Yet he isn't sure what. A restlessness comes over him, a vague sense that he has a personality to express--the same sense which, without any vagueness, leads the artist to an act of creation. Sometimes I think I will cut down such trees as remain in the wood, at other times I want to fill up the gaps between them with new trees.

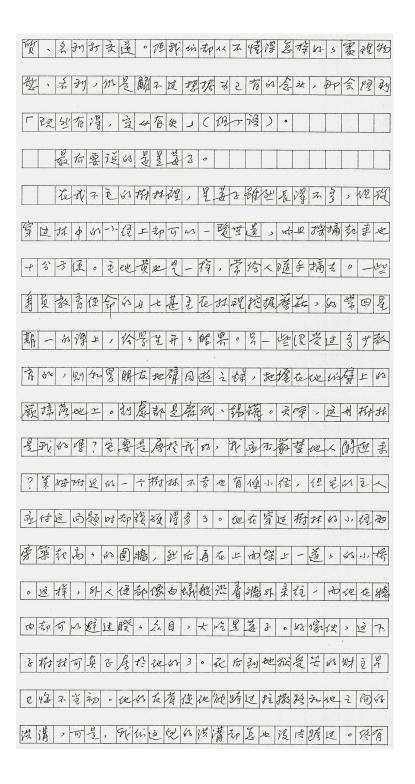
Both impulses are pretentious and empty. They are not honest movements towards moneymaking or beauty. They spring from a foolish desire to express myself and from an inability to enjoy what I have got. Creation, property, enjoyment form a sinister trinity in the human mind. Creation and enjoyment are both very, very good, yet they are often unattainable without a material basis, and at such moments property pushes itself in as a substitute, saying, "Accept me instead-I'm good enough for all three." It is not enough. It is, as Shakespeare said of lust, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame": it is "Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream." Yet we don't know how to shun it. It is forced on us by our economic system as the alternative to starvation. It is also forced on us by an internal defect in the soul, by the feeling that in property may lie the germs of self-development and of exquisite or heroic deeds. Our life on earth is,

要特色其一样多。可是,他却不知道该怎样不多。他 妻得《之不出,尽是辍,翻了所原初一股要表達自我 的衝動一艺打影和你对思有这种剧量,是是他的是 不模糊吧多。我有好想不得地就要多不的好食效场 假在时却又想遍植新树,蝮满笔的之间的空隙。不过 ,这都只是一些空楼, 定气 2 知实际。外在指包以有 为3要赚钱,成为3里的看的意思。即全意花自由 皇子可及、至代表迎自己的展等感,也在自己做了用 自己擁有的不安。人常都想到这一些东西、缩布 其西、富用一些华西一边会头在人一中便的像三位 一场的彩魔,楼之不去。艇翻送、艇等厕, 影然是多 不能的,可是,能力了物質基礎,什麼部辦後這上 自动,人便多冷城有一些东西美心想一切 好像说:「例外的期前并算了一批凝粉以一概三 1份即是不約40時七日重星电客性,食發出是「把 我, 魔鞋在唇露裡, , 如头妻是一 · 可惜我的好快学信摆股复复。 界机的绝层的主使利 心心及这是母影的, 矣如明的以及参繁 的炮影, 边, 的解一多事也。人俗在去上, 使得男好

and ought to be, material and carnal. But we have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly; they are still entangled with the desire for ownership, where (in the words of Dante) "Possession is one with loss."

And this brings us to our fourth and final point: the blackberries.

Blackberries are not plentiful in this meager grove, but they are easily seen from the public footpath which traverses it, and all too easily gathered. Foxgloves, too--people will pull up the foxgloves, and ladies of an educational tendency even grub for toadstools to show them on the Monday in class. Other ladies, less educated, roll down the bracken in the arms of their gentlemen friends. There is paper, there are tins. Pray, does my wood belong to me or doesn't it? And, if it does, should I not own it best by allowing no one else to walk there? There is a wood near Lyme Regis, also cursed by a public footpath, where the owner has not hesitated on this point. He has built high stone walls each side of the path, and has spanned it by bridges, so that the public circulate like termites while he gorges on the blackberries unseen. He really does own his wood, this able chap. Dives in Hell did pretty well, but the gulf dividing him from Lazarus shall come to this in time.



I shall wall in and fence out until I really taste the sweets of property. Enormously stout, endlessly avaricious, pseudo-creative, intensely selfish, I shall weave upon my forehead the quadruple crown of possession until those nasty Bolshies come and take it off again and thrust me aside into the outer darkness.

(1926)

