

Aglæ'

=

'9e et ton d'attendre en repos la délivrance de l'Éternel'

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Part I. Aglaé

Part II. Odette

Charbûe Men

unfinished Oct. 15, 1926

Aglaë

I

As Tante Aglaë sat slowly dying, she could see from her window, across the arrière port, with its gently swaying masts where the hammocks were drying, green & buff & pink ~~had~~ ^{were} horded carts going over the bridge, ~~and~~ ^{with} the morning figures of the market, black against the lighter colours of the other quay-side. The gay striped awnings of the cafés, the tall white houses rising from the grey arcades, the red-tiled mansardo roof where, here & there yellow-wax flowers had tucked themselves: & beyond all that the lace-work tower & slated bellry of St Jacques, blue-grey against any sky far at times stiffer than the stiffness of the sunshine.

She could hear over them, the rumble of cart-wheels, the shuffling trams, the steamer boat's low fish-auction bell tinkling ^{tinkling} across the water, the big bell of St Jacques tolling every hour after the thinner clock chimes, & just below, at the nearer quay, the children's voices, the rattle of

Mère Focier's canary, the bark of *calèche* the
epiciers dog; a shout now & then from the sailors
 in the port mending the nets or painting the boats
 & at noon & again at seven & on the night-fall
 the "Tautois" called out to *Madame Bertrand* &
 the bear of the *sabots* on the stones as by two's &
 threes the men clattered out of the *café*.

But ^{all} these were ~~at~~ a great way off, the sounds &
 colours of a world not here, a faintly humming
 & shining world which she had already left.

She was thinking now of the narrow door, under
 the window at which she sat, ~~propped up by a chair~~
^{the door} ~~the door~~ she shared so ~~often~~ ^{the door} only once again, &
 although at the moment nothing was, everything that
 had been a great mystery he seemed to gather round it
 or was exactly her feet wide, the door, with three
 semi-circular ^{worn} stone steps leading up to it & far
 close upon ^{so} ~~the~~ ^{every one of} ~~them~~ ^{the} she had known &
 could for had seen ~~in~~ ^{out} by it.

First, the grand parents & not long afterwards
 the parents, stricken together by a disease which
 had swept the town had been carried through it,
 along the quay & up the cemetery hill.

And then, for a year Germaine, now 19, &
 Aglaé now 24 had lived as alone in the
~~little~~ old yellow house with the painted, red
 sailed roof - at this sunny corner of the *arrière*
port backing on to the *Impasse de Ravelin*
 that place of dirty flag-stones & zigzag window
 slits which never ~~saw~~ ^{sees} the sun.

The parent had left it to them with the savings from
the ~~clothing~~ shop, the drapery & **lingerie**, in the ~~the~~ **larmoir**
Larmoir on the other side of the town, where they
spent their days, coming back to ~~the~~ home sleep at
the house, for 3 three generations in the family, who
had owned it just when the street, now given over to
the fisher-boys, was well inhabited. Naturally the
parent had said, if they have had not belonged to
me, one would not have chosen it but there they had
lived, as friends terms, though not familiar with the
neighbours, highly respected, lifted by the profit of
the shop & the small **propriété** above the anxieties of
poverty of the quarter. After their death the business
passed into other hands & with a joint income of 8 and
500 fr. Aglaé had worked as hard as ever
a little lace work & fine sewing ^{while} Germaine had
gone daily across the bridge to help the **modiste** at
the **Nouvelles Galeries** then not so spacious, but
newly opened, at the foot of the **Grand Rue**, now
much extended & stretching round with bands and
plate glass windows to the end of the arcades, taking
in the entire ^{corner} of the quay.
To the **personnel** of the **Nouvelles Galeries** it remained a mystery
the opportunities at the **Nouvelles Galeries**, her beauty, with
modest **reûté** behind could sacrifice all there to a common
fisher-man, but not to any one concerned; it was a
great thing for the house when she brought Raymond into
it. To Aglaé the big ben of St Jacques seemed to swing
or move for them ^{and} all through that day, & as she lay awake
in the little room next theirs, through the long night too.
Germaine used to say of Raymond when he had
vexed ~~to~~ he in some little matter — it vexed to have
him come striding in in his wet clothes, when he should
have hung them up outside as the look of the door —
that he was simply a tire some child & as
one green tea to another, like other men.

Draw using the 90

8 me tired & I can have a head ache. &

The head of a mad tree. - day. - bird -
day. - bird - the down deep. - 3 miles on 4

even when the it alone - s'avec ces femme
small. One! - The, say, my, make, we

She smells. One! - The, say my name, we
 make a name as much as us fall -
 his wife his love - her we are all
 in the. what are you a 2 lbs a 4.0 the

most ~~unlike~~ the ~~new~~ Vils on 2.
because we are humbled & the sorrowing we

At last I can never find - any in the
 1000 ft. he runs to e. north; good enough

the sun. be enough - the universe the sun
in the sun. be enough - the universe the sun
in the sun. be enough - the universe the sun

~~concorde avec les principes de la morale~~
~~et ne se fonde que sur des principes~~
~~vainement et sans fruit.~~

et si - su des - siè - almy, nî
et nî travî et la nî

who were a long time - the day before, the morning -

& we
 killed it
 for human nature
 it is
 in the end perhaps we

for the above things at the ford. I mean:
that subject
dis. for and.

3 mi. the little rock names
 the little rock names

and
 Nature
 is line
 and
 dancing as red coals - ?
 coals.

*or
for* *elt* up *the* *the* *the* *the* *the* *to*

But à Aglaé. from the first he had seemed unlike them. His eyes were very blue & clear like a child with sweeping black lashes; & more than most men in many things, he had the ways of a child. of anything pleased him — it might have been a good catch, or once he had bought a lottery ticket for a franc & drawn a prize of ~~400~~ ¹⁰⁰⁰ with it, — he would seize Germaine by the waist, kissing her half a dozen times, waltzing her round the room, & after ward come up behind Aglaé's chair, to kiss her too, once, perhaps, on the hair, on the forehead, until one day she had shrank back & he had laughed & said — "**Ben**, it is kept then for that other, the preferred one — **pas vrai**?" & she had laughed too, but she had never married & she had forgiven ^{done} the same thing ^{more than once} often again.

It was even a greater day. It seemed à Aglaé when Odette was born. Raymond was an artist.

Space The boat that night & Aglaé had kept the door open, ^{creeping} down to from time to time to look out for him along the deserted quay.

He came in about 3 o'clock when the grey light was beginning to ^{fill} the room, & wanting to go up to Germaine at once. But Aglaé had held him back, & they two had stood for a while at the door together, watching the mists grow clearer against the dawn; & then suddenly he had caught her hands, looking down at her with his intense blue child's eyes, & as if it had been our Blessed Lady herself with whom he pleaded

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saying over & over again, in a voice which had in it a
dread like terror in it - "**Faut sauver Germaine,**
! faut sauver Germaine". And this had

saved her. But for some ~~months~~ ^{weeks} after words she
was too ill to nurse the child, or take much notice
of it, aiming too, & from ~~the first~~ ^{the first} it had attached
itself to Aglaé. When no one else cared for it, it
would go & quiver to sleep in her arms, ^{settling}
restless again & fallen out of them, so that, at last,
for peace's sake it should be tried.

