

[1] One night as he sat at his table head on hands he saw himself rise and go. One night on day. For when his own light went out he was not left in the dark. Light of a kind came then from the one high window. Under it stood the stool on which [till he could or would no more] he used to mount to see the sky. Why he did not crane out to see what lay beneath was perhaps because the window was not made to open or because he could or would not open it. Perhaps he knew only too well what lay beneath and did not wish to see it again. So he would simply stand there high above the earth and see through the clouded pan the cloudless sky. Its faint unchanging light unlike any light he could remember from the days and nights when day followed hard on night and night on day. This outer light then when his own went out became his only light till it in its turn went out and left him in the dark. Till of in its turn went out.

One night or day then as he sat at his table
head on hands he saw himself rise and go.
First rise and stand clinging to the table.
Then sit again. Then rise again and stand
clinging to the table again. Then go. Start
to go. On unseen feet start to go. So show that
only change of place to show he went. As when
he disappeared only to reappear later at another
place. Then disappeared again only to reappear
again later at another place again. So again and
again disappeared again only to reappear again
later at another place again. Another place in
the place where he sat at his table head on hands.
The same place and table as when Darly for example
did and left him. And when others too in their turn
before and since. As when others too in their turn [and
leave him] till he too in his turn.

Head on hands half hoping when he disappeared (again)
that he would not reappear (again) and half
fearing that he would not. On merely wonders.
On merely waiting. Waiting to see if he would
or would not. Leave him [or not] alone (again)
waiting for nothing (again).

Seen always from behind whithersoever he went.
Same hat and coat as of old when he walked
the roads. The back roads. Now as one in a
strange place seeking the way out. In the dark.
In a strange place blindly in the dark of night
on day seeking the way out. A way out. To the
roads. The back roads.

A clock struck the hour and the half-hours. The same as when among others Party once died and left him. Strokes [now clear] as if carried by a wind [now faint] on the still air. Cries afar [now faint, now clear]. Head on hands half hoping when the hour struck that the half-hour would not and half fearing that it would not. Similarly when the half-hour struck.

Similarly when the cries a moment ceased.

Or merely wondering. Or merely waiting: Waiting to hear.

There had been a time he would sometimes lift his head enough to see his hands. What of them was to be seen. One laid on the table and the other on the one. At rest after all they did. Lift his past head a moment to see his past hands. Then lay it back on them to rest it too. After all it did.

The same place as when left [day after day] for the roads. The back roads. Returned to night after night. Paced from wall to wall in the dark. Then the fleeting dark of night. Now as if strange to him seen to rise and go. Disappear and reappear at another place. Disappear (again) and reappear (again) at another place (again). On as the same. Nothing to show (not the same). No wall toward which (or from). No table back toward which (or further from). In the same place [as when paced] from wall to wall [all places as the same]. Or in another. Nothing to show (not another). Where (?) never (!) Rise and go [in the same place (as ever)]. Disappear and reappear [in another where (?) never (!)]. Nothing to show [not another where (?) never (!)]. Nothing but the strokes. The cries. The same (as ever).

Till so many strokes and cries since he was last seen that perhaps he would not be seen again. Then so many cries since the strokes were last heard that perhaps they would not be heard again. Then such silence since the cries were last heard that perhaps even they would not be heard again. Perhaps thus the end. Unless no more than a mere dull. Then all as before. The strokes and cries as before and he as before now there now gone now there (again) now gone (again). Then the dull (again). Then all as before (again). And patient till the one true end to time and grief and self and second self
his own.

[2] As one in his right mind [when? at last!
out again...]^{he knew} [not how?^{he was ...}] not long,

out again...]^{when he began to wonder if he was in}

his right mind. For could one not in his right mind be reasonably said to wonder if he was in his right mind and bring [what is more]^{his} remains of reason to bear on this perplexity in the way he must be said to do if he is to be said at all? It was therefore in the guise of a more or less reasonable being that he emerged at last (he knew not how) into the outer world and had not been there for more than six or seven hours by the clock when he could not but begin to wonder if he was in his right mind.

