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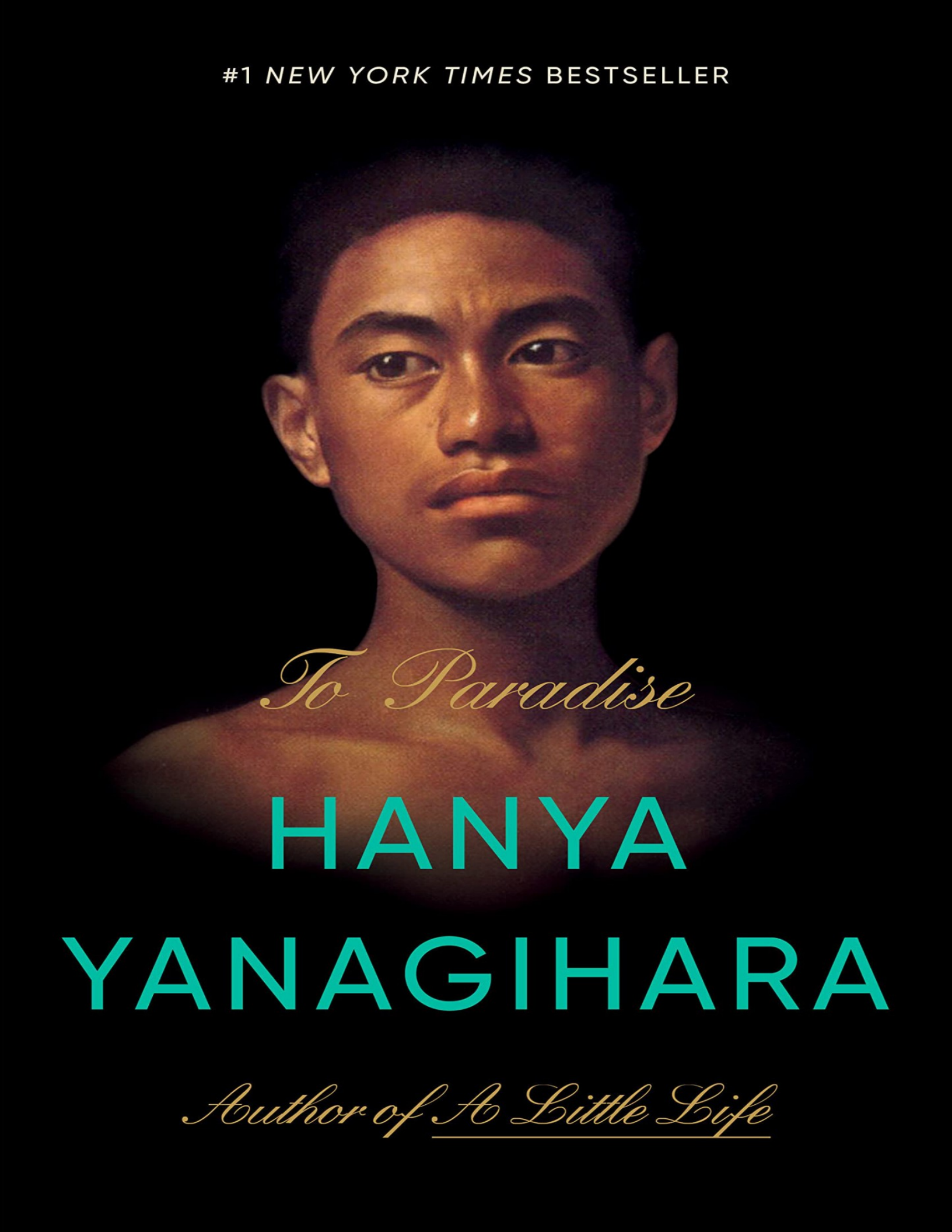

*To Paradise*

# HANYA YANAGIHARA

*Author of A Little Life*

ALSO BY HANYA YANAGIHARA

*A Little Life*

*The People in the Trees*

# TO PARADISE

Hanya Yanagihara

DOUBLEDAY
NEW YORK

*Cover painting:* Iokepa, Hawaiian Fisher Boy, *oil on canvas, by Hubert Vos, 1898. History and Art Collection / Alamy Stock Photo*
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To Daniel Roseberry

