

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
D·H·LAWRENCE



THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY
AND OTHER STORIES

EDITED BY
MICHAEL HERBERT, BETHAN JONES AND
LINDETH VASEY

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THE
CAMBRIDGE EDITION OF
THE LETTERS AND WORKS OF
D. H. LAWRENCE



THE WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

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AND OTHER STORIES

D. H. LAWRENCE

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

D. H. Lawrence is one of the great writers of the twentieth century – yet the texts of his writings, whether published during his lifetime or since, are, for the most part, textually corrupt. The extent of the corruption is remarkable; it can derive from every stage of composition and publication. We know from study of his MSS that Lawrence was a careful writer, though not rigidly consistent in matters of minor convention. We know also that he revised at every possible stage. Yet he rarely if ever compared one stage with the previous one, and overlooked the errors of typists or copyists. He was forced to accept, as most authors are, the often stringent house-styling of his printers, which overrode his punctuation and even his sentence-structure and paragraphing. He sometimes overlooked plausible printing errors. More important, as a professional author living by his pen, he had to accept, with more or less good will, stringent editing by a publisher's reader in his early days, and at all times the results of his publishers' timidity. So the fear of Grundyish disapproval, or actual legal action, led to bowdlerisation or censorship from the very beginning of his career. Threats of libel suits produced other changes. Sometimes a publisher made more changes than he admitted to Lawrence. On a number of occasions in dealing with American and British publishers Lawrence produced texts for both which were not identical. Then there were extraordinary lapses like the occasion when a typist turned over two pages of MS at once, and the result happened to make sense. This whole story can be reconstructed from the introductions to the volumes in this edition; cumulatively they will form a history of Lawrence's writing career.

The Cambridge edition aims to provide texts which are as close as can now be determined to those he would have wished to see printed. They have been established by a rigorous collation of extant manuscripts and typescripts, proofs and early printed versions; they restore the words, sentences, even whole pages omitted or falsified by editors or compositors; they are freed from printing-house conventions which were imposed on Lawrence's style; and interference on the part of frightened publishers has been eliminated. Far from doing violence to the texts Lawrence would have wished to see published, editorial intervention is essential to recover them. Though we have to accept that some cannot now be recovered in their entirety because early states have

not survived, we must be glad that so much evidence remains. Paradoxical as it may seem, the outcome of this recension will be texts which differ, often radically and certainly frequently, from those seen by the author himself.

Editors have adopted the principle that the most authoritative form of the text is to be followed, even if this leads sometimes to a 'spoken' or a 'manuscript' rather than a 'printed' style. We have not wanted to strip off one house-styling in order to impose another. Editorial discretion has been allowed in order to regularise Lawrence's sometimes wayward spelling and punctuation in accordance with his most frequent practice in a particular text. A detailed record of these and other decisions on textual matters, together with the evidence on which they are based, will be found in the textual apparatus which records variant readings in manuscripts, typescripts and proofs; and printed variants in forms of the text published in Lawrence's lifetime. We do not record posthumous corruptions, except where first publication was posthumous. Significant deleted MS readings may be found in the occasional explanatory note.

In each volume, the editor's introduction relates the contents to Lawrence's life and to his other writings; it gives the history of composition of the text in some detail, for its intrinsic interest, and because this history is essential to the statement of editorial principles followed. It provides an account of publication and reception which will be found to contain a good deal of hitherto unknown information. Where appropriate, appendixes make available extended draft manuscript readings of significance, or important material, sometimes unpublished, associated with a particular work.

Though Lawrence is a twentieth-century writer and in many respects remains our contemporary, the idiom of his day is not invariably intelligible now, especially to the many readers who are not native speakers of British English. His use of dialect is another difficulty, and further barriers to full understanding are created by now obscure literary, historical, political or other references and allusions. On these occasions explanatory notes are supplied by the editor; it is assumed that the reader has access to a good general dictionary and that the editor need not gloss words or expressions that may be found in it. Where Lawrence's letters are quoted in editorial matter, the reader should assume that his manuscript is alone the source of eccentricities of phrase or spelling.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are extremely grateful to John Worthen for his assistance, advice and support throughout this project, and to Michael Black for his involvement with this edition in its early stages. We are also indebted to James Boulton for his kindly encouragement throughout, to Paul Poplawski for taking a fresh look at the whole, and to Linda Bree of Cambridge University Press for her administrative assistance.

A number of institutions granted access to the manuscript and other materials without which an edition of this kind would not be possible: we are most grateful to the Iowa State Education Association, the University of California at Berkeley and at Los Angeles, the University of Illinois, the University of New Mexico, the University of Nottingham, the University of Texas at Austin, and the University of Tulsa.

Special thanks are due to Christopher Pollnitz for checking readings in the manuscripts at the Iowa State Education Association; to the editors of previous texts in this series who have helped and inspired us; and to the academic and secretarial staff of the English Department, University of Hull, and the School of English, University of St Andrews, for their unstinting support.

When an edition has a long gestation, many debts are accumulated over the years, and we apologise for any inadvertent omission of names among the following individuals and institutions (with their librarians and archivists) gratefully acknowledged for their particular contributions: Anthony Bliss, the British Library, the Brynmor Jones Library (University of Hull), Marie Byrne, John Chick, the D. H. Lawrence Society (Eastwood), David Farmer, the Hallward Library (University of Nottingham), Bonnie Hardwick, the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center (University of Texas at Austin), Cathy Henderson, Tessa Herbert, Gareth Jones, Katherine Jones, Matthew Jones, Jane Kingsley Smith, Gerald Lacy, Jason Lawrence, the late George Lazarus, Caroline Moon, Judy Pence, Sarah Peverley, Peter Preston, Estelle Rebec, the late Warren Roberts, Anthony Rota, Susan Rusev, the Library of the University of St Andrews, Brooke Whiting.

July 2004

M. H.
B. J.
L. V.

CHRONOLOGY

- 11 September 1885 Born in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire
September 1898–July 1901 Pupil at Nottingham High School
1902–1908 Pupil teacher; student at University
College, Nottingham
- 7 December 1907 First publication: 'A Prelude', in
Nottinghamshire Guardian
- October 1908 Appointed as teacher at Davidson Road
School, Croydon
- November 1909 Publishes five poems in *English Review*
3 December 1910 Engagement to Louie Burrows; broken off
on 4 February 1912
- 9 December 1910 Death of his mother, Lydia Lawrence
19 January 1911 *The White Peacock* published in New York
(20 January in London)
- 19 November 1911 Ill with pneumonia; resigns his teaching
post on 28 February 1912
- March 1912 Meets Frieda Weekley; they leave for
Germany on 3 May
- 23 May 1912 *The Trespasser*
September 1912–March 1913 At Gargnano, Lago di Garda, Italy
February 1913 *Love Poems and Others*
29 May 1913 *Sons and Lovers*
June–August 1913 In England
August–September 1913 In Germany and Switzerland
30 September 1913– At Lerici, Gulf of La Spezia, Italy
9 June 1914
1 April 1914 *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* (New York)
July 1914–December 1915 In London, Buckinghamshire and Sussex
13 July 1914 Marries Frieda Weekley in London
26 November 1914 *The Prussian Officer and Other Stories*
30 September 1915 *The Rainbow*; suppressed by court order on
13 November

- 30 December 1915–
15 October 1917 In Cornwall
- 1 June 1916 *Twilight in Italy*
- July 1916 *Amores*
- 15 October 1917 Expelled from Cornwall by military authorities
- October 1917–November 1919 In London, Berkshire and Derbyshire
- 26 November 1917 *Look! We Have Come Through!*
- October 1918 *New Poems*
- November 1919–February 1922 To Italy, then Capri and Sicily
- 20 November 1919 *Bay*
- May 1920 *Touch and Go*
- 9 November 1920 *Women in Love* published privately in New York by Seltzer (in England by Secker on 10 June 1921)
- 25 November 1920 *The Lost Girl*
- February 1921 *Movements in European History*
- 4 April 1921 Asks Curtis Brown to act as his English agent
- 10 May 1921 *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (New York)
- 9 December 1921 *Tortoises* (New York)
- 12 December 1921 *Sea and Sardinia* (New York)
- February–March 1922 To Ceylon and Australia
- 14 April 1922 *Aaron's Rod* (New York)
- September 1922–March 1923 In New Mexico
- 23 October 1922 *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (New York)
- 24 October 1922 *England, My England* (New York)
- March 1923 *The Ladybird, The Fox, The Captain's Doll* (London)
- March–November 1923 In Mexico and USA
- 27 August 1923 *Studies in Classic American Literature* published in New York by Seltzer
- September 1923 *Kangaroo*
- 9 October 1923 *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (New York)
- December 1923–March 1924 In England, France and Germany
- March 1924–September 1925 In New Mexico and Mexico
- June 1924 *Studies in Classic American Literature* published in England by Secker

- 28 August 1924 *The Boy in the Bush* (with Mollie Skinner)
- 10 September 1924 Death of his father, Arthur John Lawrence
- February 1925 Replaces Seltzer with Alfred A. Knopf as US publisher
- 14 May 1925 *St. Mawr together with the Princess*
- 9–22 October 1925 In the Midlands: stays with sister Ada in Ripley and travels around Derbyshire. Visited by Frieda's younger daughter Barbara
- 23 November 1925–
20 April 1926 At the Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, Italy
- December 1925 Visited again by Barbara Weekley, who is staying in Alassio; and by Martin Secker, who leaves on 18 January
- 7 December 1925 *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (Philadelphia)
- 18 January 1926 Writing *The Virgin and the Gipsy*
- 21 January 1926 Sends final section of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* to Secker for typing;
The Plumed Serpent
- 30 January 1926 Receives typescript of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* from Secker
- ? February 1926 Decides not to publish *The Virgin and the Gipsy*
- 25 March 1926 *David*
- 25–30 November 1926 Finishes first version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*
- c. 1 December 1926–
25 February 1927 Writes second version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*
- 4–11 April 1927 Visits Etruscan tombs and museums with Earl Brewster
- 10 April 1927 In Volterra; idea for a 'story of the Resurrection'
- 11 April–4 August 1927 At the Villa Mirenda, San Paolo, near Florence
- 13–28 April 1927 Writes first draft of *The Escaped Cock* (Part I)
- 28 April–5 May 1927 Types *The Escaped Cock* (Part I)

- May 1927 Writes 'The Man Who Was Through with the World' and 'Things'; working on *Sketches of Etruscan Places*
- 5 May 1927 Sends two typed copies of *The Escaped Cock* (Part I) to Nancy Pearn of Curtis Brown
- 19 May 1927 Meets American friends of the Brewsters named Clapp or Klapp
- 28 May 1927 *Resurrection* painting completed
- June 1927 Nancy Pearn offers 'Things' to the *Fortnightly Review*, *Nash's* and *Hutchinson's*; *Mornings in Mexico* published by Secker in London (5 August in USA)
- 10 June 1927 Nancy Pearn returns manuscript of 'Things' to DHL
- July 1927 Seriously ill
- 5–30 August 1927 In Villach, Austria
- 31 August–4 October 1927 At Villa Jaffe, Irschenhausen
- 4–18 October 1927 At Baden-Baden, Germany, Milan and Mirenda
- October 1927 Writes 'The Undying Man'
- 19 October 1927 Returns to Villa Mirenda
- 9 November 1927 Advised by Nancy Pearn to write 'more of the sort of story that sells to the "Nash's" type of magazine'
- 9–17 November 1927 Writes *Rawdon's Roof*
- 17 November 1927 Posts *Rawdon's Roof* manuscript to Nancy Pearn
- 8 December 1927–January 1928 Writing third version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*
- 20 January–6 March 1928 At Chateau Beau Site, Les Diablerets, Switzerland
- February 1928 *The Escaped Cock* (Part I) published in *Forum*
- 6 March 1928 Is considering extending *The Escaped Cock*
- May 1928 Writes 'Mother and Daughter'
- 24 May 1928 *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories* published by Secker (on 25 May in USA)

- by 4 June 1928 Sends 'Mother and Daughter' to Nancy Pearn
- 11–15 June 1928 In Grenoble, France
- 17 June–6 July 1928 At Grand Hotel, Chexbres-sur-Vevey, Switzerland
- 25 June 1928 Nancy Pearn requests a story for Christmas edition of *Eve*
- 30 June 1928 Second half of *The Escaped Cock* 'almost finished'
- late June 1928 *Lady Chatterley's Lover* privately published (Florence)
- July 1928 Writes 'The Blue Moccasins'
- 9 July–18 September 1928 At Chalet Kesselmatte, near Gsteig, Switzerland
- 26 July 1928 Sends 'The Blue Moccasins' to Nancy Pearn
- August 1928 'Things' published in *Bookman*
- 6 August–22 November 1928 Negotiates sale of *Rawdon's Roof*
- 8 August 1928 'The Blue Moccasins' notebook returned to DHL
- 28 August 1928 Asks Enid Hilton if she will type *The Escaped Cock*
- September 1928 *Collected Poems* (London; July 1929 in USA)
- 2 September 1928 Sends *The Escaped Cock* (Parts I and II) to Enid Hilton for typing
- 8 September 1928 Proofs and typescript of 'Things' sent to DHL
- 18 September–1 October 1928 In Lichtenthal, Baden–Baden
- 22 September 1928 Receives typescripts of *The Escaped Cock*
- 24 September 1928 Sends typescript of *The Escaped Cock* to Pollinger of Curtis Brown
- 1 October 1928 'Things' published in *Fortnightly Review*
- 2–15 October 1928 At Grand Hotel, Le Lavandou, France
- 15 October–17 November 1928 At La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros
- 25 October 1928 *Eve* proofs of 'The Blue Moccasins' to DHL
- 30 October 1928 Agrees to make *Rawdon's Roof* longer
- 3 November 1928 Returns *Eve* proofs of 'The Blue Moccasins'

- 17 November 1928–
11 March 1929
22 November 1928
17 December 1928
20 December 1928
7 January 1929
27 January 1929
February 1929
9 February 1929
15 February 1929
19 February 1929
by March 1929
12 March–7 April 1929
31 March 1929
April 1929
3 April 1929
3 April–19 September 1929
7–13? April 1929
17 April–18 June 1929
20 May 1929
21 May 1929
27 May 1929
June 1929
22 June–16 July 1929
- At Hotel Beau Rivage, Bandol, France
- Agrees to sign copies of *Rawdon's Roof*; has 'lengthened' it;
'The Blue Moccasins' published in *Eve*
- Longer version of *Rawdon's Roof* manuscript has reached Pollinger
- Pollinger expects proofs of *Rawdon's Roof* shortly
- Agrees to book publication of Part I of *The Escaped Cock*; requests Part II back from Pollinger
- Receives ten sheets of *Rawdon's Roof*
- 'The Blue Moccasins' published in *Plain Talk*
- Receives case of sheets for *Rawdon's Roof*
- Sends signed sheets of *Rawdon's Roof* to Elkin Mathews
- Receives and returns corrected proofs of 'Mother and Daughter'
- Rawdon's Roof* published by Elkin Mathews
- In Paris and nearby
- Harry and Caresse Crosby's Black Sun Press to publish *The Escaped Cock*
- 'Mother and Daughter' published in *Criterion*
- Considers revising *The Virgin and the Gipsy*
- Correspondence about publication of *The Virgin and the Gipsy*
- Travels to Barcelona
- In Mallorca
- Sends MS of *The Escaped Cock* (Part I) to Harry Crosby ('a small gift')
- Arranges for full typescript of *The Escaped Cock* to be sent by Pollinger to the Crosbys
- Secker is one story short for a volume
- The Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*
- At Forte dei Marmi, until 6 July; then in Florence

- July 1929 *Pansies* published by Secker
- 5 July 1929 Exhibition of paintings at Warren Gallery, London, raided by police
- 16 July–25 August 1929 In Baden–Baden and nearby
- 8 August 1929 Has received proofs of *The Escaped Cock* from the Crosbys
- 15 August 1929 Sends Caresse Crosby artwork and corrected proofs for *The Escaped Cock*
- 26 August–18 September 1929 At Rottach in Austria
- 17 September 1929 Has signed, numbered and posted fifty-six vellum sheets of *The Escaped Cock*
- 23 September 1929–February 1930 At Hotel Beau Rivage, then Villa Beau Soleil, Bandol
- September/October 1929 *The Escaped Cock* (both parts) published by Black Sun Press (Paris)
- 3 February 1930 Agrees to change title of *The Escaped Cock* to *The Man Who had Died*
- 6 February–1 March 1930 In sanatorium ‘Ad Astra’, Vence, Alpes Maritimes, France
- 2 March 1930 Dies at Villa Robermond, Vence
- 1 May 1930 Private edition of *The Escaped Cock* (ten copies) published by Harry Marks in USA.
- 17 May 1930 *The Virgin and the Gipsy* published in Florence by Orioli (by Secker in October, and Knopf in New York on 10 November)
- March 1931 *The Escaped Cock* published under the title *The Man Who Died* by Secker and (later in 1931) Knopf
- January 1933 *The Lovely Lady* published by Secker (by Viking Press in New York in February)

CUE-TITLES

A. Manuscript locations

IEduc	Iowa State Education Association
UCB	University of California at Berkeley
UCLA	University of California at Los Angeles
UIll	University of Illinois
UN	University of Nottingham
UNM	University of New Mexico
UT	University of Texas at Austin
UTul	University of Tulsa

B. Printed works

(The place of publication, here and throughout, is London unless otherwise stated.)

<i>LCL</i>	D. H. Lawrence. <i>Lady Chatterley's Lover</i> . Ed. Michael Squires. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993.
<i>LEA</i>	D. H. Lawrence. <i>Late Essays and Articles</i> . Ed. James T. Boulton. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004.
<i>Letters</i> , i.	James T. Boulton, ed. <i>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</i> . Volume I. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979.
<i>Letters</i> , ii.	George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton, eds. <i>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</i> . Volume II. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981.
<i>Letters</i> , iii.	James T. Boulton and Andrew Robertson, eds. <i>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</i> . Volume III. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984.
<i>Letters</i> , iv.	James T. Boulton, Elizabeth Mansfield and Warren Roberts, eds. <i>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</i> . Volume IV. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
<i>Letters</i> , v.	James T. Boulton and Lindeth Vasey, eds. <i>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</i> . Volume V. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989.

- Letters*, vi. James T. Boulton and Margaret H. Boulton, with Gerald M. Lacy, eds. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume VI. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991.
- Letters*, vii. Keith Sagar and James T. Boulton, eds. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume VII. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993.
- OED2* J. A. Simpson and E. S. C. Weiner, eds. *The Oxford English Dictionary*. 2nd edn. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1989.
- Phoenix* Edward D. McDonald, ed. *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence*. New York: Viking Press, 1936.
- Poems*, i. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, eds. *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume I. Heinemann, 1964.
- Poems*, ii. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, eds. *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume II. Heinemann, 1964.
- Roberts Warren Roberts and Paul Poplawski. *A Bibliography of D. H. Lawrence*. 3rd edn. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001.
- WL* D. H. Lawrence. *Women in Love*. Ed. David Farmer, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.

INTRODUCTION

This volume contains six of D. H. Lawrence's late short stories and novellas, written between early 1926 and mid 1928:

The Virgin and the Gipsy (January 1926)

'Things' (May 1927)

Rawdon's Roof (November 1927)

'Mother and Daughter' (May–June 1928)

The Escaped Cock Part I (April 1927)

Part II (June–July 1928)

'The Blue Moccasins' (July 1928)

Three story fragments (one of them the last fictional work Lawrence wrote) are included in appendixes. The first is entitled 'The Man Who Was Through with the World' (written in May 1927); the second is 'The Undying Man' (written in October 1927); and the third (previously unpublished, and written not earlier than January 1929), left untitled by Lawrence, is here called 'The Woman Who Wanted to Disappear'. Unpublished early versions of *The Escaped Cock* (Part I and Part II) and of 'The Blue Moccasins' are also included in appendixes.

'Things', 'Mother and Daughter', Part I of *The Escaped Cock* and 'The Blue Moccasins' were first published in periodical form, where Lawrence often allowed shortening and other interference by magazine editors. *Rawdon's Roof* appeared separately in Elkin Mathews's Woburn Books series in 1929. 'Things', 'Mother and Daughter', 'The Blue Moccasins' and *Rawdon's Roof* would be included in the posthumous volume *The Lovely Lady* (1933). In title and subject too challenging for a commercial publisher to consider, *The Escaped Cock* in its full text (Parts I and II) was published privately and expensively in Paris in 1929, the same method Lawrence had adopted for the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in Florence a year earlier. *The Virgin and the Gipsy* was published privately (and posthumously) in Florence in 1930.¹

¹ By Guiseppe ('Pino') Orioli (1884–1942), an antiquarian bookseller with whom DHL became particularly friendly in Florence in 1926, after two previous meetings: see David Ellis, *D. H. Lawrence: Dying Game* (Cambridge, 1998), pp. 306–7.

The Virgin and the Gipsy: Spotorno 1926

The Virgin and the Gipsy was a product of Lawrence's prolific creativity between November 1925 and April 1926, the months which he and Frieda had spent at the Villa Bernarda at Spotorno, on the Italian Riviera. The composition of this novella probably occupied Lawrence during the first few weeks of 1926. Details in it derived both from the Derbyshire countryside of Lawrence's youth, and from a portrayal of Ernest Weekley's family home after his wife Frieda departed for Germany with Lawrence in 1912, leaving her three young children behind.² Early in October 1925, the Lawrences had travelled to London and the Midlands on their way to Italy from Taos, New Mexico, staying initially in Nottingham with Lawrence's sister Emily, and then moving to his younger sister Ada's newer, smarter house in Ripley. Lawrence described how, at this time, the group 'motored all over my native Derbyshire . . . It's a very interesting county.'³ Frieda's youngest child, Barbara ('Barby'), was staying with friends of her father's (named Hewitt) during the Lawrences' second week in the Midlands, and visited them; she was acutely aware of her mother's apparent alienation in Ada's house.⁴ One incident in particular may have had a bearing on the bitterness of Lawrence's portrayal of the Weekley family in the story. Barby, wishing to stay the night with the Lawrences, had telephoned her Nottingham hosts to inform them that she would not be returning. She had received a subsequent telephone call from Mrs Hewitt, warning her of the consequences if her father were to find out that she had spent a night under the same roof as Lawrence – and she 'crept dejectedly back to [her] Nottingham friends in the dark'. Barby relates how, on hearing the news, 'Lawrence sprang to his feet, white with rage. "These mean, dirty little insults your mother has had to put up with all these years!" he spat out, gasping for breath.'⁵ This painful reminder of Weekley's hostility provided an impetus for the writing of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* a few months later.

After leaving the Midlands on 22 October, the Lawrences stayed briefly in London and then visited Frieda's mother in Baden-Baden before travelling to Spotorno, at the end of the second week in November. Rina Secker, married to Lawrence's English publisher Martin Secker, had found the Villa

² Ernest Weekley (1865–1954) was Professor of Modern Languages at University College, Nottingham (later Nottingham University); the children were Charles Montague Weekley (1900–82), Elsa Agnes Frieda Weekley (1902–85) and Barbara Joy Weekley (1904–98).

³ *Letters*, v. 320. (Subsequent references to *Letters* volumes are usually given in the text by volume and page number in parentheses.)

⁴ See Barbara Barr, 'Step-daughter to Lawrence', *London Magazine*, xxxiii (August/September 1993), 33.

⁵ Edward Nehls (ed.), *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*, volume iii (Madison, 1959), p. 9.

Bernarda for the Lawrences: a house belonging to the wife of Angelo Ravagli, a lieutenant in the Bersaglieri who would later become Frieda's third husband. The Lawrences moved into the villa on 23 November, and it was about this time that Lawrence thought he might 'have a shot' at writing a ghost story for inclusion in Cynthia Asquith's proposed collection of such tales (v. 341). The resulting story, *Glad Ghosts*,⁶ though not used by Lady Cynthia, anticipates key themes explored in the stories within this volume, notably the power of the old to blight the lives of the young and the possibility of rebirth or renewal of the body through sexual contact.

Barby arrived on the Italian Riviera at the beginning of December, and stayed initially at a *pensione* at Alassio, some twenty miles down the coast. Lawrence explained to Dorothy Brett⁷ on 5 December that 'Pa prefers she shouldn't house here' (v. 347). Despite his bitterness towards Weekley and initial dislike of the children's 'suburban bounce and *suffisance*' (v. 333), he developed a growing liking for Barby, advising her about painting during their walks in Spotorno, and even adding figures to her canvases. Barby was considered the rebel of the family: she had fought against the substitute maternal figure of Weekley's unmarried sister Maude (the children had been brought up by their paternal aunts and grandparents⁸) and been expelled from school for drawing male nudes in a textbook. She directly inspired Lawrence's creation of Yvette (the 'virgin' of *The Virgin and the Gipsy*), the younger daughter of a literary vicar whose wife left him years before: to rebellious Yvette, trapped in the constricting and stuffy family home, a gipsy holds out the hope of a freer and fuller life. This brings not only a new physical challenge but also a new moral dimension to undermine the conventional superiority of her father's rectory. Contrary to common prejudice, the gipsy, as a creature of the open air, embodies not only sexual attraction but also freshness and cleanliness, whereas it is the airless rectory that is presented as unclean, literally as well as metaphorically. As in so much of Lawrence's fiction, it is implied that sympathetic connection with another being can awaken feelings that were previously suppressed. The story combines the seriousness of such themes with both light humour and savage satire, and fuses realism with both symbolic and fairy-tale elements. Its portrayal of various members of the Weekley family is a triumph – especially given the fact that Lawrence had never met

⁶ Published in *Dial* (July and August 1926), separately by Ernest Benn (November 1926) and collected in *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, 1928 (Roberts A35a and A41).

⁷ The artist the Hon. Dorothy Eugenie Brett (1883–1977), known as 'Brett'; a close friend of DHL since 1915.

⁸ See Explanatory note on 5:4.

Barby's grandmother, Agnes Weekley, and relied on drawings and accounts of her provided by Barby.

Lawrence's earliest surviving explicit written mention of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* is in a letter of 18 January 1926 to Martin Secker: 'I had a good whack at my gipsy story tonight, and nearly finished it: over the climax, and on the short down slope to the end' (v. 380). Secker had seen the Lawrences while visiting his wife and son at the Villa Maria in Spotorno: he may well have heard a synopsis of the story or read some of the manuscript, had obviously encouraged Lawrence to complete it, and may even have taken its completed first part back to London with him for typing, when he left earlier on the 18th. It is not clear when Lawrence had started *The Virgin and the Gipsy*: he had finished *Glad Ghosts* by 29 December and then revised the typescript of *Sun* and corrected the final proofs of his play *David*.⁹ A starting date in the first week of January would be a reasonable assumption.

Probably in discussion with Secker, Lawrence first considered the possibility of publishing *The Virgin and the Gipsy* with *Glad Ghosts*, as a successor to Secker's 1925 volume *St. Mawr together with The Princess*, which had also contained a novella and a short story. Moreover, in 1923 Secker had published a volume of three of Lawrence's novellas, *The Ladybird, The Fox, The Captain's Doll*, which had been very successful; and Secker was keen to publish the new novella. Lawrence sent the rest of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* to Secker to be typed on 21 January 1926, requesting criticism and expressing his willingness to make alterations if required – 'I never mind altering these stories a bit' (v. 382). Then, on 29 January, he wrote to Nancy Pearn, who was in charge of periodical publication for his literary agent Curtis Brown: 'I shall send you next week a long story: "The Virgin and the Gipsy" – about 25000 – or 30,000 words' (v. 385). He thanked Secker for the returned typescript on 30 January and asked: 'Let me know a bit in detail how the story strikes you' (v. 386). Lawrence tried again to elicit a response from Secker two days later:

Frieda doesn't like the title of 'The Virgin and the Gipsy': she prefers something with Granny: like 'Granny Gone'¹⁰ or 'Granny on the Throne'. What do you think? . . . Only *don't count on a book for the autumn, really*. I feel at the moment I will never write another word. (v. 388)

At some point Lawrence revised the typescript: one opportunity would have been while he waited for Secker's reply to this letter. Yet at some point he

⁹ *Sun* was first published in *New Coterie*, iv (Autumn 1926), 6–77 (Roberts C145); *David* was published by Secker in March 1926 (Roberts A34).

¹⁰ Though the Saywell grandmother was modelled on Ernest Weekley's mother, her original did not die until 29 August 1927, aged eighty-six.

also changed his mind about publishing the story, expressing scruples about his acidic portrayal of Weekley as the Reverend Arthur Saywell, as in Barby's account: 'Frieda showed me the manuscript and said that Lawrence thought he should not publish it "Because, after all, he is their father."' ¹¹

It is possible that Lawrence's reluctance to publish was caused by the fact that he spent a good deal more time with both Frieda's daughters during February 1926; Elsa, in particular, was extremely attached to her father, and that may have proved inhibiting. At all events, he seems to have done nothing further to the novella after his revision of the typescript: by April 1929, when he thought he might rework it, his tuberculosis was making him too weak to do much. (He had not been completely well since he had almost died in Mexico early in 1925, and his health had continued to deteriorate. He always refused to mention tuberculosis, but instead referred to chest, bronchial and throat complaints.) On 3 April 1929, he informed Laurence Pollinger ¹² of his suggestion to Eldridge Adams of Crosby Gaige (who was then considering the publication of *The Escaped Cock*, discussed below) that 'I *might* prepare for him a little novel – about 25,000 words – which I did two years ago but which wants doing over. I might – when I settle somewhere. The MS. is in Florence' (vii. 236). On 25 July, however, in response to Pollinger's interest in trying magazine publication for the 'long story or novel' which Lawrence had 'almost finished', Lawrence replied: 'As for Eldridge Adams, I didn't like him and shan't give him that short novel even if I *do* it over and get it ready to publish' (vii. 391). Instead he tried to encourage Nancy Pearn (who had referred to the 'rumour' of a new story on 22 July ¹³) in his letter to her of 2 August: 'I've got a little novel – but I want to re-write it – if ever I get into the mood' (vii. 402), to which she responded on the 7th: 'Oh joy! about the little novel.' Writing to Pollinger on 14 September, Lawrence looked forward to writing 'some stories – and perhaps re-cast[ing] *The Virgin and the Gipsy*' (vii. 481). Nancy Pearn wrote five days later to say that Hutchinson's ¹⁴ were asking for short stories and were interested in the 'long one'. There is, however, no evidence that he ever tried to recover his novella from Florence (presumably from his friend 'Pino' Orioli), let alone that he further revised it; it is more likely that the statement in Orioli's posthumous first edition of the

¹¹ 'Step-daughter to Lawrence – IP, *London Magazine*, xxxiii (October/November 1993), 14. See the 'Texts' section below for DHL's revision of the typescript.

¹² Laurence Edward Pollinger (1898–1976) had taken charge of the publication of DHL's books at Curtis Brown Ltd.

¹³ Letters to DHL from Nancy Pearn and other staff at Curtis Brown are located at UT. As with letters from other correspondents, they are identified in the text by date.

¹⁴ *Hutchinson's Story Magazine* had previously published DHL's stories 'The Fox' (Nov. 1920), 'Fanny and Annie' (21 Nov. 1921) and 'The Border Line' (Sept. 1924).

story – ‘*This work lacks the author’s final revision*’¹⁵ – is accurate, although, as David Ellis observes, few of Lawrence’s works would not have had more revision if he had had the opportunity, and *The Virgin and the Gipsy* ‘is as finished as most others’.¹⁶

Orioli had in effect been the publisher of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, and was eager after its success to publish more of Lawrence’s work privately, while – following Lawrence’s death in March 1930 – Frieda was anxious about her ability to survive financially; she must have agreed very soon after he died to the posthumous publication of *The Virgin and the Gipsy*. It came out in Florence on 17 May 1930 as number 4 in Orioli’s Lungarno series, in a limited edition of 810 copies at one guinea. Secker was worried Orioli’s volume could damage the chances of any edition he might publish himself, but was nevertheless convinced that a limited edition would ‘sell only a few copies’. He proposed to issue a six-shilling edition, ‘thus aiming at giving the book the widest possible circulation among the general public’.¹⁷ His edition of 5,800 copies, published in October 1930, sold out before the end of the year; a further 2,360 copies were subsequently printed, and he published a pocket edition in August 1931. Alfred Knopf, Lawrence’s American publisher, brought out his edition on 10 November 1930.¹⁸

Etruria at Easter: *The Escaped Cock* (Part I)

Lawrence had finished the first writing of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* by 21 January 1926, and the following months were dominated by writing and by travel – although Italy remained the place to which he and Frieda always returned. From the Villa Bernarda the Lawrences moved into the Villa Miranda, near Florence, on 6 May. Having written the story ‘Two Blue Birds’ and the essay ‘The Nightingale’ between April and early July, Lawrence posted another story, ‘The Man Who Loved Islands’, to Nancy Pearn just before leaving for Germany. He arrived with Frieda in Baden-Baden on 13 July and then, after only a short stay, travelled to London and Scotland. He also went to Eastwood (without Frieda), where pleasant nostalgia was tempered by the disheartening effect of the coal strike. He rejoined Frieda in London on 16 September; they left for Florence on the 28th, arriving back

¹⁵ The statement continues: ‘*and has been printed from the manuscript exactly as it stands.*’ As was normal in the period (and is still the case today), ‘*manuscript*’ could equally mean ‘typescript’ to a publisher or printer.

¹⁶ *Dying Game*, p. 713.

¹⁷ Letter from Secker to Laurence Pollinger, 29 May 1930. (Letters from Secker and members of his firm are in the Secker ‘Letter-Book’, U.III.) Secker’s pre-publication orders were over 2,200; letter from P. P. Howe of Secker to Pollinger, 16 October 1930.

¹⁸ Roberts A54.

at the Villa Mirinda at the beginning of October. As soon as he was settled, Lawrence became primarily occupied with writing the first version of what would become *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but that did not preclude other projects.

For some time Lawrence had been considering writing a book about the Etruscans, and it was in pursuit of such an ambition that, between 4 and 11 April 1927, Lawrence and Earl Brewster¹⁹ visited the Etruscan museums and tombs in Rome, Cerveteri, Tarquinia, Montalto di Castro, Vulci, Grosseto and finally Volterra, which they reached on Palm Sunday (10 April). Brewster recalled in his memoirs:

My memory is that Easter [Palm Sunday] morning found us at Grosseto [Volterra]: there we passed a little shop, in the window of which was a toy white rooster escaping from an egg. I remarked that it suggested a title – “The Escaped Cock” – a story of the Resurrection”. Lawrence replied that he had been thinking about writing a story of the Resurrection: later in the book of that title which he gave me, he has written: ‘To Earl this story, that began in Volterra, when we were there together.’²⁰

After returning to the Villa Mirinda, Lawrence mentioned this story to Christine Hughes²¹ on 25 April: ‘I’ve been doing a story of the Resurrection – what sort of a man “rose up”, after all that other pretty little experience. Rather devastating!’ (vi. 40). By the 28th he had written a manuscript draft;²² he told Brewster that he ‘wrote a story of the Resurrection – show it you one day’ (vi. 44). He gave Brewster more details five days later:

I wrote a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can’t stand the old crowd any more – so cuts out – and as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvellous than any salvation or heaven – and thanks his stars he needn’t have a ‘mission’ any more. It’s called *The Escaped Cock*, from that toy in Volterra. Do you remember? (vi. 50)

By 5 May, Lawrence had typed the story in two copies, referred to in this volume as TSIa and TSIb.²³ He remembered, two years later, that ‘I typed

¹⁹ DHL had known Earl Brewster (1878–1957) and his wife Achsah (1878–1945), American painters, and students of Eastern philosophy, since meeting them on Capri in April 1921.

²⁰ Earl Brewster and Achsah Brewster, *D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence* (1934), pp. 123–4.

²¹ Christine Hughes was the wife of a bank manager and had literary interests: DHL had met her in 1924. Her daughter Mary Christine (b. 1908?) was not strong, and went to live in the eastern USA. Mother and daughter came to Italy and renewed their acquaintance with the Lawrences in December 1926. See p. xxxiv.

²² Roberts E116a (located at IEdue): this version is previously unpublished and is reproduced as Appendix I(a).

²³ Roberts E116c (UT) and E116b (UTul) respectively: see Texts section below.

this story out myself, so probably I altered it in typescript a good bit', and also recalled that the story had been 'written in the Villa Mirinda near Florence in 1927, Easter – & suggested by a little Easter toy of a cock escaping from a man, seen in a shop-window in Volterra the week before Easter after looking at Etruscan tombs –'.²⁴ On 5 May Lawrence sent TSIa and TSIb to Nancy Pearn – 'You'll find it a tough one to place' (vi. 51) – and she acknowledged them on the 10th. On 17 May she told him that *The Escaped Cock* was impossible for popular magazines, but not for serious reviews; consequently she was pleased to be able to report on 4 October that the *Forum* was taking it and paying \$150. When Lawrence wrote to the Brewsters on 21 October, he mentioned his misgivings about the magazine: 'that resurrection story . . . suggested by a toy at Volterra at Easter – that the American *Forum* has bought – a weird place for such a story' (vi. 196). He elaborated this concern, as well as his fondness for the piece, to the *Forum*'s editor, Henry Goddard Leach: 'I'm glad you are trying *The Escaped Cock* on your public. After all, you don't cater exclusively for flappers and self-opinionated old ladies – and it *is* a good story' (vi. 226).²⁵

Resurrection had been an earlier theme in Lawrence's writing, but by the period in which *The Escaped Cock* was composed it had acquired a pressing personal meaning.²⁶ He had told Earl Brewster on 13 May 1927 that 'I did paint a bit of my *Resurrection* picture – un poco triste, ma mi pare forte [a bit sad, but it seems powerful to me]. I got him as impersonal as a queer animal! But I can't finish it' (vi. 56). He had begun this painting before the Etruscan trip and had completed it by 28 May. He kept Brewster in touch with its progress: 'I finished my *Resurrection* picture, and like it. It's Jesus stepping up, rather grey in the face, from the tomb, with his old ma helping him from behind, and Mary Magdalen easing him up towards her bosom in front' (vi. 72).

Increasingly, however, Lawrence was struggling against the debilitating effects of illness: each remission seemed miraculous. On Good Friday (15 April 1927), he continued a letter (probably started the day before) to Mabel Dodge Luhan, the wealthy and wilful American patroness of the arts whom he had first met in Taos in 1922: 'This is the day they put Jesus in

²⁴ DHL's recollections are written on a page bound in before the manuscript of Part II (Roberts E116h, located at IEDuc).

²⁵ In December 1927 DHL agreed to let the bookseller–publisher Charles Lahr have the story for his series of 'little books' (*Letters*, vi. 238) in which *Sun* had been published (Roberts A35a), but this did not happen. It was published in February 1928 in *Forum*, lxxix, 285–93 (Roberts C167).

²⁶ Apart from himself, his old Eastwood friend Gertie Cooper (1885–1942) had tuberculosis at this time, and in a letter to her of 19 May 1927 he described her recovery from surgery as 'a miracle: almost a resurrection' (*Letters*, vi. 63).

the tomb – and really, those three days in the tomb begin to have a terrible significance and reality to me’ (vi. 37). Yet a full resurrection would necessitate what Lawrence envisaged as a natural casting-off of the old and a process of re-emergence into a new, revitalised future. Exploring the way in which illness can act as the catalyst to this kind of change, Lawrence wrote:

In my opinion, flu is one of the diseases of a changing constitution. It changes the very chemical composition of the blood – hence the bad effect on the heart – and the long time one takes to get round. And when one does get round, one has lost for good one’s old self – some of it – though where the new self comes in, I don’t quite see.

(vi. 37)

The first part of *The Escaped Cock* explores the possibilities of Christ’s re-emergence from the tomb, and the way in which a ‘new self’ may be created through isolation and the abandonment of a false mission. There is a possible analogy in Lawrence’s fear that he had sacrificed his health in a useless attempt to reform the world. And no doubt awareness of his mortality contributed to this resurgence of interest in specifically religious and mythological themes, particularly in his poetry, and in his last substantial work, *Apocalypse*.²⁷ Such concerns would naturally emerge in the second part of *The Escaped Cock* when he came to write it fourteen months later, though there is no evidence from 1927 suggesting that, at this stage, he considered adding a second part to it.

‘The Man Who Was Through with the World’ and Florentine ‘Things’

By the beginning of May 1927, Lawrence had been at the Villa Mirinda for a year, and after his return from the Etruscan sites was preoccupied with his travel book *Sketches of Etruscan Places*. It appears that, during this month, he also composed the unfinished story ‘The Man Who Was Through with the World’ (printed here as Appendix II). This story, possessing obvious thematic parallels with ‘The Man Who Loved Islands’ (of which Lawrence was correcting proofs late in April), concerns a man who has become disillusioned with society and resolves to be a hermit. However, while preserving and perhaps fuelling the hermit’s repulsion from his ‘fellow-men’, this state of isolation tends to provoke only boredom and discomfort: the fragment breaks off with him doing ‘chores’ in the days of ‘cold rain’.

Writing this fragment may have been one way for Lawrence to come to terms with his own desire to be a hermit, as expressed in a letter to his sister

²⁷ See *Last Poems* (Florence, 1932) and *Apocalypse and the Writings on Revelation*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Cambridge, 1980).

Ada on 19 May: 'I feel like turning hermit, and hiding away the rest of my days, away from everybody. But I suppose it is a phase, a sort of psychic change of life many men go through after forty' (vi. 63). By the 28th he had rejected this temptation: 'I shall go out into the world again, to kick it and stub my toes. It's no good my thinking of retreat' (vi. 71–2).

During May Lawrence also composed other short pieces, including a story entitled 'None of That!' in which Ethel Cane, who possesses many of the attributes of Mabel Luhan, is a passionate collector of antiques, summed up in the cutting observation: 'Things! She was mad about "things"!' ²⁸ 'None of That!' was completed by 27 May, and the story 'Things' was written the same month.

In 'Things', Valerie and Erasmus Melville, a couple who collect 'things', are idealists who travel abroad in search of spiritual and cultural sustenance but finally surrender to materialistic values and return to financial security in America. The expatriate Americans Earl and Achsah Brewster contributed elements of character to the Melvilles, including their shared Buddhism and painting. In addition, at about the time he was writing the story, Lawrence sent a letter to Brewster (3 May 1927) responding to the latter's disillusionment with Buddhism and Europe, which certainly sounds like that of Erasmus Melville:

So the vacuities are still empty! – especially the material and domiciliary ones. Don't bother about the 'inside' ones: Kundalini: believe me, that is *change of life* . . . I'm not sure that one couldn't live anywhere, if one just settled down to it. *Don't* take too much notice of your moods. Don't pay too much attention to your vacuities – they'll pass. It's a physiological state; grin and abide and wait till you're through. It doesn't much matter where you live – within reason. (vi. 49)

He encouraged Brewster to go to Taos, where there would be an inexpensive place to stay on Mabel Luhan's estate. On the 13th he informed Brett: 'I wrote Earl and Achsah again about their coming to Taos. But they wont face America' (vi. 55). In June he urged Earl Brewster to '*Decide something*', to resolve his 'homeless houseless bit' and to stop drifting, for he was not 'moving anywhere' (vi. 90). This recommended course is taken, ultimately, by the Melvilles in the story 'Things'.

Because of such close parallels, Lawrence's disclaimer to the Brewsters – 'Have a most amusing story of mine in Amer[ican] *Bookman* – called "Things" – you'll think it's you but it isn't' (vi. 562) – has been assumed to be simply disingenuous. Harry T. Moore, for example, calls the story 'accurately

²⁸ *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Dieter Mehl and Christa Jansohn (Cambridge, 1995), 215:24–5.

cruel' and marvels that the Brewsters did not 'drop' Lawrence.²⁹ The assumption is that the Brewsters provided both the inspiration and the detail for the story.

Yet Lawrence surely meant what he said when he insisted that the Melvilles do not simply equate to the Brewsters. While Ethel Cane is clearly an equivalent of Mabel, there is no evidence to suggest that Lawrence believed the Brewsters to be hypocritical in their rejection of materialism for spiritual values. Although the Brewsters did live in fairly grand villas in Capri and elsewhere, that was primarily because they needed the studio space. They had neither the money nor the inclination to fill these villas with a 'chunk of Europe', nor did they collect antiques or experience transports in response to their glorious furniture. Furthermore, the Brewsters never compromised their ideas, in the manner of the Melvilles. The Melvilles spend time in California and Massachusetts before ultimately becoming trapped in Cleveland. The Brewsters had left America in 1910, had only ever returned once, and when Lawrence knew them were residents of Europe. Erasmus is forced into the cage of a meaningless job; Earl Brewster spent his days painting, studying and meditating.³⁰

In addition to the most commonly accepted correlation of the Brewsters with the protagonists of the story, it is arguable that the Melvilles reflect aspects of other people, including Mabel Luhan and Lawrence's Florentine friends Arthur and Lucy Wilkinson.³¹ Furthermore, two American friends of the Brewsters, called Clapp or Klapp,³² also contributed to the fictional portraits. As Lawrence told Achsah on 19 May 1927 after lunching with the friends: 'I can't stand high-browish spiritual upsoaring people any more'; and to Earl on the 28th he wrote, 'He [Clapp or Klapp] looked like a rat, exactly – a large, beady, foraging sharp rat³³ and she like a weevil' (vi. 72). But there is an even clearer connection in the observation to Earl on 9 June of 'Mrs Clapp – or Klapp – who said "To me it's Chârtres! Chârtres!" – over the little old knitted silk tobacco pouch' (vi. 78–9). This is strikingly close to Valerie Melville's 'mentally falling on her knees before the curtains.—"Chartres!" she said. "To me they are Chartres!"' (83:1–3). Lawrence met the Clapps/Klapps on 19 May: it is not clear if he saw them again, but the repeated mentions of

²⁹ *The Priest of Love*, rev. edn (1974), p. 454.

³⁰ For these distinctions, see Keith Cushman, 'Lawrence and the Brewsters', *Journal of the D. H. Lawrence Society*, iv, no. 2 (1987–8), 60.

³¹ See John Turner, 'D. H. Lawrence in the Wilkinson Diaries', *D. H. Lawrence Review*, xxx, no. 2 (2002), 11.

³² They settled in Florence; nothing more is known about them.

³³ Cf. 87:5, 87:10; 87:11.

them in letters to the Brewsters suggest that he did. The story may have been started after 19 May, and it must have been completed by the end of this month, because Nancy Pearn returned the original manuscript to Lawrence at the Villa Mirenda on 10 June.

Nancy Pearn reported on 19 July that ‘The “Fortnightly [Review]” will pay at their rate of a guinea a page for “Things”. As . . . it is not a story for the ordinary populars, I doubt if we should get a better offer in this case.’ Nine months later, on 16 April 1928, she congratulated Lawrence that ‘America [i.e. the American branch of Curtis Brown] has sold “Things” to “Bookman” who are to pay a Hundred Dollars and print at the latest by September.’ Presumably the British periodical had had to defer publication until the American branch also sold the story. Nancy Pearn’s secretary Rowena Killick sent the proofs and the typescript to Lawrence on 8 September. ‘Things’ appeared in the *Bookman* in August 1928, then in the *Fortnightly Review* on 1 October.

Villa Mirenda again, ‘writing stories’: ‘The Undying Man’, *Rawdon’s Roof* and ‘Mother and Daughter’

After two and a half months in Austria and Germany, a period of convalescence after a serious bout of illness in July 1927, the Lawrences returned once more to the Villa Mirenda on 19 October. In early October, Lawrence had made a reference to the stimulus provided for ‘The Undying Man’. S. S. Koteliansky (‘Kot’), Lawrence’s Jewish friend of many years,³⁴ wrote in 1937:

It must have been in 1926 or 1927, when I sent the two Jewish stories, in my translation, as given here [i.e. in *London Mercury*], to D. H. Lawrence, saying, would he try either to render them into better English, or – which would be finer still – tell them in his own way. He replied at the time that he liked the stories very much; that he would try to remake them . . . I heard no more from him about them . . . But *Maimonides and Aristotle* he did try to remake, although he left it unfinished. The fragment recently appeared under the title *The Undying Man* in the volume *Phoenix*.³⁵

Recollecting the ‘stories of Maimonides and the Baal-Shem’ told to him as a young child, Kot had requested them from his mother once communication had been re-established between Britain and Russia after the Russian

³⁴ Samuel Solomonovich Koteliansky (1880–1955), b. Ukraine but naturalised British. He produced over thirty translations of Russian works, some of them in collaboration with DHL. He was a close friend and regular correspondent of DHL from 1914 to 1930.

³⁵ *The Quest for Ranim: D. H. Lawrence’s Letters to S. S. Koteliansky 1914 to 1930*, ed. George J. Zytaruk (Montreal, 1970), p. xxviii. Kot published ‘Maimonides and Aristotle’ and the second story (‘The Salvation of a Soul’) in translation from the Yiddish as ‘Two Jewish Stories’, *London Mercury*, xxxvi (February 1937), 362–70.

Revolution. She had written down two tales ('The Salvation of a Soul' and 'Maimonides and Aristotle') in Yiddish (her only language) and sent them to Kot.³⁶

Lawrence responded to Kot's initial request on 6 October 1927, saying that he would 'try and work the stories up, when I have an inspired moment, and let you see what I can make of them. As they stand they wouldn't sell, of course, though the kernel is interesting' (vi. 168–9). He had helped Kot with translations before; most notably he had 'worked up' his version of Leo Shestov's *All Things Are Possible* in August 1919 and of Ivan Bunin's 'The Gentleman from San Francisco' in June–July 1921.³⁷ While no version by Lawrence of 'The Salvation of a Soul' survives, a fragment of 'Maimonides and Aristotle' (here printed as Appendix III using Lawrence's altered title, 'The Undying Man') is extant. Lawrence adopts the 'kernel' of Kot's tale, in which two scholars – Rabbi Moses Maimonides and Aristotle – discover that they can create an eternal man through taking a vein from a human being and putting it in a glass jar among certain herbs. After the drawing of lots, the vein is taken from Aristotle himself, who (before he dies) requires from Maimonides a solemn oath that the latter will not interfere with the growth of the little vein (indicated in the Lawrence version by a tiny red glow). Yet Maimonides (Jewish Rabbi as he is), tortured by the thought that the people will worship the newly created 'eternal man' rather than the 'living God', ultimately arranges for the glass jar to be destroyed by letting his cocks and chickens enter the room, then frightening them by the flapping of his cloak during vehement prayers. Once the jar has crashed to the floor, however, the tiny creature points an accusatory finger at Maimonides for breaking his oath to Aristotle, and he spends the rest of his days praying for forgiveness.

In portraying the inner turmoil of Maimonides, Lawrence preserves as motive the fear that the people will worship the undying man in place of God. But he introduces a 'human' element in his character's envy of the undying man, who will supersede even God through being both alive in the living world and also eternal. Lawrence's manuscript breaks off in the midst of these troubled reflections, without either the destruction of the glass jar (as in Kot's tale) or the growth of the undying man. Yet it is easy to appreciate why the concept of a man who is simultaneously and paradoxically alive yet undying would have interested Lawrence, particularly at this time. Perhaps he reached an impasse through his reluctance to follow Kot's dénouement, thus

³⁶ See Explanatory notes on 'The Undying Man' for details, including specific instances of discrepancy (omission and deviation) between DHL's and Kot's versions.

³⁷ Roberts A14 and B9.

putting an end to one potentially interesting literary exploration of the idea of ‘resurrection in the flesh’. Alternatively, he may simply have abandoned this project (certainly envisaged as commercially unrewarding) in the wake of other, more pressing concerns.

Lawrence wrote to his mother-in-law from the Villa Mirinda on 16 November 1927 that he was ‘writing stories’ (vi. 217). This may have been in response to Nancy Pearn’s suggestion on the 9th that he turn his ‘attention to some more of the sort of story that sells to the “Nash’s” type of magazine’. After completing two paintings begun during his last days at Baden-Baden and composing an [‘Autobiographical Fragment’],³⁸ Lawrence wrote the story *Rawdon’s Roof*. It begins with Rawdon declaring ‘No woman shall sleep again under my roof!’ and comically explores the awkward consequences of this resolution before it is inevitably undermined. No convincing biographical parallels have yet been put forward for the story’s situation or characters.³⁹

Lawrence posted the story off to Nancy Pearn on the 17th, and Rowena Killick acknowledged receiving *Rawdon’s Roof* on 24 November. On 2 December Nancy Pearn wrote to ask ‘About “Rawdon’s Roof”: if the editor wanted to tone down the last few pages a bit, would you agree? I ask at this stage because I feel that on this question the magazine fortunes of this story may hinge.’ Three days later Lawrence replied: ‘I don’t mind if the magazine people alter the end of the story a bit – as little as possible. But *do please* keep me a complete MS. ticketed “whole” – for those cuttings do spoil the artistic completeness of a story’ (vi. 232). However, the magazines were still not interested: Nancy Pearn reported on 2 April 1928 that it ‘has not so far sold, but there are yet some places left where we can send it’. On 6 August Lawrence commented on Pollinger’s already negotiated contract with Elkin Matthews to include *Rawdon’s Roof* in their Woburn series (no. 7):

Elkin Matthews can have *Rawdon’s Roof* if they like, but if I am going to sign the thing they must pay me twenty-five guineas instead of twenty – I loathe signing – and 20 gs. is less than 15%.

If they agree, I would like to look over the story – I would send it back the next day. And if they’d prefer it a bit longer, no doubt I could expand a little, as I always try to nip things down, writing for magazines. (vi. 495)

³⁸ *LEA* 50–68.

³⁹ Derek Britton, in *Lady Chatterley’s Lover: The Making of the Novel* (1988), suggests a link between this story and Gordon and Beatrice Campbell – friends of DHL during the First World War – yet admits there are no ‘strong identifying features’ (p. 240), while his further idea that Rawdon himself could be based on Campbell’s – and DHL’s – former close friend Middleton Murry ‘is in conflict with all the other portraits of Murry in Lawrence’s work’ (Ellis, *Dying Game*, p. 382).

Nancy Pearn responded on the 30th that she had wanted Elkin Mathews to agree on the 25 guineas for signing 500 copies before bothering Lawrence. On 15 September he said he was willing to accept less if ‘they’d let me off signing’ and asked if they wanted him to go over the manuscript, as ‘I’ve only thought of it as a magazine story’ (vi. 565). Pollinger pointed out to him on 19 September that ‘Miss Pearn had been unable to get an editor [of a periodical] to buy this story’ and that Lawrence was getting 5 guineas more than other contributors. But Lawrence pursued the point with Pollinger on 30 October: ‘I’ll make *Rawdon’s Roof* a bit longer – I take it Elkin Mathews want it then. – I shall be glad if they don’t, because then I needn’t sign those copies, which will be a relief’ (vi. 602).

After much further discontent about ‘the signing business’ and threats not to extend the story by ‘those five extra pages’ wanted by the publisher (vi. 606), on 22 November Lawrence finally agreed to both demands: ‘All right . . . though I resent strongly signing. But I’ll send the MS. – I lengthened it in a good hour’ (vii. 23). He asked on 7 December if Pollinger had received the longer *Rawdon’s Roof*, and expressed further concern about it in letters of the 14th and 16th: in the last of these he noted that he had sent ‘a typed copy, as a friend at the Vigie⁴⁰ typed it for me . . . I can send you the duplicate’ (vii. 66). It is possible that the delay – Lawrence thought he had posted the typescript about 30 November, and post normally took two or three days to London – may have been due to the Post Office checking Lawrence’s letters and manuscripts; following the distribution of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* via the postal service, Lawrence’s correspondence often appears to have been examined in England. Pollinger was finally able to reply on 20 December that the lengthened version had ‘turned up’ on the 17th, and that he expected proofs ‘in the course of the next day or two’.

Lawrence received ‘a package of ten sheets’ of *Rawdon’s Roof* from Curtis Brown’s office on 27 January 1929 (vii. 153), and recorded then, on the 31st and again on the 5th February, that he was still waiting for the case with the rest of the sheets. This he eventually received on the 9th, and had signed 531 sheets, packed them up and had them ready to send to Elkin Mathews by the 12th. Elkin Mathews published *Rawdon’s Roof* in March 1929 in a printing of 530 copies priced at 6 shillings each.⁴¹

⁴⁰ Brigit Patmore (1882–1965), who lived at La Vigie, Île de Port-Cros: see *Letters*, vii. 17 n. 3.

⁴¹ Roberts A40. The statement on the title-page of this edition – ‘This is number seven of the Woburn Books . . . published at London in 1928’ – may be accounted for by the likelihood that it was set up in proof in December 1928 (see above) and the title-page date retained.

The period from November 1927 to June 1928, in which Lawrence was principally engaged on the composition and private publication of the third and final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was spent mainly in Italy. It was during the last few weeks of this stay at the Villa Mirinda that Lawrence composed a series of short works demonstrating the lighter side of his writing, in stark stylistic contrast to the novel on which he had been engaged during the previous months. One of these, the article 'The "Jeune Fille" Wants to Know',⁴² was published on 8 May, soon after it was written, and close in time to the writing of one of Lawrence's most accomplished stories, 'Mother and Daughter'. Lawrence's own title for the article was 'The Bogey Between the Generations', indicating a link with the story: as with *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, both are concerned with misunderstandings and differences between the old and the young. Lawrence's sympathies inevitably lie mostly with the latter, but in 'Mother and Daughter' there is also sympathy for the domineering older woman who is nevertheless satirised.

An underlying inspiration may be explained by a letter of 4 May 1928 in which Lawrence asks Frieda's sister Else⁴³ about finding a Gasthaus in Switzerland: 'I hate hotels-pensions, after a few days. I always want to kill the old women – usually English – that come in to meals like cats. We just had a very handsome Louis XV sort of a one to tea – but American this time – and of course I'm bristling in every hair' (vi. 391). The 'Louis XV' woman seems to have been the American painter and illustrator Mary Foote, whom the Lawrences had known in Taos, and who visited them early in May.⁴⁴ This visit may have precipitated 'Mother and Daughter', which Nancy Pearn had received by 4 June for typing, though the inspiration for the mother-daughter relationship probably came from the Santa Fe pair, Christine and Mary Christine Hughes.⁴⁵

On 11 August, Nancy Pearn reported that the *Criterion* intended to publish the story 'at an early date' if American periodical publication could be 'satisfactorily arranged', and on 6 November she noted that 'We have just closed with the *Criterion* for "Mother and Daughter". So far this has not sold in America . . . Payment will work out at about sixteen quid.' Sets of proofs were sent by Nancy Pearn on 16 January and 13 February 1929, but there was some difficulty in getting them to Lawrence. One set, however, had arrived by 19 February, and Lawrence sent them back to Nancy Pearn the same evening;

⁴² *LEA* 71–4. For its various titles and history, see Roberts C169 and *LEA* 69–70.

⁴³ Else Jaffe (1874–1973), social economist and translator; see *Letters*, i. 391 n. 2.

⁴⁴ Cf. DHL's description of Rachel Bodoïn (106:36ff.). Mary Foote lived in New York, and DHL mentions her visit to Florence in a letter of 5 May 1928 to Mabel Luhan (vi. 393).

⁴⁵ See footnote 21.

she acknowledged their safe arrival on the 26th. Lawrence's opinion of the *Criterion* was not high but 'that expensive and stewed T. S. Eliot quarterly' (vii. 170) did publish the story in April 1929, while no American magazine took it.

The Escaped Cock (Part II): 'the phallic half'

During the rest of 1927 and into the first half of 1928 Lawrence found himself extremely busy. He was writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* for the third time, then revising and expurgating its typescripts, and finally engaging in the whole business of publishing it in Florence. He was also undertaking the massive task of revising and organising his poetry for the *Collected Poems* that Secker would bring out in September 1928. The Lawrences had spent some time in Les Diablerets in Switzerland with Maria and Aldous Huxley⁴⁶ in January and February 1928. Then, on 6 March, when just about to return to the Villa Mirinda, Lawrence wrote to Brett expressing an idea for extending *The Escaped Cock*:

About *The Escaped Cock*, I don't really mind if Spud [Johnson] prints it. I had thought myself it might make a nice little private-edition thing. But I had an idea I might add on to it perhaps another 5000 words. Of course I don't know if I could. I haven't yet seen the thing in print – my copy of *The Forum* will be in Italy. – But that wouldn't prevent Spud from beginning, if he likes. (vi. 310)

Adding 5,000 words would double the length of the original version. Writing to Curtis Brown on 15 March 1928, Lawrence declared his liking for 10,000-word works and distaste for having to fit the length of his stories to magazine requirements. This letter also clarifies the reference to Willard ('Spud') Johnson and his project. Johnson, whom Lawrence had met in New Mexico in September 1922, and who in 1926 had done 'that *Laughing Horse* number of me⁴⁷ in Santa Fe', had written to Lawrence, asking permission to publish *The Escaped Cock* on his small press in Taos. Lawrence had agreed to this idea, yet expressed reservations about the plan to Curtis Brown, as well as his desire for an alternative strategy: 'But perhaps he won't do it. If he doesn't, I shall write a second half to it – the phallic second half I always intended to add to it – and send it to you for Gaige⁴⁸ to look at' (vi. 326). Johnson's

⁴⁶ Maria Huxley, née Nys (1894–1964), had married the novelist, essayist and later editor of DHL's letters, Aldous Huxley (1894–1963) in 1919. DHL first knew them from Garsington in 1915; they became particularly close friends of the Lawrences in the 1920s.

⁴⁷ A special issue (no. 13) of April 1926 had been devoted to works by and about DHL.

⁴⁸ Crosby Gaige (1883–1949), New York theatrical producer and publisher of fine editions.

plan did in fact come to nothing, as did – after protracted negotiations – the alternative proposal for Gaige to publish the work. But there is some reason to doubt whether Lawrence had ‘always intended’ to add a second half to the story: the fact that he used the word ‘phallic’ for it (a word so closely linked with the third version of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*) suggests that his letter to Brett of 6 March may be more reliable in its suggestion of a recent idea for extending it.

After the initial publication of Part I of *The Escaped Cock*, Helen W. Bramble of *Forum* forwarded some angry letters from readers about the story to Lawrence, and he acknowledged them on 17 April 1928:

I am delighted to have them. Now I know I’ve committed the unpardonable sin, I feel all right. I always was so afraid I might be saved: like ten dollars in the bank. No more fear of that! But oh, I do so want to know how many souls were *lost* through my maleficence: and the editor’s. The more the merrier! . . . No wonder the *Forum* looks red, fiery and Mephistophelian. Let it be more so. Long live the cloven hoof!

Of course you may have lost a few subscriptions pro tem. But believe me, those lost souls will either come back or send delegates . . . Vive le gai coq, et le coq gai! . . .

Your sincere ‘traitor and enemy of the human race’ . . . (vi. 370)

The cheerful rage and bitter irony evident here are also reflected in a letter of 24 April 1928 to Maria Chambers⁴⁹ in which he again alluded to the delight experienced in having allegedly ‘committed the unpardonable sin’ and thus become the target for ‘a batch of vituperative condemnation’. In his justification of the ‘harmless story’, Lawrence proceeded to explain its underlying premise through identifying it as

an attempt to show the resurrection *in the flesh*, instead of in vacuo and in abstraction. Of course if there is any point whatsoever in the resurrection it was the resurrection of the body. And if it was a resurrection of the man’s natural body, then it was a strange and painful experience, and a somewhat bitter eye-opener. (vi. 378)

It was therefore hardly surprising that, in June 1928, Lawrence should have returned with renewed determination to *The Escaped Cock*, creating its ‘phallic second half’. The action of this part is cast in a mythical biblical landscape influenced by Lawrence’s Congregationalist youth. In the essay ‘Hymns in a Man’s Life’, Lawrence would explain the way in which the magical names Galilee, Canaan, Moab and Kedron had so fascinated him – yet how unconcerned he was about the nature of these places in real life.⁵⁰ This part of the

⁴⁹ The Mexican-born Maria Cristina Chambers, née Mena (d. 1965), had not met DHL personally but became an admirer after reading *Mornings in Mexico*. She tried to help DHL sell his works in the USA.

⁵⁰ *LEA* 130:29–32, 133:10–11.

story subverts Christian dogma in portraying a resurrection through sexual awakening, attained through assimilation into the pagan Isis and Osiris myth. Lawrence was aware of the controversial nature of the writing – notably his implicit protest against the Pauline element of Christianity with its insistence on Christ as virgin. The potentially hostile response anticipated by Lawrence contributed to his protective stance with regard to this story and his reluctance to expose his work to the public.

On 21 June, having settled in the Grand Hotel at Chexbres-sur-Vevey, Switzerland, Lawrence wrote to Frieda: ‘I worked over my Isis story a bit – am going to try it on Earl [Brewster]’ (vi. 429). By the 30th he could tell Pollinger, ‘I have almost finished the second half of *Escaped Cock* . . . Will send it along in a while’ (vi. 442). He had abandoned the original, 32-page manuscript draft of Part II, hitherto unpublished (here reproduced as Appendix I(c)), and had then written another of 49 pages:⁵¹ the date when he stopped the first and started the second is not known, but it may have been after reading his ‘Isis’ story to Brewster. On 20 July he confessed to Brett: ‘I haven’t given Crosby Gaige the second half of *Escaped Cock* though I’ve written it, and I think it’s lovely. But somehow I don’t want to let it go out of my hands. It lies here in MS. – not typed yet’ (vi. 469). He again emphasised his tender feelings for the novella on 27 August to Pollinger:

I finished the second half of *The Escaped Cock* – about 10,000 words – rather lovely – but I feel tender about giving it out for publication – as I felt tender about *Lady C*. This story is only a tiny bit ‘fierce’, as C[urtis] B[rown] puts it. I can’t make up my mind about having it typed and sent out. Possibly Crosby Gaige wouldn’t like it – not that I’d care a bit. Only why expose my sensitive things gratuitously? And this story is one of my thin-skinned ones. (vi. 526)

Yet the day after writing to Pollinger, he asked Enid Hilton:⁵² ‘Can you type – and have you got a typewriter? If so, would you do me a story – about 10,000 words – which I don’t quite care to send to the professional typist? I’ll pay the proper rates, of course’ (vi. 528). Her response must have been positive, because he sent her the whole novella on 2 September: for Part I, his own typing of TSIa, with his typed and handwritten revisions, together with the manuscript of Part II. He received her ribbon and carbon typescripts on 22 September and asked her to keep the text she had been working from (that is, TSIa and his manuscript of Part II) because he and Frieda were moving about.

⁵¹ Respectively Roberts E116f (UN) and E116h (IEduc): see the Texts section below.

⁵² Enid Hilton, née Hopkin (1896–1992), daughter of DHL’s Eastwood friends Willie and Sallie Hopkin (see *Letters*, i. 176 n. 5 and v. 536 n. 3).