And as Odette grew older than went on. It
was always Tante Aglaé when the shy, pale
child ran after about the house all morning,
& sat by, breaking the cotton of, threading the
needles for the fine sewing, - in winter time
beside the window & in the doorway through
the long summer afternoons.

Germaine said sometimes, rather bitterly, that
the child seemed scarcely hers, but in fact
Raymond was everything to her & she was
more jealous of ~~the time he spent with her~~ ^{his father's love} ~~the~~ ^{affection} ~~the~~
time he spent playing with the child and
than of its ^{curious} odd passion for the older woman.

Odette was just six when her Father died
from a fall from the mast coming into harbor,
a common accident enough, but rarely fatal.
Half a dozen men of the quarter had had the
same mishap, losing a limb & stumping
about for a life time not much the worse
for it; but Raymond in falling had struck

space

his head, & better than having him craved, as the women's hands, his comrades said, bringing him in, that it should be so quickly over.

He looked a few do, order in death than life, with the eyes which had given his face its extraordinary gain & quietly closed down.

Germaine cried out that they should never have let her see it: it was not the same.

It was not the same, but Aglaé was not sorry to have seen it so, with something that was not suffering a sadness, but a shadow of them both cast over it: with the old young, careless look it would have been harder to let him go.

He was buried in the new cemetery on the first day of the *Semaine Sainte* & on the evening of the *Vendredi Saint*, at 8 o'clock Aglaé went alone across the bridge to St Jacques to hear the Abbé Revanet preach the sermon on the Passion.

She noticed, with regret that her much stouter he had ~~grown~~ become; since such extreme corpulence could be a symptom of some malignant disease. His features had sunk ^{much} further into the purple folds of his face; & though he stood well back in the pulpit, his large pendulous body protruded over the edge, his short arms in their lace trimmed sleeves, flapping like ^{dipped} wings above it.

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But his voice, coming & going in gusts was as sonorous as ever. He had never preached more beautifully & for so long. The Church was already packed with old & middle aged women, all of them in black, sitting & standing, listening attentively for the text which it was his habit to give out rapidly, almost inaudibly. For a moment it seemed as if there were not one more. The Altar raised & lowering up, first at the dark arches & then down over the heads, could be seen asked suddenly & loudly -

"*qui est mort?*" pausing again & bending forward, waiting, as if he expected one of them to answer. When he said again more calmly - "*qui, donc, est mort?*" ^{Emmanuel's?} "*que pleurez-vous? Le Rédempteur du monde, notre Seigneur Jésus Christ.*" To Aglaé it seemed untrue, or if it were true as if it did not matter: it was someone else whom she saw lying dead, changed, with a scar across the forehead. ^{older}

She remembered the text of the sermon which followed on her life -

"*Ne crains-tu point Dieu, puisque tu es condamné au même supplice? Et pour nous, nous le sommes avec justice, car nous souffrons ce que nos crimes méritent, mais celui-ci n'a fait aucun mal.*"

He spoke first, as he had ^{done} the year before of Youth & Spring.

"oh! Printemps! saison des espérances et tous les bonheurs! Lueur rose de l'aube réflétiée dans ^{les} visages souriants, la joie se berce, le mystère même se sied. Oh! Printemps, que de chants de petits oiseaux, des étoiles étincellantes, quel épanouissement de fleurs parfumées, emblèmes de notre sainte enfance! Oh! fleurs de jeunesse trop tôt mûres, trop vite fanées, ~~par~~ tapissant le bois enchantés sous les cieux veloutés - cieux tendus par les mains des anges - pavillon de bleu céleste! Oh! jeunesse aimée de ce printemps pur et sacré, ne sois donc pas là, cœur virginal en fréquentant les scènes de débauche, en prêtant l'oreille à des propos obscènes!"

And it was of such a little sorrow that she suddenly dark in the house when she had been thinking of the week. She could never have spoken of them so beautifully, she felt when she could never speak ^{as the} again, but his words set before her with a new clearness the things which as she ^{had} left the house that night she had hoped for a while in this place - which had never set-tled to bring her peace, to put away.

Raymond going out to the boat in the ^{gray} ~~light~~ ^{early} morning, with Odette perhaps running after him a little way along the quay: their walls in the ~~early~~ evening as along the sea front: the sea sky had been rose or violet on that last week above an unusually blue & quiet sea, &

One night the three

Three of them had walked down the beach water - & she had watched them from the bench where she was sitting - Germaine's & straight figure, slight but very graceful, & her small head reaching half way up his arm, & Raymond looking taller & broader than than he did at home, with Odette perched high on his shoulder - the three, very close together, seeming for the moment far away, though they ^{were} ~~was~~ so near standing out sharply & darkly against the bright pink sky.

"*Sais-tu de tous les bonheurs.*" - She stood - coming, like she had not been able to get a chair - looking down at the rows of black-clad, old & ageing women - pressing her hands together & almost crying out aloud. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*"

It might so well have been one of them, for whom it was over - or henceforth -.

"*Ne sautille, dans, pas ton coeur — des propos obscènes.*" -

But he was not like that. She remembered once when he had been kept indoors for some short illness, how Germaine had stood over him in bed, with a cup in her hand & he had sat up, his hair ruffled, his cheeks a little flushed & said - "*Oui, je serai sage, je pourrai t'embrasser*" & how Germaine had smiled down at him & said "*^{stand} Vas bébé, bois donc.*"

He was like that, like his eyes & his heart was like them.

"*Celui-ci n'a fait aucun mal.*"

It was terrible: she stood there listening to the story of her Saviour's Passion - the Altar was

Speaking now of this suffering at the cross, but not distinctly, she caught a word here & there "des *grands saignants* — *le front suant* — *Toutes les infamies* — " but she did not see them. She saw Raymond & then just below her old *Mère Jupin* with her leathery, yellow skin, & red-lined eyes, upturned & watering. She was very old, hands alive but her *salétés*, her brutalities to the little grandchild left in her charge were the talk of the quarter. Perhaps it was not her fault; the older people said of her "*c'est dans le sang*" or "*c'est par famille*" but God could choose, He had put it into his hand & He had taken Raymond. No, Raymond had done no evil: he had been angry, naturally, at times; during his Mother's last illness the doctor had treated the family with disrespect, saying repeatedly "*d'accoutumance, voilà l'ennemi!*" & once, much provoked, he had knocked a man down at the *Café* next door; but he had done no real evil in his life — his short life — not yet thirty, & already under the earth behind the high iron gates at the top of the long hill.

"*Ne crains-tu point Dieu — ? — puisque tu es condamné* — " why were they condemned? she could think of nothing that they had done — if only death could have struck them too, — but they would live ^{alone} in the desolate house, & perhaps to be very old — for it was not that which she so dreaded to go back to, not even Germaine's wild ~~sorrow~~ sorrow. — He had looked so confidently

towards the future. "quand elle sera grande" he would say of Odette, & sometimes, laughing, of himself & Germaine - "quand vous serez vieux, vous deux - au coin du feu" or "quand il y aura un fils à la maison". Most of all he had looked forward to a son.