*who saw me through*

and

To Jared Hohlt

*always*

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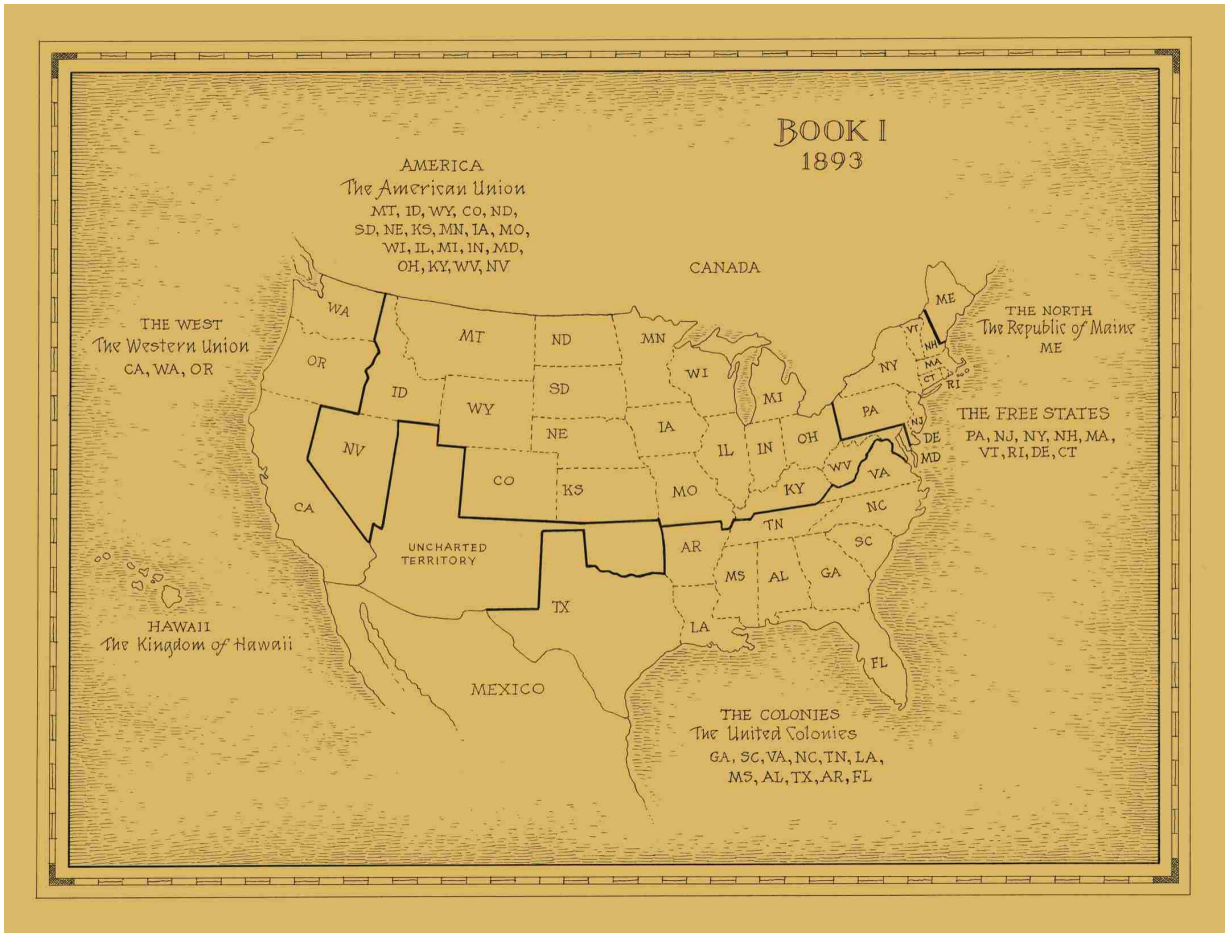
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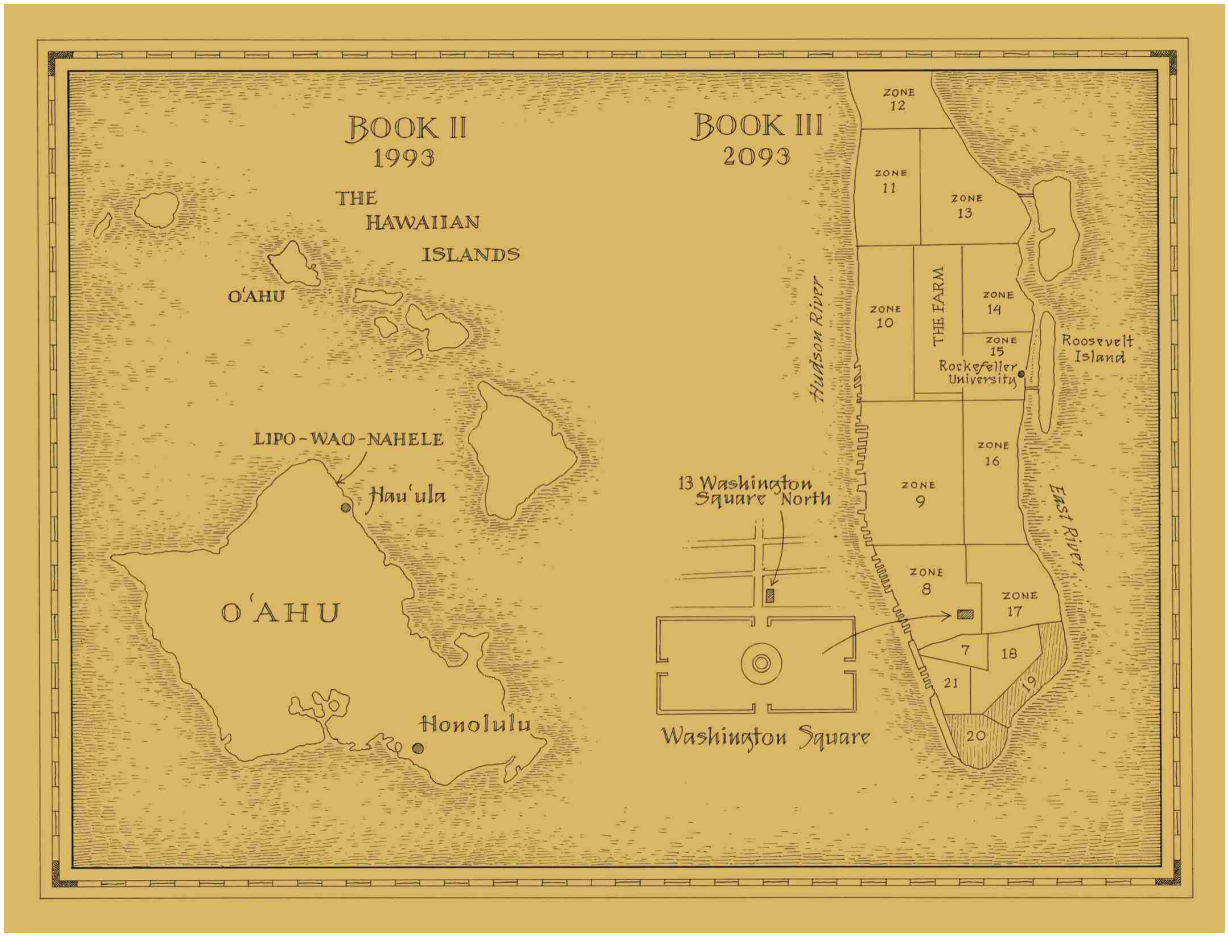
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BOOK I