Lawrence sent one copy of Enid Hilton's typing to Pollinger on the 24th: 'I am sending you today the typescript of *The Escaped Cock*, for Crosby Gaige. As I said before, I don't mind a bit if he doesn't want it: then I shall print it myself' (vi. 572). Pollinger, acknowledging the receipt of the typescript four days later, said he thought Gaige would 'not stand for the second half'; nonetheless, he sent the typescript on. Lawrence had still not had any response from Gaige by 14 December and asked Pollinger to get the typescript back from the USA. Then on 7 January 1929 Lawrence replied to Curtis Brown about Gaige's offer to publish only Part I:

All right, let the Gaige people do the first part of *Escaped Cock* if they want to, but the second half of the story is the best. So please put in a clause that I can re-print their half in six months time, because I shall put out the whole story, because I know it is good and I believe in it. If I let the first half go now alone, it is because it has already appeared [in *Forum*], and it will make way for the second. (vii. 121)

He requested Part II back from Pollinger on the same day, affirming his confidence in the story as one of his best and commenting: 'And Church doctrine teaches the resurrection of the body: and if that doesn't mean the whole man, what does it mean? and if man is whole without a woman – even Jesus – then I'm damned. No, you are wrong' (vii. 122).

On the 12th he asked Curtis Brown to have '*Part I*' included on the title-page of any partial publication and to insert '*End of Part One of The Escaped Cock*' because 'That makes my way clear for later on' (vii. 130), but Crosby Gaige stipulated that Part II was not to be issued until 1930. The stalemate continued for months. Writing to Pollinger on 3 April, Lawrence alluded to a visit from Eldridge Adams of the 'Gaige concern', in which Adams had enquired about *The Escaped Cock* and offered Lawrence money: 'He kept repeating over 900 dollars till I almost told him nine hundred shits' (vii. 236).

As negotiations with the 'Gaige concern' dragged towards their abortive conclusion in these first months of 1929, Lawrence turned to an entirely different publisher. Harry Crosby was an American poet, advisory editor of *transition*, collector of manuscripts and publisher of *de luxe* editions with his wife Mary Jacob ('Caresse'), also an American. Their Black Sun Press in Paris published Lawrence's *Sun* in October 1928.⁵³ Lawrence met them several times while he was in Paris in March and April 1929 to arrange the edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* published by Edward Titus, and on 31 March (Easter Sunday, appropriately) it was agreed that the Black Sun Press would publish

⁵³ Roberts A35b and c.

The Escaped Cock. A letter of 4 April took plans for the edition further: given the problems he continued to have with the pirating of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence wanted to be sure of the copyright of the story, and suggested a fifty-copy New York edition of Part I, simply to secure American copyright, and an edition of both parts together published in Paris under European copyright law.

On 17 May, in a letter to Caresse Crosby, Lawrence expressed his belief that Curtis Brown was hanging on to the story in order to prevent Lawrence from publishing it, and on 20 May he explained the situation to Harry Crosby in detail:

Yours today – and didn't I give you the *complete* MS. of *Escaped Cock*? – was it only the second half? Curtis Brown, the old devil doesn't forward the full typescript – ask Caresse would she mind writing him as follows – 'Mr Lawrence asked me to take charge of the complete MS. of *Escaped Cock*, and I am a little anxious that it does not turn up. Will you please tell me if you have sent it already, or if you are sending it' – That'll get it out of him. Meanwhile I send you my handwritten MS. of the first part, which I found in my bag,⁵⁴ and which I want you to accept from me as a small gift. – Then further I shall have sent to you the written MS. of the second part, which also please accept from me, together with *corrected typescript* of first part. These are in the hands of a reliable friend [Enid Hilton] in London, but she is in S. of France for another week, I believe – then going back. It would be well to print from this corrected typescript. (vii. 290)

On 7 June Lawrence told the Crosbys that by then they should have received *all* the 'original MSS.': 'I want you to keep them in memory of the Black Sun Press edition' (vii. 322). He also asked what they thought about his including Part I in a projected short-story volume for his English and American publishers, to be issued in September, in order to ensure copyright protection for that part at least.

When Lawrence wrote on 2 August, he had not heard from them and wondered if they had got 'cold feet' (vii. 398), but six days later he had received proofs. He had obviously agreed with them to do illustrations for the book: he told Caresse Crosby on the 12th that he had completed 'four small bits of decoration' – head- and tail-pieces for both Parts – and was 'nearly finished' with the frontispiece (vii. 417);⁵⁵ he also asked them to use

⁵⁴ DHL had told the Crosbys a month earlier (18 April 1929) that he had found the manuscript of Part I in his 'bag' (*Letters*, vii. 255).

⁵⁵ The frontispiece depicts the priestess of Isis anointing the naked man who had died; the head-pieces of Part I and II are circular and depict a cock escaping from hands and the priestess with head bowed and holding an ank; the tail-pieces consist of a flower and acorns with leaves.

his phoenix, designed for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, on the cover. On the day he received the proofs, he also wrote to Charles Lahr:⁵⁶

The Black Sun Press in Paris – you had one of their books [*Sun*] – is doing a story of mine for the autumn – *The Escaped Cock* – an important story. They are doing 450 copies and 50 on vellum, and are sending them all to New York: none to England. I shall send you a set of proofs. Perhaps we might do that next, for England. It is a longish story: I care a good deal about it: about 100 pp. I am doing water-colour decorations for this Paris edition. What do you think of it? It is no use for public editions – but nothing terrible. (vii. 412)

Lawrence sent Caresse Crosby the artwork and corrected proofs on the 15th, and was now anxious about the printer getting the colours and sizes of his decorations right, about the price and terms, and about two things that had given trouble with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: copyrighting to prevent piracy, and getting the books past American customs. On 16 September he told her he had signed and numbered 50 sets of vellum sheets (and 6 extra) and planned to post them the next day. *The Escaped Cock* was published by October in 450 ordinary copies, with the 50 on Japanese vellum signed and numbered by Lawrence.⁵⁷ He continued to press for details about the number of copies sold, the price at which they were being sold in the USA, and his own free copies, of which he had received one by 25 October: 'it looks rather lovely, beautifully done' (vii. 539), as he told Maria Chambers, whom he thanked on 4 December for informing him that the first copies sent were being sold by the New York bookseller Harry Marks for \$25. Although the stockmarket crash would depress sales, it brought one consolation: 'I really don't believe they'll pirate the book in any hurry. There isn't enough money going' (vii. 586).

Harry Crosby killed his mistress and then shot himself in New York on 10 December; his wife took his ashes back to Paris. This 'very horrible' event depressed Lawrence 'very much' (vii. 600–1). Although sometimes frustrated by them, in general Lawrence liked the Crosbys and was grateful to them for

DHL told Charles Lahr (see footnotes 25 and 56) he did not want them reproduced in any other edition (7 October 1929). Gerald Lacy used the frontispiece for the cover design of his Black Sparrow edition of *The Escaped Cock* (Los Angeles, 1973) and a tail-piece appears as the last illustration in *D. H. Lawrence's Paintings*, introduction by Keith Sagar (2003), p. 159.

DHL's interest in the man resurrected in the flesh had been rekindled, and in late July or early August he wrote 'The Risen Lord' (sent to Nancy Pearn on 2 August) in response to a request from *Everyman* for an article on 'A Religion for the Young'; it was published on 3 October 1929 (Roberts C192), and included in *Assorted Articles* (1930, Roberts A53); see *LEA* xxix–xxx, 265–73.

⁵⁶ Lahr also published the unexpurgated *Pansies* this same month (August 1929: see Roberts A47c and d).

⁵⁷ Roberts A50a and b.

publishing his complete novella. He apparently did not notice that they had censored references to genitals and sexual arousal in Part II;⁵⁸ but he never took very much interest in the published states of his books: as he had remarked in 1924, 'I have never read one of my own published works . . . What do I care if "e" is somewhere upside down . . . ?'⁵⁹ Their censored text became the basis for the subsequent English and American editions produced by Secker and Knopf.

Neither of these editions used the title *The Escaped Cock*. Lawrence agreed on 3 February to an alternative title for an edition intended to be published by Charles Lahr: 'Yes, the title *The Man Who had Died* is all right for the *Escaped Cock*' (vii. 638). On the 10th, he told Pollinger that he wanted an edition in England, to prevent piracy, and wondered 'if you want to look after this for me, or if you would still rather not handle it' (vii. 644). Pollinger was cautious after his experience with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, where he had become involved in forwarding copies, and the agency had attracted the attention of the police. On 20 February Lawrence wrote to Lahr: 'Heard from Pollinger – he talks of making a regular contract for *Man Who had Died* (you must put *Escaped Cock* as a sub-title)' (vii. 648). But Lawrence died less than two weeks later, and Lahr's plans were dropped. Secker and Knopf published an expurgated text of the novella in 1931 under the title *The Man Who Died*.⁶⁰ Although Secker had noted 'a certain amount of opposition' to its publication, he had stated earlier that he did 'not anticipate any trouble whatever in regard to the story, more especially in the limited edition form in which we should propose to issue it', and added that he planned to publish 1,000 copies to be sold at one guinea each.⁶¹ According to his partner P. P. Howe, Secker's delay from autumn 1930 to the next spring was at Pollinger's request: Knopf tried to get the book delayed further, until autumn 1931; or, alternatively, proposed to include *The Man Who Died* in a short-fiction volume.⁶² John Middleton Murry had complained about the title – which Secker claimed was 'one of D. H. L.'s own alternative titles' – because he apparently wanted to use a similar one for his own book on Lawrence.⁶³

⁵⁸ See Textual apparatus at 142:7–160:15 *passim*.

⁵⁹ 'The Bad Side of Books', *Introductions and Reviews*, ed. N. H. Reeve and John Worthen (Cambridge, 2005), 75:10–12.

⁶⁰ Roberts A50c. This form of the title was never agreed by DHL.

⁶¹ Letters from Secker to John Middleton Murry and Pollinger, 18 and 5 November 1930; Secker published an edition of 2,000 copies.

⁶² Letters from Howe to G. Wren Howard of Jonathan Cape Ltd, and to R. W. Postgate of Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 21 November and 2 December 1930.

⁶³ Letter from Secker to Murry, 21 November 1930. Murry's book was published in April 1931 by Cape as *Son of Woman*.

Harry Marks had published privately on 1 May 1930 the edition of ten copies that Lawrence had suggested solely in order to secure copyright in the USA.⁶⁴ More significant was Gerald Lacy's Black Sparrow edition of 1973: this reprinted the *Forum* version of Part I, and produced the first uncensored text of Part II, together with letters relating to the novella, a critical and historical introduction, and illustrations.⁶⁵

Alternative endings: 'The Blue Moccasins' and 'The Woman Who Wanted To Disappear'

On 25 June 1928, Nancy Pearn wrote to Lawrence asking for a story for the Christmas issue of *Eve: The Lady's Pictorial*, and said she was doubtful about 'Mother and Daughter' for this purpose. Two days later he wrote to her: 'Had your letter about *Eve*. I'll see if I can do a little story' (vi. 438). A month later (26 July) – by which time he had moved from Chexbres-sur-Vevey to Kessel, Gsteig bei Gstaad, in Switzerland – he wrote again: 'Am sending you today MS. of a story "The Blue Moccasins" [*sic*] for *Eve*. Will you have it typed for me – and please send me the MS. book back here – I didn't want to tear it out this time' (vi. 475).

When drafting 'The Blue Moccasins' he made one false start, which survives as an incomplete and hitherto unpublished manuscript torn from a notebook, and is reproduced in Appendix IV (a). The final 32-page manuscript is still in its notebook, heavily revised from pages 27 to 29 to constitute, with the last three fresh pages, a revised ending.⁶⁶ Rowena Killick returned the notebook on 8 August, but did not send any typescripts (they are unlocated). On 24 August Nancy Pearn notified Lawrence that "'THE BLUE MOCCASINS" is to appear in "Eve's" Christmas number at Twenty-five Guineas: this being the only number in which they can use so long a story.' Rowena Killick posted the *Eve* proofs to him on 25 October, he returned them on 3 November, and the story was published on 22 November; it also appeared in a New York magazine, *Plain Talk*, in February 1929.⁶⁷

The Brewsters served as audience and participants for the completed story, as Achsah Brewster recalled:

We were sitting among the harebells when Lawrence opened his copy-book . . . and began reading his story, 'The Blue Moccasins', which he had just finished. Before

⁶⁴ Roberts A50c. ⁶⁵ Roberts A50f-i.

⁶⁶ Roberts E50b (UT); the fragmentary early version, Roberts E50a (UT) has a list of some of the titles of poems in *Pansies* on the verso of the last page.

⁶⁷ Roberts C178.5 and C183.

the ending he stopped and asked us how we would end it. We all agreed to the same dénouement. He replied that he also at first had closed the tale in like manner, but on further consideration he had felt forced to change it.⁶⁸

Lawrence had interrupted the story at the point where Lina disrupts the play in which her much younger husband, Percy, plays the male romantic lead, in order to ask for her blue moccasins, which he has taken for a young woman called Alice, playing the heroine, to wear. In the original dénouement, Lina allows the moccasins to continue being used and keeps her husband in thrall to her. This superseded ending survives in the readable (though crossed-out) sentences remaining between the new lines written on pages 27–9, and is reproduced in Appendix IV (b). It is very different from the revised ending, in which Lina takes the shoes away with her and Percy transfers his allegiance from his wife to his new love, Alice. As this was Lawrence's last short story, it seems appropriate that the original ending was replaced by one in which the protagonist finds fulfilment – a kind of resurrection – through sensual contact and a sexual reawakening.

While 'The Blue Moccasins' was Lawrence's last *completed* story, the untitled fragment here referred to as 'The Woman Who Wanted to Disappear' (Appendix V) was his last fictional work. The date of writing is uncertain, but it cannot have been written before January 1929 because, in the spiral-bound notebook in which it survives,⁶⁹ it follows a second introduction to *Pansies* with a January date. The fragment is related in subject matter to the earlier story 'The Woman Who Rode Away', written in 1924 and published in May 1928 in *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*.

A volume of stories?

Lawrence had said in January 1929 that his uncollected short stories were not 'good enough' to be published in a volume (vii. 136). Pollinger had written to him on 1 January to request a story for 'the British Legion Book', but Lawrence replied on the 7th: 'Heaven knows how I can write a "story" of a thousand words or so, for that *Legion* book. My stories won't come so small – and I have nothing to hand' (vii. 122). Responding two days later, Pollinger continued the short-story theme and listed those he had sent to Secker:

⁶⁸ Brewster and Brewster, *Reminiscences and Correspondence*, p. 291.

⁶⁹ Roberts E159 (UCB).

“The Lovely Lady”	“Mother & Daughter”
“Adolf”	“Blue Moccasins”
“Rex”	“Things”
“All There”	“Laura Philippine”
“Rawdon’s Roof”	“Rocking Horse Woman” [sic]

Secker pursued the topic in a letter to Pollinger on 27 May 1929:

Would you let us have an exact expiry date of Elkin Mathews’s rights in ‘Rawdon’s Roof’? You will not forget that with one further major short story we have the contents of a volume which we should like to do just as soon as it can be done. If you see the chance of the material in time for our Autumn list, you will let us know.

This may have led Pollinger to make enquiries of Lawrence, who responded unfavourably, writing to Nancy Pearn on 2 August: ‘And no good asking me to do stories or anything else just now – I’m quite out of mood’ (vii. 402). On the same day he wrote to Secker with the suggestion that he publish a volume of articles, since ‘I really think people are more interested in my articles than in my stories’ (vii. 403) – and he had more of these available. Nancy Pearn and Pollinger, however, continued to urge him to write stories, and he replied to the latter on 9 August: ‘As to the Secker short story scheme, it seems so complicated, let it wait a bit’ (vii. 413).

Edward Titus, who had undertaken the publication of the Paris edition of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* in May 1929, must also have enquired about stories for private publication, and Lawrence wrote to him on 12 September: ‘I’m afraid it’s useless to look to me for stories just now, long or short – I’ve not written one for a year, and simply can’t get myself to begin. If you knew how I am hunted for short stories – in vain – and the prices they begin to offer! – But I’m “off” – It’s a dead period’ (vii. 475–6). Two days later Lawrence tried to pacify Pollinger by promising some stories when he was settled, and he told Nancy Pearn the same on 4 October; yet he informed Secker a month later that ‘as for work, I haven’t felt like doing anything at all, and I am still that way. I neither write nor paint – which I suppose is best for my health’ (vii. 553). He made no known further allusions to a short-fiction volume before he died. Late in 1930 Secker was eager that short stories ‘be held . . . for the Collected Edition’, a volume of short stories intended to be issued in autumn 1931.⁷⁰ In the event, *The Lovely Lady* was published early in 1933,⁷¹ and Secker collected

⁷⁰ Letters from Howe to Pollinger and Postgate, 20 November and 2 December 1930.

⁷¹ The stories in Secker’s edition are ‘The Lovely Lady’, *Rawdon’s Roof*, ‘The Rocking-Horse Winner’, ‘Mother and Daughter’, ‘The Blue Moccasins’, ‘Things’, ‘The Overtone’ and ‘The Man Who Loved Islands’; this last was not in Knopf’s edition (see Roberts A63).

most of Lawrence's short fiction in *The Tales of D. H. Lawrence*, published in April 1934.

Reception

Though the first publication of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* in Florence in May 1930 was preceded by that of *The Escaped Cock* in Paris in September 1929, the order in both England and America was the other way around, with *The Virgin and the Gipsy* in 1930 and *The Escaped Cock*, as *The Man Who Died*, not until 1931.⁷² Even in the case of the 'private' Florentine and French editions, however, and not just their first British and American counterparts, it turned out that the earlier reviews were, appropriately enough, of the earlier-written work. *The Virgin and the Gipsy* attracted attention as early as the month following Orioli's edition, with Vita Sackville-West enthusing in the *Spectator* on 28 June 1930 about a book filled with 'the extraordinary, sensuous beauty which nobody but Lawrence could quite encompass' and with moments of haunting 'undefined symbolism' (p. 1056). The anonymous reviewer for the *New Statesman* on 30 August also spoke of the book's beauty, this time a 'rare and disturbed beauty', and – although left 'empty, unsatisfied' by the story – thought it would rank high among Lawrence's later work, with its 'admirable economy', the 'savage and sure strokes' with which the family are drawn, and the 'astonishing piece of descriptive work' that is the 'climax of the flood' (p. 650).

The first review of Secker's edition was by Lawrence's fellow-novelist, Arnold Bennett, in the London *Evening Standard* on 16 October 1930, which, apart from a casually unspecific initial put-down from the older writer ('It shows some of Lawrence's characteristic defects'), employs a series of admiring phrases with exclamation marks ('What style, and what a lesson in the bare style . . . ! What strokes of characterisation! . . . What sheer power! And what breadth!') to praise this 'dazzling, first-rate' novel of 'English provincial life' (p. 7):

Lawrence is as easily and perfectly at home in an English rectory as in a gipsy encampment. Short the book is; but it has in it fundamental stuff for a novel three times its length. This is a work to keep and to read thrice.

The generosity and enthusiasm of this review⁷³ seemed to infuse others. In *The Times Literary Supplement* on 23 October Arthur McDowall, a journalist

⁷² See above, and Roberts A50 and A54.

⁷³ 'Is the Modern Novelist Going Too Far?' Reprinted in *Arnold Bennett: The 'Evening Standard' Years*, ed. Andrew Mylett (1974), pp. 419–21.

who worked for *The Times* and reviewed many of Lawrence's works in the *Supplement* over the years, like several other reviewers of these 'last' works, sounded something of an obituary note, regretting that there would be no more of Lawrence's stories, 'vivid and vitalized by genius' and uniquely communicating some essence of a person 'that transcended character'. On the other hand, unlike so many other critics then and now, McDowall found it impossible that anyone could fail to recognise Lawrence's 'pungent sense of humour' in the 'tersely and maliciously' drawn characters of the rectory. He considered Yvette and her sister to be seen with a new 'demure perceptiveness', and the familiar attraction between virgin and gipsy treated with unusual restraint. In a story told with 'extraordinary precision, in the liveliest words', the Derbyshire landscape and the minor characters 'are as vivid as the rest' (p. 861). In a prominently headlined piece in the London *Evening News* the next day, 24 October, Bennett's friend and bibliographer, Frank Swinnerton, was equally emphatic in his praise of the book's beauty and economy: no other author could have written this enchanting masterpiece, with its 'most beautiful simplicity' and 'perfection of simplicity'; it is 'pure gold' (p. 8). The same qualities were identified by the short-story writer V. S. Pritchett in the *Spectator* on 20 December: he praised the work's 'lively simplicity' and 'beautiful economy'. Like McDowall, Pritchett believed it to be a new development: despite 'some suspicions of Lawrence's manipulations of psychology', Yvette is 'natural and true', there is 'little preaching', and there is a new way of presenting the division between 'fantasy and fact' (p. 990).

Other British reactions to *The Virgin and the Gipsy* that were similarly positive overall included the anonymous contributions to the *Saturday Review*, which admired the sincerity of Lawrence's 'much misunderstood plea for passion, for tenderness',⁷⁴ and to the *English Review*, which commended the clarity, passion, and 'clean animalism in dealing with sex', with Lawrence making particularly his own the use of telling phrases from zoology.⁷⁵ In a more negative response, J. E. S. Arrowsmith missed Lawrence's usual writing 'at length' and was one of few readers not to admire the novel's modernly open ending, asserting it to be 'self-evidently uncompleted' and wondering 'why it was ever written if it was to end here'.⁷⁶

On the other side of the Atlantic, rumours in many newspapers to the effect that *The Virgin and the Gipsy* was being hailed in England as one of Lawrence's 'supreme achievements'⁷⁷ helped arouse unusual interest in

⁷⁴ 1 November 1930, p. 560. ⁷⁵ *Li* (December 1930), 794–5.

⁷⁶ *London Mercury*, xxiii (December 1930), 188–9.

⁷⁷ In, e.g., the *Journal-Herald* (Waycross, Georgia), 10 November; the *News* (Burlington, Vermont), 12 November; the *News* (Dayton, Ohio), 23 November 1930.

Knopf's edition, which was reviewed across the United States from within a fortnight of publication and quickly reached the best-seller lists.⁷⁸ A widely syndicated summary⁷⁹ by Richard Massock, announcing 'a fiction of such brevity as to be hardly more than a novelette' in which Lawrence championed 'the right to escape tribal inhibitions', appeared alongside fuller critiques that were predominantly negative where the British were predominantly positive. Among those alleging the book to be all-too-typical of Lawrence (especially in replicating what was naturally thought of as the earlier *Lady Chatterley's Lover*), poorly written and suffering from a lack of revision, were the literary editor of the *New York World*, Harry Hansen, first in the field on 21 November 1930 with a column syndicated for a national audience of millions, and Robert Cantwell, who declared in the *New Republic* on Christmas Eve that, with its 'hackneyed story' and 'hasty writing' (p. 171), it should not have been published. The most distinguished of the American reviewers, the critic Lionel Trilling, suggested in his Christmas Eve piece in the *Nation* that the work, so simplistic as to seem a parody, might not have been intended to be a novel and might have been greatly improved had Lawrence lived to revise it (pp. 710–11). Similarly negative was the unsigned review in the *Bookman* in January 1931, not only noting all these 'defects' but also two others quite commonly featured in reviews of Lawrence, and not only of *The Virgin and the Gypsy*: it found the characters 'spectral' (with only Granny and her 'cult' at all 'memorable'); and it believed Lawrence's imaginative art to be damaged by his 'preoccupation with sex'.⁸⁰ Both these latter notions also featured in other reviews, notably that by Percy Hutchison, who saw Lawrence's harping on his philosophy of 'pan-sexism' as 'rather pathetic' and roundly maintained that 'No person is ever real in a Lawrence novel.'⁸¹

Even Hutchison had to admire the 'highly dramatic' and 'strikingly original' dénouement,⁸² and further signs of balance were shown by other American

⁷⁸ According to Knopf's own press release, which also declared it to have had a larger advance sale than DHL's other recent books, in (e.g.) the *Express* (Portland, Maine), 29 November, and the *Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City), 21 December 1930.

⁷⁹ As in, e.g., the *Gazette* (Niagara Falls, New York), 22 November; the *Register* (Clarksdale, Mississippi), 25 November; the *News* (Kenosha, Wisconsin), 29 November; the *Journal* (Lansing, Michigan), 6 December; the *Advertiser* (Auburn, New York), 8 December; the *Union and Leader* (Manchester, New Hampshire), 20 December 1930.

⁸⁰ Lxxii, 528–9.

⁸¹ *New York Times Book Review*, 30 November 1930, p. 9. See also, e.g., Frances Lamont Robbins in the *Outlook and Independent*, 10 December 1930: the obsession overwhelms the art and the characters 'have no life' (p. 584).

⁸² Similarly praised ('a powerful climax') in an otherwise largely critical unsigned review syndicated in, e.g., the *Tribune* (Tulsa, Oklahoma), 30 November, and the *News* (Greensboro, North Carolina), 1 December 1930.

reviewers such as Basil Davenport, who found the love story compellingly and untorturedly told, despite Lawrence's philosophy of sexual love being 'suspect' in that admiration of virility so common in 'invalid authors'.⁸³ Lorine Pruette aligned herself more with British reviewers in praising the book's 'economy' as well as its 'coolness and clearness', fully realised characters and issues deliberately left unresolved.⁸⁴ She was not alone in commending Lawrence's prose style or in believing, like McDowall and Pritchett in England, that Lawrence was possibly moving into a new phase.⁸⁵ The qualification was wise, given the actual chronology of composition. But one of the most unreservedly laudatory of the American reviewers, Samuel Lipshutz, avoided the trap altogether by accepting that it was uncertain, at that time, whether this 'worthy book in every possible way' came before or after *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and maintained that it shared the same 'fine and instinctive human emotion'.⁸⁶ A similarly laudatory review for the *Evening News* (Buffalo, New York) on 13 December 1930 of this 'superior piece of art' was distinguished by three features. Unlike so many other early critiques regretting shortcomings that the author had not lived long enough to amend, it found 'no evidence of any lack of finish'. It also noted the 'ironic comedy': despite McDowall's disbelief recorded above, the humour went almost entirely unnoticed on both sides of the Atlantic. Furthermore, it viewed the dramatic crisis, which in the hands of any lesser writer might have been 'mere melodrama', as invested with 'poetry of captivating loveliness': poetry or prose-poetry was to be recognised much more readily in the reviews of Lawrence's biblical parable.

The Escaped Cock met with many of the same early reactions, including the tiresomely familiar accusation of sex-obsession, but this time few reviewers could refrain from mentioning the additional religious dimension that was bound to shock orthodox Christian readers. (The satirical treatment of the flawed Christianity of the rectory in the other work provoked little comment.) The appearance of even the first part on its own in the *Forum* of February 1928 led to irate complaints from readers, and in the May issue of this 'Magazine of Controversy' (as its subtitle boasted) an editorial note acknowledged that no other story published by it had 'aroused so violent an outburst of contrary

⁸³ *Saturday Review of Literature*, 16 May 1931, p. 828.

⁸⁴ *New York Herald Tribune Books*, 23 November 1930, p. 3.

⁸⁵ Both notions recur in the unsigned review in the *Tribune* (Oakland, California) on 30 November 1930, relishing the 'fragrant, sensuous, lucid and vigorous prose' and wondering if the 'restraint' and 'detachment' perhaps signal a 'new note', a 'new phase'. DHL's 'cadenced, melodic and balanced prose' and 'fluent ease' of writing about the unconscious in this 'masterly' portrayal were singled out by Mark Lutz in the *News Leader* (Richmond, Virginia), 2 January 1931.

⁸⁶ *Philadelphia Record*, 22 November 1930.

opinions'.⁸⁷ When both parts appeared, Lawrence's ambivalent friend, John Middleton Murry, who had himself published a notably *unLawrentian* *Life of Jesus* (Jonathan Cape, 1926), came down hard on what he saw as invalid criticism of Jesus ('a curious failure of true imagination') in his review in the *Criterion* in October 1930, but also exalted the treatment ('no writer, of history or fiction, has ever dealt more tenderly with the figure of Jesus') in this 'swan-song of the greatest spirit of our time'.⁸⁸

Despite continuing controversy on the score of religion and sexuality, succeeding reviews of the Secker and Knopf editions were more similarly balanced overall in both England and America respectively than those for *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, although references to the same qualities of beauty and economy recur in several reactions to the very different styles of the two works. In England, *The Escaped Cock* was praised by Richard Sunne for its dignity and economy inbetween jibes at Lawrence's sincere but mistaken views, especially his 'philosophy of sex': he 'was always a little crazy about sex', but finally begins to see 'beauty and peace'.⁸⁹ Gerald Gould also thought it sincere and having some beauty, but not a good book, with its muddled thought, and a 'gentle gravity' not suited to Lawrence's style.⁹⁰ 'H. M.' in the *Spectator* of 2 May 1931 described the tale as 'beautifully told', but with some 'false and pompous touches' and from a brain possibly 'slightly unbalanced' (p. 710). McDowall used the epithet 'vivid' again, and was impressed by the 'restrained passionateness', but this time quoted Murry to help show how Lawrence 'evades Jesus'.⁹¹ Pritchett wrote of nonconformity damaging the artist and thought the climax of the second part 'forced and commonplace', but admired the first part as 'one of the simplest and loveliest pieces of narrative Lawrence ever wrote'.⁹² And some British reviewers took a purely positive line, notably Hugh P'Anson Fausset ('H. P. A. F.'), finding the creative artist 'at last wholly liberated from the tormented preacher' in this appropriate 'testament',⁹³ and

⁸⁷ Lxxix, 794.

⁸⁸ X, 184, 187. *The Adelphi*, n.s. i, in the same month carried a three-page (65–8) retelling of this 'most important' and 'most beautiful' story, which 'tells us nothing about Jesus, but much about Lawrence' (p. 68): this could be Murry again, whose 'Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence (II)' occupied pp. 42–52 of this issue, or his successor as editor, Max Plowman.

⁸⁹ *New Statesman and Nation*, 28 March 1931, p. 187. ⁹⁰ *Observer*, 26 April 1931, p. 4.

⁹¹ *The Times Literary Supplement*, 2 April 1931, p. 267.

⁹² *Fortnightly Review*, 1 November 1931, pp. 678–9. In a change from what he had written the previous year of the style of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* (see above), Pritchett here contrasted it as tainted by 'unpleasant sophistication' – 'though sophistication, one feels, was Lawrence's need' (p. 679). Joan Haslip in the *London Mercury*, xxv (November 1931) likewise praised the beauty of the style ('sheer loveliness') in contrast with the alleged 'weakening' in *The Virgin and the Gipsy*; she felt this and the human understanding and sincerity made it 'devoid of blasphemy' (p. 118).

⁹³ *Manchester Guardian*, 20 May 1931, p. 5.

L. A. G. Strong, reverently seeing victory over death in a work of 'extraordinary tenderness and beauty', with pictures 'as vivid and lovely as anything Lawrence ever wrote'.⁹⁴

In America, one of the first reviewers of *The Escaped Cock*, 'F. F. Fondhope', in the *Sentinel* (Keene, New Hampshire) on 26 April 1931, thought 'One cannot review it, any more than one can review Christ'; nevertheless, this short 'masterpiece' was seen to contain 'more of the present age' than a dozen larger volumes. 'It will evoke rage and enmity', Fondhope predicted. But almost no American reviewer was given to angry blame – except of other imagined readers. Thus Samuel Grafton, while thinking it would 'vex the righteous' and shock the pious into wanting it burnt, himself took this 'magical and colorful' classic to be 'the high note of a noble and sincere career', a 'one-hundred page epic' written 'in beauty and in blood'.⁹⁵ And several reviewers deflected potential orthodox objections by viewing it as a parable: the *New York Times Book Review* of 'A Lawrence Parable' on 10 May presented it as reverential as well as a 'logical summation' (p. 9), and for Lorine Pruette, positive as ever in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* on 24 May, Lawrence's 'perfect story' and 'vindication as an artist' (p. 6) should be taken as an allegory of his own life rather than Christ's. Edgcomb Pynchon's syndicated piece⁹⁶ was unusual in finding bitterness and 'corrosion' and lack of detachment as well as 'signal immaturity', but conceded this 'gallant, if defeated gesture' to be 'full of flashing insights and moments of loveliness – Lawrence's characteristic, small, but how precious gift!' Less condescendingly, Frederick Dupee in the *Bookman* depicted the parable as a concise and dramatic expression of Lawrence's message, but 'miserably written': 'It is all strain and effort, exposed metaphysics and inarticulate philosophy'.⁹⁷ Mary Colum thought the story not only beautiful but important as the essence of Lawrence's final wisdom of the body,⁹⁸ and Basil Davenport found the failure of the aim – to present Jesus as a convert to Lawrence's belief that the spirit finds freedom only through the body – balanced against much beauty and nobility.⁹⁹

⁹⁴ *Spectator*, 3 October 1931, p. 436. 'W. N. G.' in the *Churchman*, 18 July 1931, was equally unequivocal on a brilliantly executed story of exceptional psychological power.

⁹⁵ *Philadelphia Record*, 9 May 1931, under a large photograph of DHL. Grafton also ranked it higher than *The Virgin and the Gypsy*.

⁹⁶ 'A Voice From The Land Beyond Living', as in the *Post* (Pasadena, California) and the *California News* (Hollywood), 30 May 1931.

⁹⁷ Lxxiii (July 1931), 526–7. ⁹⁸ *New Republic*, 15 July 1931, p. 238.

⁹⁹ *Saturday Review of Literature*, 1 August 1931. A similar balance is found in the *Tribune* (Tulsa), 28 June 1931: the 'beautiful prose' nonetheless leaves readers 'unconvinced that he has found the right answer to the human dilemma'.

As would be expected, the other four, shorter fictions received nothing like the attention paid to *The Virgin and the Gipsy* and *The Escaped Cock*,¹⁰⁰ and what little they did receive was confined to reviews of *The Lovely Lady* (1933) in which more space was in any case given over to the title story, 'The Rocking-Horse Winner' and, pre-eminently, 'The Man Who Loved Islands'.¹⁰¹ The other stories were given blanket dismissals as trifles, with a few exceptions. 'Things' was used by Murry to make explicit the meaning of 'The Man Who Loved Islands'.¹⁰² 'Mother and Daughter' was discussed and quoted at some length both by McDowall in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 19 January 1933 to demonstrate 'wit and humour' – humorous perception being the 'most constant feature' of the stories in the volume (p. 37) – and by Strong in the *Spectator* of 27 January to reveal Lawrence writing for once 'without animosity, and with a real sense of fun' as well as an awareness of alien consciousness 'outside the range of all but very few' (p. 126). In the *Manchester Guardian* on 3 February, 'T. M.' harped on the author's 'desolating obsession' and the destructive nature of the sexual relationships of his twisted characters. He singled out, among these minor 'relaxations of a diabolist', *Rawdon's Roof* as 'worthy of Dostoevsky in his most mocking mood', and 'The Blue Moccasins' as relatively unsubtle but, like the others, 'powerfully characteristic' of the author's 'poisonous convictions' (p. 5). Finally, Arthur Ball found them peculiarly satisfying: 'brisk, humorous, and immune from the pretentious or false';¹⁰³ and Hutchison in the *New York Times Book Review* on 12 February considered these studies of frustration characteristically excellent and 'subtle manifestations' of the psychology of sex (p. 6),¹⁰⁴ while the treatment of sex was likewise central to the laudation by the anonymous reviewer in the *Republican* (Springfield, Massachusetts) of Lawrence's 'usual' powerful style (p. 7).

These varied but often limited and limiting early responses were succeeded by numerous fuller critical studies rating Lawrence's shorter fictions as including some of his finest achievements: the late stories in the present volume, and

¹⁰⁰ Reviews of both of these works together were rare, but one such appeared in the *Beacon Journal* (Akron, Ohio) on 28 November 1931: the earlier work is one of naturalism, containing things of 'inestimable value' even when DHL's diagnosis of modern ills is correct but his panacea inadequate, whereas the later work is 'a prose poem and a parable', the 'superb writing' in the first part demonstrating DHL's 'oneness with life, in all of its forms'.

¹⁰¹ See *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Mehl and Jansohn, pp. li–lii, for these and more general early opinions of the stories in *The Lovely Lady*.

¹⁰² *Adelphi*, n.s. vi (June 1933), 220. ¹⁰³ *Bookman*, lxxxiii (February 1933), 442.

¹⁰⁴ L. P. Herring in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* on the same day was more critical, especially of DHL's alleged inability to end a short story, but acknowledged his skill and increasing mellowness and objectivity (p. 2).

especially the two novellas, contributed to the wide acceptance of his genius in these fictional genres.

Texts

The Virgin and the Gipsy

Lawrence's manuscript (hereafter MS) survives,¹⁰⁵ but not the typescript made from it at the request of Martin Secker. That Lawrence revised this typescript can be deduced from the variants between MS and the galley proofs (G) for Orioli's edition (F1):¹⁰⁶ besides errors of transcription, including omissions probably due to eye-skip by the typist or typesetter,¹⁰⁷ there are a number of substantive additions and deletions¹⁰⁸ that must have been introduced by Lawrence in revision of the typescript, most likely in 1926. The text of F1 therefore derives not directly from MS (despite the colophon's '*printed from the manuscript*') but from the missing typescript. The Italian typesetter was not very familiar with English,¹⁰⁹ and there are corrections in G (recorded as GC) in at least two hands, one probably Orioli's and another that of someone who knew English quite well. Where errors in G led to misreadings in GC and F1, the transmission is recorded, but not when errors in G or GC are corrected in F1.

MS is adopted as base-text. Its readings are restored when these appear to have been mistakenly omitted or otherwise misread in the textual transmission to print, but it is emended from G or GC (or F1 when it corrects errors remaining in GC) where substantive revision by Lawrence in the missing typescript is certain or probable.¹¹⁰ Changes of punctuation in G or F1, however, may be attributable to the typist or copy-preparers rather than Lawrence; given the missing stages in the transmission of the text, it is not always possible to be sure, and therefore the MS accidentals are preferred.

¹⁰⁵ Roberts E420a (located at UT). ¹⁰⁶ Roberts E420b and A54.

¹⁰⁷ Probably the former, as G has been proofread: omitted material in G restored by hand includes, for instance, the third and fourth sentences of the very first paragraph, set up as one sentence and lacking eight words altogether. For a probable eye-skip, see Explanatory note on 8:4, which lists two further such instances.

¹⁰⁸ E.g. at 5:21; 6:18, 20-1; 8:34.

¹⁰⁹ See Textual apparatus at, e.g., 36:22, 39:2 and 45:4, though the apparatus records only those errors that led to variants surviving in F1 or that are part of another variant. For similar problems, see *LCL* xxviii.

¹¹⁰ In one instance, revision may have been initially prompted by an eye-skip, but involves re-shaping rather than straightforward restoring, and has been accepted: see apparatus at 77:8 and note.

Things

Lawrence's manuscript (MS) survives on pages of lined paper torn from a notebook and later re-bound at the top.¹¹¹ A carbon copy of the typescript (TCC) that Nancy Pearn had made for Lawrence also survives: subsequent states descend from copies of this typing.¹¹² 'Things' was first published in the New York *Bookman* (Per1) in August 1928,¹¹³ and then in the London *Fortnightly Review* (Per2) on 1 October (pp. 562–9). It was collected in *The Lovely Lady*, published by Secker (E1) in January 1933, and by Viking (A1), in a different setting, in February 1933.¹¹⁴ Proofs with a few corrections – not by Lawrence – for Per2 survive (Per2P), as do uncorrected page proofs (PP) for E1.¹¹⁵

MS serves as base-text. Variants in other states of the text as given above are recorded.

Rawdon's Roof

Lawrence's manuscript (MS) survives, as does the ribbon copy of the original typescript (TS),¹¹⁶ which may have been prepared for Curtis Brown. TS is extensively revised and lengthened in Lawrence's hand and was used to prepare a second typescript that survives in a carbon copy (TCC),¹¹⁷ then further revised by Lawrence: a copy of the latter was used as setting-copy for Elkin Mathews's text (E1). E1 varies from TCC in some substantives,¹¹⁸ which may be due to different revisions on the unlocated presumably ribbon copy of the second typescript or may derive from changes in the proofs, which Lawrence received;¹¹⁹ in either case these readings supersede those of TCC. *Rawdon's Roof* was collected in *The Lovely Lady* (E2), but in the shorter original version: it was set from an unlocated copy of the TS typing that did not have Lawrence's revision and extension.

¹¹¹ Roberts E397a. The torn sides lost some line-endings, which DHL restored: see Explanatory note on 87:34.

¹¹² Roberts E397b (UCB). Nancy Pearn returned the MS to DHL on 10 June 1927 after this typing; marks on TCC, which has no corrections by DHL, indicate it was used as setting-copy for the *Fortnightly Review*. A ribbon copy and two carbon copies of another typing are located at UT (Roberts E397c), but played no part in the textual transmission: see Explanatory note on 80:13.

¹¹³ Lxvii, 632–7; Roberts C173. ¹¹⁴ See Roberts A63. ¹¹⁵ Roberts E397d and E216.5.

¹¹⁶ Roberts E334a (UN) and E334c (UCB). ¹¹⁷ Roberts E334b.

¹¹⁸ See Textual apparatus at, e.g., 98:5, 98:6, 98:11, 98:18.

¹¹⁹ 'I think the proof-sheets are in a trunk in Florence' (*Letters*, vii. 496).

MS has been adopted as base-text, emended from Lawrence's revisions in TS and TCC and from E1. Variants in the shorter earlier form in E2 and its page proofs (PP) as well as in the Viking edition (A1) are also recorded.

Mother and Daughter

Lawrence's manuscript (MS) is base-text and has been collated with a carbon copy of the typescript (TCC) that Nancy Pearn had prepared.¹²⁰ TCC, though not corrected by Lawrence, has page breaks marked for the galley proofs (G)¹²¹ used for the *Criterion* printing (Per), and these proofs do contain a few corrections by Lawrence, which are adopted. Variants in these states, in the page proofs (PP) for Secker's edition of *The Lovely Lady* (E1), and in the Viking edition (A1), are recorded.

The Escaped Cock

Lawrence revised the original manuscript¹²² of Part I extremely heavily when typing it out himself in two copies: it is reproduced in Appendix I (a). The two typescripts started out as a ribbon copy (TS1a)¹²³ and its carbon, but then Lawrence added newly typed pages to the carbon to make a completely different typescript (TS1b):¹²⁴ TS1a has 23 pages, numbered 1–14, 14a, 15–22, but TS1b has 25 pages, numbered 1–14, 14a, 15–24, with pages 13–14 and 16–22 typed afresh and thus not matching the corresponding TS1a pages. Lawrence then made further handwritten revisions, often different in the two typescripts. TS1b became the setting-copy for the publication in *Forum* (Per) of Part I in February 1928:¹²⁵ this earliest publication of any part of *The Escaped Cock* is reproduced in Appendix I (b). Among many minor alterations in *Forum* the omission of the final sentence stands out: it is handwritten by Lawrence at the end of TS1b; but this single sentence is very different again from the *twelve* final sentences he wrote at the end of TS1a. And TS1a, not

¹²⁰ Roberts E249a (UT) and E249b (UCB). ¹²¹ Roberts E249c (UT).

¹²² Roberts E116a. The manuscript retains evidence of DHL's typing where he inserted reminders of page numbers and opening phrases as well as alternative interlined readings in the manuscript itself, though (as he was altering as he typed) these may differ from their equivalents in the typescripts: the diplomatic transcription of Appendix I (a) puts these additions to the manuscript in semi-bold.

¹²³ Roberts E116c (UT). ¹²⁴ Roberts E116b (UTul).

¹²⁵ Lxxix, 286–96 (Roberts C167). Lacy describes a variant cover with a Mayan temple-façade design and an altered title – 'Resurrection' – for DHL's story in another issue of this number, although the story is referred to as 'The Escaped Cock' in the Table of Contents of both versions (*The Escaped Cock*, ed. Lacy, p. 146).

TSIb, was the source of Enid Hilton's ribbon (TSII) and carbon (TCCII)¹²⁶ typescripts, of 32 pages each: she typed and then hand-corrected both copies with reference to Lawrence's typing, including his typed and handwritten revisions in TSIa, but she did not always make identical corrections, and nor did she notice all her mistakes. She also re-typed pages 1, 3, 25 and 27 of TSII, which do not match the corresponding pages in TCCII. Lawrence made several small revisions in TSII, but not in TCCII, and it was TCCII that was used as setting-copy for Part I in the proofs (PP1, PP2)¹²⁷ and thus the Black Sun edition (P1) of the whole work: TCCII has line breaks marked on it for the printer, and PP1 follows its readings, without the revisions of TSII.

Part II also has an early manuscript version of 32 pages,¹²⁸ incomplete: it is reproduced in Appendix I (c). In the final manuscript (MS)¹²⁹ of 50 pages, numbered 1–3, 3–49, Lawrence incorporated pages from another manuscript – but not the surviving incomplete one: this other manuscript's pages 28–33 and 48–50 were renumbered as 25–30 and 47–9 respectively in MS. Lawrence's additions and deletions in MS are recorded in Appendix I (d). Enid Hilton followed MS in her typescript (TSIII)¹³⁰ of 39 pages, numbered 33–71, and corrected as she had for Part I (though this time no carbon copy has been located). Lawrence made a few corrections to TSIII, and it served as setting-copy for Part II in PP1: as with TCCII for Part I, it has line breaks marked.

TSIa is adopted as base-text for Part I, and MS as base-text for Part II, emended to take account of Lawrence's revisions in TSIII. The base-texts have been collated with all subsequent states identified by abbreviations above, and variants listed; for Part I, these are listed in accordance with the procedures explained at the start of the Textual apparatus for *The Escaped Cock*. In addition, variants in Gerald Lacy's edition of *The Escaped Cock* (A1) – as the first publication of TSII – are recorded.¹³¹

¹²⁶ Roberts E116d and e (UT).

¹²⁷ Roberts E116k (UCLA) and E116l (UT) respectively: DHL made some corrections on each set.

¹²⁸ Roberts E116f. Two 10 pp. typescripts copying this 32 pp. manuscript (Roberts E116g, UCB) have no authority and have not been collated.

¹²⁹ Roberts E116h (IEduc). ¹³⁰ Roberts E116i (UT).

¹³¹ A carbon-copy typescript of 52 pp. (Roberts E116j, UNM) of Parts I and II was typed from TCCII and TSIII with corrections in an unknown hand and re-titled 'The Man Who Died', possibly by Pollinger, and with a 'Curtis Brown of London' sticker on the first page; it has no authority and its variants have not been collated, and nor have the variants in the posthumous editions by Secker (probably using a copy of this typing) and Knopf of *The Man Who Died*.

The Blue Moccasins

The revised manuscript (MS), with Lawrence's rewritten ending, serves as base-text, collated with the periodical printings in *Eve* (Per1) on 22 November 1928 and in *Plain Talk* (Per2) in February 1929,¹³² and with the page proofs (PP) for Secker's edition of *The Lovely Lady* (E1), and with the Viking edition (A1). Per1 includes illustrations on which Lawrence commented: 'such illustrations you *never* saw' (vi. 609); they are signed 'SPURRIER' and show Lina McLeod at the play asking for the moccasins and Percy watching his wife brush her hair. Per2 has a very spacious layout with frequent breaks dividing up the text with a repeated ornament. On a number of occasions Per2 also altered the text in both punctuation and wording, but all such changes can be attributed to an officious editor: there is no evidence that Lawrence saw any states later than his own MS.¹³³ The fragmentary early manuscript version of the story¹³⁴ is reproduced in Appendix IV (a); the original, deleted ending in MS is reproduced in Appendix IV (b).

The Man Who Was Through with the World

Lawrence's untitled manuscript (MS)¹³⁵ of 10 pages, torn from a notebook, survives to serve as base-text for Appendix II, with its final readings adopted. It was first published nearly thirty years after Lawrence's death, in *Essays in Criticism* (Per);¹³⁶ book publication followed in a posthumous collection of Lawrence's fiction, *The Princess and Other Stories* (E1), edited by Keith Sagar and published by Penguin Books in association with Heinemann in July 1971.¹³⁷ Differences between MS and the printed versions are listed in the Textual apparatus.¹³⁸

The Undying Man

The base-text is a ribbon-copy typescript (TS) of 6 pages.¹³⁹ A carbon copy (TCC)¹⁴⁰ of this typing has a few corrections (recorded as TCCC) in an

¹³² Respectively pp. 24, 25, 27, 70, 74 and iv, 138–48 (Roberts C178.5 and C183). For more on MS (Roberts E50b), see above, p. xliii.

¹³³ A typescript of 27 pp. (Roberts E50c, UCB) played no part in the transmission of the text.

¹³⁴ Roberts E50a (UT). ¹³⁵ Roberts E227.4a (UCB).

¹³⁶ IX (July 1959), 217–21, after an Introduction (213–17) by John R. Elliott, Jr (Roberts C241).

¹³⁷ Roberts A114. The text of E1 derives from Per.

¹³⁸ Per was set from MS (or a copy), but not from a surviving 7 pp. ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E227.4b, UT) or its carbon (E227.4c, UCB), which, with their omissions and errors, have no textual significance.

¹³⁹ Roberts E415d (UCB). ¹⁴⁰ Roberts E415c (UT).

unknown hand. The first publication, in *Phoenix* (A1), follows TCC, or another copy of the TS typing: the few variants are listed in the Textual apparatus.¹⁴¹

The Woman Who Wanted to Disappear

The manuscript of Lawrence's last fictional fragment¹⁴² is transcribed for its first publication in Appendix V.

¹⁴¹ Not listed are the corruptions of a different 6 pp. typing, Roberts E415b (ribbon and carbon): this may have been typed from TS (or independently from the manuscript) but cannot precede it, as it omits, through eye-skip, eighteen consecutive words.

¹⁴² Roberts E159 (UCB).

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY
AND OTHER STORIES

NOTE ON THE TEXTS

The Virgin and the Gipsy: base-text is the autograph manuscript (MS). It is emended with reference to the galley proofs (G) corrected by various hands (GC), none of them DHL's, for *The Virgin and the Gipsy* (F1), wherever substantive revision by DHL in the unlocated typescript may be deduced. The sections run on in MS and G, but start on new pages in F1: MS is silently followed.

'Things': base-text is the autograph manuscript (MS).

Rawdon's Roof: base-text is the autograph manuscript (MS), emended with reference to revisions in the typescript (TS), the later carbon-copy typescript (TCC) and *Rawdon's Roof* (E1).

'Mother and Daughter': base-text is the autograph manuscript (MS).

The Escaped Cock: base-text for Part I is the typescript (TS1a) as typed and emended by DHL; base-text for Part II is the final autograph manuscript (MS). Words DHL revised while typing TS1a and his second typescript (TS1b) are not distinguished from handwritten revisions in recording variants.

'The Blue Moccasins': base-text is the autograph manuscript (MS). DHL's spelling 'moccassins' has been silently emended, as in all other states, and his 'M'Leod' silently altered to 'McLeod', as in *Eve* (Per1) and *Plain Talk* (Per2), with the further variant 'M'Leod', in *The Lovely Lady* (E1 and A1), not recorded. The breaks with a repeated ornament littering the text in Per2 have not been listed.

The Textual apparatus records all variants between the given states, except for the instances mentioned above and the following silent emendations:

1. Clearly inadvertent spelling, typing and typesetting errors have been corrected, including rectifying the omission of full stops at the end of sentences where no other punctuation exists, missing or misplaced apostrophes in possessives, and omitted or inconsistent quotation marks.
2. Misreadings by typists or typesetters that were corrected before publication (or did not affect any subsequent state in a pre-publication sequence) are not recorded.
3. DHL often wrote colloquial contractions as separate words (e.g. 'were n't') or omitted apostrophes in contractions ('oclock', 'cant'): these have been regularised, as normally in typed and printed states.
4. DHL usually placed commas, semicolons and full stops with quotation marks *inside* the closing marks, but sometimes he placed them outside (as in some typed and printed states) or directly under the closing marks. His usual practice has been adopted.

5. DHL often used two or three different degrees of indentation, especially in dialogue. This has been regularised, as in all published texts.
6. DHL's spelling of words like 'realise' (and the derivative forms) with an 's', rather than the 'z' (as in 'realize') in some of the printed texts, has been adopted, as has his usual form of titles (e.g. 'Mrs') without the stop, and of 'today', 'tomorrow', 'tonight' and 'goodbye' without the hyphen supplied in some printings, and of 'grey' and 'colour' rather than 'gray' and 'color' in some printings.
7. Variants in italicised punctuation have been recorded only when they form part of another variant.

The Virgin and the Gipsy

I.

When the vicar's wife went off with a young and penniless man, the scandal knew no bounds.* Her two little girls were only seven and nine years old, respectively. And the vicar was such a good husband. True, his hair was grey. But his moustache was dark, he was handsome, and still full of furtive passion for his unrestrained and beautiful wife. 5

Why did she go? Why did she burst away with such an *éclat** of revulsion, like a touch of madness?

Nobody gave any answer. Only the pious said, she was a bad woman. While some of the good women kept silent. They knew. 10

The two little girls never knew. Wounded, they decided that it was because their mother found them negligible.

The ill wind that blows nobody any good* swept away the vicarage family on its blast. Then lo and behold, the vicar, who was somewhat distinguished as an essayist and a controversialist, and whose case had aroused sympathy among the bookish men, received the living of Papplewick.* The Lord had tempered the wind of misfortune* with a rectorate in the north country. 15

The rectory was a rather ugly stone house down by the river Papple, before you come into the village. Further on, beyond where the road crosses the stream, were the big old stone cotton-mills, once driven by water. The road curved up-hill, into the bleak stone streets of the village. 20

The vicarage family received decided modification, upon its transference into the rectory. The vicar, now the rector, fetched up his old mother and his sister, and a brother, from the city. The two little girls had a very different milieu, from the old home. 25

The rector was now forty-seven years old; he had displayed an intense and not very dignified grief after the flight of his wife. Sympathetic ladies had stayed him from suicide. His hair was almost white, and he had a wild-eyed, tragic look. You had only to look at him, to know how dreadful it all was, and how he had been wronged. 30

Yet somewhere there was a false note. And some of the ladies who had sympathised most profoundly with the vicar, secretly rather disliked the rector. There was a certain furtive self-righteousness about him, when all was said and done.

5 The little girls, of course, in the vague way of children, accepted the family verdict. Granny, who was over seventy and whose sight was failing, became the central figure in the house. Aunt Cissie, who was over forty, pale, pious, and gnawed by an inward worm, kept house. Uncle Fred, a stinging and grey-faced man of forty, who just lived dingly
10 for himself, went into town every day. And the rector, of course, was the most important person, after Granny.

They called her The Mater.* She was one of those physically vulgar, clever old bodies who had got her own way all her life by buttering*
15 the weaknesses of her men-folk. Very quickly she took her cue. The rector still "loved" his delinquent wife, and would "love her" till he died. Therefore hush! The rector's feeling was sacred. In his heart was enshrined the pure girl he had wedded and worshipped.

Out in the evil world, at the same time, there wandered a disreputable woman who had betrayed the rector and abandoned his little children.
20 She was now yoked to a young and despicable man, who no doubt would bring her the degradation she deserved. Let this be clearly understood, and then hush! For in the pure loftiness of the rector's heart still bloomed the pure white snow-flower* of his young bride. This white snow-flower did not wither. That other creature, who had gone off with that
25 despicable young man, was none of his affair.

The Mater, who had been somewhat diminished and insignificant as a widow in a small house, now climbed into the chief arm-chair in the rectory, and planted her old bulk firmly again. She was not going to be dethroned. Astutely she gave a sigh of homage to the rector's fidelity
30 to the pure white snowflower, while she pretended to disapprove. In sly reverence for her son's great love, she spoke no word against that nettle which flourished in the evil world, and which had once been called Mrs Arthur Saywell. Now, thank heaven, having married again, she was no more Mrs Arthur Saywell. No woman bore the rector's name. The pure
35 white snowflower bloomed *in perpetuum*,* without nomenclature. The family even thought of her as She-who-was-Cynthia.

All this was water on the Mater's mill. It secured her against Arthur's ever marrying again. She had him by his feeblest weakness, his skulking self-love. He had married an imperishable white snowflower. Lucky
40 man! He had been injured. Unhappy man! He had suffered. Ah, what

a heart of love! And he had—forgiven! Yes, the white snowflower was forgiven. He even had made provision in his will for her, when that other scoundrel—But hush! Don't even *think* too near to that horrid nettle in the rank outer world, She-who-was-Cynthia. Let the white snowflower bloom inaccessible on the heights of the past. The present is another story.

5

The children were brought up in this atmosphere of cunning self-sanctification and of unmentionability.* They too saw the snowflower on inaccessible heights. They too knew that it was throned in lone splendour aloft their lives,* never to be touched.

10

At the same time, out of the squalid world sometimes would come a rank, evil smell of selfishness and degraded lust, the smell of that awful nettle, She-who-was-Cynthia. This nettle actually contrived, at intervals, to get a little note through to her girls, her children. And at this the silver-haired Mater shook inwardly with hate. For if She-who-was-Cynthia ever came back, there wouldn't be much left of the Mater. A secret gust of hate went from the old granny to the girls, children of that foul nettle of lust, that Cynthia who had had such an affectionate contempt for the Mater.

15

Mingled with all this, was the children's perfectly distinct recollection of their real home, the Vicarage in the south, and their glamorous but not very dependable mother, Cynthia. She had made a great glow, a flow of life, like a swift and dangerous sun in the home, forever coming and going. They always associated her presence with brightness, but also with danger; with glamour, but with fearful selfishness.

25

Now the glamour was gone, and the white snowflower, like a porcelain wreath,* froze on its grave. The danger of instability, the peculiarly *dangerous* sort of selfishness, like lions and tigers, was also gone. There was now a complete stability, in which one could perish safely.

But they were growing up. And as they grew, they became more definitely confused, more actively puzzled. The Mater, as she grew older, grew blinder. Somebody had to lead her about. She did not get up till towards midday. Yet blind or bed-ridden, she held the house.

30

Besides, she wasn't bedridden. Whenever the *men* were present, The Mater was in her throne. She was too cunning to court neglect. Especially as she had rivals.

35

Her great rival was the younger girl, Yvette. Yvette had some of the vague, careless blitheness of She-who-was-Cynthia. But this one was more docile. Granny perhaps had caught her in time. Perhaps!

40

The rector adored Yvette, and spoiled her with a doting fondness: as much as to say: am I not a soft-hearted, indulgent old boy! He liked to have this opinion of himself, and The Mater knew it. So she even encouraged him. For the Mater* knew his weaknesses to a hair's-breadth. She
 5 knew them, and she traded on them by turning them into decorations for him, for his character. He wanted, in his own eyes, to have a fascinating character, as women want to have fascinating dresses. And The Mater cunningly put beauty-spots* over his defects and deficiencies. Her mother-love gave her the clue to his weaknesses, and she hid
 10 them for him with decorations. Whereas She-who-was-Cynthia—! But don't mention *her*, in this connection. In her eyes, the rector was almost hump-backed and an idiot.

The funny thing was, Granny secretly hated Lucille, the elder girl, more than the pampered Yvette. Lucille, the uneasy and irritable, was
 15 more conscious of being under Granny's power, than was the spoilt and vague Yvette.

On the other hand, Aunt Cissie hated Yvette. She hated her very name. Aunt Cissie's life had been sacrificed to The Mater, and Aunt Cissie knew it, and The Mater knew she knew it. Yet as the years went
 20 on, it became a convention. The convention of Aunt Cissie's sacrifice was accepted by everybody, including the self-same Cissie. She prayed a good deal about it. Which also showed that she had her own private feelings somewhere, poor thing. She had ceased to be Cissie, she had lost her life and her sex. And now, she was creeping towards fifty, strange
 25 green flares of rage would come up in her, and at such times, she was insane.

But Granny held her in her power. And Aunt Cissie's one object in life was to look after The Mater.

Aunt Cissie's green flares of hellish hate would go up against all
 30 young things, sometimes. Poor thing, she prayed and tried to obtain forgiveness from heaven. But what had been done to her, *she* could not forgive, and the vitriol would spurt in her veins sometimes.

It was not as if the Mater were a warm, kindly soul. She wasn't. She only seemed it, cunningly. And the fact dawned gradually on the
 35 girls. Under her old-fashioned lace cap, under her silver hair, under the black silk of her stout, short, forward-bulging body, this old woman had a cunning heart, seeking forever her own female power. And through the weakness of the unfresh, stagnant men she had bred, she kept her power, as her years rolled on, from seventy to eighty, and from eighty
 40 on the new lap, towards ninety.

For in the family there was a whole tradition of "loyalty": loyalty to one another, and especially to the Mater. The Mater, of course, was the pivot of the family. The family was her own extended ego. Naturally she covered it with her power. And her sons and daughters, being weak and disintegrated, naturally were loyal. Outside the family, what was there for them but danger and insult and ignominy? Had not the rector experienced it, in his marriage. So now, caution! Caution and loyalty, fronting the world! Let there be as much hate and friction *inside* the family, as you like. To the outer world, a stubborn fence of unison.

5

II.

10

But it was not until the girls finally came home from school, that they felt the full weight of Granny's dead old hand on their lives. Lucille was now nearly twenty-one, and Yvette nineteen. They had been to a good girls' school, and had had a finishing year in Lausanne,* and were quite the usual thing, tall young creatures with fresh, sensitive faces and bobbed* hair and young-manly, deuce-take-it* manners.

15

"What's so awfully *boring* about Papplewick," said Yvette, as they stood on the Channel boat watching the grey, grey cliffs of Dover draw near, "is that there are no *men* about. Why doesn't Daddy have some good old sports for friends? As for Uncle Fred, he's the limit."

20

"Oh, you never know what will turn up," said Lucille, more philosophic.

"You jolly well know what to expect," said Yvette. "Choir on Sundays, and I hate mixed choirs. Boys' voices are *lovely*, when there are no women. And Sunday School and Girls' Friendly,* and socials, all the dear old souls that enquire after Granny! Not a decent young fellow for miles."

25

"Oh I don't know!" said Lucille. "There's always the Framleys. And you know Gerry Somercotes *adores* you."

"Oh but I *hate* fellows who adore me!" cried Yvette, turning up her sensitive nose. "They *bore* me. They hang on like lead."

30

"Well what *do* you want, if you can't stand being adored?—I think it's perfectly all right to be adored. You know you'll never marry them, so why not let them go on adoring, if it amuses them."

"Oh but I *want* to get married," cried Yvette.

35

"Well in that case, let them go on adoring you till you find one that you can *possibly* marry."

“I never should, that way. Nothing puts me off like an adoring fellow. They *bore* me so! They make me feel beastly.”

“Oh, so they do me, if they get pressing. But at a distance, I think they’re rather nice.”

5 “I should like to fall *violently* in love.”

“Oh, very likely! I shouldn’t! I should hate it. Probably so would you, if it actually happened. After all, we’ve got to settle down a bit, before we know what we want.”

10 “But don’t you *hate* going back to Papplewick?” cried Yvette, turning up her young, sensitive nose.

“No, not particularly. I suppose we shall be rather bored. I wish Daddy would get a car. I suppose we shall have to drag the old bikes out. Wouldn’t you like to get up to Tansy Moor?”*

15 “Oh, *love* it! Though it’s an awful *strain*, shoving an old push-bike up those hills.”

The ship was nearing the grey cliffs. It was summer, but a grey day. The two girls wore their coats with fur collars turned up, and little *chic* hats pulled down over their ears. Tall, slender, fresh-faced, naïve, yet confident, too confident, in their school-girlish arrogance, they were so
20 terribly English. They seemed so free, and were as a matter of fact so tangled and tied up, inside themselves. They seemed so dashing and unconventional, and were really so conventional, so, as it were, shut up indoors inside themselves. They looked like bold, tall young sloops just slipping from the harbour, into the wide seas of life. And they were, as a
25 matter of fact, two poor young rudderless lives, moving from one chain anchorage to another.

The rectory struck a chill into their hearts as they entered. It seemed ugly, and almost sordid, with the dank air of that middle-class, degenerated comfort which has ceased to be comfortable and has turned stuffy,
30 unclean. The hard, stone house struck the girls as being unclean, they could not have said why. The shabby furniture seemed somehow sordid, nothing was fresh. Even the food at meals had that awful dreary sordidness which is so repulsive to a young thing coming from abroad. Roast beef and wet cabbage, cold mutton and mashed potatoes, sour
35 pickles, inexcusable puddings.

Granny, who “loved a bit of pork,” also had special dishes, beef-tea and rusks, or a small savoury custard. The grey-faced Aunt Cissie ate nothing at all. She would sit at table, and take a single lonely and naked boiled potato on to her plate. She never ate meat. So she sat in sordid
40 durance, while the meal went on, and Granny quickly slobbered her

portion—lucky if she spilled nothing on her protuberant stomach. The food was not appetising in itself: how could it be, when Aunt Cissie hated food herself, hated the fact of eating, and never could keep a maid-servant for three months? The girls ate with repulsion, Lucille bravely bearing up, Yvette's tender nose showing her disgust. Only the rector, white-haired, wiped his long grey moustache with his serviette, and cracked jokes. He too was getting heavy and inert, sitting in his study all day, never taking exercise. But he cracked sarcastic little jokes all the time, sitting there under the shelter of The Mater.

5

The country, with its steep hills and its deep, narrow valleys, was dark and gloomy, yet had a certain powerful strength of its own. Twenty miles away was the black industrialism of the north. Yet the village of Papplewick was comparatively lonely, almost lost, the life in it stony and dour. Everything was stone, with a hardness that was almost poetic, it was so unrelenting.

10

15

It was as the girls had known: they went back into the choir, they helped in the parish. But Yvette struck absolutely against Sunday School, the Band of Hope,* the Girls' Friendlies—indeed against all those functions that were conducted by determined old maids and obstinate, stupid elderly men. She avoided church duties as much as possible, and got away from the rectory whenever she could. The Framleys, a big, untidy, jolly family up at the Grange, were an enormous stand-by. And if anybody asked her out to a meal, even if a woman in one of the workmen's houses asked her to stay to tea, she accepted at once. In fact, she was rather thrilled. She liked talking to the working men, they had often such fine, hard heads. But of course they were in another world.

20

25

So the months went by. Gerry Somercotes was still an adorer. There were others, too, sons of farmers or mill-owners. Yvette really ought to have had a good time. She was always out to parties and dances, friends came for her in their motor-cars, and off she went to the city, to the afternoon dance in the chief hotel, or in the gorgeous new Palais de Danse: called the Pally.*

30

Yet she always seemed like a creature mesmerised. She was never free to be *quite* jolly. Deep inside her worked an intolerable irritation, which she thought she *ought* not to feel, and which she hated feeling, thereby making it worse. She never understood at all whence it arose.

35

At home, she truly was irritable, and outrageously rude to Aunt Cissie. In fact Yvette's awful temper became one of the family by-words.

Lucille, always more practical, got a job in the city as private secretary to a man who needed somebody with fluent French and shorthand. She

40

went back and forth every day, by the same train as Uncle Fred. But she never travelled with him, and wet or fine, bicycled to the station, while he went on foot.