"Ne crains-tu point Dieu?" he came out again in a louder quest; almost like a threat, as if the penalty for not fearing their armed fall ⁱⁿ ^{them} ^{there}, at that moment, in that solemn place. She had always believed in Him, how could one do other wise? without expecting to understand His will, though everything had not been easy.

Before Odette was born she would rather have gone away & lived alone, leaving those two together: it had not been possible & she had stayed.

But this was different: coming over the bridge this evening she had seen the shop & cafe' lamp lights twinkling across the water, the masts in the port harbour swaying gently in the twilight, the dredger going out working with its red light & here & there a few dark figures on the quay side leaning over the low stone parapet, & calling out as it went by: she saw & heard them but they were not there; they were all dead things & at the same time horribly alive, all saying as she passed them "we are here, we shall be always here, tomorrow - next week," And yet they were not really there. She said again to herself - "Ma Dieu! ma Dieu!" & then she saw that

He too was there and there, he had changed also; ¹²
He had changed her; she was not herself, or some one
else, a stranger standing alone in a strange
crowd, in a strange church, there & yet not there;
yes, she feared him not now with the old fear
of not knowing or trusting him enough; she no
longer believed in his justice or his love.

"Où! Amour, amour divin de Dieu —"

She looked up, the Pope seemed not so tired, he
stopped to wipe his face with his handkerchief,
then pointing with it in his hand, to the great big
crucifix on the pillar opposite the pulpit, as he
came to his last word.

"quelque soit le malheur qui nous attend,
quelque soit la tange de notre passé, pas
une autre ne passe sur nos visages flétris
que Jésus Christ ne chasse de ~~sa~~ sa douce
et amiable sourire; pas une larme ne coule
de nos pauvres cispées que Jésus Christ ne
garde pour en faire un bijou pour sa couronne
d'or immortelle au bon arroseur sa couronne
noir d'épines!"

And then suddenly, striking & almost blinding
her, tears came. They made things dim but they
made them clear. It was clear when she ^{saw}
~~saw~~ hanging there above her, this head bent,
this feet crossed with the nails through them &
his hands: he would not have done it. He
was not like God: he had been young & had
suffered too. I died & dare no evil; giving
back life, not taking it, healing sick people
loving children. It was the also had said —

"Laissez les petits enfants -" and "Elle n'est pas morte, elle dort" • now, for the first time in all that week she saw not Raymond, but Odette; the child had ~~not~~ was left out was to her that she would slowly leave things ~~the dark streets~~ not thinking any more, not feeling anything except that she was very tired.

Space Germaine was sitting where she had left, ^{her} looking staring out at the window in the room which had grown quite dark, with the child on a stool beside her talking sleepily to itself. She had not put her head down, she said, because she could not go past the room up there, it frightened her, & the whole house, it was horrible - horrible - . As for the lamp & as she stopped to take Odette upstairs Germaine turned round at them with her white face & half the blind eyes.

"The child is like you Aglaé," she said
"She feels nothing, she hasn't shed a tear."

And Aglaé answered, rather wearily, that perhaps it was well for the house, if someone could still be happy in it, telling Odette to kiss her mother good night - ~~as she did so~~ ^{then as the child went up} to her, her mother seized her by the shoulders - crying out in a voice that was sweeter than ever the red & heavy & swollen eyes.

"Dai san miss your Father, who used to play with you? Dai san miss him? It is no use repeating that he will come back. He will never come back, jamais, enfants - lui - jamais, jamais, jamais - treating ~~you~~ with violent

[illegible]

So as Aglaï drew Odette gently away.

Going upstairs she ~~asked~~ ^{had} asked why he would not come back & when she was told that this time it was a long, long voyage she said no more till she had ~~was~~ tucked up & had been kissed & yawned & then — "Tâ, tû ne voyage pas — tû ne voyage pas, dis —" she said — "tû seras là" sitting up in the high wooden bed — with her mother's feverish white face & the same look in the eyes which Aglaï remembered there had been in the Father's at the night when she was born. Aglaï ~~smiled~~ kissed her again & tucked her up again — "Mâ? mai tû sais je ne voyage jamais, je suis là, chérie, je suis toujours là" But neither of them had rested much that night & Aglaï had not been able to get ~~bermaine~~ ^{bermaine} to bed at all.

Her grief was very passionate. At first she said she must have Odette to sleep with her & then that she could not bear the child, & must have Aglaï, & then that no one could sleep with Aglaï, it was like lying beside a stone — ^{so} that it was impossible to sleep alone — she would never sleep again, until at length worn out she slept till noon & even then it was difficult to rouse her.

On a week or two she was back at the **Nouvelle Galeries** though still too tired to do anything at home ^{though} when once or twice Aglaï had swept out the neglected room, she had taken it for a reproach.

"He is not the **bon Dieu**" she said, "and can-
not do everything, & it is not always the Vêtu
at the **Gallerie** with that camel of a Duhamel
~~man~~ **quelle porsin, cette femme-là**, & as if
one's suffering was not enough!"

But if the bed was not made this afternoon
Aglaié made it, & one ~~more~~ ^{day} ~~ear~~ in July
she found Raymond's portrait under the
pillow & without looking at it put it back
in its place among the ornaments on the commode.

A ~~few days~~ ^{day or two} later she found it again &
put it back in the same place, but ^{when} a few
weeks afterwards, looking ~~for the thumb~~ ^{at the} ~~dropped~~
~~from her finger~~, she under the bed for the
thumb dropped from her finger, she found
the portrait there, covered with dust & fallen
hair, she took it down with her heart beating
her hand shaking. She threw it crying at the
fire & watched it burn. It was taken at the
shop in the **me des Postes** on the wedding
day; it was the only one they had of him, but
Germaine did not say that she had lost it,
or Aglaié that it had been found.

Space In August they took Odette to the Fair
in the **Place St. Jacques** where last year they
had gone with Raymond who had bought each
of them a little pig, metal pig, for luck,
with their name across ~~the~~ its back, but then
had been none with Aglaié, so as hers then
was Annette, & giving it to her, he said,

was Amelle, a girl of 15, who had been with the name of Amelle, so as to have her name changed to Amelle, the girl, had for this purpose also had her name changed to Amelle, the girl, in the place of Amelle, the girl, where she had been the day before. The girl, Amelle, the girl, had been with the name of Amelle, so as to have her name changed to Amelle, the girl, had for this purpose also had her name changed to Amelle, the girl, in the place of Amelle, the girl, where she had been the day before.

"c'est plus jolie, Annette, n'est-ce pas?"

Germanine had answered

"Annette, c'est un nom de petite fille: - Ah! c'est juste ment un nom de tante, de tante religieuse, il y en a quelque^{chose} de triste, pas d'une - pas gai."

"Alors, pour la fête, nous gardons Annette." He had said & called her by that name as usual au day, & they had all been very happy & gay spinning^{as} & ~~leaving~~ ^{leaving} children, spinning round to the music of the flying peg, so near the big church door that some times to the other door to get quick out of the crowd and crowd^{out} door squeeze by. This year Odette went round at the

flying pegs alone - while they stood watching her, not holding tight as Ah! had bidden her but waving dangerously to them as she passed.

