Acclaim for JEANETTE WINTERSON's

ART & LIES

"A rare treat: an opportunity to experience the pure pleasure of reading for reading's sake. So innovative are her approaches to language and form in this book, I feel as if I had to exercise new muscles to read it. *Art and Lies* is the most exhilarating book I've ever read."

—Sandy Leonard, *Boston Globe*

"A beautiful, challenging novel.... Winterson's poetic language explores how art and sexuality shape consciousness."

—*USA Today*

"A series of intense, artful musings that are exhilarating and visionary.... Unsettling yet strangely satisfying."

—*Newsday*

"Like a female Prometheus unbound, Winterson leaps into the realm of high-octane prose-poetry, reminiscent of Shelley's lyrical drama. *Art and Lies* is saturated with echoes of Shakespeare and Blake and Wordsworth and T. S. Eliot."

—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Ambitious and intriguing.... Displays the idiosyncratic artistry you expect from the creator of splendid fictions.... A meditation on art, eros, and politics."

—*Out*

FIRST VINTAGE INTERNATIONAL EDITION, FEBRUARY 1996

The Library of Congress has cataloged
the Knopf edition as follows:
Winterson, Jeanette, [date]
Art & lies : a piece for three voices and a bawd / Jeanette Winterson.
— 1st American ed.
p. cm.
1. Artists—Psychology—Fiction.
2. Art and technology—Fiction.
3. Women artists—Fiction. 4. Sappho—Fiction.
5. Monologues. I. Title. II. Title: Art and lies.
PR6073.1558A78 1995
823′914—dc20 95-3133

Contents

Handel

FROM A DISTANCE only the light is visible, a speeding gleaming horizontal angel, trumpet out on a hard bend. The note bells. The note bells the beauty of the stretching train that pulls the light in a long gold thread. It catches in the wheels, it flashes on the doors, that open and close, that open and close, in commuter rhythm.

On the overcoats and briefcases, brooches and sighs, the light snags in rough-cut stones that stay unpolished. The man is busy, he hasn't time to see the light that burns his clothes and illuminates his face, the light pouring down his shoulders with biblical zeal. His book is a plate of glass.

I was not the first one to find the book. There were notes in the margins, stains on the pages, a rose pressed between leaves 186 and 187. Cautiously I sniffed it. La Mortola. There was a map of The Vatican, a telephone number scribbled down the blade of a sword, a letter, unopened. A feather had been used as a bookmark or perhaps the book had been used as a feather store. There was a drawing of an ugly man, face like a target, nose like a bull's-eye, and, on the corresponding page, a quick pencil sketch of a beautiful woman, the flesh braced against the bone.

The pages were thick, more like napkins than paper, more like sheets than napkins, glazed yellow by time. The cut pages had tattered edges but not all of the pages had been cut. In spite of its past, this book had not been finished, but unfinished by whom? The reader or the writer?

The book had no cover. While sleeker volumes cowered inside their jackets, this one lifted its ragged spine to the sun, a winter sun of thin beams and few hours. A sun that sank red

disc of hosannas.

I untied the waxy string and the book fell over my hands in folds of light. My hands shook under the weight of the light. Those heavy yellow squares saturated my palms and spilled down on to my trouser legs. My clothes were soaked in light. I felt like an apostle. I felt like a saint, not a dirty tired traveller on a dirty tired train. It was a trick, of course, a fluke of the weak sun magnified through the thick glass. And yet my heart leapt. In the moment of the moving pool my heart leapt. I put my hand on the book, it was warm, it must have lain in the sun. I laughed; a few lines of physics had been turned into a miracle. Or: A miracle has been turned into a few lines of physics?

I turned to see my own reflection in the black window …

300 BC. The Ptolomies founded the great library at Alexandria.

400,000 volumes in vertiginous glory.

The Alexandrians employed climbing boys much in the same way as the Victorians employed sweeps. Unnamed bipeds, light as dust, gripping with swollen fingers and toes, the nooks and juts of sheer-faced walls.

To begin with, the shelves had been built around wide channels that easily allowed for a ladder, but, as the library expanded, the shelves contracted, until the ladders themselves splintered under the pressure of so much knowledge. Their rungs were driven into the sides of the shelves with such ferocity that all the end-books were speared in place for nine hundred years.