The two girls were both determined that what they wanted was a really jolly social life. And they resented with fury that the rectory was, for their friends, impossible. There were only four rooms downstairs: the kitchen, where lived the two discontented maid-servants: the dark dining-room: the rector's study: and the big, "homely," dreary living-room or drawing-room. In the dining-room there was a gas fire. Only in the living-room was a good hot fire kept going. Because of course, here Granny reigned.

In this room the family was assembled. At evening, after dinner, Uncle Fred and the rector invariably played cross-word puzzles with Granny.

"Now, Mater, are you ready? N blank blank blank blank W: a Siamese functionary."

"Eh? Eh? M blank blank blank blank W?"

Granny was hard of hearing.

"No Mater. Not M! N* blank blank blank blank W: a Siamese functionary."

"N blank blank blank blank W: a Chinese functionary."

"SIAMESE."

"Eh?"

"SIAMESE! SIAM!"

"A Siamese functionary! Now what can that be?" said the old lady profoundly, folding her hands on her round stomach. Her two sons proceeded to make suggestions, at which she said Ah! Ah! The rector was amazingly clever at cross-word puzzles. But Fred had a certain technical vocabulary.

"This certainly is a hard nut to crack," said the old lady, when they were all stuck.

Meanwhile Lucille sat in a corner with her hands over her ears, pretending to read, and Yvette irritably made drawings, or hummed loud and exasperating tunes, to add to the family concert. Aunt Cissie continually reached for a chocolate, and her jaws worked ceaselessly. She literally lived on chocolates. Sitting in the distance, she put another into her mouth, then looked again at the parish magazine. Then she lifted her head, and saw it was time to fetch Granny's cup of Horlicks.*

While she was gone, in nervous exasperation Yvette would open the window. The room was never fresh, she imagined it smelt: smelt of

Granny. And Granny, who was hard of hearing, heard like a weasel* when she wasn't wanted to.

"Did you open the window, Yvette? I think you might remember there are older people than yourself in the room," she said.

"It's stifling! It's unbearable! No wonder we've all of us always got colds." 5

"I'm sure the room is large enough, and a good fire burning." The old body gave a little shudder. "A draught to give us all our death."

"Not a draught at all," roared Yvette. "A breath of fresh air."

The old body shuddered again, and said: 10

"Indeed!"

The rector, in silence, marched to the window and firmly closed it. He did not look at his daughter meanwhile. He hated thwarting her. But she must know what's what!*

The cross-word puzzles, invented by Satan himself, continued till Granny had had her Horlicks, and was to go to bed. Then came the ceremony of Goodnight! Everybody stood up. The girls went to be kissed by the blind old woman. The rector gave his arm, and Aunt Cissie followed with a candle. 15

But this was already nine o'clock, although Granny was really getting old, and should have been in bed sooner. But when she was in bed, she could not sleep, till Aunt Cissie came. 20

"You see," said Granny, "I have *never* slept alone. For fifty-four years I never slept a night without the Pater's arm round me. And when he was gone, I tried to sleep alone. But as sure as my eyes closed to sleep, my heart nearly jumped out of my body, and I lay in a palpitation. Oh, you may think what you will, but it was a fearful experience, after fifty-four years of perfect married life! I would have prayed to be taken first, but the Pater, well, no, I don't think he would have been able to bear up—" 25

So Aunt Cissie slept with Granny. And she hated it. She said *she* could never sleep. And she grew greyer and greyer, and the food in the house got worse, and Aunt Cissie had to have an operation. 30

But The Mater rose as ever, towards noon, and at the mid-day meal, she presided from her arm-chair, with her stomach protruding, her reddish, pendulous face, that had a sort of horrible majesty, dropping soft under the wall of her high brow, and her blue eyes peering unseeing. Her white hair was getting scanty, it was altogether a little indecent. But the rector jovially cracked his jokes to her, and she pretended to disapprove. But she was perfectly complacent, sitting in her 35 40

ancient obesity, and after meals, getting the wind from her stomach, pressing her bosom with her hand as she “rified”* in gross physical complacency.

1 What the girls minded most was that, when they brought their young
5 friends to the house, Granny always was there, like some awful idol of
old flesh, consuming all the attention. There was only the one room for
everybody. And there sat the old lady, with Aunt Cissie keeping an acrid
guard over her. Everybody must be presented first to Granny: she was
ready to be genial, she liked company. She had to know who everybody
10 was, where they came from, every circumstance of their lives. And then,
when she was *au fait*,* she could get hold of the conversation.

Nothing could be more exasperating to the girls. “Isn’t old Mrs Saywell wonderful! She takes *such* an interest in life, at nearly ninety!”

15 “*She does take an interest in people’s affairs, if that’s life,*” said Yvette.
Then she would immediately feel guilty. After all, it *was* wonderful
to be nearly ninety, and have such a clear mind! And Granny never
actually did anybody any harm. It was more that she was in the way.
And perhaps it was rather awful to hate somebody because they were
old and in the way.

20 Yvette immediately repented, and was nice. Granny blossomed forth
into reminiscences of when she was a girl, in the little town in Buck-
inghamshire. She talked and talked away, and was *so* entertaining. She
really *was* rather wonderful.

25 Then in the afternoon Lottie and Ella and Bob Framley came, with
Leo Wetherell.

“Oh, come in!”—and in they all trooped to the sitting-room, where
Granny, in her white cap, sat by the fire.

“Granny, this is Mr Wetherell.”

“Mr What-did-you-say? You must excuse me, I’m a little deaf!”

30 Granny gave her hand to the uncomfortable young man, and gazed
silently at him, sightlessly.

“You are not from our parish?” she asked him.

“Dinnington!” he shouted.

35 “We want to go a picnic tomorrow, to Bonsall Head,* in Leo’s car.
We can all squeeze in,” said Ella, in a low voice.

“Did you say Bonsall Head?” asked Granny.

“Yes!”

There was a blank silence.

“Did you say you were going in a car?”

40 “Yes! In Mr Wetherell’s.”

“I hope he’s a good driver. It’s a very dangerous road.”

“He’s a *very* good driver.”

“Not a very good driver?”

“Yes! He *is* a very good driver.”

“If you go to Bonsall Head, I think I must send a message to Lady Louth.”* 5

Granny always dragged in this miserable Lady Louth, when there was company.

“Oh, we shan’t go that way,” cried Yvette.

“Which way?” said Granny. “You must go by Heanor.”* 10

The whole party sat, as Bob expressed it, like stuffed ducks, fidgetting on their chairs.

Aunt Cissie came in—and then the maid with the tea. There was the eternal and everlasting piece of bought cake. Then appeared a plate of little fresh cakes. Aunt Cissie had actually sent to the baker’s. 15

“Tea Mater!”

The old lady gripped the arms of her chair. Everybody rose and stood, while she waded slowly across, on Aunt Cissie’s arm, to her place at table.

During tea Lucille came in from town, from her job. She was simply worn out, with black marks under her eyes. She gave a cry, seeing all the company. 20

As soon as the noise had subsided, and the awkwardness was resumed, Granny said:

“You have never mentioned Mr Wetherell to me, have you, Lucille?” 25

“I don’t remember,” said Lucille.

“You can’t have done. The name is strange to me.”

Yvette absently grabbed another cake, from the now almost empty plate. Aunt Cissie, who was driven almost crazy by Yvette’s vague and inconsiderate ways, felt the green rage fuse in her heart. She picked up her own plate, on which was the one cake she allowed herself, and said with vitriolic politeness, offering it to Yvette: 30

“Won’t you have mine?”

“Oh thanks!” said Yvette, starting in her angry vagueness. And with an appearance of the same insouciance,* she helped herself to Aunt Cissie’s cake also, adding as an after-thought: “If you’re sure you don’t want it.” 35

She now had two cakes on her plate. Lucille had gone white as a ghost, bending to her tea. Aunt Cissie sat with a green look of poisonous resignation. The awkwardness was an agony. 40

But Granny, bulkily enthroned and unaware, only said, in the centre of the cyclone:

“If you are motoring to Bonsall Head tomorrow, Lucille, I wish you would take a message from me to Lady Louth.”

5 “Oh!” said Lucille, giving a queer look across the table at the sightless old woman. Lady Louth was the King Charles’ Head* of the family, invariably produced by Granny for the benefit of visitors. “Very well!”

“She was so very kind last week. She sent her chauffeur over with a Cross-word Puzzle book for me.”

10 “But you thanked her then,” cried Yvette.

“I should like to send her a note.”

“We can post it,” cried Lucille.

“Oh no! I should like you to take it. When Lady Louth called last time _____”

15 The young ones sat like a shoal of young fishes dumbly mouthing at the surface of the water, while Granny went on about Lady Louth. Aunt Cissie, the two girls knew, was still helpless, almost unconscious, in a paroxysm of rage about the cake. Perhaps, poor thing, she was praying.

It was a mercy when the friends departed. But by that time the two
20 girls were both haggard-eyed. And it was then that Yvette, looking round, suddenly saw the stony, implacable will-to-power* in the old and motherly-seeming Granny. She sat there bulging backwards in her chair, impassive, her reddish, pendulous old face rather mottled, almost unconscious, but implacable, her face like a mask that hid something
25 stony, relentless. It was the static inertia of her unsavoury power. Yet in a minute she would open her ancient mouth to find out every detail about Leo Wetherell. For the moment she was hibernating in her oldness, her agedness. But in a minute her mouth would open, her mind would flicker awake, and with her insatiable greed for life, other people’s life,
30 she would start on her quest for every detail. She was like the old toad which Yvette had watched, fascinated, as it sat on the ledge of the bee-hive, immediately in front of the little entrance by which the bees emerged, and which, with a demonish, lightning-like snap of its pursed jaws, caught every bee as it came out to launch into the air, swallowed
35 them one after the other, as if it could consume the whole hive-full, into its aged, bulging, purse-like wrinkledness. It had been swallowing bees as they launched into the air of spring, year after year, year after year, for generations.

40 But the gardener, called by Yvette, was in a rage, and killed the creature with a stone.

“Appen tha *art* good for th’ snails,” he said, as he came down with the stone. “But tha ’rt none goin’ ter emp’y th’ bee-’ive into thy guts.”*

III.

The next day was dull and low, and the roads were awful, for it had been raining for weeks, yet the young ones set off on their trip, without taking Granny’s message either. They just slipped out while she was making her slow trip upstairs after lunch. Not for anything would they have called at Lady Louth’s house. That widow of a knighted doctor, a harmless person indeed, had become an obnoxious* in their lives.

Six young rebels, they sat very perkily in the car as they swished through the mud. Yet they had a peaked look too. After all, they had nothing really to rebel against, any of them. They were left so very free in their movements. Their parents let them do almost entirely as they liked. There wasn’t really a fetter to break, nor a prison-bar to file through, nor a bolt to shatter. The keys of their lives were in their own hands. And there they dangled inert.

It is very much easier to shatter prison bars than to open undiscovered doors to life. As the younger generation finds out, somewhat to its chagrin. True, there was Granny. But poor old Granny, you couldn’t actually say to her: “Lie down and die, you old woman!” She might be an old nuisance, but she never really *did* anything. It wasn’t fair to hate her.

So the young people set off on their jaunt, trying to be very full of beans. They could really do as they liked. And so, of course, there was nothing to do but sit in the car and talk a lot of criticism of other people, and silly flirty gallantry that was really rather a bore. If there had only been a few “strict orders” to be disobeyed! But nothing: beyond the refusal to carry the message to Lady Louth, of which the rector would approve, because he didn’t encourage King Charles’ Head either.

They sang, rather scappily, the latest would-be comic songs, as they went through the grim villages. In the great park the deer were in groups near the road, roe deer and fallow, nestling in the gloom of the afternoon under the oaks by the road, as if for the stimulus of human company.

Yvette insisted on stopping and getting out to talk to them. The girls, in their Russian boots,* tramped through the damp grass, while the deer watched them with big, unfrightened eyes. The hart trotted away mildly, holding back his head, because of the weight of the horns. But the doe, balancing her big ears, did not rise from under the tree, with

her half-grown young ones, till the girls were almost in touch. Then she walked lightfoot away, lifting her tail from her spotted flanks, while the young ones nimbly trotted.

“Aren’t they awfully dainty and nice!” cried Yvette. “You’d wonder
5 they could lie so cosily in this horrid wet grass.”

“Well I suppose they’ve got to lie down *sometime*,” said Lucille. “And it’s *fairly* dry under the tree.” She looked at the crushed grass, where the deer had lain.

Yvette went and put her hand down, to feel how it felt.

10 “Yes!” she said, doubtfully, “I believe it’s a bit warm.”

The deer had bunched again a few yards away, and were standing motionless in the gloom of the afternoon. Away below the slopes of grass and trees, beyond the swift river with its balustraded bridge, sat the huge ducal house, one or two chimneys smoking bluely. Behind it
15 rose purplish woods.

The girls, pushing their fur collars up to their ears, dangling one long arm, stood watching in silence, their wide Russian boots protecting them from the wet grass. The great house squatted square and creamy-grey below. The deer, in little groups, were scattered under the old trees close
20 by. It all seemed so still, so unpretentious, and so sad.

“I wonder where the Duke* is now,” said Ella.

“Not here, wherever he is,” said Lucille. “I expect he’s abroad, where the sun shines.”

The motor-horn called from the road, and they heard Leo’s voice:

25 “Come on, boys! If we’re going to get to the Head and down to Amberdale for tea, we’d better move.”

They crowded into the car again, with chilled feet, and set off through the park, past the silent spire of the church, out through the great gates and over the bridge, on into the wide, damp, stony village of Woodlinkin,* where the river ran. And thence, for a long time, they
30 stayed in the mud and dark and dampness of the valley, often with sheer rock above them, the water brawling on one hand, the steep rock or dark trees on the other.

Till, through the darkness of overhanging trees, they began to climb, and Leo changed the gear. Slowly the car toiled up through the whitey-grey mud, into the stony village of Bolehill,* that hung on the slope, round the old cross, with its steps, that stood where the road branched, on past the cottages whence came a wonderful smell of hot tea-cakes, and beyond, still upwards, under dripping trees and past broken slopes
40 of bracken, always climbing. Until the cleft became shallower, and the

trees finished, and the slopes on either side were bare, gloomy grass, with low dry-stone walls. They were emerging on to the Head.

The party had been silent for some time. On either side the road was grass, then a low stone fence, and the swelling curve of the hill-summit, traced with the low, dry-stone walls. Above this, the low sky.

The car ran out, under the low, grey sky, on the naked tops.

“Shall we stay a moment?” called Leo.

“Oh yes!” cried the girls.

And they scrambled out once more, to look around. They knew the place quite well. But still, if one came to the Head, one got out to look.

The hills were like the knuckles of a hand, the dales were below, between the fingers, narrow, steep, and dark. In the deeps a train was steaming, slowly pulling north: a small thing of the underworld. The noise of the engine re-echoed curiously upwards. Then came the dull, familiar sound of blasting in a quarry.

Leo, always on the go, moved quickly.

“Shall we be going?” he said. “Do we *want* to get down to Amberdale for tea? Or shall we try somewhere nearer?”

They all voted for Amberdale, for the Marquis of Grantham.

“Well which way shall we go back? Shall we go by Codnor and over Crosshill, or shall we go by Ashbourne?”*

There was the usual dilemma. Then they finally decided on the Codnor top road. Off went the car, gallantly.

They were on the top of the world, now, on the back of the fist. It was naked, too, as the back of your fist, high under heaven, and dull, heavy green. Only it was veined with a network of old stone walls, dividing the fields, and broken here and there with ruins of old lead-mines and works. A sparse stone farm bristled* with six naked sharp trees. In the distance was a patch of smokey grey stone, a hamlet. In some fields grey, dark sheep fed silently, sombrely. But there was not a sound nor a movement. It was the roof of England, stony and arid as any roof. Beyond, below, were the shires.

“‘And see the coloured counties—’”* said Yvette to herself. Here anyhow they were not coloured. A stream of rooks trailed out from nowhere. They had been walking, pecking, on a naked field that had been manured. The car ran on between the grass and the stone walls of the upland lane, and the young people were silent, looking out over the far network of stone fences, under the sky, looking for the curves downward that indicated a drop to one of the underneath, hidden dales.

Ahead was a light cart, driven by a man, and trudging along at the side was a woman, sturdy and elderly, with a pack on her back. The man in the cart had caught her up, and now was keeping pace.

5 The road was narrow. Leo sounded the horn sharply. The man on the cart looked round, but the woman on foot only trudged steadily, rapidly forward, without turning her head.

Yvette's heart gave a jump. The man on the cart was a gipsy, one of the black, loose-bodied, handsome sort. He remained seated on his cart, turning round and gazing at the occupants of the motor-car, from 10 under the brim of his cap. And his pose was loose, his gaze insolent in its indifference. He had a thin black moustache under his thin, straight nose, and a big silk handkerchief of red and yellow tied round his neck. He spoke a word to the woman. She stood a second, solid, to turn round and look at the occupants of the car, which had now drawn quite close. 15 Leo honked the horn again, imperiously. The woman, who had a grey-and-white kerchief tied round her head, turned sharply, to keep pace with the cart, whose driver also had settled back, and was lifting the reins, moving his loose, light shoulders. But still he did not pull aside.

Leo made the horn scream, as he put the brakes on and the car 20 slowed up near the back of the cart. The gipsy turned round at the din, laughing in his dark face under his dark-green cap, and said something which they did not hear, showing white teeth under the line of black moustache, and making a gesture with his dark, loose hand.

“Get out o’ the way, then!” yelled Leo.

25 For answer, the man delicately pulled the horse to a standstill, as it curved to the side of the road. It was a good roan horse, and a good, natty, dark-green cart.

Leo, in a rage, had to jam on the brake and pull up too.

30 “Don’t the pretty young ladies want to hear their fortunes?” said the gipsy on the cart, laughing except for his dark, watchful eyes, which went from face to face, and lingered on Yvette’s young, tender face.

She met his dark eyes for a second, their level search, their insolence, their complete indifference to people like Bob and Leo, and something took fire in her breast. She thought: He is stronger than I am! He doesn’t 35 care!

“Oh yes! let’s!” cried Lucille at once.

“Oh yes!” chorussed the girls.

“I say! What about the time?” cried Leo.

40 “Oh bother the old time! Somebody’s always dragging in time by the forelock,”* cried Lucille.

“Well, if you don’t mind when we get back, *I* don’t!” said Leo heroically.

The gipsy man had been sitting loosely on the side of his cart, watching the faces. He now jumped softly down from the shaft, his knees a bit stiff. He was apparently a man something over thirty, and a beau in his way. He wore a sort of shooting-jacket, double-breasted, coming only to the hips, of dark green-and-black frieze;* rather tight black trousers, black boots, and a dark-green cap; with the big yellow-and-red bandanna handkerchief round his neck. His appearance was curiously elegant, and quite expensive in its gipsy style. He was handsome, too, pressing in his chin with the old, gipsy conceit, and now apparently not heeding the strangers any more, as he led his good roan horse off the road, preparing to back his cart. 5 10

The girls saw for the first time a deep recess in the side of the road, and two caravans smoking. Yvette got quickly down. They had suddenly come upon a disused quarry, cut into the slope of the road-side, and in this sudden lair, almost like a cave, were three caravans, dismantled for the winter. There was also deep at the back, a shelter built of boughs, as a stable for the horse. The grey, crude rock rose high above the caravans, and curved round towards the road. The floor was heaped chips of stone, with grasses growing among. It was a hidden, snug winter camp. 15 20

The elderly woman with the pack had gone in to one of the caravans, leaving the door open. Two children were peeping out, showing black heads. The gipsy man gave a little call, as he backed his cart into the quarry, and an elderly man came out to help him untackle.* 25

The gipsy himself went up the steps into the newest caravan, that had its door closed. Underneath, a tied-up dog ranged forth. It was a white hound spotted liver-coloured. It gave a low growl as Leo and Bob approached.

At the same moment, a dark-faced gipsy-woman with a pink shawl or cashmere kerchief* round her head and big gold ear-rings in her ears, came down the steps of the newest caravan, swinging her flounced, voluminous green skirt. She was handsome in a bold, dark, long-faced way, just a bit wolfish. She looked like one of the bold, loping Spanish gipsies. 30 35

“Good-morning, my ladies and gentlemen,” she said, eyeing the girls from her bold, predative eyes. She spoke with a certain foreign stiffness.

“Good-afternoon!” said the girls.

“Which beautiful little lady like to hear her fortune?—give me her little hand?” 40

She was a tall woman, with a frightening way of reaching forward her neck, like a menace.* Her eyes went from face to face, very active, heartlessly searching out what she wanted. Meanwhile the man, apparently her husband, appeared at the top of the caravan steps smoking
 5 a pipe, and with a small, black-haired child in his arms. He stood on his limber legs, casually looking down on the group, as if from a distance, his long black lashes lifted from his full, conceited, impudent black eyes. There was something peculiarly transfusing in his stare. Yvette felt it, felt it in her knees. She pretended to be interested in the
 10 white-and-liver-coloured hound.

“How much do you want, if we all have our fortunes told?” asked Lottie Framley, as the six fresh-faced young Christians hung back rather reluctantly from this pagan pariah woman.

“All of you? ladies and gentlemen, all?” said the woman shrewdly.

15 “I* don’t want mine told! You go ahead!” cried Leo.

“Neither do I,” said Bob. “You four girls.”

“The four ladies?” said the gipsy woman, eyeing them shrewdly, after having looked at the boys. And she fixed her price. “Each one give me a sheeling, and a little bit more, for luck?—a little bit!” She smiled in a
 20 way that was more wolfish than cajoling, and the force of her will was felt, heavy as iron beneath the velvet of her words.

“All right,” said Leo. “Make it a shilling a head. Don’t spin it out too long.”

25 “Oh, *you!*” cried Lucille at him. “We want to hear it *all*.”

The woman took two wooden stools from under a caravan, and placed them near the wheel. Then she took the tall, dark Lottie Framley by the hand, and bade her sit down.

“You don’t care if everybody hear?” she said, looking up curiously into Lottie’s face.

30 Lottie blushed dark with nervousness, as the gipsy woman held her hand, and stroked her palm with hard, cruel-seeming fingers.

“Oh, I don’t mind,” she said.

The gipsy woman peered into the palm, tracing the lines of the hand with a hard, dark forefinger. But she seemed clean.

35 And slowly she told the fortune, while the others, standing listening, kept on crying out: “Oh, that’s Jim Baggaley! Oh, I don’t believe it! Oh, that’s not true! A fair woman who lives beneath a tree!—why whoever’s that?” until Leo stopped them with a manly warning:

“Oh, hold on, girls. You give everything away.”

Lottie retired blushing and confused, and it was Ella's turn. She was much more calm and shrewd, trying to read the oracular words. Lucille kept breaking out with: Oh, I say! The gipsy man at the top of the steps stood imperturbable, without any expression at all. But his bold eyes kept staring at Yvette, she could feel them on her cheek, on her neck, and she dared not look up. Bob Framley would sometimes look up at him, and he got a level stare back, from the handsome face of the male gipsy, from the dark, conceited-proud eyes. It was a peculiar look, in the eyes that belonged to the tribe of the humble: the pride of the pariah, the half-sneering challenge of the outcast, who sneered at law-abiding men, and went his own way. All the time, the gipsy man stood there, holding his child in his arms, looking on without being concerned. 5 10

Lucille was having her hand read.—“You have been across the sea, and there you met a man—a brown-haired man—but he was too old— —” 15

“Oh, I *say!*” cried Lucille, looking round at Yvette.

But Yvette was abstracted, agitated, hardly heeding: in one of her mesmerised states.

“You will marry in a few years—not now, but a few years—perhaps four—and you will not be rich, but you will have plenty—enough—and you will go away, a long journey—” 20

“With my husband, or without?” cried Lucille.

“With him—”

When it came to Yvette's turn, and the woman looked up boldly, cruelly, searching for a long time in her face, Yvette said nervously: 25

“I don't think I want mine told. No, I won't have mine told! No I won't, really!”

“You are afraid of some thing?” said the gipsy woman cruelly.

“No, it's not that—” Yvette fidgetted.

“You have some secret. You are afraid I shall say it. Come, would you like to go in the caravan, where nobody hears—?” 30

The woman was curiously insinuating; while Yvette was always wayward, perverse. The look of perversity was on her soft, frail young face now, giving her a queer hardness.

“Yes!” she said suddenly. “Yes! I might do that.” 35

“Oh I say!” cried the others. “Be a sport!”

“I don't think you'd *better!*” cried Lucille.

“Yes!” said Yvette, with that hard little way of hers. “I'll do that. I'll go in the caravan.”

The gipsy woman called something to the man on the steps. He went into the caravan for a moment or two, then re-appeared, and came down the steps, setting the small child on its uncertain feet, and holding it by the hand. A dandy, in his polished black boots, tight black trousers and tight, dark-green jersey, he walked slowly across, with the toddling child, to where the elderly gipsy was giving the roan horse a feed of oats, in the bough shelter between juts of grey rock, with dry bracken upon the stone-chip floor. He looked at Yvette as he passed, staring her full in the eyes, with his pariah's bold yet dishonest stare. Something hard inside her met his stare. But the surface of her body seemed to turn to water. Nevertheless, something hard in her registered the peculiar pure lines of his face, of his straight, pure nose, of his cheeks and temples. The curious dark, suave purity of all his body, outlined in the green jersey: a purity like a living sneer.

And as he loped slowly past her, on his flexible hips, it seemed to her still that he was stronger than she was. Of all the men she had ever seen, this one was the only one who was stronger than she was, in her own kind of strength, her own kind of understanding.

So, with curiosity, she followed the woman up the steps of the caravan, the skirts of her well-cut tan coat swinging and almost showing her knees, under the pale-green cloth dress. She had long, long-striding, fine legs, too slim rather than too thick, and she wore curiously-patterned pale-and-fawn stockings of fine wool, suggesting the legs of some delicate animal.

At the top of the steps she paused and turned, debonair, to the others, saying in her naïve, lordly way, so off-hand:

"I won't let her be long."

Her grey fur collar was open, showing her soft throat and pale-green dress, her little, plaited tan-coloured hat came down to her ears, round her soft, fresh face. There was something soft and yet overbearing, unscrupulous, about her. She knew the gipsy man had turned to look at her. She was aware of the pure dark nape of his neck, the black hair groomed away. He watched as she entered his house.

What the gipsy told her, no one ever knew. It was a long time to wait, the others felt. Twilight was deepening on the gloom, and it was turning raw and cold. From the chimney of the second caravan came smoke and a smell of rich food. The horse was fed, a yellow blanket strapped round him, the two gipsy men talked together in the distance, in low tones. There was a peculiar feeling of silence and secrecy in that lonely, hidden quarry.

At last the caravan door opened, and Yvette emerged, bending forward and stepping with long, witch-like slim legs down the steps. There was a stooping, witch-like silence about her as she emerged on the twilight.

“Did it seem long?” she said vaguely, not looking at anybody and keeping her own counsel hard within her soft, vague waywardness.

“I hope you weren’t bored! Wouldn’t tea be nice. Shall we go?”

“You get in!” said Bob. “I’ll pay.”

The gipsy-woman’s full, metallic skirts of jade-green alpaca came swinging down the steps. She rose to her height, a big, triumphant-looking woman with a dark-wolf-face. The pink cashmere kerchief, stamped with red roses, was slipping on one side* over her black and crimped hair. She gazed at the young people in the twilight with bold arrogance.

Bob put two half-crowns in her hand.

“A little bit more, for luck, for your young lady’s luck,” she wheedled, like a wheedling wolf. “Another bit of silver, to bring you luck.”

“You’ve got a shilling for luck, that’s enough,” said Bob calmly and quietly, as they moved away to the car.

“A little bit of silver! Just a little bit, for your luck in love!”

Yvette, with the sudden long, startling gestures of her long limbs, swung round as she was entering the car, and with long arm outstretched, strode and put something into the gipsy’s hand, then stepped, bending her height, into the car.

“Prosperity to the beautiful young lady, and the gipsy’s blessing on her,” came the suggestive, half-sneering voice of the woman.

The engine *birred!* then *birred!* again more fiercely, and started. Leo switched on the lights, and immediately the quarry with the gipsies fell back into the blackness of night.

“Goodnight!” called Yvette’s voice, as the car started. But hers was the only voice that piped up, chirpy and impudent in its nonchalance. The headlights glared down the stone lane.

“Yvette, you’ve got to tell us what she said to you,” cried Lucille, in the teeth of Yvette’s silent will *not* to be asked.

“Oh, nothing at *all* thrilling,” said Yvette, with false warmth. “Just the usual old thing: a dark man who means good luck, and a fair one who means bad: and a death in the family, which if it means Granny, won’t be so *very* awful: and I shall marry when I’m twenty-three, and have heaps of money and heaps of love, and two children. All sounds very nice, but it’s a bit too much of a good thing, you know—”

“Oh, but why did you give her more money?”

“Oh well, I wanted to! You *have* to be a bit lordly with people like that—”

IV.

5 There was a terrific rumpus down at the rectory, on account of Yvette and the Window Fund. After the war, Aunt Cissie had set her heart on a stained glass window in the church, as a memorial for the men of the parish who had fallen. But the bulk of the fallen had been non-conformists, so the memorial took the form of an ugly little monument
10 in front of the Wesleyan chapel.*

This did not vanquish Aunt Cissie. She canvassed, she had bazaars, she made the girls get up amateur theatrical shows, for her precious window. Yvette, who quite liked the acting and showing-off part of it, took charge of the farce called *Mary in the Mirror*, and gathered in the
15 proceeds, which were to be paid in to the Window Fund when accounts were settled. Each of the girls was supposed to have a money-box for the Fund.

Aunt Cissie, feeling that the united sums must now almost suffice, suddenly called in Yvette's box. It contained fifteen shillings. There was
20 a moment of green horror.

“Where is all the rest?”

“Oh!” said Yvette casually. “I just borrowed it. It wasn't so awfully much.”

“What about the three pounds thirteen for *Mary in the Mirror*?”
25 asked Aunt Cissie, as if the jaws of Hell were yawning.*

“Oh quite! I just borrowed it. I can pay it back.”

Poor Aunt Cissie! The green tumour of hate burst inside her, and there was a ghastly, abnormal scene, which left Yvette shivering with fear and nervous loathing.

30 Even the rector was rather severe.

“If you needed money, why didn't you tell me?” he said coldly. “Have you ever been refused anything in reason?”

“I—I thought it didn't matter,” stammered Yvette.

“And what have you done with the money?”

35 “I suppose I've spent it,” said Yvette, with wide, distraught eyes and a peaked face.

“Spent it, on what?”

“I can’t remember everything: stockings and things, and I gave some of it away.”

Poor Yvette! Her lordly airs and ways were already hitting back at her, on the reflex. The rector was angry: his face had a snarling, doggish look, a sort of sneer. He was afraid his daughter was developing some of the rank, tainted qualities of She-who-was-Cynthia.

“You would do the large* with somebody else’s money, wouldn’t you?” he said, with a cold, mongrel sort of sneer, which showed what an utter unbeliever he was, at the heart. The inferiority of a heart which has no core of warm belief in it, no pride in life. He had utterly no belief in her.

Yvette went pale, and very distant. Her pride, that frail, precious flame which everybody tried to quench, recoiled like a flame blown far away, on a cold wind, as if blown out, and her face, white now and still like a snowdrop, the white snow-flower of his conceit, seemed to have no life in it, only this pure, strange abstraction.

“He has no belief in me!” she thought in her soul. “I am really nothing to him. I am nothing, only a shameful thing. Everything is shameful, everything is shameful!”

A flame of passion or rage, while it might have overwhelmed or infuriated her, would not have degraded her as did her father’s unbelief, his final attitude of a sneer against her.

He became a little afraid, in the silence of sterile thought. After all, he needed the *appearance* of love and belief and bright life, he would never dare to face the fat worm of his own unbelief, that stirred in his heart.

“What have you to say for yourself?” he asked.

She only looked at him from that senseless snowdrop face which haunted him with fear, and gave him a helpless sense of guilt. That other one, She-who-was-Cynthia, she had looked back at him with the same numb, white fear, the fear of his degrading unbelief, the worm which was his heart’s core. He *knew* his heart’s core was a fat, awful worm. His dread was lest anyone else should know. His anguish of hate was against anyone who knew, and recoiled.

He saw Yvette recoiling, and immediately his manner changed to the worldly old good-humoured cynic which he affected.

“Ah well!” he said. “You have to pay it back, my girl, that’s all. I will advance you the money out of your allowance. But I shall charge you four per-cent a month interest. Even the devil himself

must pay a per-centage on his debts. Another time, if you can't trust yourself, don't handle money which isn't your own. Dishonesty isn't pretty."

Yvette remained crushed, and deflowered and humiliated. She crept
5 about, trailing the rags of her pride. She had a revulsion even from herself. Oh, why had she ever touched the leprous money! Her whole flesh shrank as if it were defiled. Why was that? Why, why was that?

She admitted herself wrong in having spent the money. "Of course
10 I shouldn't have done it. They are quite right to be angry," she said to herself.

But where did the horrible wincing of her flesh come from? Why did she feel she had caught some physical contagion.

"Where you're so *silly*, Yvette," Lucille lectured her: poor Lucille was
15 in great distress—"is that you give yourself away to them all. You might *know* they'd find out. I could have raised the money for you, and saved all this bother. It's perfectly awful! But you never will think beforehand, where your actions are going to land you! Fancy Aunt Cissie saying all those things to you! How *amful*! Whatever would Mama have said, if she'd heard it?"

20 When things went very wrong, they thought of their mother, and despised their father and all the low brood of the Saywells. Their mother, of course, had belonged to a higher, if more dangerous and "immoral" world. More selfish, decidedly. But with a showier gesture. More unscrupulous and more easily moved to contempt: but not so
25 humiliating.

Yvette always considered that she got her fine, delicate flesh from her mother. The Saywells were all a bit leathery and grubby somewhere inside. But then the Saywells never let you down. Whereas the fine
30 She-who-was-Cynthia had let the rector down with a bang, and his little children along with him. Her little children! They could not quite forgive her.

Only dimly, after the row, Yvette began to realise the other sanctity of herself, the sanctity of her sensitive, clean flesh and blood, which
35 the Saywells, with their so-called morality, succeeded in defiling. They always wanted to defile it. They were the life unbelievers. Whereas, perhaps, She-who-was-Cynthia had only been a moral unbeliever.

Yvette went about dazed and peaked and confused. The rector paid
40 in the money to Aunt Cissie, much to that lady's rage. The helpless tumour of her rage was still running. She would have liked to announce her niece's delinquency in the parish magazine. It was anguish to the

destroyed woman that she could not publish the news to all the world. The selfishness! The selfishness! The selfishness!

Then the rector handed his daughter a little account with himself: her debt to him, interest thereon, the amount deducted from her small allowance. But to her credit he had placed a guinea, which was the fee he had to pay for complicity.

“As father of the culprit,” he said humorously, “I am fined one guinea. And with that I wash the ashes out of my hair.”*

He was always generous about money. But somehow, he seemed to think that by being free about money he could absolutely call himself a generous man. Whereas he used money, even generosity, as a hold over her.

But he let the affair drop entirely. He was by this time more amused than anything, to judge from appearances. He thought still he was safe.

Aunt Cissie, however, could not get over her convulsion. One night when Yvette had gone rather early, miserably, to bed, when Lucille was away at a party, and she was lying with soft, peaked limbs aching with a sort of numbness and defilement, the door softly opened, and there stood Aunt Cissie, pushing her grey-green face through the opening of the door. Yvette started up in terror.

“Liar! Thief! Selfish little beast!” hissed the maniacal face of Aunt Cissie. “You little hypocrite! You liar! You selfish beast! You greedy little beast!”

There was such extraordinary impersonal hatred in that grey-green mask, and those frantic words, that Yvette opened her mouth to scream with hysterics. But Aunt Cissie shut the door as suddenly as she had opened it, and disappeared. Yvette leaped from her bed and turned the key. Then she crept back, half demented with fear of the squalid abnormal, half numbed with paralysis of damaged pride. And amid it all, up came a bubble of distracted laughter. It *was* so filthily ridiculous!

Aunt Cissie’s behaviour did not hurt the girl so very much. It was after all somewhat fantastic. Yet hurt she was. In her limbs, in her body, in her sex, hurt. Hurt, numbed, and half destroyed, with only her nerves vibrating and jangled. And still so young, she could not conceive what was happening.

Only she lay and wished she were a gipsy. To live in a camp, in a caravan, and never set foot in a house, not know the existence of a parish, never look at a church. Her heart was hard with repugnance, against the rectory. She loathed these houses with their indoor sanitation and their bathrooms, and their extraordinary repulsiveness. She hated

the rectory, and everything it implied. The whole stagnant, sewerage sort of life, where sewerage is never mentioned, but where it seems to smell from the centre of every two-legged inmate, from Granny to the servants, was foul. If gipsies had no bathrooms, at least they had no sewerage. There was fresh air. In the rectory there was *never* fresh air. And in the souls of the people, the air was stale till it stank.

Hate kindled her heart, as she lay with numbed limbs. And she thought of the words of the gipsy woman: "There is a dark man who never lived in a house. He loves you. The other people are treading on your heart. They will tread on your heart till you think it is dead. But the dark man will blow the one spark up into fire again, good fire. You will see what good fire—"

Even as the woman was saying it, Yvette felt there was some duplicity somewhere. But she didn't mind. She hated with the cold, acrid hatred of a child the rectory interior, the sort of putridity in the life. She liked that big, swarthy, wolf-like gipsy-woman, with the big gold rings in her ears, the pink scarf over her wavy black hair, the tight bodice of brown velvet, the green, fan-like skirt. She liked her dusky, strong, relentless hands, that had pressed so firm, like wolf's paws, in Yvette's own soft palm. She liked her. She liked the danger, and the covert fearlessness of her. She liked her covert, unyielding sex, that was immoral, but with a hard, defiant pride of its own. Nothing would ever get that woman under. She would despise the rectory and the rectory morality utterly! She would strangle Granny with one hand. And she would have the same contempt for Daddy and for Uncle Fred, as men, as she would have for fat old slobbery Rover, the Newfoundland dog. A great, sardonic female contempt, for such domesticated dogs, calling themselves men.

And the gipsy man himself! Yvette quivered suddenly, as if she had seen his big, bold eyes upon her, with the naked insinuation of desire in them. The absolutely naked insinuation of desire made her lie prone and powerless in the bed, as if a drug had cast her in a new, molten mould.

She never confessed to anybody that two of the ill-starred Window Fund pounds had gone to the gipsy woman. What if Daddy and Aunt Cissie knew *that!* Yvette stirred luxuriously in the bed. The thought of the gipsy had released the life of her limbs, and crystallised in her heart the hate of the rectory: so that now she felt potent, instead of impotent.

When, later, Yvette told Lucille about Aunt Cissie's dramatic interlude in the bedroom doorway, Lucille was indignant.

“Oh, hang it all!” cried she. “She might let it drop now. I should think we’ve heard enough about it by now! Good heavens, you’d think Aunt Cissie was a perfect bird of paradise! Daddy’s dropped it, and after all, it’s his business if it’s anybody’s. Let Aunt Cissie shut up.”

It was the very fact that the rector had dropped it, and that he again treated the vague and inconsiderate Yvette as if she were some specially-licensed being, that kept Aunt Cissie’s bile flowing. The fact that Yvette really was most of the time unaware of other people’s feelings, and being unaware, couldn’t care about them, nearly sent Aunt Cissie mad. Why should that young creature, with a delinquent mother, go through life as a privileged being, even unaware of other people’s existence, though they were under her nose.

Lucille at this time was very irritable. She seemed as if she simply went a little unbalanced, when she entered the rectory. Poor Lucille, she was so thoughtful and responsible. She did all the extra troubling, thought about doctors, medicines, servants, and all that sort of thing. She slaved conscientiously at her job all day in town, working in a room with artificial light from ten till five. And she came home to have her nerves rubbed almost to frenzy by Granny’s horrible and persistent inquisitiveness, and parasitic agedness.

The affair of the Window Fund had apparently blown over, but there remained a stuffy tension in the atmosphere. The weather continued bad. Lucille stayed at home on the afternoon of her half holiday, and did herself no good by it. The rector was in his study, she and Yvette were making a dress for the latter young woman, Granny was resting on the couch.

The dress was of blue silk velour, French material, and was going to be very becoming. Lucille made Yvette try it on again: she was nervously uneasy about the hang, under the arms.

“Oh bother!” cried Yvette, stretching her long, tender, childish arms, that tended to go bluish with the cold. “Don’t be so frightfully *fussy*, Lucille! It’s quite all right.”

“If that’s all the thanks I get, slaving my half day away making dresses for you, I might as well do something for myself!”

“Well, Lucille! You know I never *asked* you! You know you can’t bear it unless you *do* supervise,” said Yvette, with that irritating blandness of hers, as she raised her naked elbows and peered over her shoulder into the long mirror.

“Oh yes! you never *asked* me!” cried Lucille. “As if I didn’t know what you meant, when you started sighing and flouncing about.”

"I!" said Yvette, with vague surprise. "Why when did I start sighing and flouncing about?"

"Of course you know you did."

"Did I? No, I didn't know! When was it?" Yvette could put a peculiar
5 annoyance into her mild, straying questions.

"I shan't do another thing to this frock, if you don't stand still and stop it," said Lucille, in her rather sonorous, burning voice.

"You know you are most awfully nagging and irritable, Lucille," said Yvette, standing as if on hot bricks.*

10 "Now Yvette!" cried Lucille, her eyes suddenly flashing in her sister's face, with wild flashes. "Stop it at once! Why should everybody put up with your abominable and overbearing temper!"

"Well I don't know about *my* temper," said Yvette, writhing slowly out of the half-made frock, and slipping into her dress again.

15 Then, with an obstinate little look on her face, she sat down again at the table, in the gloomy afternoon, and began to sew at the blue stuff. The room was littered with blue clippings, the scissors were lying on the floor, the workbasket was spilled in chaos all over the table, and a second mirror was perched perilously on the piano.

20 Granny, who had been in a semi-coma, called a doze, roused herself on the big, soft couch and put her cap straight.

"I don't get much peace for my nap," she said, slowly feeling her thin white hair, to see that it was in order. She had heard vague noises.

Aunt Cissie came in, fumbling in a bag for a chocolate.

25 "I never saw such a mess!" she said. "You'd better clear some of that litter away, Yvette."

"All right," said Yvette. "I will in a minute."

"Which means never!" sneered Aunt Cissie, suddenly darting and picking up the scissors.

30 There was silence for a few moments, and Lucille slowly pushed her hands in her hair, as she read a book.

"You'd better clear away, Yvette," persisted Aunt Cissie.

35 "I will, before tea," replied Yvette, rising once more and pulling the blue dress over her head, flourishing her long, naked arms through the sleeveless armholes. Then she went between the mirrors, to look at herself once more.

As she did so, she sent the second mirror, that she had perched carelessly on the piano, sliding with a rattle to the floor. Luckily it did not break. But everybody started badly.

40 "She's smashed the mirror!" cried Aunt Cissie.

“Smashed a mirror! Which mirror! Who’s smashed it?” came Granny’s sharp voice.

“I haven’t smashed anything,” came the calm voice of Yvette. “It’s quite all right.”

“You’d better not perch it up there again,” said Lucille.

Yvette, with a little impatient shrug at all the fuss, tried making the mirror stand in another place. She was not successful.

“If one had a fire in one’s own room,” she said crossly, “one needn’t have a lot of people fussing when one wants to sew.”

“Which mirror are you moving about?” asked Granny.

“One of our own, that came from the Vicarage,” said Yvette rudely.

“Don’t break it in *this* house, wherever it came from,” said Granny.

There was a sort of family dislike for the furniture that had belonged to She-who-was-Cynthia. It was most of it shoved into the kitchen, and the servants’ bedrooms.

“Oh, *I’m* not superstitious,” said Yvette, “about mirrors or any of that sort of thing.”

“Perhaps you’re not,” said Granny. “People who never take the responsibility for their own actions usually don’t care what happens.”

“After all!” said Yvette. “I may say it’s my own looking-glass, even if I did break it.”

“And I say,” said Granny, “that there shall be no mirrors broken in *this* house, if we can help it; no matter who they belong to, or did belong to.—Cissie, have I got my cap straight?”

Aunt Cissie went over and straightened the old lady. Yvette loudly and irritatingly trilled a tuneless tune.

“And now, Yvette, will you please clear away,” said Aunt Cissie.

“Oh bother!” cried Yvette angrily. “It’s simply *awful* to live with a lot of people who are always nagging and fussing over trifles.”

“What people, may I ask?” said Aunt Cissie ominously.

Another row was imminent. Lucille looked up with a queer cast in her eyes. In the two girls, the blood of She-who-was-Cynthia was roused.

“Of course you may ask! You know quite well I mean the people in *this* beastly house,” said the outrageous Yvette.

“At least,” said Granny, “we don’t come of half-depraved stock.”

There was a second’s electric pause. Then Lucille sprang from her low seat, with sparks flying from her.

“You shut up!” she shouted, in a blast full upon the mottled majesty of the old lady.

The old woman's breast began to heave with heaven knows what emotions. The pause this time, as after the thunderbolt, was icy.

Then Aunt Cissie, livid, sprang upon Lucille, pushing her like a fury.

"Go to your room!" she cried hoarsely. "Go to your room!"

5 And she proceeded to push the white but fiery-eyed Lucille from the room. Lucille let herself be pushed, while Aunt Cissie vociferated:

"Stay in your room till you've apologised for this!—till you've apologised to the Mater for this!"

10 "I shan't apologise!" came the clear voice of Lucille, from the passage, while Aunt Cissie shoved her.

Aunt Cissie drove her more wildly upstairs.

Yvette stood tall and bemused in the sitting-room, with the air of offended dignity, at the same time bemused, which was so odd on her. She still was bare-armed, in the half-made blue dress. And even *she* was
15 half-aghast at Lucille's attack on the majesty of age. But also, she was coldly indignant against Granny's aspersion of the maternal blood in their veins.

"Of course I meant no offense," said Granny.

"Didn't you!" said Yvette coolly.

20 "Of course not. I only said, we're not depraved, just because we happen to be superstitious about breaking mirrors."

Yvette could hardly believe her ears. Had she heard right? Was it possible! Or was Granny, at her age, just telling a barefaced lie?

25 Yvette knew that the old woman was telling a cool, barefaced lie. But already, so quickly, Granny believed her own statement.

The rector appeared, having left time for a lull.

"What's wrong?" he asked cautiously, genially.

30 "Oh nothing!" drawled Yvette. "Lucille told Granny to shut up, when she was saying something. And Aunt Cissie drove her up to her room. *Tant de bruit pour une omelette!** Though Lucille *was* a bit over the mark, that time."

The old lady couldn't quite catch what Yvette said.

35 "Lucille really will have to learn to control her nerves," said the old woman. "The mirror fell down, and it worried me. I said so to Yvette, and she said something about superstitions and the people in the beastly house. I told her the people in the house were not depraved, if they happened to mind when a mirror was broken. And at that Lucille flew at me and told me to shut up. It really is disgraceful, how these children give way to their nerves. I know it's nothing but nerves—"

Aunt Cissie had come in during this speech. At first even she was dumb. Then it seemed to her, it was as Granny had said.

"I have forbidden her to come down until she comes to apologise to the Mater," she said.

"I doubt if she'll apologise," said the calm, queenly Yvette, holding her bare arms.

"And I don't want any apology," said the old lady. "It is merely nerves. I don't know what they'll come to, if they have nerves like that, at their age! She must take Vibrofat.*—I am sure Arthur would like his tea, Cissie!"

Yvette swept her sewing together, to go upstairs. And again she trilled her tune, rather shrill and tuneless. She was trembling inwardly.

"More glad rags!" said her father to her, genially.

"More glad rags!" she re-iterated sagely, as she sauntered upstairs, with her day dress over one arm. She wanted to console Lucille, and ask her how the blue stuff hung now.

At the first landing, she stood as she nearly always did, to gaze through the window that looked to the road and the bridge. Like the Lady of Shalott, she seemed always to imagine that someone would come along singing *Tirra-lirra!*—or something equally intelligent, by the river.*

V.

It was nearly tea-time. The snow-drops were out by the short drive going to the gate from the side of the house, and the gardener was pottering at the round, damp flower-beds, on the wet grass that sloped to the stream. Past the gate went the whitish muddy road, crossing the stone bridge almost immediately, and winding in a curve up to the steep, clustering, stony, smoking northern village, that perched over the grim stone mills which Yvette could see ahead down the narrow valley, their tall chimneys long and erect.

The rectory was on one side the Papple, in the rather steep valley, the village was beyond and above, further down, on the other side the swift stream. At the back of the rectory the hill went up steep, with a grove of dark, bare larches, through which the road disappeared. And immediately across stream from the rectory, facing the house, the river-bank rose steep and bushy, up to the sloping, dreary meadows, that sloped up again to dark hillsides of trees, with grey rock cropping out.

But from the end of the house, Yvette could only see the road curving round past the wall with its laurel hedge, down to the bridge, then up again round the shoulder to that first hard cluster of houses in Papplewick village, beyond the dry-stone walls of the steep fields.

She always expected *something* to come down the slant of the road from Papplewick, and she always lingered at the landing window. Often a cart came, or a motor-car, or a lorry with stone, or a laborer, or one of the servants. But never anybody who sang *Tirra-lirra!* by the river. The tirra-lirraing days seem to have gone by.

This day, however, round the corner on the white-grey road, between the grass and the low stone walls, a roan horse came stepping bravely and briskly down-hill, driven by a man in a cap, perched on the front of his light cart. The man swayed loosely to the swing of the cart, as the horse stepped downhill, in the silent sombreness of the afternoon. At the back of the cart, long long duster-brooms of reed and feather stuck out, nodding on their stalks of cane.

Yvette stood close to the window, and put the casement-cloth* curtains behind her, clutching her bare upper arms with her hands.

At the foot of the slope the horse started into a brisk trot, to the bridge. The cart rattled on the stone bridge, the brooms bobbed and fluttered, the driver sat as if in a kind of dream, swinging along. It was like something seen in a sleep.

But as he crossed the end of the bridge, and was passing along the rectory wall, he looked up at the grim stone house that seemed to have backed away from the gate, under the hill. Yvette moved her hands quickly on her arms. And as quickly, from under the peak of his cap, he had seen her, his swarthy predateive face was alert.

He pulled up suddenly at the white gate, still gazing upwards at the landing window; while Yvette, always clasping her cold and mottled arms, still gazed abstractedly down at him, from the window.

His head gave a little, quick jerk of signal, and he led his horse well aside, on to the grass. Then, limber and alert, he turned back the tarpaulin of the cart, fetched out various articles, pulled forth two or three of the long brooms of reed or turkey-feathers, covered the cart, and turned towards the house, looking up at Yvette as he opened the white gate.

She nodded to him, and flew to the bathroom to put on her dress, hoping she had disguised her nod so that he wouldn't be sure she had nodded. Meanwhile she heard the hoarse deep roaring of

that old fool, Rover, punctuated by the yapping of that young idiot, Trixie.

She and the housemaid arrived at the same moment at the sitting-room door.

“Was it the man selling brooms?” said Yvette to the maid. “All right!” and she opened the door. “Aunt Cissie, there’s a man selling brooms. Shall I go?”

“What sort of a man?” said Aunt Cissie, who was sitting at tea with the rector and the Mater: the girls having been excluded for once from the meal.

“A man with a cart,” said Yvette.

“A gipsy,” said the maid.

Of course Aunt Cissie rose at once. She had to look at him.

The gipsy stood at the back door, under the steep dark bank where the larches grew. The long brooms flourished from one hand, and from the other hung various objects of shining copper and brass: a saucepan, a candlestick, plates of beaten copper. The man himself was neat and dapper, almost rakish, in his dark green cap and double-breasted green check coat. But his manner was subdued, very quiet: and at the same time proud, with a touch of condescension and aloofness.

“Anything today, lady?” he said, looking at Aunt Cissie with dark, shrewd, searching eyes, but putting a very quiet tenderness into his voice.

Aunt Cissie saw how handsome he was, saw the flexible curve of his lips under the line of black moustache, and she was fluttered. The merest hint of roughness or aggression on the man’s part would have made her shut the door contemptuously in his face. But he managed to insinuate such a subtle suggestion of submission into his male bearing, that she began to hesitate.

“The candlestick is lovely!” said Yvette. “Did you make it?”

And she looked up at the man with her naïve, childlike eyes, that were as capable of double meanings as his own.

“Yes lady!”—He looked back into her eyes for a second, with that naked suggestion of desire which acted on her like a spell, and robbed her of her will. Her tender face seemed to go into a sleep.

“It’s awfully nice!” she nurmured vaguely.

Aunt Cissie began to bargain for the candlestick: which was a low, thick stem of copper, rising from a double bowl. With patient aloofness the man attended to her, without ever looking at Yvette, who leaned against the doorway and watched in a muse.

“How is your wife?” she asked him suddenly, when Aunt Cissie had gone indoors to show the candlestick to the rector, and ask him if he thought it was worth it.

5 The man looked fully at Yvette, and a scarcely discernible smile curled his lips. His eyes did not smile: the insinuation in them only hardened to a glare.

“She’s all right. When are you coming that way again?” he murmured, in a low, caressive, intimate voice.

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Yvette vaguely.

10 “You come Fridays, when I’m there,” he said.

Yvette gazed over his shoulder as if she had not heard him. Aunt Cissie returned, with the candlestick and the money to pay for it. Yvette turned nonchalant away, trilling one of her broken tunes, abandoning the whole affair with a certain rudeness.

15 Nevertheless, hiding this time at the landing window, she stood to watch the man go. What she wanted to know, was whether he really had any power over her. She did not intend him to see her this time.

20 She saw him go down to the gate, with his brooms and pans, and out to the cart. He carefully stowed away his pans and his brooms, and fixed down the tarpaulin over the cart. Then with a slow, effortless spring of his flexible loins, he was on the cart again, and touching the horse with the reins. The roan horse was away at once, the cart-wheels grinding uphill, and soon the man was gone, without looking round. Gone like a dream which was only a dream, yet which she could not shake off.

25 “No, he hasn’t any power over me!” she said to herself: rather disappointed really, because she wanted somebody, or something to have power over her.

She went up to reason with the pale and overwrought Lucille, scolding her for getting into a state over nothing.

30 “What does it *matter*,” she expostulated, “if you told Granny to shut up! Why, everybody ought to be told to shut up, when they’re being beastly. But she didn’t mean it, you know. No, she didn’t mean it. And she’s quite sorry she said it. There’s absolutely no reason to make a fuss.—Come on, let’s dress ourselves up and sail down to dinner like duchesses. Let’s have our own back that way. Come on, Lucille!”

35 There was something strange and mazy, like having cobwebs over one’s face, about Yvette’s vague blitheness; her queer, misty side-stepping from an unpleasantness. It was cheering too. But it was like walking in one of those autumn mists, when gossamer strands blow over
40 your face. You don’t quite know where you are.

She succeeded, however, in persuading Lucille, and the girls got out their best party-frocks: Lucille in green and silver, Yvette in a pale lilac colour with turquoise chenille threading. A little rouge and powder, and their best slippers, and the gardens of paradise began to blossom. Yvette hummed and looked at herself, and put on her most *dégage** 5
airs of one of the young marchionesses. She had an odd way of slanting her eyebrows and pursing her lips, and to all appearances detaching herself from every earthly consideration, and floating through the cloud of her own pearl-coloured reserves. It was amusing, and not quite convincing. 10

“Of course I am beautiful, Lucille,” she said blandly. “And you’re perfectly lovely, now you look a bit reproachful. Of course you’re the most aristocratic of the two of us, with your nose! And now your eyes look reproachful, that adds an appealing look, and you’re perfect, perfectly lovely. But I’m more *winning*, in a way.—Don’t you agree?” She turned 15
with arch, complicated simplicity to Lucille.

She was truly simple in what she said. It was just what she thought. But it gave no hint of the very different feeling that also preoccupied her: the feeling that she had been looked upon, not from the outside, but from the inside, from her secret female self. She was dressing herself 20
up and looking her most dazzling, just to counteract the effect that the gipsy had had on her, when he had looked at her, and seen none of her pretty face and her pretty ways, but just the dark, tremulous, potent secret of her virginity.

The two girls started downstairs in state when the dinner-gong rang: 25
but they waited till they heard the voice of the men. Then they sailed down and into the sitting-room, Yvette preening herself in her vague, debonair way, always a little bit absent; and Lucille shy, ready to burst into tears.

“My Goodness Gracious!” exclaimed Aunt Cissie, who was still wearing her dark-brown knitted sports coat. “What an apparition! Wherever 30
do you think you’re going?”

“We’re dining with the family,” said Yvette naïvely, “and we’ve put on our best gewgaws* in honour of the occasion.”

The rector laughed aloud, and Uncle Fred said: 35

“The family feels itself highly honoured.”

Both the elderly men were quite gallant, which was what Yvette wanted.

“Come and let me feel your dresses, do!” said Granny. “Are they your best? It *is* a shame I can’t see them.” 40

“Tonight, Mater,” said Uncle Fred, “we shall have to take the young ladies in to dinner, and live up to the honour. Will you go with Cissie?”

“I certainly will,” said Granny. “Youth and beauty must come first.”

“Well, tonight Mater!” said the rector, pleased.

5 And he offered his arm to Lucille, while Uncle Fred escorted Yvette.

But it was a dragged,* dull meal, all the same. Lucille tried to be bright and sociable, and Yvette really was most amiable, in her vague, cobwebby way. Dimly, at the back of her mind, she was thinking: Why are we all only like mortal pieces of furniture? Why is nothing
10 *important?*

That was her constant refrain, to herself: Why is nothing important? Whether she was in church, or at a party of young people, or dancing in the hotel in the city, the same little bubble of a question rose repeatedly on her consciousness: Why is nothing important?

15 There were plenty of young men to make love to her: even devotedly. But with impatience she had to shake them off. Why were they so unimportant?—so irritating!

She never even thought of the gipsy. He was a perfectly negligible incident. Yet the approach of Friday loomed strangely significant. “What are we doing on Friday?” she said to Lucille. To which Lucille
20 replied that they were doing nothing. And Yvette was vexed.

Friday came, and in spite of herself she thought all day of the quarry off the road up on high Bonsall Head. She wanted to be there. That was all she was conscious of. She wanted to be there. She had not even
25 a dawning idea of going there. Besides, it was raining again. But as she sewed the blue dress, finishing it for the party up at Lambley Close,* tomorrow, she just felt that her soul was up there, at the quarry, among the caravans, with the gipsies. Like one lost or whose soul was stolen, she was not present in her body, the shell of her body. Her intrinsic body
30 was away at the quarry, among the caravans.

The next day, at the party, she had no idea that she was being sweet to Leo. She had no idea that she was snatching him away from the tortured Ella Framley. Not until when she was eating her pistachio ice, he said
to her:

35 “Why don’t you and me get engaged, Yvette? I’m absolutely sure it’s the right thing for us both.”

Leo was a bit common, but good-natured, and well-off. Yvette quite liked him. But engaged! How perfectly silly! She felt like offering him a set of her silk underwear, to get engaged to.

40 “But I thought it was Ella!” she said, in wonder.

“Well! It might ha’ been, but for you. It’s your doings, you know! Ever since those gipsies told your fortune, I felt it was me or nobody, for you, and you or nobody, for me.”

“Really!” said Yvette, simply lost in amazement. “Really!”

“Didn’t you feel a bit the same?” he asked.

5

“Really!” Yvette kept on gasping softly, like a fish.

“You felt a bit the same, didn’t you?” he said.

“What? About what?” she asked, coming to.

“About me, as I feel about you.”

“Why? What? Getting engaged, you mean? I? No! Why how *could* I? I could never have dreamed of such an impossible thing.”

10

She spoke with her usual heedless candour, utterly unoccupied with his feelings.

“What was to prevent you?” he said, a bit nettled. “I thought you did.”

15

“Did you *really* now?” she breathed in amazement, with that soft, virgin, heedless candour which made her her admirers and her enemies.

She was so completely amazed, there was nothing for him to do but twiddle his thumbs, in annoyance.

The music began, and he looked at her.

20

“No! I won’t dance any more,” she said, drawing herself up and gazing away rather loftily over the assembly, as if he did not exist. There was a touch of puzzled wonder on her brow, and her soft, dim virgin face did indeed suggest the snowdrop of her father’s bathetic imagery.

“But of course you will dance,” she said, turning to him with young condescension. “Do ask somebody to have this with you.”

25

He rose, angry, and went down the room.

She remained soft and remote in her amazement. Expect Leo to propose to her! She might as well have expected old Rover the Newfoundland dog to propose to her. Get engaged, to any man on earth? No, good heavens, nothing more ridiculous could be imagined!

30

It was then, in a fleeting side-thought, that she realised that the gipsy existed. Instantly, she was indignant. Him, of all things! Him! Never!

“Now why?” she asked herself, again in hushed amazement. “Why? It’s *absolutely* impossible: absolutely! So why is it?”

35

This was a nut to crack. She looked at the young men dancing, elbows out, hips prominent, waists elegantly in. They gave her no clue to her problem. Yet she did particularly dislike the forced elegance of the waists and the prominent hips, over which the well-tailored coats hung with such effeminate discretion.

40

“There is something about me which they don’t see and never would see,” she said angrily to herself. And at the same time, she was relieved that they didn’t and couldn’t. It made life so very much simpler.

5 And again, since she was one of the people who are conscious in visual images, she saw the dark-green jersey rolled on the black trousers of the gipsy, his fine, quick hips, alert as eyes. They were elegant. The elegance of these dancers seemed so stuffed, hips merely wadded with flesh. Leo the same, thinking himself such a fine dancer! and a fine figure
10 of a fellow!

Then she saw the gipsy’s face: the straight nose, the slender mobile lips, and the level, significant stare of the black eyes, which seemed to shoot her in some vital, undiscovered place, unerring.

15 She drew herself up angrily. How dared he look at her like that! So she gazed glaringly at the insipid beaux on the dancing floor. And she despised them. Just as the raggle-taggle gipsy* women despise men who are not gipsies, despise their dog-like walk down the streets, she found herself despising this crowd. Where among them was the subtle, lonely, insinuating challenge that could reach her?

20 She did not want to mate with a house-dog.

Her sensitive nose turned up, her soft brown hair fell like a soft sheath round her tender, flower-like face, as she sat musing. She seemed so virginal. At the same time, there was a touch of the tall young virgin witch about her, that made the house-dog men shy off. She might metamorphose into something uncanny before you knew where you were.
25

This made her lonely, in spite of all the courting. Perhaps the courting only made her lonelier.

Leo, who was a sort of mastiff among the house-dogs, returned after his dance, with fresh cheery-O! courage.

30 “You’ve had a little think about it, haven’t you?” he said, sitting down beside her: a comfortable, well-nourished, determined sort of fellow. She did not know why it irritated her so unreasonably, when he hitched up his trousers at the knee, over his good-sized but not very distinguished legs, and lowered himself assuredly on to a chair.

35 “Have I?” she said vaguely. “About what?”

“You know what about,” he said. “Did you make up your mind?”

“Make up my mind about what?” she asked, innocently.

In her upper consciousness, she truly had forgotten.

40 “Oh!” said Leo, settling his trousers again. “About me and you getting engaged, you know.” He was almost as off-hand as she.

“Oh that’s *absolutely* impossible,” she said, with mild amiability, as if it were some stray question among the rest. “Why I never even thought of it again. Oh, don’t talk about that sort of nonsense! That sort of thing is *absolutely* impossible,” she re-iterated like a child.

“That sort of thing is, is it?” he said, with an odd smile at her calm, distant assertion. “Well what sort of thing *is* possible, then? You don’t want to die an old maid, do you?”

“Oh I don’t mind,” she said absently.

“I do,” he said.

She turned round and looked at him in wonder.

“Why?” she said. “Why should you mind if I was an old maid?”

“Every reason in the world,” he said, looking up at her with a bold, meaningful smile, that wanted to make its meaning blatant, if not patent.

But instead of penetrating into some deep, secret place, and shooting her there, Leo’s bold and patent smile only hit her on the outside of the body, like a tennis ball, and caused the same kind of sudden irritated reaction.

“I think this sort of thing is awfully silly,” she said, with minx-like spite. “Why you’re practically engaged to—to—” she pulled herself up in time—“probably half a dozen other girls. I’m not flattered by what you’ve said. I should hate it if anybody knew!—Hate it!—I shan’t breathe a word of it, and I hope you’ll have the sense not to.—There’s Ella!”

And keeping her face averted from him, she sailed away like a tall, soft flower, to join poor Ella Framley.

Leo flapped his white gloves.

“Catty little bitch!” he said to himself. But he was of the mastiff type, he rather liked the kitten to fly in his face. He began definitely to single her out.

VI.

The next week, it poured again with rain. And this irritated Yvette with strange anger. She had intended it should be fine. Especially she insisted it should be fine towards the weekend. Why, she did not ask herself.

Thursday, the half-holiday came with a hard frost, and sun. Leo arrived with his car, and the usual bunch. Yvette disagreeably and unaccountably refused to go.

“No thanks, I don’t feel like it,” she said.

She rather enjoyed being Mary-Mary-quite-contrary.*

Then she went for a walk by herself, up the frozen hills, to the Black Rocks.*

5 The next day also came sunny and frosty. It was February, but in the north country the ground did not thaw in the sun. Yvette announced that she was going for a ride on her bicycle, and taking her lunch, as she might not be back till afternoon.

10 She set off, not hurrying. In spite of the frost, the sun had a touch of spring. In the park, the deer were standing in the distance, in the sunlight, to be warm. One doe, white spotted, walked slowly across the motionless landscape.

Cycling, Yvette found it difficult to keep her hands warm, even when bodily she was quite hot. Only when she had to walk up the long hill, to the top, and there was no wind.

15 The upland was very bare and clear, like another world. She had climbed on to another level. She cycled slowly, a little afraid of taking the wrong lane, in the vast maze of stone fences. As she passed along the lane she thought was the right one, she heard a faint tapping noise, with a slight metallic resonance.

20 The gipsy man was seated on the ground with his back to the cart-shaft, hammering a copper bowl. He was in the sun, bare-headed, but wearing his green jersey. Three small children were moving quietly round, playing in the horse's shelter: the horse and cart were gone. An old woman, bent, with a kerchief round her head, was cooking over a fire of sticks. The only sound was the rapid, ringing tap-tap-tap! of the small hammer on the dull copper.

25 The man looked up at once, as Yvette stepped from her bicycle, but he did not move, though he ceased hammering. A delicate, barely discernible smile of triumph was on his face. The old woman looked round, keenly, from under her dirty grey hair. The man spoke a half-audible word to her, and she turned again to her fire. He looked up at Yvette.

“How are you all getting on?” she asked politely.

35 “All right, eh! You sit down a minute?”—He turned as he sat, and pulled a stool from under the caravan for Yvette. Then, as she wheeled her bicycle to the side of the quarry, he started hammering again, with that bird-like, rapid light stroke.

Yvette went to the fire to warm her hands.