"She remembers nothing," Germanine said, looking up at her sister - "Jolie tête pour nous, deux tristes femmes, et pas un homme, pas e'autre d'un homme: j'en ai assez"

So though Odette begged hard to stay they went home quite early in the afternoon - Germanine to sit over the novel with the picture of the lovers enlaced in the cover, which she had bought at the way back, & Ah! to play at shop at the door step with ~~tricks of cards & colored pebbles from the~~ ^{tricks of cards & colored pebbles from the} ~~shop~~ ^{tricks} with things in the work box & colored pebbles from the shop. But the game had not gone on very long before Odette cried out that she was forgetting everything - "Non, non"

c'est moi qui venais, & deux fois lui as dit: "c'est la
petite vagabonde." She had forgotten, ^{all at once} suddenly overtaken
by an ^{sudden} ~~unusual~~ weariness, an unwillingness to think
or do any more. "If you were to play with the
child for a while?" she said to Germaine
going in. "I am rather tired. I ~~am going to~~ ^{must have some}
rest." Germaine looked up from her book in
surprise & faint alarm. "But you have
done nothing; ~~what~~ you are never tired, it is not
an illness?" It ^{never} ~~seemed~~ ^{have been} ~~almost~~ ^{one day},
she asked give no reason for it, this un-
natural fatigue for when she was about to
lie down under her red upstair, she found she
could not. "c'est hantéux" she said to herself
going over instead to sit by the window, with
idle hands & unseeing eyes - "c'est hantéux - ~~it~~
hantéux" It seemed for a moment as if it were
not ~~some one else sitting~~ ^{she} who sat there; it was ^{her} Germaine
had sat for nearly a week after Raymond's
death, always revealing if one tried to speak
to her "laisse-moi. it m'est très difficile
de supporter la vie. laisse-moi"

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she sat up & washed her face, brushing ~~back~~ the wet hair
back from it & went down again to prepare the
dinner. & after ^{that} ~~the~~ was cleared away soon after he
came back & accounted ^{but} she cared not for them, she
cared not stay widow tonight: for the first time in
all her life the ~~daily~~ ^{daily} things which had never irked
her, against which she had never before rebelled
~~pressed~~ ^{pressed} by like a weight on her: the quiet house, the
~~empty~~ ^{empty} shabby streets outside, the endless sewing,
the pile after pile of it, always there to do, so far
away & so thing in again. It was only once a year
the Fair & watched enough today as Germaine had
said for vain of them, but over there it was
going on, now, almost against her will she stole

out, walking quickly over the bridge & stand for an
hour in the sunning & glare & noise, looking across
from time to time at the still, high things beyond

the row of plane trees beside the Church, the flying
banners on the belfry roof, and again in, here & there
a patch of stars in the clouded summer night above;
restless ^{and} her self; not wishing to

be herself & like her name, that 'Aglao' in which
as Germaine had said there was something sad,
yet young, yet gay: the name of a religious —
yet they had peace, it was in their faces, a tranquil
inquiry — not sadness or rebellion or desire for any
ungiven thing; none was like them, they were

young, she was 32. The street was dark, with only
a lamp ^{or two} ~~in sight~~ ^{or} the light from a window ~~across~~
across the road in front of her, it seemed quite empty
as she ~~on~~ turned into it. On half-way up a man
lurched out from one of the doorways, swaying & moving
uncertainly ~~last~~ towards her. She stepped aside to let
him pass as he came up, & he had passed her
when suddenly he

young, she was 32. The street was dark, with only one lamp in sight ~~there~~ ^{in the} light from a window ~~threw~~ ⁱⁿ across the road ~~way~~ - & quite empty as she turned into it, but half-way up a man lurched out from one of the ~~doorways~~ ^{doorways}, swaying & moving uncertainly towards her. She stepped aside to make way for him & he came up, & he had passed her when he suddenly wheeled round, catching catching her, crushing her against him, blotting out everything, seizing everything & hooding it in a violent darkness.

It was all over in a moment - the strength of his arm, the closeness of his body, the heat of his breath as his lips came down on hers, burning & bruising them, & letting them go at last with savellings, left them & savellings taken away as if they & she herself could never be the same again.

He loosed her quickly, & as he had caught her, leaving her breathless, looking up at him by the light of the lamp above them, not able to move or speak, nor to feel anything except the strangeness of his lips & hers - while he stood staring back at her, smiling stupidly. length

"*Faut pas être touchée*" he said at last
"T'es jolice, tu sais. On a hup. C'est ça tête à-bas -" swaying round again & unsteadily
 as down the bend of the half lit street.

She stood there watching him, till he was out of sight: she had meant to go as far as the

Casino, & round by the sea-front, but now she turned
hastily back through the Square. She did not remember
what he had said, but she saw his face as she had
seen it in the lamplight, a young, brown, handsome
face above the blue jersey worn by the seamen &
the Channel boats, the face which had somehow
changed her & the look of the well-known streets
as she hurried through them, afraid to stay out
any longer & get not wanting to go home.

space

The house was in darkness when she reached
it, & she crept very softly upstairs, & past the
door of the ^{sleep} ~~bermains~~ room & into bed beside Odette,
trying to put away the thought of what
had happened in the rue d'Écosse but no sleep
came. Only after a while her closed ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~ filled
with tears, burning ~~down~~ them, lying hot upon
her cheeks. Odette lay by her, sleeping soundly &
very far away. She felt that she was quite
alone; an immense loneliness like a wound,
a ^{dull} ~~throbbing~~ pain had taken hold of her, as if
her body & soul were in great ache & there was
nothing left of her but that.

Outside a storm had sprung up from the sea,
the wind was rising, the rain beating violently
against the pane. Distressing it is she seemed
to see it ~~to~~ driving up in sheets from the
harbour, & down ^{down} ~~down~~ here below on the stones
of the quay, but up ^{there} in the desolate cemetery
on the hill, drenching the wooden crosses & the
grass of the mound under which Raymond
was lying, drenching him too as he lay there

also alone, out of reach, out of call, so changed, with
 the a scar across the forehead, but still Raymond
 with the eyes - the eyes!

She sat up, lighting a candle & going over to the
 window to look out. ^{when suddenly} ~~there~~ in a little mirror on the
 wall beside it, she saw herself, her wet, stained
 face & behind it another face, not Raymonds, which
 brought a strange voice back with it -

"T'es folie, tu sais, T'es folie" came at
 once. Her whole body was shaken with sob, she
 felt ^{as if} something must break within her. If she
 could not check them; Raymond was there in
 the room quite near, nearer than he had been
 in life, ^{but} she could not speak to him, he did not
 belong to her. She could not call him into or
 stay, she had never asked him anything, she had
 never asked anything of anyone but God, & asking
 him now for quietness, ^{very close} in ^{her} ~~her~~ ~~her~~
 her distress died down. She crept into bed again,
~~holding~~ pressing her face against the pillow, but

Raymond was by it her closer than the child
 who lay beside her & she could not touch him,
 she could not hear it: it had never been like
 this before. She did not understand it at all
 was happening to her tonight, perhaps all God
 could understand. ^{He knew} that she could not
 bear it for very long. She remembered the text
 of one of the Teller's sermons -

"Ayez la foi en Dieu - Tout ce que vous
 demanderez il vous sera accordé" - ^{but} she
 did not know what to ask, she could only try
 to lie there quietly saying over to herself.

