

First Revised Edition

A HUMUMENT

A TREATED VICTORIAN NOVEL



TOM PHILLIPS

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THAMES AND HUDSON

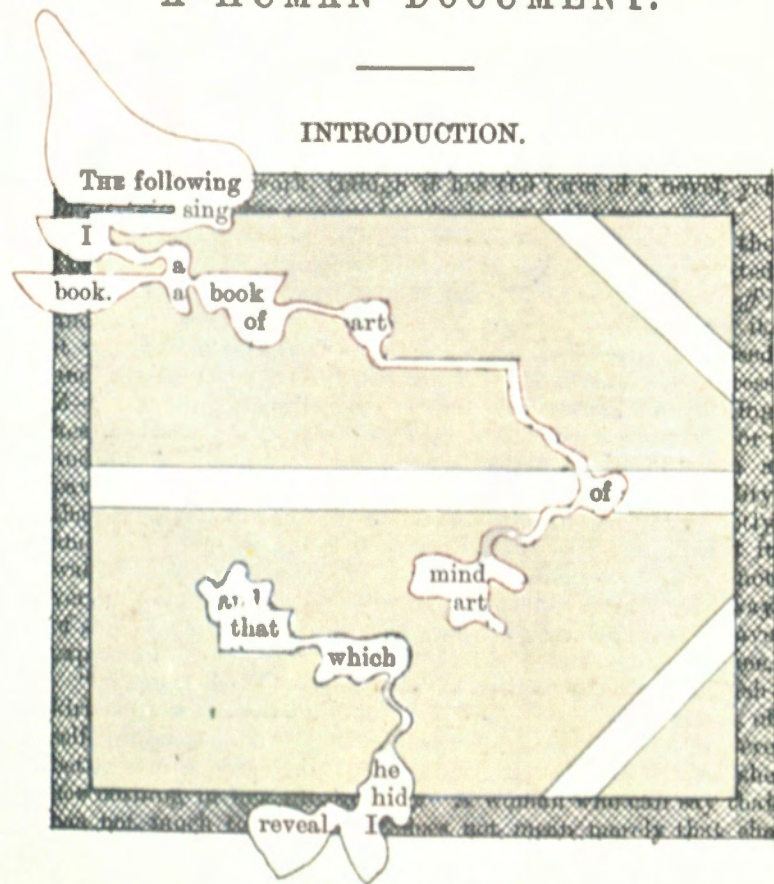
for Ruth and Marvin Sackner, patrons, friends
who guard my work between them like book-ends

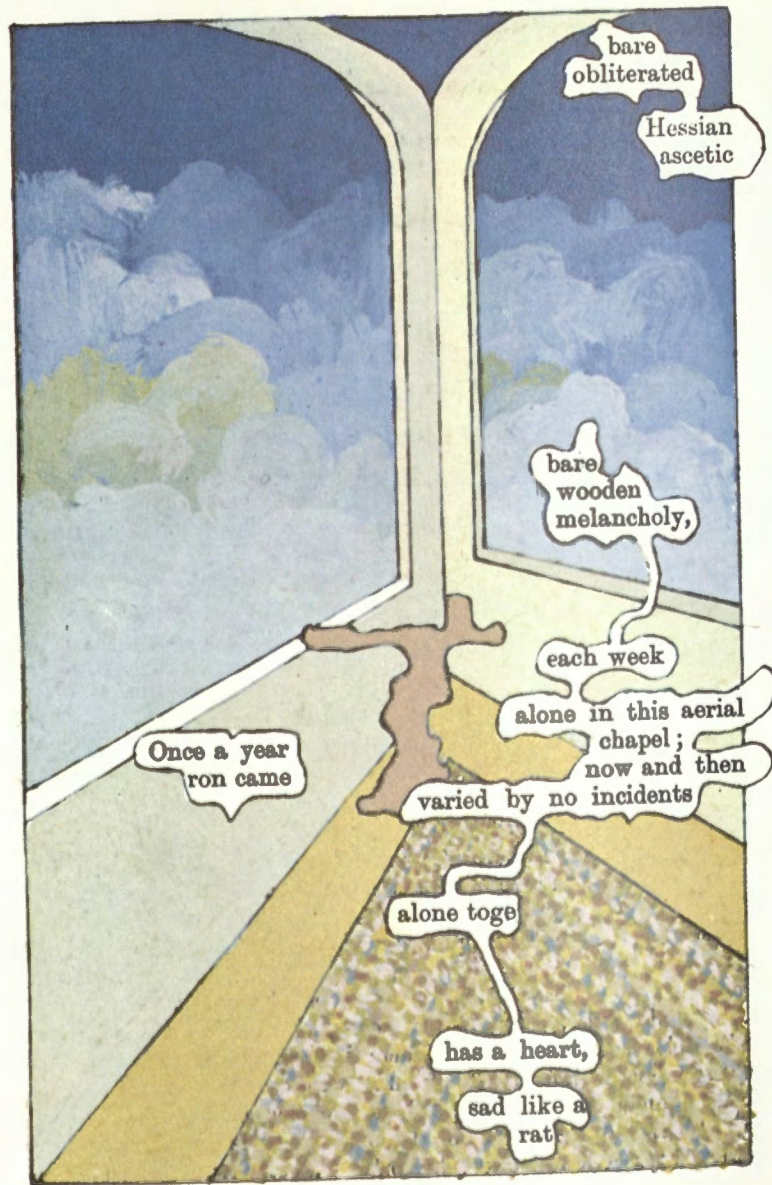
volume And
side I shall lie,
bones my bones