40 “Is this the dinner cooking?” she asked childishly, of the old gipsy, as she spread her long, tender hands, mottled red with the cold, to the embers.

“Dinner, yes!” said the old woman.” For him! And for the children.”

She pointed with the long fork at the three black-eyed, staring children, who were staring at her from under their black fringe. But they were clean. Only the old woman was not clean. The quarry itself they had kept perfectly clean.

Yvette crouched in silence, warming her hands. The man rapidly hammered away, with intervals of silence. The old hag slowly climbed the steps to the third, oldest caravan. The children began to play again, like little wild animals, quiet and busy.

“Are they your children?” asked Yvette, rising from the fire and turning to the man.

He looked her in the eyes, and nodded.

“But where’s your wife?”

“She’s gone out with the basket. They’ve all gone out, cart and all, selling things. I don’t go selling things. I make them, but I don’t go selling them. Not often. I don’t often.”

“You make all the copper and brass things?” she said.

He nodded, and again offered her the stool. She sat down.

“You said you’d be here on Fridays,” she said. “So I came this way, as it was so fine.”

“Very fine day!” said the gipsy, looking at her cheek, that was still a bit blanched by the cold, and the soft hair over her reddened ear, and the long, still mottled bands on her knee.

“You get cold, riding a bicycle?” he asked.

“My hands!” she said, clasping them nervously.

“You didn’t wear gloves?”

“I did, but they weren’t much good.”

“Cold comes through,” he said.

“Yes!” she replied.

The old woman came slowly, grotesquely down the steps of the caravan, with some enamel plates.

“The dinner cooked, eh?” he called softly.

The old woman muttered something, as she spread the plates near the fire. Two pots hung from a long iron horizontal-bar, over the embers of the fire. A little pan seethed on a small iron tripod. In the sunshine, heat and vapour wavered together.

He put down his tools and the pot, and rose from the ground.

“You eat something along of* us?” he asked Yvette, not looking at her.

“Oh, I brought my lunch,” said Yvette.

“You eat some stew?” he said. And again he called quietly, secretly to the old woman, who muttered in answer, as she slid the iron pot towards the end of the bar.

“Some beans, and some mutton in it,” he said.

5 “Oh thanks awfully!”— said Yvette. Then, suddenly taking courage, added: “Well yes, just a very little, if I may.”

She went across to untie her lunch from her bicycle, and he went up the steps to his own caravan. After a minute, he emerged, wiping his hands on a towel.

10 “You want to come up and wash your hands?” he said.

“No, I think not,” she said. “They are clean.”

He threw away his wash-water, and set off down the road with a high brass jug, to fetch clean water from the spring that trickled into a small pool, taking a cup to dip it with.

15 When he returned, he set the jug and the cup by the fire, and fetched himself a short log, to sit on. The children sat on the floor, by the fire, in a cluster, eating beans and bits of meat with spoon or fingers. The man on the log ate in silence, absorbedly. The woman made coffee in the black pot on the tripod, hobbling upstairs for the cups. There was
20 silence in the camp. Yvette sat on her stool, having taken off her hat and shaken her hair in the sun.

“How many children have you?” Yvette asked suddenly.

“Say five,” he replied slowly, as he looked up into her eyes.

25 And again the bird of her heart sank down and seemed to die. Vaguely, as in a dream, she received from him the cup of coffee. She was aware only of his silent figure, sitting like a shadow there on the log, with an enamel cup in his hand, drinking his coffee in silence. Her will had departed from her limbs, he had power over her: his shadow was on her.

30 And he, as he blew his hot coffee, was aware of one thing only, the mysterious fruit of her virginity, her perfect tenderness in the body.

At length he put down his coffee cup by the fire, then looked round at her. Her hair fell across her face, as she tried to sip from the hot cup. On her face was that tender look of sleep, which a nodding flower has, when it is full out. Like a mysterious early flower, she was full out,
35 like a snowdrop which spreads its three white wings in a flight into the waking sleep of its brief blossoming. The waking sleep of her full-opened virginity, entranced like a snowdrop in the sunshine, was upon her.

40 The gipsy, supremely aware of her, waited for her like the substance of shadow, as shadow waits and is there.

At length his voice said, without breaking the spell:

“You want to go in my caravan, now, and wash your hands?”

The childlike, sleep-waking eyes of her moment of perfect virginity looked into his, unseeing. She was only aware of the dark, strange effluence of him bathing her limbs, washing her at last purely will-less. She was aware of *him*, as a dark, complete power.

5

“I think I might,” she said.

He rose silently, then turned to speak, in a low command, to the old woman. And then again he looked at Yvette, and putting his power over her, so that she had no burden of herself, or of action.

10

“Come!” he said.

She followed simply, followed the silent, secret, overpowering motion of his body in front of her. It cost her nothing. She was gone in his will.

He was at the top of the steps, and she at the foot, when she became aware of an intruding sound. She stood still at the foot of the steps. A motor-car was coming. He stood at the top of the steps, looking round strangely. The old woman harshly called something, as with rapidly increasing sound, a car rushed near. It was passing.

15

Then they heard the cry of a woman’s voice, and the brakes on the car. It had pulled up, just beyond the quarry.

20

The gipsy came down the steps, having closed the door of the caravan.

“You want to put your hat on,” he said to her.

Obediently she went to the stool by the fire, and took up her hat. He sat down by the cartwheel, darkly, and took up his tools. The rapid tap-tap-tap of his hammer, rapid and angry now like the sound of a tiny machine-gun, broke out just as the voice of the woman was heard crying:

25

“May we warm our hands at the camp fire?”

She advanced, dressed in a sleek but bulky coat of sable fur. A man followed, in a blue great-coat; pulling off his fur gloves and pulling out a pipe.

30

“It looked so tempting,” said the woman in the coat of many dead little animals, smiling a broad, half-condescending, half-hesitant simper, around the company.

35

No one said a word.

She advanced to the fire, shuddering a little inside her coat, with the cold. They had been driving in an open car.

She was a very small woman, with a rather large nose: probably a Jewess.* Tiny almost as a child, in that sable coat she looked much more

40

bulky than she should, and her wide, rather resentful brown eyes of a spoiled Jewess gazed oddly out of her expensive get-up.

She crouched over the low fire, spreading her little hands, on which diamonds and emeralds glittered.

5 “Ugh!” she shuddered. “Of course we ought not to have come in an open car! But my husband won’t even let me say I’m cold!” She looked round at him with her large, childish, reproachful eyes, that had still the canny shrewdness of a bourgeois Jewess: a rich one, probably.

10 Apparently she was in love, in a Jewess’ curious way, with the big, blond man. He looked back at her with his abstracted blue eyes, that seemed to have no lashes, and a small smile creased his smooth, curiously naked cheeks. The smile didn’t mean anything at all.

15 He was a man one connects instantly with winter sports, Ski-ing and skating. Athletic, unconnected with life, he slowly filled his pipe, pressing in the tobacco with long, powerful, reddened finger.

The Jewess looked at him to see if she got any response from him. Nothing at all, but that odd, blank smile. She turned again to the fire, tilting her eyebrows and looking at her small, white, spread hands.

20 He slipped off his heavily lined coat, and appeared in one of the handsome, sharp-patterned knitted jerseys, in yellow and grey and black, over well-cut trousers, rather wide. Yes, they were both expensive! And he had a magnificent figure, an athletic, prominent chest.—Like an experienced camper, he began building the fire together, quietly: like a soldier on campaign.

25 “D’you think they’d mind if we put some fir-cones on, to make a blaze?” he asked of Yvette, with a silent glance at the hammering gipsy.

“Love it, I should think,” said Yvette, in a daze, as the spell of the gipsy slowly left her, feeling stranded and blank.

30 The man went to the car, and returned with a little sack of cones, from which he drew a handful.

“Mind if we make a blaze?” he called to the gipsy.

“Eh?”

“Mind if we make a blaze with a few cones?”

35 “You go ahead!” said the gipsy.

The man began placing the cones lightly, carefully on the red embers. And soon, one by one, they caught fire, and burned like roses of flame, with a sweet scent.

40 “Ah lovely! lovely!” cried the little Jewess, looking up at her man again. He looked down at her quite kindly, like the sun on ice. “Don’t

you love fire! Oh, I love it!" the little Jewess cried to Yvette, across the hammering.

The hammering annoyed her. She looked round with a slight frown on her fine little brows, as if she would bid the man stop. Yvette looked round too. The gipsy was bent over his copper bowl, legs apart, head down, lithe arm lifted. Already he seemed so far from her.

The man who accompanied the little Jewess strolled over to the gipsy, and stood in silence looking down on him, holding his pipe to his mouth. Now they were two men, like two strange male dogs, having to sniff one another.

"We're on our honeymoon," said the little Jewess, with an arch, resentful look at Yvette. She spoke in a rather high, defiant voice, like some bird, a jay, or a rook, calling.

"Are you really?" said Yvette.

"Yes! Before we're married!—Have you heard of Simon Fawcett?"—she named a wealthy and well-known engineer of the north country. "Well I'm Mrs Fawcett, and he's just divorcing me!" She looked at Yvette with curious defiance and wistfulness.

"Are you really!" said Yvette.

She understood now the look of resentment and defiance in the little Jewess' big, childlike brown eyes. She was an honest little thing, but perhaps her honesty was *too* rational. Perhaps it partly explained the notorious unscrupulousness of the well-known Simon Fawcett.

"Yes! As soon as we get the divorce, I'm going to marry Major Eastwood."

Her cards were now all on the table. She was not going to deceive anybody.

Behind her, the two men were talking briefly. She glanced round, and fixed the gipsy with her big brown eyes.

He was looking up, as if shyly, at the fellow* in the sparkling jersey, who was standing pipe in mouth, man to man, looking down.

"With the horses back of Arras,"* said the gipsy, in a low voice.

They were talking war. The gipsy had served with the artillery teams, in the Major's own regiment.

"Ein schöner Mensch!"* said the Jewess. "A handsome man, eh?"

For her, too, the gipsy was one of the common men, the Tommies.*

"Quite handsome!" said Yvette.

"You are cycling?" asked the Jewess, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes! Down to Papplewick. My father is rector of Papplewick: Mr Saywell!"

"Oh!" said the Jewess. "I know! A clever writer! Very clever! I have read him."

The fir-cones were all consumed already, the fire was a tall pile now of crumbling, shattering fire-roses. The sky was clouding over for afternoon. Perhaps towards evening it would snow.

The major came back, and slung himself into his coat.

"I thought I remembered his face!" he said. "One of our grooms, A. I. man with horses."

"Look!" cried the Jewess to Yvette. "Why don't you let us motor you down to Normanton. We live in Scoresby.* We can tie the bicycle on behind."

"I think I will," said Yvette.

"Come!" called the Jewess to the peeping children, as the blond man wheeled away the bicycle. "Come! Come here!"—and taking out her little purse, she held out a shilling. "Come!" she cried. "Come and take it!"

The gipsy had laid down his work, and gone into his caravan. The old woman called hoarsely to the children, from her enclosure. The two elder children came stealing forward. The Jewess gave them the two bits of silver, a shilling and a florin, which she had in her purse, and again the hoarse voice of the unseen old woman was heard.

The gipsy descended from his caravan and strolled to the fire. The Jewess searched his face with the peculiar bourgeois boldness of her race.

"You were in the war, in Major Eastwood's regiment!" she said.

"Yes, lady!"

"Imagine you both being here now!—It's going to snow—" she looked up at the sky.

"Later on," said the man, looking at the sky.

He too had gone inaccessible. His race was very old, in its peculiar battle with established society, and had no conception of winning. Only now and then it could score.

But since the war, even the old sporting chance of scoring now and then, was pretty well quenched. There was no question of yielding. The gipsy's eyes still had their bold look: but it was hardened and directed far away, the touch of insolent intimacy was gone. He had been through the war.

He looked at Yvette.

"You're going back in the motor-car?" he said.

"Yes!" she replied, with a rather mincing mannerism. "The weather is so treacherous!"

"Treacherous weather!" he repeated, looking at the sky.

She could not tell in the least what his feelings were. In truth, she wasn't very much interested. She was rather fascinated, now, by the little Jewess, mother of two children, who was taking her wealth away from the well-known engineer and transferring it to the penniless, sporting young Major Eastwood: who must be five or six years younger than she. Rather intriguing!

The blond man returned.

"A cigarette, Charles!" cried the little Jewess, plaintively.

He took out his case, slowly, with his slow, athletic movement. Something sensitive in him made him slow, cautious, as if he had hurt himself against people. He gave a cigarette to his wife, then one to Yvette, then offered the case, quite simply, to the gipsy. The gipsy took one.

"Thank you sir!"

And he went quietly to the fire, and stooping, lit it at the red embers. Both women watched him.

"Well goodbye!" said the Jewess, with her odd bourgeois free-masonry. "Thank you for the warm fire."

"Fire is everybody's," said the gipsy.

The young child came toddling to him.

"Goodbye!" said Yvette. "I hope it won't snow for you."

"We don't mind a bit of snow," said the gipsy.

"Don't you?" said Yvette. "I should have thought you would!"

"No!" said the gipsy.

She flung her scarf royally over her shoulder, and followed the fur coat of the Jewess, which seemed to walk on little legs of its own.

VII.

Yvette was rather thrilled by the Eastwoods, as she called them. The little Jewess had only to wait three months now, for the final decree. She had boldly rented a small summer cottage, by the moors up at Scoresby, not far from the hills. Now it was dead winter, and she and the major lived in comparative isolation, without any maid-servant. He had already resigned his commission in the regular army, and called himself Mr Eastwood. In fact, they were already Mr and Mrs Eastwood, to the common world.

The little Jewess was thirty-six, and her two children were both over twelve years of age. The husband had agreed that she should have the custody, as soon as she was married to Eastwood.

5 So there they were, this queer couple, the tiny, finely-formed little Jewess with her big, resentful-reproachful eyes, and her mop of carefully-barbered black, curly hair, an elegant little thing in her way; and the big, pale-eyed young man, powerful and wintry, the remnant, surely, of some old uncanny Danish stock: living together in a small modern house near the moors and the hills, and doing their own house-
10 work.

It was a funny household. The cottage was hired furnished, but the little Jewess had brought along her dearest pieces of furniture. She had an odd little taste for the rococo, strange curving cupboards inlaid with mother of pearl, tortoiseshell, ebony, heaven knows what: strange
15 tall flamboyant chairs, from Italy, with sea-green brocade: astonishing saints with wind-blown, richly-coloured carven garments and pink faces: shelves of weird old Saxe and Capo di Monte* figurines: and finally, a strange assortment of astonishing pictures painted on the back of glass, done, probably, in the early years of the nineteenth century, or
20 in the late eighteenth.

In this crowded and extraordinary interior she received Yvette, when the latter made a stolen visit. A whole system of stoves had been installed into the cottage, every corner was warm, almost hot. And there was the tiny rococo figurine of the Jewess herself, in a perfect little frock, and an
25 apron, putting slices of ham on the dish, while the great snow-bird of a major, in a white sweater and grey trousers, cut bread, mixed mustard, prepared coffee, and did all the rest. He had even made the dish of jugged hare which followed the cold meats and caviare.

The silver and the china were really valuable, part of the bride's
30 trousseau. The major drank beer from a silver mug, the little Jewess and Yvette had champagne in lovely glasses, then the major brought in coffee. They talked away. The little Jewess had a burning indignation against her first husband. She was intensely moral, so moral, that she was a divorcée. The major too, strange wintry bird, so powerful, handsome
35 too in his way, but pale round the eyes as if he had no eyelashes, like a bird, he too had a curious indignation against life, because of the false morality. That powerful, athletic chest hid a strange, snowy sort of anger. And his tenderness for the little Jewess was based on his sense of outraged justice, the abstract morality of the north* blowing him like a
40 strange wind, into isolation.

As the afternoon drew on, they went to the kitchen, the major pushed back his sleeves, showing his powerful athletic white arms, and carefully, deftly washed the dishes, while the women wiped. It was not for nothing his muscles were trained. Then he went round attending to the stoves of the small house, which only needed a moment or two of care each day. And after this, he brought out the small, closed car and drove Yvette home, in the rain, depositing her at the back gate, a little wicket among the larches, through which the earthen steps sloped downwards to the house.

She was really amazed by this couple.

“Really, Lucille!” she said. “I do meet the most extraordinary people!” And she gave a detailed description.

“I think they sound rather nice!” said Lucille. “I like the Major doing the housework, and looking so frightfully Bond-streety* with it all. I should think, *when they’re married*, it would be rather fun knowing them.”

“Yes!” said Yvette vaguely. “Yes! Yes, it would!”

The very strangeness of the connection between the tiny Jewess and that pale-eyed, athletic young officer made her think again of her gipsy, who had been utterly absent from her consciousness, but who now returned with sudden painful force.

“What is it, Lucille,” she asked, “that brings people together? People like the Eastwoods, for instance?—and Daddy and Mama, so frightfully unsuitable?—and that gipsy woman who told my fortune, like a great horse, and the gipsy man, so fine and delicately cut? What is it?”

“I suppose it’s sex, whatever that is,” said Lucille.

“Yes, what is it? It’s not really anything *common*, like common sensuality, you know, Lucille. It really isn’t!”

“No, I suppose not,” said Lucille. “Anyhow I suppose it needn’t be.”

“Because you see the *common* fellows, you know, who make a girl feel *low*: nobody cares much about them. Nobody feels any connection with them. Yet they’re supposed to be the sexual sort.”

“I suppose,” said Lucille, “there’s the low sort of sex, and there’s the other sort, that isn’t low. It’s frightfully complicated, really! I *loathe* common fellows. And I never feel anything *sexual*—” she laid a rather disgusted stress on the word—“for fellows who aren’t common. Perhaps I haven’t got any sex.”

“That’s just it!” said Yvette. “Perhaps neither of us has. Perhaps we haven’t really *got* any sex, to connect us with men.”

“How horrible it sounds: *connect us with men!*” cried Lucille with revulsion. “Wouldn’t you hate to be connected with men that way? Oh I think it’s an awful pity there has to *be* sex. It would be so much better if we could still be men and women, without that sort of thing.”

5 Yvette pondered. Far in the background was the image of the gipsy as he had looked round at her, when she had said: The weather is so treacherous. She felt rather like Peter when the cock crew, as she denied him.* Or rather, she did not deny the gipsy; she didn’t care about his part in the show, anyhow. It was some hidden part of herself which she denied: that part which mysteriously and unconfessedly responded to him. And it was a strange, lustrous black cock which crew in mockery of her.

15 “Yes!” she said vaguely. “Yes! Sex is an awful bore, you know Lucille. When you haven’t got it, you feel you *ought* to have it, somehow. And when you’ve got it—or *if* you have it—” she lifted her head and wrinkled her nose disdainfully—“you hate it.”

“Oh I don’t know!” cried Lucille. “I think I should *like* to be awfully in love with a man.”

20 “You think so!” said Yvette, again wrinkling her nose. “But if you were you wouldn’t.”

“How do you know?” asked Lucille.

“Well, I don’t really,” said Yvette. “But I think so! Yes, I think so!”

25 “Oh, it’s very likely!” said Lucille disgustedly. “And anyhow one would be sure to get out of love again, and it would be merely disgusting.”

“Yes,” said Yvette. “It’s a problem.” She hummed a little tune.

30 “Oh hang it all, it’s not a problem for us two, yet. We’re neither of us really in love, and we probably never shall be, so the problem is settled that way.”

“I’m not so sure!” said Yvette sagely. “I’m not so sure. I believe, one day, I shall fall *awfully* in love.”

“Probably you never will,” said Lucille brutally. “That’s what most old maids are thinking all the time.”

35 Yvette looked at her sister from pensive but apparently insouciant eyes.

“Is it?” she said. “Do you really think so, Lucille? How perfectly awful for them, poor things! Whyever do they *care?*”

40 “Why do they?” said Lucille. “Perhaps they don’t, really. Probably it’s all because people say: *Poor old girl, she couldn’t catch a man.*”

"I suppose it is!" said Yvette. "They get to mind the beastly things people always do say about old maids. What a shame!"

"Anyhow we have a good time, and we do have lots of boys who make a fuss of us," said Lucille.

"Yes!" said Yvette. "Yes! But I couldn't possibly marry any of them." 5

"Neither could I," said Lucille. "But why shouldn't we! Why should we bother about marrying, when we have a perfectly good time with the boys who are awfully good sorts, and you must say, Yvette, awfully sporting and *decent* to us."

"Oh, they are!" said Yvette absently. 10

"I think it's time to think of marrying somebody," said Lucille, "when you feel you're *not* having a good time any more. Then marry, and just settle down."

"Quite!" said Yvette.

But now, under all her bland, soft amiability, she was annoyed with Lucille. Suddenly she wanted to turn her back on Lucille. 15

Besides, look at the shadows under poor Lucille's eyes, and the wistfulness in the beautiful eyes themselves. Oh, if some awfully nice, kind, protective sort of man would but marry her! And if the sporting Lucille would let him! 20

Yvette did not tell the rector, nor Granny, about the Eastwoods. It would only have started a lot of talk, which she detested. The rector wouldn't have minded, for himself, privately. But he too knew the necessity of keeping as clear as possible from that poisonous, many-headed serpent, the tongue of the people.* 25

"But I don't *want* you to come if your father doesn't know," cried the little Jewess.

"I suppose I'll have to tell him," said Yvette. "I'm sure he doesn't mind, really. But if he knew, he'd have to, I suppose."

The young officer looked at her with an odd amusement, bird-like and unemotional, in his keen eyes. He too was by way of falling in love with Yvette. It was her peculiar virgin tenderness, and her straying, absent-minded detachment from things, which attracted him. 30

She was aware of what was happening, and she rather preened herself. Eastwood piqued her fancy. Such a smart young officer, awfully good class, so calm and amazing with a motor-car, and quite a champion swimmer, it was intriguing to see him quietly, calmly washing dishes, smoking his pipe, doing his job so alert and skilful. Or, with the same interested care with which he made his investigation into the mysterious inside of an automobile, concocting jugged hare in the cottage kitchen. 35 40

Then going out in the icy weather and cleaning his car till it looked like a live thing, like a cat when she has licked herself. Then coming in to talk so unassumingly and responsively, if briefly, with the little Jewess. And apparently, never bored. Sitting at the window with his pipe, in
 5 bad weather, silent for hours, abstracted, musing, yet with his athletic body alert in its stillness.

Yvette did not flirt with him. But she *did* like him.

“But what about your future?” she asked him.

“What about it?” he said, taking his pipe from his mouth, the unemo-
 10 tional point of a smile in his bird’s eyes.

“A career! Doesn’t every man have to carve out a career?—like some huge goose with gravy?”* She gazed with odd naïveté into his eyes.

“I’m perfectly all right today, and I shall be all right tomorrow,” he
 15 said, with a cold, decided look. “Why shouldn’t my future be continuous todays and tomorrows?”

He looked at her with unmoved searching.

“Quite!” she said. “I hate jobs, and all that side of life.” But she was thinking of the Jewess’ money.

To which he did not answer. His anger was of the soft, snowy sort,
 20 which comfortably muffles the soul.

They had come to the point of talking philosophically together. The little Jewess looked a bit wan. She was curiously naïve and not possessive, in her attitude to the man. Nor was she at all catty with Yvette. Only rather wan, and dumb.

25 Yvette, on a sudden impulse, thought she had better clear herself.

“I think life’s *awfully* difficult,” she said.

“Life *is!*” cried the Jewess.

“What’s so beastly, is that one is supposed to *fall in love*, and get
 married!” said Yvette, curling up her nose.

30 “Don’t you *want* to fall in love and get married?” cried the Jewess, with great glaring eyes of astounded reproach.

“No, not particularly!” said Yvette. “Especially as one feel’s there’s nothing else to do. It’s an awful chicken-coop one has to run into.”

“But don’t you know what love is?” cried the Jewess.

35 “No!” said Yvette. “Do you?”

“I!” bawled the tiny Jewess. “I! My goodness, don’t I!” She looked with reflective gloom at Eastwood, who was smoking his pipe, the dimples of his disconnected amusement showing on his smooth, scrupulous face. He had a very fine smooth skin, which yet did not suffer from the weather, so that his face looked naked as a baby’s. But it was not a round
 40

face: it was characteristic enough, and took queer ironical dimples, like a mask which is comic but frozen.

“Do you mean to say you don’t know what love is?” insisted the Jewess.

“No!” said Yvette, with insouciant candour. “I don’t believe I do! Is it awful of me, at my age?”

“Is there never any man that makes you feel quite, quite different?” said the Jewess, with another big-eyed look at Eastwood. He smoked, utterly unimplicated.

“I don’t think there is,” said Yvette. “Unless—yes!—unless it is that gipsy”—she had put her head pensively sideways.

“Which gipsy?” bawled the little Jewess.

“The one who was a Tommy and looked after horses in Major Eastwood’s regiment in the war,” said Yvette coolly.

The little Jewess gazed at Yvette with great eyes of stupor.

“You’re not in love with that *gipsy!*” she said.

“Well!” said Yvette. “I don’t know. He’s the only one that makes me feel—different! He really is!”

“But how? How? Has he ever *said* anything to you?”

“No! No!”

“Then how? What has he done?”

“Oh, just looked at me!”

“How?”

“Well you see, I don’t know. But different! Yes, different! Different, quite different from the way any man ever looked at me.”

“But *how* did he look at you?” insisted the Jewess.

“Why—as if he really, but *really, desired* me,” said Yvette, her meditative face looking like the bud of a flower.

“What a vile fellow! What *right* had he to look at you like that?” cried the indignant Jewess.

“A cat may look at a king,”* calmly interposed the major, and now his face had the smile of a cat’s face.

“You think he oughtn’t to?” asked Yvette, turning to him.

“Certainly not! A gipsy fellow, with half a dozen dirty women trailing after him! Certainly not!” cried the tiny Jewess.

“I wondered!” said Yvette. “Because it *was* rather wonderful, really! And it *was* something quite different in my life.”

“I think,” said the major, taking his pipe from his mouth, “that desire is the most wonderful thing in life. Anybody who can really feel it, is a king, and I envy nobody else!” He put back his pipe.

The Jewess looked at him stupefied.

“But Charles!” she cried. “Every common low man in Halifax* feels nothing else!”

He again took his pipe from his mouth.

5 “That’s merely appetite,” he said.

And he put back his pipe.

“You think the gipsy is a real thing?” Yvette asked him.

He lifted his shoulders.

10 “It’s not for me to say,” he replied. “If I were you, I should know, I shouldn’t be asking other people.”

“Yes, but—” Yvette trailed out.

“Charles! You’re wrong! How *could* it be a real thing! As if she could possibly marry him and go round in a caravan!”

“I didn’t say marry him,” said Charles.

15 “Or a love affair! Why it’s monstrous! What would she think of herself!—That’s not love! That’s—that’s prostitution!”

Charles smoked for some moments.

20 “That gipsy was the best man we had, with horses. Nearly died of pneumonia. I thought he *was* dead. He’s a resurrected man to me. I’m a resurrected man* myself, as far as that goes.” He looked at Yvette. “I was buried for twenty hours under snow,” he said. “And not much the worse for it, when they dug me out.”

There was a frozen pause in the conversation.

“Life’s awful!” said Yvette.

25 “They dug me out by accident,” he said.

“Oh!—” Yvette trailed slowly. “It might be destiny, you know.”

To which he did not answer.

VIII.

30 The rector heard about Yvette’s intimacy with the Eastwoods—and she was somewhat startled by the result. She had thought he wouldn’t care. Verbally, in his would-be humorous fashion, he was so entirely unconventional, such a frightfully good sport. As he said himself, he was a conservative anarchist: which meant, he was like a great many more people, a mere unbeliever. The anarchy extended to his humorous talk,
35 and his secret thinking. The conservatism, based on a mongrel fear of the anarchy, controlled every action. His thoughts, secretly, were something to be scared of. Therefore, in his life, he was fanatically afraid of the unconventional.

When his conservatism and his abject sort of fear were uppermost, he always lifted his lip and bared his teeth a little, in a dog-like sneer.

"I hear your latest friends are the half-divorced Mrs Fawcett and the *maquereau** Eastwood," he said to Yvette.

She didn't know what a *maquereau* was, but she felt the poison in the rector's fangs. 5

"I just know them," she said. "They're awfully nice, really. And they'll be married in about a month's time."

The rector looked at her insouciant face with hatred. Somewhere inside him, he was cowed, he had been born cowed. And those who are born cowed hate those who are born uncowed. For the born cowed are natural slaves,* and deep instinct makes them fear with prisonous* fear those who might suddenly snap the slave's collar round their necks. 10

It was for this reason the rector had so abjectly curled up, who still so abjectly curled up before She-who-was-Cynthia: because of his slave's fear of her contempt, the contempt of a born-free nature for a base-born nature. 15

Yvette too had a free-born quality. She too, one day, would know him, and clap the slave's collar of her contempt round his neck. 20

But should she? He would fight to the death, this time, first. The slave in him was cornered this time, like a cornered rat, and with the courage of a cornered rat.

"I suppose they're your sort!" he sneered.

"Well they are, really," she said, with that blithe vagueness. "I do like them awfully. They seem so solid, you know, so honest." 25

"You've got a peculiar notion of honesty!" he sneered. "A young sponge going off with a woman older than himself, so that he can live on her money! The woman leaving her home and her children! I don't know where you get your idea of honesty. Not from me, I hope.—And you seem to be very well acquainted with them, considering you say you just know them. Where did you meet them?" 30

"When I was out bicycling. They came along in their car, and we happened to talk. She told me at once who she was, so that I shouldn't make a mistake. She *is* honest." 35

Poor Yvette was struggling to bear up.

"And how often have you seen them since?"

"Oh, I've just been over twice."

"Over where?"

"To their cottage in Scoresby." 40

He looked at her in hate, as if he could kill her. And he backed away from her, against the window-curtains of his study, like a rat at bay. Somewhere in his mind he was thinking unspeakable depravities about his daughter, as he had thought them of She-who-was-Cynthia. He was
 5 powerless against the lowest insinuations of his own mind. And these depravities which he attributed to the still-uncowed, but frightened girl in front of him, made him recoil, showing all his fangs in his handsome face.

“So you just know them, do you?” he said. “Lying is in your blood, I see. I don’t believe you get it from me.”

Yvette half averted her mute face, and thought of Granny’s bare-faced prevarication. She did not answer.

“What takes you creeping round such couples?” he sneered. “Aren’t there enough decent people in the world, for you to know? Anyone
 15 would think you were a stray dog, having to run round indecent couples, because the decent ones wouldn’t have you. Have you got something worse than lying, in your blood?”

“What have I got, worse than lying, in my blood?” she asked. A cold deadness was coming over her. Was she abnormal, one of the semi-criminal
 20 abnormal? It made her feel cold and dead.

In his eyes, she was just brazening out the depravity that underlay her virgin, tender, bud-like face. She-who-was-Cynthia had been like this: a snow-flower. And he had convulsions of sadistic horror, thinking what might be the *actual* depravity of She-who-was-Cynthia. Even his
 25 *own* love for her, which had been the lust love of the born cowed, had been a depravity, in secret, to him. So what must an illegal love be?

“You know best yourself, what you have got,” he sneered. “But it is something you had best curb, and quickly, if you don’t intend to finish in a criminal-lunacy asylum.”

“Why?” she said, pale and muted, numbed with frozen fear. “Why
 30 criminal lunacy? What have I done?”

“That is between you and your Maker,” he jeered. “I shall never ask. But certain tendencies end in criminal lunacy, unless they are curbed in time.”

“Do you mean like knowing the Eastwoods?” asked Yvette, after a
 35 pause of numb fear.

“Do I mean like nosing round such people as Mrs Fawcett, a Jewess, and ex-Major Eastwood, a man who goes off with an older woman, for the sake of her money? Why yes, I do!”

“But you *can't* say that,” cried Yvette. “He’s an awfully simple, straightforward man—”

“He is apparently one of your sort.”

“Well!—In a way, I thought he was. I thought you’d like him too,” she said, simply, hardly knowing what she said.

The rector backed into the curtains, as if the girl menaced him with something fearful.

“Don’t say any more,” he snarled, abject. “Don’t say any more. You’ve said too much, to implicate you. I don’t want to learn any more horrors.”

“But what horrors?” she persisted.

The very naïveté of her unscrupulous innocence repelled him, cowed him still more.

“Say no more!” he said, in a low, hissing voice. “But I will kill you before you shall go the way of your mother.”

She looked at him, as he stood there backed against the velvet curtains of his study, his face yellow, his eyes distraught like a rat’s with fear and rage and hate, and a numb, frozen loneliness came over her. For her too, the meaning had gone out of everything.

It was hard to break the frozen, sterile silence that ensued. At last, however, she looked at him. And in spite of herself, beyond her own knowledge, the contempt for him was in her young, clear, baffled eyes. It fell like the slave’s collar over his neck, finally.

“Do you mean I mustn’t know the Eastwoods?” she said.

“You can know them if you wish,” he sneered. “But you must not expect to associate with your Granny, and your Aunt Cissie, and Lucille, if you do. I cannot have *them* contaminated. Your Granny was a faithful wife and a faithful mother, if ever one existed. She has already had one shock of shame and abomination to endure. She shall never be exposed to another.”

Yvette heard it all dimly, half hearing.

“I can send a note and say you disapprove,” she said dimly.

“You follow your own course of action. But remember, you have to choose between clean people, and reverence for your Granny’s blameless old age, and people who are unclean in their minds and their bodies.”

Again there was a silence. Then she looked at him, and her face was more puzzled than anything. But somewhere at the back of her perplexity was that peculiar calm, virgin contempt of the free-born for the base-born. He, and all the Saywells, was base-born.

“All right,” she said. “I’ll write and say you disapprove.”

He did not answer. He was partly flattered, secretly triumphant, but abjectedly.

“I have tried to keep this from your Granny and Aunt Cissie,” he said. “It need not be public property, since you choose to make your
5 friendship clandestine.”

There was a dreary silence.

“All right,” she said. “I’ll go and write.”

And she crept out of the room.

She addressed her little note to Mrs Eastwood. “Dear Mrs Eastwood,
10 Daddy doesn’t approve of my coming to see you. So you will understand if we have to break it off. I’m awfully sorry—” That was all.

Yet she felt a dreary blank when she had posted her letter. She was now even afraid of her own thoughts. She wanted, now, to be held against the slender, fine-shaped breast of the gipsy. She wanted him to hold her
15 in his arms, if only for once, for once, and comfort and confirm her. She wanted to be confirmed by him, against her father, who had only a repulsive fear of her.

And at the same time she cringed and winced, so that she could hardly walk, for fear the thought was obscene, a criminal lunacy. It seemed to
20 wound her heels as she walked, the fear. The fear, the great cold fear of the base-born, her father, everything human and swarming. Like a great bog humanity swamped her, and she sank in, weak at the knees, filled with repulsion and fear of every person she met.

She adjusted herself, however, quite rapidly to her new conception
25 of people. She had to live. It is useless to quarrel with one’s bread and butter. And to expect a great deal out of life is puerile. So, with the rapid adaptability of the post-war generation, she adjusted herself to the new facts. Her father was what he was. He would always play up to appearances. She would do the same. She too would play up to
30 appearances.

So, underneath the blithe, gossamer-straying insouciance, a certain hardness formed, like rock crystallising in her heart. She lost her illusions in the collapse of her sympathies. Outwardly, she seemed the same. Inwardly she was hard and detached, and, unknown to herself,
35 revengeful.

Outwardly she remained the same. It was part of her game. While circumstances remained as they were, she must remain, at least in appearance, true to what was expected of her.

But the revengefulness came out in her new vision of people. Under
40 the rector’s apparently gallant handsomeness, she saw the weak, feeble

nullity. And she despised him. Yet still, in a way, she liked him too. Feelings are so complicated.

It was Granny whom she came to detest with all her soul. That obese old woman, sitting there in her blindness like some great red-blotched fungus, her neck swallowed between her heaped-up shoulders and her rolling, ancient chins, so that she was neckless as a double potato, her Yvette really hated, with that pure, sheer hatred which is almost a joy. Her hate was so clear, that while she was feeling strong, she enjoyed it.

The old woman sat with her big, reddened face pressed a little back, her lace cap perched on her thin white hair, her stub nose still assertive, and her old mouth shut like a trap. This motherly old soul, her mouth gave her away. It always had been one of the compressed sort. But in her great age, it had gone like a toad's, lipless, the jaw pressing up like the lower jaw of a trap. The look Yvette most hated, was the look of that lower jaw pressing relentlessly up, with an ancient prognathous thrust, so that the snub nose in turn was forced to press upwards, and the whole face was pressed a little back, beneath the big, wall-like forehead. The will, the ancient, toad-like, obscene *will* in the old woman, was fearful, once you saw it: a toad-like self-will that was godless, and less than human! It belonged to the old, enduring race of toads, or tortoises.* And it made one feel that Granny would never die. She would live on like these higher reptiles, in a state of semicoma, forever.

Yvette dared not even suggest to her father that Granny was not perfect. He would have threatened his daughter with the lunatic asylum. That was the threat he always seemed to have up his sleeve: the lunatic asylum. Exactly as if a distaste for Granny and for that horrible house of relatives was in itself a proof of lunacy, dangerous lunacy.

Yet in one of her moods of irritable depression, she did once fling out:

"How perfectly beastly, this house is! Aunt Lucy comes, and Aunt Nell, and Aunt Alice, and they make a ring like a ring of crows, with Granny and Aunt Cissie, all lifting their skirts up and warming their legs at the fire, and shutting Lucille and me out. We're nothing but outsiders in this beastly house!"

Her father glanced at her curiously. But she managed to put a petulance into her speech, and a mere cross rudeness into her look, so that he could laugh, as at a childish tantrum. Somewhere, though, he knew that she coldly, venomously meant what she said, and he was wary of her.

Her life seemed now nothing but an irritable friction against the unsavoury household of the Saywells, in which she was immersed. She loathed the rectory with a loathing that consumed her life, a loathing so strong, that she could not really go away from the place. While it
5 endured, she was spell-bound to it, in revulsion.

She forgot the Eastwoods again. After all, what was the revolt of the little Jewess, compared to the revolt in Yvette's own soul! What was a husband, in horror, compared to Granny and the Saywell bunch! A husband was never more than a semi-casual thing! But a family!—an
10 awful, smelly family that would never disperse, stuck half dead round the base of a fungoid old woman! How was one to cope with that?

She did not forget the gipsy entirely. But she had no time for him. She, who was bored almost to agony, and who had nothing at all to do, she had not time to think even, seriously, of anything. Time being, after
15 all, only the current of the soul in its flow.

She saw the gipsy twice. Once he came to the house, with things to sell. And she, watching him from the landing window, refused to go down. He saw her too, as he was putting his things back into his cart. But he too gave no sign. Being of a race that exists only to be harrying
20 the outskirts of our society, forever hostile and living only by spoil, he was too much master of himself, and too wary, to expose himself openly to the vast and gruesome clutch of our law. He had been through the war. He had been enslaved against his will, that time.

So now, he showed himself at the rectory, and slowly, quietly busied
25 himself at his cart outside the white gate, with that air of silent and forever-unyielding outsideness which gave him his lonely, predatory grace. He knew she saw him. And she should see him unyielding, quietly hawking his copper vessels, on an old, old war-path against such as herself.

Such as herself? Perhaps he was mistaken. Her heart, in its stroke, now rang hard as his hammer upon his copper, beating against circumstances. But he struck stealthily on the outside, and she still more
30 secretly on the inside of the establishment. She liked him. She liked the quiet, noiseless clean-cut presence of him. She liked that mysterious endurance in him, which endures in opposition, without any idea of
35 victory. And she liked that peculiar added relentlessness, the disillusion in hostility, which belongs to after the war. Yes, if she belonged to any side, and to any clan, it was to his. Almost she could have found in her heart to go with him, and be a pariah gipsy-woman.

But she was born inside the pale.* And she liked comfort, and a certain prestige. Even as a mere rector's daughter, one did have a certain prestige. And she liked that. Also she liked to chip against* the pillars of the temple, from the inside. She wanted to be safe under the temple roof. Yet she enjoyed chipping fragments off the supporting pillars. Doubtless many fragments had been whittled away from the pillars of the Philistine, before Samson pulled the temple down.*

"I'm not sure one shouldn't have one's fling till one is twenty-six, and then give in, and marry!"

This was Lucille's philosophy, learned from older women. Yvette was twenty-one. It meant she had five more years in which to have this precious fling. And the fling meant, at the moment, the gipsy. The marriage, at the age of twenty-six, meant Leo or Gerry.

So, a woman could eat her cake and have her bread and butter.*

Yvette, pitched in gruesome, deadlocked hostility to the Saywell household, was very old and very wise: with the agedness and the wisdom of the young, which always overleaps the agedness and the wisdom of the old, or the elderly.

The second time, she met the gipsy by accident. It was March, and sunny weather, after unheard-of rains. Celandines were yellow in the hedges, and primroses among the rocks. But still there came a smell of sulphur from far-away steel-works, out of the steel-blue sky.

And yet it was spring.

Yvette was cycling slowly along by Codnor Gate,* past the lime quarries, when she saw the gipsy coming away from the door of a stone cottage. His cart stood there in the road. He was returning with his brooms and copper things, to the cart.

She got down from her bicycle. As she saw him, she loved him with curious tenderness, the slim lines of his body, in the green jersey, the turn of his silent face. She felt she knew him better than she knew anybody on earth, even Lucille, and belonged to him, in some way, for ever.

"Have you made anything new and nice?" she asked innocently, looking at his copper things.

"I don't think," he said, glancing back at her.

The desire was still there, still curious and naked, in his eyes. But it was more remote, the boldness was diminished. There was a tiny glint, as if he might dislike her. But this dissolved again, as he saw her looking among his bits of copper and brasswork. She searched them diligently.

There was a little oval brass plate, with a queer figure like a palm-tree beaten upon it.

"I like that," she said. "How much is it?"

"What you like," he said.

5 This made her nervous: he seemed off-hand, almost mocking.

"I'd rather you said," she told him, looking up at him.

"You give me what you like," he said.

"No!" she said suddenly. "If you won't tell me I won't have it."

"All right," he said. "Two shilling."

10 She found half-a-crown, and he drew from his pocket a handful of silver, from which he gave her her sixpence.

"The old gipsy dreamed something about you," he said, looking at her with curious, searching eyes.

"Did she!" cried Yvette, at once interested. "What was it?"

15 "She said: Be braver in your heart, or you lose your game. She said it this way: Be braver in your body, or your luck will leave you. And she said as well: Listen for the voice of water."

Yvette was very much impressed.

"And what does it mean?" she asked.

20 "I asked her," he said. "She says she don't know."

"Tell me again what it was," said Yvette.

"'Be braver in your body, or your luck will go.' And: 'Listen for the voice of water.'"

25 He looked in silence at her soft, pondering face. Something almost like a perfume seemed to flow from her young bosom direct to him, in a grateful connection.

"I'm to be braver in my body, and I'm to listen for the voice of water! All right!" she said. "I don't understand, but perhaps I shall."

30 She looked at him with clear eyes. Man or woman is made up of many selves. With one self, she loved this gipsy man. With many selves, she ignored him or had a distaste for him.

"You're not coming up to the Head no more?" he asked.

Again she looked at him absently.

"Perhaps I will," she said, "some time. Some time!"

35 "Spring weather!" he said, smiling faintly and glancing round at the sun. "We're going to break camp soon, and go away."

"When?" she said.

"Perhaps next week."

"Where to?"

40 Again he made a move with his head.

"Perhaps up north," he said.

She looked at him.

"All right!" she said. "Perhaps I *will* come up before you go, and say Goodbye! to your wife and to the old woman who sent me the message."

IX.

5

Yvette did not keep her promise. The few March days were lovely, and she let them slip. She had a curious reluctance, always, towards taking action, or making any real move of her own. She always wanted someone else to make a move for her, as if she did not want to play her own game of life.

10

She lived as usual, went out to her friends, to parties, and danced with the undiminished Leo. She wanted to go up and say goodbye! to the gipsies. She wanted to. And nothing prevented her.

On the Friday afternoon especially she wanted to go. It was sunny, and the last yellow crocuses down the drive were in full blaze, wide open, the first bees rolling in them. The Papple rushed under the stone bridge, uncannily full, nearly filling the arches. There was the scent of a mezereon tree.*

15

And she felt too lazy, too lazy, too lazy. She strayed in the garden by the river, half dreamy, expecting something. While the gleam of spring sun lasted, she would be out of doors. Indoors Granny, sitting back like some awful old prelate, in her bulk of black silk and her white lace cap, was warming her feet by the fire, and hearing everything that Aunt Nell had to say. Friday was Aunt Nell's day. She usually came for lunch, and left after an early tea. So the mother and the large, rather common daughter, who was a widow at the age of forty, sat gossiping by the fire, while Aunt Cissie prowled in and out. Friday was the rector's day for going to town: it was also the housemaid's half day.

20

25

Yvette sat on a wooden seat in the garden, only a few feet above the bank of the swollen river, which rolled a strange, uncanny mass of water. The crocuses were passing in the ornamental beds, the grass was dark green where it was mown, the laurels looked a little brighter. Aunt Cissie appeared at the top of the porch steps, and called to ask if Yvette wanted that early cup of tea. Because of the river just below, Yvette could not hear what Aunt Cissie said, but she guessed, and shook her head. An early cup of tea, indoors, when the sun actually shone? No thanks!

30

35

She was conscious of her gipsy, as she sat there musing in the sun. Her soul had the half painful, half easing knack of leaving her, and straying

away to some place, to somebody that had caught her imagination. Some days she would be all the Framleys, even though she did not go near them. Some days, she was all the time in spirit with the Eastwoods. And today it was the gipsies. She was up at their encampment in the quarry.
5 She saw the man hammering his copper, lifting his head to look at the road; and the children playing in the horse-shelter: and the women, the gipsy's wife and the strong, elderly woman, coming home with their packs, along with the elderly man. For this afternoon, she felt intensely that *that* was home for her: the gipsy camp, the fire, the stool, the man
10 with the hammer, the old crone.

It was part of her nature, to get these fits of yearning for some place she knew; to be in a certain place, with somebody who meant home to her. This afternoon it was the gipsy camp. And the man in the green jersey made it home to her. Just to be where he was, that was to be at
15 home. The caravans, the brats, the other women: everything was natural to her, her home, as if she had been born there. She wondered if the gipsy was aware of her: if he could see her sitting on the stool by the fire; if he would lift his head and see her as she rose, looking at him slowly and significantly, turning towards the steps of his caravan. Did he know? Did he know?
20

Vaguely she looked up the steep of dark larch trees north of the house, where unseen the road climbed, going towards the Head. There was nothing, and her glance strayed down again. At the foot of the slope the river turned, thrown back harshly, ominously, against the low
25 rocks across stream, then pouring past the garden to the bridge. It was unnaturally full, and whitey-muddy, and ponderous, "Listen for the voice of water," she said to herself. "No need to listen for it, if the voice means the noise!"

And again she looked at the swollen river breaking angrily as it came
30 round the bend. Above it the black-looking kitchen garden hung, and the hard-natured fruit trees. Everything was on the tilt, facing south and south-west, for the sun. Behind, above the house and the kitchen garden hung the steep little wood of withered-seeming larches. The gardener was working in the kitchen garden, high up there, by the edge
35 of the larch-wood.

She heard a call. It was Aunt Cissie and Aunt Nell. They were on the drive, waving Goodbye! Yvette waved back. Then Aunt Cissie, pitching her voice against the waters, called:

"I shan't be long. Don't forget Granny is alone."

40 "All right!" screamed Yvette rather ineffectually.

And she sat on her bench and watched the two undignified, long-coated women walk slowly over the bridge and begin the curving climb on the opposite slope, Aunt Nell carrying a sort of suit-case in which she brought a few goods for Granny, and took back vegetables or whatever the rectory garden or cupboard was yielding. Slowly the two figures diminished, on the whitish, up-curving road, laboring slowly up towards Papplewick village. Aunt Cissie was going as far as the village for something. 5

The sun was yellowing to decline. What a pity! Oh what a pity the sunny day was going, and she would have to turn indoors, to those hateful rooms, and Granny! Aunt Cissie would be back directly: it was past five. And all the others would be arriving from town, rather irritable and tired, soon after six. 10

As she looked uneasily round, she heard, across the running of water, the sharp noise of a horse and cart rattling on the road hidden in the larch trees. The gardener was looking up too. Yvette turned away again, lingering, strolling by the full river a few paces, unwilling to go in; glancing up the road to see if Aunt Cissie were coming. If she saw her, she would go indoors. 15

She heard somebody shouting, and looked round. Down the path through the larch-trees the gipsy was bounding. The gardener, away beyond, was also running. Simultaneously she became aware of a great roar, which, before she could move, accumulated to a vast deafening snarl. The gipsy was gesticulating. She looked round, behind her. 20

And to her horror and amazement, round the bend of the river she saw a shaggy, tawny wave-front of water advancing like a wall of lions. The roaring sound wiped out everything. She was powerless, too amazed and wonder-struck, she wanted to see it. 25

Before she could think twice, it was near, a roaring cliff of water. She almost fainted with horror. She heard the scream of the gipsy, and looked up to see him bounding upon her, his black eyes starting out of his head. 30

“Run!” he screamed, seizing her arm.

And in the instant the first wave was washing her feet from under her, swirling, in the insane noise, which suddenly for some reason seemed like stillness, with a devouring flood over the garden. The horrible mowing of water! 35

The gipsy dragged her heavily, lurching, plunging, but still keeping foot-hold both of them, towards the house. She was barely conscious: as if the flood was in her soul. 40

There was one grass-banked terrace of the garden, near the path round the house. The gipsy clawed his way up this terrace to the dry level of the path, dragging her after him, and sprang with her past the windows to the porch steps. Before they got there, a new great surge of water came mowing, mowing trees down even, and mowed them down too.

Yvette felt herself gone in an agonising mill-race of icy water, whirled, with only the fearful grip of the gipsy's hand on her wrist. They were both down and gone. She felt a dull but stunning bruise somewhere.

Then he pulled her up. He was up, streaming forth water, clinging to the stem of the great wisteria that grew against the wall, crushed against the wall by the water. Her head was above water, he held her arm till it seemed dislocated: but she could not get her footing. With a ghastly sickness, like a dream, she struggled and struggled, and could not get her feet. Only his hand was locked on her wrist.

He dragged her nearer till her one hand caught his leg. He nearly went down again. But the wisteria held him, and he pulled her up to him. She clawed at him, horribly, and got to her feet, he hanging on like a man torn in two, to the wisteria trunk.

The water was above her knees. The man and she looked into each other's ghastly streaming faces.

"Get to the steps!" he screamed.

It was only just round the corner: four strides! She looked at him: she could not go. His eyes glared on her like a tiger's, and he pushed her from him. She clung to the wall, and the water seemed to abate a little. Round the corner she staggered, but staggering, reeled and was pitched up against the cornice of the balustrade of the porch steps, the man after her.

They got on to the steps, when another roar was heard amid the roar, and the wall of the house shook. Up heaved the water round their legs again, but the gipsy had opened the hall door. In they poured with the water, reeling to the stairs. And as they did so they saw the short but strange bulk of Granny emerge in the hall, away down, from the dining-room door. She had her hands lifted and clawing, as the first water swirled round her legs, and her coffin-like mouth was opened in a hoarse scream.

Yvette was blind to everything but the stairs. Blind, unconscious of everything save the steps rising beyond the water, she clambered up like a wet, shuddering cat, in a state of unconsciousness. It was not till she was on the landing, dripping and shuddering till she could not stand

erect, clinging to the banisters, while the house shook and the water raved below, that she was aware of the sodden gipsy, in paroxysms of coughing at the head of the stairs, his cap gone, his black hair over his eyes, peering between his washed-down hair at the sickening heave of water below, in the hall. Yvette, fainting, looked too, and saw Granny bob up, like a strange float, her face purple, her blind blue eyes bolting,* spume hissing from her mouth. One old purple hand clawed at a banister rail, and held for a moment, showing the glint of a wedding ring.

The gipsy, who had coughed himself free and pushed back his hair, said to that awful float-like face below:

“Not good enough! Not good enough!”

With a low thud like thunder the house was struck again, and shuddered, and a strange cracking, rattling, splitting noise began. Up heaved the water like a sea. The hand was gone, all sign of anything was gone, but up-heaving water.

Yvette turned in blind unconscious frenzy, staggering like a wet cat to the upper stair-case, and climbing swiftly. It was not till she was at the door of her room that she stopped, paralysed by the sound of a sickening, tearing crash, while the house swayed.

“The house is coming down!” yelled the green-white face of the gipsy, in her face.

He glared into her crazed face.

“Where is the chimney? the back chimney?—which room? The chimney will stand—”

He glared with strange ferocity into her face, forcing her to understand. And she nodded with a strange, crazed poise, nodded quite serenely, saying:

“In here! In here! It’s all right.”

They entered her room, which had a narrow fire-place. It was a back room, with two windows, one on each side the great chimney-flue. The gipsy, coughing bitterly and trembling in every limb, went to the window to look out.

Below, between the house and the steep rise of the hill, was a wild mill-race of water rushing with refuse, including Rover’s green dog-kennel. The gipsy coughed and coughed, and gazed down blankly. Tree after tree went down, mown by the water, which must have been ten feet deep.

Shuddering and pressing his sodden arms on his sodden breast, a look of resignation on his livid face, he turned to Yvette. A fearful tearing noise tore the house, then there was a deep, watery explosion.

Something had gone down, some part of the house, the floor heaved and wavered beneath them. For some moments both were suspended, stupefied. Then he roused.

5 “Not good enough! Not good enough! This will stand—This here will stand. See that chimney!—like a tower. Yes! All right! All right. You take your clothes off and go to bed. You’ll die of the cold.”

“It’s all right! It’s quite all right!” she said to him, sitting on a chair and looking up into his face with her white, insane little face, round which the hair was plastered.

10 “No!” he cried. “No! Take your things off and I rub you with this towel. I rub myself. If the house falls, then die warm. If it don’t fall, then live, not die of pneumonia.”

Coughing, shuddering violently, he pulled up his jersey hem and wrestled with all his shuddering, cold-racked might, to get off his wet, tight jersey.

15 “Help me!” he cried, his face muffled.

She seized the edge of the jersey, obediently, and pulled with all her might. The garment came over his head, and he stood in his braces.

20 “Take your things off! Rub with this towel!” he commanded ferociously, the savageness of the war on him.

And like a thing obsessed, he pushed himself out of his trousers, and got out of his wet, clinging shirt, emerging slim and livid, shuddering in every fibre with cold and shock.

25 He seized a towel, and began quickly to rub his body, his teeth chattering like plates rattling together. Yvette dimly saw it was wise. She tried to get out of her dress. He pulled the horrible wet death-gripping thing off her, then, resuming his rubbing, went to the door, tip-toeing on the wet floor.

30 There he stood, naked, towel in hand, petrified. He looked west, towards where the upper-landing window had been, and was looking into the sunset, over an insane sea of waters, bristling with uptorn trees and refuse. The end corner of the house, where porch had been, and the stairs, had gone. The wall had fallen, leaving the floors sticking out.

35 The stairs had gone.

Motionless, he watched the water. A cold wind blew in upon him. He clenched his rattling teeth with a great effort of will, and turned into the room again, closing the door.

40 Yvette, naked, shuddering so much that she was sick, was trying to wipe herself dry.

“All right!” he cried. “All right! The water don’t rise no more! All right!”

With his towel he began to rub her, himself shaking all over, but holding her gripped by the shoulder, and slowly, numbly rubbing her tender body, even trying to rub up into some dryness the pitiful hair of her small head.

Suddenly he left off.

“Better lie in the bed,” he commanded, “I want to rub myself.”

His teeth went snap-snap-snap-snap, in great snaps, cutting off his words. Yvette crept shaking and semi-conscious into her bed. He, making strained efforts to hold himself still and rub himself warm, went again to the north window, to look out.

The water had risen a little. The sun had gone down, and there was a reddish glow. He rubbed his hair into a black, wet tangle, then paused for breath, in a sudden access of shuddering, then looked out again, then rubbed again on his breast, and began to cough afresh, because of the water he had swallowed. His towel was red: he had hurt himself somewhere: but he felt nothing.

There was still the strange huge noise of water, and the horrible bump of things bumping against the walls. The wind was rising with sundown, cold and hard. The house shook with explosive thuds, and weird, weird frightening noises came up.

A terror creeping over his soul, he went again to the door. The wind, roaring with the waters, blew in as he opened it. Through the awesome gap in the house he saw the world, the waters, the chaos of horrible waters, the twilight, the perfect new moon high above the sunset, a faint thing, and clouds pushing dark into the sky, on the cold, blustery wind.

Clenching his teeth again, fear mingling with resignation, or fatalism, in his soul, he went into the room and closed the door, picking up her towel to see if it were drier than his own, and less blood-stained, again rubbing his head, and going to the window.

He turned away, unable to control his spasms of shivering. Yvette had disappeared right under the bedclothes, and nothing of her was visible but a shivering mound under the white quilt. He laid his hand on this shivering mound, as if for company. It did not stop shivering.

“All right!” he said. “All right! Water’s going down.”

She suddenly uncovered her head and peered out at him from a white face. She peered into his greenish, curiously calm face, semi-conscious. His teeth were chattering unheeded, as he gazed down at her, his black

eyes still full of the fire of life and a certain vagabond calm of fatalistic resignation.

“Warm me!” she moaned, with chattering teeth. “Warm me! I shall die of shivering.”

5 A terrible convulsion went through her curled-up white body, enough indeed to rupture her and cause her to die.

The gipsy nodded, and took her in his arms, and held her in a clasp like a vise, to still his own shuddering. He himself was shuddering fearfully, and only semi-conscious. It was the shock.

10 The vise-like grip of his arms round her seemed to her the only stable point in her consciousness. It was a fearful relief to her heart, which was strained to bursting. And though his body, wrapped round her strange and lithe and powerful, like tentacles, rippled with shuddering as an electric current, still the rigid tension of the muscles that held
15 her clenched steadied them both, and gradually the sickening violence of the shuddering, caused by shock, abated, in his body first, then in hers, and the warmth revived between them. And as it roused, their tortured, semi-conscious minds became unconscious, they passed away into sleep.

20

X.

The sun was shining in heaven before men were able to get across the Papple with ladders. The bridge was gone. But the flood had abated, and the house, that leaned forwards as if it were making a stiff bow to the stream, stood now in mud and wreckage, with a great heap of fallen
25 masonry and débris at the south-west corner. Awful were the gaping mouths of rooms!

Inside, there was no sign of life. But across-stream the gardener had come to reconnoitre, and the cook appeared, thrilled with curiosity. She had escaped from the back door and up through the larches to the high-
30 road, when she saw the gipsy bound past the house: thinking he was coming to murder somebody. At the little top gate she had found his cart standing. The gardener had led the horse away to the Red Lion up at Darley,* when night had fallen.

35 This the men from Papplewick learned when at last they got across the stream with ladders, and to the back of the house. They were nervous, fearing a collapse of the building, whose front was all undermined and whose back was choked up. They gazed with horror at the silent shelves of the rector's rows of books, in his torn-open study; at the big brass

bed-stead of Granny's room, the bed so deep and comfortably made, but one brass leg of the bed-stead perching tentatively over the torn void; at the wreckage of the maid's room upstairs. The housemaid and the cook wept. Then a man climbed in cautiously through a smashed kitchen window, into the jungle and morass of the ground floor. He found the body of the old woman: or at least he saw her foot, in its flat black slipper, muddily protruding from a mud-heap of débris. And he fled.

The gardener said he was sure that Miss Yvette was not in the house. He had seen her and the gipsy swept away. But the policeman insisted on a search, and the Framley boys rushing up at last, the ladders were roped together. Then the whole party set up a loud yell. But without result. No answer from within.

A ladder was up, Bob Framley climbed, smashed a window, and clambered into Aunt Cissie's room. The perfect homely familiarity of everything terrified him like ghosts. The house might go down any minute.

They had just got the ladder up to the top floor, when men came running from Darley, saying the old gipsy had been to the Red Lion for the horse and cart, leaving word that his son had seen Yvette at the top of the house. But by that time the policeman was smashing the window of Yvette's room.

Yvette, fast asleep, started from under the bed-clothes with a scream, as the glass flew. She clutched the sheets round her nakedness. The policeman uttered a startled yell, which he converted into a cry of: Miss Yvette! Miss Yvette!

He turned round on the ladder, and shouted to the faces below.

"Miss Yvette's in bed! in bed!"

And he perched there on the ladder, an unmarried man, clutching the window in peril, not knowing what to do.

Yvette sat up in bed, her hair in a matted tangle, and stared with wild eyes, clutching up the sheets at her naked breast. She had been so very fast asleep, that she was still not there.

The policeman, terrified at the flabby ladder, climbed into the room, saying:

"Don't be frightened, Miss! Don't you worry any more about it. You're safe now."

And Yvette, so dazed, thought he meant the gipsy. Where was the gipsy? This was the first thing in her mind. Where was her gipsy of this world's-end night?

He was gone! He was gone! And a policeman was in the room! A policeman!

She rubbed her hand over her dazed brow.

“If you’ll get dressed, Miss, we can get you down to safe ground. The house is likely to fall. I suppose there’s nobody in the other rooms?”

He stepped gingerly into the passage, and gazed in terror through the torn-out end of the house, and far-off saw the rector coming down in a motor-car, on the sunlit hill.

Yvette, her face gone numb and disappointed, got up quickly, closing the bed-clothes, and looked at herself a moment, then opened her drawers for clothing. She dressed herself, then looked in a mirror, and saw her matted hair with horror. Yet she did not care. The gipsy was gone, anyhow.

Her own clothes lay in a sodden heap. There was a great sodden place on the carpet where his had been. And two blood-stained filthy towels. Otherwise there was no sign of him.

She was tugging at her hair when the policeman tapped at her door. She called him to come in. He saw with relief that she was dressed and in her right senses.

“We’d better get out of the house as soon as possible, Miss,” he reiterated. “It might fall any minute.”

“Really!” said Yvette calmly. “Is it as bad as that?”

There were great shouts. She had to go to the window. There, below, was the rector, his arms wide open, tears streaming down his face.

“I’m perfectly all right; Daddy!” she said, with the calmness of her contradictory feelings. She would keep the gipsy a secret from him. At the same time, tears ran down her face.

“Don’t you cry, Miss, don’t you cry! The rector’s lost his mother, but he’s thanking his stars* to have his daughter. We all thought you was gone as well, we did that!”

“Is Granny drowned?” said Yvette.

“I’m afraid she is, poor lady!” said the policeman, with a grave face.

Yvette wept away into her hanky, which she had had to fetch from a drawer.

“Dare you go down that ladder, Miss?” said the policeman.

Yvette looked at the sagging depth of it, and said promptly to herself: No! Not for anything!—But then she remembered the gipsy’s saying: “Be braver in the body.”

“Have you been in all the other rooms?” she said, in her weeping, turning to the policeman.

“Yes Miss! But you was the only person in the house, you know, save the old lady. Cook got away in time, and Lizzie was up at her mother’s. It was only you and the poor old lady we was fretting about.—Do you think you dare go down that ladder—?”

“Oh yes!” said Yvette, with indifference. The gipsy was gone anyway.

And now the rector in torment watched his tall, slender daughter slowly stepping backwards down the sagging ladder, the policeman, peering heroically from the smashed window, holding the ladder’s top ends.*

At the foot of the ladder Yvette appropriately fainted in her father’s arms, and was borne away with him, in the car, by Bob, to the Framley home. There the poor Lucille, a ghost of ghosts, wept with relief till she had hysterics, and even Aunt Cissie cried out, among her tears: “Let the old be taken and the young spared! Oh I *can*’t cry for the Mater, now Yvette is spared!”

And she wept gallons.

The flood was caused by the sudden bursting of the great reservoir, up in Papple Highdale, five miles from the rectory. It was found out later that an ancient, perhaps even a Roman mine tunnel,* unsuspected, undreamed of, beneath the reservoir dam, had collapsed, undermining the whole dam. That was why the Papple had been, for that last day, so uncannily full. And then the dam had burst.

The rector and the two girls stayed on at the Framleys, till a new home could be found. Yvette did not attend Granny’s funeral. She stayed in bed.

Telling her tale, she only told how the gipsy had got her inside the porch, and she had crawled to the stairs out of the water. It was known that he had escaped: the old gipsy had said so, when he fetched the horse and cart from the Red Lion. Yvette could tell little. She was vague, confused, she seemed hardly to remember anything. But that was just like her.

It was Bob Framley who said:

“You know, I think that gipsy deserves a medal.”

The whole family suddenly was struck.

“Oh, we *ought* to thank him!” cried Lucille.

The rector himself went with Bob in the car. But the quarry was deserted. The gipsies had lifted camp and gone, no one knew whither.

And Yvette, lying in bed, moaned in her heart: Oh, I love him! I love him! I love him! The grief over him kept her prostrate. Yet practically,

she too was acquiescent in the fact of his disappearance. Her young soul knew the wisdom of it.

5 But after Granny's funeral, she received a little letter, dated from some unknown place. "Dear Miss, I see in the paper you are all right after your ducking, as is the same with me. I hope I see you again one day, maybe at Tideswell* cattle fair, or maybe we come that way again. I come that day to say Goodbye! and I never said it, well, the water give no time, but I live in hopes. Your obdt.* servant Joe Boswell."*

And only then she realised that he had a name.

Things

They were true idealists, from New England.* But that is some time ago: before the war. Several years before the war, they met and married; he, a tall, keen-eyed young man from Connecticut, she, a smallish, demure, Puritan-looking young woman from Massachusetts. They both had a little money. Not much, however. Even added together, it didn't make three thousand dollars a year. Still—they were free. Free!

Ah!— freedom! To be free to one's own life! To be twenty-five and twenty-seven, a pair of true idealists with a mutual love of beauty, and an inclination towards "Indian thought" — meaning, alas, Mrs Besant*— and an income of little under three thousand dollars a year! But what is money! All one wishes to do, is to live a full and beautiful life. In Europe, of course, right at the fountain-head of tradition. It might possibly be done in America: in New England, for example. But at a forfeiture of a certain amount of "beauty." True beauty takes a long time to mature. The baroque is only half beautiful; only half-matured. No, the real silver bloom, the real golden sweet bouquet of beauty has its roots in the Renaissance, not in any later, or shallower period.

Therefore the two idealists, who were married in New Haven,* sailed at once to Paris: Paris of the old days. They had a studio apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse,* and they became real Parisians, in the old, delightful sense, not in the modern, vulgar. It was the shimmer of the pure impressionists, Monet* and his followers, the world seen in terms of pure light, light broken and unbroken. How lovely! How lovely the nights, the river, the mornings in the old streets and by the flower stalls and the book-stalls, the afternoons up on Montmartre or in the Tuileries,* the evenings on the boulevards!

They both painted, but not desperately. Art had not taken them by the throat, and they did not take art by the throat. They painted: that's all. They knew people—nice people, if possible, though one had to take them mixed. And they were happy.