# WASHINGTON SQUARE

# I

He had come into the habit, before dinner, of taking a walk around the park: ten laps, as slow as he pleased on some evenings, briskly on others, and then back up the stairs of the house and to his room to wash his hands and straighten his tie before descending again to the table. Today, though, as he was leaving, the little maid handing him his gloves said, “Mister Bingham says to remind you that your brother and sister are coming tonight for supper,” and he said, “Yes, thank you, Jane, for reminding me,” as if he’d in fact forgotten, and she made a little curtsy and closed the door behind him.

He would have to go more quickly than he would were his time his own, but he found himself being deliberately contrary, walking instead at his slower pace, listening to the clicks of his boot heels on the pavestones ringing purposefully in the cold air. The day was over, almost, and the sky was the particular rich ink-purple that he couldn’t see without remembering, achily, being away at school and watching everything shade itself black and the outline of the trees dissolve in front of him.

Winter would be upon them soon, and he had worn only his light coat, but nevertheless, he kept going, crossing his arms snug against his chest and turning up his lapels. Even after the bells rang five, he put his head down and continued moving forward, and it wasn’t until he had finished his fifth circumnavigation that he turned, sighing, to walk north on one of the paths to the house, and up its neat stone steps, with the door opening for him before he reached the top, the butler reaching already for his hat.

“In the parlor, Mister David.”

“Thank you, Adams.”

Outside the parlor doors he stood, passing his hands repeatedly over his hair—a nervous habit of his, much as the repeated smoothing of his forelock as he read or drew, or the light drawing of his forefinger beneath his nose as he thought or waited for his turn at the chessboard, or any number of other displays to which he was given—before sighing again and opening both doors at once in a gesture of confidence and conviction that he of course did not possess. They looked over at him as a group, but passively, neither pleased nor dismayed to see him. He was a chair, a clock, a scarf draped over the back of the settee, something the eye had registered so many times that it now glided over it, its presence so familiar that it had already been drawn and pasted into the scene before the curtain rose.