By the same clock whose strokes were heard time
without number in his confinement as it struck
the hours and half hours and so in a sense
a source of reassurance till finally one of alarm
~~and so in a sense as~~ being no clearer now than
when in principle muffled by his four walls.

Then he sought help in the thought of one hastening
westward at sundown to obtain a better view
of Venus and found it of none. Of the
sole other sound (that of cries evidence of his
solitude as lost to suffering he sat at his table
head on hands) the same was true. Of their
whenceabouts (that is, of clock and cries the same
was true) that is no more to be determined
now than as was only natural then.

(Bringing to bear on all this his remains of reason) he sought help in the thought that his memory (of indoors) was perhaps at fault (and found it of none). Further to his disarray his soundless tread as when barefoot he trod his floor. So [all ears from bad to worse till in the end] he ceased [if not to hear] to listen and set out to look about him. Result finally he was in a field of grass which went some way [if nothing else] to explain his tread and then a little later [as if to make up for this] some way to increase his trouble. For he could recall no field of grass from even the very heart of which no limit of any kind was to be discerned but always in some quarter or another some end in sight such as a fence or other manner of boundary from which to return.

Non on his looking more closely [to make matters worse] was this the short green grass he seemed to remember [eaten down by flocks and herds] but long and light grey in colour verging here and there on white. Then he sought help in the thought that his memory of outdoors was perhaps at fault and found it of none. So [all eyes from bad to worse still in the end] he ceased [if not to see] to look [(about him or more closely)] and set out to take thought. To this end [for want of a stone on which to sit like Walther and cross his legs] the best he could do was stop dead and stand stock still [which after a moment of hesitation he did] and [of course] sink his head as one deep in meditation [which after another moment he did also].

But soon weary of vainly delving in those
remains he moved on through the long hoar
Grass resigned to not knowing where he was
going on how to get back to whence he knew not
how he came. So on unknowing and no end
in sight. Unknowing and [what is more] no wish
to know nor indeed any wish of any kind
nor therefore any sorrow save that he would
have wished the strokes to cease ^{and the cries}
[for good] and ^[he] was sorry that they did not.
The strokes (now faint, now clear...) as if caused by
the wind—but not a breath—and the cries (now
faint, now clear....)

Time and grief and self so-called. Oh all to end.

[3] So on till stayed
when to his ears from deep within

(oh how?)
to end?

and here a word he could not catch [if] it were
to end - (where (?) never (!) + till then.)

Rest, (then? before!) (again) from not long

to so long that perhaps never again

and then (again) faint from deep within (oh how?)
to end?

and here that missing word again [if] it were
to end - (where (?) never (!) + till then.)

In any case whatever it might be to end

(... and so on ...) the missing word

(was he not already?)

... as he stood there all bowed down to his ears
not already ending?

... faint from deep within (again.../and again))

(oh how?)

... some fling and so on ...
oh how to end?

was he not (so far as he could see) already
there (when? ... never!) (till then)?
(at the end)

For how could such a one as he — having once
found himself in such a place — not shudder
to find himself in it again (?) (which he had
not done), now having shuddered [how could one
such as he not] seek help ([though in vain]) in the
thought (so-called) that having somehow got out
of it then he could somehow get out of it again
(which he had not done either).?

There (then ... all this time (when? never! ... till then))
(and so far as he could see (in every direction) when
he raised his head and opened his eyes)) no
danger (or hope (as the case might be)) of his ever
getting out of it.

Was he [then] to press on regardless, [now]
then? now! ↑

in one direction and now in another, or, on the
other hand, to stir no more? ↴(as the case might be:

that is, as that missing word might be) (which? if!)

to warn (such as "sad" or "bad," for example) then
of course then in spite of all the one and of the
reverse then of course the other, that is, stir
no more? Was he ... to ... stir no more ... to warn then
elsewhere (?)

Was he ... to ... stir no more (?)
Was he ... to warn (?)

Such ↴ and much more ↪ such ↴ the hubbub in

his mind (so-called) ↪ till nothing left ↴ from deep within ↪

→ but only ever fainter (oh to end!).

Such ... till nothing left ...

No matter how, no matter where.

Time and grief and self (so-called).

Oh all to end!.