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William Boyd

THE ARVON BOOK OF LIFE WRITING

WRITING BIOGRAPHY, AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

SALLY CLINE AND CAROLE ANGIER

The Arvon Book of Life Writing:

Writing biography, autobiography and memoir

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Carole would like to dedicate this book to Diane Middlebrook, irreplaceable friend.

Sally would like to dedicate this book to Ba Sheppard with love.

It is also in memory of two remarkable women: Diane Middlebrook and Harriet Shackman, my Aunt Het.

Sally Cline's previous books

Biographies

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The Story of My Life: Refugees Writing in Oxford
Lyla and Majnon by Hasan Bamyani
See How I Land: Oxford Poets and Exiled Writers

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Foreword

by Michael Holroyd

Students at the Arvon centres concentrate wholly on writing for a week, with the help of two professional tutors and a mid-week guest writer. It is hard work and great fun.

I know, because I have been a mid-week visitor. In *The Arvon Book of Life Writing* you are similarly in the company of two top writer-tutors – but are presented with contributions from some thirty distinguished writer-guests as well. It is like attending an Arvon course and enjoying a literary festival at the same time.

When I began writing I did not have access to such an aid as this, and my development was painfully slow. I worked alone in a public library. But I was not, of course, completely alone – I was surrounded by the work of writers. It was while wandering along the shelves that I eventually chose my first biographical subject – a novelist, essayist, biographer and writer of parodies called Hugh Kingsmill. I learnt to write rather like a skater learns to skate: by falling down, picking myself up and trying again until at last I could whiz along with more confidence. I only wish I could have learnt my narrative skills at the beginning rather than by the end of my book.

I was fortunate in being helped by two writers who had been friends of Kingsmill's: the biographer Hesketh Pearson and the novelist William Gerhardie. I would visit them both, and in a sense they became my tutors. From Pearson, who had been an actor before he took up writing, I learnt how to convey authentic drama in my writing. From Gerhardie I learnt something of the boundaries between fiction and non-fiction – where you may risk crossing these boundaries, and where you may not. But Pearson and Gerhardie did not always agree, and I had to decide, partly by instinct, how to evaluate their differing opinions.

Learning in solitude, as I know, can be an awkward and sometimes frustrating experience. With this book, you are both alone and in

company. And though it is primarily addressed to the talented life-writers of the future, good writers of all ages and varieties of experience never cease to learn. We are all, with our compasses and maps, somewhere in the same territory, finding new and challenging directions in which to proceed.

Preface

Life writing is flourishing as never before.

For forty years biography and autobiography have produced some of the most original and admired writing in English, from the literary Lives of Richard Ellmann and Michael Holroyd to the autobiographies of Frank McCourt and Maya Angelou. And now, in the early twenty-first century, memoir is becoming the most exciting genre in both Britain and America – think of Blake Morrison and Alexander Masters, Dave Eggers and Mary Karr.

Our thirst for real lives is insatiable – we can't get enough of TV reality shows, of family history, of political diaries, literary memoirs, 'misery memoirs' . . . and everyone can join in. We record our daily lives on Facebook and Twitter; and some of the best war reporting comes not from special correspondents but from people's blogs, with photographs from their mobile phones.

There are more and more courses where life writers can learn their trade. Fifteen years ago there was not a single life writing course at any English-speaking university (a few pioneers of the 1920s hadn't lasted.) Then, in January 1996, the biographer Jane Ridley offered the first MA in Biography at the University of Buckingham in the UK. The City University of New York, only a few months behind, gallantly conceded that Britain now had 'the first Life Writing course in the cosmos!'

Today over eighty British universities and most colleges, adult education centres and writers' foundations offer courses in biography, autobiography and memoir. It is the same in the USA, Australia and New Zealand.

In the US alone there are many thousands of community writing courses, hundreds of writing camps for young people, and at last count nearly six thousand universities and colleges offering creative writing majors across the US, many of which have at least one life writing component.

In Britain the premier centre of excellence for all forms of writing is the Arvon Foundation. To our delight, Arvon has given us its backing for this

book on writing biography, autobiography and memoir. And not only for this one. We shall edit a series of Arvon books on writing, several of which will also be the first to concentrate entirely on their genre – a whole volume on short story writing, for example, and one on creative non-fiction. This, *The Arvon Book of Life Writing*, is the first of the series; and the Foundation's very first book on writing, though its courses have been famous for forty years.