"*Ayez-la foi en Dieu*" & towards morning when the wind had dropped & Raymond was gone, it came to her that if he had still been there she could have touched him; that though he might never come to her once that again he had been there; he was not dead, he was alive because she was alive, & because he had been there alive with her, it seemed, for a moment as if she could never die.

After that she slept ^{hourly} waking late, & coming down next morning to find Bernanie at the door-step reading a letter which the postman had just brought. She had never herself received a letter. There was no one to write, & for Bernanie there were ^{not many} very few. She asked her now also this, was Fran & Bernanie said, a stranger & rather a friend whom she had met lately at the *Gallerie*. He had come in once or twice to buy things, he was a foreman of the works of the new tramways then being laid in the *grande rue* "*Très comme il faut*" she said, "a poet also & almost a gentleman" when Aglaé asked his name she looked down at the bottom of the page to find it - "Leroux" she said "but he writes very badly -"
"André Leroux."

It was not long afterwards that Leroux began to come to the house & when he came, if it was not too late, Aglaé made some excuse to take Odette out of it, although from the first he had been very amiable to both of them.

but the colour of the figure as her crucifix, though
when he was tired & excited it turned almost grey.

There was swelling, burning, about the eyes, & at
these times, swelling, even ash about the face,
which though he was well to do had a wasted look
even his hands ^{which were} hands ever still, the long tobacco-
stained fingers perpetually rolling cigarettes &
travelling up & down his knee while he talked; &
he was always talking, often of things ^{which} neither
~~she~~ ^{she} ~~could~~ ^{could} understand. ~~as~~ ^{as} the actors ~~as~~ ^{as} the
had done at the Theatre ⁱⁿ the Casino & which
Germania had taken her one summer.

Raymond's friend had had little to say & when
they spoke it was chiefly of the sea: devours was
different, different from any she had ever seen
& when while he was in the house he made it
strange & unlike itself.

She did not want to
sit watching ^{him} & listening to him. ^{she was as best as} ~~him~~ ^{him} while he was
there she could ^{not} keep her eyes ^{on} ~~at~~ ^{on} his work
or her mind on ^{other} things; Odette, Germaine &
the happenings of the day. He made them too
so unlike themselves so that if she could she
slipped upstairs ^{she found} ~~make~~ ^{find} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~room~~ ^{room} & there
slipped upstairs ^{she} ~~and~~ ^{sat} ~~alone~~ ^{there} ~~until~~ ^{until} she
heard the door bang after him & then ~~almost~~ ^{at} ~~once~~ ^{once} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{house} & her thoughts & they,
all three of them were like themselves again.

7 ^{dialogue} ~~dialogue~~ She had not said this to Germaine; she
had never spoken of him to her, until one night

when he had stayed very late Germaine came 26
up to her room as she was a bed, & stood in the doorway
watching her go away, he went in the commode.

"Can d'ait Elie André?" she said suddenly &
sharply - "Can d'ait Elie this coming to the house?"

And Aglaé had answered that she knew nothing
of him & that the house was as much Germaine's
as hers. And then Germaine had written out that
she understood nothing; she cared not to be exposed or
understand because she was born *vieille fille*.

But for those who were not there was life -
life - & we must live while there was yet time,
there was little enough of it *Grand Dieu* & the
Sainte Vierge herself did not suppose that one
could live for ever with the dead.

She stood there, taking the pins from her dark
hair, telling it far above her shoulders, her face
flushed & her brown eyes shining; she looked very
young tonight & very tired.

"Si, il faut vivre" she said "et moi, je
ne suis pas faite comme toi. Ça doit te rendre
forte, et moi aussi, cette coutume éternelle.
Ça te donne l'air d'une figure en air,
toujours assise - toujours courante. ^{Ça} C'est la
mort mais moi je veux vivre et toi tu
ne sais pas ce que c'est."

Aglaé shut the drawer of the commode -

"Naturally, if one is only a figure in wax"

27

she spoke quietly & without bitterness - but she thought
in herself. I shall always remember this - *une figure*
en air - *Ca, c'est la mort* - & then that such
figures were ~~not~~ ^{neither} like death nor life

She had seen some waxworks once ~~at the~~ ⁱⁿ a tent at the Fair, she saw them now,
the greasy yellow faces, the glassy eyes, the rigid
form ^{with} their nailless hands, ~~the~~ ^{the} rusty clothes -
there was something more lifeless than death about
them & more dreadful than anything in life.

In all human faces there was good & evil &
something sacred, ~~because~~ ^{because} there was the soul; in
an dead face there was something more than
death, & something ~~shining~~ ~~staring~~ ~~staring~~ ^{so} ~~staring~~ ^{earlier}
than life: but these had been ^{so} horribly like
life, so horribly unlike it they had almost
frightened her; not dead, not living; faces
& not faces, in their stiffness & their smoothness
& their stare.

"And if I did not see" she added,
"~~earnestly~~ ^{earnestly} what then could I bring to
the house since it is all that I can do?"
"But we cannot speak to you" Germaine said
wearily "if it is all to be like the word of God
& as if you were a child. ~~And~~ ^{And} she is not
serious; it is simply Andre'. He lives and
& then when he is gone we cannot sleep. ~~He~~
~~will be~~ ^{It} is as if we had eaten nothing,
always."

he takes it all out of me. even the bread & the soup,
 & in the end he is ^{never} ~~not~~ satisfied. he does not
 complain, it is not his fault - it is God's, & there
 is no one like him, so even you must see
 that."

Perhaps there was not, perhaps it was
 just as well, perhaps it was true that she could
 not understand because she was born *vieille fille*;
 & yet in Raymond's day she had partly under-
 stood their lawlessness. She remembered the wedding
 night & afterwards many another; - looking back
 it seemed as if they had all been summer
 night though it could not have been so, -
 when on the other side of the thin wall, she had
 heard them talking, laughing together, morning
 about the room. But now when once a time
 when Leroux came swinging into the house,
 calling for this & that, mending the latch of
 a broken window pane as if he were master
 of it. She could not & did not wish to
 understand. There was no need for Germaine
 to say that for her there was no one like him;
 she knew it & of her desperate hope that one
 day he would marry her, though that she saw
 could mean only a long deception. "*Tout le
 temps il change de femme*" she had said
 "but then ~~all the same~~ he would belong to me"
 then, with that,

For more than an hour after she had gone to bed
 "Aglaé" stood at the window looking down at the
 empty quay, quite dark below & across the water,
 at the line of dim yellow lamps at the town side,
 & then from these to the crowd of stars above,
 brighter than usual tonight up there in the high
 blue sky. Her old M. Bax at the optician's
 used to say that they were words like ours
 with people in them, but he had also said that
 his God was some person called Voltaire & even
 in the matter of repairs his word was not reliable.

Surely the stars were God's lights in Heaven, & so
 looking up at them she found it difficult to pray,
 difficult to believe that from that great distance
 He could hear or care for her or even know who
 she was. She felt herself she was not any one,
 the star light always made her feel it, & some-
 times, for one dreadful moment, as if He himself
 were not: while looking down again at the familiar
 quayside & out at the red dark town, her self
 came back & God, so suddenly, as real, as when
 he was at St Jacques on Sunday.

