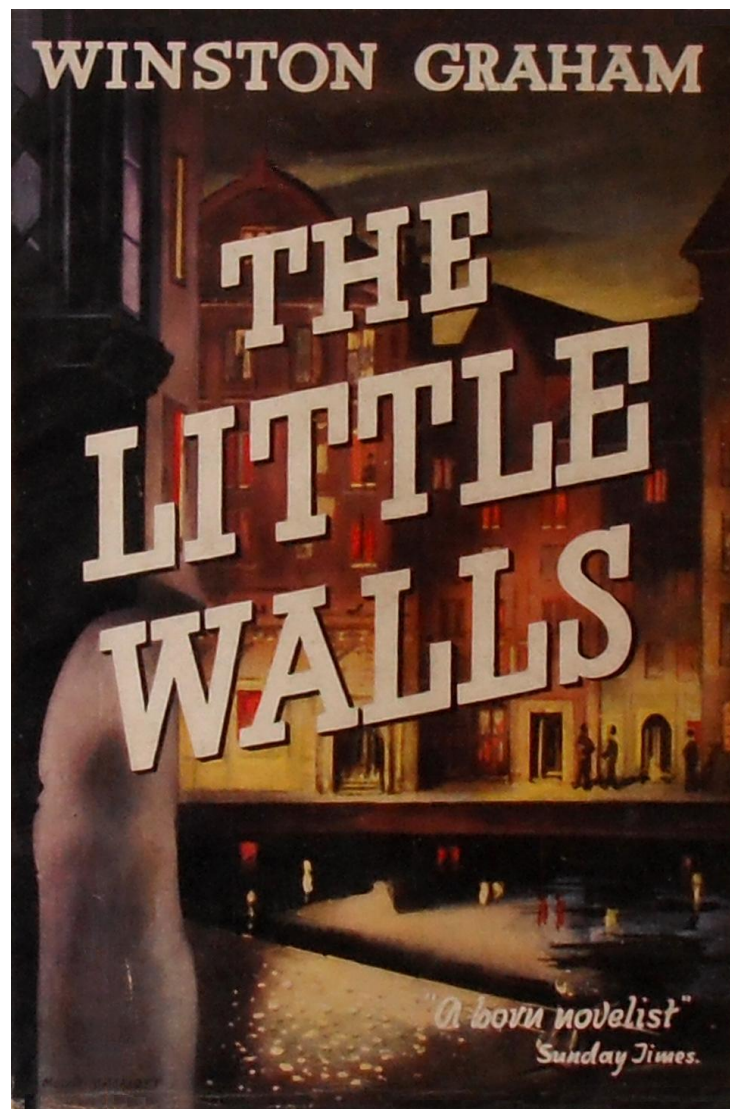


## ***THE LITTLE WALLS* : THREE PROOF PAGES**



Below are three pages from a proof copy of *The Little Walls*, showing revisions made by WG both by hand and by pasting typed amendments over pre-existing text. The page 66 revision is incorporated into the published text, but only after it, too, has been further revised; despite all the crossing out, page 91 appears in the published novel exactly as it was in the proof copy before the deletions were made, and page 241 (i.e. the first page of Chapter Twenty-three) has, as page 66, the pasted-on revisions incorporated into the text, but only after further slight tweaking: in this case, of the colour of the silk frock from "blue" to "turquoise" and of "eat" to "eat now".

portant thing, a mature man of promise. There was no staling in him—along with maturity there was this constant renewal, so to say. Nothing of his youthful approach had been lost. He was ripe for big things. That is why it is so tragic."

"And inexplicable."

"And inexplicable." He was silent for a time.

I said: "Do you attempt to explain it, even to yourself?"

"Only by the recollection that Grevil Turner was a good man and a very unusual one."

"I don't see what follows."

"No. Nothing follows. It is just the feeling that one has to strive to see through this veil that his death has cast. ~~One~~

Always your brother was a man to set himself the impossible task. How would he, I have been wondering, tolerate failure, from whatever source it came?"

"How does anyone?"

