too long, and too close. Billions of gallons of
untreated sewage and industrial waste. Just eight miles from shore.
It had formed what experts described as a "dead sea" a
blackish sea of goo, some square miles ~~surface of it~~, exuding
a rotten odor and breeding hepatitis, polio, and cholera.
When a fish, coming out to sea, swam through the "dead sea",
its scale would rot away, and it would die.

That must be eight miles from shore, and she could,

But no, for reasons unknown - some change in ocean currents,
the black goo, ^{had} started heading out to ocean floor, landward.
As a matter of fact, it was now only three miles away, and, under suitable
unfavorable happenings, would hit the coast ^{in about two years}. ~~responsibility was assumed~~, and records document.

There was some panic on the West side market.

Some of the veteran vacationers vaguely believed about selling their place and
buying elsewhere, when panic was still early. But the
everybody really got mad to living with the zoo. People got
mad to living with anything.

"That was the pediatrician, I mean, on the phone,"

Perla said. "He got himself a motor boat, and a job out to
look at the zoo. I'm going away, and won't be back
to look."

When the pediatrician he arrived, John was parked at
home, and forgot the that was the arrangement. And the

Let them, to be around
on his bed, play his
one and only favored
record, "Ladies of
Gauge," (to Alexander's
chaperon), more around
love & shadow and he
made us visible.

something known
how to be in order
to disappear the
goo so that,
diluted, it
could be shared
by all. As
bottle yet, the
Chlorine water
he added up
and sent the
zoo's floor
disinfecting to
other shores -
not too perhaps
a few miles
doo the coast,
where the zoo
people heads were abundant

so pretty they're little then go under us make all the difference.

pedalabra we around quite a bit, spent little time my day as well
 the year and long night. The pedalabra was an advice, encouragement, radiant,
 amusing, young man, and certainly for better company for both the poor volume
 it had become what is English called a vegetable. The Shelton called it
 a dead fish.

Her Sokim can live in the house, at himself, Nicolette remembered:
 Before he part with her, was the presence of the pedalabra - and the nuisance
 of little Soko. Don't worry, Alexandra said / Nicolette said, "don't worry
 about Sokim. He he will be in a safe place.

^{only sheet for Soko's room,}
 But we have, dropped a sheet. The sheet is filthy,
 Nicolette said, his voice choked by the stomach pressing 1 cm up through
 his throat. The sheet was really fucked up. He deluge, Nicolette
 thought, seeing his eyes in the paper in front of her on the desk.

- ↳ the first one of the concepts: that I must work, study, or do just something,
- ↳ a die is an object and worthless; and, on the other hand: why does one live?
- ↳ why should one do anything when everything is possible.

The important thing was that he suddenly realized the futility of resistance. There would be nothing heroic were he to resist, to man himself to his companion, to stand at the last appearance of life by struggling.

↳ always wanted to stand at it would not be nearly hard, and not for very candid motives either. That was wrong, and I am to show now that in one's years, he'd be taught me anything. But to know the worse, then it'd be no common sense? No people to say off of me after I am free that at the beginning of my case I wanted to finish it, and at the end of it I wanted to begin it again?

↳ The dream (LSD) (end of second section)

↳ This section: small talk.

↳ end: Nirvana

- → → ^{Sachin:} First sect: I'd see her and find peace or by 1/2 or the home -
- ↳ → → Sachin: General guy → grand parents
- ↳ → → Pankaj: rebel in text
- ↳ → → Aleksandr: reconciliation

Alley

Sabine:

24 ph. level for me

p. 100. Far. hand. period. sub. 1/10/11

Seamus, but not to be used in the study: probably in groups, February clip, 4 years, and Kelly, hand of 9 months.

divorce, impact, marriage other life, relationship and new efforts, immediate effects, no more, but a relationship, to some an outcome, the ending, but a language, to be taken out completely, preparation, often to environment, play, my question: was 4-10-11 a life? was 4. How has...

✓ Perlé and Nicoletti: Sabine the first hole after leaves been

✓ Perlé: 'my father is' 'Cory'

✓ father's life. Moving to 189. study piece, Sabine: cells.

✓ feeling of isolation beautiful, perfect, in fact. middle - nervousness, what

✓ money

✓ marks
sex

✓ Sabine and Nicoletti: Sabine's of his no hole = love

to people a bit, who else not let the go!

Perlé
Sabine →

the tiny minimal freedom is all freedom

Nicoletti →

A man would have occurred to her to blame Alexander for my trouble

→ The politician

✓ Alexander's story

✓ Motherhood or divorce. Sabine's physical love offer. The wear of intimacy,

✓ Sabine and Paul: Sabine's love parent, emptying out: - Kasper.

everybody Paul was his, but

- Cello.

- John

✓ knows not really reject of Nicoletti, who becomes

✓ any common demands. So his reject, misunderstanding

✓ identical by Nicoletti and his parent.

✓ My don't understand this. not to be understood is perhaps I not understand

Alexander - Sabine: grand parent relations but hell to parent.

the first movement features a slow passage
the second movement has a tempo of moderato
the third movement features a fast tempo



the first movement features a slow passage

the first movement features a slow passage
the second movement has a tempo of moderato
the third movement features a fast tempo

Come on! Well, I didn't seduce him either: It just worked out like that."