Through the long weeks no night grew longer
 with nothing changing in her life & herself
 unchanged, but at the end there was Mass &
 Vespers - still one must pray "Tout ce que vous
 demanderez" it was the 'Seigneur' who had

said it & the two who had spoken gently to the woman fallen in adultery & the Magdalen; looking into their hearts as the women look into her, seeing how if it was wrong to be certain that things were as they were she could not keep it - if she had tried, ~~just now~~ it was not possible to pray for the marriage of Bernand & Derris.

Tomorrow it would be just a year since Raymond died: Easter was late & only yesterday she had found grape hyacinths & violets on the dusty roadside leaving them there with no heart to pluck & take them home because all through the long rough winter there had been nothing like the sodden of this Spring. Walking along the ^{sunlight} ~~sunlight~~ road, talking the work back, she had ~~seen~~ ^{seen} watched the portentous change from golden brown to the first young green, & behind them on the orchard slopes the pear apple & pear & cherry trees whitening day by day.

Up on the chateau cliffs she & Odette had spent an afternoon gathering cowslips & making balls of them, & it was, ^{in the sunshine} ~~in the sunshine~~ a picture, she thought, sitting there on the short angular grass - the child - her cheeks glowing, her brown hair tossed & throwing the yellow back over & catching them back, with the gulls overhead very white against a patch of grey cloud, wheeling & sweeping down suddenly - they & their shadows, across the steep cliff-side into the sea, such a silver blue & after a spell of great winds, such a quiet sea.

at the **Jendi saint** they had gone to St Jacques for the washing of feet but getting there late & with the church so full had seen nothing except at the end, the priest going who had washed them, going out in his splendid vestments, & then when the crowd had cleared away the ~~little~~ boys in black pinafores, standing in their benches below the chancel steps, ^{with} ~~holding~~ the round brown loaves on their knees or tucked under their arms while they saw them putting their fingers in. The sacristan with his shaved black chin & little twinkling eyes, stood by, ~~not~~ not really angry, but rapping them sharply over the shoulders for laughing & kicking their boots about in a kind of game on the pavement. After the holy office & in that sacred place. Odette laughed too & spoke to the smallest with a ~~cross~~ **brosse brosse** of thick hair & a hole in his cheek - asking him ~~whether~~ the water was hot or cold.

" 'sais pas " he said " **on vous touche seulement les pieds** " only at home - he added, they had scrubbed so hard, almost to break the skin, in order to have them clean for the ceremony.

" 'VeuX pas qu'on me touche " Odette had said

" ^{au} **du moins des gens qu'on ne connaisse pas** "

" Pourquoi " he asked " **et pour ça on vous donne le pain** "

~~And~~ ^{And} then they had talked of going out for **crevettes** at low tide, & the crabs in the pores of the rocks & of cutting their feet there.

And at the end he had offered her his loaf,

~~almost as big as himself~~, which Aglaé forbade

her to accept & he had walked half way home

with them. It made her smile - it was, like that - Odette would speak to people & they would wish to give her something & not, at once, to let her go.

That day, no doubt it was the April weather, one hour all sunshine & the next a driving rain - she had caught cold on Easter Sunday ^{when} a little fever showed itself. Aglaé stayed away from the **grand 'Messe'** to be with her - a German came back from it **'ereintée'**, she said, & the blond with head ache to go up to the cemetery with the new **couronne** of white & purple beads which they had bought the night before, asking Aglaé to follow & carry it up for her, as she did in the ^{evening} after-noon, going out again between 6 & 7 to ^{the} **Sermon & Benediction** at St Jacques. ^{Saint Face} Lighting the candle in the chapel of the Sacred Face she remembered how high the grass had grown above the grave, thinking to go again tomorrow to speak about it to the **St Sardinien** who had been then paid to keep it cut: & coming out, by the font some one had passed ^{her} the **eau bénite** & touched her on the arm. It was Madame Rumbert who had been at school with her & who kept the book stall at the **Save maritime**.

They walked together across the square, Madame Rumbert talking of the great number of English tourists who had come over in the last few days.

Naturally she said, that meant a good Easter. The money was always safe, it was an English quality, to pay; but for the rest, after 5 years at

the have are understood nothing of them; the money
~~also~~ absolutely safe but no ~~report~~, no confidence.

Recommend this romance & invariable they would take
 that view, ^{so that} if at this hour are had ~~not~~ learned to offer
 precisely what are did not wish to see. And the
 same thing with the commissionaires. Only that
 morning Jean Cotard had made the observation,
 the money safe but always that profound mistrust
comme si on était tous des chiens & as if we
 learned not to be led by an appropriation of the petit
 bagage, not with much patience & very hardly
 by the insufficient *pour le bien*. And then she parted
 as to Germaine & the affair of Leroux was common
 talk she said at the Nouvelle Calais. It was
 to be hoped she would not lose her place. A second
 marriage, if led so soon, at her age, are covered
 understood it —. And Aglaï had replied that
 a marriage, even a second one, was not always
 a matter of half an hour.

Rumors

"Ni un enfant non plus" said Madame Rumors
"et dans une famille jusqu'à si honorable!"
"Sh' pauvre dame, elle fait une folie, une
très belle folie."

They parted at the end of the *Grande Rue*
 the dusk was already falling over the quay
 & Aglaï stood for a moment under the arcade
 from which she could see, but only dimly now
 across the *arrière port*, the little yellow house
 with its red pointed roof & narrow door,
 two hundred years old, as it might be older

in which she was born & was somehow sure that she should die. A child! No, she had never noticed it, never thought of it, a child to take Odette's place, growing up with her, playing about the house with her, yes, she saw it repeated before her. It could not be true, she ~~would~~ ~~refused~~ would not think of it or what it might be like, her child, a son or daughter of André Leroux.

She had to wait, before crossing the road way for some trucks being shunted along the line: the Paris train would come through at midnight tonight, Leroux who had gone there as business a week ago.

But tonight at least the house would be quiet. Here in the nearing dark, ^{it was quite} a great peace, from the sky to the water lying over the harbour: the boats were moored, empty & silent & without lights. It was Easter night: they would not go out this morning: the masts just stood, they were never really still; the stillness was over the sky & the town & the harbour though there might be a weege stirring out at sea.

She crossed the road & the bridge & turned the sharp corner of the quay with its short line of irregular houses, set far back from the edge, the ~~stretch~~ stretch of rough cobble stone between, wide & grey & dim in the twilight: there was only a child as it running towards - 'Odette, Odette' she cried out & as the child came up with her catching her skirt & hiding her face in it.

over beyond, at the house, in the doorway, she saw the tall thin figure of Leroux completely filling it, standing a moment or then going in; a light showing suddenly ~~above~~ in the dark square of the window of her sister's room above.

She bent down quickly, feeling a chill in the air & seeing the child was shivering, shaking against her.

"Mais qu'as-tu" she said "et tu sais ce n'est pas sage. Tout en larmes comme ^{que} tu es, sortir comme ça. Il faut revenir. vite, vite.