What was to be done? There were scribes and scholars, philosophers and kings, travellers and potentates, none of whom could now take down a book beyond the twentieth shelf. It soon became true that the only books of any interest

were to be found above shelf twenty-one.

It was noticed that the marooned rungs still formed a crazy and precarious ascent between the dizzy miles of shelves. Who could climb them? Who would dare?

Every boy-slave in Alexandria was weighed. It was not enough to have limbs like threads, the unlucky few must have brains of vapour too. Each boy had to be a medium through which much must pass and yet nothing be retained.

At the start of the experiment, when a book was required, a boy would be sent up to get it. This could take as long as two weeks, and very often, the boy would fall down dead from hunger and exhaustion.

A cleverer system seemed to be to rack the boys at various levels around the library, so that they could form a human chain, and pass down any volume within a day or so.

Accordingly, the boys built themselves eyries in among the books, and were to be seen squatting and scowling at greater and greater heights around the library.

A contemporary of Pliny the Younger writes of them thus:

Fama vero de bybliotheca illa Phariaca, opulentissima et certe inter miracula mundi numeranda, siparis ventisque mercatoriis trans mare devecta; nihil tamen de voluminibus raris ac pretiosis, de membris scriptorum disiectis fractisque, de arcanis Aegyptiacis et occultis devotis, quas merces haud dubio sperarent nostri studiosi, renuntiabant nautae, sed potius aulam esse regiam atque ingentem, tecta ardua et cum solo divorum exaequata ut dei ipsi tamquam in xysto proprio vel solario ibi gestare possent; quibus in palatiis tecto tenus loculamenta esse exstructa et omnes disciplinas contineri, nec tamen intra manus studentium venire sublimitas causa. Maxime enim mirabantur tantam illam sublimitatem quantam

nemo vel scalis vel artificiis machinarum evadere posset, nisi tantum turba innumera puerorum, quibus crura liciis tenuiora, quibus animus ceu fumus in auras commixtus, ut Maro noster, per quos denique multa transmittenda sed nihil retinendum. Illi enim circum bybliothecam in tabulatis semper in altiora surgentibus collocati, ratione propria quadam ac secreta inter se mandata permutare poterant et intra tam breve tempus unius diei quemlibet librum demittere.

There is no system that has not another system concealed within it. Soon the boys had tunnelled behind the huge shelves and thrown up a rookery of strange apartments where beds were books and chairs were books and dinner was eaten off books and all the stuffings, linings, sealings, floorings, openings and closings, were books. Books were put to every use to which a book can be put so long as it is never read.

'And whilst a book is nothing to me but a box of dainty handkerchiefs to wipe myself against once off the pot,' said Doll Sneerpiece, 'I darken that gentleman's merits if I call him anything less than a Walking Library.'

'Very Right. Very True.' said her companion, Miss Mangle, who had lived so long beneath the bells of St Paul's that she could hear nothing at all. Having an ordinary desire to appear both sociable and wise, she answered any address to her with the words 'Very Right. Very True.' In this way she retained a large circle of friends, none of whom guessed that their tolerant confidante was stone deaf.

'And if I were to say that I would care to turn the pages of that gentleman one by one, and to run my fingers down his margins, and to decipher his smooth spine, and to go on my knees to enjoy his lower titles, and to upturn that one long

volume that he keeps so secret to himself, what would you say?'

'Very Right. Very True.' said Miss Mangle.

'You are a broad-minded woman and a proper friend,' said the Doll. 'I tell you, if my clothes were vellum, and my flesh, parchment, he would take me in both his hands, he would press me against his lips. Yet, when he sees my poor silks and lace, when he smells the passing of my perfumed body, what does he say? He says, "Madam, Madam, do you not yet repent?" '

'Oh repent! repent! I do repent a thousand times. I repent that I was not born a book and comfortable in your library right now Sir, this very morning. Already perhaps you would have lifted me down and laid me out on your little table with a pot of coffee standing by.'

Doll Sneerpiece suddenly stoppered her flow, for the man of whom she spoke passed by the window.

'It is his hat,' she cried, 'and his dear head beneath it.' She rushed forward and flung her upper parts out of the frame so that her breasts took leave of her bodice.

'Ruggiero!' she cried, 'Ruggiero!' It was his fitted coat, his slender back, his emphatic leg.

'Very Right. Very True.' said Miss Mangle.