Yet it seems as if human beings must set their claws in *something*. To be "free," to be "living a full and beautiful life," you must, alas, be attached to something. A "full and beautiful life" means a tight attachment to

something—at least, it is so for all idealists—or else a certain boredom supervenes, there is a certain waving of loose ends upon the air, like the waving, yearning tendrils of the vine that spread and rotate seeking something to clutch, something up which to climb, up towards the
 5 necessary sun. Finding nothing, the vine can only trail half-fulfilled, upon the ground. Such is freedom!—a clutching of the right pole. And human beings are all vines. But especially the idealist. He is a vine, and he needs to clutch and climb. And he despises the man who is a mere *potato*, or turnip, or lump of wood.

10 Our idealists were frightfully happy, but they were all the time reaching out for something to cotton on to. At first, Paris was enough. They explored Paris *thoroughly*. And they learned French till they almost felt like French people, they could speak quite glibly.*

15 Still, you know, you never talk French with your *soul*. It can't be done. And though it's very thrilling, at first, talking in French to clever Frenchmen—they seem *so* much cleverer than oneself—still, in the long run, it is not satisfying. The endlessly clever *materialism* of the French leaves you cold, in the end, gives a sense of barrenness and incompatibility with true New England depth. So our two idealists felt.

20 They turned away from France—but ever so gently. France had disappointed them. “We’ve loved it, and we’ve got a great deal out of it. But after a while, after a considerable while, several years, in fact, Paris leaves one feeling disappointed. It hasn’t quite got what one wants.”

“But this isn’t France.”

25 “No, perhaps not. France is quite different from Paris. And France is lovely—quite lovely. But *to us*, though we love it, it doesn’t say a great deal.”

30 So, when the war came, the idealists moved to Italy. And they loved Italy. They found it beautiful, and more poignant than France. It seemed much nearer to the New England conception of beauty: something pure, and full of sympathy, without the *materialism* and the *cynicism* of the French. The two idealists seemed to breathe their own true air in Italy.

35 And in Italy, much more than in Paris, they felt they could thrill to the teachings of the Buddha.* They entered the swelling stream of modern Buddhistic emotion, and they read the books, and they practised meditation, and they deliberately set themselves to eliminate from their own souls greed, pain, and sorrow. They did not realise—yet—that Buddha’s very eagerness to free himself from pain and sorrow is in itself a sort of greed. No, they dreamed of a perfect world, from

which all greed, and nearly all pain, and a great deal of sorrow, were eliminated.

But America entered the war, so the two idealists had to help. They did hospital work. And though their experience made them realise more than ever that greed, pain, and sorrow *should* be eliminated from the world, nevertheless, the Buddhism, or the theosophy,* didn't emerge very triumphant from the long crisis. Somehow, somewhere, in some part of themselves, they felt that greed, pain and sorrow would never be eliminated, because most people don't care about eliminating them, and never will care. Our idealists were far too western to think of abandoning all the world to damnation, while they saved their two selves. They were far too unselfish to sit tight under a bho tree and reach Nirvana,* in a mere couple.

It was more than that, though. They simply hadn't enough *Sitzfleisch** to squat under a bho-tree and get to Nirvana by contemplating anything, least of all their own navel.

If the whole wide world was not going to be saved, they, personally, were not so very keen on being saved just by themselves. No, it would be so lonesome.* They were New Englanders, so it must be all or nothing. Greed, pain and sorrow must either be eliminated from *all the world*, or else, what was the use of eliminating them from oneself! No use at all! One was just a victim.

And so, although they still *loved* "Indian thought," and felt very tender about it: well, to go back to our metaphor, the pole up which the green and anxious vines had clambered so far now proved dry-rotten. It snapped and the vines came slowly subsiding to earth again. There was no crack and crash. The vines held themselves up by their own foliage, for a while. But they subsided. The bean-stalk of "Indian thought" had given way, before Jack and Jill had climbed off the tip of it to a further world.*

They subsided with a slow rustle back to earth again. But they made no outcry. They were again "disappointed." But they never admitted it. "Indian thought" had let them down. But they never complained. Even to one another, they never said a word. But they were disappointed, faintly but deeply disillusioned, and they both knew it. But the knowledge was tacit.

And they still had so much in their lives. They still had Italy—dear Italy. And they still had freedom, the priceless treasure. And they still had so much "beauty." About the fulness of their lives they were not

quite so sure. They had one little boy, whom they loved as parents love their children, but whom they wisely refrained from fastening upon, to build their lives on him. No no, they must live their own lives! They still had strength of mind to know that.

5 But they were now no longer so very young. Twenty-five and twenty-seven had become thirty-five and thirty-seven. And though they had had a very wonderful time in Europe, and though they still loved Italy—dear Italy!—yet: they were disappointed. They had got a lot out of it: oh, a very great deal indeed! Still, it hadn't given them quite, not *quite*
10 what they had expected. Europe was lovely, but it was dead. Living in Europe, you were living on the past. And Europeans, with all their superficial charm, were not *really* charming. They were materialistic, they had no *real* soul. They just did not understand the inner urge of the spirit, because the inner urge was dead in them, they were all survivals.
15 There, that was the truth about Europeans: they were survivals, with no more getting ahead in them.

It was another bean-pole, another vine-support crumbled under the green life of the vine. And very bitter it was, this time. For up the old tree-trunk of Europe the green vine had been clambering silently for
20 more than ten years, ten hugely important years, the years of real living. The two idealists had *lived* in Europe, lived on Europe and on European life and European things, as vines in an everlasting vineyard.

They had made their home here: a home such as you could never make in America. Their watchword had been "beauty." They had rented, the
25 last four years, the second floor of an old Palazzo on the Arno,* and here they had all their "things." And they derived profound, profound satisfaction from their apartment: the lofty, silent, ancient rooms with windows on the river, with glistening, dark-red floors, and the beautiful furniture that the idealists had "picked up."

30 Yes, unknown to themselves, the lives of the idealists had been running with a fierce swiftness horizontally, all the time. They had become tense, fierce hunters of "things" for their home. While their Soul was climbing up to the sun of old European culture or old Indian thought, their passions were running horizontally, clutching at "things." Of
35 course they did not buy the things for the things' sakes, but for the sake of "beauty." They looked upon their home as a place entirely furnished by loveliness, not by "things" at all. Valerie had some very lovely curtains at the windows of the long salotta,* looking on the river: curtains of queer ancient material that looked like finely knitted silk, most
40 beautifully faded down from vermilion and orange and gold and black,

down to a sheer soft glow. Valerie hardly ever came in to the salotta without mentally falling on her knees before the curtains.—“Chartres!”* she said. “To me they are Chartres!” And Melville never turned and looked at his sixteenth-century Venetian book-case, with its two or three dozen of choice books, without feeling his marrow stir in his bones. The holy of holies!*

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The child silently, almost sinisterly avoided any rude contact with these ancient monuments of furniture, as if they had been nests of sleeping cobras, or that “thing” most perilous to the touch, the Ark of the Covenant.* His childish awe was silent, and cold, but final.

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Still, a couple of New England idealists cannot live merely on the bygone glory of their furniture. At least, our couple could not. They got used to the marvellous Bologna cupboard, they got used to the wonderful Venetian book-case, and the books, and the Siena curtains and bronzes, and the lovely sofas and side-tables and chairs they had “picked up” in Paris. Oh, they had been picking things up since the first day they landed in Europe. And they were still at it. It is the last interest Europe can offer to an outsider: or to an insider either.

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When people came, and were thrilled by the Melville interior, then Valerie and Erasmus felt they had not lived in vain: that they still were living. But in the long mornings, when Erasmus was desultorily working at Renaissance Florentine literature, and Valerie was attending to the apartment: and in the long hours after lunch; and in the long, usually very cold and oppressive evenings in the ancient palazzo: then the halo died from around the furniture, and the things became things, lumps of matter that just stood there or hung there, ad infinitum,* and said nothing; and Valerie and Erasmus almost hated them. The glow of beauty, like every other glow, dies down unless it is fed. The idealists still dearly loved their things. But they had got them. And the sad fact is, things that glow vividly while you’re getting them, go almost quite cold after a year or two. Unless, of course, people envy you them very much, and the museums are pining for them. And the Melvilles’ “things,” though very good, were not quite as good as that.

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So, the glow gradually went out of everything, out of Europe, out of Italy, “the Italians are dears,” even out of that marvellous apartment on the Arno. “Why if I had this apartment, I’d never, never even want to go out of doors! It’s too lovely and perfect.”—That was something, of course, to hear that.

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And yet Valerie and Erasmus went out of doors: they even went out to get away from its ancient, cold-floored, stone-heavy silence and dead

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dignity. "We're living on the past, you know, Dick!"* said Valerie to her husband. She called him Dick.

They were grimly hanging on. They did not like to give in. They did not like to own up that they were through. For twelve years, now, they
5 had been "free" people, living a "full and beautiful life." And America for twelve years had been their anathema, the Sodom and Gomorrah* of industrial materialism.

It wasn't easy to own that you were "through." They hated to admit that they wanted to go back. But at last, reluctantly, they decided to go,
10 "for the boy's sake."—"We can't *bear* to leave Europe. But Peter is an American, so he had better look at America while he's young."—The Melvilles had an entirely English accent and manner; almost; a little Italian and French here and there.

They left Europe behind, but they took as much of it along with them
15 as possible. Several van-loads, as a matter of fact. All those adorable and irreplaceable "things." And all arrived in New York, idealists, child, and the huge bulk of Europe they had lugged along.

Valerie had dreamed of a pleasant apartment, perhaps on Riverside
20 drive, where it was not so expensive as east of Fifth Avenue, and where all their wonderful things would look marvellous. She and Erasmus house-hunted. But alas! their income was quite under three thousand dollars a year. They found—well, everybody knows what they found. Two small rooms and a kitchenette, and don't let us unpack a *thing*.

The chunk of Europe which they had bitten off went into a ware-
25 house, at fifty dollars a month. And they sat in two small rooms and a kitchenette, and wondered why they'd done it.

Erasmus, of course, ought to get a job. This was what was written on
the wall,* and what they both pretended not to see. But it had been the strange, vague threat that the Statue of Liberty* had always held over
30 them. "Thou shalt get a job!"* Erasmus had the tickets, as they say. A scholastic career was still possible for him. He had taken his exams brilliantly at Yale, and had kept up his "researches," all the time he had been in Europe.

But both he and Valerie shuddered. A scholastic career! The
35 scholastic world! The *American* scholastic world!—Shudder upon shudder! Give up their freedom, their full and beautiful life? Never! Never! Erasmus would be forty next birthday.

The "things" remained in warehouse. Valerie went to look at them. It
40 cost her a dollar an hour, and horrid pangs. The "things," poor things, looked a bit shabby and wretched, in that warehouse.

However, New York was not all America. There was the great clean west. So the Melvilles went west, with Peter, but without the things. They tried living the simple life, in the mountains. But doing their own chores became almost a nightmare. “Things” are all very well to look at, but it’s awful handling them, even when they’re beautiful. To be the slave of hideous things, to keep a stove going, cook meals, wash dishes, carry water and clean floors: pure horror of sordid anti-life!

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In the cabin on the mountains, Valerie dreamed of Florence, the lost apartment, and her Bologna cupboard and Louis Quinze chairs,* above all, her “Chartres” curtains, stored in New York—and costing fifty dollars a month.

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A millionaire friend came to the rescue, offering them a cottage on the Californian coast.—California! Where the new soul is to be born in man. With joy the idealists moved a little further west, catching at new vine-props of hope.

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And finding them straws!*—The millionaire cottage was perfectly equipped. It was perhaps as labour-savingsly perfect as is possible: electric heating and cooking, a white-and-pearl enamelled kitchen, nothing to make dirt except the human being himself. In an hour or so the idealists had got through their chores. They were “free”—free to hear the great Pacific pounding the coast, and to feel a new soul filling their bodies.

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Alas! the Pacific pounded the coast with hideous brutality, brute force itself! And the new soul, instead of sweetly stealing into their bodies, seemed only meanly to gnaw the old soul out of their bodies. To feel you are under the fist of the most blind and crunching brute force: to feel that your cherished idealist’s soul is being gnawed out of you, and only irritation left in place of it: well, it isn’t good enough.

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After about nine months, the idealists departed from the Californian west. It had been a great experience, they were glad to have had it. But, in the long run, the west was not the place for them, and they knew it. No, the people who wanted new souls had better get them. They, Valerie and Erasmus Melville, would like to develop the old soul a little further. Anyway, they had not felt any influx of new soul, on the Californian coast. On the contrary.

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So, with a slight hole in their material capital, they returned to Massachusetts, and paid a visit to Valerie’s parents, taking the boy along. The grand-parents welcomed the child—poor expatriated boy—and were rather cold to Valerie, but really cold to Erasmus. Valerie’s mother definitely said to Valerie, one day, that Erasmus ought to take a job, so

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that Valerie could live decently. Valerie haughtily reminded her mother of the beautiful apartment on the Arno, and the “wonderful” things in store in New York, and of the “marvellous and satisfying life” she and Erasmus had led. Valerie’s mother said that she didn’t think her daughter’s life looked so very marvellous at present: homeless, with a husband idle at the age of forty, a child to educate, and a dwindling capital: looked the reverse of marvellous, to *her*. Let Erasmus take some post in one of the universities—

“What post? what university?” interrupted Valerie.

“That could be found, considering your father’s connections and Erasmus’ qualifications,” replied Valerie’s mother. “And you could get all your valuable things out of store, and have a really lovely home, which everybody in America would be proud to visit. As it is, your furniture is eating up your income, and you are living like rats in a hole, with nowhere to go to.”

This was very true. Valerie was beginning to pine for a home, with her “things.” Of course she could have sold her furniture for a substantial sum. But nothing would have induced her. Whatever else passed away, religions, cultures, continents, and hopes, Valerie would *never* part from the “things” which she and Erasmus had collected with such passion. To these she was nailed.

But she and Erasmus still would not give up that freedom, that full and beautiful life they had so believed in. Erasmus cursed America. He did not *want* to earn a living. He panted for Europe.

Leaving the boy in charge of Valerie’s parents, the two idealists once more set off for Europe. In New York, they paid two dollars and looked for a brief, bitter hour at their “things.” They sailed “student class”—that is, third. Their income now was less than two thousand dollars, instead of three. And they made straight for Paris—cheap Paris.

They found Europe, this time, a complete failure. “We have returned like dogs to our vomit,”* said Erasmus; “but the vomit has staled in the meantime.” He found he couldn’t stand Europe. It irritated every nerve in his body. He hated America too. But America at least was a darn sight better than this miserable dirt-eating continent; which was by no means cheap any more either.

Valerie, with her heart on her things—she had really burned to get them out of that warehouse, where they had stood now for three years, eating up two thousand dollars—wrote to her mother she thought Erasmus would come back if he could get some suitable work in America. Erasmus, in a state of frustration bordering on rage and insanity, just

went round Italy in a poverty-stricken fashion, his coat-cuffs frayed, hating everything with intensity. And when a post was found for him in Cleveland university,* to teach French, Italian and Spanish literature, his eyes grew more beady, and his long, queer face grew sharper and more rat-like, with utter baffled fury. He was forty, and the job was upon him.

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“I think you’d better accept, dear. You don’t care for Europe any longer. As you say, it’s dead and finished. They offer us a house on the college lot, and mother says there’s room in it for all our things. I think we’d better cable ‘accept.’” He glowered at her like a cornered rat. One almost expected to see rat’s whiskers twitching at the sides of the sharp nose.

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“Shall I send the cablegram?” she asked.

“Send it!” he blurted.

And she went out and sent it.

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He was a changed man, quieter, much less irritable. A load was off him. He was inside the cage.

But when he looked at the furnaces of Cleveland, vast and like the greatest of black forests, with red and white-hot cascades of gushing metal, and tiny gnomes of men, and terrific noises, gigantic, he said to Valerie:

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“Say what you like, Valerie, this is the biggest thing the modern world has to show.”

And when they were in their up-to-date little house on the college lot of Cleveland University, and that woebegone débris of Europe, Bologna cupboard, Venice book-shelves, Ravenna bishop’s chair,* Louis Quinze side-tables, “Chartres” curtains, Siena bronze lamps, all were arrayed, and all looked perfectly out of keeping, and therefore very impressive; and when the idealists had had a bunch of gaping people in, and Erasmus had showed off his best European manner, but still quite cordial and American; and Valerie had been most ladylike, but for all that, “we prefer America;” then Erasmus said, looking at her with queer sharp eyes of a rat:

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“Europe’s the mayonnaise all right, but America supplies* the good old lobster—what?”

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“Every time!” she said, with satisfaction.

And he peered at her. He was in the cage: but it was safe inside. And she, evidently, was her real self at last. She had got the goods.—Yet round his nose was a queer, evil scholastic look, of pure scepticism. But he liked lobster.

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Rawdon's Roof

Rawdon was the sort of man who said, privately, to his men friends, over a glass of wine after dinner: "No woman shall sleep again under my roof!"

He said it with pride, rather vaunting, pursing his lips.—"Even my housekeeper goes home to sleep—" 5

But the housekeeper was a gentle old thing of about sixty, so it seemed a little fantastic. Moreover the man had a wife, of whom he was secretly rather proud, as a piece of fine property, and with whom he kept up a very witty correspondence, epistolary, and whom he treated with humorous gallantry when they occasionally met for half an hour. Also he had a love-affair going on. At least, if it wasn't a love affair, what was it? However! 10

"No, I've come to the determination that no woman shall ever sleep under my roof again—not even a female cat!" 15

One looked at the roof, and wondered what it had done amiss. Besides, it wasn't his roof. He only rented the house. What does a man mean, anyhow, when he says "my roof." *My* roof! The only roof I am conscious of having, myself, is the top of my head. However, he hardly can have meant that no woman should sleep under the elegant dome of his skull. Though there's no telling. You see the top of a sleek head through a window, and you say "By Jove,* what a pretty girl's head!" And after all, when the individual comes out, it's in trousers. 20

The point, however, is, that Rawdon said so emphatically—no, not emphatically, succinctly: "No woman shall ever again sleep under my roof." It was a case of futurity. No doubt he had had his ceilings white-washed, and their memories put out. Or rather, re-painted, for it was a handsome wooden ceiling. Anyhow, if ceilings have eyes, as walls have ears, then Rawdon had given his ceilings a new outlook, with a new coat of paint, and all memory of any woman's having slept under them—for after all, in decent circumstances we sleep under ceilings, not under roofs—was wiped out for ever. 25 30

"And will you neither sleep under any woman's roof?"

That pulled him up rather short. He was not prepared to sauce his gander as he had sauced his goose.* Even I could see the thought flitting through his mind, that some of his pleasantest holidays depended on the charm of his hostess. Even some of the nicest hotels were run by
5 women.

“Ah! Well! That’s not quite the same thing, you know. When one leaves one’s own house one gives up the keys of circumstance, so to speak.—But as far as possible, I make it a rule not to sleep under a roof that is openly, and obviously, and obtrusively a woman’s roof!”

10 “Quite!” said I with a shudder. “So do I!”

Now I understood his mysterious love-affair less than ever. He was never known to speak of this love-affair: he did not even write about it to his wife. The lady—for she was a lady—lived only five minutes’ walk from Rawdon. She had a husband, but he was in diplomatic service
15 or something like that, which kept him occupied in the sufficiently-far distance. Yes, far enough. And as a husband, he was a complete diplomat. A balance of power! If he were entitled to occupy the wide field of the world, she, the other and contrasting power, might concentrate and consolidate her position at home.

20 She was a charming woman, too! and even a beautiful woman! She had two charming children, long-legged stalky clove-pink-half-opened sort of children. But really charming. And she was a woman with a certain mystery. She never talked. She never said anything about herself. Perhaps she suffered; perhaps she was frightfully happy, and made
25 *that* her cause for silence. Perhaps she was wise enough even to be beautifully silent about her happiness. Certainly she never mentioned her sufferings, or even her trials: and certainly she must have a fair handful of the latter, for Alec Drummond sometimes fled home in the teeth of a gale of debts. He simply got through his own money, and
30 through hers, and, third and fatal stride, through other people’s as well. Then something had to be done about it. And Janet, dear soul, had to put her hat on and take journeys. But she never said anything of it. At least, she did just hint that Alec didn’t *quite* make enough money to meet expenses. But after all, we don’t go about with our eyes shut, and
35 Alec Drummond, whatever else he did, didn’t hide his short-comings under a bushel.*

Rawdon and he were quite friendly: but really! None of them ever talked. Drummond didn’t talk, he just went off and behaved in his own way. And though Rawdon would chat away till the small hours, *he* never
40 “talked.” Not to his nearest male friend did he ever mention Janet,* save

as a very pleasant woman and his neighbour: he admitted he adored her children. They often came to see him.

But one felt about Rawdon, he was making a mystery of something. And that was rather irritating. He went every day to see Janet, and of course we saw him going: going or coming. How can one help but see? But he always went in the morning, at about eleven, and did not stay for lunch: or he went in the afternoon, and came home to dinner. Apparently he was never there in the evening. Poor Janet, she lived like a widow.

Very well, if Rawdon wanted to make it so blatantly obvious that it was only platonic, purely platonic, why wasn't he natural? Why didn't he say simply: "I'm very fond of Janet Drummond, she is my very dear friend: but truly a friend." Why did he sort of curl up at the very mention of her name, and curdle into silence: or else say rather forcedly: "Yes, she is a charming woman. I see a good deal of her, but chiefly for the children's sake. I'm devoted to the children!"— Then he would look at one in such a curious way, as if he were hiding something. And after all, what was there to hide? If he was the woman's friend, why not? It could be a charming friendship. And if he were her lover, why, heaven bless us, he ought to have been proud of it, and showed just a glint, just an honest man's glint of pride.

But no! never a glint of pride or pleasure in the relation either way. Instead of that, this rather theatrical reserve. Janet, it is true, was just as reserved. If she could, she avoided mentioning his name. Yet one knew, sure as houses,* she felt something. One suspected her of being more in love with Rawdon than ever she had been with Alec. And one felt that there was a hush put upon it all. She had had a hush put upon her. By whom? By both the men? or by Rawdon only? Or by Drummond? Was it for her husband's sake? Impossible! For her children's? But why? Her children were devoted to Rawdon.

It now had become the custom for them to go to him three times a week, for music. I don't mean he taught them the piano. Rawdon was a very refined musical amateur. He had them sing, in their delicate girlish voices, delicate little songs, and really he succeeded wonderfully with them; he made them so true, which children rarely are, musically, and so pure and effortless, like little flamelets of sound. It really was rather beautiful, and sweet of him. And he taught them *music*, the delicacy of the feel of it. They had a regular teacher for the practice.

Even the little girls, in their young little way, were in love with Rawdon! So if their mother were in love too, in her ripened womanhood—why not?

Poor Janet! she was so still, and so elusive: the hush upon her! She was
5 rather like a half-opened rose that somebody has tied a string round, so that it can't open any more. But why? Why?—In her there was a real touch of mystery. One could never *ask* her, because one knew her heart was too keenly involved: or her pride.

Whereas there was, really, no mystery about Rawdon, refined and
10 handsome and subtle as he was. He *had* no mystery: at least to a man. What *he* wrapped himself up in was a certain amount of mystification.

Who wouldn't be irritated to hear a fellow saying, when for months and months he has been paying a daily visit to a lonely and very attractive woman—nay, lately even a twice-daily visit, even if always before
15 sundown—to hear him saying, pursing his lips after a sip of his own very moderate port: "I've taken a vow that no woman shall sleep under my roof again!"

I almost rapped out: "Oh, what the hell! And what about your Janet?" But I remembered in time, it was not *my* affair, and if he wanted to have
20 his mystifications, let him have them.

If he meant he wouldn't have his wife sleep under his roof again, that one could understand. They were really very witty with one another, he and she, but fatally and damnably married.

Yet neither wanted a divorce. And neither put the slightest claim to
25 any control over the other's behaviour. He said: "Women live on the moon, men on the earth." And she said: "I don't mind in the least if he loves Janet Drummond, poor thing. It would be a change for him, from loving himself. And a change for her, if somebody loved her"—

Poor Janet! But he wouldn't have her sleep under his roof, no, not for
30 any money. And apparently he never slept under hers—if she could be said to have one. So what the deuce?

Of course, if they were friends, just friends, all right! But then in that case why start talking about not having a woman sleep under your roof? Pure mystification!

The cat never came out of the bag. But one evening I distinctly heard
35 it mewling, inside its sack, and I even believe I saw a claw through the canvas.*

It was in November—everything much as usual—myself pricking
40 my ears to hear if the rain had stopped, and I could go home, because I was just a little bored about "cornemuse" music. I had been having

dinner with Rawdon, and listening to him ever since, on his favourite topic: not, of course, women, and why they shouldn't sleep under his roof, but fourteenth century melody and windbag accompaniment.*

It was not late—not yet ten o'clock—but I was restless, and wanted to go home. There was no longer any sound of rain. And Rawdon was perhaps going to make a pause in his monologue.

Suddenly there was a tap at the door, and Rawdon's man Hawken edged in. Rawdon, who had been a major in some fantastic capacity, during the war, had brought Hawken back with him. This fresh-faced man of about thirty-five appeared in the doorway with an intensely blank and bewildered look on* his face. He was really an extraordinarily good actor.

"A lady, Sir!" he said, with a look of utter blankness.

"A what?" snapped Rawdon.

"A lady!"—then with a most discreet drop in his voice: "Mrs Drummond, Sir!" He looked modestly down at his feet.

Rawdon went deathly white, and his lips quivered.

"Mrs Drummond! Where?"

Hawken lifted his eyes to his master in a fleeting glance.

"I showed her into the dining-room."—Which was the only place she could be in, as we were in the music-room or study, which served as drawing-room. There remained only Rawdon's down-stairs bedroom.

Rawdon got to his feet, and took two or three agitated strides. He could not make up his mind. At last he said, his lips working with agitation:

"Bring her in here."

Then he turned with a theatrical gesture to me:

"What this is all about, I *don't* know," he said.

"Let me clear out," said I, making for the door.

He caught me by the arm:

"No, for God's sake! For God's sake stop and see me through!"

He gripped my arm till it really hurt, and his eyes were quite wild. I did not know my Olympian Rawdon.

Hastily I backed away to the side of the fire—we were in Rawdon's room, where the books and piano were—and Mrs Drummond appeared in the doorway. She was much paler than usual, being a rather warm-coloured woman, and she glanced at me with big reproachful eyes, as much as to say: You intruder! You interloper!—For my part, I could do nothing but stare. She wore a black wrap, which I knew quite well, over her black dinner dress.

“Rawdon!” she said, turning to him, and blotting out my existence from her consciousness. Hawken softly closed the door, and I could *feel* him standing on the threshold outside, listening keen as a hawk.

5 “Sit down, Janet!” said Rawdon, with a grimace of a hurt smile which he could not get rid of once he had started it, so that his face looked very odd indeed, like a mask which he was unable either to fit on or take off. He had several conflicting expressions all at once, and they had all stuck.

10 She let her wrap slip back on her shoulders, and knitted her white fingers against her skirt, pressing down her arms, and gazing at him with a terrible gaze. I began to creep to the door.

Rawdon started after me.

“No, don’t go! Don’t go! I specially want you not to go,” he said, in extreme agitation.

15 I looked at her. She was looking at him with a heavy, sombre kind of stare. Me she absolutely ignored. Not for a second could she forgive me for existing on the earth. I slunk back to my post behind the leather arm-chair, as if hiding.

20 “Do sit down, Janet!” he said to her again. “And have a smoke! What will you drink?”

“No thanks!” she said, as if it were one word slurred out. “Nothanks!”

And she proceeded again to fix him with that heavy, portentous stare.

25 He offered her a cigarette, his hand trembling as he held out the silver box.

“Nothanks!” she slurred out again, not even looking at the box, but keeping him fixed with that dark and heavy stare.

30 He turned away, making a great delay lighting a cigarette with his back to her, to get out of the stream of that stare. He carefully went for an ash-tray, and put it carefully within reach—all the time trying not to be swept away on that stare. And she stood with her fingers locked, her straight, plump, handsome arms pressed downwards against her skirt, and she gazed at him.

“I had to speak to you,” she said. “So I came.”

35 He looked across at her, and pursed his lips.

“Oh quite! quite!” he said. “You can say anything you like before Joe.”

40 She stared coldly at him. Then she did turn and look briefly, remotely at me. I met her eye. And merely mentally, I said: No you can’t, Mrs Janet! No you can’t say anything before me! So just you hold off.—

She understood at once, gave a faint, infinitesimal shrug, thereby shaking off a little of the tragedy queen,* and sank into a chair more like a reasonable woman. But she kept the gazing habit. She gazed now into the fire. I thought it was no good standing up, so I came from the back of my chair and sat in front of it, and gazed also into the fire.

5

He still leaned his elbow on the mantel-piece abstractedly—then he started suddenly, and rang the bell. She turned her eyes from the fire for a moment, to watch his middle finger pressing the bell-button. Then there was a new tension of waiting, a change from the previous tension. We waited. But now it was for Hawken. Nobody came. Rawdon rang again.

10

“That’s very curious!” he murmured to himself.—Hawken was usually so prompt. Hawken, not being a woman, slept under the roof, so there was no excuse for his not answering the bell. The tension in the room had now slackened considerably, owing to this new curiosity. Poor Janet’s sombre stare became gradually loosened, so to speak. Attention was divided. Where was Hawken? Rawdon rang the bell a third time, a long peal. And now Janet was no longer the centre of suspense. Where was Hawken? The question loomed large over every other.

15

“I’ll just look in the kitchen,” said I, making for the door.

20

“No no, I’ll go!” said Rawdon.

But I was in the passage—and Rawdon was on my heels.

The kitchen was very tidy and cheerful, but empty, only a bottle of beer and two glasses stood on the table. To Rawdon the kitchen was as strange a world as to me—he never entered the servants’ quarters. But to me it was curious that the bottle of beer was empty, and both the glasses had been used. I knew Rawdon wouldn’t notice.

25

“That’s very curious!” said Rawdon: meaning not the two beer-glasses, but the absence of Hawken.

At that moment we heard a step on the servants’ stairs, and Rawdon opened the door, to reveal Hawken descending with an armful of clean folded sheets and things.

30

“What are you doing?”

“Why!—” and a pause—“I was airing the clean laundry, like—not to waste the fire last thing.”

35

Hawken descended into the kitchen with a very flushed face and very bright eyes and rather ruffled hair, and proceeded to spread the linen on chairs before the fire. To anyone less supersensitive than Rawdon, the man fairly glowed with hidden doings. Another mysterious one! But involved in a cheerful mystery, to judge from his looks.

40

“I hope you’ve not been wanting me, Sir!” he said in his most winning manner. “Was you ringing?”—He was ungrammatical, and Rawdon liked it exceedingly. He was always curiously pleased when Hawken said “was you.”

5 “Three times! Leave that linen, and fetch a bottle of the fizz. Three glasses, you know.”—Rawdon moved towards the door.

“I’m sorry Sir! You can’t hear the bell from the front. A bottle of champagne and three glasses—!” His eyes shone the brightest goodwill on his master, cheery as Christmas.

10 “That’s right!” said Rawdon, and he moved down the passage reluctantly.

Hawken saw him go, then glanced at the two give-away beer-glasses on the table, then at me. I saw nothing, amused at the man’s readiness. It was quite true, from the front upstairs rooms you could hear no sound from the kitchen. The house was small, but it had been built for another highly-sensitive gentleman, an author, and the servant’s quarters were shut-off, padded off from the rest of the house.

15 If poor Rawdon smelled a rat in the study, it seemed to me I felt a pussy* somewhere in the kitchen. However, I reluctantly followed my host back to the music-room. Janet had gone to the hearth, and stood with her hand on the mantel. She looked round at us, baffled.

“We’re having a bottle of fizz,” said Rawdon. “Do let me take your wrap.”

“And where was Hawken?” she asked satirically.

25 “Oh, busy somewhere upstairs.”

“He’s a busy young man, that, I should say!” she retorted sardonically.

And she sat uncomfortably on the front of the chair where I had been sitting.

When Hawken came with the tray, she said:

30 “Don’t expect me to drink.”

Rawdon appealed to me: so I took a glass. She looked enquiringly at the flushed and bright-eyed Hawken, as if she too smelled something.

The manservant left the room. We drank our wine, and the tension returned.

35 “Rawdon!” she said suddenly, as if she were firing a revolver at him, and throwing the butt of the weapon in my teeth.—“Alec came home tonight in a bigger mess than ever, and he is crying, and wants to make love to me, to get it off his mind. What are you going to do about it?”

40 Rawdon was unspeakably silent for a minute or more, till he had thought of something to say. What he thought of at last was:

"And what excuse did you make him?"

She stared at him as if she did not follow.

"How, *excuse*—?" she said.

"Oh—what I mean was—well—how did you get away from him?"

This point had no interest for her at all.

"I left him opening a bottle of whiskey," she said calmly.

Which left Rawdon where he was before.

"You didn't say where you were going?" he asked.

"I said nothing," she replied. "Isn't it obvious?"

Why it should be obvious, I didn't know. But since I was the third, and by now important party in this skirmish, I knew she expected *me* to see that it was obvious. She had entirely defied my will not to be dragged in, and now she was even hooking at me* with little phrases like: Isn't it obvious?

"So he has no idea where you are?" persisted Rawdon.

"My dear man, how should I know all his bright ideas? What if he does know I'm having a glass of champagne with you and Mr Bradley!"

There she was, with her Mr Bradley!

"Sorry!" said I, and I filled her glass, which she took calm as a cucumber, and sipped.

"Oh of course!" said Rawdon.

But there again, why of course? Why of-course anything?

"I thought you'd help me," she said, with a new little ring of plain-tiveness, as if someone had flipped one of the champagne glasses and made it chime. And I felt her throwing the net over my head. I resisted stoutly.

"Of course! Of course!" he said softly, inwardly writhing on the grill. "The thing to do is to find the best way."

"Quite!" she said.

And in the silence I felt a great fish opening its mouth to swallow me. For I felt her almost forcing *me* to make a suggestion. However, a burnt cat fears the cook,* and I kept mum.

"I thought you might let me stay here the night," she said plaintively. "Alec *is* so awful when he confides in me through his tears. I feel I can't bear to hear the worst tonight. I'd rather hear it in sober earnest in the morning."

There was another of those completely negative silences.

"What do you imagine is the worst?" he said.

"Oh, *money*!" she cried. "What could possibly be worse?"

“As far as Alec is concerned, I suppose,” said Rawdon.

“As far as any man is concerned,” she replied. “You live on your income, so you can afford to be calm. If you knew how I pine for an unemotional life! But who can be unemotional with a wolf at the door? especially when the wolf whines like poor Alec! One is so heart-rended by the poor beast, as well as otherwise torn to pieces. Poor wolf!—” She seemed to muse a moment. “But you do want to get away from it, all the same. That’s why I came here. Your door is so wolfless, Rawdon dear, and your roof is so safe over your head!”—She drooped plaintively as she gazed at him.

“I am not quite so sure,” said he, looking up at the painted ceiling.

And there was another pause.—Now nothing terrifies a man, at close quarters, like a witty woman. I was terrified, in my bachelor soul, and I knew Rawdon was terrified.

“Oh don’t say you think I’ll bring the house down over your head!” she pleaded. “I swear I won’t. I only want a night’s rest in a wolfless, whiskeyless house. Please don’t be cruel about it. Do say you’ll let me stay. You have two spare rooms—” Her voice was at once pleading, and very weary, and faintly, subtly jeering. She was fleering* at him.

The colourless, oxygenless silence supervened once more.

“There are difficulties—,” said Rawdon, in a colourless, oxygenless voice.

“Oh, why?” she cried, with a brighter flicker of scorn. “Let Mr. Bradley stay too, in the other room, and then there *can’t* be any dangers for you. If you knew how utterly safe and intact *I* should feel, between the two of you! I’ve never asked anything from you Rawdon, have I now? Not the least little thing. Only let me sleep under your roof tonight, before I face Alec tomorrow. I can face his horrid growl so much better than his moans.”

But Rawdon’s long lip stiffened, as she wittily thought of the morrow. He came to a timid man’s strong resolution.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said. “I’ll go down to the hotel, pretending I want to catch the first train up tomorrow. In fact I *will* catch the first train up tomorrow. And you can stay here—” he made a long and damnatory pause—“if you like.”

“With Hawken!” she said faintly, looking up at him.

“Hawken will be perfectly respectful,” said he, with the stiff upper-lip.*

“Exactly!” she said—adding plaintively: “With Hawken? And you in the hotel?—And no-one in the house to give me that safe

feeling—!—which I came for! No—one to give me that safe feeling!—Oh you are too—cruel!”

I fell. I knew I was going to. My knees knocked together.

“I will stay if you wish,” said I. “Merely to be a sort of policeman in the house for you—”

She looked at me with wonderful eyes.

“Will you, really? Ah, but would you risk it? A policeman in the house—a policeman in the house, for *me*—! Ah it’s too kind of you, it really is. It’s *too* kind.—But I can’t ask so much of you—not even for the lovely peaceful feeling of being under Rawdon’s roof—such peace!—almost like being in the grave!—No, I can’t ask it of you.”

And she sat quite still, in a muse, and quite relaxed. We waited, Rawdon and I, for the mills of God to grind us a little smaller.* We waited and waited, and she merely sat there as if she were going to sleep, utterly relaxed and gazing unseeing into the fire. Rawdon silently filled her glass, as if we were at her death-bed. She took not the slightest notice.

“Rawdon’s roof! Rawdon’s roof! They say he has a vow that no woman shall sleep under it. Not even me. And it is the only roof in the world I want to sleep under. Just to sleep. Sleep! Like the grave! *Very* like the grave.” Her voice strayed on dreamily, to herself. “But it would hardly be any use if Rawdon weren’t there, would it? It wouldn’t be the perfect tomb. Even Mr Bradley would be too alive and disturbing. Even Mr Bradley! Not to speak of Hawken! not at all, Hawken my dear! By no means!”—She faded down to a pause again. “No, no good! No good! Rawdon’s roof without Rawdon might be Mr Bradley’s roof—even Hawken’s. No no, by-no means peaceful enough! No no! sleep, the sweet sleep! The perfect wolflessness of Rawdon’s door, the perfect birdlessness* of Rawdon’s roof!—where would they be without Rawdon? No no! Mr Bradley might be a starling in the chimney, and Hawken—Hawken might find a cat on the roof. No no—I’d better go! I’d better go back to Alec. He may have drunk sleep out of a bottle—”*

She rose in a daze and reached for her wrap. I was perfectly dazed. But Rawdon kept a stiff upper lip.

“Joe will see you home,” he said gently.

She looked at me wistfully.

“Do you mind *not* seeing me home, Mr Bradley?” she said, gazing at me with a terrifying tenderness.

“Not if you don’t want me,” said I, putting as much into it as I could.

“Hawken will drive you,” said Rawdon.

“Oh no he won’t!” she said. “I’ll walk! Goodnight!”

“I’ll get my hat,” stammered Rawdon in an agony. “Wait! Wait! The gate will be locked.”

“It was open when I came,” she said.

5 He rang for Hawken to unlock the iron doors at the end of the short drive, whilst he himself huddled into a great-coat and scarf, fumbling for a flashlight.

“You won’t go till I come back, will you?” he pleaded to me. “I’d be awfully glad if you’d stay the night. I say, do stay the night. Do promise, 10 won’t you?—Tell Hawken, he’ll see to it. But do stay!”

I could see the poor fellow was in a cold sweat, and all my male sympathy went out to him. I had to promise—and he set off with an umbrella, in the rain—on second thoughts, however, asking Hawken to take a flashlight and go in front. So that was how they went, in single file 15 along the path over the fields to Mrs Drummond’s house, Hawken in front, with flashlight and umbrella, curving round to light up in front of Mrs Drummond, who, with umbrella only, walked isolated between two lights, Rawdon shining his flashlight on her from the rear, from under his umbrella. I turned indoors.

20 So, that was over! at least for the moment! How exhausting it had been! How fearful women were! always moving in a thick cloud of tragedy. Poor Rawdon’s roof! It was a wonder it hadn’t lifted off already.

I thought I would go upstairs and see how damp the bed in the guest-chamber was, before I actually stayed the night at Rawdon’s house. He 25 never had guests—preferred to go away himself. And the upstairs was rather dreary—for he slept in the small room downstairs, off his study.

The guest-chamber was a good room round a corner—its door just opposite the padded service-door.* This latter service-door stood open, and a light shone through. I went into the big bedroom, switching on 30 the light.

To my surprise, the bed looked as if it had just been left—the sheets tumbled, the pillows pressed. I put in my hand on the sheet, and it was warm.—Very curious!

As I stood looking round in mild wonder, I heard a voice call softly: 35 “Joe!”

“Yes!” said I instinctively, and though startled, strode at once out of the room and through the servants’ door, towards the voice. Light shone from the open doorway of one of the servants’ rooms.

40 There was a muffled little shriek, and I was standing looking into what was probably Hawken’s bedroom, and seeing a soft and pretty

white leg and a very pretty feminine posterior very thinly dimmed in a rather short night-dress, just in the act of climbing into a narrow little bed, and then arrested, the owner of the pretty posterior burying her face in the bedclothes, to be invisible, like the ostrich in the sand.

I discreetly withdrew, went downstairs and poured myself a drink. And very shortly Rawdon returned, looking like Hamlet in the last act.*

He said nothing, neither did I. We sat and merely smoked. Only as he was seeing me upstairs to bed, in the now immaculate bedroom, he said pathetically:

“Why aren’t women ever what a man wants them to be?”

“Why aren’t they!” said I wearily.

“I thought I had made everything clear,” he said.

“You start wrong,” said I.

And as I said it, the picture came into my mind of the pretty feminine butt-end* in Hawken’s bedroom. Yes, Hawken was not all he should be!

When he brought me my cup of tea in the morning, he was very soft and attentive, and his rather round, fresh face looked like the cat who has swallowed the next-door canary.* He was meekness personified, and his ingratiating we-won’t mention-it, will-we-sir! look roused me to a sort of indignation. I asked him what sort of day it was, to which he replied: Oh, I think it’s a good deal the same as yesterday!—and he was stealing away as fast as possible with my clothes.

“Hawken?” said I.

“Sir!”—He stopped and turned to me, and his face was a perfect blank.

“Is your name Joe?”

“That’s right, Sir!” he admitted affably.

“So is mine,” said I.

“Why so it is!” he smiled brilliantly, showing his teeth. “I’ve heard Mr Rawdon say it.”—And he edged anxiously towards the door.

“Naturally,” said I, “if someone calls *Joe!* I call back *yes!*”

He looked at me a little remotely, as if to say: I don’t understand, and you are wasting my time.—But I refused such looks.

“Don’t *you?*” said I.

“What is that, Sir?” He looked infinitely puzzled, but patient.

“If someone calls *Joe!* don’t you go and see who it is?”

“Well Sir!” and he flashed me a smile of amazing impudence; “I suppose in that case I do, Sir.”

“Nobody can be blamed for going when his name is called, can he?” said I.

"Surely he can't."

"Nor for seeing the person who called him," said I.

A look of puzzled wonder came on his face!

"No Sir, indeed I suppose not."

5 "Then I'm not mistaken about what I saw?"

He flashed the most winning, impudent, ingratiating little smile.

"I hope it was nothing amiss, Sir," he said.

"Amiss! Hawken? Amiss!" said I. "That's just what it seemed to me.

A miss, and nothing else. Unless it was married. Are you married?"

10 He looked slyly, smilingly, and bafflingly at me.

"I hope I will be, one of these days," he said piously.

"So do I," said I. "But you won't be able to bring her here."

"You don't think so, Sir?"

15 "Haven't you heard Mr Rawdon say that no woman shall sleep under his roof?"

"I have—of course I have," he said softly. "Well in that case—" he smiled brilliantly—"she'll have to sleep somewhere else."

"This is a good bed," said I.

20 "Oh!"—his face changed instantly to seriousness. "The best bed in the house."

"You've found it so?—Of course those single beds like yours are rather narrow."

"Quite narrow."

"For two, that is."

25 "Oh, of course they're not meant for two."

"Whereas this is."

"Yes, that's a full-sized double bed."

30 "And if Mr Rawdon has double beds under his roof, he can hardly blame people for sleeping double in them. He shouldn't set up a temptation."

"Why there you've said it, Sir! That bed fairly asked for a girl. And when all's said and done, that's all she is: she's a girl. And I don't see what difference *that* can make to the roof, sir, do you?"

35 Rawden left that morning for town. Looking back on the red, wet roof of his house, he thought: Thank God no woman slept under it last night! What an escape!

The Drummonds left the neighbourhood shortly after, leaving many angry tradesmen behind them.

Mother and Daughter

Virginia* Bodoin had a good job: she was head of a department in a certain government office, held a responsible position, and earned, to imitate Balzac* and be precise about it, seven hundred and fifty pounds a year. That is already something. Rachel Bodoin, her mother, had an income of about six hundred a year, on which she had lived in the capitals of Europe since the effacement of a never very important husband.

Now, after some years of virtual separation and “freedom,” mother and daughter once more thought of settling down. They had become, in course of time, more like a married couple than mother and daughter. They knew one another very well indeed, and each was a little “nervous” of the other. They had lived together and parted several times. Virginia was now thirty, and she didn’t look like marrying. For four years she had been as good as married to Henry Lubbock, a rather spoilt young man who was musical. Then Henry let her down: for two reasons. He couldn’t stand her mother. Her mother couldn’t stand him. And anybody whom Mrs Bodoin could not stand she managed to sit on, disastrously. So Henry had writhed horribly, feeling his mother-in-law sitting on him tight, and Virginia, after all, in a helpless sort of family loyalty, sitting alongside her mother. Virginia didn’t really want to sit on Henry. But when her mother egged her on, she couldn’t help it. For ultimately, her mother had power over her; a strange *female* power, nothing to do with parental authority. Virginia had long thrown parental authority to the winds. But her mother had another, much subtler form of domination, female and thrilling, so that when Rachel said: Let’s squash him!, Virginia had to rush wickedly and gleefully to the sport. And Henry knew quite well when he was being squashed. So that was one of his reasons for going back on Vinny.—He called her Vinny, to the superlative disgust of Mrs Bodoin, who always corrected him: My daughter *Virginia*—

The second reason was, again to be Balzacian, that Virginia hadn’t a sou of her own. Henry had a sorry two hundred and fifty. Virginia, at the age of twenty-four, was already earning four hundred and fifty. But she was earning them. Whereas Henry managed to earn about

twelve pounds per annum, by his precious music. He had realised that he would find it hard to earn more. So that marrying, except with a wife who could keep him, was rather out of the question. Vinny would inherit her mother's money. But then Mrs Bodoin had the health and muscular equipment of the sphinx. She would live forever, seeking whom she might devour, and devouring him.* Henry lived with Vinny for two years, in the married sense of the words: and Vinny felt they *were* married, minus a mere ceremony. But Vinny had her mother always in the background; often as far back as Paris or Biarritz,* but still, within letter reach. And she never realised the funny little grin that came on her own elvish face when her mother, even in a letter, spread her skirts and calmly sat on Henry. She never realised that in spirit she promptly and mischievously sat on him too: she could no more have helped it than the tide can help turning to the moon. And she did not dream that he felt it, and was utterly mortified in his masculine vanity. Women, very often, hypnotise one another, and then, hypnotised, they proceed gently to wring the neck of the man they think they are loving with all their hearts. Then they call it utter perversity on his part, that he doesn't like having his neck wrung. They think he is repudiating a heart-felt love. For they are hypnotised. Women hypnotise one another, without knowing it.

In the end, Henry backed out. He saw himself being simply reduced to nothingness by two women, an old witch with muscles like the sphinx, and a young, spell-bound witch, lavish, elvish and weak, who utterly spoils him but who ate his marrow.

Rachel would write from Paris: My dear Virginia, As I had a windfall in the way of an investment, I am sharing it with you. You will find enclosed my cheque for twenty pounds. No doubt you will be needing it to buy Henry a suit of clothes, since the spring is apparently come, and the sunlight may be tempted to show him up for what he is worth. I don't want my daughter going around with what is presumably a street-corner musician, but please pay the tailor's bill yourself, or you may have to do it over again later.—Henry got a suit of clothes, but it was as good as a shirt of Nessus, eating him away with subtle poison.*

So he backed out. He didn't jump out, or bolt, or carve his way out at the sword's point. He sort of faded out, distributing his departure over a year or more. He was fond of Vinny, and he could hardly do without her, and he was sorry for her. But at length he couldn't see her apart from her mother. She was a young, weak, spendthrift witch, accomplice of her tough-clawed witch of a mother.

Henry made other alliances, got a good hold on elsewhere, and gradually extricated himself. He saved his life, but he had lost, he felt, a good deal of his youth and marrow. He tended now to go fat, a little puffy, somewhat insignificant. And he had been handsome and striking-looking.

The two witches howled when he was lost to them. Poor Virginia was really half crazy, she didn't know what to do with herself. She had a violent recoil from her mother. Mrs Bodoin was filled with furious contempt for her daughter: that she should let such a hooked fish slip out of her hands! that she should allow such a person to turn her down!—"I don't quite see my daughter seduced and thrown over by a sponging individual such as Henry Lubbock," she wrote. "But if it has happened, I suppose it is somebody's fault.—"

There was a mutual recoil, which lasted nearly five years. But the spell was not broken. Mrs Bodoin's mind never left her daughter, and Virginia was ceaselessly aware of her mother, somewhere in the universe. They wrote, and met at intervals, but they kept apart in recoil.

The spell, however, was between them, and gradually it worked. They felt more friendly. Mrs Bodoin came to London. She stayed in the same quiet hotel with her daughter: Virginia had had two rooms in an hotel for the past three years. And, at last, they thought of taking an apartment together.

Virginia was now over thirty. She was still thin and odd and elvish, with a very slight and piquant cast in one of her brown eyes, and she still had her odd, twisted smile, and her slow, rather deep-toned voice, that caressed a man like the stroking of subtle finger-tips. Her hair was still a natural tangle of curls, a bit dishevelled. She still dressed with a natural elegance which tended to go wrong and a tiny bit sluttish. She still might have a hole in her expensive and perfectly new stockings, and still she might have to take off her shoes in the drawing-room, if she came to tea, and sit there in her stocking-feet. True, she had elegant feet: she was altogether elegantly shaped. But it wasn't that. It was neither coquetry nor vanity. It was simply that, after having gone to a good shoe-maker and paid five guineas for a pair of perfectly simple and natural shoes, made to her feet, the said shoes would hurt her excruciatingly, when she had walked half a mile in them, and she would simply have to take them off, even if she sat on the kerb to do it. It was a fatality. There was a touch of the *gamin** in her very feet, a certain sluttishness that wouldn't let them stay properly in nice proper shoes. She practically always wore her mother's old shoes.—Of course I go through life in

mother's old shoes. If she died and left me without a supply, I suppose I should have to go in a bath-chair,* she would say, with her odd twisted little grin. She was so elegant, and yet a slut. It was her charm, really.

5 Just the opposite of her mother. They could wear each other's shoes and each other's clothes, which seemed remarkable, for Mrs Bodoin seemed so much the bigger of the two. But Virginia's shoulders were broad, if she was thin, she had a strong frame, even when she looked a frail rag.

10 Mrs Bodoin was one of those women of sixty or so, with a terrible inward energy and a violent sort of vitality. But she managed to hide it. She sat with perfect repose, and folded hands. One thought: What a calm woman! Just as one may look at the snowy summit of a quiescent volcano, in the evening light, and think: What peace!

15 It was a strange *muscular* energy which possessed Mrs Bodoin, as it possesses, curiously enough, many women over fifty, and is usually distasteful in its manifestations. Perhaps it accounts for the lassitude of the young.

20 But Mrs Bodoin recognised the bad taste in her energetic coevals, so she cultivated repose. Her very way of pronouncing the word, in two syllables: re-pòse, making the second syllable run on into the twilight, showed how much suppressed energy she had. Faced with the problem of iron-grey hair and black eye-brows, she was too clever to try dyeing herself back into youth. She studied her face, her whole figure, 25 and decided that it was *positive*. There was no denying it. There was no wispieness, no hollowness, no limp frail blossom-on-a-bending-stalk about her. Her figure, though not stout, was full, strong, and *cambré*.* Her face had an aristocratic arched nose, aristocratic, who-the-devil-are-you grey eyes,* and cheeks rather long but also rather full. Nothing 30 appealing or youthfully skittish here.

Like an independent woman, she used her wits, and decided most emphatically not to be either youthful or skittish or appealing. She would keep her dignity, for she was fond of it. She was positive. She liked to be positive. She was used to her positivity. So she would just *be* 35 positive.

She turned to the positive period, to the eighteenth century, to Voltaire, to Ninon de l'Enclos and the Pompadour, to Madame la Duchesse and Monsieur le Marquis.* She decided that she was not much in the line of la Pompadour or la Duchesse, but almost exactly in 40 the line of Monsieur le Marquis. And she was right. With hair silvering to white, brushed back clean from her positive brow and temples,

cut short, but sticking out a little behind; with her rather full, pink face and thin black eyebrows plucked to two fine, superficial crescents, her arching nose and her rather full insolent eyes, she was perfectly eighteenth-century, the early half. That she was Monsieur le Marquis rather than Madame la Marquise made her really modern. 5

Her appearance was perfect. She wore delicate combinations of grey and pink, maybe with a darkening iron-grey touch, and her jewels were of soft old coloured paste. Her bearing was a sort of alert repose, very calm, but very assured. There was, to use a vulgarism, no getting past her. 10

She had a couple of thousand pounds she could lay hands on. Virginia, of course, was always in debt. But after all, Virginia was not to be sniffed at.* She made seven hundred and fifty a year.

Virginia was oddly clever, and not clever. She didn't *really* know anything, because anything and everything was interesting to her for the moment, and she picked it up at once. She picked up languages with extraordinary ease, she was fluent in a fortnight. This helped her enormously with her job. She could prattle away with heads of industry, let them come from where they liked. But she didn't *know* any language, not even her own. She picked things up in her sleep, so to speak, without knowing anything about them. 20

And this made her popular with men. With all her curious facility, they didn't feel small in front of her, because she was like an instrument. She had to be prompted. Some man had to set her in motion, and then she worked, really cleverly. She could collect the most valuable information. She was very useful. She worked with men, spent most of her time with men, her friends were practically all men. She didn't feel easy with women. 25

Yet she had no lover, nobody seemed eager to marry her, nobody seemed eager to come close to her at all. Mrs Bodoïn said: I'm afraid Virginia is a one-man woman. I am a one-man woman. So was my mother, and so was my grandmother. Virginia's father was the only man in my life, the only one. And I'm afraid Virginia is the same, tenacious. Unfortunately, the man was what he was, and her life is just left there.— 30

Henry had said, in the past, that Mrs Bodoïn wasn't a one-man woman, she was a no-man woman, and that if she could have had her way, everything male would have been wiped off the face of the earth, and only the female element left. 35

However, Mrs Bodoïn thought that it was now time to make a move. So she and Virginia took a quite handsome apartment in one of the old 40

Bloomsbury Squares,* fitted it up and furnished it with extreme care, and with some quite lovely things, got in a very good man, an Austrian, to cook, and they set up married life together, mother and daughter.

At first it was rather thrilling. The two reception rooms, looking down
 5 on the dirty old trees of the square garden, were of splendid proportion, and each with three great windows coming down low, almost to the level of the knees. The chimney-piece was late eighteenth-century. Mrs Bodoin furnished the rooms with a gentle suggestion of Louis Seize merged with Empire,* without keeping to any particular style. But she
 10 had, saved from her own home, a really remarkable Aubusson carpet.* It looked almost new, as if it had been woven two years ago, and was startling, yet somehow rather splendid, as it spread its rose-red borders and wonderful florid array of silver-grey and gold-grey roses, lilies and gorgeous swans and trumpeting volutes away over the floor. Very
 15 aesthetic people found it rather loud, they preferred the worn, dim yellowish Aubusson in the big bedroom. But Mrs Bodoin loved her drawing-room carpet. It was positive, but it was not vulgar. It had a certain grand air in its floridity. She felt it gave her a proper footing. And it behaved very well with her painted cabinets and grey-and-gold
 20 brocade chairs and big Chinese vases, which she liked to fill with big flowers: single Chinese peonies, big roses, great tulips, orange lilies. The dim room of London, with all its atmospheric colour, would stand the big, free, fisticuffing flowers.

Virginia, for the first time in her life, had the pleasure of making a
 25 home. She was again entirely under her mother's spell, and swept away, thrilled to her marrow. She had had no idea that her mother had got such treasures as the carpets and painted cabinets and brocade chairs up her sleeve: many of them the débris of the Fitzpatrick home in Ireland, Mrs Bodoin being a Fitzpatrick. Almost like a child, like a bride, Virginia
 30 threw herself into the business of fixing up the rooms. "Of course, Virginia, I consider this is *your* apartment," said Mrs Bodoin. "I am nothing but your *dame de compagnie*,* and shall carry out your wishes entirely, if you will only express them."

Of course Virginia expressed a few, but not many. She introduced
 35 some wild pictures bought from impecunious artists whom she patronised. Mrs Bodoin thought the pictures positive about the wrong things, but as far as possible, she let them stay: looking on them as the necessary element of modern ugliness. But by that element of modern ugliness, wilfully so, it was easy to see the things that Virginia had introduced
 40 into the apartment.

Perhaps nothing goes to the head like setting up house. You can get drunk on it. You feel you are creating something. Nowadays it is no longer the "home," the domestic nest. It is "my rooms," or "my house," the great garment which reveals and clothes "my personality." Mrs Bodoin, deliberately scheming for Virginia, kept moderately cool over it, but even she was thrilled to the marrow, and of an intensity and ferocity with the decorators and furnishers, astonishing. But Virginia was just all the time tipsy with it, as if she had touched some magic button on the grey wall of life, and with an Open Sesame!* her lovely and coloured rooms had begun to assemble out of fairyland. It was far more vivid and wonderful to her than if she had inherited a duchy.

The mother and daughter, the mother in a sort of faded russet crimson and the daughter in silver, began to entertain. They had, of course, mostly men. It filled Mrs Bodoin with a sort of savage impatience to entertain women. Besides, most of Virginia's acquaintances were men. So there were dinners and well-arranged evenings.

It went well, but something was missing. Mrs Bodoin wanted to be gracious, so she held herself rather back. She stayed a little distant, was calm, reposed, eighteenth-century, and determined to be a foil to the clever and slightly-elvish Virginia. It was a pose, and alas, it stopped something. She was very nice with the men, no matter what her contempt of them. But the men were uneasy with her: afraid.

What they all felt, all the men guests, was that *for them*, nothing really happened. Everything that happened was between mother and daughter. All the flow was between mother and daughter. A subtle, hypnotic spell encompassed the two women, and try as they might, the men were shut out. More than one young man, a little dazzled, *began* to fall in love with Virginia. But it was impossible. Not only was he shut out, he was, in some way, annihilated. The spontaneity was killed in his bosom. While the two women sat, brilliant and rather wonderful, in magnetic connection at opposite ends of the table, like two witches, a double Circe turning the men not into swine*—the men would have liked that well enough—but into lumps.

It was tragic. Because Mrs Bodoin wanted Virginia to fall in love and marry. She really wanted it, and she attributed Virginia's lack of forthcoming to the delinquent Henry. She never realised the hypnotic spell, which of course encompassed her as well as Virginia, and made men just an impossibility to both women, mother and daughter alike.

At this time, Mrs Bodoin hid her humour. She had a really marvellous faculty of humorous imitation. She could imitate the Irish servants

from her old home, or the American women who called on her, or the modern ladylike young men, the asphodels, as she called them: "Of course you know the asphodel is a kind of onion! oh yes, just an over-bred onion": who wanted, with their murmuring voices and peeping
 5 under their brows, to make her feel very small and very bourgeois. She could imitate them all with a humour that was really touched with genius. But it was devastating. It demolished the objects of her humour so absolutely, smashed them to bits with a ruthless hammer, pounded them to nothing so terribly, that it frightened people, particularly men.
 10 It frightened men off.

So she hid it. She hid it. But there it was, up her sleeve, her merciless, hammer-like humour, which just smashed its object on the head and left him brained. She tried to disown it. She tried to pretend, even to Virginia, that she had the gift no more. But in vain; the hammer hidden
 15 up her sleeve hovered over the head of every guest, and every guest felt his scalp creep, and Virginia felt her inside creep with a little, mischievous, slightly idiotic grin, as still another fool male was mystically knocked on the head. It was a sort of uncanny sport.

No, the plan was not going to work: the plan of having Virginia
 20 fall in love and marry. Of course the men *were* such lumps, such *aufs farcies*.* But— There was one, at least, that Mrs Bodoin had real hopes of. He was a healthy and normal and very good-looking blond boy of good family, with no money, alas, but clerking to the House of
 25 Lords,* and very hopeful, and not very clever, but simply in love with Virginia's cleverness. He was just the one Mrs Bodoin would have married for herself. True, he was only twenty-six, to Virginia's thirty-one. But he had rowed in the Oxford eight,* and adored horses, talked horses adorably, and was simply infatuated by Virginia's cleverness. To him,
 30 Virginia had the finest mind on earth. She was as wonderful as Plato,* but infinitely more attractive, because she was a woman, and winsome with it. Imagine a winsome Plato with untidy curls and the tiniest little brown-eyed squint and just a hint of woman's pathetic need for a protector, and you may imagine Adrian's feeling for Virginia. He adored her on his knees, but he felt he could protect her.

35 "Of course he's just a very nice *boy!*" said Mrs Bodoin—"He's a boy, and that's all you can say. And he always will be a boy. But that's the very nicest kind of man, the only kind you can live with: the eternal boy. Virginia, aren't you attracted to him?"

40 "Yes mother! I think he's an awfully nice *boy*, as you say," replied Virginia, in her rather slow, musical, whimsical voice. But the mocking

little curl in the intonation put the lid on Adrian. Virginia was not marrying a nice *boy!* She could be malicious too, against her mother's taste. And Mrs Bodoin let escape her a faint gesture of impatience—

For she had been planning her own retreat, planning to give Virginia the apartment outright, and half of her own income, if she would marry Adrian. Yes, the mother was already scheming how best she could live with dignity on three hundred a year, once Virginia was happily married to that most attractive if slightly brainless *boy.*

A year later, when Virginia was thirty-two, Adrian, who had married a wealthy American girl and been transferred to a job in the legation at Washington in the meantime, faithfully came to see Virginia as soon as he was in London, faithfully kneeled at her feet, faithfully thought her the most wonderful spiritual being, and faithfully felt that she, Virginia, could have done wonders with him, which wonders would now never be done, for he had married in the meantime.

Virginia was looking haggard and worn. The scheme of a *ménage à deux** with her mother had not succeeded. And now, work was telling on the younger woman. It is true, she was amazingly facile. But facility wouldn't get her all the way. She had to earn her money, and earn it hard. She had to slog, and she had to concentrate. While she could work by quick intuition and without much responsibility, work thrilled her. But as soon as she had to get down to it, as they say, grip and slog and concentrate, in a really responsible position, it wore her out terribly. She had to do it all off her nerves. She hadn't the same sort of fighting power as a man. Where a man can summon his old Adam in him to fight through his work, a woman has to draw on her nerves, and on her nerves alone. For the old *Eve** in her will have nothing to do with such work. So that mental responsibility, mental concentration, mental slogging wear out a woman terribly, especially if she is head of a department, and not working *for* somebody.

So poor Virginia was worn out. She was thin as a rail. Her nerves were frayed to bits. And she could never forget her beastly work. She would come home at tea-time speechless and done-for. Her mother, tortured by the sight of her, longed to say: Has anything gone wrong, Virginia? Have you had anything particularly trying at the office today?—But she learned to hold her tongue, and say nothing. The question would be the last straw to Virginia's poor overwrought nerves, and there would be a little scene which, despite Mrs Bodoin's calm and forbearance, offended the elder woman to the quick. She had learned, by bitter experience, to leave her child alone, as one would leave a frail tube of

vitriol alone. But of course, she could not keep her *mind* off Virginia. That was impossible. And poor Virginia, under the strain of work and the strain of her mother's awful ceaseless mind, was at the very end of her strength and resources.

5 Mrs Bodoin had always disliked the fact of Virginia's doing a job. But now she hated it. She hated the whole government office with violent and virulent hate. Not only was it undignified for Virginia to be tied up there, but it was turning her, Mrs Bodoin's daughter, into a thin, nagging, fearsome old maid. Could anything be more utterly English
10 and humiliating, to a well-born Irishwoman?

After a busy day attending to the apartment, skilfully darning one of the brocade chairs, polishing the Venetian mirrors to her satisfaction, selecting flowers, doing certain shopping and housekeeping, attending perfectly to everything, then receiving callers in the afternoon, with
15 never-ending energy, Mrs Bodoin would go up from the drawing-room after tea and write a few letters, take her bath, dress with great care—she enjoyed attending to her person—and come down to dinner as fresh as a daisy, but far more energetic than that quiet flower. She was ready now for a full evening.

20 She was conscious, with gnawing anxiety, of Virginia's presence in the house, but she did not see her daughter till dinner was announced. Virginia slipped in, and away to her room unseen, never going into the drawing-room to tea. If Mrs Bodoin heard her daughter's key in the latch, she quickly retired into one of the rooms till Virginia was safely
25 through. It was too much for poor Virginia's nerves even to catch sight of anybody in the house, when she came in from the office. Bad enough to hear the murmur of visitors' voices behind the drawing-room door.

And Mrs Bodoin would wonder: How is she? How is she tonight? I wonder what sort of a day she's had?—And this thought would roam
30 prowling through the house, to where Virginia was lying on her back in her room. But the mother would have to consume her anxiety till dinner-time. And then Virginia would appear, with black lines under her eyes, thin, tense, a young woman out of an office, the stigma upon her: badly dressed, a little acid in humour, with an impaired digestion,
35 not interested in anything, blighted by her work. And Mrs Bodoin, humiliated at the very sight of her, would control herself perfectly, say nothing but the mere smooth nothings of casual speech, and sit in perfect form presiding at a carefully-cooked dinner thought out entirely to please Virginia. Then Virginia hardly noticed what she ate.

Mrs Bodoin was pining for an evening with life in it. But Virginia would lie on the couch and put on the loud-speaker. Or she would put a humorous record on the gramophone, and be amused, and hear it again, and be amused, and hear it again, six times, and six times be amused by a mildly funny record that Mrs Bodoin now knew off by heart. "Why Virginia, I could repeat that record over to you, if you wished it, without your troubling to wind up that gramophone."—And Virginia, after a pause in which she seemed not to have heard what her mother said, would reply: "I'm sure you could, mother." And that simple speech would convey such volumes of contempt for all that Rachel Bodoin was or ever could be or ever had been, contempt for her energy, her vitality, her mind, her body, her very existence, that the elder woman would curl. It seemed as if the ghost of Robert Bodoin spoke out of the mouth of the daughter, in deadly venom.—Then Virginia would put on the record for the seventh time.

