

without doubt happen. I cannot explain what it was that happened now. All I know is — and this I only know because Henry afterwards said so — that something happened to him then and there, in the picture gallery, something that changed him, so that never any more could he be as he had been. The raw Philistine mocks at sudden conversions. But they happen. They do happen. One is converted from black to white, from white to black, by a sudden, convincing magic-lantern revelation, and, thereafter, life is never again at all the same. Religious people understand this; to mystics it is the A B C of their mysticism. To us, the common people, it is the great miracle. Whatever it is, it befell Henry.

He went home to his hotel — it was the Hotel of the Universe and Portugal Reunited — and perceived that in himself elements even more contradictory were united definitely and forever.

We all get what we deserve, they say. Heaven knows what Henry deserved, and heaven alone knows what he got. Whatever it was, it served to colour the weeks that followed. In work or play, in meeting friends and skirmishing with enemies, Henry — at least so he said later, believed himself to be not one, but two. He felt himself to be at one and the same time the Henry who had posed, worked, made love, made mischief, done kindnesses and forgotten them, inflicted pain and laughed at it — and the Henry who had attained enlightenment. And the two warred unceasingly. Much knowledge came to him, in odd unrelated bits like the stray pieces of a child's puzzle, but, the key lacking, he could not make of the scattered coloured fragments any coherent whole. Until the day when he went to the Musée de Cluny.