I shut the book against her cry. That was too purple and exotic for my taste. My tastes have always been austere. I prefer to be slightly cold, slightly hungry, to spend less on myself than I could, more on others than I should. I do not think of myself as a masochist, not even when I rise in the early morning dark to run my blue body through a mile of frost. Such habits, and a contemplative nature, have not fitted me for a world that knows neither restraint nor passion. The fatal combination of

indulgence without feeling disgusts me. Strange to be both greedy and dead.

For myself, I prefer to hold my desires just out of reach of appetite, to keep myself honed and sharp. I want the keen edge of longing. It is so easy to be a brute and yet it has become rather fashionable.

Is that the consequence of leaving your body to science? Of assuming that another pill, another drug, another car, another pocket-sized home-movie station, a DNA transfer, or the complete freedom of choice that five hundred TV channels must bring, will make everything all right? Will soothe the nagging pain in the heart that the latest laser scan refuses to diagnose? The doctor's surgery is full of men and women who do not know why they are unhappy.

'Take this,' says the Doctor, 'you'll soon feel better.' They do feel better, because little by little, they cease to feel at all.

When I was a young medical student at Seminary, like most of the other students, I tried to use the brothels. We were vowed to chastity, of course we were, but not until we were ordained. It was a regular trip after Sunday lunch, St Agatha's Day, we called it, in honour of the wobbly brown crème caramel served with a cocktail cherry on the top. Later, as a surgeon, I wondered why only Agatha was fit to be a saint, when so many women freely lay down under me and let me cut off their breasts. I suppose that to be a martyr, one has to suffer for something in which one passionately believes, and they weren't suffering for anything in which they believed. We were the ones who believed. We were the ones in ritual gloves and masks carrying the sacred surgical steel. So passive, not a spark of resentment, they were grateful to me for throwing their tits into the incinerator.

We don't do it anymore, the treatment has changed, we regret that we did it so much, but when you tell people you know what's good for them particularly if you are a doctor, they will believe you. Having no beliefs of their own they believe. It's a truism that as faith in God has declined, belief in science, especially medical science, has increased. Yet most people know even less about science than they did about God. Science is now incomprehensible to the layman but the layman accepts it, even though one of the arguments against God is that He doesn't make sense.

'Come on Handel, get your rubbers on.' The rallying cry of the operating theatre was the jest of the brothel. We had to protect ourselves. We had to be careful of the body beneath. Protection always involves some sort of loss. Hold back, watch yourself, wrap up, look for cuts, mind the blood, don't exchange fluid, Now Wash Your Hands Please. The riskiest thing you can do is to be naked with another human being.

I like to look at women. That is one of the reasons why I became a doctor. As a priest my contact is necessarily limited. I like to look at women; they undress before me with a shyness I find touching. I try to keep my hands warm. I am compassionate. I do care. If a woman is particularly young or particularly beautiful, I treat her as softly as I know how. I am very clean, my cologne is sandalwood and olives, and I know that my astringent, ascetic face is reassuring, tempting even. Am I tempted? Perhaps, but I would never break my vows, professional and religious. Isn't that enough?

When a woman chooses me above my numerous atheist colleagues we have an understanding straight away. I have done well, perhaps because a man with God inside him is still preferable to a man with only his breakfast inside him. I am

not a fanatic. I am too cerebral for that. The scholarly doctor, fingers long, voice musical.

I remember my first consultation. The patient and I were the same age: thirty-one. She was nervous I was calm. She was afraid and I was confident. I asked her to undress behind the thin white screen that did not quite reach the floor. I watched her slip off her shoes, lift each foot to take off her stockings. Her feet were bare then, her broad strong feet, ankles slim. Her legs were shaved. I turned to look out of the window.

'I'm ready,' she said.

'Then won't you come here?' She came out in the silly paper robe we used to supply in those days. I was the first to offer my patients a full silk dressing-gown. Dense raw silk with my initials embroidered on the pocket. I know that women appreciate small courtesies.

'Would you prefer the nurse to be present while I examine you?'

No, of course not, they rarely do. Another pair of prying eyes, another intrusive presence on a body too much intruded upon. And I am told that women hate to be stared at by other women.

I examined her thoroughly and took her breast in my hands. Her breast was small, dense, weighted, taut to the touch. Pale and with a single fair hair by the nipple. I ran my clean inquisitive fingers over her. She was trembling.