"Donne-moi la main." ^{And} But as she touched it so hot, so burning, it closed tightly ^{or feverish} as hers, dragging her round with all the force of the small frail body & back towards the bridge. And, fast, not seeming to see or know where she was going, still pulling with the pitiful small hand, the child had borne her on & up the steep de Falles street, only saying each time that Aglaé tried to stop & turn her back, in a dull vague way, as if she were talking in her sleep.

"Nan, je n'peux pas. Nan, je n'peux pas." And so they had come to the Falles cliffs, where Aglaé took off her cloak, wrapping it round her, & ^{hiding} ~~making~~ he ~~at last~~ sat down in a sheltered corner of the cliff-side all of the wind just coming up not strong but keen.

And there Odette had flung herself against the long damp grass walling with a terrible sobbing

calling out weakly "Ah! tū e là, tū e là" as 26
Aglaï drew her towards her, holding her closely.

"Si-si c'est moi. Mels-tū la tête contre moi.
Là, ne parle pas. Vais-tu, c'est moi - c'est ma
main." Tū was suddenly as the air break had come
it had gone, leaving the dead lying spent with shut
eyes & limp hands, a dead weight in her arms,
while below she could hear the tide lapping against
the shingle & see above, beyond the low lights of the
town & the line of the harbour in the dark headland
of La Veuille, & the Easter moon rising out of the
sea.

At last she got up, settling the dead on her
feet, saying gently - "Mais il fait tard, il faut
vén - " only to hear ^{once more} again, in the ^{same} ~~same~~ ~~red~~
dull tone "je n'peux pas. Non. je n'peux pas"
& to repeat herself almost as helplessly.

"Mais il faut vén - il fait tard." stopping
to fasten the cloak more securely round her, &
standing again in the high blowing grass
looking out to the headland, puzzled & troubled
not knowing what more to do or say.

Bright, like a star in the darkness of the
oncoming night the yellow light ^{at} the
headland flashed ~~out~~ ^{on} & went in, the red & white
~~harbour~~ light ^{at} the harbour shining much
nearer but fainter: and over the sea was the
same great hush which a short while since had
hung over the town; a sea ~~now~~ growing darker,

red blue & not grey, moving, not moving, not calling
 tonight in its wonderful sleep, as last week with
 the breakers as high as the lighthouse, & foaming &
 grinding below the slates, it had seemed to do
 for some quieting hand & there was none. There had
 been one been one, she remembered it now; -
 she had heard that sermon at the sailors'
 chapel at the Fallet point. It had lived by the
 sea & gone out in the boats with fishermen, ~~boats~~
^{such boats} ~~as small~~ it might be as there in the harbour:
 filling the empty nets, knowing how to speak in
 the wind. He had walked on the water.

She saw him - it seemed for for a moment
 she really saw him, tall, very stately but
 standing so patiently in the darkness & loneliness
 of the sea, the arms held out
 as they are to children, the face, - she saw him -
 she did not hear it, calling St Peter to him
 across the waves. She knelt down on the grass,
 drawing the child as near as was safe to the
 edge of the cliff, & tried as best she could, speaking
 softly, almost whispering, to make her see him too.

"Rassurez-vous, c'est ~~mon~~ moi" he had said
 "n'ayez point de peur" of we believed in
 him, if we had only a little faith, it could
 make us do what ^{by ourselves} we could not do.

He was there at the sea, he was at the house
 "Tout à fait comme moi" she said "et moi"

She was tired: she did not wish to disturb the
two above, but she worked not sit & eat with him.

She went ~~over~~ ^{across} to the sheep, cutting her off a piece
of bread & some cheese, & putting them on a plate
& ~~turning~~ ^{reading} ~~turning~~ back & take them up
with her. "Reslég" he said when she was at

the stairway door; this time was unsupportable;
~~he spoke~~ ^{he spoke} ~~it was~~ ^{it was} not only as if the house was his but as if
body & soul's soul.

"I am going up to the chud" she said
He sat up taking the plate from her hand &
putting placing it on the table, standing himself
behind it, thin, very tall, his head reaching
nearly to the ceiling beam, with the ^{light} ~~light~~ ^{star}
of the lamp thrown up in a yellow glow on
his ~~washed~~ ^{sharp} grey face.

"The chud can wait" he said "what
is the matter with the chud? It is simply nervous;
there is nothing wrong with it. ~~And~~ ^{But} isn't it
Mother up there - hein? And how it loves its Mother
& how its Mother loves it! What was the husband
like? Perhaps, after all it is not his chud -
what was he like? ~~Et~~ ^{Er} ~~quai~~ ^{quai} ! ~~le mari~~ ?"

She stood quite still: she thought, if I ~~stand~~ ^{must}
stand here this morning, if with his sharp
~~strange~~ ^{grey} face & his long tobacco-stained fingers
he should try to kill me for it I shall not
speak of Raymond to Lervoux. He smiled.

"Eh! bien. I am not interested in the husband."

Prove she his wife deceived him; **on fait ce qu'il faut faire**, but you, - the eyes are remarkable: I can have the eyes & Germanio the hair.

It was ^{very} ~~un~~supporable: he was not himself: ~~she~~ he had never ~~spoken~~ ^{before} like this before; and could not listen to him, and could not stay. He had thrown his cigarette ^{down} at the table where it was making a little smoking hole in one of the blue sleeves of the cloth: & he stopped it with his thumb.

"The hair" he went on "there is something ^{curious} strange about it. le corps, la chair, il y en a des ténés, des contours, des contacts & qui, quand même ^{ça} reste toujours quelque chose à manger, le plat du jour. Les cheveux, ^{en} les goute seulement, & c'est un tel ^{the} that the was ~~they~~ they put their hands up to it, & have perfectly they are aware of it, that when one is side of them, dog-side they are sometimes able to keep ^{one} ~~seen~~ for another half-hour." ^{longer}

Why did she answer him?

"And it also that which lasts -" she remembered her Mother's hair which had never, to the end, save grey corners in death so wonderfully young.

"It is that which remains alive when the rest has perished." "**Parfaite ment**" It was as if he had ^{caught} ~~seen~~ her thought. "The Loveliest I have yet seen ^{with} was at the **Marque**, & there was no face. But even with ~~no~~, it has not the call, it has not the call."

She ~~did~~ ^{was} not belong in her ^{the five} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes}, he was real, her
devour, she looked straight in his eyes, the red
eyes; he was horrible, not like a man, he
was sprung like a beast, she could see his
his iron teeth, his hands - there would be
nothing left of nothing ~~eye~~! She ~~could~~ ^{could} not
be touched, there was life in her, life, a great
beat, very loud, very strong, from her head to her
feet, this was life, a great strength; he was
close to her now, he was feeling of smoke -
he was vile, not a man - she stood stiff
like a corpse with ~~part of~~ ^{her} arms hanging
down. He took again the slaver;
down. She held his eyes with her, he
could not move she then - against the
eyes. Nothing but this would hold him
back. And now she could hold him - now
the Raymond. "I belong in him. I belong
to him." Perhaps she had cried it aloud
but she could not be sure. A sudden
dizziness had overtaken her - bringing a
blackness with it like a cloud across
her eyes. & then it passed. The room
seemed slowly clear again. She saw denny
still standing there. but far off. Her head
was throbbing, the room was dark, close. too
hot. too stiff. "open the door"
she said. The voice seemed weak & swan
not like her own. it sounded in a way
was of. "open the door" she said again.