“Late again,” said John, before he’d had a chance to say anything, but his voice was mild and he seemed not to be in a scolding mood, though one never quite knew with John.

“John,” he said, ignoring his brother’s comment but shaking his hand and the hand of his husband, Peter; “Eden”—kissing first his sister and then her wife, Eliza, on their right cheeks—“where’s Grandfather?”

“Cellar.”

“Ah.”

They all stood there for a moment in silence, and for a second David felt the old embarrassment he often sensed for the three of them, the Bingham siblings, that they should have nothing to say to one another—or, rather, that they should not know how to say anything—were it not for the presence of their grandfather, as if the only thing that made them real to one another were not the fact of their blood or history, but him.

“Busy day?” asked John, and he looked over at him, quickly, but John’s head was bent over his pipe, and David couldn’t tell how he had intended the question. When he was in doubt, he could usually interpret John’s true meaning by looking at Peter’s face—Peter spoke less but was more expressive, and David often thought that the two of them operated as a single communicative unit, Peter illuminating with his eyes and jaw what John said, or John articulating those frowns and grimaces and brief smiles

that winked across Peter's face, but this time Peter was blank, as blank as John's voice, and therefore of no help, and so he was forced to answer as if the question had been meant plainly, which it perhaps had.

"Not so much," he said, and the truth of that answer—its obviousness, its undeniability—was so inarguable and stark that it again felt as if the room had gone still, and that even John was ashamed to have asked such a question. And then David began to try to do what he sometimes did, which was worse, which was to explain himself, to try to give word and form to what his days were. "I was reading—" But, oh, he was spared from further humiliation, because here was their grandfather entering the room, a dark bottle of wine furred in a mouse-gray felt of dust held aloft, exclaiming his triumph—he had found it!—even before he was fully among them, telling Adams they'd be spontaneous, to decant it now and they'd have it with dinner. "And, ah, look, in the time it took me to locate that blasted bottle, another lovely appearance," he said, and smiled at David, before turning toward the group so that his smile included them all, an invitation for them to follow him to the dining table, which they did, and where they were to have one of their usual monthly Sunday meals, the six of them in their usual positions around the gleaming oak table—Grandfather at the head, David to his right and Eliza to his, John to Grandfather's left and Peter to his, Eden at the foot—and their usual murmured, inconsequential conversation: news of the bank, news of Eden's studies, news of the children, news of Peter's and Eliza's families. Outside, the world stormed and burned—the Germans moving ever-deeper into Africa, the French still hacking their way through Indochina, and closer, the latest frights in the Colonies: shootings and hangings and beatings, immolations, events too terrible to contemplate and yet so near as well—but none of these things, especially the ones closest to them, were allowed to pierce the cloud of Grandfather's dinners, where everything was soft and the hard was made pliable; even the sole had been steamed so expertly that you needed only to scoop it with the spoon held out for you, the bones yielding to the silver's gentlest nudge. But still, it was difficult, ever more so, not to allow the outside to intrude, and over dessert, a ginger-wine syllabub whipped as light as milk froth, David

wondered whether the others were thinking, as he was, of that precious gingerroot that had been found and dug in the Colonies and brought to them here in the Free States and bought by Cook at great expense: Who had been forced to dig and harvest the roots? From whose hands had it been taken?

After dinner, they reconvened in the parlor and Matthew poured the coffee and tea and Grandfather had shifted in his seat, just a bit, when Eliza suddenly sprung to her feet and said, "Peter, I keep meaning to show you the picture in that book of that extraordinary seabird I mentioned to you last week and promised I wouldn't let myself forget again tonight; Grandfather Bingham, might I?" and Grandfather nodded and said, "Of course, child," and Peter stood then, too, and they left the room, arm in arm, Eden looking proud to have a wife who was so well attuned to everything around her, who could anticipate when the Binghams would want to be alone and would know how to gracefully remove herself from their presence. Eliza was red-haired and thick-limbed, and when she moved through the parlor, the little glass ornaments trimming the table lamps shivered and jingled, but in this respect she was light and swift, and they had all had occasion to be grateful to her for this knowingness she possessed.

So they were to have the conversation Grandfather had told him they would back in January, when the year was new. And yet each month they had waited, and each month, after each family dinner—and after first Independence Day, and then Easter, and then May Day, and then Grandfather's birthday, and all the other special occasions for which the group of them gathered—they had not, and had not, and had not, and now here it was, the second Sunday in October, and they were to discuss it after all. The others, too, instantly understood the topic, and there was a general coming-to, a returning to plates and saucers of bitten-into biscuits and half-full teacups, and an uncrossing of legs and straightening of spines, except for Grandfather, who instead leaned deeper into his chair, its seat creaking beneath him.