During the second ghastly year, Mrs Bodoin realised that the game was up. She was a beaten woman, a woman without object or meaning any more. The hammer of her awful female humour, which had knocked so many people on the head, all the people, in fact, that she had come into contact with, had at last flown backwards and hit herself on the head. For her daughter was her other self, her *alter ego*.* The secret and the meaning and the power of Mrs Bodoin's whole life lay in the hammer, that hammer of her living humour which knocked everything on the head. That had been her lust and her passion, knocking everybody and everything humorously on the head. She had felt inspired in it: it was a sort of mission. And she had hoped to hand on the hammer to Virginia, her clever, unsolid but still actual daughter Virginia. Virginia was the continuation of Rachel's own self. Virginia was Rachel's *alter ego*, her other self.

But alas, it was a half-truth. Virginia had had a father. This fact, which had been utterly ignored by the mother, was gradually brought home to her by the curious recoil of the hammer. Virginia was her father's daughter. Could anything be more unseemly, horrid, more perverse in the natural scheme of things? For Robert Bodoin had been fully and deservedly knocked on the head by Rachel's hammer. Could anything, then, be more disgusting than that he should resurrect again in the person of Mrs Bodoin's own daughter, her own *alter ego* Virginia, and start hitting back with a little spiteful hammer that was David's pebble against Goliath's battle-axe!

But the little pebble was mortal. Mrs Bodoïn felt it sink into her brow, her temple, and she was finished. The hammer fell nerveless from her hand.

5 The two women were now mostly alone. Virginia was too tired to have company in the evening. So there was the gramophone or loud-speaker, or else silence. Both women had come to loathe the apartment. Virginia felt it was the last grand act of bullying on her mother's part, she felt bullied by the assertive Aubusson carpet, by the beastly Venetian mirrors, by the big overcultured flowers. She even felt bullied by the
10 excellent food, and longed again for a Soho* restaurant and her two poky shabby rooms in the hotel. She loathed the apartment: she loathed everything. But she had not the energy to move. She had not the energy to do anything. She crawled to her work, and for the rest, she lay flat, gone.

15 It was Virginia's worn-out inertia that really finished Mrs Bodoïn. That was the pebble that broke the bone of her temple.—* "To have to attend my daughter's funeral, and accept the sympathy of all her fellow-clerks in her office, no, that is a final humiliation which I must spare myself. No! If Virginia must be a lady-clerk, she must
20 be it henceforth on her own responsibility. I will retire from her existence."

Mrs Bodoïn had tried hard to persuade Virginia to give up her work and come and live with her. She had offered her half her income. In vain. Virginia stuck to her office.

25 Very well! So be it!—The apartment was a fiasco, Mrs Bodoïn was longing, longing to tear it to pieces again. One last and final blow of the hammer!—"Virginia, don't you think we'd better get rid of this apartment, and live around as we used to? Don't you think we'll do that?"—"But all the money you've put into it? And the lease for ten
30 years!" cried Virginia, in a kind of inertia.—"Never mind! We had the pleasure of making it. And we've had as much pleasure out of living in it as we shall ever have. Now we'd better get rid of it—quickly—don't you think?"

Mrs Bodoïn's arms were twitching to snatch the pictures off the
35 walls, roll up the Aubusson carpet, take the china out of the ivory-inlaid cabinet there and then, at that very moment.

"Let us wait till Sunday before we decide," said Virginia.

"Till Sunday! Four days! As long as that? Haven't we already decided
in our own minds?" said Mrs Bodoïn.

40 "We'll wait till Sunday, anyhow," said Virginia.

The next evening, the Armenian came to dinner. Virginia called him Arnold, with the French pronunciation, Arnault. Mrs Bodoin, who barely tolerated him, and could never get his name, which seemed to have a lot of bouyoums in it, called him either the Armenian, or Mr Rahat Lakoum,* after the name of the sweetmeat, or simply The Turkish Delight.

5

“Arnault is coming to dinner tonight, mother!”

“Really! The Turkish Delight is coming here to dinner? Shall I provide anything special?”—Her voice sounded as if she would suggest snails in aspic.*

10

“I don’t think so.”

Virginia had seen a good deal of the Armenian at the office, when she had to negotiate with him on behalf of the Board of Trade. He was a man of about sixty, a merchant, had been a millionaire, was ruined during the war, but was now coming on again, and represented trade in Bulgaria. He wanted to negotiate with the British Government, and the British government sensibly negotiated with him: at first through the medium of Virginia. Now things were going satisfactorily between Monsieur Arnault, as Virginia called him, and the Board of Trade, so that a sort of friendship had followed the official relations.

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The Turkish Delight was sixty, grey-haired and fat. He had numerous grandchildren growing up in Bulgaria, but he was a widower. He had a grey moustache cut like a brush, and glazed brown eyes over which hung heavy lids with white lashes. His manner was humble, but in his bearing there was a certain dogged conceit. One notices the combination sometimes in Jews. He had been very wealthy and kow-towed to, he had been ruined and humiliated, terribly humiliated, and now, doggedly, he was rising up again, his sons backing him, away in Bulgaria. One felt he was not alone. He had his sons, his family, his tribe behind him, away in the Near East.

25

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He spoke bad English, but fairly fluent guttural French. He did not speak much, but he sat. He sat, with his short, fat thighs, as if for eternity, *there*. There was a strange potency in his fat immobile sitting, as if his posterior were connected with the very centre of the earth. And his brain, spinning away at the one point in question, business, was very agile. Business absorbed him. But not in a nervous, personal way. Somehow the family, the tribe was always felt behind him. It was business for the family, the tribe.

35

With the English he was humble, for the English like such aliens to be humble, and he had had a long schooling from the Turks. And he

40

was always an outsider. Nobody would ever take any notice of him in society. He would just be an outsider, *sitting*.

“I hope, Virginia, you won’t ask that Turkish-carpet* gentleman here when we have other people. *I* can bear it,” said Mrs Bodoin. “Some
5 people might mind.”

“Isn’t it hard when you can’t choose your own company in your own house!” mocked Virginia.

“No! *I* don’t care. I can meet anything; and I’m sure, in the way of selling Turkish carpets, your acquaintance is very good. But I don’t
10 suppose you look on him as a personal friend—?”

“I do! I like him quite a lot.”

“Well—! as you will. But consider your *other* friends.”

Mrs Bodoin was really mortified this time. She looked on the Armenian as one looks on the fat Levantine in a fez who tries to sell
15 one hideous tapestries at Port Said, or on the sea-front at Nice:* as being outside the class of human beings, and in the class of insects. That he had been a millionaire, and might be a millionaire again, only added venom to her feeling of disgust at being forced into contact with such scum. She could not even squash him, or annihilate him. In scum,
20 there is nothing to squash, for scum is only the unpleasant residue of that which was never anything but squashed.

However, she was not quite just. True, he was fat, and he sat, with short thighs, like a toad, as if seated for a toad’s eternity. His colour was of a dirty sort of paste, his black eyes were glazed under heavy lids. And
25 he never spoke until spoken to, waiting in his toad’s silence, like a slave.

But his thick, fine white hair, which stood up on his head like a soft brush, was curiously virile. And his curious small hands, of the same soft dull paste, had a peculiar fat, soft masculine breeding of their own. And his dull brown eye could glint with the subtlety of serpents, under
30 the white brush of eyelash. He was tired, but he was not defeated. He had fought, and won, and lost, and was fighting again, always at a disadvantage. He belonged to a defeated race which accepts defeat, but which gets its own back by cunning. He was the father of sons, the head of a family, one of the head men of a defeated but indestructible tribe.
35 He was not alone, and so you could not lay your finger on him.* His whole consciousness was patriarchal and tribal. And somehow, he was humble, but he was indestructible.

At dinner he sat half-effaced, humble, yet with the conceit of the humble. His manners were perfectly good, rather French.
40 Virginia chattered to him in French, and he replied with that peculiar

nonchalance of the boulevards, which was the only manner he could command when speaking French. Mrs Bodoin understood, but she was what one would call a heavy-footed linguist, so when she said anything, it was intensely in English. And the Turkish Delight replied in his clumsy English, hastily. It was not his fault that French was being spoken. It was Virginia's.

He was very humble, conciliatory, with Mrs Bodoin. But he cast at her sometimes that rapid glint of a reptilian glance as if to say: Yes! I see you! You are a handsome figure. As an *objet de vertu** you are almost perfect.—Thus his connoisseur's, antique-dealer's eye would appraise her. But then his thick white eyebrows would seem to add: But what, under holy Heaven, are you as a woman? You are neither wife nor mother nor mistress, you have no perfume of sex, you are more dreadful than a Turkish soldier or an English official. No man on earth could embrace you. You are a ghoul, you are a strange genie from the underworld!—And he would secretly invoke the holy names, to shield him.

Yet he was in love with Virginia. He saw, first and foremost, the child in her, as if she were a lost child in the gutter, a waif with a faint, fascinating cast in her brown eyes, waiting till someone would pick her up. A fatherless waif! And he was tribal father, father through all the ages.

Then, on the other hand, he knew her peculiar disinterested cleverness in affairs. That too fascinated him: that odd, almost second-sight cleverness about business, and entirely impersonal, entirely in the air. It seemed to him very strange. But it would be an immense help to him in his schemes. He did not really understand the English. He was at sea with them. But with her, he would have a clue to everything. For she was, finally, quite a somebody among these English, these English officials.

He was about sixty. His family was established, in the East, his grandsons were growing up. It was necessary for him to live in London, for some years. This girl would be useful. She had no money, save what she would inherit from her mother. But he would risk that: she would be an investment in his business. And then the apartment. He liked the apartment extremely. He recognised the *cachet*,* and the lilies and swans of the Aubusson carpet really did something to him. Virginia said to him: Mother gave me the apartment.—So he looked on that as safe. And finally, Virginia was almost a virgin, probably quite a virgin, and, as far as the paternal oriental male like himself was concerned,

entirely virgin. He had a very small idea of the silly puppy-sexuality of the English, so different from the prolonged male voluptuousness of his own pleasures. And last of all, he was physically lonely, getting old, and tired.

5 Virginia of course did not know why she liked being with Arnault. Her cleverness was amazingly stupid when it came to life, to living. She said he was "quaint." She said his nonchalant French of the boulevards was "amusing." She found his business cunning "intriguing," and the glint in his dark glazed eyes, under the white, thick lashes "sheiky."*
10 She saw him quite often, had tea with him in his hotel, and motored with him one day down to the sea.

When he took her hand in his own soft still hands, there was something so caressing, so possessive in his touch, so strange and positive in his leaning towards her, that though she trembled with fear, she was
15 helpless.—But you are so thin, dear little thin thing, you need repose, repose, for the blossom to open, poor little blossom, to become a little fat! he said in his French.

She quivered, and was helpless. It certainly was quaint! He was so strange and positive, he seemed to have all the power. The moment he
20 realised that she would succumb into his power, he took full charge of the situation, he lost all his hesitation and his humility. He did not want just to make love to her: he wanted to marry her, for all his multifarious reasons. And he must make himself master of her.

He put her hand to his lips, and seemed to draw her life to his in
25 kissing her thin hand.—The poor child is tired, she needs repose, she needs to be caressed and cared for! he said in his French. And he drew nearer to her.

She looked up in dread at his glinting, tired dark eyes under the white
30 lashes. But he used all his will, looking back at her heavily and calculating that she must submit. And he brought his body quite near to her, and put his hand softly on her face, and made her lay her face against his breast, as he soothingly stroked her arm with his other hand.—Dear little thing! dear little thing! Arnault loves her so dearly! Arnault loves
35 her! Perhaps she will marry her Arnault. Dear little girl, Arnault will put flowers in her life, and make her life perfumed with sweetness and content!—

She leaned against his breast and let him caress her. She gave a
fleeting, half poignant, half vindictive thought to her mother. Then she
40 felt in the air the sense of destiny, destiny. Oh so nice, not to have to struggle. To give way to destiny.

“Will she marry her old Arnault? Eh? Will she marry him?” he asked in a soothing, caressing voice, at the same time compulsive.

She lifted her head and looked at him: the thick white brows, the glinting, tired dark eyes. How queer and comic! How comic to be in his power! And he was looking a little baffled.

“Shall I?” she said, with her mischievous twist of a grin.

“Mais oui!” he said, with all the sang-froid of his old eyes. “Mais oui! Je te contenterai, tu le verras.”

“Tu me contenteras!”* she said, with a flickering smile of real amusement at his assurance. “Will you really content me!”

“But surely! I assure it you.—And you will marry me?”

“You must tell mother,” she said, and hid wickedly against his waistcoat again, while the male pride triumphed in him.

Mrs Bodoïn had no idea that Virginia was intimate with the Turkish Delight: she did not inquire into her daughter’s movements. During the famous dinner, she was calm and a little aloof, but entirely self-possessed. When, after coffee, Virginia left her alone with the Turkish Delight, she made no effort at conversation, only glanced at the rather short, stout man in correct dinner-jacket, and thought how his sort of fatness called for a fez and the full muslin breeches of a bazaar merchant in *The Thief of Baghdad*.*

“Do you really prefer to smoke a hookah?” she asked him, with a slow drawl.

“What is a hooker, please?”

“One of those water-pipes. Don’t you all smoke them, in the East?”

He only looked mystified and humble, and silence resumed. She little knew what he was simmering inside his stillness.

“Madame,” he said. “I want to ask you something.”

“You do? Then why not ask it?” came her slightly melancholy drawl.

“Yes! It is this! I wish I may have the honour to marry your daughter. She is willing.”

There was a moment’s blank pause. Then Mrs Bodoïn leaned towards him from her distance, with curious portentousness.

“What was that you said?” she asked. “Repeat it!”

“I wish I may have the honour to marry your daughter. She is willing to take me.”

His dark, glazed eyes looked at her, then glanced away again. Still leaning forward, she gazed fixedly on him, as if spell-bound, turned to stone. She was wearing pink topaz ornaments, but he judged they were paste, moderately good.

“Did I hear you say she is willing to take you?” came the slow, melancholy, remote voice.

“Madame, I think so!” he said, with a bow.

“I think we’ll wait till she comes,” she said, leaning back.

5 There was silence. She stared at the ceiling. He looked closely round the room, at the furniture, at the china in the ivory-inlaid cabinet.

“I can settle five thousand pounds on Mademoiselle Virginie, Madame,” came his voice. “Am I correct to assume that she will bring
10 this apartment and its appointments into the marriage settlement?”

Absolute silence. He might as well have been on the moon. But he was a good sitter. He just sat until Virginia came in.

Mrs Bodoin was still staring at the ceiling. The iron had entered her soul* finally and fully. Virginia glanced at her, but said:

15 “Have a whisky and soda, Arnault!”

He rose and came towards the decanters, and stood beside her: a rather squat, stout man with white head, silent with misgiving. There was the fizz of the syphon: then they came to their chairs.

“Arnault has spoken to you, mother?” said Virginia.

20 Mrs Bodoin sat up straight, and gazed at Virginia with big, owlish eyes, haggard. Virginia was terrified, yet a little thrilled. Her mother was beaten.

“Is it true, Virginia, that you are *willing* to marry this—oriental gentleman?” asked Mrs Bodoin slowly.

25 “Yes mother, quite true,” said Virginia, in her teasing soft voice.

Mrs Bodoin looked owlish and dazed.

“May I be excused from having any part in it, or from having anything to do with your future *husband*—I mean having any business to transact
with him?” she asked dazedly, in her slow, distinct voice.

30 “Why of course!” said Virginia, frightened, smiling oddly.

There was a pause. Then Mrs Bodoin, feeling old and haggard, pulled herself together again.

“Am I to understand that your future husband would like to possess this apartment?” came her voice.

35 Virginia smiled quickly and crookedly. Arnault just sat, planted on his posterior, and heard. She reposed on him.

“Well—perhaps!” said Virginia. “Perhaps he would like to know that I possessed it.” She looked at him.

Arnault nodded gravely.

“And do you *wish* to possess it?” came Mrs Bodoïn’s slow voice. “Is it your intention to *inhabit* it, with your *husband*?” She put eternities into her long, stressed words.

“Yes, I think it is,” said Virginia. “You know you *said* the apartment was mine, mother.”

“Very well! It shall be so. I shall send my lawyer to this—oriental gentleman, if you will leave written instructions on my writing-table. May I ask when you think of getting—*married*?”

“When do you think, Arnault?” said Virginia.

“Shall it be, in two weeks?” he said, sitting erect, with fists on his knees.

“In about a fortnight, mother,” said Virginia.

“I have heard! In two weeks! Very well! In two weeks everything shall be at your disposal.—And now, please excuse me.” She rose, made a slight general bow, and moved calmly and dimly from the room. It was killing her, that she could not shriek aloud and beat that Levantine out of the house. But she couldn’t. She had imposed the restraint on herself.

Arnault stood and looked with glistening eyes round the room. It would be his. When his sons came to England, here he would receive them.

He looked at Virginia. She too was white and haggard, now. And she hung away from him, as if in resentment. She resented the defeat of her mother. She was still capable of dismissing him for ever, and going back to her mother.

“Your mother is a wonderful lady,” he said, going to Virginia and taking her hand. “But she has no husband to shelter her, she is unfortunate. I am sorry she will be alone. I should be happy if she would like to stay here with us.”

The sly old fox knew what he was about.

“I’m afraid there’s no hope of that,” said Virginia, with a return to her old irony.

She sat on the couch, and he caressed her softly and paternally, and the very incongruity of it, there in her mother’s drawing-room, amused her. And because he saw that the things in the drawing-room were handsome and valuable, and now they were *his*, his blood flushed, and he caressed the thin girl at his side with passion, because she represented these valuable surroundings, and brought them to his possession. And he said: And with me you will be very comfortable, very content, oh, I shall make you content, not like Madame your mother. And you will

get fatter, and bloom like the rose. I shall make you bloom like the rose.—And shall we say next week, hein? shall it be next week, next Wednesday, that we marry? Wednesday is a good day. Shall it be then?—

“Very well!” said Virginia, caressed again into a luxurious sense of destiny, reposing on fate, having to make no effort, no more effort, all her life.

Mrs Bodoin moved into an hotel next day, and came into the apartment to pack up and extricate herself and her immediate personal belongings only when Virginia was necessarily absent. She and her daughter communicated by letter, as far as was necessary.

And in five days time Mrs Bodoin was clear. All business that could be settled was settled, all her trunks were removed. She had five trunks, and that was all. Denuded and outcast, she would depart to Paris, to live out the rest of her days.

The last day, she waited in the drawing-room till Virginia should come home. She sat there in her hat and street things, like a stranger.

“I just waited to say Good-bye!” she said. “I leave in the morning for Paris. This is my address. I think everything is settled, if not, let me know and I’ll attend to it.—Well, Goodbye!—and I hope you’ll be *very happy!*”

She dragged out the last words sinisterly; which restored Virginia, who was beginning to lose her head.

“Why, I think I may be,” said Virginia, with the twist of a smile.

“I shouldn’t wonder,” said Mrs Bodoin pointedly and grimly. “I think the Armenian grandpapa knows very well what he’s about. You’re just the harem type, after all.” The words came slowly dropping each with a plop! of deep contempt.

“I suppose I am! Rather fun!” said Virginia. “But I wonder where I got it?—Not from you, mother—” she drawled mischievously.

“I should say *not.*”

“Perhaps daughters go by contraries, like dreams,” mused Virginia wickedly. “All the harem was left out of you, so perhaps it all had to be put back into me.”

Mrs Bodoin flashed a look at her.

“You have *all my pity!*” she said.

“Thank you dear! You have just a bit of mine.”

The Escaped Cock

I

There was a peasant near Jerusalem who acquired a young game-cock which looked a shabby little thing, but which put on brave feathers as spring advanced, and was resplendent with an arched and orange neck, by the time the fig-trees were letting out leaves from their end-tips. 5

This peasant was poor, he lived in a cottage of mud-brick and had only a little dirty inner courtyard with a tough fig-tree, for all his territory. He worked hard among the vines and olives and wheat of his master, then came home to sleep in the mud-brick cottage by the path. But he was proud of his young rooster. In the shut-in yard were three shabby hens which laid small eggs, shed the few feathers they had, and made a disproportionate amount of dirt. There was also, in a corner under a straw roof, a dull donkey that often went with the peasant to work, but sometimes stayed at home. And there was the peasant's wife, a black-browed youngish woman who did not work too hard. She threw a little grain, or the remains of the porridge-mess, to the fowls, and she cut green fodder with a sickle, for the ass. 10 15

The young cock grew to a certain splendour. By some freak of destiny, he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He learned to crane his neck and give shrill answers to the crowing of other cocks, beyond the walls, in a world he knew nothing of. But there was a special fiery colour to his crow, and the distant calling of other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts. 20

"How he sings!" said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his day-shirt* over his head. 25

"He is good for twenty hens," said the wife.

The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A saucy flamboyant bird! that had already made the final acquaintance of* the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening to the challenge of far-off unseen cocks, in the unknown world. Ghost voices, crowing at him mysteriously out of limbo.* He answered with a ringing defiance, never to be daunted. 30

“He will surely fly away, one of these days,” said the peasant’s wife.

So they lured him with grain, caught him, though he fought with all his wings and feet, and they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it against the spur, and they tied the other end of the cord to the post that held up the donkey’s straw pent-roof.*

The young cock, freed, marched with a prancing stride of indignation away from the humans, came to the end of his string, gave a tug and a hitch of his tied leg, fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean earthen floor, to the horror of the shabby hens, then, with a sickening lurch, regained his feet and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant’s wife laughed heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy, foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was tied by the leg.*

He no longer pranced and ruffled and forged* his feathers. He walked within the limits of his tether* sombrely. Still he gobbled up the best bits of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favorite hen of the moment. Still he pranced, with quivering, rocking fierceness upon such of his harem as came nonchalantly within range, and gave off the invisible lure. And still he crowed defiance to the cock-crows* that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn.

But there was now a grim voracity in the way he gobbled his food, and a pinched triumph in the way he seized upon the shabby hens. His voice, above all, had lost the full gold of its clangour. He was tied by the leg, and he knew it. Body, soul and spirit were tied by that string.

Underneath, however, the life in him was grimly unbroken. It was the cord that should break. So one morning, just before the light of dawn, rousing from his slumbers with a sudden wave of strength, he leaped forward on his wings, and the string snapped. He gave a wild strange squawk, rose in one lift to the top of the wall, and there he crowed a loud and splitting crow. So loud, it woke the peasant.

At the same time, at the same hour before dawn, the same morning, a man awoke from a long sleep in which he was tied up. He woke numb and cold, inside a carved hole in the rock.* Through all the long, long sleep his body had been full of hurt, and it was still full of hurt. He did not open his eyes. Yet he knew he was awake, and numb, and cold, and rigid, and full of hurt, and tied up. His face was banded with cold bands, his legs were bandaged together. Only his hands were loose.

He could move if he wanted: he knew that. But he had no want. Who would want to come back from the dead? A deep, deep nausea stirred in him, at the premonition of movement. He resented already the fact of

the strange, incalculable moving that had already taken place in him: the moving back into consciousness. He had not wished it. He had wanted to stay outside, in the place where even memory is stone dead.

But now, something had returned him, like a returned letter, and in the return he lay overcome with a sense of nausea. Yet suddenly his hands moved. They lifted up, cold, heavy and sore. Yet they lifted up, to drag away the cloth from his face, and to push at the shoulder-bands. Then they fell again, cold, heavy, numb, and sick with having moved even so much, unspeakably unwilling to move further.

With his face cleared and his shoulders free, he lapsed* again and lay dead, resting on the cold nullity of being dead. It was the most desirable. And almost, he had it complete: the utter cold nullity of being outside.

Yet when he was most nearly gone, suddenly, driven by an ache at the wrists, his hands rose and began pushing at the bandages of his knees, his feet began to stir, even while his breast lay cold and dead still.

And at last the eyes opened. On to the dark. The same dark! Yet perhaps there was a pale chink of the all-disturbing light, prizing open the pure dark. He could not lift his head. The eyes closed. And again it was finished.*

Then suddenly he leaned up, and the great world reeled. Bandages fell away. And narrow walls of rock closed upon him, and gave the new anguish of imprisonment. There were chinks of light. With a wave of strength that came from revulsion, he leaned forward, in that narrow cell* of rock, and leaned frail hands on the rock near the chinks of light.

Strength came from somewhere, from revulsion, there was a crash and a wave of light, and the dead man was crouching in his lair, facing the animal onrush of light. Yet it was hardly dawn. And the strange, piercing keenness of daybreak's sharp breath was on him. It meant full awakening.

Slowly, slowly he crept down from the cell of rock, with the caution of the bitterly wounded. Bandages and linen and perfume fell away, and he crouched on the ground against the wall of rock, to recover oblivion. But he saw his hurt feet touching the earth again, with unspeakable pain, the earth they had meant to touch no more, and he saw his thin legs that had died, and pain unknowable, pain like utter bodily disillusion, filled him so full that he stood up, with one torn hand on the ledge of the tomb.

To be back! To be back again, after all that! He saw the linen swathing-bands* fallen round his dead feet, and stooping, he picked them up, folded them, and laid them back in the rocky cavity from which he had

emerged. Then he took the perfumed linen sheet, wrapped it round him as a mantle, and turned away, to the wanness of the chill dawn.

He was alone; and having died, was even beyond loneliness.

5 Filled still with the sickness of unspeakable disillusion, the man stepped with wincing feet down the rocky slope, past the sleeping soldiers,* who lay wrapped in their woolen mantles under the wild laurels. Silent, on naked scarred feet,* wrapped in a white linen shroud, he glanced down for a moment on the inert, heap-like bodies of the soldiers. They were repulsive, a slow squalor of limbs,* yet he felt a certain
10 compassion. He passed on towards the road, lest they should wake.

Having nowhere to go, he turned away from the city that stood on her hills.* He slowly followed the road away from the town, past the olives, under which purple anemones were drooping in the chill of dawn, and rich-green herbage was pressing thick. The world, the same as ever,
15 the natural world, thronging with greenness, a nightingale winsomely, wistfully, coaxingly calling from the bushes beside a runnel of water, in the world, the natural world of morning and evening, forever undying, from which he had died.

He went on, on scarred feet, neither of this world nor of the next.
20 Neither here nor there, neither seeing nor yet sightless,* he passed dimly on, away from the city and its precincts, wondering why he should be travelling, yet driven by a dim, deep nausea of disillusion, and a resolution of which he was not even aware.

Advancing in a kind of half-consciousness under the drystone wall of
25 the olive orchard, he was roused by the shrill, wild crowing of a cock just near him, a sound which made him shiver as if electricity had touched him. He saw a black and orange cock on a bough above the road, then running through the olives of the upper level, a peasant in a grey woolen shirt-tunic.* Leaping out of greenness came the black and orange cock
30 with the red comb, his tail-feathers streaming lustrous.

“O stop him, Master!”* called the peasant. “My escaped cock!”

The man addressed, with a sudden flicker of smile, opened his great white wings of a shroud in front of the leaping bird. The cock fell back with a squawk and a flutter, the peasant jumped forward, there was a
35 terrific beating of wings and whirring of feathers, then the peasant had the escaped cock safely under his arm, its wings shut down, its face crazily craning forward, its round eye goggling from its white chops.

“It’s my escaped cock!” said the peasant, soothing the bird with his left hand, as he looked perspiringly up into the face of the man wrapped
40 in white linen.

The peasant changed countenance, and stood transfixed, as he looked into the dead-white face of the man who had died. That dead-white face, so still, with the black beard growing on it as if in death; and those wide-open, black, sombre eyes, that had died; and those washed scars on the waxy forehead!* The slow-blooded man of the fields let his jaw drop, in childish inability to meet the situation. 5

“Don’t be afraid,” said the man in the shroud. “I am not dead. They took me down too soon.* So I have risen up. Yet if they discover me, they will do it all over again . . .”

He spoke in a voice of old disgust. Humanity! Especially humanity in authority! There was only one thing it could do. He looked with black, indifferent eyes into the quick, shifty eyes of the peasant. The peasant quailed and was powerless under the look of deathly indifference and strange, cold resoluteness. He could only say the one thing he was really afraid to say. 10

“Will you hide in my house, Master?” 15

“I will rest there. But if you tell anyone, you know what will happen. You too will have to go before a judge.”

“Me! I shan’t speak! Let us be quick!”

The peasant looked round in fear, wondering sulkily why he had let himself in for this doom. The man with scarred feet climbed painfully up to the level of the olive garden, and followed the sullen, hurrying peasant across the green wheat among the olive trees. He felt the cool silkiness of the young wheat under his feet that had been dead, and the roughishness* of its separate life was apparent to him. At the edges of rocks he saw the silky, silvery-haired buds of the scarlet anemone bending downwards; and they too were in another world. In his own world he was alone, utterly alone. These things around him were in a world that had never died. But he himself had died, or had been killed from out of it, and all that remained now was the great void nausea of utter disillusion. 20

They came to a clay cottage, and the peasant waited dejectedly for the other man to pass. 25

“Pass!” he said. “Pass! We have not been seen.”

The man in white linen entered the earthen room, taking with him the aroma of strange perfumes. The peasant closed the door, and passed through the inner doorway to the yard, where the ass stood within the high walls, safe from being stolen. There the peasant, in great disquietude, tied up the cock. The man with the waxen face sat down on a mat near the hearth, for he was spent and barely conscious. Yet he heard 30

outside the whispering of the peasant to his wife, for the woman had been watching from the roof.

Presently they came in, and the woman hid her face. She poured water, and put bread and dried figs on a wooden platter.

5 "Eat Master!" said the peasant. "No one has seen. Eat!"

But the stranger had no desire for food. Yet he moistened a little bread in the water, and ate it, since life must be. But desire was dead* in him, even for food and drink. He had risen without desire, without even the desire to live, empty save for the all-overwhelming disillusion that lay like nausea where his life had been. Yet perhaps, deeper
10 even than disillusion, was a desireless resoluteness, deeper even than consciousness.

The peasant and his wife stood near the door, watching. They saw with terror the livid wounds on the thin, waxy hands and the thin feet of
15 the stranger, and the small lacerations in his still-dead forehead. They smelled with terror the scent of rich perfumes that came from him, from his body. And they looked at the fine, snowy, costly linen. Perhaps really he was a dead king, from the region of terrors.* And he was still cold and remote in the region of death, with perfumes coming from his
20 transparent body as if from some strange flower.

Having with difficulty swallowed some of the moistened bread, he lifted his eyes to them. He saw them as they were: limited, meagre in their life, without any splendour of gesture and of courage. But they were what they were, slow inevitable parts of the natural world. They
25 had no nobility, but fear made them compassionate.

And the stranger had compassion on them again, for he knew that they would respond best to gentleness, giving back a clumsy gentleness again.

"Do not be afraid," he said to them gently. "Let me stay a little while
30 with you. I shall not stay long. And then I shall go away forever. But do not be afraid. No harm will come to you through me."

They believed him at once, yet the fear did not leave them. And they said:

"Stay, Master, while ever you will. Rest! Rest quietly!"

35 But they were afraid.

So he let them be, and the peasant went away with the ass. The sun had risen bright, and in the dark house with the door shut the man was again as if in the tomb. So he said to the woman: "I would* lie in the
40 yard." And she swept the yard for him, and laid him a mat, and he lay down under the wall in the morning sun. There he saw the first green

leaves spurting like flames from the ends of the enclosed fig-tree, out of the bareness to the sky of spring above. But the man who had died could not look, he only lay quite still in the sun which was not yet too hot, and had no desire in him, not even to move. But he lay with his thin legs in the sun, his black, perfumed hair falling into the hollows of his neck, and his thin, colourless arms utterly inert. As he lay there the hens clucked and scratched, and the escaped cock, caught and tied by the leg again, cowered in a corner.

The peasant woman was frightened. She came peeping, and seeing him never move, feared to have a dead man in the yard. But the sun had grown stronger, he opened his eyes and looked at her. And now she was frightened of the man who was alive, but spoke nothing.

He opened his eyes, and saw the world again bright as glass. It was life, in which he had no share any more. But it shone outside him, blue sky, and a bare fig-tree with little jets of green leaf. Bright as glass, and he was not of it, for desire had failed.

Yet he was there, and not extinguished. The day passed in a kind of coma, and at evening he went into the house. The peasant man came home, but he was frightened, and had nothing to say. The stranger too ate of the mess of beans, a little. Then he washed his hands and turned to the wall, and was silent. The peasants were silent too. They watched their guest sleep. Sleep was so near death, he could still sleep.

Yet when the sun came up, he went again to lie in the yard. The sun was the one thing that drew him and swayed him, and he still wanted to feel the cool air of morning in his nostrils, and the pale sky overhead. He still hated to be shut up.

As he came out, the young cock crowed. It was a diminished, pinched cry, but there was that in the voice of the bird stronger than chagrin. It was the necessity to live, and even to cry out the triumph of life.* The man who had died stood and watched the cock who had escaped and been caught ruffling himself up, rising forward on his toes, throwing up his head and parting his beak in another challenge* from life to death. The brave sounds rang out, and though they were diminished by the cord round the bird's leg, they were not cut off. The man who had died looked nakedly on to life, and saw a vast resoluteness everywhere flinging itself up in stormy or subtle wave-crests, foam-tips emerging out of the blue invisible, a black and orange cock, or the green flame tongues out of the extremes of the fig-tree. They came forth, these things and creatures of spring, glowing with desire and with assertion. They came like crests of foam, out of the blue flood of the invisible

desire, out of the vast invisible sea of strength, and they came coloured and tangible, evanescent, yet deathless in their coming. The man who had died looked on the great swing into existence of things that had not died, but he saw no longer their tremulous desire to exist and to be, he
5 heard instead their ringing, ringing, defiant challenge to all other things existing.

The man lay still, with eyes that had died now wide open and darkly still, seeing the everlasting resoluteness of life. And the cock, with a flat, brilliant glance glanced back at him, with a bird's half-seeing look. And
10 always, the man who had died saw not the bird alone, but the short, sharp wave of life of which the bird was the crest. He watched the queer beaky motion of the creature as it gobbled into itself the scraps of food; its glancing of the eye of life, ever alert and watchful, overweening and cautious, and the voice of its life, crowing triumph and assertion,
15 yet strangled by a cord of circumstance. He seemed to hear the queer speech of very life, as the cock triumphantly imitated the clucking of the favorite hen, when she had laid an egg, a clucking which still had, in the male bird, the hollow chagrin of the cord round his leg. And when the man threw a bit of bread to the cock, it called with an extraordinary cooing tenderness, tousling and saving the morsel for the hens. The hens ran up greedily, and carried the morsel away beyond the reach of the string.

Then, walking complacently after them, suddenly the male bird's leg would hitch at the end of his tether, and he would yield with a kind of
25 collapse. His flag fell, he seemed to diminish, he would huddle in the shade. And he was young, his tail feathers, glossy as they were, were not fully grown.

It was not till evening again that the tide of life in him made him forget. Then when his favorite hen came strolling unconcernedly near
30 him, emitting the lure, he pounced on her with all his feathers vibrating. And the man who had died watched the unsteady, rocking vibration of the bent bird, and it was not the bird he saw, but one wave-tip of life overlapping for a minute another, in the tide of the swaying ocean of life. And the destiny of life seemed more fierce and compulsive to him even
35 than the destiny of death. The doom of death was a shadow, compared to the raging destiny of life, the determined surge of life.

At twilight the peasant came home with the ass, and he said:

“Master! It is said the body was stolen from the garden, and the tomb is empty, and the soldiers are taken away, accursed Romans! And the
40 women are there to weep.”*

The man who had died looked at the man who had not died.

"It is well," he said. "Say nothing, and we are safe."

And the peasant was relieved. He looked rather dirty and stupid, and even as much flamminess as that of the young cock, which he had tied by the leg, would never glow in him. He was without fire. But the man who had died thought to himself: "Why then should he be lifted up? Clods of earth are turned over for refreshment, they are not to be lifted up. Let the earth remain earthy, and hold its own against the sky. I was wrong to seek to lift it up. It was wrong to try to interfere. The ploughshare of devastation will be set in the soil of Judaea, and the life of this peasant will be overturned like the sods of the field. No man can save the earth from tillage. It is tillage, not salvation . . ."*

So he saw the man, the peasant, with compassion; but the man who had died no longer wished to interfere in the soul of the man who had not died, and who could never die, save to return to earth. Let him return to earth in his own good hour, and let no one try to interfere, when the earth claims her own.

So the man with scars let the peasant go from him, for the peasant had no re-birth in him. Yet the man who had died said to himself: He is my host.

And at dawn, when he was better, the man who had died rose up, and on slow, sore feet retraced his way to the garden. For he had been betrayed in a garden, and buried in a garden. And as he turned round the screen of laurel, near the rock-face, he saw a woman hovering to the tomb, a woman in blue and yellow. She peeped again into the mouth of the hole, that was like a deep cupboard. But still there was nothing. And she wrung her hands and wept. And as she turned away, she saw the man in white, standing by the laurels, and she gave a cry, thinking it might be a spy, and she said:

"They have taken him away!"

So he said to her:

"Madeleine!"

Then she reeled as if she would fall, for she knew him. And he said to her:

"Madeleine! Do not be afraid. I am alive. They took me down too soon, so I came back to life. Then I was sheltered in a house."

She did not know what to say, but fell at his feet, to kiss them.

"Don't touch me, Madeleine," he said. "Not yet! I am not yet healed and in touch with men."*

So she wept, because she did not know what to do. And he said:

“Let us go aside, among the bushes, where we can speak unseen.”

So in her blue mantle and her yellow robe, she followed him among the trees, and he sat down under a myrtle bush. And he said:

“I am not yet quite come to. Madeleine, what is to be done next?”

5 “Master!” she said. “Oh, we have wept for you! And will you come back to us?”

“What is finished is finished, and for me the end is past,” he said. “The stream will run till no more rains fill it, then it will dry up. For me, that life is over.”

10 “And will you give up your triumph?” she said sadly.

“My triumph,” he said, “is that I am not dead. I have outlived my mission, and know no more of it. It is my triumph. I have survived the day and the death of my interference, and am still a man. I am young still, Madeleine, not even come to middle age. I am glad all that is over. It had to be. But now I am glad it is over, and the day of my interference is done. The teacher and the saviour are dead in me; now I can go about my own business, into my own single life.”

She heard him, and did not fully understand. But what he said made her feel disappointed.

20 “But you will come back to us?” she said, insisting.

“I don’t know what I shall do,” he said. “When I am healed, I shall know better. But my mission is over, and my teaching is finished, and death has saved me from my own salvation. Oh Madeleine. I want to take my single way in life, which is my portion. My public life is over, the life of my conviction and my mission, the life of my self-importance. Now I can wait on life, and say nothing, and have no one betray me. I wanted to be greater than the limits of my hands and feet, so I brought betrayal on myself. And I know I wronged Judas,* my poor Judas. Now I know. He died as I died, my poor Judas. For I have died, and now I know my own limits. Now I can live without striving to sway others any more. For my reach ends in my finger-tips, and my stride is no longer than the ends of my toes. Yet I would embrace multitudes, I who have never truly embraced even one. But Judas and the high priests* saved me from my own salvation, and soon I can turn to my destiny like a bather in the sea at dawn, who has just come down to the shore, alone.”

30 “Do you want to be alone henceforward?” she asked. “And was your mission nothing? Was it all untrue?”

40 “Nay,” he said. “Neither were your lovers in the past* nothing. They were much to you, but you took more than you gave. Then you came to

me for salvation from your own excess.* And I, in my mission, I too ran to excess. I gave more than I took, and that also is woe, and vanity. So Pilate* and the high priests saved me from my own excessive salvation. Don't run to excess now in giving, Madeleine. It only means another death.”

5

She pondered bitterly, for the need for excessive giving was in her, and she could not bear to be denied.

“And will you not come back to us?” she said. “Have you risen for yourself alone?”

He heard the sarcasm in her voice, and looked at her beautiful face, which still was dense with excessive need for salvation from the woman she had been, the female who had caught men with her will. The cloud of necessity was on her, to be saved from the old, wilful Eve, who had embraced many men, and taken more than she gave. Now the other doom was on her. She wanted to give without taking. And that too is hard, and cruel to the warm body.

10

15

“I have not risen from the dead in order to seek death again,” he said.

She glanced up at him, and saw the weariness settling again on his waxy face, and the vast disillusion in his dark eyes, and the underlying indifference. He felt her glance, and said to himself: Now my own followers will want to do me to death again, for having risen up different from their expectation.

20

“But you will come to us, to see us, us who love you?” she said.

He laughed a little, and said:

“Ah yes!” Then he added: “Have you a little money? Will you give me a little money? I owe it.”

25

She had not much, but it pleased her to give it him.

“Do you think,” he said to her, “that I might come and live with you in your house?”

She looked up at him with large blue eyes, that gleamed strangely.

30

“Now?” she said, with peculiar triumph.

And he, who shrank now from triumph of any sort, his own or another's, said:

“Not now! Later, when I am healed, and—and I am in touch in the flesh.”

35

The words faltered in him. And in his heart, he knew he would never go to live in her house. For the flicker of triumph had gleamed in her eyes: the greed of giving. But she murmured, in a humming rapture:

“Ah, you know I would give up everything to you.”

“Nay!” he said. “I didn't ask that.”

40

A revulsion from all the life he had known came over him again, the great nausea of disillusion, and the spear-thrust through his bowels.* He crouched under the myrtle bushes, without strength. Yet his eyes were open. And she looked at him again, and she saw that it was not
5 the Messiah.* The Messiah had not risen. The enthusiasm and the burning purity was gone, and the rapt youth. His youth was dead. This man was middle-aged* and disillusioned, with a certain terrible indifference, and a resoluteness which love would never conquer. This was not the Master she had so adored, the young, flamy, unphysical
10 exalter of her soul. This was nearer to the lovers she had known of old, but with a greater indifference to the personal issue, and a lesser susceptibility.

She was thrown out of the balance of her rapturous, anguished adoration. This risen man was the death of her dream.

15 “You should go now,” he said to her. “Do not touch me, I am in death. I shall come again here, on the third day. Come if you will, at dawn. And we will speak again.”

She went away, perturbed and shattered. Yet as she went, her mind discarded the bitterness of the reality, and she conjured up rapture and wonder, that the Master was risen and was not dead. He was risen,* the
20 Saviour, the exalter, the wonder-worker! He was risen, but not as man; as pure God, who should not be touched by flesh, and who should be rapt away into heaven.* It was the most glorious and most ghostly of the miracles.

25 Meanwhile the man who had died gathered himself together at last, and slowly made his way to the peasant’s house. He was glad to go back to them, and away from Madeleine and his own associates. For the peasants had the inertia of earth, and would let him rest, and as yet, would put no compulsion on him.

30 The woman was on the roof, looking for him. She was afraid, that he had gone away. His presence in the house had become like gentle wine to her. She hastened to the door, to him.

“Where have you been, Master?” she said. “Why did you go away?”

35 “I have been to walk in a garden, and I have seen a friend, who gave me a little money. It is for you.”

He held out his thin hand, with the small amount of money, all that Madeleine could give him. The peasant’s wife’s eyes glistened, for money was scarce, and she said:

“Oh Master! And is it truly mine?”

40 “Take it!” he said. “It buys bread, and bread brings life.”

So he lay down in the yard again, sick with relief at being alone again. For with the peasants he could be alone, but his own friends would never let him be alone. And in the safety of the yard, the young cock was dear to him, as it shouted in the helpless zest of life, and finished in the helpless humiliation of being tied by the leg. This day the ass stood swishing her tail under the shed. The man who had died lay down, and turned utterly away from life, in the sickness of death in life.

But the woman brought wine and water, and sweetened cakes, and roused him, so that he ate a little, to please her. The day was hot, and as she crouched to serve him, he saw her breasts sway from her humble body, under her smock. He knew she wished he would desire her, and she was youngish, and not unpleasant. And he, who had never known a woman,* would have desired her if he could. But he could not want her, though he felt gently towards her soft, crouching, humble body. But it was her thoughts, her consciousness, he could not mingle with. She was pleased with the money, and now she wanted to take more from him. She wanted the embrace of his body. But her little soul was hard and short-sighted, and grasping, her body had its little greed, and no gentle reverence of the return gift. So he spoke a quiet, pleasant word to her, and turned away. He could not touch the little, personal body, the little, personal life in this woman nor in any other. He turned away from it without hesitation.

Risen from the dead, he had realised at last that the body, too, has its little life, and beyond that, the greater life. He was virgin, in recoil from the little, greedy life of the body. But now he knew, that virginity is a form of greed; and the body rises again to give and to take, to take and to give, ungreedily. Now he knew that he had risen for the woman, or women, who knew the greater life of the body, not greedy to give, not greedy to take, and with whom he could mingle his body. But having died, he was patient, knowing there was time, an eternity of time. And he was driven by no greedy desire, either to give himself to others, or to grasp anything for himself. For he had died.

The peasant came home from work, and said:

“Master, I thank you for the money. But we did not want it. And all I have is yours.”

But the man who had died was sad, because the peasant stood there in the little, personal body, and his eyes were cunning and sparkling with the hope of greater rewards in money, later on. True, the peasant had taken him in free, and had *risked* getting no reward. But the hope was cunning in him. Yet even this was as men are made. So when the

peasant would have helped him to rise, for night had fallen, the man who had died said:

“Don’t touch me, Brother. I am not yet risen to the Father.”*

The sun burned with greater splendour, and burnished the young
 5 cock brighter. But the peasant kept the string renewed, and the bird was
 a prisoner. Yet the flame of life burnt up to a sharp point in the cock, so
 that it eyed askance and haughtily the man who had died. And the man
 smiled, and held the bird dear, and he said to it: Surely thou art risen
 to the Father, among birds.—And the young cock, answering, crowed.

10 When at dawn on the third morning the man went to the garden, he
 was absorbed, thinking of the greater life of the body, beyond the little,
 narrow, personal life. So he came through the thick screen of laurel and
 myrtle bushes, near the rock, suddenly, and he saw three women near
 the tomb. One was Madeleine, and one was the woman who had been
 15 his mother, and the third was a woman he knew, called Joan.* He looked
 up and saw them all, and they saw him, and they were all afraid.

He stood arrested in the distance, knowing they were there to claim
 him back, bodily. But he would in no wise return to them. Pallid, in the
 shadow of a grey morning that was blowing to rain, he saw them and
 20 turned away. But Madeleine hastened towards him.

“I did not bring them,” she said. “They have come of themselves.
 See, I have brought you money!—Will you not speak to them?”

She offered him some gold pieces, and he took them, saying:

25 “May I have this money, I shall need it!—I cannot speak to them, for
 I am not yet ascended to the Father.—And I must leave you now.”

“Ah! where will you go?” she cried.

He looked at her, and saw she was clutching for the man in him who
 had died and was dead, the man of his youth and his mission, of his
 chastity and his fear, of his little life, his giving without taking.

30 “I must go to my Father,” he said.

“And you will leave us!—There is your mother!” she cried, turning
 round with the old anguish, which yet was sweet to her.

35 “But now I must ascend to my Father,” he said, and he drew back,
 into the bushes, and so turned quickly and went away, saying to himself:
 Now I belong to no one, and have no connection, and mission or gospel
 is gone from me. Lo! I cannot make even my own life, and what have I
 to save? I can learn to be alone.

40 So he went back to the peasant’s house, to the yard where the young
 cock was tied by the leg, with a string. And he wanted no-one, for it
 was best to be alone; for the presence of people made him lonely. The

sun and the subtle salve of spring healed his wounds, even the gaping wound of disillusion through his bowels was closing up. And his need of men and women, his fever to save them and to be saved by them, this too was healing in him. Whatever came, of touch between himself and the race of man, henceforth, should come without trespass or compulsion. For he said to himself: I tried to compel them to live, so they compelled me to die. It is always so, with compulsion. The recoil kills the advance. Now is my time to be alone. 5

Therefore he went no more to the garden, but lay still and saw the sun, or walked at dusk across the olive slopes, among the green wheat, that rose a palm-breadth higher every sunny day. And always he thought to himself: How good it is, to have fulfilled my mission, and to be beyond it! Now I can be alone, and leave all things to themselves, and the fig-tree may be barren if it will, and the rich may be rich. My way is my own alone. 10

So the green jets of leaves unspread on the fig-tree, with the bright, translucent green blood of the tree. And the young cock grew brighter, more lustrous with the sun's burnishing; yet always tied by the leg with a string. And the sun went down more and more in pomp, out of the gold and red-flushed air. The man who had died was aware of it all, and he thought: The Word* is but the midge that bites at evening. Man is tormented with words like midges, and they follow him right into the tomb. But beyond the tomb they cannot go. Now I have passed the place where words can bite no more, and the air is clear, and there is nothing to say, and I am alone within my own skin, which is the walls of all my domain. 25

So he healed of his wounds, and enjoyed his immortality of being alive without fret. For in the tomb he had slipped that noose,* which we call care. For in the tomb he had left his striving self, which cares and asserts itself. Now his uncaring self healed and became whole within his skin, and he smiled to himself with pure aloneness, which is one sort of immortality. 30

Then he said to himself: I will wander the earth, and say nothing. For nothing is so marvellous as to be alone in the phenomenal world, which is raging and yet apart. And I have not seen it, I was too much blinded by my confusion within it. Now I will wander among the stirring of the phenomenal world, for it is the stirring of all things among themselves which leaves me purely alone— 35

So he communed with himself, and decided to be a physician. Because the power was still in him, to heal any man or child who touched his 40

compassion. Therefore he cut his hair and his beard after the right fashion, and smiled to himself. And he bought himself shoes and the right mantle, and put the right cloth over his head, hiding all the little scars. And the peasant said:

5 “Master, will you go forth from us?”

 “Yea, for the time is come for me to return to men.”

 So he gave the peasant a piece of money, and said to him:

 “Give me the cock that escaped and is now tied by the leg. For he shall go forth with me.”

10 So for a piece of money the peasant gave the cock to the man who had died, and at dawn the man who had died set out into the phenomenal world, to be fulfilled in his own aloneness in the midst of it. For previously he had been too much mixed up in it. Then he had died. Now he must come back, to be alone in the midst. Yet even now he did not go
15 quite alone, for under his arm, as he went, he carried the cock, whose tail fluttered gaily behind, and who craned his head excitedly, for he too was adventuring out for the first time into the wider phenomenal world, which is the stirring of the body of cocks also. And the peasant woman shed a few tears, but then went indoors, being a peasant, to look again
20 at the pieces of money. And it seemed to her a gleam came out of the pieces of money, wonderful.

 The man who had died wandered on, and it was a sunny day. He looked around as he went, and stood aside as the pack-train* passed by, towards the city. And he said to himself: Strange is the phenomenal
25 world, dirty and clean together! And I am the same! Yet I am apart! And life bubbles everywhere, in me, in them, in this, in that. But it bubbles variously. Why should I ever have wanted it to bubble all alike? What a pity I preached to them! A sermon is so much more likely to cake into mud and close the fountains, than is a psalm or a song. I made a mistake.
30 I understand that they executed me, for preaching to them. Yet they could not finally execute me, for now I am risen in my own aloneness, and inherit the earth,* since I lay no claim on it. And I will be alone in the seethe of all things; first and foremost, forever, I shall be alone. But I must toss this bird into the seethe of phenomena, for he must ride
35 his wave. How hot he is with life! Soon, in some place, I shall leave him among the hens. And perhaps one evening I shall meet a woman who can lure my risen body, yet leave me my aloneness. For the body of my desire has died, and I am not in touch any more. Yet how do I know! All at least is life. And this cock gleams with bright aloneness, though
40 he answers the lure of hens. And I shall hasten on to that village on the

hill ahead of me; already I am tired and weak, and want to close my eyes to everything.

Hastening a little with the desire to have finished going, he overtook two men going slowly, and talking. And being soft-footed, he heard they were speaking of himself. And he remembered them, for he had known them in his life, the life of his mission. So he greeted them, but did not disclose himself in the dusk, and they did not know him. He said to them:

“What then of him who would be king, and was put to death for it?”

They answered suspiciously:

“Why ask you of him?”

“I have known him, and thought much about him,” he said.

So they replied:

“He is risen.”

“Yea! And where is he, and how does he live?”

“We know not, for it is not revealed. Yet he is risen, and in a little while will ascend unto the Father.”

“Yea! And where then is his Father?”

“Know ye not? You are then of the gentiles! The Father is in heaven, above the cloud and the firmament.”

“Truly? How then will he ascend?”

“As Elijah the prophet,* he shall go up in a glory.”

“Even into the sky?”

“Into the sky.”

“Then he is not risen in the flesh?”

“He is risen in the flesh.”

“And will he take flesh up into the sky?”

“The Father in heaven will take him up.”

The man who had died said no more, for his say was over, and words beget words, even as gnats. But the men asked him:

“Why do you carry a cock?”

“I am a healer,” he said, “and the bird hath virtue.”

“You are not a believer?”

“Yea! I believe the bird is full of life and virtue.”

They walked on in silence after this, and he felt they disliked his answer. So he smiled to himself, for a dangerous phenomenon in the world is a man of narrow belief, who denies the right of his neighbour to be alone. And as they came to the outskirts of the village, the man who had died stood still in the gloaming and said in his old voice:

“Know ye me not?”

And they cried in fear:

“Master!”

“Yea!” he said, laughing softly. And he turned suddenly away, down a side lane, and was gone under the wall before they knew.*

5 So he came to an inn where the asses stood in the yard. And he called for fritters, and they were made for him. So he slept under a shed. But in the morning he was wakened by a loud crowing, and his cock’s voice ringing in his ears. So he saw the rooster of the inn walking forth to battle, with his hens, a goodly number behind him. Then the cock of the man who had died sprang forth, and a battle began between the birds. 10 The man of the inn ran to save his rooster, but the man who had died said:

“If my bird wins, I will give him thee. And if he lose, thou shalt eat him.”

15 So the birds fought savagely, and the cock of the man who had died killed the common cock of the yard. Then the man who had died said to his young cock:

“Thou at least hast found thy kingdom, and the females to thy body. Thy aloneness can take on splendour, polished by the lure of thy hens.”

20 And he left his bird there, and went on deeper into the phenomenal world, which is a vast complexity of entanglements and allurements. And he asked himself a last question: From what, and to what, could this infinite whirl be saved?

25 So he went his way, and was alone. But the way of the world was past belief, as he saw the strange entanglement of passions and circumstance and compulsion everywhere, but always the dread insomnia of compulsion. It was fear, the ultimate fear of death, that made men mad. So always he must move on, for if he stayed, his neighbours wound the strangling of their fear and bullying round him. There was nothing 30 he could touch, for all, in a mad assertion of the ego, wanted to put a compulsion on him, and violate his intrinsic solitude. It was the mania of individuals, it was the mania of cities and societies and hosts,* to lay a compulsion upon a man, upon all men. For men and women alike were mad with the egoistic fear of their own nothingness.

35 And he thought of his own mission, how he had tried to lay the compulsion of love on all men. And the old nausea came back on him. For there was no contact without a subtle attempt to inflict a compulsion. And already he had been compelled even into death. The nausea of the old wound broke out afresh, and he looked again on the world with 40 repulsion, dreading its mean contacts.

II

The wind came cold and strong from inland, from the invisible snows of Lebanon. But the temple, facing south and west, towards Egypt, faced the splendid sun of winter as he curved down towards the sea, and warmth and radiance flooded in between the pillars of painted wood. But the sea was invisible, because of the trees, though its dashing sounded among the hum of pines. The air was turning golden to afternoon. The woman who served Isis* stood in her yellow robe, and looked up at the steep slopes coming down to the sea, where the olive-trees silvered under the wind like water splashing. She was alone, save for the goddess. And in the winter afternoon the light stood erect and magnificent off the invisible sea, filling the hills of the coast. She went towards the sun, through the grove of Mediterranean pine-trees and evergreen oaks, in the midst of which the temple stood, on a little, tree-covered tongue of land between two bays.

It was only a very little way, and then she stood among the dry trunks of the outermost pines, on the rocks under which the sea smote and sucked, facing the open where the bright sun gloried in winter. The sea was dark, almost indigo, running away from the land, and crested with white. The hand of the wind brushed it strangely with shadow, as it brushed the olives of the slopes with silver. And there was no boat out.

The three boats were drawn high up on the steep shingle of the little bay, by the small grey tower. Along the edge of the shingle ran a high wall, inside which was a garden, occupying the brief flat of the bay, then rising in terraces up the steep slope of the coast. And there, some little way up, within another wall, stood the low white villa, white and alone on the coast, overlooking the sea. But higher, much higher up, where the olives had given way to pine trees again, ran the coast road, keeping to the height to be above the gullies that came down to the bays.

Upon it all poured the royal sunshine of the January afternoon. Or rather, all was part of the great sun, glow and substance and immaculate loneliness of sea and pure brightness.

Crouching in the rocks above the dark water which only swung up and down two slaves, half naked, were dressing pigeons for the evening meal. They pierced the throat of a blue live bird, and let the drops of blood fall into the heaving sea, with curious concentration. They were performing some sacrifice, or working some incantation. The woman of the temple, yellow and lit and alone like a winter narcissus, stood

between the pines of the small, humped peninsula where the temple secretly hid, and watched.

5 A black-and-white pigeon, vividly white, like a ghost, suddenly escaped over the low dark sea, sped out, caught the wind, tilted, rose, soared and swept round over the pine-trees, and wheeled away, a speck, inland. It had escaped. The priestess heard the cry of the boy slave, a garden slave of about seventeen. He raised his arms to heaven in anger as the pigeon wheeled away, naked and angry and young he held out his arms. Then he turned and seized the girl in an access of rage, and beat
10 her with his fist that was stained with pigeon's blood. And she lay down with her face hidden, passive and quivering. The woman who owned them watched. And as she watched, she saw another onlooker, a stranger in a low broad hat and a cloak of grey homespun, a dark-bearded man standing on the little causeway of rock that was the neck of her temple peninsula. By the blowing of his dark-grey cloak, she saw him. And he
15 saw her, on the rocks like a white-and-yellow narcissus, because of the flutter of her white linen tunic, below the yellow mantle of wool. And both of them watched the two slaves.

The boy suddenly left off beating the girl. He crouched over her, touching her, trying to make her speak. But she lay quite inert, face
20 down on the smoothed rock. And he put his arms round her and lifted her, but she slipped back to earth, like one dead, yet far too quick for anything dead.* The boy, desperate, caught her by the hips and hugged her to him, turning her over there. There she seemed inert, all her fight
25 was in her shoulders. He twisted her over, intent and unconscious, and pushed his hands between her thighs, to push them apart. And in an instant he was in to her, covering* her in the blind, frightened frenzy of a boy's first coition. Quick and frenzied his young body quivered naked on hers, blind, for a minute. Then it lay quite still, as if dead.

30 And then, in terror, he peeped up. He peeped round, and drew slowly to his feet, adjusting his loin-rag. He saw the stranger, and then he saw, on the rocks beyond, the lady of Isis, his mistress. And as he saw her, his whole body shrank and cowed, and with a strange, cringing motion he scuttled lamely towards the door in the wall.

35 The girl sat up and looked after him. When she had seen him disappear, she too looked round. And she saw the stranger and the priestess. Then with a sullen movement she turned away, as if she had seen nothing, to the four dead pigeons and the knife, which lay there on the rock. And she began to strip the small feathers, so they rose on the wind like
40 dust.

The priestess turned away. Slaves! Let the overseer* watch them, she was not interested. She went slowly through the pines again, back to the temple, which stood in the sun in a small clearing, at the centre of the tongue of land. It was a small temple of wood, painted all pink and white and blue, having at the front four wooden pillars rising like stems to the swollen lotus-bud* of Egypt at the top, supporting the roof and the open, spiky lotus-flowers of the outer frieze, which went round under the eaves. Two low steps of stone led up to the platform before the pillars, and the chamber behind the pillars was open. There a low stone altar stood, with a few embers in its hollow, and the dark stain of blood in its end groove.

She knew her temple so well, for she had built it at her own expense, and tended it for seven years. There it stood, pink and white like a flower in the little clearing, backed by blackish evergreen oaks; and the shadow of afternoon was already washing over its pillar-bases.

She entered slowly, passing through to the dark inner chamber, lighted by a perfumed oil-flame. And once more she pushed shut the door, and once more she threw a few grains of incense on the brazier before the goddess, and once more she sat down before her goddess, in the almost-darkness, to muse, to go away into the dream of the goddess.

It was Isis, but not Isis Mother of Horus.* It was Isis bereaved, Isis in Search. The goddess in painted marble lifted her face and strode one thigh forward through the frail fluting of her robe, in the anguish of bereavement and of search. She was looking for the fragments of the dead Osiris, dead and scattered asunder, dead, torn apart, and thrown in fragments over the wide world. And she must find his hands and his feet, his heart, his thighs, his head, his belly, she must gather him together again and fold her arms round the re-assembled body, till it became warm again, and roused to life, and could embrace her and fecundate her womb. And the strange rapture and anguish of search went on through the years, as she lifted her throat, and her hollowed eyes looked inward, in the tormented ecstasy of seeking, and the delicate navel of her bud-like belly* showed through the frail, girdled robe with the eternal asking, asking, of her search. And through the years she found him bit by bit, heart and head and limbs and body. And yet she had not found the last reality, the final clue to him, the genitals that alone could bring him really back to her, and touch her womb. For she was Isis of the subtle lotus, the womb which waits submerged and in bud, waits for the touch of that other, inward sun that streams its rays from the loins of the male Osiris.

This was the mystery the woman had served alone for seven years, since she was twenty, till now she was twenty-seven. Before, when she was young, she had lived in the world, in Rome, in Ephesus,* in Egypt. For her father had been one of Anthony's captains and comrades, had
5 fought with Anthony and had stood with him when Caesar was murdered, and through to the days of shame. Then he had come again across to Asia, out of favour with Rome, and had been killed in the mountains beyond Lebanon. The widow, having no favour to hope for from Octavius,* had retired to her small property on the coast under
10 Lebanon, taking her daughter from the world, a girl of nineteen, beautiful but unmarried.

When she was young the girl had known Caesar, and had shrunk from his eagle-like rapacity. The golden Anthony had sat with her many a half-hour, in the splendour of his great limbs and glowing manhood, and talked with her of the philosophies and the gods. For he was fascinated
15 as a child by the gods, though he mocked at them, and forgot them in his own vanity. But he said to her: I have sacrificed two doves for you, to Venus,* for I am afraid you make no offering to the sweet goddess. Beware, you will offend her. Come, why is the flower of you so cool within? Does never a ray nor a glance find its way through? Ah come, a
20 maid should open her bud to the sun, when the sun leans towards her to caress her.—*And the big, bright eyes of Anthony laughed down on her, bathing her in his glow. And she felt the lovely glow of his male beauty and his amorousness bathe all her limbs and her body. But it was
25 as he said: the very flower of her womb was cool, was almost cold, like a bud in shadow of frost, for all the flooding of his sunshine. So Anthony, respecting her father, who loved her, had left her.

And it had always been the same. She saw many men, young and old. And on the whole, she liked the old ones best, for they talked to her still
30 and sincere, and did not expect her to open like a flower to the sun of their maleness. Once she asked a philosopher: Are all women born to be given to men?—To which the old man answered slowly: Rare women wait for the re-born man. For the lotus, as you know, will not answer to all the bright heat of the sun. But she curves her dark, hidden head in
35 the depths, and stirs not. Till, in the night, one of those rare invisible suns that have been killed and shine no more rises among the stars in unseen purple, and like the violet, sends its rare, purple rays out into the night. To these the lotus stirs as to a caress, and rises upwards through the flood, and lifts up her bent head, and opens with an expansion such
40 as no other flower knows, and spreads her sharp rays of bliss, and offers

her soft, gold depth such as no other flower possesses, to the penetration of the flooding, violet-dark sun that has died and risen and makes no show. But for the golden brief-day suns of show, such as Anthony, and for the hard winter suns of power, such as Caesar, the lotus stirs not, nor will ever stir. Those will only tear open the bud. Ah, I tell you, wait for the re-born, and wait for the bud to stir—

So she had waited, but the bud of her womb had never stirred. For all the men were soldiers or politicians in the Roman spell, assertive, manly, splendid apparently, but of an inward meanness, an inadequacy. And never once had her womb stirred its lotus bud, though the maleness of men had caressed the surface of her being like a pool. And Rome and Egypt alike had left her alone, unroused. And she was a woman to herself, she would not give herself for a surface glow, nor marry for reasons. She would wait for the lotus to stir.

And then, in Egypt, she had found Isis, in whom she spelled her mystery. So she brought Isis to the shores of Sidon,* and lived with her in the mystery of search, whilst her mother, who loved affairs, controlled the small estate and the slaves, with a free hand.

When the woman had roused from her muse and risen to perform the last brief ritual to Isis, she replenished the lamp and left the sanctuary, locking the door. In the outer world, the sun had already set, and twilight was chill among the humming trees, which hummed still, though the wind was abating.

A stranger in a dark, broad hat rose from the corner of the temple steps, holding his hat in the wind. He was dark-faced, with a black pointed beard.

“O Madam, whose shelter may I implore?” he said to the woman who stood in her yellow mantle on the step above him, beside a pink-and-white painted pillar. Her face was rather long and pale, her dusky blonde hair was held under a thin gold net. She looked down on the vagabond with indifference. It was the same she had seen watching the slaves.

“Why come you down from the road?” she asked.

“I saw the temple like a pale flower on the coast, and would rest among the trees of the precincts, if the lady of the goddess permits.”

“It is Isis in Search,” she said, answering his first question.

“The goddess is great,” he replied.

She looked at him still with mistrust. There was a faint, remote smile in the dark eyes lifted to her, though the face was hollow with suffering. The vagabond divined her hesitation, and was mocking her.

“Stay here upon the steps,” she said. “A slave shall show you the shelter.”

“The lady of Egypt is gracious.”

She went down the rocky path of the humped peninsula, in her gilded sandals. Beautiful were her ivory feet, beneath the white tunic, and above the saffron mantle her dusky-blond head bent as with endless musings. A woman entangled in her own dream. The man smiled a little, half-bitterly, and sat again on the step to wait, drawing his mantle round him, in the cold twilight.

At length a slave appeared, also in hodden grey.*

“Seek ye the shelter of our lady?” he said, insolently.

“Even so.”

“Then come.”

With the brusque insolence of a slave waiting on a vagabond, the young fellow led through the trees and down into a little gully in the rock, where, almost in darkness, was a small cave, with a litter of the tall heaths that grew on the waste places of the coast, under the stone-pines. The place was dark, but absolutely silent from the wind. There was still a faint odour of goats.

“Here sleep!” said the slave. “For the goats come no more on this half-island. And there is water!”—He pointed to a little basin of rock where the maidenhair fern fringed a dripping mouthful of water.

Having scornfully bestowed his patronage, the slave departed. The man who had died climbed out to the tip of the peninsula, where the waves thrashed. It was rapidly getting dark, and the stars were coming out. The wind was abating for the night. Inland, the steep grooved upslope was dark, to the long wavering outline of the crest against the translucent sky. Only now and then a lantern flickered towards the villa.