A HUM[REDACTED]UMENT.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

INTRODUCTION.





bare
obliterated
Hessian
ascetic

bare
wooden
melancholy,

each week

alone in this aerial
chapel ;
now and then

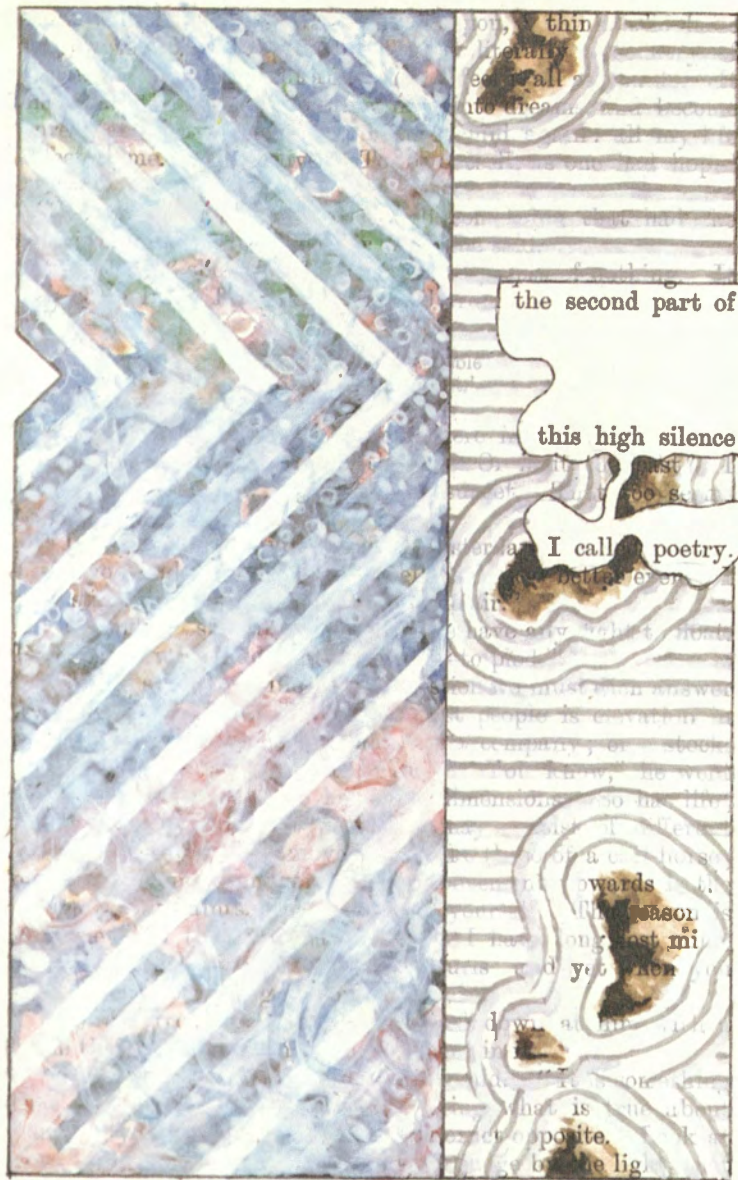
varied by no incidents

alone toge

has a heart,

sad like a
rat

Once a year
ron came



thin
terribly
ed all
its dream

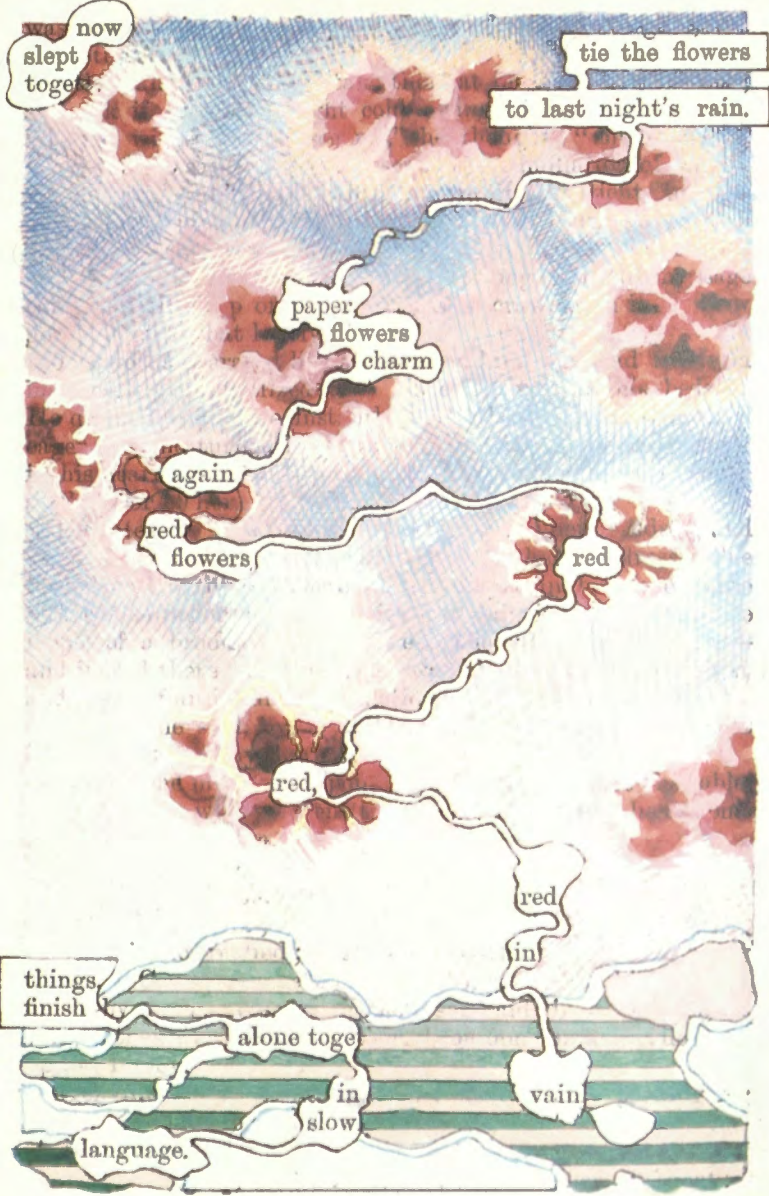
the second part of

this high silence

I call poetry.

towards
the season
longest mi
y, when

that is
opposite
by the lig



she said, "When you do hate me? Tell me, do you?"

"I don't want," he repeated, "to use exaggerated language, but I believe I am not exaggerating if I tell you that I would willingly die for you."

He was surprised himself at the almost bald intensity which he heard in his own voice. He quietly said this. Its effect on her was like that of the sun reflecting itself in water. The returning smile on her lips, and the trusting affection in her eyes, which, deep as it seemed as if yet it were but half unfolded, filled him with something which would have been overwhelming happiness if he had not in consequence of his recent trouble and suffering felt it as rather the blessing of overwhelming peace.

And yet there was a shadow which troubled and perplexed him. It was a riddle—a riddle, however which she could herself have solved. He had confessed to her in his diary that he feared she would have suffered too much; that he had suffered nothing; that she too, like him, would face to face with self; and that confronted with a braver face than he had, she would have expected an even keener wound from her husband's social convictions had principally been aimed at the severest of his faults, and she had thus seen how the husbands who had no repentance were accustomed to throw stones at women in their present position, as eagerly as they would have thrown stones at a cat; and she had feared that her own conscience might stone her in the same way. This treatment, however, she had not experienced. Her conscience had behaved very differently from his, and the reason was, not indeed the greater intensity, but the greater simplicity of her own emotion, and a certain moral fortitude greater than his, which it had endowed her with.

What she wrote in her diary was as follows:

"Considering what I have to write about, it seems odd that I can take up my pen so easily. The oddness is not due to anything that I feel in myself, but to the discrepancy between that and what I ought to feel, according to conventional theory. In connection with the stones have taken, my