"It has been important for me to raise the three of you with honesty," he began after one of his silences. "I know other grandfathers would not be having this discussion with you, whether from a sense of discretion or

because he would rather not suffer the arguments and disappointments that inevitably come from it—why should one, when those arguments can be had when one is gone, and no longer has to be involved? But I am not that kind of grandfather to you three, and never have been, and so I think it best to speak to you plainly. Mind you"—and here he stopped and looked at each of them, sharply, in turn—"this does not mean I plan on suffering any disappointments now: My telling you what I am about to does not mean it is unsettled in my mind; this is the end of the subject, not its beginning. I am telling you so there will be no misinterpretations, no speculations—you are hearing it from me, with your own ears, not from a piece of paper in Frances Holson's office with all of you clad in black.

"It should not surprise you to learn that I intend to divide my estate among the three of you equally. You all have personal items and assets from your parents, of course, but I have assigned you each some of my own treasures, things I think you or your children will enjoy, individually. The discovery of those will have to wait until I am no longer with you. There has been money set aside for any children you may have. For the children you already have, I have established trusts: Eden, there is one apiece for Wolf and Rosemary; John, there is one for Timothy as well. And, David, there is an equal amount for any of your potential heirs.

"Bingham Brothers will remain in control of its board of directors, and its shares will be divided among the three of you. You will each retain a seat on the board. Should you decide to sell your shares, the penalties will be steep, and you must offer your siblings the opportunity to buy them first, at a reduced rate, and then the sale must be approved by the rest of the board. I have discussed this all with you before, individually. None of this should be remarkable."

Now he shifted again, and so did the siblings, for they knew that what was to be announced next was the real riddle, and they knew, and knew that their grandfather knew, that whatever he had decided would make some combination of them unhappy—it was only to be a matter of which combination.

“Eden,” he announced, “you shall have Frog’s Pond Way and the Fifth Avenue apartment. John, you shall have the Larkspur estate and the Newport house.”

And here the air seemed to tighten and shimmer, as they all realized what this meant: that David would have the house on Washington Square.

“And to David,” Grandfather said, slowly, “Washington Square. And the Hudson cottage.”

He looked tired then, and leaned back deeper still in his seat from what seemed like true exhaustion, not just performance, and still the silence continued. “And that is that, that is my decision,” Grandfather declared. “I want you all to assent, aloud, now.”

“Yes, Grandfather,” they all murmured, and then David found himself and added, “Thank you, Grandfather,” and John and Eden, waking from their own trances, echoed him.

“You’re welcome,” Grandfather said. “Although let us hope it might be many years still until Eden is tearing down my beloved root shack at Frog’s Pond,” and he smiled at her, and she managed to return it.

After this, and without any of them saying it, the evening came to an abrupt close. John rang for Matthew to summon Peter and Eliza and ready their hansoms, and then there were handshakes and kisses and the leave-taking, with all of them walking to the door and his siblings and their spouses draping themselves in cloaks and shawls and wrapping themselves in scarves, normally an oddly raucous and prolonged affair, with last-minute proclamations about the meal and announcements and stray, forgotten bits of information about their outside lives, was muted and brief, Peter and Eliza both already wearing the expectant, indulgent, sympathetic expressions that anyone who married into the Binghams’ orbit learned to adopt early in their tenure. And then they were gone, in a last round of embraces and goodbyes that included David in gesture if not in warmth or spirit.

Following these Sunday-night dinners, it was his and his grandfather’s habit to have either another glass of port or some more tea in his drawing room, and to discuss how the evening had unfolded—small observations,

only verging on gossip, Grandfather's slightly more fanged as was both his right and his way: Had Peter not looked a touch wan to David? Did not Eden's anatomy professor sound insufferable? But tonight, once the door was closed and the two of them were again alone in the house, Grandfather said that he was tired, that it had been a long day, and he was going up to bed.

"Of course," he'd replied, though his permission wasn't being asked, but he too wanted to be alone to think about what had transpired, and so he kissed his grandfather on his cheek and then stood for a minute in the candlelit gold of the entry of what would someday be his house before he too turned to go upstairs to his room, asking Matthew to bring him another dish of the syllabub before he did.

## II

He had not thought he'd be able to sleep, and indeed, for what felt like many hours he had lain awake, aware that he was dreaming and yet that he was still conscious, that beneath him he could feel the starched cotton of his bedsheets, and that the way he was resting, with his left leg bent into a triangle, would leave him sore and stiff the next day. And yet it seemed he had slept after all, for when he opened his eyes next, there were thin stripes of white light where the curtains hadn't quite met, and the sounds of horses clopping through the streets and, outside his door, the maids moving back and forth with their buckets and brooms.