I would have been glad to have trembled too. Suddenly I was afraid of her Irish beauty like a tightened bow. I had my thumb on her nipple. I smiled.

'There's nothing to worry about. Go and get dressed.'

She looked at me. I held her breast.

'Go and get dressed.'

I sent her for a mammogram. In those days we screened

women for what we still call 'Their Own Good'. We made them feel irresponsible if they refused. The Good doctor. The Difficult patient. It wasn't until 1993, that the best of us admitted that for women under the age of fifty, a mammogram is notoriously unreliable, and that it might even serve to spread any few malignant cells deeper into the body. It's the way the plates compress the breasts. We did a lot of damage but it will be impossible to prove.

She kept her breasts. I saw her with them from time to time, and too often I saw them on their own, floating towards me in a horrible mixed-up nightmare of Seminary and raucous priests and the mutilated Saint Agatha lying on a silver platter …

'Come on Handel, Push it in will you? Push it IN man!' My senior wielding his wild syringe above the torpid body on the slab. We had to administer a muscle relaxant before we could make the first cut. I hate injections.

The patient can hear everything under general anaesthetic. The ripping, snipping, severing, squelching, dripping operation. Our Surgeon liked to listen to opera while he worked but he insisted on Madam Butterfly or La Bohème. He liked to sing the part of Mimi in a cracked falsetto.

'I get upset when she dies,' he said, cutting through the pectoral webbing.

The sun had dropped on to the roof of the train and bloodied the grey metal. They were travelling slowly to save fuel. The man twisted his head to watch the spilt sun trickle down the window. The train that had been grey was sheathed in light. The sun made a wrapping of light that gave the dead grey bullet dignity and a purpose other than its destination. The man thought of the prophet Ezekiel and his chariot of cherubim: 'Go in among the whirling wheels underneath the

cherubim; fill thy hands with living coals and scatter them over the City.'

Shall I tell you something about my City? My City, and long trains leaving.

The First City is ceremonial. Ceremonies of religion, monarchy, law. There are palaces in planed proportion built by the Golden Mean. Urgent steeples, pennants, weathervanes, an upward rising of assumption and power. This is the old city and it has been the most destroyed. The churches are empty and many are ruined. When the Church of England was disestablished it was a clever way for a government to ignore the crumbling beauty of a passion no longer felt. The old city was built on faith, vanity, and fabulous piles of cash. We have none of those and the poor in spirit must learn to be humble.

We still build. We build mean houses with low windows resentful of light. An architect can be judged by his fenestration; let it be grand, profligate, various, bold. No, his windows are as regular as clipboards, dull as computer screens, we have no architects now, we have little men who like to simulate. Smart models, they call it, and it has nothing to do with long-legged ladies with degrees, those are still avoided after hours in favour of the dumb kind. No, smart models are a way of constructing the building on a three-dimensional screen. A Virtual Model allows me a tour of the building before the first navvy gets out his spade.

'Bring me the drawings of the ground plan and front elevation will you?' I asked the bright young architect in spotted braces. I was in charge of the detail for the new private cancer hospital we were building.

'Drawings?' he said, as though I'd asked him to empty

bedpans. ‘Here, have a look at the preliminary video, I’ll give you the data-line on the headphones channel and if you get hot about the concept, we can build up a few simulations on the edit channel.’

What?

I saw him later, swinging through the double doors in his American trenchcoat and trilby.

‘How’s the Brief?’ asked his friend.

‘Having a bit of trouble with the old crocodile that’s all.’

The old crocodile. I suppose he means me. Do I look like a Leviathan? Do I look like Hobbes? I hope not. It might be flattering to have a philosopher’s jaw but I’d rather be mistaken for Descartes. I know you’ll think that is because he was a Catholic, it’s not, it’s because he did his best thinking inside a stove. I’ve never had much patience with Hobbes. I can work with a man who is a) an atheist, b) a monarchist, c) a nominalist, d) a materialist, but I can’t work with a man who is all of these things at the same time.

