

GALLEY

"OPEN YOUR EYES AND AWAKE"

or

"WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN"

We could live together and be poor and happy. We could paint the walls ourselves, and make furniture out of boxes...We could drink cheap wine, eat pasta, and read the "Brothers Karamazov". We could make love three times in a night and buy a record player and find we both like Mahler. Until the mistake that is not quite a mistake makes me pregnant. We will talk about this at great length and read Simone de Beauvoir. We will marry in a Registry Office and send up the ceremony by going in jeans. We will say, we don't feel any different being married, let's pretend we're still living in sin. Quite forgetting that when we were living in sin we defiantly said we weren't. We will read paperbacks on child psychology and have the baby in a progressive way. You will take a job for which you have to apologise, and another baby will come and to avoid feeling merely bourgeois we will read the entire output of the Olympia Press and know people who take LSD. You will make more money and we will move to a house with a garden and buy a Mini and have serious conflicts about education. We will change over to stereo and get an au-pair. We will own five beds, twenty blankets, fifteen pairs of sheets, one pulveriser, one washing machine, one spin dryer, one automatic defrosting refrigerator, one electric mixer, one Polaroid camera, two pairs of skis, fourteen assorted brushes, mops, buckets and brooms...and forty square yards of Wilton carpet with foam underlay. We will decide to go out more. We will dress up and go to the theatre -- choosing, of course, some experimental controversial leftish sort of show. And as we leave the theatre, we will say, not exactly what we really feel, but the proper sensitive intelligent things that everyone else is saying. We will begin to take always from books and films and plays, and never from ourselves. We will become afraid of words like "good" and "bad"; so when we're in doubt we will call the latest thing "interesting" -- to hide our uncertainty. We will be so easily embarrassed by any natural feeling that we will put it in inverted commas, or say it in a funny voice. And at our parties everyone else will be doing the same, so life will really be quite comfortable -- apart from occasional exercises of conscience, over something like Vietnam or Rhodesia. You will die before me, because women live longer. There's a nice seaside town where so many old people live alone that philanthropists have issued them with whistles and little cards reading "Help". When they feel death coming, they are supposed to blow the whistle and put the card in the window...

from Tell Me Lies

HAPPY WINTER AND BEWARE!!!!

a student

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