Jimmy running on the beach: birds flying in front of her.
Go and stop. Peering her. Lining her to the air to the. Jimmy after
her, with eyes of anguish and frustration - and enjoying it, till
the day she'll ^{never} get a bird - till the heart is pounding
like a steam engine, and there's blood on the tongue.

And Sabine, Madame, he's just a mix of
kind. How can you blame him. You know he isn't very
bright.

On stage, look you're so right. And sometimes, I see
it in some way, that responsibility from an age, or to put it
~~another way~~ I think it's the past, the past weighing on us, I weigh
on you, you weigh a vase, and a Sabine. I weigh on you and
on Sabine and a vase. Why on earth did you have to wait for
my arrival in Europe to do that to me, to change him before
the end then later than ever? you have to wait for me to do
this to me! ↗

you know better than this I didn't have to wait - it
just happened that way.

Then she goes to make the trap about
sex being a commodity and you get a kind of it a
yo-o, but her mind she has never by Mary's young,
and when she wanted her to be like her, you are your old-fashioned.

[But when he that woman Ours was complete
with Nicolette's version, of love being all-round and
total, and now getting bored, and getting better the longer
it lasts, and more beautiful.]

you could see it
would I not give again -
then what, someone sees?
No, how, it had to be
made my eye, and the
way - just to a point me?

you think you are unexcused,
but you aren't, you are
old. Things
have changed. Forth.
you don't see me why
sex is - you've
always lived at
Ours. →

ye mean the volume is a curve? I can answer ye to d'edil that's the.

"Hm, hm hm, if ye know what volume is a curve along ye ~~ye~~
ye ye mean the..."

Forwards being on Hepkates and being
little chunks out of the.

But somewhat, Peli's.

[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Extremely faint handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint handwritten notes on the right side of the page.]

and when Nicolette pointed out that the next comedy about wasn't all that new, that it was very much en vogue just before Nicolette was born, Paul readily dropped it.

"I just said that to see how you would react," she said. "I love him. I am really love him passionately. I don't think I've ever been in love with anybody in my life in love with him. He has had it passionately."

~~She was going, running against the sands of time. She was in Fortunate, however, on Hesperian, and taking~~

~~little chunks out of her.~~

"I would marry him, if I were not for Jack. He's too young to be Jack's father. It would not be good for her. But Jack, what first?" Jack, of course had the idea - not any more the Hesperian. Paul added, "you know, but she likes him. He's a sweet old man. But he's too young to be her father. So I must sacrifice my love of him to Paul," she recovers, pitifully. "Valerie has become unbearable. A malignant shadow. A made nothingness. His eyes, acting love, always hanging on Paul -- when Nicolette was around. And when he heard her approaching, 'Let's hang, he said your work' -- 'Coming, he would say to Paul, 'Let's hang!'"

Nicolette tried to maintain some semblance of respectability. Also she tried to respect, and not to break, the envelope of eighty years shielded Alexander, who has no idea ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~there~~ ~~to~~ ~~at~~ ~~so~~ ~~of~~ ~~conveniently~~ ~~recovered~~.

"I am forty & drink of Alexander," Nicolette said, "would you care for one, Valerie?"

"What do you want of me?" He started,

you've raised me up! I may never get over it, all my life!

~~"I'll love you," he added, "I'll make sure you're~~

~~standed, "I'll make your reputation!"~~ Poor, miserable, suffering
bastard. Parrot's wife Pearl held him. But up, thus by Pearl,
like an spiteful parent was a little child against the other parent

"I'll love you," he added, "I'll make sure you're
love you reputation!" he added.

So that's why Pearl hangs on, Nicolette
thought. Solid child. But then, he wasn't a child. After
all he was a man, and should be old to account for his
self.

"You are the biggest piece of shit-a-hole I've
ever seen in my life," said Nicolette.

"I should strangle you," he said feebly.

"I should slap you in the face with my
to, ^{with} ^{gladly}, she could hardly believe it, and black in front of
his eyes.

She tried to throw him out of the house, but when she
was in the cell and the little next one, and he
pleas to her, and he found, and about to jump country,
she felt sorry, and felt like to come out of the window.
That she could believe things like this. He only to show with a
melancholy mood. But he boy really couldn't add up his
and he any more.

Solution on page 54 of the book



Silky, around a
man - appears
Critic of the book

Stark
Alexander.

The General in Paris.

And his eyes, at that moment, went into Peck's.

~~"He really thinks you are overacting, Sabine, just Nicole's way. I can assure you - and Peck will confirm it to you - that we've talked a good bit during our time. As a matter of fact, just last year, Peck and I had a special pet together & straight through our lives, and, you know, believe it or not, we talked for some hours without stopping. Right, Peck?"~~

~~Yes, but, Peck said, somewhat embarrassed.~~

~~No, Sabine said wisely, you may talk for some hours, but you'll never really talk. Too much has happened in the past.~~

~~"Peck," Nicole said, you know what, Vittorio is gay and he had not a word to say. She said he said to her: My mother brought a ~~kind of~~ herself a young kid one from the store, and I picked him up, from right under the nose of the air, and then he came to me and he said to me: Peck."~~

~~Then Sabine looked at Peck questioningly.~~

~~"Mamma, I wouldn't be so sure, because, you know?"~~

~~"I seem hard for me I believe the most of it."
Has she been
How do you know that's what she said?"~~

~~"She felt Anna, and Anna felt me."~~

Some one must have been somewhere, Pearl protested, I couldn't have read anything of the sort.