The man who had died went back to the shelter. There he took bread from his leather pouch, dipped it in the water of the tiny spring, and slowly ate. Having eaten and washed his mouth, he looked once more at the bright stars in the pure, windy sky, then settled the heath for his bed. Having laid his hat and his sandals aside, and put his pouch under his cheek for a pillow, he slept, for he was very tired. Yet during the night the cold woke him, pinching wearily through his weariness. Outside was brilliantly starry, and still windy. He sat and hugged himself in a sort of coma, and towards dawn went to sleep again.

In the morning, the coast was still chill in shadow, though the sun was up behind the hills, when the woman came down from the villa

towards the goddess. The sea was fair and pale-blue, lovely in newness, and at last the wind was still. Yet the waves broke white in the many rocks, and tore in the shingle of the little bay. The woman came slowly, towards her dream. Yet she was aware of an interruption.

As she followed the little neck of rock on to her peninsula, and climbed the slope between the trees to the temple, a slave came down and stood, making his obeisance.* There was a faint insolence in his humility.

“Speak!” she said.

“Lady, the man is there, he still sleeps. Lady, may I speak?”

“Speak!” she said, repelled by the fellow.

“Lady, the man is an escaped malefactor.”*—The slave seemed to triumph in imparting this unpleasant news.

“By what sign?”

“Behold, his hands and feet! Will the Lady look on him?”

“Lead on!”

The slave led quickly over the mound of the hill down to the tiny ravine. There he stood aside, and the woman went into the crack towards the cave. Her heart beat a little. Above all, she must preserve her temple inviolate.

The vagabond was asleep with his cheek on his scrip,* his mantle wrapped round him, but his bare, soiled feet curling side by side, to keep each other warm, and his hand lying loosely clenched in sleep. And in the pale skin of the feet, usually covered by sandal-straps, she saw the scars, and in the palm of the loose hand.

She had no interest in men, particularly in the servile class. Yet she looked at the sleeping face. It was worn, hollow, and rather ugly. But, a true priestess, she saw the other kind of beauty in it, the sheer stillness of the deeper life. There was even a sort of majesty in the dark brows, over the still, hollow cheeks. She saw that his black hair, left long, in contrast to the Roman fashion, was touched with grey at the temples, and the black pointed beard had threads of grey. But that must be suffering or misfortune, for the man was young. His dusky skin had the silvery glisten of youth still.

There was a beauty of much suffering, and the strange calm candour of finer life in the whole delicate ugliness of the face. For the first time, she was touched on the quick at the sight of a man, as if the tip of a fine flame of living had touched her. It was the first time. Men had roused all kinds of feelings in her, but never had touched her on the yearning quick of her womb, with the flame-tip of life.

She went back under the rock to where the slave waited.

“Know!” she said. “This is no malefactor, but a free citizen of the east. Do not disturb him. But when he comes forth, bring him to me, tell him I would speak with him.”

5 She spoke coldly, for she found slaves invariably repellent, a little repulsive. They were so imbedded in the lesser life, and their appetites and their small consciousness were a little disgusting. So she wrapped her dream round her, and went to the temple, where a slave-girl brought winter roses and jasmine, for the altar. But today, even in her ministrations, she was disturbed.

10 The sun rose over the hill, sparkling, the light fell triumphantly on the little pine-covered peninsula of the coast, and on the pink temple, in pristine newness. The man who had died woke up, and put on his sandals. He put on his hat too, slung his scrip under his mantle, and went out, to see the morning in all its blue and its new gold. He glanced
15 at the little yellow-and-white narcissus sparkling gaily in the rocks. And he saw the slave waiting for him, like a menace.

“Master!” said the slave. “Our Lady would speak with you at the house of Isis.”

“It is well,” said the wanderer.

20 He went slowly, staying to look at the pale-blue sea, like a flower in unruffled bloom, and the white fringes among the rocks, like white rock-flowers, the hollow slopes sheering up high from the shore, grey with olive-trees and green with bright young wheat, and set with the white small villa. All fair and pure in the January morning.

25 The sun fell on the corner of the temple, he sat down on the step, in the sunshine, in the infinite patience of waiting. He had come back to life, but not to the same life that he had left, the life of little people and the little day. Re-born, he was in the other life, the greater day of the human consciousness. And he was alone and apart from the little day,*
30 and out of contact with the daily people. Not yet had he accepted the irrevocable *noli me tangere* which separates the re-born from the vulgar. The separation was absolute, and yet here at the temple he felt peace, the hard, bright pagan peace with hostility of slaves beneath.

35 The woman came into the dark inner doorway of the temple, from the shrine, and stood there hesitating. She could see the dark figure of the man sitting on the steps by the pink-and-blue pillar, sitting in that terrible stillness that was portentous to her, had something almost menacing in its patience.

40 She advanced across the outer chamber of the temple, and the man, becoming aware of her, stood up. She addressed him in Greek, but

he said: "Madam, my Greek is limited. Allow me to speak the vulgar Syrian."*

"Whence come you? whither go you?" she asked, with the hurried preoccupation of a priestess.

"From the east beyond Damascus*—and I go west as the road goes," he replied, slowly. 5

She glanced at him with sudden anxiety and shyness.

"But why do you have the marks of a malefactor?" she asked abruptly.

"Did the lady of Isis spy on me in my sleep?" he asked, with a grey weariness. 10

"The slave warned me—Your hands and feet—" she said.

He looked at her. Then he said:

"Will the lady of Isis allow me to bid her farewell, and go up to the road?" 15

The wind came in a sudden puff, lifting his mantle and his hat. He put up his hand to hold the brim, and she saw again the thin brown hand with its scar.

"See! the scar!" she said, pointing.

"Even so!" he said. "But farewell, and to Isis my homage and my thanks for sleep." 20

He was going. But she looked up at him with her wondering blue eyes.

"Will you not look on Isis?" she said, with sudden impulse. And something stirred in him, like pain.

"Where then?" he said. 25

"Come!"

He followed her into the inner shrine into the almost darkness. When his eyes got used to the faint glow of the lamp, he saw the goddess striding like a ship, eager in the swirl of her gown, and he made his obeisance.

"Great is Isis!" he said. "In her search she is greater than death. Wonderful is such walking in a woman, wonderful the goal. All men praise thee, Isis, thou greater than the mother unto man." 30

The woman of Isis heard, and threw incense on the brazier. Then she looked at the man.

"Is it well with thee here?" she asked him. "Has Isis brought thee home to herself?" 35

He looked at the priestess in wonder and trouble.

"I know not," he said.

But the woman was pondering, that this was the lost Osiris. She felt it in the quick of her soul. And her agitation was intense. 40

He could not stay in the close, dark, perfumed shrine. He went out again to the morning, to the cold air. He felt something approaching to touch him, and all his flesh was still woven with pain and the wild commandment: *Noli me tangere!* Touch me not! Oh, don't touch me!

5 The woman followed into the open with timid eagerness. He was moving away.

“O stranger, do not go! O stay awhile with Isis!”

He looked at her, at her face open like a flower, as if a sun had risen in her soul. And again his loins stirred.

10 “Would you detain me, girl of Isis?” he said.

“Stay! I am sure you are Osiris!” she said.

He laughed suddenly.

“Not yet!” he said. Then he looked at her wistful face: “But I will sleep another night in the cave of the goats, if Isis wills it,” he added.

15 She put her hands together with a priestess' childish happiness.

“Ah, Isis will be glad!” she said.

So he went down to the shore, in great trouble, saying to himself: Shall I give myself into this touch? Shall I give myself into this touch? Men have tortured me to death with their touch. Yet this girl of Isis is
20 a tender flame of healing. I am a physician, yet I have no healing like the flame of this tender girl. The flame of this tender girl! Like the first pale crocus of the spring. How could I have been blind to the healing and the bliss in the crocus-like body of a tender woman! Ah tenderness! more terrible and lovely than the death I died—

25 He prised small shell-fish from the rocks, and ate them with relish and wonder for the simple taste of the sea. And inwardly he was tremulous, thinking: Dare I come into touch? For this is further than death. I have dared let them lay hands on me and put me to death. But dare I come into this tender touch of life? Oh this is harder.—

30 But the woman went into the shrine again, and sat rapt in pure muse,* through the long hours, watching the swirling stride of the yearning goddess, and the navel of the bud-like belly, like a seal on the virgin urge of the search. And she gave herself to the woman-flow and to the urge of Isis in search.

35 Towards sundown she went on the peninsula to look for him. And she found him gone towards the sun, as she had gone the day before, and sitting on the pine-needles at the foot of the tree, where she had stood when first she saw him. Now she approached tremulously and slowly, afraid lest he did not want her. She stood near him unseen, till

suddenly he glanced up at her from under his broad hat, and saw the westerling sun on her netted hair. He was startled, yet he expected her.

"Is that your home?" he said, pointing to the white low villa on the slope of olives.

"It is my mother's house. She is a widow, and I am her only child." 5

"And are these all her slaves?"

"Except those that are mine."

Their eyes met for a moment.

"Will you too sit to see the sun go down?" he said.

He had not risen to speak to her. He had known too much pain. So she sat on the dry brown pine-needles, gathering her saffron mantle round her knees. A boat was coming in, out of the open glow into the shadow of the bay, and slaves were lifting the small nets, their babble coming off the surface of the water. 10

"And this is home to you," he said. 15

"But I serve Isis in Search," she replied.

He looked at her. She was like a soft, musing cloud, somehow remote. His soul smote him with passion and compassion.

"Mayst thou find thy desire, Maiden," he said, with sudden earnestness. 20

"Art thou not Osiris?" she asked.

He flushed suddenly.

"Yea, if thou wilt heal me!" he said. "For the death-aloofness is still upon me, and I cannot escape it."

She looked at him for a moment in fear, from the soft blue suns of her eyes. Then she lowered her head, and they sat in silence in the warmth and glow of the western sun: the man who had died, and the woman of the pure search. 25

The sun was curving down to the sea, in grand winter splendour. It fell on the twinkling, naked bodies of the slaves, with their ruddy broad hams and their small black heads, as they ran spreading the nets on the pebble beach. The all-tolerant Pan* watched over them. All-tolerant Pan should be their god forever. 30

The woman rose as the sun's rim dipped, saying:

"If you will stay, I shall send down victual and covering." 35

"The lady your mother, what will she say?"

The woman of Isis looked at him strangely, but with a tinge of mis-giving.

"It is my own," she said.

“It is good,” he said, smiling faintly, and foreseeing difficulties.

He watched her go, with her absorbed, strange motion of the self-dedicate. Her dun head was a little bent, the white linen swung about her ivory ankles. And he saw the naked slaves stand to look at her, with a
5 certain wonder, and a certain mischief.* But she passed intent through the door in the wall, on the bay.

But the man who had died sat on at the foot of the tree overlooking the strand, for on the little shore everything happened. At the small stream which ran in round the corner of the property wall, women-
10 slaves were still washing linen, and now and again came the hollow chock! chock! chock! as they beat it against the smooth stones, in the dark little hollow of the pool. There was a smell of olive-refuse on the air: and sometimes still the faint rumble of the grindstone that was milling the olives, inside the garden, and the sound of the slave calling
15 to the ass at the mill. Then through the doorway a woman stepped, a grey-haired woman in a mantle of whitish wool, and there followed her a bare-headed man in a toga, a Roman: probably her steward or overseer. They stood on the high shingle above the sea, and cast round a rapid glance. The broad-hammed, ruddy-bodied slaves bent absorbed and
20 abject over the nets, picking them clean, the women washing linen thrust their palms with energy down on the wash, the old slave bent absorbed at the water’s edge, washing the fish and the polyps of the catch. And the woman and the overseer saw it all, in one glance. They also saw, seated at the foot of the tree on the rocks of the peninsula, the
25 strange man silent and alone. And the man who had died saw that they spoke of him. Out of the little sacred world of the peninsula he looked on the common world, and saw it still hostile.

The sun was touching the sea, across the tiny bay stretched the shadow of the opposite humped headland. Over the shingle now blue and cold in
30 shadow, the elderly woman trod heavily, in shadow too, to look at the fish spread in the flat basket of the old man crouching at the water’s edge; a naked old slave with fat hips and shoulders, on whose soft, fairish-orange body the last sun twinkled, then died. The old slave continued cleaning the fish absorbedly, not looking up: as if the lady were the
35 shadow of twilight falling on him.

Then from the gateway stepped two slave-girls with flat baskets on their heads, and from one basket the terra-cotta wine-jar and the oil-jar poked up, leaning slightly. Over the massive shingle, under the wall, came the girls, and the woman of Isis in her saffron mantle stepped in
40 twilight after them. Out at sea the sun still shone. Here was shadow.

The mother with grey head stood at the sea's edge and watched the daughter, all yellow and white, with dun blonde head, swinging unseeing and unheeding after the slave girls towards the neck of rock of the peninsula: the daughter, travelling in her absorbed other-world. And not moving from her place, the elderly mother watched that procession of three file up the rise of the headland, between the trees, and disappear, shut in by trees. No slave had lifted a head to look. The grey-haired woman still watched the trees where her daughter had disappeared. Then she glanced again at the foot of the tree, where the man who had died still was sitting, inconspicuous now, for the sun had left him; and only the far blade of the sea shone bright. It was evening. Patience! Let destiny move!

The mother plodded with a stamping stride up the shingle: not long and swinging and rapt, like the daughter, but short and determined. Then down the rocks opposite came two naked slaves trotting with huge bundles of dark green on their shoulders, so their broad, naked legs twinkled underneath like insects' legs, and their heads were hidden. They came trotting across the shingle, heedless and intent on their way, when suddenly the man, the Roman-looking overseer, addressed them, and they stopped dead. They stood invisible under their loads, as if they might disappear altogether, now they were arrested. Then a hand came out and pointed to the peninsula. Then the two green-heaped slaves trotted on, towards the temple precincts.

The grey-haired woman joined the man, and slowly the two passed through the door again, from the shingle of the sea to the property of the Villa. Then the old, fat-shouldered slave rose pallid in shadow with his tray of fish from the sea, and the women rose from the pool, dusky and alive, piling the wet linen in a heap on to the flat baskets, and the slaves who had cleaned the net gathered its whitish folds together. And the old slave with the fish-basket on his shoulder, and the women-slaves with heaped baskets of wet linen on their heads, and the two slaves with the folded net, and the slave with oars on his shoulder, and the boy with the folded sail on his arm, gathered in a naked group near the door, and the man who had died heard the low buzz of their chatter. Then as the wind wafted cold, they began to pass through the door.

It was the life of the little day, the life of little people. And the man who had died said to himself: Unless we encompass it in the greater day, and set the little life in the circle of the greater life, all is disaster.

Even the tops of the hills were in shadow. Only the sky was still upwardly radiant. The sea was a vast milky shadow. The man who had died rose a little stiffly, and turned into the grove.

There was no-one at the temple. He went on to his lair in the rock.
5 There, the slave-men had carried out the old heath of the bedding, swept the rock floor, and were spreading with nice art the myrtle, then the rougher heath, then the soft, bushy heath-tips on top, for a bed. Over it all they put a well-tanned white ox-skin. The maids had laid folded woolen covers at the head of the cave, and the wine-jar, the oil-jar,
10 a terra-cotta drinking-cup, and a basket containing bread, salt cheese, dried figs and eggs stood neatly arranged. There was also a little brazier of charcoal. The cave was suddenly full, and a dwelling-place.

The woman of Isis stood in the hollow by the tiny spring. Only one slave at a time could pass. The girl-slaves waited at the entrance to the narrow place. When the man who had died appeared, the woman sent
15 the girls away. The men-slaves still arranged the bed, making the job as long as possible. But the woman of Isis dismissed them too. And the man who had died came to look at his house.

“Is it well?” the woman asked him.

20 “It is very well,” the man replied. “But the lady your mother, and he who is no doubt the steward, watched while the slaves brought the goods. Will they not oppose you?”

“I have my own portion! Can I not give of my own? Who is going to oppose me and the gods?” she said, with a certain soft fury, touched with
25 exasperation. So that he knew her mother would oppose her, and that the spirit of the little life would fight against the spirit of the greater. And he thought: Why did the woman of Isis relinquish her portion in the daily world? She should have kept her goods fiercely!

“Will you eat and drink?” she said. “On the ashes are warm eggs.
30 And I will go up to the meal at the villa. But in the second hour of the night I shall come down to the temple. Oh, then, will you too come to Isis?”—She looked at him, and a queer glow dilated her eyes. This was her dream, and it was greater than herself. He could not bear to thwart her or hurt her in the least thing now. She was in the full glow of her
35 own woman’s mystery.

“Shall I wait at the temple?” he said.

“Oh, wait in the second hour, and I shall come—” He heard the humming supplication in her voice, and his fibres quivered.

“But the lady, your mother—?” he said gently.

40 The woman looked at him, startled.

“She will not thwart me!” she said.

So he knew that the mother would thwart the daughter, for the daughter had left her goods in the hands of her mother, who would hold fast to this power.

But she went, and the man who had died lay reclining on his couch,* and ate the eggs from the ashes, and dipped his bread in oil, and ate it, for his flesh was dry: and he mixed wine and water, and drank. And so he lay still, and the lamp made a small bud of light. 5

He was absorbed and enmeshed in new sensation. The woman of Isis was lovely to him, not so much in form, as in the wonderful womanly glow of her. Suns beyond suns had dipped her in mysterious fire, the mysterious fire of a potent woman, and to touch her was like touching the sun. Best of all was her tender desire for him, like sunshine, so soft and still. “She is like sunshine upon me,” he said to himself, stretching his limbs. “I have never before stretched my limbs in such sunshine, as her desire for me. The greatest of all gods granted me this—” 10 15

At the same time, he was haunted by fear of the outer world. “If they can, they will kill us,” he said to himself. “But there is a law of the sun which protects us.”

And he said again to himself: “I have risen naked and branded. But if I am naked enough for this contact, I have not died in vain. Before, I was clogged.” 20

He rose and went out. The night was chill and starry, and of a great wintry splendour. “There are destinies of splendour,” he said to the night, “after all our doom of littleness and meanness and pain.” 25

So he went up silently to the temple, and waited in darkness against the inner wall, looking out on grey darkness, stars, and rims of trees. And he said again to himself: There are destinies of splendour, and there is a greater power.

So at last he saw the light of her silk lanthorn* swinging, coming intermittent between the trees, yet coming swiftly. She was alone, and near, the light softly swishing on her mantle-hem. And he trembled with fear and with joy, saying to himself: I am almost more afraid of this touch than I was of death. For I am more nakedly exposed to it.— 30

“I am here, Lady of Isis,” he said softly out of the dark. 35

“Ah!” she cried, in fear also, yet in rapture. For she was given to her dream.

She unlocked the door of the shrine, and he followed after her. Then she latched the door shut again. The air inside was warm and close and perfumed. The man who had died stood by the closed door and 40

watched the woman. She had come first to the goddess. And dim-lit the goddess-stature stood surging forward, a little fearsome, like a great woman-presence urging.

5 The priestess did not look at him. She took off her saffron mantle and laid it on a low couch. In the dim light she was bare-armed, in her girdled white tunic. But she was still hiding herself away from him. He stood back in shadow, and watched her softly fan the brazier and fling on incense. Faint clouds of sweet aroma arose on the air. She turned to the statue in the ritual of approach, softly swaying forward with a slight lurch, like a moored boat, tipping towards the goddess.

10 He watched the strange rapt woman, and he said to himself: "I must leave her alone in her rapture, her female mysteries." So she tipped in her strange forward-swaying rhythm before the goddess. Then she broke into a murmur of Greek, which he could not understand. And as she murmured her swaying softly subsided, like a boat on a sea that grows still. And as he watched her, he saw her soul in its aloneness, and its female difference. He said to himself: How different she is from me, how strangely different! She is afraid of me, and my male difference. She is getting herself naked and clear of her fear. How sensitive and softly alive she is! How alive she is, with a life so different from mine!

20 How beautiful, with a soft, strange courage of life, so different from my courage of death! What a beautiful thing, like the heart of a rose, like the core of a flame. She is making herself completely penetrable. Ah, how terrible to fail her, or to trespass on her!

25 She turned to him, her face glowing from the goddess.

"You are Osiris, aren't you?" she said naïvely.

"If you will," he said.

"Will you let Isis discover you? Will you take off your things and come to Isis."

30 He looked at the woman, and lost his breath. And his wounds, and especially the death-wound through his belly, began to cry again.

"It has hurt so much!" he said. "You must forgive me if I am still held back."

35 But he took off his cloak and tunic, and went naked towards the idol, his breast panting with the sudden terror of overwhelming pain, memory of overwhelming pain, and grief too bitter. "They did me to death!"* he said in excuse of himself, turning his face to her for a moment. And she saw the ghost of the death in him, as he stood there thin and stark before her, and suddenly she was terrified, and she felt robbed. She felt the shadow of the grey, grisly wing of death triumphant.

40

"Ah goddess," he said to the idol, in the vernacular, "I would be so glad to live, if you will give me my clue again."

For here again he felt desperate, faced by the demand of life, and burdened still by his death.

"Let me anoint you!" the woman said to him softly, "let me anoint the scars! Show me, and let me anoint them!" 5

He forgot his nakedness in the re-evoked old pain. He sat on the edge of the couch, and she poured a little ointment into the palm of his hand. And as she chafed his hand, it all came back, the nails, the holes, the cruelty, the unjust cruelty against him who had offered only kindness. The agony of injustice and cruelty came over him again, as in his death-hour. But she chafed the palm, murmuring: "What was torn becomes a new flesh, what was a wound is full of fresh life, the scar is the eye of the violet.—" And he could not help smiling at her, in her naïf priestess' absorption. This was her dream, and he was only a dream-object to her. She would never know or understand what he was. Especially she would never know the death that had gone before in him. But what did it matter? She was different. She was woman: her life and her death were different from his. Only she was good to him. 10 15

When she chafed his feet with oil and tender healing, he could not refrain from saying to her: "Once a woman washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair, and poured on precious ointment."* 20

The woman of Isis looked up at him from her earnest work, interrupted again. 25

"Were they hurt then?" she said. "Your feet?"

"No no! It was while they were whole."

"And did you love her?"

"Love had passed in her. She only wanted to serve," he replied. "She had been a prostitute." 30

"And did you let her serve you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did you let her serve you with the corpse of her love?"

"Ay!"

Suddenly it dawned on him: I asked them all to serve me with the corpse of their love. And in the end I offered them only the corpse of my love. This is my body—take and eat*—My corpse— 35

A vivid shame went through him.—After all, he thought, I wanted them to love with dead bodies. If I had kissed Judas with live love, perhaps he would never have kissed me with death.* Perhaps he loved 40

me in the flesh, and I willed that he should love me bodilessly, with the corpse of love.—

There dawned on him the reality of the soft warm love which is in touch, and which is full of delight.—And I told them, blessed are they
5 that mourn,* he said to himself. Alas, if I mourned even this woman here, now I am in death, I should have to remain dead. And I want so much to live. Life has brought me to this woman with warm hands. And her touch is more to me now than all my words. For I want to live.—

“Go then to the goddess!” she said softly, gently pushing him towards
10 Isis. And as he stood there dazed and naked as an unborn thing, he heard the woman murmuring to the goddess, murmuring, murmuring with a plaintive appeal. She was stooping now, looking at the scar in the soft flesh of the socket of his side, a scar deep and like an eye
15 sore with endless weeping, just in the soft socket above the hip. It was here that his blood had left him, and his water, and his essential seed. The woman was trembling softly and murmuring in Greek. And he, in the recurring dismay of having died, and in the anguished perplexity of having tried to force life, felt his wounds crying aloud, and his bowels
20 and the deep places of his body howling again: I have been murdered, and I lent myself to murder. They murdered me, but I lent myself to murder—

The woman, silent now, but quivering, laid oil in her hand and put
25 her palm over the wound in his right side. He winced, and the wound absorbed his life again, as thousands of times before. And in the dark, wild pain and panic of his consciousness rang only one cry: Oh, how can she take this death out of me? How can she take from me this death? She can never know! She can never understand. She can never equal
it!—

In silence she softly, rhythmically chafed the scar with oil, absorbed
30 now in her priestess’ task, softly, softly gathering power, while the vitals of the man howled in panic. But as she gradually gathered power, and passed in a girdle round him to the opposite scar, gradually warmth began to take the place of the cold terror, and he felt: I am going to
35 be flushed warm again, I am going to be whole! I shall be warm like the morning. I shall be a man. It doesn’t need understanding. It needs newness—. She brings me newness.—

And he listened to the faint ceaseless wail of distress, of his wounds,
40 sounding as if for ever from under the horizons of his consciousness. But the wail was growing dim, more dim.

He thought of the woman toiling over him: She does not know! She does not realise the death in me. But she has another consciousness. She comes to me from the opposite end of the night.

Having chafed all his lower body with oil, his belly, his buttocks, even the slain penis and the sad stones,* having worked with her slow intensity of a priestess, so that the sound of his wounds grew dimmer and dimmer, suddenly she put her breast against the wound in his left side, and her arms round him, folding over the wound in his right side, and she pressed him to her, in a power of living warmth, like in the folds of a river. And the wailing died out altogether, and there was stillness and darkness in his soul, unbroken dark stillness, wholeness. 5 10

Then slowly, slowly, in the perfect darkness of his inner man, he felt the stir of something coming: a dawn, a new sun. A new sun was coming up in him, in the perfect inner darkness of himself. He waited for it breathless, quivering with fearful hope. “Now I am not myself. I am something new—” 15

And as it rose, he felt, with a cold breath of disappointment, the girdle of the living woman slip from him, the warmth and the glow slipped down from him, leaving him stark. She crouched spent at the feet of the goddess, hiding her face. 20

He quivered, as the sun burst up in his body. Stooping, he laid his hand softly on her warm, bright shoulder, and the shock of desire went through him, shock after shock, so he wondered if it were another sort of death. But full of magnificence.

Now all his consciousness was there in the crouching, hidden woman. He stooped beside her and caressed her softly, blindly, murmuring inarticulate things. And his death and his passion of sacrifice was all as nothing to him now, he knew only the crouching fulness of the woman there, the soft white rock of life. “On this rock I build my life!”*—The deep-folded, penetrable rock of the living woman!—the woman, hiding her face. Himself bending over, powerful and new like dawn. 25 30

He crouched to her, and he felt the blaze of his manhood and his power rise up in his loins, magnificent. “I am risen!”*—Magnificent, blazing indomitable in the depths of his loins, his own sun dawned and sent its fire running along his limbs, so that his face shone unconsciously. 35

He untied the string of the linen tunic, and slipped the garment down; till he saw the white glow of her white-gold breasts. And he touched them and he felt his life go molten.—Father! he said. Why did you hide this from me?—And he touched her with the poignancy of wonder, and 40

the marvellous piercing transcendence of desire.— Lo! he said. This is beyond prayer.—It was the deep, interfolded warmth, warmth living and penetrable, the woman, the heart of the rose!— My mansion is the intricate warm rose, my joy is this blossom!—

5 She looked up at him suddenly, her face like a lifted light, wistful, tender, her eyes like many wet flowers. And he drew her to his breast with a passion of tenderness and consuming desire, and a last thought: My hour is upon me, I am taken unawares.

So he knew* her and was at one with her.

10 Afterwards, with a dim wonder, she touched the great scars in his sides with her finger-tips, and said:

“But they no longer hurt?”

“They are suns!” he said. “They shine from your touch. They are my atonement* with you.”

15 And his desire flamed sun-wise again, towards her, so he knew her again, and his bowels gloried in her. And as they lay in stillness, belly to belly, her bowels praised life.

When they left the temple, it was the coldness before dawn. As he closed the door, he looked again at the goddess, and he said: “Lo, Isis is a kindly goddess, and full of tenderness. Great gods are warm-hearted, and have tender goddesses.—”

20 The woman wrapped herself in her mantle and went home in silence, sightless, brooding like the lotus softly shutting again, with its gold core full of fresh life. She saw nothing, for her own petals were a sheath* to her. Only she thought: I am full of Osiris. I am full of the risen Osiris!

But the man looked at the vivid stars before dawn, as they rained down to the sea, and the dog-star* green towards the sea's rim. And he thought: How plastic it is, how full of curves and folds like an invisible rose of dark-petalled openness, that shows where dew touches its darkness!

30 How full it is, and great beyond all gods. How it leans around me, and I am part of it, the great rose of space. I am like a grain of its perfume, and the woman is a grain of its beauty. Now the world is one flower of many-petalled darknesses, and I am in its perfume as in a touch—

35 So, in the absolute stillness and fulness of touch, he slept in his cave while the dawn came. And after the dawn the wind rose and brought a storm, with cold rain. So he stayed in his cave in the peace and the delight of being in touch, delighting to hear the sea, and the rain on the earth, and to see one white and gold narcissus bowing wet, and still wet. And he said: This is the great atonement, the being in touch. The

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grey sea and the rain, the wet narcissus and the woman I wait for, the invisible Isis and the unseen sun, we are all in touch, and at one.—

He waited at the temple for the woman, and she came in the rain. But she said to him: “Let me sit still awhile with Isis. And come to me, will you come to me in the second hour of night?—”

So he went back to the cave and lay in stillness and in the joy of being in touch, waiting for the woman who would come with the night, and consummate again the contact. Then when night came the woman came, and came gladly, for her great yearning too was upon her, to be in touch, to be in touch with him, nearer.

So the days came, and the nights came, and days came again, and the contact was perfected and fulfilled. And he said: I will ask her nothing, not even her name, for a name would set her apart.—And she said to herself: He is Osiris. I wish to know no more.

Plum-blossom blew from the trees, the time of the narcissus was past, anemones lit up the ground and were gone, the perfume of bean-fields was in the air. All changed, the blossom of the universe changed its petals and swung round to look another way. The spring was fulfilled, a contact was established, the man and the woman were fulfilled of one another, and departure was in the air.

One day he met her under the trees, when the morning sun was hot and the pines smelled sweet, and on the hills the last pear-bloom was scattering. She came slowly towards him, and in her gentle lingering, her tender hanging back from him, he knew a change in her.

“Hast thou conceived?” he asked her.

“Why?” she said.

“Thou art like a tree whose green leaves follow the blossom, full of sap. And there is a withdrawing about thee.”

“It is so,” she said. “I am with young by thee. Is it good?”

“Yea!” he said. “How should it not be good! So the nightingale calls no more from the valley-bed.—But where wilt thou bear the child, for I am naked of all but life.”

“We will stay here,” she said.

“But the lady your mother?”

A shadow crossed her brow. She did not answer.

“What when she knows?” he said.

“She begins to know.”

“And would she hurt you?”

“Ah, not me! What I have is all my own. And I shall be big with Osiris.—But thou, do thou watch her slaves.”

She looked at him, and the peace of her maternity was troubled by anxiety.

“Let not your heart be troubled!”* he said. “I have died the death once.”

5 So he knew the time was come again, for him to depart. He would go alone, with his destiny. Yet not alone, for the touch would be upon him, even as he left his touch on her. And invisible suns would go with him.

Yet he must go. For here on the bay the little life of jealousy and property was resuming sway again, as the suns of passionate fecundity relaxed their sway. In the name of property, the widow and the slaves
10 would seek to be revenged on him for the bread he had eaten and the living touch he had established, the woman he had delighted in. But he said: Not twice! They shall not twice lay hands on me. They shall not now profane the touch in me. My wits against theirs.

15 So he watched. And he knew they plotted. So he moved from the little cave, and found another shelter, a tiny cove of sand by the sea, dry and secret under the rocks.

He said to the woman: “I must go now soon. Trouble is coming to me from the slaves. But I am a man, and the world is open. But what
20 is between us is good, and is established. Be at peace. And when the nightingale calls again from your valley bed, I shall come again, sure as spring.”

She said: “Oh don’t go! Stay with me on the half-island, and I will build a house for you and me under the pine-trees by the temple, where
25 we can live apart.—”*

Yet she knew that he would go. And even she wanted the coolness of her own air around her, and the release from anxiety.

“If I stay,” he said, “they will betray me to the Romans and to their justice. But I will never be betrayed again. So when I am gone, live
30 in peace with the growing child. And I shall come again; all is good between us, near or apart. The suns come back in their seasons. And I shall come again.—”

“Do not go yet,” she said. “I have set a slave to watch at the neck of the peninsula. Do not go yet, till the harm shows.—”

35 But as he lay in his little cove, on a calm, still night, he heard the soft knock of oars, and the bump of a boat against the rock. So he crept out to listen. And he heard the Roman overseer say: “Lead softly to the goats’ den. And Lysippus* shall throw the net over the malefactor while he sleeps, and we will bring him before justice, and the Lady of
40 Isis shall know nothing of it.—”

The man who had died caught the whiff of flesh from the oiled and naked slaves as they crept up, then the faint perfume from the Roman. He crept nearer to the sea. The slave who sat in the boat sat motionless, holding the oars, for the sea was quite still. And the man who had died knew him.

So out of the deep cleft of a rock he said, in a small clear voice: "Art thou not that slave who possessed the maiden under the eyes of Isis? Art thou not the youth? Speak?—"

The youth stood up in the boat in terror. His movement sent the boat bumping against the rock. The slave sprang out in wild fear, and fled up the rocks. The man who had died quickly seized the boat and stepped in and pushed off. The oars were yet warm with the unpleasant warmth of the hands of slaves. But the man pulled slowly out, to get into the current which set down the coast, and would carry him in silence. The high coast was utterly dark against the starry night. There was no glimmer from the peninsula: the priestess came no more at night. The man who had died rowed slowly on, with the current, and laughed to himself.—I have sowed the seed of my* life and my resurrection, and put my touch forever upon the choice woman of this day, and I carry her perfume in my flesh like essence of roses. She is dear to me in the middle of my being. But the gold and flowing serpent is coiling up again, to sleep at the root of my tree.* So let the boat carry me. Tomorrow is another day.

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The Blue Moccasins

The fashion in women changes nowadays even faster than women's fashions. At twenty, Lina McLeod was almost painfully modern. At sixty, almost obsolete!

She started off in life to be really independent. In that remote day, forty years ago, when a woman said she was going to be independent, it meant she was having no nonsense with men. She was kicking over the masculine traces,* and living her own life, manless.

Today, when a girl says she is going to be independent, it means she is going to devote her attentions almost exclusively to men: though not necessarily to "a man."

Miss McLeod had an income from her mother. Therefore, at the age of twenty, she turned her back on that image of tyranny, her father, and went to Paris to study art. Art having been studied, she turned her attention to the globe of earth. Being terribly independent, she soon made Africa look small: she dallied energetically with vast hinterlands of China: and she knew the Rocky Mountains and the deserts of Arizona as if she had been married to them. All this, to escape mere man.

It was in New Mexico she purchased the blue moccasins, blue bead moccasins,* from an Indian who was her guide and her subordinate. In her independence she made use of men, of course, but merely as servants, subordinates.

When the war* broke out she came home. She was then forty-five, and already going grey. Her brother, two years older than herself, a bachelor, went off to the war, she stayed at home in the small family mansion in the country, and did what she could. She was small and erect and brief in her speech, her face was like pale ivory, her skin like a very delicate parchment, and her eyes were very blue. There was no nonsense about her, though she did paint pictures. She never even touched her delicately parchment face with pigment. She was good enough as she was, honest-to-God, and the country town had a tremendous respect for her.

In her various activities she came pretty often into contact with Percy Barlow, the clerk at the bank. He was only twenty-two when she first set eyes on him, in 1914, and she immediately liked him. He was a stranger in the town, his father being a poor country vicar in Yorkshire. But he was of the confiding sort. He soon confided in Miss McLeod, for whom he had a towering respect, how he disliked his step-mother, how he feared his father was but as wax in the hands of that downright woman, and how, in consequence, he was homeless. Wrath shone in his pleasant features, but somehow it was an amusing wrath: at least to Miss McLeod.

He was distinctly a good-looking boy, with stiff dark hair and odd, twinkling grey eyes under thick dark brows, and a rather full mouth and a queer, deep voice that had a caressing touch of hoarseness. It was his voice that somehow got behind Miss McLeod's reserve. Not that he had the faintest intention of so doing. He looked up to her immensely: "she's miles above me."

When she watched him playing tennis, letting himself go a bit too much, hitting too hard, running too fast, being too nice to his partner, her heart yearned over him. The orphan in him! Why should he go and be shot? She kept him at home as long as possible, working with her at all kinds of war-work. He was so absolutely willing to do everything she wanted: devoted to her.

But at last the time came when he must go. He was now twenty-four, and she forty-seven. He came to say good-bye, in his awkward fashion. She suddenly turned away, leaned her forehead against the wall, and burst into bitter tears. He was frightened out of his wits. Before he knew what was happening he had his arm in front of his face and was sobbing too.

She came to comfort him. "Don't cry dear, don't! It will all be all right."

At last he wiped his face on his sleeve and looked at her sheepishly. "It was you crying as did me in,"* he said. Her blue eyes were brilliant with tears. She suddenly kissed him.

"You are such a dear!" she said wistfully. Then she added, flushing suddenly vivid pink under her transparent parchment skin: "It wouldn't be right for you to marry an old thing like me, would it?"

He looked at her dumbfounded.

"No, I'm too old," she added hastily.

"Don't talk about old! you're not old!" he said hotly.

"At least I'm too old for *that*," she said sadly.

"Not as far as I'm concerned," he said. "You're younger than me, in most ways, I'm hanged if you're not!"

"Are you hanged if I'm not?" she teased wistfully.

"I am," he said. "And if I thought you wanted me, I'd be jolly proud if you married me. I would, I assure you."

"Would you?" she said, still teasing him.

Nevertheless, the next time he was home on leave she married him, very quietly, but very definitely. He was a young lieutenant. They stayed in her family home, Twybit Hall,* for the honeymoon. It was her house now, her brother was dead. And they had a strangely happy month. She had made a strange discovery: a man.

He went off to Gallipoli,* and became a captain. He came home in 1919, still green with malaria, but otherwise sound. She was in her fiftieth year. And she was almost white-haired, long, thick white hair, done perfectly, and perfectly creamy, colourless face, with very blue eyes.

He had been true to her, not being very forward with women. But he was a bit startled by her white hair. However, he shut his eyes to it, and loved her. And she, though frightened and somewhat bewildered, was happy. But she was bewildered. It always seemed awkward to her, that he should come wandering into her room in his pyjamas when she was half dressed, and brushing her hair. And he would sit there silent, watching her brush the long swinging river of silver, of her white hair, the bare, ivory-white, slender arm working with a strange mechanical motion, sharp and forcible, brushing down the long silvery stream of hair. He would sit as if mesmerised, just gazing. And she would at last glance round sharply, and he would rise, saying some little casual thing to her and smiling to her oddly with his eyes. Then he would go out, his thin cotton pyjamas hitching up over his hips, for he was a rather big-built fellow. And she would feel dazed, as if she did not quite know her own self any more. And the queer ducking motion of his silently going out of her door impressed her ominously, his curious cat head, his big hips and limbs.

They were alone in the house, save for the servants. He had no work. They lived modestly, for a good deal of her money had been lost during the war. But she still painted pictures. Marriage had only stimulated her to this. She painted canvases of flowers, beautiful flowers that thrilled her soul. And he would sit, pipe in fist, silent, and watch her. He had nothing to do. He just sat and watched her small, neat figure and her concentrated movements, as she painted. Then he knocked out his pipe, and filled it again.

She said that at last she was perfectly happy. And he said that he was perfectly happy. They were always together. He hardly went out, save riding in the lanes. And practically nobody came to the house.

5 But still, they were very silent with one another. The old chatter had died out. And he did not read much. He just sat still, and smoked, and was silent. It got on her nerves sometimes, and she would think, as she had thought in the past, that the highest bliss a human being can experience is perhaps the bliss of being quite alone, quite, quite alone.

10 His bank firm offered to make him manager of the local branch, and, on her advice, he accepted. Now he went out of the house every morning and came home every evening, which was much more agreeable. The rector begged him to sing again in the church choir: and again she advised him to accept. These were the old grooves in which his bachelor life had run. He felt more like himself.

15 He was popular: a nice, harmless fellow, everyone said of him. Some of the men secretly pitied him. They made rather much of him, took him home to luncheon, and let him loose with their daughters. He was popular among the daughters too: naturally, for if a girl expressed a wish, he would instinctively say: "What! Would you like it? I'll get it for you!" And if he were not in a position to satisfy the desire, he would say: "I only wish I could do it for you. I'd do it like a shot."—All of which he meant.

25 At the same time, though he got on so well with the maidens of the town, there was no coming forward about him. He was, in some way, not wakened up. Good-looking, and big, and serviceable, he was inwardly remote, without self-confidence, almost without a self at all.

30 The rector's daughter took upon herself to wake him up. She was exactly as old as he was, a smallish, rather sharp-faced young woman who had lost her husband in the war, and it had been a grief to her. But she took the stoic attitude of the young: You've got to live, so you may as well do it!—She was a kindly soul, in spite of her sharpness. And she had a very perky little red-brown pomeranian dog that she had bought in Florence in the street, but which had turned out a handsome little fellow. Miss McLeod looked down a bit on Alice Howells and her pom, 35 so Mrs Howells felt no special love for Miss McLeod—"Mrs Barlow, that is!" she would add sharply. "For it's quite impossible to think of her as anything but Miss McLeod!"

40 Percy was really more at ease at the rectory, where the pom yapped and Mrs Howells changed her dress three or four times a day and looked

it, than in the semi-cloistral atmosphere of Twybit Hall, where Miss McLeod wore tweeds and a natural knitted jumper, her skirts rather long, her hair done up pure silver, and painted her wonderful flower pictures in the deepening silence of the daytime. At evening she would go up to change, after he came home. And though it thrilled her to have a man coming into her room as he dressed, snapping his collar-stud, to tell her something trivial as she stood bare-armed in her silk slip, rapidly coiling up the rope of silver hair behind her head, still, it worried her. When he was there, he couldn't keep away from her. And he would watch her, watch her, watch her as if she was the ultimate revelation. Sometimes it made her irritable. She was so absolutely used to her own privacy. What was he looking at? She never watched *him*. Rather she looked the other way. His watching tried her nerves. She was turned fifty. And his great silent body loomed almost dreadful.

He was quite happy playing tennis or croquet with Alice Howells and the rest. Alice was choir-mistress, a bossy little person outwardly, inwardly rather forlorn and affectionate, and not very sure that life hadn't let her down for good. She was now over thirty—and had no-one but the pom and her father and the parish—nothing in her really intimate life. But she was very cheerful, busy, even gay, with her choir and school-work, her dancing and flirting and dress-making.

She was intrigued by Percy Barlow. "How *can* a man be so nice to *everybody*?" she asked him, a little exasperated. "Well why not?" he replied, with the odd smile of his eyes. "It's not why he shouldn't, but how he manages to do it! How can you have so much good-nature? I *have* to be catty to some people, but you're nice to *everybody*."

"Oh am I!" he said ominously.

He was like a man in a dream, or in a cloud. He was quite a good bank-manager, in fact very intelligent. Even in appearance, his great charm was his beautifully-shaped head. He had plenty of brains, really. But in his will, in his body, he was asleep. And sometimes this lethargy, or coma made him look haggard. And sometimes it made his body seem inert and despicable, meaningless.

Alice Howells longed to ask him about his wife. "*Do* you love her? *Can* you really care for her?" But she daren't. She daren't ask him one word about his wife. Another thing she couldn't do, she couldn't persuade him to dance. Never, not once. But in everything else he was pliable as wax.

Mrs Barlow—Miss McLeod—stayed out at Twybit all the time. She did not even come in to church on Sunday: she had shaken off church,

among other things. And she watched Percy depart, and felt just a little humiliated. He was going to sing in the choir! Yes, marriage was also a humiliation to her. She had distinctly married beneath her.

The years had gone by: she was now fifty-seven, Percy was thirty-four. He was still, in many ways, a boy. But in his curious silence, he was ageless. She managed him with perfect ease. If she expressed a wish, he acquiesced at once. So now it was agreed he should not come to her room any more. And he never did. But sometimes she went to him in his room, and was winsome in a pathetic, heart-breaking way.

She twisted him round her little finger, as the saying goes. And yet secretly she was afraid of him. In the early years he had displayed a clumsy but violent sort of passion, from which she had shrunk away. She felt it had nothing to do with her. It was just his indiscriminating desire for Woman, and for his own satisfaction. Whereas she was not just unidentified Woman, to give him his general satisfactions. So she had recoiled, and withdrawn herself. She had put him off. She had regained the absolute privacy of her room.

He was perfectly sweet about it. Yet she was uneasy with him now. She was afraid of him; or rather, not of him, but of a mysterious something in him. She was not a bit afraid of *him*, oh no! And when she went to him now, to be nice to him, in her pathetic winsomeness of an unused woman of fifty-seven, she found him sweet-natured as ever, but really indifferent. He saw her pathos and her winsomeness. In some way, the mystery of her, her thick white hair, her vivid blue eyes, her ladylike refinement still fascinated him. But his bodily desire for her had gone, utterly gone. And secretly, she was rather glad. But as he looked at her, looked at her, as he lay there so silent, she was afraid, as if some finger were pointed at her. Yet she knew, the moment she spoke to him, he would twist his eyes to that good-natured and "kindly" smile of his.

It was in the late, dark months of this year that she missed the blue moccasins. She had hung them on a nail in his room. Not that he ever wore them: they were too small. Nor did she: they were too big. Moccasins are male footwear, among the Indians, not female. But they were of a lovely turquoise-blue colour, made all of little turquoise beads, with little forked flames of dead-white and dark-green. When, at the beginning of their marriage, he had exclaimed over them, she had said: "Yes! Aren't they a lovely colour! so blue!" And he had replied: "Not as blue as your eyes, even then."

So naturally, she had hung them up on the wall in his room, and there they had stayed. Till, one November day, when there were no flowers,

and she was pining to paint a still-life with something blue in it—oh, so blue, like delphiniums!—she had gone to his room for the moccasins. And they were not there. And though she hunted, she could not find them. Nor did the maids know anything of them.

So she asked him: “Percy, do you know where those blue moccasins are, which hung in your room?”—There was a moment’s dead silence. Then he looked at her with his good-naturedly twinkling eyes, and said: “No, I know nothing of them.”—There was another dead pause. She did not believe him. But being a perfect lady, she only said, as she turned away: “Well then, how curious it is!”—And there was another dead pause. Out of which he asked her what she wanted them for, and she told him. Whereon the matter lapsed.

It was November, and Percy was out in the evening fairly often.* He was rehearsing for a “play” which was to be given in the church schoolroom at Christmas. He had asked her about it. “Do you think it’s a bit *infra dig*.* if I play one of the characters?” She had looked at him mildly, disguising her real feeling. “If you don’t feel *personally* humiliated,” she said, “then there’s nothing else to consider.” And he had answered: “Oh, it doesn’t upset *me* at all.” So she mildly said: “Then do it by all means.” Adding at the back of her mind: If it amuses you, child!—But she thought, a change had indeed come over the world, when the master of Twybit Hall, or even, for that matter, the manager of the dignified Stubbs’ Bank,* should perform in public on a school-room stage in amateur theatricals—. And she kept calmly aloof, preferring not to know any details. She had a world of her own.

When he had said to Alice Howells: “You don’t think other folks’ll mind?—clients of the bank and so forth—think it beneath my dignity?” she had cried, looking up into his twinkling eyes: “Oh, you don’t have to keep *your* dignity on ice, Percy—any more than I do mine.”

The play was to be performed for the first time on Christmas Eve: and after the play, there was the midnight service in church. Percy therefore told his wife not to expect him home till the small hours, at least. So he drove himself off in the car.

As night fell, and rain, Miss McLeod felt a little forlorn. She was left out of everything. Life was slipping past her. It was Christmas Eve, and she was more alone than she had ever been. Percy only seemed to intensify her aloneness, leaving her in this fashion.

She decided not to be left out. She would go to the play too. It was past six o’clock, and she had worked herself into a highly nervous state. Outside was darkness and rain: inside was silence, forlornness. She went

to the telephone and rang up the garage in Shewbury.* It was with great difficulty she got them to promise to send a car for her: Mr Slater would have to fetch her himself in the two-seater runabout: everything else was out.

5 She dressed nervously, in a dark-green dress with a few modest jewels. Looking at herself in the mirror, she still thought herself slim, young-looking and distinguished. She did not see how old-fashioned she was, with her uncompromising erectness, her glistening knob of silver hair sticking out behind, and her long dress.

10 It was a three-mile drive in the rain, to the small country town. She sat next to old Slater, who was used to driving horses and was nervous and clumsy with a car, without saying a word. He thankfully deposited her at the gate of St. Barnabas' school.

15 It was almost half-past seven. The school-room was packed, and buzzing with excitement. "I'm afraid we haven't a seat left, Mrs Barlow!" said Jackson, one of the church sidesmen,* who was standing guard in the school porch, where people were still fighting to get in. He faced her in consternation. She faced him in consternation.—"Well I shall have to stay somewhere, till Mr Barlow can drive me home," she said.
20 "Couldn't you put me a chair somewhere?"

Worried and flustered, he went worrying and flustering the other people in charge. The schoolroom was simply packed solid. But Mr Simmons, the leading grocer, gave up his chair in the front row to Mrs Barlow, whilst he sat in a chair right under the stage, where he couldn't
25 see a thing. But he could see Mrs Barlow seated between his wife and daughter, speaking a word or two to them occasionally, and that was enough.

The lights went down: *The Shoes of Shagpat** was about to begin. The amateur curtains were drawn back, disclosing the little amateur stage with a white amateur back-cloth daubed to represent a moorish
30 courtyard. In stalked Percy, dressed as a Moor, his face darkened. He looked quite handsome, his pale-grey eyes queer and startling in his dark face. But he was afraid of the audience—he spoke away from them, stalking around clumsily. After a certain amount of would-be-funny dialogue, in tripped the heroine, Alice Howells, of course. She
35 was an eastern Hourī, in white gauze Turkish trousers,* silver veil, and—the blue moccasins. The whole stage was white, save for her blue moccasins, Percy's dark-green sash, and a negro boy's red fez.

40 When Mrs Barlow saw the blue moccasins, a little bomb of rage exploded in her. This, of all places! the blue moccasins that she had

bought in the western deserts! the blue moccasins that were not so blue as her own eyes! Her blue moccasins! on the feet of that creature, Mrs Howells.

Alice Howells was not afraid of the audience. She looked full at them, lifting her silver veil. And of course she saw Mrs Barlow, sitting there like the Ancient of Days* in judgment, in the first row. And a bomb of rage exploded in *her* breast too.

In the play, Alice was the wife of the grey-bearded old Caliph, but she captured the love of the young Ali,* otherwise Percy, and the whole business was the attempt of these two to evade Caliph and negro-eunuchs and ancient crones, and get into each other's arms. The blue shoes were very important: for while the sweet Leila wore them, the gallant Ali was to know there was danger. But when she took them off, he might approach her.

It was all quite childish, and everybody loved it, and Miss McLeod might have been quite complacent about it all, had not Alice Howells got her monkey up,* so to speak. Alice, with a lot of make-up, looked boldly handsome. And suddenly, bold she was, bold as the devil. All these years the poor young widow had been "good," slaving in the parish, and only even flirting just to cheer things up, never going very far and knowing she could never get anything out of it, but determined never to mope.

Now the sight of Miss McLeod sitting there so erect, so coolly "higher plane," and calmly superior, suddenly let loose a devil in Alice Howells. All her limbs went suave and molten, as her young sex, long pent up, flooded even to her finger-tips. Her voice was strange, even to herself, with its long, plaintive notes. She felt all her movements soft and fluid, she felt herself like living liquid. And it was lovely. Underneath it all was the sting of malice against Miss McLeod, sitting there so erect, with her great knob of white hair.

Alice's business, as the lovely Leila, was to be seductive to the rather heavy Percy. And seductive she was. In two minutes, she had him spell-bound. He saw nothing of the audience. A faint, fascinated grin came on to his face, as he acted up to the young woman in the Turkish trousers. His rather full, hoarse voice changed and became clear, with a new, naked clang in it. When the two sang together, in the simple banal duets of the play, it was with a most fascinating intimacy. And when, at the end of Act I, the lovely Leila kicked off the blue moccasins, saying: "Away, shoes of bondage, shoes of sorrow!"—and danced a little dance all alone, barefoot, in her Turkish trousers, in front of her fascinated hero, his smile was so spell-bound that everybody else was spell-bound too.

Miss McLeod's indignation knew no bounds. When the blue moccasins were kicked across the stage by the brazen Alice, with the words: "Away, shoes of bondage, shoes of sorrow!" the elder woman grew pink with fury, and it was all she could do not to rise and snatch the moccasins from the stage, and bear them away. She sat in speechless indignation during the brief curtain between Act I and Act II. Her moccasins! her blue moccasins! of the sacred blue colour, the turquoise of heaven.

But there they were, in Act II, on the feet of the bold Alice. It was becoming too much. And the love-scenes between Percy and the young woman were becoming nakedly shameful. Alice grew worse and worse. She was worked up now, caught in her own spell, and unconscious of everything save of him, and the sting of that other woman, who presumed to own him. Own him? Ha-ha!—For he was fascinated. The queer smile on his face, the concentrated gleam of his eyes, the queer way he leaned forward from his loins towards her, the new, reckless, throaty twang in his voice—the audience had before their eyes a man spell-bound and lost in passion.

Miss McLeod sat in shame and torment, as if her chair was red-hot. She too was fast losing her normal consciousness, in the spell of rage. She was outraged. The second act was working to its climax. The climax came. The lovely Leila kicked off the blue shoes: "Away, shoes of bondage, away!" and flew barefoot to the enraptured Ali, flinging herself into his arms. And if ever a man was gone in sheer desire, it was Percy, as he pressed the woman's lithe form against his body, and seemed unconsciously to envelop her, unaware of everything else. While she, blissful in his spell, but still aware of the audience and of the superior Miss McLeod, let herself be wrapped closer and closer.

Miss McLeod rose to her feet and looked towards the door. But the way out was packed with people standing holding their breath as the two on the stage remained wrapped in each other's arms, and the three fiddles and the flute softly woke up. Miss McLeod could not bear it. She was on her feet, and beside herself. She could not get out. She could not sit down again.

"Percy!" she said, in a low clear voice. "Will you hand me my moccasins!"

He lifted his face like a man startled in a dream, lifted his face from the shoulder of his Leila. His gold-grey eyes were like softly-startled flames. He looked in sheer horrified wonder at the little white-haired woman standing below.

“Eh?” he said, purely dazed.

“Will you please hand me my moccasins?”—and she pointed to where they lay on the stage.

Alice had stepped away from him, and was gazing at the risen viper of the little elderly woman on the tip of the audience. Then she watched him move across the stage, bending forward from the loins in his queer mesmerised way, pick up the blue moccasins, and stoop down to hand them over the edge of the stage to his wife, who reached up for them.

“Thank you!” said Miss McLeod, seating herself with the blue moccasins in her lap.

Alice recovered her composure, gave a sign to the little orchestra, and began at once, strong and assured, to sing her part in the duet that closed the act. She knew she could command public opinion in her favour.

He too recovered at once, the little smile came back on his face, he calmly forgot his wife again as he sang his share in the duet. It was finished. The curtains were pulled to. There was immense cheering. The curtains opened, and Alice and Percy bowed to the audience, smiling both of them their peculiar secret smile, while Miss McLeod sat with the blue moccasins on her lap.

The curtains were closed, it was the long interval. After a few moments of hesitation, Mrs Barlow rose with dignity, gathered her wrap over her arm, and with the blue moccasins in her hand, moved towards the door. Way was respectfully made for her.

“I should like to speak to Mr Barlow,” she said to Jackson, who had anxiously ushered her in, and now would anxiously usher her out.

“Yes Mrs Barlow.”

He led her round to the smaller class-room at the back, that acted as dressing-room. The amateur actors were drinking lemonade, and chattering freely. Mrs Howells came forward, and Jackson whispered the news to her. She turned to Percy.

“Percy, Mrs Barlow wants to speak to you. Shall I come with you?”

“Speak to me? Ay, come on with me.”

The two followed the anxious Jackson into the other, half-lighted class-room where Mrs Barlow stood in her wrap, holding the moccasins. She was very pale, and she watched the two butter-muslin Turkish figures enter, as if they could not possibly be real. She ignored Mrs Howells entirely.

“Percy,” she said, “I want you to drive me home.”

“Drive you home?” he echoed.

“Yes, please!”

“Why—when?” he said, with vague bluntness.

“Now—if you don’t mind—”

“What—in this get-up?” He looked at himself.

5 “I could wait while you changed.”

There was a pause. He turned and looked at Alice Howells, and Alice Howells looked at him. The two women saw each other out of the corners of their eyes: but it was beneath notice. He turned to his wife, his black face ludicrously blank, his eyebrows cocked.

10 “Well, you see,” he said, “it’s rather awkward. I can hardly hold up the third act while I’ve taken you home and got back here again, can I?”

“Do you intend to play in the third act?” she asked, with cold ferocity.

“Why, I must, mustn’t I?” he said blankly.

15 “Do you *wish* to?” she said, in all her intensity.

“I do, naturally. I want to finish the thing up properly,” he replied, in the utter innocence of his head: about his heart he knew nothing.

She turned sharply away.

20 “Very well!” she said. And she called to Jackson, who was standing dejectedly by the door: “Mr Jackson, will you please find some car or conveyance to take me home?”

“Ay!—I say, Mr Jackson,” called Percy in his strong, democratic voice, going forward to the man. “Ask Tom Lomas if he’ll do me a good turn, and get my car out of the rectory garage, to drive Mrs Barlow home!—Ay, ask Tom Lomas! And if not him, ask Mr Pilkington—
25 Leonard. The key’s there. You don’t mind, do you?—I’m ever so much obliged—”

The three were left awkwardly alone again.

30 “I expect you’ve had enough with two acts,” said Percy soothingly to his wife. “These things aren’t up to your mark. I know it. They’re only child’s play. But you see, they please the people. We’ve got a packed house, haven’t we!”

His wife had nothing to answer. He looked so ludicrous, with his dark-brown face and butter-muslin bloomers. And his mind was so ludicrously innocent. His body, however, was not so ridiculously
35 innocent as his mind, as she knew when he turned to the other woman.

40 “You and I, we’re more on the nonsense level, aren’t we!” he said, with the new, throaty clang of naked intimacy in his voice. His wife shivered.

"Absolutely on the nonsense level," said Alice, with easy assurance.

She looked into his eyes, then she looked at the blue moccasins in the hand of the other woman. He gave a little start, as if realising something for himself.

At that moment Tom Lomas looked in, saying heartily: "Right you are, Percy! I'll have my car here in half a tick.* I'm more handy with it than yours." 5

"Thanks, old man! You're a Christian."

"Try to be!—especially when you turn Turk!* Well—"

He disappeared. 10

"I say, Lina," said Percy, in his most amiable democratic way, "would you mind leaving the moccasins for the next act? We s'll be in a bit of a hole without them."

Miss McLeod faced him and stared at him with the full blast of her forget-me-not blue eyes, from her white face. 15

"Will you pardon me if I don't?" she said.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why? Why not? It's nothing but play, to amuse the people. I can't see how it can hurt the *moccasins*. I understand you don't quite like seeing me make a fool of myself. But anyhow, I'm a bit of a born fool. What?—" and his blackened face laughed with a Turkish laugh. "Oh yes, you have to realise I rather enjoy playing the fool," he resumed. "And after all, it doesn't really hurt *you*, now does it? Shan't you leave us those moccasins for the last act?—" 20

She* looked at him, then at the moccasins in her hand. No, it was useless to yield to so ludicrous a person. The vulgarity of his wheedling, the commonness of the whole performance! It was useless to yield even the moccasins. It would be treachery to herself. 25

"I'm sorry!" she said. "But I'd so much rather they weren't used for this kind of thing. I never intended them to be." She stood with her face averted from the ridiculous couple. 30

He changed as if she had slapped his face. He sat down on top of the low, pupil's desk, and gazed with glazed interest round the classroom. Alice sat beside him, in her white gauze and her bedizened* face. They were like two rebuked sparrows on one twig, he with his great, easy, intimate limbs, she so light and alert. And as he sat he sank into an unconscious physical sympathy with her. Miss McLeod walked towards the door. 35

"You'll have to think of something as'll do instead," he muttered to Alice in a low voice, meaning the blue moccasins. And leaning down, he drew off one of the grey shoes she had on, caressing her foot with the 40

slip of his hand over its slim bare shape. She hastily put the bare foot behind her other, shod foot.

Tom Lomas poked in his head, his overcoat collar turned up to his ears.

5 "Car's there!" he said.

"Right o'! Tom! I'll chalk it up to thee,* lad!—" said Percy, with heavy breeziness. Then making a great effort with himself, he rose heavily and went across to the door, to his wife, saying to her, in the same stiff voice of false heartiness: "You'll be as right as rain* with Tom. You won't mind
10 if I don't come out? No! I'd better not show myself to the audience. Well—I'm glad you came, if only for a while. Good-bye, then! I'll be home after the service—but I shan't disturb you. Goodbye! Don't get wet now—" And his voice, falsely cheerful, stiff with anger, ended in a clang of indignation.

15 Alice Howells sat on the Infants' bench in silence. She was ignored. And she was unhappy, uneasy because of the scene.

Percy closed the door after his wife. Then he turned with a looming slowness to Alice, and said in a hoarse whisper: "Think o' that, now!—"

20 She looked up at him anxiously. His face, in its dark pigment, was transfigured with indignant anger. His yellow-grey eyes blazed, and a great rush of anger seemed to be surging up volcanic in him. For a second his eyes rested on her upturned, troubled dark blue eyes, then glanced away, as if he didn't want to look at her in his anger. Even so, she felt a touch of tenderness in his glance.

25 "And that's all she's ever cared about—her own things and her own way," he said, in the same hoarse whisper, hoarse with suddenly released rage. Alice Howells hung her head in silence.

30 "Not another damned thing, but what's her own, her own—and her own holy way—damned holy-holy-holy,* all to herself—" His voice shook with hoarse, whispering rage, burst out at last.

Alice Howells looked up at him in distress.

"Oh don't say it!" she said. "I'm sure she's fond of you."

35 "*Fond of me! Fond of me!*" he blazed, with a grin of transcendent irony. "It makes her sick to look at me. I am a hairy brute, I own it— Why, she's never once touched me to be fond of me—never once— though she pretends sometimes. But a man knows—" and he made a grimace of contempt. "He knows when a woman's just stroking him, good doggie!—and when she's really a bit woman-fond of him.—That woman's never been real fond of anybody or anything, all her life—
40 she couldn't, for all her show of kindness. She's limited to herself, that

woman is; and I've looked up to her as if she was God. More fool me!* If God's not good-natured and good-hearted, then what is he—?"

Alice sat with her head dropped, realising once more, that men aren't really fooled. She was upset, shaken by his rage, and frightened, as if she too were guilty. He had sat down blankly beside her. She glanced up at him. 5

"Never mind!" she said soothingly. "You'll like her again tomorrow."

He looked down at her with a grin, a grey sort of grin.—"Are you going to stroke me good doggie! as well?" he said.

"Why?" she asked, blank. 10

But he did not answer. Then after a while he resumed: "Wouldn't even leave the moccasins! And she'd hung them up in my room, left them there for years—any man'd consider they were his!—And I did want this show tonight to be a success!—What are you going to do about it?" 15

"I've sent over for a pair of pale-blue satin bed-slippers of mine—they'll do just as well," she replied.

"Ay!—For all that, it's done me in—"

"You'll get over it."

"Happen so!* She's curdled my inside, for all that. I don't know how I'm going to be civil to her—" 20

"Perhaps you'd better stay at the rectory tonight," she said softly.

He looked into her eyes. And in that look, he transferred his allegiance.

"*You* don't want to be drawn in, do you?" he asked, with troubled tenderness. 25

But she only gazed with wide, darkened eyes into his eyes, so she was like an open, dark doorway to him. His heart beat thick, and the faint, breathless smile of passion came into his eyes again.

"You'll have to go on, Mrs Howells. We can't keep them waiting any longer." 30

It was Jim Stokes, who was directing the show. They heard the clapping and stamping of the impatient audience.

"Goodness!" cried Alice Howells, darting to the door.

APPENDIXES

Appendix I

The Escaped Cock: early versions

(a) Part I: early manuscript version*

The manuscript (Roberts E116a, IEduc) of this early (April 1927) version has no title. It is transcribed below with additions and deletions indicated by the symbols listed at the start of the Textual apparatus (p. 289). Rewording changes and notes of page numbers and opening and other phrases that DHL wrote—with reference to his typing—above the line, with the original mostly *not* crossed out, are here cited in semi-bold.

There was a peasant near Jerusalem who acquired a young game-cock which looked a shabby little thing, but which put on brave feathers as spring advanced, and was resplendent in black-purple and sheeny green, and a fiery orange, by the time the figs were putting out leaves from their end-tips.

This peasant was poor, he lived in a mud-brick cottage <among his figs and olives> and had only a little dirty inner courtyard with a tough fig-tree, for all his territory. He worked hard, among the vines and olives and beans of <a rich man,> 「his master,」 then came home to sleep in his mud-brick cottage by the road. And he was rather proud of his young cockerel. In the shut-in yard were <four> 「three」 shabby hens which laid small eggs, shed the few feathers they had, and made a disproportionate amount of dirt. There was also, in a corner under a straw roof, a donkey that usually went with the peasant to work, but sometimes stayed at home. And there was the peasant's wife, a black-browed young woman who did not work too hard. She threw a little grain, or the remains of the porridge-mess, to the fowls, and she cut 「green」 fodder for the ass with a sickle.

In this milieu the young cock grew to greater splendour. By some freak of destiny, he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He soon learned to crane his neck, and to give loud answers to the challenge of other roosters, beyond the walls, in a world of which he knew nothing. He had a splendid piercing crow, and the distant calling of other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts.

“How he sings!” said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his day-shirt over his head.

“He is good for twenty hens,” said the wife.

The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A
 5 saucy flamboyant bird! that had already made the full acquaintance of
 the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening
 for the challenges of unseen cocks, in the unknown world. Ghost voices,
 that crowed to him out of limbo. But he answered their challenge ringing
 defiance, a very Alexander* of <co> roosters.

10 “He will surely fly away, one of these days!” said the peasant’s wife.

So they lured him with grain, caught him, though he fought like a
 demon, and they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it against the
 spur, and they tied the other end of the cord to the post which held up
 the donkey’s straw pent-roof. <So the>

15 The young cock, freed, marched with his prancing march of indigna-
 tion, came to the end of his string, gave a hitch and a tug of his tied leg,
 fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean earthen floor,
 to the horror of the raggy hens, then, with a sickening lurch, regained
 his feet and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant’s wife laughed
 20 heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy
 foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was tied by the leg.

He no longer pranced and ruffled like Mark Anthony. He walked
 within the limits of his tether sombrely. Still he gobbled up the best bits
 of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favorite hen
 25 of the moment. Still he pounced, with quivering, rocking fierceness,
 upon his harem, when they came within range. And still he crowed
 defiance to the cock-crows that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn.