Mondays were always dreary for him. He would wake with the previous night's dread undiluted, and usually he would try to rise early, even before Grandfather, so that he too might feel he was joining the slipstream of activities that animated most people's lives, that he too, like John or Peter or Eden, had duties to attend to, or, like Eliza, places he needed to be, instead of only a day as ill-defined as any other, one he would have to endeavor to fill on his own. It was not true that he had nothing: He was titularly the head of the firm's charitable foundation, and it was he who approved the disbursements to the various individuals and causes that, viewed collectively, offered a kind of family history—the resistance fighters leading the effort in the south and the charities working to house and reunite the escapees, the group advancing Negro education, the organizations addressing child abandonment and neglect, the ones educating the poor baying masses of immigrants arriving daily on their shores, the peoples one family member or another had encountered and been moved by in the

course of their lives and now helped in some way—and yet his responsibility extended only to the approval of the checks, and of the monthly tally of figures and expenses that had already been submitted to the firm's accountants and its lawyers by his secretary, an efficient young woman named Alma who in practice ran the foundation herself; he was there only to offer his name as a Bingham. He also volunteered, in various capacities such as a well-brought-up, still-almost-young person might: He assembled packages of gauze and wrappings and herbal salves for the fighters in the Colonies; he knitted socks for the poor; he once-weekly taught a drawing class at the foundlings' school his family endowed. But all of those endeavors and activities, combined, occupied only perhaps a week's worth of hours every month, and so the rest of the time he was alone and purposeless. He felt at times as if his life were something he was only waiting to use up, so that, at the end of each day, he would settle into bed with a sigh, knowing he had worked through a small bit more of his existence and had moved another centimeter toward its natural conclusion.

This morning, though, he was glad to have woken late, because he was still uncertain how to understand the events of the night before, and was grateful that he might have a clearer mind with which to contemplate them. He rang for eggs and toast and tea and ate and drank in bed, reading the morning paper—another purge in the Colonies, its specifics withheld; a windy essay by an eccentric philanthropist well-known for his sometimes extreme views, raising again the argument that they must extend privileges of citizenship to the Negroes who had lived in the Free States before its founding; a long article, the ninth in as many months, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge, and how it had remade the city's commercial traffic, this time with large, detailed illustrations of its towering masts looming above the river—and then washed and dressed and left the house, calling out to Adams that he would have lunch at the club.

The day was chilly and sunny and had, it being well into the morning, that merry swinging energy to it: It was early enough so that everyone was still industrious and hopeful—today could be the day that life made a

delightful and long-dreamed-of pivot, that there would be a windfall or the southern conflicts would cease or just that there might be two rashers of bacon at dinner tonight instead of one—and yet not so late that those hopes might be left unanswered once again. When he walked, he generally did so without a particular destination in mind, letting his feet decide his direction, and now he turned right up Fifth Avenue, nodding at the coachman as he passed, who was hitching up the brown horse in the mews in front of the carriage house.

The house: Now that he was no longer within its walls, he hoped he might be able to consider it a bit more objectively, although what would that even mean? He had not spent the first part of his childhood there, none of them had—that honor had belonged to a large, chilly manse far north, west of Park Avenue—but it had been there that he and his siblings and, before them, their parents had retired for every important family event, and when their parents had died, carried off by the sickness, it had been to that house that the three of them had moved. They had had to abandon every possession in their childhood home that was made of cloth or paper, anything that might have secreted a flea, anything that could be burned; he had remembered crying over a horsehair doll he had loved, and Grandfather promising him he could have another, and when the three of them had entered their respective rooms in Washington Square, there were their former lives re-created for them in faithful detail—their dolls and toys and blankets and books, their rugs and gowns and coats and cushions. On the bottom of the Bingham Brothers' crest were the words *Servatur Promissum* —A Promise Kept—and in that moment, the siblings were allowed to realize that those words were meant for them as well, that their grandfather would fulfill whatever he told them, and in all the more than two decades they had been in his charge since, first as children and then as adults, that promise had never been disproven.