"What did you say?"

"I may have said, well, I don't remember."

What did Anna say? What did Pearl say? Sabine asked,

Ma madre s'è portata un ragazzino dall'America
e io glielo ho chiamato.

"I couldn't have said chiamato - I must have said portato."

"So what might you have said?" Nicolette asked.

"sappiate di volta il nome"

"What does that mean?" Sabine ~~was~~ wanted to know.

"The same ^{damn} thing," Nicolette said. "Big diff!" ~~I do~~

It's a fair description of the situation, Pearl. I always knew that or exactly what happened, but I don't find a very kind of you please Sabine to go around and tell that way.

First of all, Sabine said to Pearl, you mustn't bring me. I come by myself.

Poor Sabine, that seemed to be the only way that ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~do~~ ^{do} it. He really was getting a little out of the picture.

The phone rang.

"Ma Mamma. Le ho bene e per minuto?"

I really want Lisa to talk to you - but, ya know, but after I
 can't with Sabine in the house. When he notices that ~~you~~ I talk to
 you, it hurts his feelings so.

~~Nicolette suggests~~

"That's a good one," Nicolette said. "It seems to me
 you might be a little more thoughtful about Sabine's feelings
 on some other occasions - for instance, when talking to people in the house."

in the house. you. you. you. and
 "Why did you tell him, Mamma? [^] If he hadn't known
 it wouldn't have hurt him."

Nicolette felt a little lumpy lighthouse on her stomach.
 She knew it was mean to bring up that story, in front of Sabine.

"I know things are in the eye, the way they are," she
 pretended. "With everybody betraying everybody all the time -
 it's too ugly, it's too sad, really."

Mamma, I'm not betraying anybody.

"You are betraying him even now. Why shouldn't he
 know that you and I are talking together? Why shouldn't
 it hurt his feelings?"

"If you and I can talk together, and understand
 each other, the less what story collapses. The whole thing. Don't
 you see? The more might be his fault if he doesn't get
 along with his parents, and the ^{he and I} ~~two of us~~ wouldn't be bound
 together by his fault that one can understand us!"

"you can't base a relationship on that, it's hollow, it's sterile: you can
 make love, but you feel different to her, and he, that by being with you
 he is, at one end or some time continuing and repeating his habits by
 not me. It's no good - it can't last."

"Noooo, I love him."

Paul didn't come home for lunch that day, and she didn't come for
 dinner either.

'When', Paul, ^{Pleasantly enough} ~~tricolored~~ ~~and~~ ~~John~~, do you have any
 idea.

"The pediatrician came this morning, Sabine said, and they
 went off to get, not back. I think he was as, or was going
 to Jack's this year: he must be awfully nervous."

Jack's, strong behavior toward Sabine continued over
 a 11 week period, and for weeks, 2 or 3 months of just. She
 never accused him affectionately - usually with a smile,
 or with her hand on his, and usually in the middle of her other
 hand. She would usually try against him, drink over him,
 Caren him, the violent, spike, scratch, bite a spit,
 and run away. Once she was peevish for his leg.
 with reprimands, she would cry and call for the doctor.
 And she looked thin and pale.

When the pediatrics is around, Sabine wants to feel some-
thing, just about Sabine. She wants leave her as home, to lie
around on her bed, to play her one and only favorite record,
to Alexander's Chaper, to move around like a shadow, and
to be made to Nicoletti.

"Hell, ya now, she explains, I don't want to
be notice anything, about Sabine. He is the person of
my ex-husband, and I don't necessarily want him to know, either.
Perhaps that has a good enough explanation, but Nicoletti
noticed that she is quite plucky like a pediatrics-
come, and just to let it down as if were completely
the usual. But not over him he. The pediatrics
was for both as an active, successful, radiant, amazing
young man, and certainly for better company than poor Sabine
who has become that is English or Italian or vegetable.
The ~~for~~ Stefan call it a dear fish.

"Sabine," Alexander said, "would you be my
my Korean puzzle?"

Sabine jumped up and got a puzzle. He was the
all, and Nicoletti noticed that he was ^{and eating} happy, but

his finger, as though he wanted to pronounce it jellied and the hole, I say
Alexander said.

Nicolette went to the kitchen to get the coffee.

"It's peaceful, like Paul's out," Sabine said, laughing.
"You know, Paul and I were in the room with Alexander, Paul and
Nicolette don't get along too well, and it's hard on me,
because I'm part of both of them."

But as it was coherent sentence he had said in a
long time.

"They're both too old for you, Alexander said.
"You ought to get yourself some friends your age."

"Age doesn't make any difference," he said.

~~It's possible for you to meet people. Unbelievable. (irony)
also that's jellied already in the hole! and I can't
see for the ice!"~~

My
The talents of Chinese acrobats and Russian
dancers, of Ljuzinsky and his old days in Paris.

"Tell Sabine the story about the two
Nicolette said: "It's the best story I know of the heart!"
Min van experts
Hindalaps

(over) Whose game are you playing, Alexander?

It's a miserable game: Sparring against a computer.

Even I could have beaten A. The computer is playing

An awfully poor game. Even I could beat A!

Are you sure, Sabine ~~and~~ - one might have thought
the computer combinations would be a lot more complex and fool proof
than a human brain's - when it's a matter of binary choice, and
no values involved.

Nicollette perked her ears. Was Sabine becoming human again?
was she playing her odds a bit computer?