The Arvon Book of Life Writing

The overall plan of this book, as of all the books in the series, is based on the Arvon model. Just as its courses always have two tutors working as a team, so – starting with this one – its books will all have two writer-tutors, bringing two complementary voices and experiences to bear on the endlessly varied subject of writing. And just as the Arvon week always has a guest – a third voice – in the middle, so our books will all have a guest section, in which some of the most distinguished writers in each genre will add their voices and experiences to the conversation. For that is what a creative writing course is – a conversation. Writing cannot be taught, beyond its technical rules. It can only be shared, compared and – we hope – made to grow, together.

Our book has a three-part structure (again, like the others.) Part One presents an overview of our genres and their particular excitements and challenges. Part Two is the guest section – the opening out of our conversation. And Part Three is the active, hands-on researching and writing section.

Part One: Life writing

We begin the first part with the challenges. Is life writing art or craft, history or literature, objective or subjective? Can it ever be 'true', adequate to a lived life, even possible at all? Should life writers tell a story, or should they just tell the facts? How much interpretation is allowable, how much speculation, how much fictionalisation? What are the ethical and legal problems of writing about real people – even sometimes members of

one's own family? What are the problems of memory, of evidence, of myth-making? What is the role of the life writer?

We then move to the traditions of our genres. We sketch in the classical roots of biography, and sum up its modern history. We then trace the history of autobiography, exploring in particular the historical roots of American autobiography from the seventeenth century, when Europeans first arrived on American shores, and began to record their experiences of their new country.

Next, we look at the rich sub-species of memoir – political, historical, literary, family, sport, travel, adventure, childhood, illness, aging, death – and at the phenomenon of fake memoirs. Finally, we look briefly at the use of autobiographical and biographical writing in other genres, for instance in fiction, creative non-fiction, poetry, journalism and film.

In all this we remember that our readers are writers, not critics – as we are ourselves. We have tried to make this part what good life writing itself should be: scholarly, but down to earth and easy to read.

Part Two: Tips & tales

Part Two, our guest section, contains thirty-two short pieces of reflection or provocation from professional life writers, some of the best and best known in their field. They include literary, political, sport and celebrity biographers, family memoirists and autobiographers from both sides of the Atlantic. Many have written in more than one of the genres; two (Margaret Drabble and Jill Dawson) are novelists, but have sampled biography; and two (Alain de Botton and Geoff Dyer) have invented their own biographical genres. One (Janet Malcolm) is the most famous and trenchant critic of biography in the world.

Our largest group is literary biographers, who bravely agreed to turn their lenses on themselves. Our sports biographer is also a ghost writer, and our celebrity biographer, Andrew Morton, has bagged, among others, the biggest celebrity of all (Princess Di). We have a biographer who is also a literary agent, a first-time biographer, and an Arvon student of life writing (who is also a novelist, and an Australian).

Altogether, we have some of the most fascinating talkers about life writing ever found in one book: thirty-two Dr Johnsons captured by two Boswells.

Part Three: Write on

In Part Three we move from talk to action, and offer three mostly participatory chapters of creative exercises and practical advice: one on planning, one on research, and one on writing.

Under planning, we discuss choosing a subject, and the practical issues of starting in life writing – choosing courses, agents and publishers, the type of book to write.

Under research, we talk about archives, internet research, and interviewing, accompanied by several exercises (eg, what do you do with conflicting evidence?) Finally we wrestle with that hardest of all questions: when do you stop researching and start writing?

The writing section includes an exercise for every point. We cover topics such as: how to manage balance (of empathy and detachment, of accuracy and elegance); how to manage time (chronology, pro and con; should you look forward, should you look back?); how to manage narration (the balance of narrative and analysis, the role of narrator in the text); how to manage fictional techniques (eg, drama and suspense, description and dialogue, pace and order, imagery).

Readers can dip into this conversation at any point; each part is free standing. We hope it will offer many new ideas to writers at varying stages of their writing lives.

Nevertheless, it can only hint at the real conversation it is based on, which is a whole creative writing course, with other writers. We hope many emerging writers will try one. Even writers who prefer to work in solitude need friends, and all writers need editors, a fresh eye and a helping hand.