So complete was their grandfather's command of the new situation in which both he and they had found themselves that there had been what he could only later remember as a near-immediate cessation of grief. Of course, that must not have been true, either for him and his siblings or for

his grandfather, suddenly bereft of his only child, but so astonished was David by, he now thought, the confidence, the totality, of his grandfather and the realm he created for them that he could not now imagine those years any other way. It was as if his grandfather had been planning since their births for someday becoming their guardian and their moving into a house where he had once lived alone, its only rhythms his own, instead of having it dropped upon him. Later, David would have the sense that the house, already capacious, had cleaved new rooms, that new wings and spaces had magically revealed themselves to accommodate them, that the room he came to call his own (and still did) had been conjured out of need and not simply remade into what it was from what it had been, a little-used extra sitting room. Over the years, Grandfather would say that his grandchildren had given the house purpose, that without them it would have been just a jumble of rooms, and it was a testament to him that the three of them, even David, accepted this as true, had come to truly believe that they had provided the house—and, therefore, Grandfather's own life—with something crucial and rare.

He supposed that each of them thought of the house as his or her own, but he liked to fancy, always, that it was his especial lair, a place where he not just lived but was understood. Now, as an adult, he could occasionally see it for how it appeared to outsiders, its interiors a well-organized but still-eccentric collection of objects Grandfather had collected on his journeys through England and the Continent and even the Colonies, where he had spent time in a brief period of peace, but mostly, what persisted was the impression of it he'd formed as a child, when he could spend hours moving from floor to floor, opening drawers and cupboards, peering under beds and settees, the wood floors cool and smooth beneath his bare knees. He clearly remembered being a young boy and lying in bed late one morning, watching a band of sunlight that shone through the window, and understanding that this was where he belonged, and the sense of comfort that knowledge had brought him. Even later, when he had been unable to leave the house, his room, when his life had become only his bed, he had never considered the house as anything but a sanctuary, its walls not just

holding out the terrors of the world but holding together his very self. And now it would be his, and he its, and for the first time, the house felt oppressive, a place that he might now not ever escape, a place that possessed him as much as he did it.

Such thoughts occupied him for the time it took him to reach Twenty-second Street, and although he no longer wanted to enter the club—a place he frequented less and less, out of reluctance to see his former classmates—hunger drove him inside, where he ordered tea and bread and sausages and ate, quickly, before leaving and heading once again north, strolling all the way up Broadway to the southern end of Central Park before turning and walking home. By the time he returned to Washington Square, it was past five, and the sky once again was shading itself its dark, lonely blue, and he had time only to change and tidy himself before he heard, beneath him, the sounds of his grandfather speaking to Adams.

He had not expected Grandfather to mention the previous night's events, not with the servants about, but even after they were in his drawing room and had been left alone with their drinks, Grandfather continued to speak only of the bank, and the day's goings-on, and a new client, an owner of a substantial fleet of ships, from Rhode Island. Matthew arrived with tea and a sponge cake frosted thickly with vanilla icing; Cook, knowing David's taste for it, had decorated the top with splinters of candied ginger. His grandfather ate his slice swiftly and neatly, but David was unable to enjoy it as much as he might, for he was too much anticipating what his grandfather might say about the previous night's conversation, and because he was afraid of what he himself might unintentionally say, that he might in some way reveal his own ambivalence, that he might sound ungrateful. Finally, though, his grandfather puffed twice on his pipe and, without looking at him, said, "Now, there is another matter I've to discuss with you, David, but of course couldn't do in the midst of last night's excitement."

This was his opportunity to once again offer his thanks, but his grandfather waved those away with the vapor of his smoke. "There is no need to offer gratitude. The house is yours. You love it, after all."

“Yes,” he began, for he did, but he was thinking still of those queer feelings he’d had earlier that day, when he was examining, for those many blocks, why the prospect of inheriting the house filled him not with a sense of security, but, rather, a sort of panic. “But—”

“But what?” asked Grandfather, now looking at him with a queer expression of his own, and David, worried he had sounded doubtful, hurried on: “I’m just worried for Eden and John, is all,” to which Grandfather flapped his hand again. “Eden and John will be fine,” he said, briskly. “You needn’t worry about them.”

“Grandfather,” he said, and smiled, “you needn’t worry about me, either,” to which his grandfather said nothing, and then they were both embarrassed, equally at the fact of the lie and at its enormity, so wrong that not even manners demanded a denial of it.

“I have had an offer of marriage for you,” his grandfather said at last into this silence. “A good family—the Griffiths, of Nantucket. They began as shipbuilders, of course, but now they have their own fleet, as well as a small but lucrative fur trade. The gentleman’s Christian name is Charles; he is a widower. His sister—herself a widow—lives with him, and they raise her three sons together. He spends the trading season on-island and lives on the Cape in the winters.

“I don’t know the family myself, but they have a very respectable position—quite involved in local government, and Mister Griffith’s brother, with whom he and his sister run their business, is the head of the merchant association. There is another sibling as well, a sister, who lives in the North. Mister Griffith is the eldest; the parents are still living—it was Mister Griffith’s maternal grandparents who began the business. The offer came to Frances, through their lawyer.”