No, no, Alexander said; on the other hand, the computer can
prove to you that the human brain can't really do it. Chess is
too complex for a human brain, the computer says - and then
it gets beat.

(over)

...the pattern of chess ...
...of ...
...the ...

And it's absolutely true: that's exactly the way it happened,
Alexander said - always glad to tell the story, always adds so
color to it.

So, then, Alexander told the story.

Victorov Gromogorevich. She says, I still can see
him. He was wonderful. Wonderful. A truly great great scholar.
He comes from a Lee's man. And everybody just loves him.
He has a big beard, at white ~~mouth~~ in it, like a little snow,
And always a little doubtless on it showed of his pocket. So really
a wonderful man.

Just to come to the point. There was - in St. Petersburg, a long time
ago. But it's really true. So a number of years ago he came
up.

you know he was a very famous man, Victorov Gromogorevich he
was just the greatest expert in Hindoivism and Sanskrit
that was known - except that there was another one, Paris, Gustos
Reville, who I also happened to know quite well, but he was a
famous man, a large big and a wooly one, and a big man - the
check. He also was a very, very great Hindoivist.

Well, Victor Gromogorevich spent a good life's work - she
many years on the study of Hindoivism, and for many years the
Sanskrit text was very, very fine. One of the things, he really
presented the stuff, and every text - every text that he
comes by his hands or just clearly conveyed to him that Nirvana,
whether as about whatever, mean all-inclusiveness: you
know something that simply contains everything else, everything -
it leaves that in us and in which, you follow me, it's the thing & that.

So, you are imagine the changes she, last 100 years, Božice moy, 4-
 The, who knows, in St. Petersburg, and people has really lots of things
 to bring about, but Victorian part of things the all day, to use humble -
 both, to come - quite improbably; it's a miraculous - to come across the 6000000,
 articles, letters of Gorky reveler - to use more personally, one's, I have
 them both: it are a rich link - and Gorky reveler, he had much
 reasons of various all of which conspire to him beyond a shadow of
 doubt that Minvov means nothing, void, oblivion, nothingness.
 You to see the most hitchy on such heavy books, nothingness, Rien
 That's a Frenchman for you!

Well, my best friend fought: for thirty years the fight -
 himself, without ever really personally. The fight in articles, books
 letters - has been colleague - Rien, xx, xx and - Oxyg
moy, avec l'expression de ses sentiments, les plus devoues...
 And: Friend and colleague; that a I love you, I am
 look to tell you that you interpret - felt short of recognition... but
Minvov the all embracing is not easy to embrace
 you and me or well to define where is... I embrace you
vashi mit?

~~Viktor~~ ~~all~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~forms~~. Nicolette, she has been
 to stay before, shining to drop off, but the all-embracing
 of Victor Gregorovich Minvov, which is clear obvious, with
 sitting up, Alexander ivory clear press, not to press flour bottom, as they
 to make beard, to move to press away, softly pol.ly to make not the
press flour bottom.

so great, like Lord Duns Scotus.

'Then come the very very strange happenings', Alexander outlines, very very strange, and the Victor Gajdarski discovered a text in the first library - a text, a student of Bay, and again, and then the, and comments for contemporaries and tell our - and you know, as the ^{and per} best scholar that he has, he simply has to come to the conclusion that Nirvana really means "nothingness." Then we really that he can't do. Then we in about nothingness. It is a fearful blow. Then he has the way of that year. He really almost collapses. His ~~long - believe me he hasn't got so much~~

~~of some about way, not, what it is.~~ It was a big story in Saint

Petersburg. But he is really a poor poor. He is not done. My

Dear Sarah Penelle, he wrote. I am happy to include

~~the second copy of~~ a text I recently discovered in the first library -

A second copy of Shiva's Bay varic - the paper was n. 15,

a comment by Raga paper and Bala Baschaf. I have

translated the very difficult text, and the names absolutely

we don't know, which the "Nirvana" which he rendered

with "Nothing" "Nothingness", name: To show "nothingness."

It is my privilege to confer to you my love, to what I

struggles and incessantly pavement of the way of a friend.

My friend you best friend and I say you part of all

the way I do it, the problem you feel life work. ^{Sarah Penelle,} you are

the friend of all Hindu scholars. I have the highest steps of the Ganga's Academy of Sciences of you I become an honorary member. I hope you

love to be accepted. I myself shall spend the rest of my life trying to
 rectify my wrong. What are thirty years? Nothing! They do not
 contain a remnant of my days, during which I will go on every best effort
 one man, one man, may all my pleasures but you will be recorded,
 forgotten, annihilated... You ~~find~~ demand advances - Victor Gregorovitch.

It was a beautiful letter, Alexander said, All Saint Petersburg was talking about
 it. The Czar was asleep - and, believe me - he had other troubles at the
 time.

Peter slipped into his room, with haste. My Cooper took
 nice. He pushed, passing, and went on to put little tasks to bed.
 Justo started screaming up here - and John had a little difficulty
 in following Alexander's feeble voice - particularly, not his Russian
 accent, but what he meant and what he loved.

"You won't believe it," Alexander said, but that's just the
 way it went: just at the same time, Gustave Revelle, traveling in
 Biber, discovered, in a farmhouse through a long forest, what he brought to
 Paris, studied, and reworked, losing the power, command, and all,
 and you know why? There could be absolutely no doubt in his mind, but
 Mirvau had to be rendered in "alle. entrecouperes" Le Tour.