"That is so. But the ordinary man does not risk as much to begin, or surely feel as much to finish. His standards, let us admit it, are flexible; they adapt themselves more quickly to the need of the hour. Whereas the man of high ideals such as your brother sometimes has not the spiritual ambiguity to compromise. He cannot or he will not. They must conquer or die who have

It struck me again that in all these speculations about the mystery of Grevil's death, every person, Arnold, Colonel Powell, Martin Coxon, and now ~~himself~~ <sup>father?</sup> Louis Joachim, really only imagined what *they* might or could have done themselves, so that instead of a projection you got a reflection. Each one put himself in Grevil's place and interpreted or speculated according to his own temperament. None of them really knew or understood what Grevil had thought. Perhaps that was impossible. Perhaps that exacting problem was mine alone to solve. And I could do it not by any

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arrangement between Charlotte Weber and me would really come to anything.

It was getting on for three years since I'd touched a brush. My last thing had been one of Pamela and had been a total loss. It had probably reflected something in our relationship which just then was drifting on the rocks. Perhaps it had also put a finger on the wider issue, because everything had seemed to be breaking up in me just then, the inspiration that da Costa talked about so glibly—which, anyway, is always mainly perspiration—even the urge to sweat any more. The thought of buying paper, holding a pencil in my hands again, even disingenuously, gave me a bit of a fright. It would be like digging a part of myself up out of the ground.

When I got home I began on Grevil's notes again, <sup>but</sup> although I found ~~nothing in them~~ <sup>nothing in them</sup>, ~~there was nothing in them to be worth anything~~ <sup>through about the page I gave it up, and just to be sure</sup> and so I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~writing~~ <sup>writing</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup>.

*Buty Tom*

Reading Grevil's shorthand like this made me think of the letters I'd had from him regularly when I was a kid at school—in this shorthand—joking and chatty, but with long-headed bits of good sense thrown in like currants in a cake. However, ~~since he had been responsible for a great~~ <sup>little and appreciated it in his own way</sup> ~~ably my~~ <sup>the motion of reporting</sup> ~~was when I~~ <sup>one thing who had first put me in touch with people like</sup> ~~usually~~ <sup>Travener and Bland and Jellies and Whimsey and Pitter.</sup> He'd always shown impatience with anything that seemed to him half-hearted or lacking in guts. He never had any room for people who didn't know their own minds. I remember him saying to me once, quoting Ben Jonson: "I will not be a parasite to time, place or opinion"; and in fact he'd followed that precept all his life.

~~For when he was sick he had had a~~ <sup>will to be</sup> ~~was getting~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~worried~~ <sup>worried</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~following~~ <sup>following</sup> ~~week~~ <sup>week</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>



### Chapter Twenty-three

SHE hadn't known I was there. I could tell that because of the sudden hesitation. She went a bit green and nearly turned away. I don't know when you're punch drunk whether you can't feel the next shock; if so I wasn't, because I felt this all right. I should have been ploughed at any medical for D.A.H.

Then after a minute, after she said something to Charlotte and began to eat, I remember thinking rather stupidly that it was impossible that she should be here - or else all the stress and violence of this afternoon was a delusion or a trick of the sun.

I must have stared hard because when Berto came to take my plate I got in his way and knocked the fork off. Mme Weber was saying that Leonie was here only for the evening, and da Cossa, shifting his aim for a bit, began to ask, how was Rome? She dodged his questions as well as she could until Charlotte, looking irritated for once in her life, headed him off.

For the first time I ~~looked~~ <sup>glared</sup> at Charles Sanbergh. He was dressed as usual like *Herper's* idea of what the well-found man should wear on a Riviera holiday, and he could just as easily have been either to a murder or to a Mass for all you could tell from his face.

I looked <sup>up</sup> at Leonie. Relieved of da Cossa's curiosity, she was sitting quite still in her high collared blue silk frock, not even pretending to eat. She had a look like an El Greco angel - fine drawn and slightly haggard.

A hand was touching my arm. I stared at Jane. "What? I'm sorry."

"Hamilton was asking if you would stay on the island much longer."