Sally Cline and Carole Angier
2010

Introduction

Why do people read life writing?

They read it because, as the actor and writer Anthony Sher says, 'Nothing is more interesting than human lives'. All literature is about human lives, but life writing is the real thing. 'Consider the whole class of fictional Narratives,' Carlyle wrote. 'What are all these but mimic Biographies?'

There are many reasons for the enthusiastic pursuit of the autobiographies and biographies of the famous and infamous, the confessional outpourings or mysteriously withheld secrets of politicians, sports people, writers, or those who have lived through extraordinary times. People read them because they want to know about many real lives, not just their own. Some people read biography because it is a quest narrative, like a detective story or an engaging thriller. Who is this person? Will we ever understand him or her? What is going to happen next? Some read autobiography because they believe it will give them direct access to someone else's genuine experiences and feelings. It is not surprising that in our egocentric age of twitters and blogs, autobiography and memoir in particular – the genres based on the self, on inwardness, revelation and intimacy – are increasingly written and read.

Anyone who has been involved in interviewing, or even gossiping, knows that everybody has a story. And if a writer tells that story well, it is as fascinating as good fiction – or even more. For many years now, readers have turned to life writing because self-doubt has invaded so much literary fiction, denying them the pleasures of a simple story.

These reasons why people read biographies and autobiographies allow their authors a certain freedom in writing them. But still more they impose constraints. Life writers are free to tell a story – but they have a contract with the reader not to invent, to tell as far as possible what actually happened. And they must tell it despite material that is often unknowable or intractable. If they come upon gaps in their stories, if they stop and ponder on a road not taken, if they know a decision was made but not

why – then they may begin to have doubts too, much more serious doubts, in fact, about their ability to present a real person. But if they want their readers to keep reading, they must keep their doubts to themselves and stick to the story.

That, at least, is the experience of many life writers. But writing is not market research. Writers do not find out what people want and produce it; they trust to their imaginations and hope readers will follow. And life writing should be no more conservative than any other kind. Nonetheless, the life writer's contract with the reader is to respect reality. This makes readers even less willing to let writers of lives experiment than novelists, who at least own the rights to their fictional worlds. In fact, the greatest biographers and autobiographers *have* also experimented, from Johnson and Strachey on; but though they have won over readers for each great book, they have never succeeded in changing expectations for very long.

Now may be the right moment. Despite this generation's innovation, even in biography – from Michael Holroyd's introduction of irony and artistry to the wilder experiments of Peter Ackroyd's *Dickens* and Edmund Morris's *Dutch* – many readers (and reviewers) still yearn for the classic Victorian tome, confidently authoritative, even, perhaps, reassuringly dull. But this may be changing. For many years pundits have been predicting the end of definitive biography, and a trend towards shorter, 'sleeker' works of art, a move 'away from solidarity and towards biographical imagination', in the words of the political biographer Ben Pimlott. And it seems to be happening at last, as several of this book's guest writers note. Recent biographies, autobiographies and memoirs have been widening their subjects, and drawing on other genres, and altogether opening out not just to imagination but to the rest of literature. We shall see if readers will follow, but the early signs are hopeful. It is an exciting time to arrive.

Part 1:
Life writing

Reflections 1

by Carole Angier

When I arrived as a hopeful writer, Michael Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey* and Richard Holmes's *Shelley* had just come out, and biography was all the rage. I read them, and knew what I wanted to do. Biography was a marvellous genre – and now it even had a chance of being published.

It was the best decision I ever made. There is nothing to compare to the mystery of archives, to the thrill of the chase of an unknown story. There is nothing to compare, in the lonely business of writing, to the contact with other human beings, living and dead – despite the agonies it can also bring. Everything about life writing – both its pleasures and its pains, its special value and its special danger – comes from this direct relation to real people, which fiction writers can escape, or at least keep decently hidden.

Life writing is a wonderful life. But it is also a minefield of challenges, and these are what I want to reflect on. Iris Murdoch's remark applies to all writing: 'No trouble, no story'. So this is mostly an essay on the troubles of life writing. The rewards, however, will insist on shining through.