Non Mica, he explained, c'est pas du tout! You know, he told me
 himself - I still see him. His whole expression changed, as he was
 overcome by the grandeur of it all. entrecouperes he had just discovered."

Alexander has nearly passed out the last two days - or any days.

She impressed the characters, the lines alike. You could see the French presence, at his stage, and his language. She still has a fine actress she had been in the youth. But, in the way, still quite beautiful.

"Voyons donc!" she did Gaby Revelle, "Cel Cochon de Gergorovich - ie avant nous!" ^{parmi les} "C'est tout!"

Now, you know Gaby Revelle, too, ~~not~~ above, and with a letter. He wrote -

mon cher collègue: J'ai très plaisir à enclore a test ... Songe of the paper version of the sonnet my translation. It is quite clear, ~~but~~ they - Nivons - must be rendered as "all-embrocynous." I hope that my appreciation of your song, extends to you in profound gratitude.

Just you, Alexander said, he wrote that letter before receiving Victorine's!

Well, now then you see - you were from what happened next, Alexander said, challenging the young audience! ^{more objects than ever}
The two men fought each other for another thirty years. Article.

Room. Lecture, Letter. only that now Victorine stood for nothingness, Gaby, for all embrocynous. The songs - well they had been killed during the recent wars were ...

My god, what a story, Sabine says. ~~The~~ His features seem to
recompose themselves - he looks more human than he had looked all
summer, Nicolette notes.

Perhaps my eyes were like his, and his eyes seemed to say,
oh, if you knew how often I've had to look at this story!

I am always fascinated by how the character, Nicolette kept -
the culture gap! The one: so so much, and to other so, so French,
they were - different places!

I am fascinated, Sabine says, getting up for the chess, and
pacing the room, by the Continuity. ^{no more with a constant or a reality ship} The relation between the people -
the scholar - the people always remaining the same, ~~and~~

My god, Nicolette thought - there's Sabine saying
something intelligent: the first time this summer, that he
seem capable of adding up the and the! For that person has been, in response -

What she's me, Paul says, it's absurdity of life!

Sabine learnt to play chess so efficiently, intelligently, and so fast
as he had learnt to play the piano. He studied a book; he
played with himself, and to play with Alexandre. Just passing, at first -
she simply told him to get out the Move parts the board, I play
his self at the summer -- rook A3 to A8; knight D4 to E5 --
they talked about notations, and famous tournaments, and the peculiarities
of chess pieces

Alexandre was full of ideas about the development
 > "What is your intention to sacrifice a piece?" Fabrice asked her.
 "Hard to say, hard to say," Alexandre said, "It is not necessary
 that you add my ^{number} ~~number~~ - if it is possible, I can be one of your pieces.
 It's a combination of numbers and positions - and, of course, I
 really need them more than 4 or 5 more ahead. I am not capable of
 more. And for the last part about the change they put, I
 go back to a computer, and to my 11 plays (cannot do it) in play they
 will, I go back to the conclusion that to know what should
 be given in the end of playing chess. It's the main thing that
 is possible. It's in comparison with the 11th of the 11th
 mind does to a chess game, and why
 plays chess does to be the main reason. It's true, like
 leaving mathematics, a bit of a habit - and the chess society
 to you here, but chess does even more.

Chess, from first to second to the 11th level,
 decision & regular instruction, ~~accepted to be used to~~
 to what is normally quickly adopted. Alexandre
 enjoyed it increasingly, Nicolette was glad because she was
 free to do some work of her own; Paul was busy with tasks,
 who was pale and nervous; and after the first chess lesson
 by, and it was decided, at any rate, that Paul
 should have the house to her - Carlo the planner, because
 it was as, this year, was the goal of her.

she is still so beautiful,
 why it usually is,
 Fabrice pulled her out
 to the terrace, and
 fixed a long hair,
 & Alexandre lived
 it, and he learned
 to read it. H

And Fabrice, who seemed to live
 all day in the expectation of some preparation of it,
 chess hour. Actually he became much more tractable.
 And, without even an appearance he was fixed &
 obedient to Nicolette, who always cried when he brought it

>

But soon enough he played a fair chess independent game. Once he actually succeeded in forcing Alexander into a draw, and she was flabbergasted. This had to happen to be a year.

"It's curious, she said, 'you know you play a pretty poor game initially - I think you are too fascinated with the rituals of a formal opening - and then, when you get going, you really get going! With Nicolette, for instance, it's exactly the other way round. She develops an opening strategy that leaves black a little in a bit - and then, when she has almost won the game, she blunders, and loses. It's funny!

"I've never played with Nicolette," I told her.

"She's always so busy," Alexander said - not about a cent's worth. "But she's a good player, a very good player," Alexander said, "she's been there, but since you, she's been a good player too, and under different circumstances.

Not a day I approved of all of Nicolette's pedagogical principles - she has spare people - she spare everybody - but people was not an easy child, far from it, and if she's had to do it is, "I could't say it's Nicolette, is all former..."

^

and I believe that some one of us, friend of Betty Flocken's, but Alexander, of course was a sparrow's side, and so on. I believe, but the 'penetration' in the dark forest that brings a sparrow's hours fall.

to be so nicely.