Well, Hobbes’s bastard shade is having its day out in the City. We are all atheists, materialists, nominalists, now. Oddly, we seem to be turning into monarchists too, there’s nothing as effective as abolishing a King to bring out the worst of royalist sentimentality. The antique shops are crammed with fading Union Jacks and coronation mugs. The richer men buy gewgaws from Windsor Castle. It’s too late, can’t turn the clock back, ticks the cliché, although, God knows, we turn it back day and night when it’s a matter of prejudice. No, in the dreary Hobbes world, where religion is superstition and the only possible actions are actions of self-interest, love is dead. That young man in the spotted braces thinks me a fool to listen to

opera, to go to Mass, to sit quietly with a book that is better than me. What use is it? What use is it to love God, to dig my hands in the dark red soil of my home, and feel for it a passion which is not possession but recognition? What use is it to believe that beauty is a Good, when metaphysics has sold her in the market-place?

Of course we have romance. Everyone can see how useful romance is. Even the newspapers like romance. They should; they have helped to create it, it is their daily doses of world malaise that poison the heart and mind to such a degree that a strong antidote is required to save what humanness is left in us. I am not a machine, there is only so much and no more that I can absorb of the misery of my kind, when my tears are exhausted a dullness takes their place, and out of that dullness a terrible callousness, so that I look on suffering and feel it not.

Isn't it well known that nothing shocks us? That the photographs of wretchedness that thirty years ago would have made us protest in the streets, now flicker by our eyes and we hardly see them? More vivid, more graphic, more pornographic even, is the newsman's brief. He must make us feel, but like a body punched and punched again, we take the blows and do not even notice the damage they have done.

Reportage is violence. Violence to the spirit. Violence to the emotional sympathy that should quicken in you and me when face to face we meet with pain. How many defeated among our own do we step over and push aside on our way home to watch the evening news? 'Terrible' you said at Somalia, Bosnia, Ethiopia, Russia, China, the Indian earthquake, the American floods, and then you watched a quiz show or a film because there's nothing you can do, nothing you can do, and the fear and unease that such powerlessness brings, trails in its wash, a dead arrogance for the beggar on the bridge that you pass

every day. Hasn't he got legs and a cardboard box to sleep in?

And still we long to feel.

What's left? Romance. Love's counterfeit free of charge to all. Fall into my arms and the world with its sorrows will shrink up into a tinsel ball. This is the favourite antidote to the cold robot life of faraway perils and nearby apathy. Apathy. From the Greek A Pathos. Want of feeling. But, don't we know, only find the right boy, only find the right girl, and feeling will be yours. My colleagues tell me I need just such a remedy. Buried up to my neck in pink foam nothing can hurt me now. Safe to feel. All I can feel is you darling.

I was standing at the station waiting for the train, when a woman approached me, with a wilting red rose in a plastic wrapper.

'Buy it for your lucky day.'

'When will that be?'

'The day you fall in love. I see romance for you. A tall blonde lady.'

'Romance does not interest me.'

She stared at me as though I had uttered a blasphemy in church, and I suppose we were in a church of a kind, the portable temple of sentimentality that can be flapping about your head at a moment's notice.

She walked away, hawking her exhausted roses around the others, some of whom were glad enough to buy. I don't blame them, the dead world greedy of feeling, but there must be another way.

My own austerity, some might say severity, is like those magic girdles that knights used to wear when fighting dragons. Irrelevant, certainly, but it protects me by reminding me of what things I value. And the things I value are not the fake attentions and easy affections of a world unmoored from its

Beaver? No good. It looks nothing like a beaver or a pussy or a fox. Cunt? Is that the best I can do for those delicate labial folds and the monkish cowl that hides …, that hides …, a bead, a pip, an acorn, a pearl, a button, a pea …

'Please hurry.'

To engage the head I must enter her but my hands are not clean. What if I infect her? What if she infects me?

She started to cry out as the baby tried again to force itself round. If I took her to hospital they would certainly take the child from her and she was probably illegal.

There was a bottle of vodka on the floor. Thank God it wasn't gin. Too Dickens.

I held it up quizzically. There was an inch or so left in the bottom.

'That's mine for the pain.'

I poured it over my hands and washed them together.

'Are you Jewish?' she said.

'Just be glad I'm not an obstetrician. I'd have slit you down the middle by now.'

That shut her up and her screams too. She was quiet while I pushed my hand into the blood-packed warmth of her body. Quiet and dignified and wide. I was the one bent over, sweating, my back arched, my head down. My hair fell forward on to her thighs.

She began to give birth. It was a gift, a gift of life in that cold dead room, on the cold dead streets. The baby was ready. The baby was skimming down the birth canal and into the windy world. Gently, gently, I brought her forth as if she were my own. I felt that she was my own. I cut the cord that moored her and she was free, her own, laid on her mother's belly in a little coat of blood.