1. A note

The three sub-genres of life writing blur into each other at the edges – like living things, they wriggle out of our boxes. So group biographies blur into memoirs, quest biographies blur into autobiographies, the line between memoir and autobiography isn't clear. The best we can say is that at one end of the range is the paradigm case of life writing, the research-based biography, at the other the short personal memoir; and somewhere in between lie autobiography and the more historical kinds of memoir. What follows applies most thoroughly to the paradigm case, biography, and most loosely to the personal memoir. But it applies to them all, for better or for worse.

2. Alarums and invasions

First of all, be prepared: life writers have never been first-class citizens in the republic of letters. Since the dawn of Romanticism, creation has been the hallmark of the artist in the West. But life writing is researched, not invented. Life writers, therefore, are accorded only a sort of immigrant status in literature: admired for their 'investigative skills', but only rarely noticed for the quality of their writing.

The truth is that stories are only ever noticed because of the quality of their writing; good research alone is just statistics. But this is a trade secret, and life writers are the closest of all writers to Flaubert's ideal of the invisible artist. That is fine by us, since seeing the artist at work disturbs belief in the portrait. Nonetheless it can be irksome: eg, when reviewers retell your story as though they've discovered it themselves, and never mention your book at all. The biographer 'is a craftsman, not an artist', Virginia Woolf ruled long ago, and biography is not art, 'but something betwixt and between'.[1] Other life writers may be further along this range; but they too remain 'betwixt and between'.

Being a good craftsman is already a high ambition. But there is also something more, as Woolf herself later decided. Because, of course, what life writers unearth is only the facts, not the story. That does not yet exist. It has to be understood, imagined – in fact, created. What life writers cannot invent is the facts. They must invent, or at least construct, the story.

The same is true of history and journalism too, beyond the most basic reporting; it's true even of gossip, if it's good (or bad) enough. Every act of giving meaning is creative. And the more elusive the evidence (and the evidence is always elusive), the more creative the life writer must be. In this way all life writers are like detectives, and the facts they unearth merely their clues. As Kate Summerscale wrote in *The Suspicions of Mr Whicher* (which won the 2008 Samuel Johnson Prize for Biography, and is as much about biography as detection): 'Whicher's job was not just to find things out, but to put them in order. The real business of detection was the invention of a plot'.[2] The plot must fit the facts beyond reasonable doubt; but that is as close to reality as any detective, or any life writer, can get.

There is still a difference between inventing a story and constructing one. Proust's biographer George Painter put it best: 'The artist has creative imagination, the biographer recreative'.[3] Life writers are re-creative artists, living 'betwixt and between' our imaginations and reality, trying to re-create on the page the living and the dead.

This takes us to the heart of the matter – the relation to real people. It's not just that life writers are immigrants into literature. It's that, like immigrants over the ages, we are objects of fear and suspicion to the natives, accused of stealing their jobs and debasing their wages, and bringing disgusting new practices into their country.

The most important natives, in this case, are the subjects of biographies and their families, and those who appear in autobiographies and memoirs – ie, very often, the author's own friends and family. Their main objection is the same as other people's, but more violent, for obvious reasons. It is that life writing is an invasion of privacy and an exploitation. And what for? The answers one can give about fiction – to entertain readers, to expand knowledge and sympathy – won't wash so easily with non-fiction, because real people so clearly suffer. And the answer we often give about famous people – that knowledge of the life helps to understand the work – won't wash so easily either. It might show why someone has done what he or she did (became Prime Minister, wrote about orphans.) But it doesn't tell us anything directly about the political career, or the writing about orphans. 'Read what I wrote,' the writer will say. 'That's all that matters; the rest is gossip.'

This is the doctrine of the autonomy of art, and by extension, of other activities. In a narrow sense it's true: only literary analysis is required to understand a literary phenomenon, only political analysis to understand a political one. But responding to a book or a political event isn't a narrow activity. It's a deep and wide one, which employs all your intuitions and sympathies, and the more you know about everything to do with it, including its author, the richer your response will be.

But even suppose we agree: knowledge of the author's life will only help to understand the author. That is still where life writers come in.

