

*La passeggiata prima di cena*

Why does my pen not drop from my hand on approaching the infinite pity and tragedy of all the past? It does, poor helpless pen, with what it meets of the ineffable, what it meets of the cold Medusa-face of life, of all the life *lived*, on every side. *Basta, basta!*

H. JAMES, *Notebooks*, 321.

p 240 ed. 1987