The man came back with a washing-up bowl of lukewarm water and two bottles of vodka. To his intense horror I took one bottle and poured it into the bowl down to the last drop.

'He is Jewish,' said the mother.

Carefully I washed her thighs and the long dark stretches of her cunt. I dried her with the rest of my shirt and covered them both in a blanket from the car. I was going to wash the baby and then I thought, 'The smell is all she knows, the smell is all she has, go away now Handel.'

I put on my jacket, collected my things and closed the door, promising to return in a couple of days. I left them some money.

The moon was up and the cold had frozen the fog into brown slabs. I reversed the car down the slimy street dark under the unlit lamps.

The Second City is political. Politics of slums, apartments, mansions. The correct balance must be maintained. On no account should there be too many mansions or too few slums. Apartments hold the balance; the rich are terrified of being reduced to one, the poor dream of owning their own. The political city thrives on fear. Fear of never owning an apartment. Fear of owning merely an apartment.

Homelessness is illegal. In my city no-one is homeless although there are an increasing number of criminals living on the street. It was smart to turn an abandoned class into a criminal class, sometimes people feel sorry for down and outs, they never feel sorry for criminals, it has been a great stabiliser.

I parked the car outside my house and pushed through the

‘You from the Pest Destruction Office? Were they an ’Elf Azzad?’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘Did they have the fucking pox?’

‘No, but one of them had a baby.’

I’m not a sentimentalist. Every week life and death passes under my hands and that has given me a certain serious reserve. Intimacy with death has produced, in some of my cruder colleagues, a kind of *danse macabre*. Daily contact with what seems to them a horrible fate, horrible because unrelieved by any spirituality, fate because inevitable in the chanciest, cruellest ways, has grown in them a love of the grotesque. There is something of the Middle Ages in these modern men, who must be forever caricaturing the suffering they fear. Morbid practical jokes and a pleasure in the corrupt is the hallmark of many of my eminent colleagues. I look at them and I see, not the confident wonders of modern science, but a fearful fourteenth-century face carving a Death’s Head in a gloomy village on the Rhine.

And for myself? I, who have often leaned over the lifeless body, when all was at length quiet and smoothed out. After death, the traces in the face of what was slight or mean or superficial, begin to disappear; the lines become more simple and dignified; only the abstract lines remain, and those in a great indifference. It is possible to be comforted by death in its distinction. Pause now, before this transitory dignity breaks up, and there is left, not horror, not fear, but profound pity. The *pietà* of the Virgin Mother over the dead body of Christ. Madonna of the Sorrows. The pity of the mother for the child.

The Spanish girl in the upper room was not a virgin and I have to confess that babies do not move me much. That is, not

the clean outdoor types, we don't go in for night work.

People vanish everyday, but it's not you and me, is it? We are solid and confident, safe and strong, we can speak our minds.

Can I? Can I speak my mind or am I dumb inside a borrowed language, captive of bastard thoughts? What of me is mine?

I have an affection for the mediaeval period, perhaps because I am a man of shadows, and the glorious lights of the Renaissance bewilder me a little. Perhaps because, in the mediaevals, with their love of systems and hierarchies, I find the fullest and most human outworking of the old theory of 'Kyndly Enclyning'. A theory that starts with Plato and runs in a many-coloured current through Boethius, Chaucer, all the thinking of the Middle Ages, and is still lively in both Shakespeare and Bacon. A truth, still apparent, though disregarded, that things move violently *to* their place, but calmly *in* their place. To put it another way, everything has its right home, the region that suits it, and, unless forcibly restrained, will move thither by a kind of homing instinct. But how will I find my 'right home', that house not built with hands, unless I am in my right mind? Every day, in my consultancy, I meet men and women who are out of their minds. That is, they have not the slightest idea who they really are or what it is that matters to them. The question 'How shall I live?' is not one I can answer on prescription.

Most common are the retired or fired businessmen who develop cancer. They come to me in broken health, in fear for their lives, and the phrase I hear first is 'I'm not the man I was.' As we talk it becomes clear that he is the man he has been always, yes, well-off, yes, respectable, but immature, without self-knowledge, a man without breadth or depth, but shielded from this lack by his work, by his social standing, by