Most people want to understand authors – the famous people who have shaped or are shaping their world, for good or ill. They want to know how *this* person could have written *this* book, or done *that* deed, as the great French critic Ste-Beuve realised at the start of the Romantic era. They want to know about their heroes, and about the villains they fear. And they want to know, simply, what it is like to be someone else. That is not mere curiosity: it is, as Ian McEwen has said, the beginning of morality. (But it is curiosity too.)

So most people want to read about lives; our problem is not with our readers. Our main problem comes from those natives whose territory we invade, our subjects and their – or our – families. And we cannot blame them. We do invade their territory; if our books are successful, we take it over. And we do exploit them, for our books and our readers (though not for money, as they often think: money is rare in our research-intensive trades, which is another problem). If they are public figures we can argue that they are fair game, having stuck their heads over the parapet. If they are not, we have no defence. We just have to make our books as fair as possible, and hope that they are good and true enough to justify the private pain.

The worst subjects of all are the literary ones. They are the ones who accuse us of stealing their jobs and debasing their wages: our books are so much easier, they say, that people stop reading theirs, and just read the biographies instead. Germaine Greer claims this on behalf of Byron, who 'has had more biographies than the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog. All of them sell well, to people who have never read a line Byron wrote'.[4]

If only it were true. There may be a few literary celebrities whom people want to read about without knowing their work, but even in the case of mad bad Byron they will be pitifully few. It's true that people will read something easier in preference to something harder; but the first books to be affected by that are serious literary biographies themselves.

The trouble with having writers attack us is that they are so good at it – like Greer herself, who calls biography 'pre-digested carrion'. George Eliot called biographers 'a disease of English literature'; Dr Arbuthnot, in the

eighteenth century, said they 'added a new Terror to Death'. Oscar Wilde said 'Every great man has his disciples, and it is usually Judas who writes the biography'. Betrayal and the exploitation of the dead: these are the recurring themes. They are largely unfair; but they can never be dismissed in a trade that deals in the private lives of real people.

Once again Kate Summerscale's reflections apply. The private detective was especially feared and loathed, she reports, and plants the reason in an image: 'The word "detect" stemmed from the Latin "*de-tegere*" or "unroof", and the original figure of the detective was the lame devil Asmodeus, "the prince of demons", who took the roofs off houses to spy on the lives inside'.[5] Life writers are private detectives who take the roofs off houses to spy on the lives inside. We too, therefore, are outcast and indecent, like devils and spies. People have felt this from the start: about Boswell, following Johnson around like an eavesdropping servant; about Froude a century later, whose biography of Carlyle was actually called 'the unroofing of his home' by a shocked critic.[6] Life writers feel it themselves: 'What we do is morally indefensible', Lyndall Gordon says.[7] Even the most brilliant biographer, the most artistic autobiographer, is tainted with the shade of Asmodeus. As Michael Holroyd says: 'We work in an unweeded garden'.[8]

3. Ethics and legality

Our main problem, then, is moral. What we do is dangerous. The danger is especially acute in memoirs and autobiographies, where we take the lives of our families and friends into our hands. What did you think, for example, of *Iris*, John Bayley's memoir of Iris Murdoch's descent into Alzheimers Disease? There is no doubt that it was a beautifully written book, painfully accurate and sad. Did you think it was worth it – a work of art, about someone who could no longer be hurt by it? Or did you think it was a shameful betrayal? (I thought the first, by the way, and Sally thought the second.)

The tales of families riven by autobiographical writing are legion: 'If you've got a writer in the family', Hanif Kureishi says, 'the family's dead'.[9] Blake Morrison's mother bore his memoir of his father, Arthur (which

included Arthur's long affair) in silence, but remarked one day, 'I could've topped myself because of that bloody book'.[10] Kureishi's trouble is his sister, Yasmin. Every time he publishes a book he asks his wife, 'Have we had the letter from Yasmin yet?' The safest thing for a memoir writer is to be an only child, and wait till your parents are dead: like Dominic Carman, for instance, who wrote a swingeing portrait of his father, the celebrated barrister George Carman.