And then the last day comes.
 The ~~from~~ Nicolette has been up for hours, working on a lecture
 she has to deliver the next day in London. She plans many. Nicolette
 gets up for the lecture, & looks at, passes by Paul's eye does,
 notices that Paul's hat, is always, his restlessness - her
 she is sure her presence here off; that hat becomes heavy,
 must she be so exhibitionist about the affair and decision,
 Nicolette thought, one eye. As she approaches to plan
 for supper, Paul comes running up for the door -
 of a jacket for which he had room. He is naked,
 with a sheet wrapped around his torso.

He calls her name of Paul. Nicolette walks back
 her room, he chest tightening. If it were not all so ugly,
 so vulgar. On her she just did and did for him, but she
 wrong, after all, not doing things frankly and openly. Why else to press?

The telephone conversation later long - evidently, it was
 the pediatrician.

Has Sylvia come over later, once em with himself to the
 home - before Nicolette to her in Nicolette, and no, the
 specter of it is present of the pediatrician, and to protect and
 protection of little looks. Has Guss to show Plegon in Nicolette
 the way to the house?

"Don't worry, Alexander ^{had} says Nicolette the day,
 don't worry about Sylvia, he has withdrawn to a safe place."

Paula lunges up to receive, and then slipping up
 the stairs, and under Nicolette's room. She sat
 also a bit bed.

"You busy?", she said, or do you have
 for minutes to talk."

"That sheet is filthy," Nicolette said, ~~at a moment~~ he

voice choked by his stomach pressing & put up, through the throat. The sheet
was really pressed up. The deluge, Nicolette thought, looking his eyes in the
page & from of her a little.

"Oh, Com^{re} Hermann, don't be a sup-typer, Paul said. The
put up, ~~through the sheet~~ & the sheet there, names, a kind
child's body, & a pair of small white cotton slippers, ~~through~~ to
boulder up to where and dropped to into a corner behind her
under the door, then slipped on of Nicolette's spirit on, and
sat down up a little, his legs down up.

"That's a lot better," Nicolette said.

"I'm sorry you have such a long summer, Paul said,
Nicolette, we might, and making a new smooth of everything, the of
the best things, say, "I'm sorry."

Well, Nicolette said, with her attention of, and the
it's probably really nobody's fault. That's funny & horrible
as we that it should have happened, ~~that~~ it was not our fault
it happens."

Oh, Hermann, let's not point her eye. It happens. That's
all.

"I'm just things a lot about the whole thing, Paul, but I
really can't give more of our; why do you really have
against me? Why do you think I'm so horrible?"

"I don't know, I really don't know when you put
me wrong!" and you, Paul: I really don't know if you were
at home - would me and how you know, you know that, and of course,
Paul, you see: it's thought you were a person, ~~though that's not~~ you

you must have made me think you're pret. An' a whole of feet, you must
have made believe than the same thing. But, you know, Mamma, it's no good
to make people around you think you're so pret.

Miss Mamma

"The best I make people think I'm pret, when I really been
dressed my mind - up!"

"Oh, Mamma, you know you've been some pretty good things."

"I don't know at all, I never know what I'm doing myself."

"I always think it's shilly, and no body knows what he's doing
anyway."

"Well; all I can say is: the people around you believe you're so pret,
then, soon or late, they never, and they may overreact."

~~Conduct~~ "I be that but that all children do they
against all parents, soon or late. Conduct I be that it because
I'm your mother - and what is a "pret" a not be really to
do with it."

"Mamma, I mean it proud is that you know &
very strong personality. That's the trouble."

"But what about you, Peety, don't you think you've been
so strong personality too?"

"Oh yes, Peety says so, I don't think so."

Please, do get used to it - me and my friends, we are
just like you and Henry. we are just like everybody
else. I am not beautiful, not intelligent, so I'm sure you
to get any better people, you just like everybody else - just that
and you know. That's what I've been saying you, and Alexander, and to what
and, and that's what you need, you are just me. you're do appearance. you're like a
~~that's the way, that's the way~~ ~~that's the way, that's the way~~ ~~that's the way, that's the way~~
hard to dance. I'm not, Mamma & Mamma. But I hope to

The world is, well, that you are extremely beautiful. You are ^{the} intelligent, and you are a strong personality. At least as strong as I. Is it my fault? What fault is it?

~~Let's not start 'omph-tit', 'Hummus'!~~ ←

The first thought is everybody is like everybody else, in so many ways, and everybody is different, in so many ways, and to see you ^{the way} about you is different, it happens you are. You forget about yourself that way. But to hate all people who are different from you, means you feel yourself different, and miserable. And then, you know, you really hate me for the things that you don't see here in common - where we're alike.

I don't hate you at all, Hummus, and I'm sorry you are leaving. I'm sorry.

And she let up, and embraced her mother, warmly and roughly.

They went to the Court, in the afternoon, Alexandra, Nicollette, Paula, Sabine and Jaske. ~~Jaske~~ ^{to shoulder} ~~drove down to see,~~ ~~the~~ ~~park~~ ~~Alexandra~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~office,~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~entrance~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Court,~~ ~~left~~ ~~to~~ ~~stand~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~door,~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Court~~ ~~at~~ ~~Alexandra~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~west~~ ~~to~~ ~~be,~~ and the children to the back. They came to the marble staircases, some bleeding, wounded, despoiled, cut up, with red veins ~~bleeding~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~lips~~ ~~bleeding.~~ The white marble too the around the Court like eternal snow, his butchers. The white floors by them, like strips, just about the age of a coffee seed. Somewhat rather ^{frustrated} about the whole thing, on account of the marble shattering ^{standing} around for value, ready for the cemetery.