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she could feel her hands or anything
alive about her. As she could feel were
that she must have air. Lorrone turned
round with a sickening oath, saw fugitive
blazing. Throwing himself into the chair
which he had left.

as we have signed it
we have signed it
we have signed it

beast as
in when
by clay

the night as before & the face

\$9 a

Perhaps she had said it aloud, she cried
but be sure - a sudden designers had overtaken
her. ^{my} ^{with in} ^{clouds} ^{as it passed}
The ^{fallen} ^{across} ^{her} eyes, & then
she saw ^{fallen} ^{across} ^{her} eyes, & then
further off, in ^{the} ^{room} ^{was} ^{close}
the head ^{was} ^{unlike} ^{the} ^{room} ^{was} ^{close}
lot her, ^{the} ^{door} ^{she} ^{said}
the ^{seemed} ^{to} ^{wear} ^{and} ^{echo} ^{the} ^{voice}
had no feeling but that she must have air.
Lenny turned round with a (sickening) look
a ^{some} ^{fragrant} ^{pleasant} ^o ^{flung} ^{himself}
with the chair (which he had left) &
threw his arms out across the table
& lay his head down ^{up against} ^{the} ^{arms}
the cage. She went to him & down open

[illegible][illegible]

the waver lines
(alone) ^{cf.}

50

But ^{two} ~~seems~~ ^{seems} a ^{quite} alone in the room
as if she had already left it, on the spite
of herself she went across ~~it~~ & stood for a
moment behind his chair. ^{dropping} down on
his ^{thigh}, with the ^{hair} on his ^{head} she
saw that his face ^{hair} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~on~~ ^{on} the
stiff white collar which he wore on ~~his~~
holidays ^{was} ^{with} ^{sweat}. Suddenly ^{very} ^{gentle}

N is indent
 as S
 - The house, what can be seen is very odd. 56
 No doubt it was starving, it became extremely
 bold. It would come & stare in at us through the
 window & make wild laugh back at it without
 any hinting of fear. It was grotesque, but we
 never attacked it; we gave it food until
 as ^{last night} ~~the~~ ^{it} ~~remains~~ ^{insisted} became aware ^{that} ~~of~~ ^{the dog}
 that it was certain & must be destroyed.
~~It was the also procured the voice from~~
~~the chemist's labors in which are~~
 We begged its eyes but remains were
 insistent & it was she also procured the large
 basin a month. ~~The chemist stayed~~
 in ~~the~~ ^{ear} ~~dance~~ ⁱⁿ ~~evening~~. ~~and the distinction~~
 we found ~~being~~ again & the window put
 nostrils & defies high ~~high set~~ ^{dead}. Its ears
 are saw were very delicate, ~~a texture~~
~~from her the same as its body, finer, & more~~
~~than~~, all manner have said - a leaf.
 (The) lay like ^{fully} ^{scold} dead, it was swollen,
 with something very painful in its eye, the
 ear too crumpled, ~~very~~ ^{so} delicate, like a leaf.
 It had ~~done~~ ^{no} harm, but if it had
 done any ~~thing~~ ^{have} used one ~~have~~ been a
 follow its nature. ~~was~~ ^{if it} was starving, ~~and~~
 it was (alligatris) so much smaller than
 we often mistook it & And this it lay
 at the spot where we used to feed it, ~~that~~
 up at us, not able to speak or utter anything
 in its eyes - almost as at the point of death
 looking at us -

de vai assassino a terno vestido - c'è v' d'è 57
her way? The heart an. au. faw are near
delirious. The heart an. au. faw are near
best of us. The life so simple an. faw so tranquil.
it's vai l'au. d'au. it's vai l'au. d'au. it's vai l'au. d'au.
unt' m'èi ore & seije v' o'ie dom. satisfe. p
But we, we, never can satisfied, we never can
up with our, we never get any thing actual
(the living). Always the search, always the
search an. n'èi l'au. e'la m'èi t'au.
longues & ch'it, d'au. p'au. an. m'èi t'au.
terdu wa n'èi au. an. q'us an. ever reas
amio. + to suiv. & l'au. p'au. - q' a
magnificent de'au. Mai l'èi v'èi, il
amiv'èi l'au. an. it's vai l'au. d'au. l'au. d'au.
1, par exemple, an. l'au. d'au. l'au. d'au. l'au. d'au.
I should have made an admirable heart
even perhaps the Emperor q'us l'au. d'au.
And is l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au.
an innocence l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au.
in fact q'us p'au. d'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au.
not required & d'è. de'. I can l'èi l'au. d'au.
l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au.
in l'èi d'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au. l'èi l'au. d'au.
I know, I had once a dream; extraordinary;
extraordinary. The world is l'èi l'au. d'au.

57 a.

same very ^{desolate} ~~desolate~~ human creature might come
up at Van Dien. It looked as if it was
the same, so, almost as if we were in Van Dien,
never - same had killed, and because it was
as it was made - "

" Absolument, comme le Van Dien. Mais
van vacante, bien. "

" Perhaps it was wrong " she went on " but
we had become attached to it, ^{There was no other} ~~as the~~ ~~the~~
^{way} ~~we~~ ~~did~~ to comfort Odette: we buried it in,
land in little box, up there, in a corner of
the cemetery. ~~It had placed same habits as in~~

He reached to the end of the last for in
his hand " " for coffee is good. " he said
and means of telling his ^{and} ~~genuine~~ ^{he}
tells the much ~~and~~, and is egotistic, cela s'ent
va, maintenant abouciennan, is from Paris.
But he did not get up at once. He sat
looking at each other and he had been with
his long thin fingers. Looking across at her
sitting, more ^{seem} ~~seem~~ ^{seem} ~~seem~~ than she had got her
him down at any one ^{now} ~~now~~ of him a greater
distance. At this time, wherever he was
in the room he had always seemed to be
very near her ~~and~~ ~~he sat to sitting~~ ~~the~~
at the other side of the ~~small square table~~ ~~table~~

mangui ~~is~~ remanis the dream. And for-
what I would see sans - or uban do for
the them - ? "

" I sleep very soundly
I have ^{my} few friends
when I am sick
" who say " I am fortunate
~~I have no friends & no day too~~
~~I think it is better than~~
are dreams so often"

[illegible]

« Naturellement le pèche, c'est par métier -
oh! les vôtres gourmards, avare, malpropres
avec une telle word & pellicot à a
un peu word et de die croquent les
votre bien die curés ave die mort-
uiférés, ce jolis petite ami, du bon
Pieu. Tra par quelques à l'usage a
bien sur l'un la ruse - surant guère
il sans ventres et ce plus ventres le
plus estimés. « ^{veneres} _{mon}

another understanding she did not respect the
disrespect ~~her~~ ~~was~~ ~~understanding~~

un Rabbis he had no religion. ^{he} ^{was} ^{an} ^{unbelievable}
 but ^{how} ^{extremely} disagreeable ^{the} ^{man}
 he ^{was} must be to one of his ^{tailors}
 perhaps after all it was not intentional
 it was certainly true ^{that} ^{the} ^{Abbe} ^{Reverend} was

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