When our subjects are great ones, there are multiple dangers. One is that we will reduce their greatness to mere personality, their achievements (or crimes) to their childhood traumas. Indeed life writing, like all good writing, must take care to avoid reductive explanation. But to leave our heroes and heroines unexamined means falsehood and sentimentality. And so far from offering us models of behaviour, perfect heroes and heroines will only make us give up in despair. So said Dr Johnson, who knew a lot about despair: 'If nothing but the bright side of characters should be shewn, we should sit down in despondency, and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in *any thing*'.[11]

Our subjects – especially when they are writers themselves – want to control what is said about them, and preferably say it all themselves. But that is not a reasonable demand. We all know that others talk about us as soon as we leave the room. Nobody likes it, but only absolute despots make it a crime. And strangely, it is only their own biographies that writers want to ban. Proust, Eliot, Auden, Henry James, the doughtiest foes of biography, all liked reading other people's. When Byron's papers were opened, James exclaimed, 'Disgusting – but wonderfully significant!'[12]

Last but not least, our subjects fear that by revealing their humanity, we will turn their admirers away. This is 'Shakespeare's Second-best Bed' syndrome – the idea that once people know how badly the Bard treated his wife, leaving her this single insulting gift in his will, they won't want to see his plays any more. When Carlyle's and Hardy's even worse treatment of their wives was revealed in their biographies, some readers didn't want to read them again; and similarly in the case of (for instance) Larkin's taste for porn, Koestler's propensity for rape, Eliot's antisemitism.

Most of this depends upon the writing, and if a biography is just a rant against its subject – like Roger Lewis's of Anthony Burgess – it is the author's responsibility if he sows only disillusion. But life writing should be about complexity; and it should be read with complexity as well. It isn't easy. Primo Levi, for example, was shocked to find himself admiring the work of the painter Mario Sironi: 'But he was a Fascist!' he said. Nonetheless, that is what life writing, and life reading, are all about: not making simple judgements, but contemplating the surprising truths of human behaviour.

That is the justification of the warts-and-all life writing that has been the tradition in English literature since Johnson ('If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth').[13] It was summed up by Carlyle, in his famous attack on Victorian biography:

> *The English biographer has long felt that if . . . he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was, that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced.*
>
> *. . . [O]nce taken up, the rule before all rules is to do it, not to do the ghost of it . . . [The biographer] will of course keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open.*[14]

We owe regard to the dead, and even more to the living, and we must keep all our charities about us. But we also owe regard to the truth, and a book that airbrushes out of the picture anything inconvenient to anyone is of no more use than polite conversation. We are in the awkward area of conflicting values, which is to say, life. Different writers make different decisions. Hilary Spurling was ready to give up a book for which she had

done two years' research if it would lead to a possible suicide. But Primo Levi, the gentlest man in the world, used his friends ruthlessly in his portraits, and refused to change a word. Miranda Seymour decided to hide some painful information in a coded hint until the person concerned had died; Michael Holroyd, offered the same compromise for *Lytton Strachey*, turned it down (but so politely that nobody noticed). On the other hand, he showed his typescript to everyone involved – and spent two and a half years going over every word with Lytton's brother. Bernard Crick, by contrast, wouldn't begin his Life of George Orwell until Orwell's widow had signed a contract granting him complete discretion. There is no doubt which arrangement is easier for the writer (if you can get it); we must all decide for ourselves what our conscience will bear.

For myself, I always show my interviewees the part of the story in which they appear – they should at least be warned. And I do change things, or even take them out altogether, if people ask me to. On the other hand, the things I have agreed to take out have never been vital to the story; if anyone ever asks for that, I expect I shall be more like Crick and Levi.

And what about legality? The only certainty is that you can't libel the dead. As for the living, the constitutional right to freedom of speech in America has meant that libel laws have always been weaker in the US than here. And in the last decade UK libel laws have become even stricter, partly because of the right to privacy clause of the Human Rights Act, and partly because of some tough judicial decisions, including two against writers. This has created a boom in 'libel tourism', with American movie stars, international companies et al. bringing libel cases here and winning them, so that London is rapidly becoming known as the libel capital of the world. That is bad news for life writers on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is getting worse. In the last few years the use of 'super-injunctions' has grown – gagging orders so draconian that not only are you stopped from publishing in the first place, you cannot even say you have been stopped. British publishers are running scared, as Andrew Morton describes in Part Two. We can only hope that the campaign against super-injunctions by PEN and the Index on Censorship will succeed, and that the *Daily Mail* is right in its prediction about libel in general: that the law now so clearly