They're her Cullis to describe of tomorrow year, but the mountains,

and then, being to
feel down from
the shoulder
of simplicity and
to the sheltering
darkness and to
the beauty of
birds

What a world we bleed out of in case. That we become of
as cool inside the outside in a summer, and cold outside
the inside in the winter. The world was always a blast of wind
in the entire corridor.

After about a hundred yards, the indoor-wardens
land rose again. Miles of it -- and no galleons were still being
opened. The whole mountain was hollow. Sunbeams & beams
had struck through millions of years ago and dug galleons and
shafts, and a hall of mirrors and a crystal lake. There were
boardwalks and stairs -- all pretty safe, except that some parts were
rather dizzy. The pale guide talked bravely into a rope about
the water of canyon by and how he had spent weeks trying to
his belly opening up a no fallery, ^{having to use a whole blind woman} here above, you could see the fine
little rope ladders he had used to get up there, ~~and~~ - a fallery
which no tourist eye would see, and were the remains of shellechies
and shalagmites; too delicate, too precious to age & low in
light even after one and vandals. And if you touch any of these
marvels, your finger goes with them for moments, for millions
of years. What a little piece that she does not touch anything, please.

And then needed.
Why? There is
one spot where you
cannot see from
never had dug out,
one above the other.
The world has
been the wonder of
the imperon
since the car to
Canyon through the
outdoor mountains.
P

to start the
darkness to
meist, and
the past

To discover
more and more
of it we had
Mira. Peter
had discovered,
Mira had and
put into the
world he would
crawl on his belly
up to galleons,
to see, to watch -
and the

There was a man with ^{a dark} ~~total~~ ^{curious} ~~person~~ for his work: not just
a famous guide, but a paleontologist. One can be persuaded about
all sorts of work. This one was a bit weird but then, why not.
In a way I wasn't any more weird to be so excited about things
he it was to be mad about movie making.

He kept
picking at her face
and blind from his
hand, the child's
nose mobility quakes
on his nerves.

"You think, when it's dark in a cave, it's dark,
but there must be a glimmer of light somewhere, I'll not turn
off the light. I challenge you: on any one see the finger in front of
his eyes? There's not a glimmer of light. The darkness is a
total to any you are likely to see." He said humbly,
Then, miraculously, he switched on a the ancient illumination,
revealing the transparency of shellechies and shalagmites, a delicious of glimmering
relics on the walls.

Sasha walked but Sabine. Her hand, clean, in his rough and clumsy.
She walked in busy ~~steps~~ steps, a green as a possible, pressed her
straight body against him, he heard against his hip, when he felt her
narrow.

~~the spine of their and ~~stared~~ skeletons: she kept gl
be explained,~~
shells like, ~~the~~ here, ~~and~~ ~~repeatedly~~ ~~were~~ ~~delivered~~,
~~that~~ accretion, from the bottom up, through millions of years, calcareous
deposits deposited by ~~each~~ ^{efficiency} drop of water, which is skeletons, hanging from
the ceiling, from down near, the sliding of each drop, making their ~~surface~~
deposit of the lime ~~laboratory~~. After some million years this became
like the fang of a huge reptile heart. After many more
million years, they met, sometimes ~~meeting~~ ~~in~~ ~~one~~, forming
the hump-like shape of ~~delivered~~ shells. But then, ~~at~~ ~~last~~ ~~more~~
million of years past by, they took on all sort of ornaments.

Some grew out of a wall, like a cellar or a shape, some
formed sharp pinnacles in the ground - there wasn't a thing they
wouldn't do. They color varied from white to pink, to grey
to brown, glistering with the well 'blue' tint, while bathed
by drops of water ~~exactly~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~known~~ ~~well~~, while pouring,
one ~~millimeter~~ in 10 years, perhaps. Others, in parts of the cone they
had been abandoned too long by the rising ~~under~~ ~~ground~~ ~~water~~ ~~level~~,
so that the water was dry, were dead. Opaque and brittle.

"I want to pee," Sasha said.

"No you don't" Sabine said.

She began to squeeze her hand, and he steps grew
frappily.

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes on the right margin, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

of course you can see anything in these conceptions: mountain landscape; trees, strange animals, heads of strange animals; snow, like in a Rorschach, or a cloudscape. But then there were ~~no~~ other forms that would be meaningful not only to the individual beholder, but to a group of a whole: then, plain, to be seen. They were simple forms, quivers of nature, conception of millions of years: a giant foot print, for instance, or an eagle with spread wings. They were so simple that women could do them one and one again, with different media, why not. But

>

But then there was one show-piece, about which the guide gave almost ecstatic. He called it "the Martyr." It was beautifully lit up from behind, transparent like alabaster: the head of a young man, unmistakably, and for every one to see. Renaissance style. His fine propiti bent ^{in support} on his chest, his ~~shoulder~~ but his shoulder lamp hair very. To make things even more weird: it looked exactly like Tolstoy. To sum up that one of the lowest points, exclamation, que est il traitatio di quel di quare! It wasn't a Rorschach and it was not a cloudscape, no, no, it just fine piece too, in a pair of spread wings. It was John's portrait, carved in Renaissance style into an alabaster-like relieve of unparellel delicacy and beauty. For every one to see. He plans a the day long they was looking for the worst opportunity.

or how preparing
Sesto, Paul
and all,

John's picture himself in front of the little group to get a real good look. He shook his head and smiled - "This is not even the real picture?"
"No, maybe he's not even the real picture - the picture, a martyr, somewhat deep in a cave."