He felt he should say something. “How old is the gentleman?”

Grandfather cleared his throat. “One-and-forty,” he said, reluctantly.

“One-and-forty!” he exclaimed, more vehemently than he had intended. “I apologize,” he said. “But one-and-forty! Why, he is an old man!”

At this, Grandfather smiled. “Not quite,” he said. “Not to me. And not to most of the rest of the world. But, yes, he is older. Older than you, at least.”

And then, when he said nothing, “Child, you know I don’t mean for you to marry if you don’t wish. But it *is* something we’ve discussed for you, it is something in which you’ve expressed interest, or I wouldn’t have entertained the offer at all. Shall I tell Frances you decline? Or would you like to have a meeting?”

“I feel I’m becoming a burden to you,” he murmured, finally.

“No,” Grandfather said. “Not a burden. As I said, no grandchild of mine has need to marry unless he wishes. But I do think you might consider it. We needn’t give Frances an answer immediately.”

They sat in silence. It was true that it had been many months—a year, perhaps; more—since he had last had any offers, or even any interest, though he didn’t know whether this was because he had declined the last two proposals so quickly and with such indifference, or whether it was because word of his confinements, which Grandfather and he had worked so diligently to conceal, had finally become known to society. It was true that the idea of marriage made him to some measure fearful, and yet was it not also worrisome that this latest offer was from a family unknown to them? Yes, they would be of adequate station and standing—Frances would not have dared to mention it to Grandfather were they not—but it also meant that the two of them, Grandfather and Frances, had decided they must now entertain prospects from beyond the people the Binghams knew and with whom they associated, the fifty-odd families who had built the Free States, and among whom not only he and his siblings but his parents, and Grandfather before them, had spent their entire lives. It was to this small community that Peter belonged, as well as Eliza, but it was now apparent that the eldest Bingham heir, were he to marry, would have to find his spouse from beyond this golden circle, would have to look to another group of people. They were not dismissive, the Binghams, they were not exclusive, they were not the sort of people who did not associate with merchants and traders, with people who had begun their lives in this country as one kind of person and had, through diligence and cleverness, become another. Peter’s family was like that, but they were not. And yet he

could not but feel that he had disappointed, that the legacy his ancestors had worked so hard to establish was, with his presence, being diminished.

But he also felt, despite what Grandfather said, that it would not do for him to immediately refuse this offer: He was the only person he might blame for his current situation, and as the presence of the Griffiths made clear, his choices would not be infinite, despite his name and his grandfather's money. So he told Grandfather that he would accept the meeting, and his grandfather—with what was, was it not, an expression of relief, barely concealed?—replied that he would tell Frances straightaway.

He was tired then, and made his excuses and went to his room. Though it was now unrecognizable from when he had first occupied it, he knew it so well that he could navigate it even in the dark. A second door led to what had been his and his siblings' playroom and was now his study, and it was to here he retreated with the envelope his grandfather had given him before he had taken his leave for the night. Inside it was a small etching of the man, Charles Griffith, and he looked at it, closely, in the lamplight. Mister Griffith was fair, with light eyebrows and a soft, round face, and a full, though not excessive mustache; David could see that he was heavyset even from the drawing, which showed only his face and neck and the top of his shoulders.

All at once he was gripped by a panic, and he went to the window and opened it, quickly, and inhaled the cold, clear air. It was late, he realized, later than he'd thought, and beneath him nothing stirred. Was he really to contemplate leaving Washington Square, so soon after reluctantly imagining he perhaps never would? He turned back around and studied the room, trying to imagine everything in it—his shelves of books; his easel; his desk with his papers and inks and the framed portrait of his parents; his chaise, its scarlet piping now flattened and splitting with age, which he had had since his college years; his paisley-embroidered scarf of the softest wool, which Grandfather had given him two Christmases ago, special-ordered from India; everything arranged for his comfort or for his delight, or both—relocated to a wooden house in Nantucket, and himself among them.

But he couldn’t. These things belonged here, in this house: It was as if the house itself had grown them, as if they were something living that would shrivel and die were they moved elsewhere. And then he thought: Was the same not true for him? Was he not also something the house had, if not spawned, then nourished and fed? If he left Washington Square, how would he ever know where he truly was in the world? How could he leave these walls that had stared blankly, plainly back at him through all of his states? How could he leave these floors, upon which he heard his grandfather walking late at night, come himself with bone broth and medicine in the months he was unable to leave his room? It was not always a joyful place. It had at times been a terrible one. But how could anywhere else feel so exactly his?