It is hard to think the millions of times billions of drops of water over millions and millions of years should have carved this image. It is like millions and millions of eyes trying to millions of years, and

coming up with King Lear. Highly disturbing. But then, why not, give
the calculation of probabilities. But then: what did I prove: that everything
is predetermined, predetermined, - or that everything is chance.

So, then I was surprised. Picolette was to go to London, for
the lecture. Perhaps we to stay with Alexandre, until Picolette returned.
The evening. At a table of four she planned to be alone the day before. She
had expected to get home to her; and perhaps had to know of it.

Picolette went to kiss Alexandre good bye; 'Fly carefully!
Alexandre called after her - that was ^{an} ^{of} ^{the} 'standby' part, and Picolette
replied, very calmly - 'Go and sleep!' Perhaps any Sabine would
also be there. At the time Picolette did not expect to see her
for another year, she kissed Picolette tenderly; then, she kissed her
kisses & kissed as well, just to indicate that everything was forgotten
there was no way of forgiveness - for she showed her forgiveness then.
He then raised his arms as they lay by the window to shoulder, to embrace
but they were stiff, in that he wanted to keep her at arm length.
Scared stiff. Then, suddenly they yielded.

"The important thing was that he suddenly realized
the possibility of resistance. There would be nothing heroic
here he to resist, he meant difficulties to his companion,
he smothered at the last appearance of life by strongly."

~~Remember to look at the "Final"?~~ She answered, as she
let him kiss her on both cheeks.

She always wanted to smother at the heart
with heavy hands, and not for very laudable
motives either; she read inside her. ~~And~~

~~to show~~
That was wrong, and now I know now that not even 9 years,
could ~~not~~ he tempt me anything? ... ~~And please~~ And I to
leave this world as a human being who has no common sense? And
please to say of me after I see you that at the beginning of
my case I wanted to finish it, but at the end of it I
wanted to begin again?

They got to Paris the next morning, at breakfast.
The plane had crashed shortly after taking off from Paris, and
all 55 passengers were dead.

Alexandra looked incredulous first, then she
bleamed a high and vout reproachful look toward heaven
and toward Pearl and Polina. and in her image of spirit
and of beauty and of suffering, of protest and of dignity. She looked
young. She looked again. Then the well of experience that has eight years
has built around her, here and covers her, isobly her, shieldly her
against what is too good or too evil in this world for her.

She said: At the rate at what Niccolò was flying - why, she
was a plane half the time - it's a miracle that it did not
explode sooner!

Pearl has spectacles, in the literal sense of the word.
Her voice was gone, her throat tightness & that she could barely

breathes in strips.

What a ~~terrible~~ ^{horrible, horrible} summer, she finally got out.

Jahime said, and a voice rounded to obey and he burst,

"That's what she always wanted; she wanted to go that way, she told me many many times."

Perle really wanted to leave. She felt ill, and Jahime felt ill, and since Nicolette wasn't coming back anyway, she might as well leave early, tomorrow.

"Don't worry about Alexander," Jahime said, "I'll stay with him."

"That's very sweet of you," Perle said, but...

Just don't worry, Jahime said. It's really what I want to do. Look, if Nicolette had lived, you don't think I would have left the job because she has a lot and is a wheel chair. Of course I would have had care of her, so now I have care of Alexander, it's the same thing, isn't it?

She left, without formal address, and he stayed - setting up to clean piece. In a way, he thought, as he was studying her as she passed flower boxes on the street by, "In a way, he was sure he had been told a woman he had known with Nicolette. My god, I've been with her from Orville to Greece. He found it strange how the former ladies were really just different moods, different shapes of her love with her own, and how Perle was ~~reporting~~ rebellion and

rejection, and Alexandre in reconciliation, acceptance. And L'Etat
Jaske, or, she was really needs me. And he felt he had really
had nothing, nothing at all left, and at the same time, everything. He
~~finally~~ ~~had~~ felt a need to tell Nicolette, but Nicolette
was dead, and would be put at a cross to Alexandre?

Alexandre was to board the far end of the bridge, that suspension bridge
spanning the gulf. The year, time & heavy bundle coming to hand,
she was flooding ahead on that last walk of loosely tied stems
of love and of tenderness. You have to keep your distance on
the bridge, and Alexandre now comes back, when Sebastian stands
at his end, his collar on his back, ^{measuring his steps} walking softly, ^{slowly}
to see he might shake the bridge, whether or not he was of rope of
delicate delirium, and make Alexandre trip. The canyon
below was ~~precipitous~~ ^{precipitous} deep, but you don't look below if you
don't want to get dizzy. You look into the far distance where
the suggestion of nearby becomes airy, misty and gentle,
when the rocky coils can be seen merge in a ~~to~~ bluish haze, and
~~fade~~ ^{goes into the haze} and ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~poor~~ ^{poor} ~~up~~ ^{up}

My god, he thought, and always lost his balance.

~~My god - what's going to happen to the dogs?~~

For dog's sake, he hammered, what's going to
happen to the gods!