But there was a grim voracity in the way he gobbled his food, and a
 sinister quality in the way he seized upon the shabby hens. His voice,
 30 above all, had lost its golden clangour. He was tied by the leg, and he
 knew it. Body, soul and spirit, he was tied by the leg.

Underneath, however, he had a grim resolution to break the cord.
 So one morning, just before the first light of dawn, rousing from his
 slumbers with a sudden convulsive burst of strength, he leaped forward
 35 on his wings, and the string snapped. He gave a strange, wild squawk,
 and rose in one lift to the top of the wall. And there he crowed a loud
 and defiant crow, so loud, it woke the peasant.

At the same time, the same hour before dawn, that same morning, a
 man woke from a long, long sleep, and felt numb and cold. It was long
 40 before he opened his eyes. But he knew he was awake, and he knew he

was numb, and cold, and stiff; and he knew he was tied up. His legs were bandaged together and his face was tied up. Only his hands were loose.

He could move if he wanted to: he knew that. Only he didn't want to move. A deep, deep nausea stirred in him at the thought of movement. He resented the fact of the strange, incalculable movement that had already taken place in him: the movement into consciousness. He had not wanted to move back into consciousness. He had wanted to stay outside, forever, now: outside in the place where even memory is stone dead. He had been outside. And now, something had brought him back. He lay overcome with a sense of nausea in the return. 5 10

Yet suddenly his hands moved: they lifted up, cold, heavy, and sore. Yet they lifted up, and pulled the face-cloth from his face, and pressed his tight-wrapped shoulders free. Then his arms dropped again, cold, heavy, numb, and unspeakably sore, unwilling to move. 15

With his face clear, and his shoulders free, he lay again dead, seeking the cold nullity of being dead. It was the most desirable. And almost he had it. Almost, very nearly he sank back away, away, quite outside. Yet never absolutely. And when he was most nearly gone, suddenly, without his knowing, his hands rose and began pushing away the bandages at his knees, his feet began to stir, even while his breast still lay cold and dead. 20

At last, after all this time, he opened his eyes. It was dark. Yet perhaps there was a chink of pale light in front. He could not lift his head. His eyes closed again. He was nearly gone—nearly gone. 25

Then suddenly he sat up, and the whole world reeled. He felt the narrow walls of rock close upon him, he saw again the chinks of light. And he wanted suddenly to get out: only to get out. A wave of strength rose in him. He crouched forward. In that place, he could not rise to his feet. Crouching, he thrust with a sudden wave of strength at the rock near the chinks of light. It fell away suddenly, with a crash, and sudden dim yellow light poured in. The man lay crouching in the mouth of that narrow place, waiting for the next move, feeling the freshness of the air, which meant awakening. 30

Slowly, slowly he stepped down, into the open. The bandages fell away from him, he was naked save for the linen tunic shirt. His feet touched the rocky earth with pain, and an unspeakable <vague> pain, like uttermost disillusion, utter bodily disillusion, filled him as he stood up. He saw his thin legs, his thin, scarred feet. And stooping, he **and stooping, he picked them up, folded them, picked up the linen** 35 40

swathing-bands, folded them, and laid them back in the rocky cavity from which he had emerged. Then he took the perfumed linen sheet, wrapped it round him, and turned away, to the wanness of the chill dawn.

5 He was alone, and must be alone in the world.

Filled with the sickness of unspeakable disillusion, the man stepped with wincing feet down the rock slope, and past the sleeping soldiers, who lay wrapped in their woolen mantles. Silent, on naked, scarred feet, wrapped in a white linen shroud, he glanced down with a certain
10 compassion and a certain repulsion on the inert, animal bodies of the soldiers, then went on, towards the road.

He had nowhere to go, except away from the city that stood on her hills. He slowly followed the road away from the town, past the olives, under which the anemones were drooping with the chill of dawn, and the spring herbage was pressing thick and rich-green. This was the
15 world, the same as ever, the natural world, thronging with greenness, and a nightingale winsomely, wistfully, coaxingly calling from the bushes beside a runnel of water. The natural world, forever undying.

But the man <in> 「with」 the scarred feet was not of it. Neither
20 of this world nor of the next, neither asleep nor awake, neither seeing nor yet sightless, he passed dimly on, away, away from the city and its precincts, driven by a dim, deep nausea of disillusion, and a resoluteness of which he was not even aware.

Advancing along the drystone wall under the olives, he was <aware
25 of> 「roused by」 the shrill, wild crowing of a cock, a sound that made him suddenly shiver as if electricity had touched him. Then running through the olives came a peasant in a grey woolen shirt-tunic, and ahead of him, yes, leaping out of the greenness, came a red and orange and black cockerel, tail-feathers lustrous and rich.

30 “Stop him, Master!” called the peasant. “My escaped cock!”

The man addressed, obedient to the human voice, lifted his arms with the white linen wrap in front of the flapping, escaped bird. The cock fell back with a squawk and a flutter, the peasant jumped forward, there was a terrific beating of wings and whirring of feathers, then the
35 peasant had the escaped cock safely under <it> 「his」 arm, its wings pressed down, its face craning crazily forward, its round eye goggling from its white chops.

40 “It’s my escaped cock!” said the peasant, soothing the bird with his left hand, as he grinned and looked up into the face of the man wrapped in white linen.

The peasant changed countenance and turned almost green, as he <saw> looked into the dead-white face of the other man. That dead-white, still face, that black beard, those wide-open, black, sombre eyes: and those washed scars on the waxy forehead! The stupid man of the fields let his jaw drop.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the man in the shroud. “I didn’t die. They took me down too soon. So I have risen up. But if they discover me, they will do it all over again—”

He spoke in a voice of weary disgust. The Authorities! There was only one thing they could do. He looked with black, indifferent eyes into the quick, frightened eyes of the peasant. And the peasant quailed under the look: the magnificent indifference, and the still-undaunted resoluteness. The poor crude fellow could only say one thing:

“Will you hide in my house, Master?”

“I will rest there. You can tell everybody, if you wish to. But you know what will happen. They will have you up, too, before a judge.”

“Me: I shan’t speak! Let us be quick!”

The peasant glanced round in fear, wondering resentfully why this doom had fallen upon him. And he led the way hastily through the green wheat, among the olive trees. And the man with scarred feet felt the cool silkiness of young wheat, under his naked tread, and at the edges of rocks he saw the silky, silvery-sheened buds of scarlet anemones, but he did not heed. Nothing penetrated him. Inside his consciousness was only the great void nausea of utter disillusion.

They came to the little door of the clay cottage, and the peasant waited for the other man to pass.

“Enter quickly!” he said. “Enter, and be seated.”

The man in white linen entered the one earthen room, taking with him the aroma of strange perfumes. The peasant closed the door and passed through the other doorway into the inner yard, where the ass stood in a corner, for fear he should be stolen, and the three hens were nosing round. The man with the white, waxen face sat down on the earthen bank near the hearth, upon a mat, because he was tired. He heard the peasant whispering to his wife, for she had been watching from the roof.

Presently they came in, and the woman hid her face. She poured out water, and brought bread and dried figs, on a wooden tray.

“Eat!” said the host. “Eat Master! No-one has seen. Eat!”

But the stranger had no desire for food. He drank a little water, and broke a piece of bread. But desire was dead in him, even for food and

drink. He had risen without desire, empty save of the all-overwhelming disillusion which would have been death itself, save for the other thing, the desireless resoluteness which he was not aware of.

The peasant and his wife stood near the door, watching. They saw
5 with terror the livid scars on the thin, waxy hands and the thin, dusty feet of the stranger, and the little holes on his forehead. And they smelled with terror the scent of strange perfumes that came from his hair and from his body. He was sick to death, and all the cold, pallid mystery of death was on him. His linen was fine, white, costly linen. Perhaps he
10 was really a king. In the region of the shadows and the horrors of death.

He lifted his eyes to them, after he had with difficulty swallowed some water from the clay cup. He saw them as they were: stupid, rather greedy, rather grubbing, rather frightened, yet still of vulnerable flesh and blood, and having a touch of naïve compassion in their hearts. They
15 would be contemptible if one asked them for the least touch of heroism. But their human fear of delivering up a helpless, tortured individual was greater, even now, than their fear of the law. Two fears! But the one was based on compassion.

And the stranger had compassion on them too.

20 “Let me stay a little while,” he said. “No harm will come to you. It is only a little while before I go right away, where no-one will see me again.”

“Stay, Master!” they said. Because they feared him.

He rested, p. 9. – again as if in the tomb. So he said to the
25 woman: I would and the peasant went away with the ass. The man lie in the yard. So she swept the yard and spread him a mat – with the scars took a mat to lie in the yard. The woman swept the yard and spread the mat for him, and he lay down in the shut-in yard, where the fig-tree issued green leaves like flames, out of the bareness, to the blue
30 sky of spring above. But the man who had died only lay quite still, in the spring sun, which was as yet not too hot, and he had no desire in him, no desire even to move. He lay with his thin legs in the sun, his black, perfumed hair falling in his hollow neck, and his thin, colourless arms utterly inert. While the hens clucked, and the escaped cock, caught and
35 tied up again, cowered in a corner.

The peasant woman was frightened, seeing the man lie as if dead there. Supposing he actually died outright! She feared everything.

But as the sun grew stronger he opened his eyes. Blue sky, and a bare fig-tree with little jets of green flame. Life! The after-life!

40 The day passed in a kind of coma, and the night too, inside the house. The peasants were frightened: they could only be silent. The stranger

was silent too, for he was barely aware of them or of anything, and the effort of making a communication was too great.

Yet when the sun came up, he went to lie in the yard. He still wanted to see the blue sky, and to notice the fig-tree putting forth leaves.

As he came out, the young cock crowed. It was a strangled, saddened song, but it was the voice of life stronger than the sadness of the bird. And the scarred man watched the fettered "cockerel" ruffling himself out, opening his beak and swelling his chest, and issuing brave sounds which yet were diminished by the cord round his leg. It was a strange sight to a man who had died, and so now could look nakedly on to life. He saw, not the cock, but the cock's young life, hampered by the string, daunted, damaged, and yet insuppressible. 5 10

The man lay still, with dark eyes wide open and still, seeing. And the cock, with flat, brilliant eyes, glanced back at him with a bird's half-seeing glance. And always the man who had died saw not the bird, but the short, sharp wave of life of which the bird was the crest. He saw the queer, beaky motion of life itself gobbling the scraps of food, the eye of life itself ever alert and watchful, overweening and yet cautious, the voice of life itself crowing with triumph, yet strangled by a cord, the queer speech of very life, as the cock triumphantly imitated the clucking of his favourite hen, when she had laid an egg, a clucking which still had, in the male bird, the hollow chagrin of the cord round his leg. And when the man threw a bit of bread to the cock, the young bird called with an extraordinary cooing tenderness, tousling and saving the bit of bread for the hens. And the hens ran up greedily, and the male bird proudly watched them eat. 15 20 25

But when they walked away, and he would follow them, suddenly his leg hitched in the string, he could go no farther. He seemed suddenly to go small again, and he huddled in the shade. His tail-feathers still were only half grown. 30

It was not till evening that his favourite hen came walking unconcernedly near him, and he pounced on her, with all his feathers vibrating. And the man who had died watched the unsteady, rocking vibration of the bent bird, and it was not the bird he saw, but the swaying of a wave-tip of life. 35

At evening the peasant came home with the ass, and he said

"Master! It is said the body was stolen from the garden, and the soldiers are gone away, the accursed Romans. But the women still come to weep."

The man who had died looked at the man who had not died, and compassion stirred in him. For the peasant was not very young, and 40

the life in him was dull and unquickenened. And the man who had died knew that a doom would fall on the men who were blind to death and blind to life, being self-bound.* So a doom would fall on this peasant. It would have to be so. A touch of compassion, a touch of disgust, and
 5 the man who had died turned away, and left the self-bound peasant and the self-bound wife to the greater issue of life and death.

“I tried to interfere, and they killed me,” said the man who had died. “I was wrong to try and interfere.”

The next day he rose at dawn, and on slow, sore feet retraced his steps
 10 to the garden. And there even as the sun rose, he saw a woman in blue and yellow come hastening towards the tomb. And she went to the hole in the rock, that was like a deep cupboard. But nothing was there. And as she turned away, the man who had died came round the corner of the rock. She thought perhaps it was a spy, and she gave a cry.

15 “Do not be afraid,” he said. “Madeleine!”

And she knew his voice, and trembled.

“Master!” she said.

“Do not be afraid,” he repeated. “I did not die. They took me down too soon. So I woke at last. And then I hid in a house near by.”

20 She did not know what to say. But she fell at his feet, to kiss them.

“Don’t touch me, Madeleine!” he said. “Not yet! I am not yet quite come to life.”

So she wept, because she did not know what else to do. And he said; “Let us go aside, beyond the trees, that no-one shall see us.”

25 So in her blue and yellow mantle, she followed him. And he sat down beyond the tufts of myrtle bushes, and said:

“I am weak still. Oh Madeleine, what shall I do now?”

“Master,” she said, “is it finished?”

30 “That which was, is finished,” he said. “No man is allowed to interfere. The little life of me is over, Madeleine.”

“Ah!” she said. “And it was not yet begun.”

“It was the little life of me. It was my little life. And with my little life, I tried to interfere in all life. So they killed me. They were right. Or at least it was inevitable. Still, it was base, that they killed me. Never mind:
 35 It is finished. And I have wakened up. I am still a man, Madeleine, when I am healed. I haven’t even come to middle age. I am glad my little life is over. Perhaps I can come into my bigger life.”

He was silent, and she did not understand.

“Oh!” she cried, “but will you leave us?”

40 And it was the one cry of her life.

“Nay!” he said. “Perhaps I can come to you at last. Ah Madeleine, you too have died in the little life. You with your lovers, you lived the little life of the body. And I, with my mission, I lived the little life of the spirit. You died, because you were weary of the little life of your body. But me they had to kill, before I could be weary of the little life of my mission.” 5

She looked at him with large eyes.

“And are you weary of your mission? And was it all untrue?” she said.

“Nay!” he answered, “As your lovers were true to the lesser life of you <body>, my mission was true to the lesser life of <my spirit> 「me」. To the lesser life of men and women, the <pleasure> 「excitement」 of lovers will always be true, and the mission of self-sacrifice will forever be true. It is all true—your lovers, my mission— 10
But we both have died, and both are here in the afterlife. And neither of us has run half the life course. Oh Madeleine, you are young, and you 15
too died the death. But they did not hang you up, and your hands are not disfigured, and no stigma is on you. When I am healed, shall I come to you, and will you take me in? And we will try to <enter on> 「live」 the greater life together.”

She listened, and she did not know what he meant. But she looked 20
in his face, and saw it waxy with utter disillusion. Yet in his dark eyes <was> a <little> flame of <a> larger faith, which had survived execution and death, <and> was calm with a great indifference[.]

“How shall I know the way to live the greater life?” she asked, troubled and scrupulous. 25

He laughed at her suddenly.

“I do not know myself,” he said. “But when I am healed, may I come to you? and will you take me in? and tell no-one, no-one, no-one, so that the little life is over.”

“Ah!” she said. “If you will come!” 30

“Where else can I go?” he said. “I cannot live the <little> 「old」 life—it is over. And there is only you, who can live the <bigger> 「after-」life with me. Not even my mother—nor John nor Peter.* Perhaps Judas, if he were not dead. But he is dead.—But they are all busy, living the little life. With their tears and their love, their mission, their zeal. It all 35
matters, it is all true, inside the little life.—But <you are> 「we have fallen」 outside it, <and I am, and there is the greater life—> 「you and I, or been thrust outside it. The kingdom is even bigger than we imagined.”」 40

She looked at him searchingly.

“But I don’t know what the greater life is,” she said.

“Neither do I,” he replied, a languour coming over him.

She watched him, and saw the finger of death move over his face.

“Do you mean life, or death?” she said.

5 “Life, the <greater> 「kingdom of」 life.”*

“Do you mean you would even love me, kiss me, hold me dear?” she said.

“Love you, kiss you, lie with you, yes, and hold you dear—with the
<bigger> 「wider」 life of my body and my spirit. I have never lived the
10 little life of the body. I have waited for the <bigger> 「wider」 life.<.”>
「, apparently.”」

“I don’t understand,” she said sadly.

“Wait!” he said. “Wait! Neither do I! And I am not yet come to life—
to <my greater> 「a」 「n」 <<「new」>> 「「open」」 life. They
15 killed me, and I am still deathly. Don’t touch me. I cannot touch you.
Wait! Only wait!—Now, if you have money, give me money, and then
go away. Do not speak of me to anybody, not to anybody, anybody. And
the third day, at dawn, I shall come again. Abandon me, if you wish.
Forget me, if you want to. Now go, for I am dying again—”

20 He sat down, overcome again with the unspeakable revulsion from
life. For a moment, her face had seemed to him fair, and a wan but
beautiful desire had come into him. But he was still too much in the
throes of death, and a great nausea come out of his unhealed disillusion,
the spear-thrust through the body. He could only crouch among the
25 myrtle bushes in a sort of coma, while she went away.

And she went, afraid. He was no longer the teacher, the Messiah, the
uncrowned king. All that had been hung up and executed and killed.
Now there was in him a great indifference to the little facts of life, even
to the seeming big facts of life. He no longer cared about the things he
30 had given his young <life> 「strength」 for: chastity, and selfless love,
salvation, and the cherishing of all mankind. All this was dead, with
what he called his little life: the life of his enthusiasm and his burning
purity, which she called his eternal youth. This was dead. His youth
was dead. And he had risen mature and large, indifferent, not even
35 sad.

This was not the Master she had so adored, the young, flamy unphys-
ical soul. This was nearer to the lovers she had known of old. Yet with
a certain largeness and power, and indifference to the personal issue.
He was indifferent now to the personal issue. King or Saviour or public
40 criminal, he cared no longer what they called him.

And this frightened her. It threw her out of the balance of her rapturous, anguished adoration. She went away perturbed.

The man gathered himself together at last, and slowly returned to the peasant's house. The woman was on the roof, looking for him. She no longer wanted him to go away. His presence gave her a feeling of safety.

"Where have you been, Master?" she said.

"I have been to walk in a garden, and to see a friend, who gave me a little money."

He held out his thin hand, with the small amount of money, all that Madeleine had had. The peasant's wife eyes glistened, yet she said:

"We did not want money, <m>「M」aster."

"Take it," he said. "It will buy bread."

And as he lay down again in the yard, **page 16. the young cock was dear to him, as it shouted in the helpless joy of life, and finished in** where the young cock, tied <by the leg, was prancing in the helpless joy of life, and> the helpless agony of being tied by the leg^r.^r<, and t>「T」he ass was swishing her tail under the shed. <He> 「The man who had died」 lay down, and turned utterly away from life, in the sickness of having died.

But the woman brought wine and water, and sweetened cakes, and he ate a little. The day was hot, and the woman crouched in her smock, so that he saw her breasts sway from her humble body. He knew she hoped he would desire her. But she looked to him **in another world of desire, and desire for her was not in him.** <like the drooping ass, sunk in the little life, ungleaming and undesirable.> He could not want her. The body of the <small> 「little」, personal life had no call for him. He was kindly when he spoke to her; and he overlooked her. It was the same with the peasant, her husband. The man who had died felt kindly towards him, and overlooked him. For the peasant had no gleam or glisten of a greater life, as the worn old ass had none.

Only the sun burned with the greater splendour, and the young cock was burnished by that gleam. But the young cock had been tied by the leg by the peasant, who kept the string renewed.

When on the third morning at dawn the man went to the garden, he was absorbed, unthinking. So he came through the thick screen of laurel and myrtle bushes, near the rock, suddenly, and he saw three women. There was Madeleine, and his own mother, and a woman called Joan. He looked up and saw them all, and they saw him, and they were all afraid.

He stood still, in the distance. This was the old life, from which he had died, waiting to receive him back. And he knew he could in no wise return. Pallid, in the shadow of a grey morning that was blowing to rain, he stood and saw the three women.

5 Madeleine hurried forward.

"I did not bring them," she said. "They came of themselves.—Look! I have money today."

And she offered him some gold pieces.

He took them, saying:

10 "May I take them? for I shall need them. I am going away."

"Oh where?" she cried.

And he looked at her, and knew she wanted the man in him who had died and was dead, the man of his youth and his mission, of his little life.

15 "I must go to my father," he said.

"Ah!" will you leave us!—There is your mother!" she cried, turning pale with the old anguish.

"But now I ascend to my father," he said, and he drew back, into the bushes, and so turned quickly and went away, saying in his heart: 'She
20 wants my little self of me again, and my mission and my gospel. And I, now, belong to my father, who owns my greater self, and undertakes neither mission nor the making of gospel.'

So he went back to the peasant's house, and to the yard. And his wounds were healing with the subtle salve of spring, and even the inner
25 wound of disillusion was closing up. Only he went no more to the garden, but lay still, or walked at dusk across the olive-slopes, between the green wheat.

And always he thought to himself: 'I have no mission to others any more. That is consummated and finished. I have to know the greater
30 life of my father.'

So a great deal, he was still, watching the green jets of leaves unspreading on the fig-tree, with the bright, translucent green blood of the tree. And watching the young cock grow brighter, gleaming from the wave-
crest of life; yet always tied by a string. And watching the sun go down
35 over the wall of the yard, all the air flush pink.

And he thought to himself: **p. 19. I am full of <glory,> 「the flow of life,」 now I have no more to say, and my say is over. Surely the great day is ripe with insouciance, and the little carefulness is finished. The little life is over, and each day is the great day** 'It is the manifestation of the father. It is the greater life, breaking through
40

the limits of the little life in things. Only in men and women, there is always fear, and the narrowing to the little life. Only men and women fail to know the best insouciance and the <bravery> 「space」 of the great day.’

So he healed of his wounds, and said: ‘I will wander the earth, and say nothing, and be with the father.’ 5

And he cut his hair and his beard after the fashion of the Phoenicians,* and wore their cap and their mantle. And he said: ‘I will be a physician, for the power is always in me, to heal those who touch my soul.’

So he paid the peasant in money, and bought from him the young cockerel. And at dawn he set out, with the young cock under his arm. 10

And he said to himself: ‘Now I am going with the father. And I have nothing to seek, and nothing to urge. But the rain and the shine are of the great day, and I am wetted and dried as a flower is. I am like a flower which walks and moves far in a day, and withers to sleep at evening, and opens at dawn, and has nothing to seek nor to urge, but only comes forth to the sun and the rain.’ 15

So towards evening he met some of his disciples walking along the way to the village that lay beyond. And they did not know him. So he talked to them, and said: 20

“What of him who would be King of the Jews,* and was put to death therefor?”

And they answered:

“He is risen from the dead, and lives.”

“Yea! And where, and how does he live?” 25

“He lives we know not where, and eats not, nor drinks, but is risen, and waits to ascend unto the Father?”

“Truly? And how shall he ascend?”

“As Elijah, he shall go up living into the heaven.”

“Yea! Into the sky shall he go up?” 30

“Into the sky.”

“And is the father in the sky?”

“Know ye not he is in heaven above.”

The man who had died knew it not. But he answered nothing, for his time for speech was over. 35

So they asked him:

“Why do ye carry a cock?”

“I am a healer,” he said, “and this bird hath virtue.”

So all walked in silence till they came to the village. There the man who had died stood still in the gloaming, and said in his old voice: 40

“Know ye me not?”

And they cried in fear:

“Master!”

5 But he laughed, and turned quickly away, down a side lane, and was gone from them.

In the morning he sold the young cock to a woman who had many fowls that roamed in a field.

“He shall tread* my hens,” said the woman.

10 “<<He shall>> <fulfil his life> ʘ ʘ “Let him ʘ ʘ “live his day ʘ,” said the man.

15 And he went on. And he sojourned in many places. He healed some people, and some he left to die. And he knew strange men, and commonplace men, and laughed at most women. But some women, who had beauty for him, and a gleam of the great day about them, and a freedom from the little day, and a true ring of life, he lingered with them, and knew them. But the day came to go, and he married none of them.

So he grew old in the wonder of the world, and hid himself from public knowledge.

(b) Part I: *Forum* version

The first published version, *Forum*, lxxix (February 1928), 286–96, has, to the left of the title and author, a ‘scissor-cut’ by Hunt Diederich of a crowing cock in profile. (This also accompanied DHL’s article, ‘Cocksure Women and Hen-Sure Men’, in *Forum* in January 1929: see *LEA* 124.) The *Forum* text is reproduced below.

THERE was a peasant near Jerusalem who acquired a young gamecock which looked a shabby little thing, but which put on brave feathers as spring advanced and was resplendent with an arched and orange neck by the time the fig trees were letting out leaves from their end tips.

This peasant was poor. He lived in a cottage of mud brick and had only a little, dirty, inner courtyard with a tough fig tree for all his territory. He worked hard among the vines and olives and wheat of his master, then came home to sleep in the mud brick cottage by the path. But he was rather proud of his young rooster. In the shut-in yard were three shabby hens which laid small eggs, shed the few feathers they had, and made a disproportionate amount of dirt. There was also, in a corner under a straw roof, a dull donkey that often went with the peasant to work but sometimes stayed at home. And there was the peasant’s wife, a black-browed, youngish woman who did not work too hard. She threw a little grain or the remains of the porridge mess to the fowls and she cut green fodder with a sickle for the ass.

The young cock grew to a certain splendor. By some freak of destiny he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He learned to crane his neck and give shrill answers to the crowing of other cocks beyond the walls, in a world he knew nothing of. But there was a special fiery clamor to his crow, and the distant calling of other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts.

“How he sings!” said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his day-shirt over his head.

“He is good for twenty hens,” said the wife.

The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A saucy, flamboyant bird that had already made the final acquaintance of the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening to the challenge of far-off, unseen cocks in the unknown world. Ghost voices, crowing at him mysteriously out of limbo. He answered with a ringing defiance, never to be daunted.

“He will surely fly away, one of these days,” said the peasant’s wife.

So they lured him with grain, caught him though he fought with all his wings and feet, and they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it

against the spur, and they tied the other end of the cord to the post that held up the donkey's straw pent-roof.

The young cock, freed, marched with a prancing stride of indignation away from the humans, came to the end of his string, gave a tug and a
5 hitch of his tied leg, fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean, earthen floor, to the horror of the shabby hens, then, with a sickening lurch, regained his feet and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant's wife laughed heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy, foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was
10 tied by the leg.

He no longer pranced and ruffled and forged his feathers. He walked within the limits of his tether sombrely. Still he gobbled up the best bits of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favorite
15 hen of the moment. Still he pranced with quivering, rocking fierceness upon such of his harem as came nonchalantly within range and gave off the invisible lure. And still he crowed defiance to the cockcrows that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn.

But there was now a grim voracity in the way he gobbled his food and a pinched triumph in the way he seized upon the shabby hens. His
20 voice, above all, had lost the full gold of its clangor. He was tied by the leg and he knew it. Body, soul, and spirit were tied by that string.

Underneath, however, the life in him was grimly unbroken. It was the cord that should break. So one morning, just before the light of dawn, rousing from his slumbers with a sudden wave of strength, he leaped
25 forward on his wings and the string snapped. He gave a wild, strange squawk, rose in one lift to the top of the wall, and there he crowed a loud and splitting crow. So loud, it woke the peasant.

At the same time, at the same hour before dawn, the same morning, a man awoke from a long sleep in which he was tied up. He woke numb
30 and cold, inside a carved hole in the rock. Through all the long, long sleep his body had been full of hurt and it was still full of hurt. He did not open his eyes. Yet he knew he was awake, and numb, and cold, and rigid, and full of hurt, and tied up. His face was banded with cold bands, his legs were bandaged together. Only his hands were loose.

He could move if he wanted: he knew that. But he had no want. Who
35 would want to come back from the dead? A deep, deep nausea stirred in him, at the premonition of movement. He resented already the fact of the strange, incalculable moving that had already taken place in him: the moving back into consciousness. He had not wished it. He had wanted
40 to stay outside, in the place where even memory is stone dead.

But now, something had returned him, like a returned letter, and in the return he lay overcome with a sense of nausea. Yet suddenly his hands moved. They lifted up, cold, heavy, and sore. Yet they lifted up, to drag away the cloth from his face and to push at the shoulder bands. Then they fell again, cold, heavy, numb, and sick with having moved even so much, unspeakably unwilling to move farther. 5

With his face cleared and his shoulders free, he lapsed again and lay dead, resting on the cold nullity of being dead. It was the most desirable. And almost, he had it complete: the utter cold nullity of being outside. 10

Yet when he was most nearly gone, suddenly, driven by an ache at the wrists, his hands rose and began pushing at the bandages of his knees, his feet began to stir, even while his breast lay cold and dead still.

And at last the eyes opened. On to the dark. The same dark! Yet perhaps there was a pale chink of the all-disturbing light, prizing open the pure dark. He could not lift his head. The eyes closed. And again it was finished. 15

Then suddenly he leaned up, and the great world reeled. Bandages fell away. And narrow walls of rock closed upon him, and gave the new anguish of imprisonment. There were chinks of light. With a wave of strength that came from revulsion, he leaned forward in that narrow cell of rock and leaned frail hands on the rock near the chinks of light. 20

Strength came from somewhere, from revulsion, there was a crash and a wave of light, and the dead man was crouching in his lair, facing the elemental onrush of light. Yet it was hardly dawn. And the strange, piercing keenness of daybreak's sharp breath was on him. It meant full awakening. 25

Slowly, slowly he crept down from the cell of rock, with the caution of the bitterly wounded. Bandages and linen and perfume fell away, and he crouched on the ground against the wall of rock, to recover oblivion. But he saw his hurt feet touching the earth again, with unspeakable pain, the earth they had meant to touch no more; and he saw his thin legs that had died; and pain unknowable, pain like utter bodily disillusion, filled him so full that he stood up, with one torn hand on the ledge of the tomb. 30

To be back! To be back again, after all that! He saw the linen swathing bands fallen round his dead feet and stooping, he picked them up, folded them, and laid them back in the rocky cavity from which he had emerged. Then he took the perfumed linen sheet, wrapped it round him as a mantle, and turned away, to the wanness of the chill dawn. 35 40

He was alone; and having died, was even beyond loneliness.

Filled still with the sickness of unspeakable disillusion, the man stepped with wincing feet down the rocky slope, past the sleeping soldiers, who lay wrapped in their woolen mantles under the wild laurels.

5 Silent, on naked, scarred feet, wrapped in a white linen shroud, he glanced down for a moment on the inert, heap-like bodies of the soldiers. They were repulsive, a slow squalor of limbs, yet he felt a certain compassion. He passed on toward the road lest they should wake.

10 Having nowhere to go, he turned away from the city that stood on her hills. He slowly followed the road away from the town, past the olives, under which purple anemones were drooping in the chill of dawn, and rich green herbage was pressing thick. The world, the same as ever, the natural world, thronging with greenness, a nightingale winsomely, wistfully, coaxingly calling from the bushes beside a runnel of water, in
15 the world, the natural world of morning and evening, forever undying, from which he had died.

He went on, on scarred feet, neither of this world nor of the next. Neither here nor there, neither seeing nor yet sightless, he passed dimly on, away from the city and its precincts, wondering why he should be
20 traveling, yet driven by a dim, deep nausea of disillusion and a resolution of which he was not even aware.

Advancing in a kind of half-consciousness under the dry-stone wall of the olive orchard, he was roused by the shrill, wild crowing of a cock just near him, a sound which made him shiver as if electricity had
25 touched him. He saw a black and orange cock on a bough above the road, then running through the olives of the upper level, a peasant in a gray, woolen shirt-tunic. Leaping out of greenness came the black and orange cock with the red comb, his tail feathers streaming lustrous.

“Oh, stop him, Master!” called the peasant. “My escaped cock!”

30 The man addressed, with a sudden flicker of smile, opened his great, white wings of a shroud in front of the leaping bird. The cock fell back with a squawk and a flutter, the peasant jumped forward, there was a terrific beating of wings and whirring of feathers, then the peasant had the escaped cock safely under his arm, its wings shut down,
35 its face crazily craning forward, its round eye goggling from its white chops.

“It’s my escaped cock!” said the peasant, soothing the bird with his left hand, as he looked perspiringly up into the face of the man wrapped in white linen.

The peasant changed countenance and stood transfixed, as he looked into the dead-white face of the man who had died. That dead-white face, so still, with the black beard growing on it as if in death; and those wide open, black, sombre eyes that had died; and those washed scars on the waxy forehead! The slow-blooded man of the fields let his jaw drop in childish inability to meet the situation. 5

“Don’t be afraid,” said the man in the shroud. “I am not dead. They took me down too soon. So I have risen up. Yet if they discover me, they will do it all over again. . . .”

He spoke in a voice of old disgust. Humanity! Especially humanity in authority! There was only one thing it could do. He looked with black, indifferent eyes into the quick, shifty eyes of the peasant. The peasant quailed and was powerless under the look of deathly indifference and strange, cold resoluteness. He could only say the one thing he was really afraid to say: 10

“Will you hide in my house, Master?” 15

“I will rest there. But if you tell anyone, you know what will happen. You, too, will have to go before a judge.”

“Me! I shan’t speak! Let us be quick!”

The peasant looked round in fear, wondering sulkily why he had let himself in for this doom. The man with scarred feet climbed painfully up to the level of the olive garden and followed the sullen, hurrying peasant across the green wheat among the olive trees. He felt the cool silkiness of the young wheat under his feet that had been dead, and the roughishness of its separate life was apparent to him. At the edges of rocks he saw the silky, silvery-haired buds of the scarlet anemone bending downward, and they too were in another world. In his own world he was alone, utterly alone. These things around him were in a world that had never died. But he himself had died or had been killed from out of it, and all that remained now was the great, void nausea of utter disillusion. 20 25 30

They came to a clay cottage, and the peasant waited dejectedly for the other man to pass.

“Pass!” he said. “Pass! We have not been seen.”

The man in white linen entered the earthen room, taking with him the aroma of strange perfumes. The peasant closed the door and passed through the inner doorway to the yard, where the ass stood within the high walls, safe from being stolen. There the peasant, in great disquietude, tied up the cock. The man with the waxen face sat down on a 35

mat near the hearth, for he was spent and barely conscious. Yet he heard outside the whispering of the peasant to his wife, for the woman had been watching from the roof.

Presently they came in, and the woman hid her face. She poured
5 water, and put bread and dried figs on a wooden platter.

“Eat, Master!” said the peasant. “No one has seen. Eat!”

But the stranger had no desire for food. Yet he moistened a little bread in the water, and ate it, since life must be. But desire was dead in him, even for food and drink. He had risen without desire, without
10 even the desire to live, empty save for the all-overwhelming disillusion that lay like nausea where his life had been. Yet perhaps, deeper even than disillusion, was a desireless resoluteness, deeper even than consciousness.

The peasant and his wife stood near the door, watching. They saw
15 with terror the livid wounds on the thin, waxy hands and the thin feet of the stranger, and the small lacerations in his still-dead forehead. They smelled with terror the scent of rich perfumes that came from him, from his body. And they looked at the fine, snowy, costly linen. Perhaps really he was a dead king, from the region of terrors. And he was still
20 cold and remote in the region of death, with perfumes coming from his transparent body as if from some strange flower.

Having with difficulty swallowed some of the moistened bread, he lifted his eyes to them. He saw them as they were: limited, meagre in their life, without any splendor of gesture and of courage. But they were
25 what they were, slow, inevitable parts of the natural world. They had no nobility, but fear made them compassionate.

And the stranger had compassion on them again, for he knew that they would respond best to gentleness, giving back a clumsy gentleness again.

30 “Do not be afraid,” he said to them gently. “Let me stay a little while with you. I shall not stay long. And then I shall go away forever. But do not be afraid. No harm will come to you through me.”

They believed him at once, yet the fear did not leave them. And they said:

35 “Stay, Master, while ever you will. Rest! Rest quietly!”

But they were afraid.

So he let them be, and the peasant went away with the ass. The sun had risen bright, and in the dark house with the door shut the man was again as if in the tomb. So he said to the woman: “I would lie in the

yard." And she swept the yard for him and laid him a mat, and he lay down under the wall in the morning sun. There he saw the first green leaves spurting like flames from the ends of the enclosed fig tree, out of the bareness to the sky of spring above. But the man who had died could not look, he only lay quite still in the sun which was not yet too hot, and had no desire in him, not even to move. But he lay with his thin legs in the sun, his black, perfumed hair falling into the hollows of his neck, and his thin, colorless arms utterly inert. As he lay there the hens clucked and scratched, and the escaped cock, caught and tied by the leg again, cowered in a corner.

The peasant woman was frightened. She came peeping and, seeing him never move, feared to have a dead man in the yard. But the sun had grown stronger. He opened his eyes and looked at her. And now she was frightened of the man who was alive, but spoke nothing.

He opened his eyes, and saw the world again bright as glass. It was life, in which he had no share any more. But it shone outside him, blue sky, and a bare fig tree with little jets of green leaf. Bright as glass, and he was not of it, for desire had failed.

Yet he was there and not extinguished. The day passed in a kind of coma, and at evening he went into the house. The peasant man came home, but he was frightened and had nothing to say. The stranger, too, ate of the mess of beans, a little. Then he washed his hands and turned to the wall and was silent. The peasants were silent too. They watched their guest sleep. Sleep was so near death, he could still sleep.

Yet when the sun came up, he went again to lie in the yard. The sun was the one thing that drew him and swayed him, and he still wanted to feel the cool air of morning in his nostrils and the pale sky overhead. He still hated to be shut up.

As he came out, the young cock crowed. It was a diminished, pinched cry, but there was that in the voice of the bird stronger than chagrin. It was the assertion of life, the loud outcry of the cock's petty triumph in life. The man who had died stood and watched the cock who had escaped and been caught ruffling himself up, rising forward on his toes, throwing out his chest and parting his beak in another challenge to all the world to deny his existence. "Deny my existence if you can!" the brave sounds rang out, and though they were diminished by the cord round the bird's leg, they were effective enough.

The man who had died looked grimly on life and saw a vast assertiveness everywhere flinging itself up in stormy or subtle wave-crests,

foam-tips emerging out of the blue invisible, a black and orange cock, or the green flame tongues out of the extremes of the fig tree. They came forth, these things and creatures of spring, raging with insistence and with assertion. They came brandishing themselves like crests of
5 foam out of the blue flood of the invisible, out of the vast invisible sea of strength, and they came colored and tangible, evanescent, yet deathless in their coming. The man who had died looked on the great, violent swing into existence of things that had not died, but he saw no longer their tremulous desire to exist and to be. He heard instead their ringing,
10 defiant challenge to all other things existing, their raging assertion of themselves.

The man lay still, with eyes that had died now wide open and darkly still, seeing the everlasting, self-assertive violence of life. And the cock, with a flat, brilliant glance, glanced back at him with a bird's half-seeing
15 look, suspicious. And, always the man who had died saw not the bird alone, but the short, snappy wave of life of which the bird was the crest. He watched the queer, beaky motion of the creature as it gobbled into itself the scraps of food, its glancing of the eye of life, ever alert and watchful, overweening and cautious, and the voice of its life, crowing
20 triumph and assertion, yet strangled by a cord of circumstance. He seemed to hear the queer speech of very life, as the cock triumphantly imitated the cackling of the favorite hen when she had laid an egg, a cackling which still had, in the male bird, the hollow chagrin of the cord round his leg. And when the man threw a bit of bread to the cock, it
25 called with an extraordinary cooing tenderness, tousling and saving the morsel for the hens. The hens ran up greedily, and carried the morsel away beyond the reach of the string.

Then, walking complacently after them, suddenly the male bird's leg would hitch at the end of his tether and he would yield with a kind of
30 collapse. His flag fell, he seemed to diminish, he would huddle in the shade. And he was young, his tail feathers, glossy as they were, were not fully grown.

It was not till evening again that the tide of life in him made him forget. Then when his favorite hen came strolling unconcernedly near
35 him, emitting the lure, he pounced on her with all his feathers vibrating. And the man who had died watched the unsteady, rocking vibration of the bent bird, and it was not the bird he saw, but one wave-tip of life overlapping for a minute another, in the tide of the raging ocean of life. And the rage of life seemed more fierce and compulsive to him even than
40 the rage of death. The scythe-stroke of death* was a shadow, compared

to the raging upstarting of life, the determined turmoil of life. And this mad insistence of chaotic life, everything insisting against everything else, was repellent to the man who had died. He looked on, relieved that it was no longer his affair.

At twilight the peasant came home with the ass and he said:

“Master! It is said the body was stolen from the garden and the tomb is empty, and the soldiers are taken away, accursed Romans! And the women are there to weep.”

The man who had died looked at the man who had not died.

“It is well,” he said. “Say nothing, and we are safe.”

And the peasant was relieved. He looked rather dirty and stupid, and even as much flaminess as that of the young cock which he had tied by the leg, would never glow in him. He was without fire. But the man who had died thought to himself: “Why then should he be lifted up? Clods of earth are turned over for refreshment, they are not to be lifted up. Let the earth remain earthy and hold its own against the sky. I was wrong to seek to lift it up. It was wrong to try to interfere. The plowshare of devastation will be set in the soil of Judea, and the life of this peasant will be overturned like the sods of the field. No man can save the earth from tillage. It is tillage, not salvation. . . .”

So he saw the man, the peasant, without emotion; for the man who had died no longer wished to interfere in the fate of the man who had not died and who, when he did die, would return to earth. Let him return to earth in his own good hour, and let no one try to interfere when the earth claims her own.

So the man with scars let the peasant go from him, for the peasant had his own destiny as a clod of earth with a little fire in it. Yet the man who had died said to himself: “He is my host.”

And at dawn, when he was better, the man who had died rose up, and on slow, sore feet retraced his way to the garden. For he had been betrayed in a garden and buried in a garden. And as he turned round the screen of laurel near the rock-face, he saw a woman hovering close to the tomb, a woman in blue and yellow. She peeped again into the mouth of the hole, that was like a deep cupboard. But still there was nothing. And she wrung her hands and wept. And as she turned away, she saw the man in white standing by the laurels, and she gave a cry, thinking it might be a spy, and she said:

“They have taken him away!”

So he said to her:

“Madeleine!”

Then she stood as if she would fall, for she knew him. And he said to her:

“Madeleine! Do not be afraid. I am alive. They took me down too soon, so I came back to life. Then I was sheltered in a house.”

5 She did not know what to say but wished to fall at his feet. He prevented her, saying:

“Don’t touch me, Madeleine. I am not yet healed and in touch with men.”

So she wept, because she did not know what to do. And he said:

10 “Let us go aside among the bushes where we can speak unseen.”

So in her blue mantle and her yellow robe, she followed him among the trees, and he sat down under a myrtle bush. And he said:

“I am not yet quite come to. Madeleine, what is to be done next?”

15 “Master!” she said. “Oh, we have wept for you! And will you come back to us?”

“For me, all that is finished, I have been taken away from it,” he said. “The stream will run till there are no more rains, then it will dry up. For me, those heavens are no more over me.”

“And will you give up your triumph?” she asked sadly.

20 “My triumph?” he asked. “But what was my triumph? I was killed in my mission and it is dead now to me. I can’t come back. I am in another world, Madeleine, and not in touch with men. Yet still I am a man and still young. Is it not so? What will be the outcome, since now I am dead and risen, there is a gulf between me and all mankind? I am
25 out of touch.”

She heard him, and did not understand. Only she felt a heavy disappointment rise up in her.

“But you will come back to us?” she humbly insisted.

30 “I cannot know what I shall do,” he said. “When I am healed, perhaps I shall know. But my mission is over, death has utterly cut it off from me. When a man dies, he rises in another world, even if there are the same faces. Death has put me far beyond even that salvation I dreamed of. Oh, Madeleine, I don’t know what world I have risen to. But I have risen out of touch with the old. And now I wait for my Father to take
35 me up again.”

Madeleine heard the estrangement in his voice, and her heart was cold and angry.

“Do you betray us all?” she said.

40 “Betray?” he said. “Death has betrayed me. I am different. My poor Judas, he handed death to me. He rescued me from my own salvation.

No man can know his own salvation. Death makes all things different. Now Judas and I alone understand.”

Madeleine heard without understanding, but she pondered bitterly. “You want to be alone henceforward?” she said. “Have you risen for yourself alone?”

He heard the reproach in her voice, and looked at her beautiful face, which still was dense with insistence. She had been so happy to be saved from her old rapacity and to devote herself to a pure Messiah. But now she had this doom upon her, instead of the old one: she was now greedy to give her selfless devotion, as before she had been greedy to take from her lovers. But the man who had died felt her insistent, selfless devotion clutching his body with a new, bodiless greed, and the nausea of old pain filled him.

“A man would not die the same death twice,” he said to her.

She glanced up at him, and saw the weariness settling again on his waxy face and the vast disillusion in his dark eyes and the underlying indifference to all things. There was revulsion in her glance, which he felt. And he said to himself: “Now my own followers will want to do me to death again, because I have risen up from the dead different from their expectation.”

“But you will come to us, to see us, us who love you?” she said.

He laughed a little, and said:

“Ah, yes!” Then he added: “Have you a little money? Will you give me a little money? I owe it.”

She had not much, but it pleased her to give it him.

“Do you think,” he said to her, “that I might come and live with you in your house?”

She looked up at him with large, blue eyes that gleamed strangely.

“Now?” she said, with peculiar triumph.

And he, who shrank now from triumph of any sort, his own or another’s, said:

“Not now! Later, when I am healed, and I am with my Father.” The words faltered in him, and in his heart, he knew he would never go to live in her house. For the flicker of triumph had gleamed in her eyes; the greed of giving. But she murmured, in a humming rapture:

“Ah, you know I would give up everything to you.”

“Nay!” he said. “I didn’t ask that.”

A revulsion from all the life he had known came over him again, the great nausea of disillusion, and the spear-thrust through his bowels. He crouched under the myrtle bushes, without strength. Yet his

eyes were open. And she looked at him again, and she saw that it was not the Messiah. The Messiah had not risen. The enthusiasm and the burning purity was gone, and the rapt youth. His youth was dead. This man was middle-aged and disillusioned, with a certain terrible
5 indifference and a resoluteness which love would never conquer. This was not the Master she had so adored, the young, flamy, unphysical exalter of her soul. This was nearer to the lovers she had known of old, but with a greater indifference to the personal issue and a lesser susceptibility.

10 She was thrown out of the balance of her rapturous, anguished adoration. This risen man was the death of her dream.

“You should go now,” he said to her. “Do not touch me, I am in death. I shall come again here, on the third day. Come if you will, at dawn. And we will speak again.”

15 She went away, perturbed and shattered. Yet as she went, her mind discarded the bitterness of the reality, and she conjured up rapture and wonder that the Master was risen and was not dead. He was risen, the Savior, the exalter, the wonder-worker! He was risen, but not as man—as pure God, who should not be touched by flesh and who should be
20 rapt away into heaven. It was the most glorious and most ghostly of the miracles.

Meanwhile, the man who had died gathered himself together at last and slowly made his way to the peasant’s house. He was glad to go back to them and away from Madeleine and his own associates. For the
25 peasants had the inertia of earth and would let him rest, and as yet, would put no compulsion on him.

The woman was on the roof, looking for him. She was afraid that he had gone away. His presence in the house had cast a certain spell over her, like mountains that gleam in the distance. It was the living
30 remoteness. She hastened to the door, to him.

“Where have you been, Master?” she said shyly. “Why did you go away?”

“I have been to walk in a garden, and I have seen a friend who gave me a little money. It is for you.”

35 He held out his thin hand with the small amount of money, all that Madeleine could give him. The peasant wife’s eyes glistened, for money was scarce, and she said:

“Oh, Master! And is it truly mine?”

“Take it!” he said. “It is due to you.”

So he lay down in the yard again, sick with relief at being alone again. For with the peasants he could be alone, but his own friends would never let him be alone. And in the safety of the yard the young cock was dear to him as it crowed in the helpless zest of life, then finished in the helpless
5
zest of life, then finished in the helpless humiliation of being tied by the leg. This day the ass stood swishing her tail under the shed. The man who had died lay down and turned utterly away from life, in the sickness of death in life.

But the woman brought wine and water and sweetened cakes, and roused him, so that he ate a little, to please her. The day was hot, with
10
a fierceness after a shower of rain, and as she crouched to serve him, he saw her breasts sway from her humble body under her smock. He knew she wished he would desire her, and she was youngish and not uncomely. And he, who had never known a woman, would have desired her if he could. But he could not want her, though he felt gently toward
15
her soft, humble, crouching body. But his own body kept aloof. Perhaps it was her thoughts, her consciousness, he could not mingle with. He had given her money, and she was pleased, so now she thought he would want this other of her. But her little soul was shortsighted and hard; she could never make the inner gift of her body. What was worth having
20
would never be given.

So he spoke a little, quiet word to her and turned away. He could not touch the little, personal body—the little, personal life—in this woman nor in any other. He turned away and abided by the greater ruling.

Having died and risen, he realized at last that the body, too, has its
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purity and its impurity, its little and its greater life. Out of fear of the impurity, he had remained virgin, in his little life of fear. But now he realized that virginity, too, is a form of greed. He turned away even from himself. And he lay as if dead.

He had risen bodily from the dead, but what his body had come alive
30
for he did not know. He only knew that he was bodily out of touch with mankind; he who had previously *held* himself out of touch, in his little life, now was beyond touch. He had no desire in him, save the desire that none should touch him.

The peasant came home from work and said:
35

“Master, I thank you for the money. And all I have is yours.”

And the man who had died saw the peasant stand there with bright, excited eyes, animated by the hope of greater sums of money later on. And he wondered again over the little body of man, and the little life of

man, so rarely suffused with the greater glow. How was it the peasant did not feel the absence of the other glow in him?

And the peasant looked at the man who had died and saw his frailty and the death still in his body, and the peasant was afraid and hugged his own health. Yet the remoteness of the man who had died had a wonder
5 and a sort of fascination for the man who had not died. So the night having fallen, he would have helped the frail man to rise. But the other said to him:

“No, don’t touch me. I am sore.”

The sun rose ever again, in the rage of life, and burnished the young
10 cock brighter. But the peasant kept the string renewed, and the bird was a prisoner. The flame of life nevertheless mounted to a sharper brightness in the creature, so that it eyed askance and haughtily the man who had died. And the man smiled, and said to it: “Surely thou
15 forgettest even the string,* thou father among birds!” And the young cock, answering, crowed.

When at dawn on the third morning the man went to the garden, he was absorbed, thinking how the body could live a greater life, how this should come to pass. For he was beyond touch of the little, personal
20 bodies of people. So he came suddenly through the thick screen of laurel and myrtle bushes, near the rock, suddenly, and he saw three women near the tomb. One was Madeleine, and one was the woman who had been his mother, and the third was a woman he knew, called Joan.

He looked up and saw them all, and they saw him, and they were all
25 afraid. He stood arrested in the distance, knowing they were there to claim him back, bodily. But he would in no wise return to them. Pallid, in the shadow of a gray morning that was blowing to rain, he saw them and turned away. But Madeleine hastened toward him.

“I did not bring them,” she said. “They have come of themselves.
30 See, I have brought you money! Will you not come and speak to them?” She offered him some gold pieces, and he took them saying:

“May I have this money? I shall need it. I can not speak to them. I am not yet risen to the Father. And now I must go away.”

“Ah! Where will you go?” she cried.

He looked at her and felt her clutching at him for the man who was
35 dead in him, the man of his little life, of his youth and his mission, of his chastity and his fear and his doctrine of salvation.

“I must go to my Father,” he said.

“And will you leave us? There is your mother!” she cried, turning
40 round with the old anguish which yet was sweet to her.

“But now I must ascend to my Father,” he said, and he drew back into the bushes and so turned quickly and went away, saying to himself: “Now I belong to my Father, though I know not what he is, nor where he is. And still he is.”

So he went back to the peasant’s house, to the yard where the young cock was tied by the leg with a string. And he wanted no one, for now he could only be alone; for the presence of people opened his wounds. The sun and the biting salve of spring were healing him, even the gaping wound of disillusion through his bowels was hardening up. But his connection with men and women, his urge to save them or to be saved by them, this had gone from him for good. He wondered what he should do, for it seemed strange to be in a world of men and women and to have no touch with them. He said to himself: “Why has the connection of touch gone out of me?”

But in the tomb the connection had perished. Therefore he went no more to the garden but lay still while the sun shone, or walked at dusk across the olive slopes, among the green wheat that rose a palm-breadth higher every sunny day. And always he thought to himself: Some things make no clamor and do not insist; they are only dauntless. The iris is naked on the inner air, opens its sharp buds alone and touches nothing. Only man is afraid to unfurl his nakedness; and when he touches something he becomes greedy, and when something touches him he is afraid. Why can not man stand like an iris within the inner air, naked and all himself, with the Father. The inner air is my Father, and all things blossom within his body.

So he saw the green jets of leaves unspread on the fig tree with the bright, translucent, green blood of the tree. And the young cock grew brighter, more lustrous with the sun’s burnishing, yet always tied by the leg with a string. And the sun went down more and more in pomp out of the gold and red-flushed air. The man who had died beheld it all and he thought: “It is fear of death which makes man unclean. He is afraid to unfold his nakedness because of the fear in him, and he is greedy for all he touches because he is afraid he is nothing in himself. I cannot touch my fellow men because they smell of greed and fear. It is fear of death that hampers them. Why don’t they die, to be rid of their staleness and their littleness, covered up as they are and gnawed by the weariness of their greed and the compulsion of their fear? But it is vain to speak. Words are like midges that bite at evening and blister men with conceit. Man is tormented with clouds of words like midges, and they follow him right to the tomb. But beyond the tomb they cannot

go. Why will man never die and pass the place where words can bite no more? On the other side the air is clear, and there is nothing to insist on. Then a man can be well within his own skin, like an iris on its stem, within the inner air, and he can be naked as a flower is, and fearless as
 5 the iris, because it stands within the Father. Now may I stand within the Father.”

So he healed of his wounds and enjoyed the immortality of being alive without fret. For in the tomb he had slipped the noose of his little self, which is bound by care. Now his greater self healed and became
 10 whole within his skin, and he smiled to himself, having discovered the inner world of insouciance, which is immortality.

Then he said to himself: “I will wander the earth and say nothing; for strange is the phenomenal world, whose essential body is my Father. I will wander like an iris walking naked within the inner air, well within
 15 the Father, and I shall be in the outer air as well. I shall see all the noise and the dust, and smell the fear, and brush past the greed, and beware. But I will go with the Father around me, with my body erect and procreant within the inner air. Perhaps within the inner air I shall meet other men, perhaps women, and we shall be in touch. If not, it is
 20 no matter, for my movement and my uprising is within the Father, and I stand naked within him as the irises do. And he is all about me, and my whole body is procreant in him.”

So he communed with himself and decided to be a physician. Because the power was still in him to heal whomsoever touched him within the
 25 Father. Therefore he cut his hair and his beard after the right fashion and smiled to himself. And he bought himself shoes and the right mantle, and put the right cloth over his head, hiding all the little scars. And the peasant said:

“Master, will you go forth from us?”

30 “Yea, for the time is come for me to return to the Father.”

So he gave the peasant a piece of money, and said to him:

“Give me the cock that escaped and is now tied by the leg. For he shall ascend with me.”

So for a piece of money the peasant gave the cock to the man who
 35 was setting forth, and at dawn the man who had died set out into the phenomenal world, to walk among the outer dust, yet keep himself well within the inner air, which he called the Father. And he said to himself: “I must perforce touch them casually, though they smell of greed and fear.” So a little unwillingly he lifted the hot and feathery
 40 body of the cock and carried the bird under his arm, saying: “Better

thee than another." And the cock did not fuss but settled down quietly; and his tail fluttered gaily behind and he craned his head excitedly, for he too was adventuring out for the first time into the phenomenal world, whose inner air is the body of the god of cocks also. The peasant woman shed a few tears but then went indoors, being a peasant, to look again at the pieces of money. And it seemed to her a gleam came out of the pieces of money, wonderful.

The man who had died wandered on, and it was a day of early summer while greenness still flourishes under the sun. He went slowly and saw the world in motion, and he stood aside as a pack train went by toward the city. And he said to himself: "Strange is the phenomenal world, dirty and clean together. And I am the same. Nothing is clean but what is also dirty. The outer air is dirty with fear; for all beasts, but especially man, sweat greed and fear till the atmosphere of men stinks. If they would but die, they would be so much cleaner on the air. But it is best to say nothing. Words cake like mud wherever they fall. And man is foul and caked already with the mud of old words. If he would but die and be washed! They killed me for preaching, yet new words are no worse than old. And men will cake themselves up with my words also, till they are heavy with the caked mud thereof. So it is! And if they will not go into the bath, the deluge will fall on them. And some, no doubt, will rise out of the inner earth, which is the Father, like flowers upon the inner air, which is the Father the same. And from the Father under the earth to the Father over the earth, they will unfold their nakedness entire as the irises do that rise from mud, glistening in the inner air. Whereas men and women now are covered up, and they hug their staleness to themselves. They uncover a fragment of their nakedness, and the man penetrates greedily a little way into a woman. But he must draw back, disappointed, disappointing the woman. Men and women are forever a disappointment and a chagrin to one another. They seek what they cannot get. But if a man would wash himself with death, he could stand erect and quite naked, with all his body within the Father. And perhaps within the Father he could meet a woman erect and quite uncovered and encompassed by the Father as the iris is. Then they could put the difference of their nakedness together and not be disappointed. For the great fulfillment is to be with the Father, and the whole body encompassed. But now, men are less adept than the young cock under my arm. I see him at dawn stretch himself within the inner air, and all is well with him. Yet my arm is weary of the weight and the heat of him, and I shall be glad to set him down in a kingdom of cocks. I shall go

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on to that village on the hill ahead of me, for day is declining. It will be pleasant to order food, and sleep is most delicious. It is like death, a clean bath, that washes off the outer dirt.”

Hastening a little with the pleasure of anticipation, he saw before
5 him two men going slowly and disputing earnestly. Being light and soft-footed on the dusty road, he heard them as he overtook them. They were speaking of himself, and disputing whether he would reveal himself to all men and then destroy the world. He remembered the two men; he had known them in the life of his mission. But he did not
10 disclose himself, greeting them as a stranger in the dusk, and they did not know him. He said to them:

“What then of him who would be king of the Jews and was taken and put to death for it?”

They answered suspiciously:

15 “Why ask you of him?”

“I have known him and thought much about him,” he said.

So they replied:

“He is risen.”

“Yea! And where is he and how does he live?”

20 “We know not, for it is not revealed. Yet he is risen and in a little while will ascend unto the Father.”

“Yea! And where then is his Father?”

“Know ye not? You are then of the gentiles! The Father is in heaven, above the cloud and the firmament.”

25 “Truly? How then will he ascend?”

“As Elijah the prophet, he shall go up in a glory.”

“Even into the sky?”

“Into the sky.”

“Then he is not risen in the flesh?”

30 “He is risen in the flesh.”

“And will he take flesh up into the sky?”

“The Father in heaven will take him up.”

The man who had died said no more, for his say was over, and words beget words, even as gnats. But the men asked him:

35 “Why do you carry a cock?”

“I am a healer,” he said, “and the bird hath virtue.”

“You are not a believer?”

“Yea! I believe the bird is full of life and virtue.”

They walked on in silence after this, and he felt they disliked his
40 answer. So he smiled to himself, for the weirdest phenomenon in the

world is a man of narrow belief. And as they came to the outskirts of the village, the man who had died stood still in the gloaming and said in his old voice:

“Know ye me not?”

And they cried in fear:

“Master!”

“Yea!” he said, laughing softly. And he turned suddenly away down a side lane, and was gone under the wall before they knew.

So he came to an inn where the asses stood in the yard. And he called for fritters and they were made for him. So he slept under a shed. But in the morning he was wakened by a loud crowing and his cock’s voice ringing in his ears. So he saw the rooster of the inn walking forth to battle, with his hens, a goodly number behind him. Then the cock of the man who had died sprang forth, and a battle began between the birds. The man of the inn ran to save his rooster, but the man who had died said:

“If my bird wins, I will give him thee. And if he lose, thou shalt eat him.”

So the birds fought savagely, and the cock of the man who had died killed the common cock of the yard. Then the man who had died said to his young cock:

“Thou at least hast found thy kingdom and the females to thy body.”

And he left his bird there and went on deeper into the phenomenal world, which is a vast complexity of wonders. And he asked himself a last question: “From what, and to what, could this infinite whirl be saved?”

(c) Part II: early manuscript version

The manuscript (Roberts E116f, UN), with the title 'The Escaped Cock' encircled at the top of the first of its thirty-two pages, had letters of some words near the bottom margins lost when it was torn from a notebook. The manuscript is transcribed below with additions and deletions indicated (see p. 289), except for false starts and incomplete deleted words of three or fewer letters. Uncertain readings are indicated by '?' with square brackets.

5 There was a girl who was priestess to Isis. She was no longer young, twenty-six years, and though virgin, still she was not finally vowed to the goddess. For she said to herself: I serve Isis of the Search, I am not born to Isis the Mother. But I serve her of the Search, I go with her till she finds.

10 So the girl served in a small temple in a thick wood of dark trees, not far from the sea. But she lived still with her mother in a villa near by, for the mother was a widow with land, and two hundred slaves. The father was a Macedonian captain who had fought with <Pompey*> 'Anthony' in the east, and who was dead in Egypt. The girl had lived in Rome, in Egypt, in Ephesus, she had been taught by a <g> 'G'reek of her mother's household, and had much learning. She spoke Syrian or Latin or Greek, but she thought in Greek. And she thought alone, for her mother was skilfull in practical affairs.

15 Since she was a child, she had seen the world, and she had seen men, for her father loved her, because she was still, and had blue, steady eyes that looked for an answer. Her Greek had taught her logic and history, and also poetry, and since she was small, she had liked to speak with men. She talked to them of philosophy and of religion, and the men
20 answered her seriously, for they were full of thought. But they cared little for the gods, and much for the state, for the flow of wealth, for the armies of Rome. With the conquest of the east, wealth filled the consciousness of men, gold, slaves, and land, cosmopolitan wealth. And the girl, unknowing, saw it, saw the men under the sway of the idea of
25 wealth. And still she liked to talk with them. But she did not wish to be touched by them.

30 Her father said to her: Will you marry Tullius? See, he is chief of an important family, you will be a matron of power.—But she would not marry Tullius.—But you talk with him willingly, said her father.—If marriage were speech, she said, and children were begotten by spoken

words, I might likely marry Tullius. But I cannot think that he should ever lay his hand on me.

This was always her answer, to any proposal of marriage.—I cannot imagine he should ever lay his hand on me!—This was very clear to her, that she did not want to be touched, especially to be laid hands on. True, her slave women bathed and anointed her. But their touch was dumb and voiceless, like the touch of linen, or the touch of polished wood. It came no further than the skin. But the touch of men would go much deeper, and would soil her subtlest privacy.

So after the death of her father, she turned to the gods. It was the pale Isis who drew her, the wanderer, the weeper, the searcher, she who had a quest, and would not give in. The Great Mother of Ephesus, with her vast temple and her many breasts,* she drew the men, and the masses. But Isis the lonely one, seeking the fragments of the torn Osiris in the seven corners of the land, and never to be put off, this was the goddess of a virgin, lonely woman.

And she finds his heart, his hands and feet, she finds his head, she re-assembles the body of the torn man, the god, the spouse of her virginity. And he has lips and eyes and knees, and he is whole. But yet he is not whole, because still she has not found the last clue to him, his maleness, his male parts. Ah, these are hard to find, and yet they must be found, otherwise it is all in vain, for her it is [?]ight. Because her womb is seeking, and she has to wait [] seed. It is not words, nor lips nor hands that will beget a new god in her, but only the phallos, and that is lost, lost, and cannot be found. Meanwhile the re-assembled Osiris lies beautiful, lies as in the sleep of his godhead, brought together again after having been torn asunder. But he lies inert. He cannot rise till the phallos rises, and he is male and potent.

The statue in the little temple was of the tall Isis, striding with one foot forward, and her face lifted yearning, seeking. Beautiful, with the thin folds of her robe fluting backward from her motion, she stood in the tall lift of her urge, the striding urge of her search. And her hollowed eyes were strange and inward-seeing, looking inward into the depths. And her small, divine belly under the frail robe was virgin, the delicate blossom of her belly that had never fruited and grown big with pregnancy. It was a blossom on the tree, lifted in the endless breeze of yearning, of seeking.

This was the goddess whom the girl served, and the girl was now a woman beautiful and tall as Isis herself, unveiled as Isis of the search, and with the same delicate virgin belly fronting beneath the frail yellow

robe, the same strong woman's legs striding in the power of finding the torn god, and restoring his wholeness.

The temple was small, and alone in the grove of dark trees, and no-one dwelled there. There was no official priest, but a Roman of the neighbourhood performed the sacred ritual on the days of the goddess, and a widow shared with the girl the duties of temple service. Two slaves belonging to the girl kept the grove and the precincts, brought charcoal for the braziers, did the menial offices of the temple. And every day some one left the road and entered the shady tracks of the grove, to visit the shrine of the great Isis, and make offering, and cover themselves with the mystery of the goddess.

It chanced one day at sunset a man who was weary with walking came down the white road. It was winter, a cold wind blew from inland, the yellow sun was sinking early, the slaves were leaving the fields, driving in the goats towards the compound. From the villa, and from the mass of little huts forming the slaves' quarters, puffs of bluish smoke arose as the fires were suddenly lighted for the evening meal. There was the acrid smell of olive-refuse on the air, from the oil-making.

The man who had died went as quickly as possible past the villa and its outbuildings, on towards the dark grove, which he knew, from its <openness> 「open track」 and its density and its sense of mystery, was a temple grove. Here he would be safe for the night, within the precincts.

As he hastened to enter the track into the grove, the girl who served Isis emerged, followed by a slave. She was bareheaded and blonde, and had no veil across her face. But by her full-folded yellow mantle of wool, she was some priestly woman.

The man who had died stood reverentially. He wore an old, dark-grey mantle and a grey, broad flat hat.—Mother! he said, as the woman approached: Whose shelter may I implore?—The woman looked at him, and his form was new to her among men.—Isis in Search! she replied.—The goddess is great! he said, waiting for her to pass on. She moved on, followed by the slave.

Something had stirred in her. There was a curious quiet in the voice that had spoken to her the few words of Syrian. And there was an intangible quality about the man, which seemed to her beautiful. There was something beautiful in his physical presence, which troubled her.

Men so rarely stirred anything in her. She had me[t] many, and talked with many, even Anthony in his glow and handsomeness. But though the outside of her thrilled to their male show and splendour, her womb gave

no stir. It stayed remote inside her, and untouched. And being a woman who lived to herself, she knew. She never confused an outside thrill or a suffusion of surface excitement with the other, the soft expanding joy of the womb. This last she had never known. Yet still she waited for it. She would accept no thrill or suffusion or excitement in place of it. She was a woman of the old world, skilled in her own sensations. <Before the gods> 「In the warm presence of a god,」 the womb rose like a lotus flower out of water, lifted slowly up her head, and opened, and smiled: smiled as a rosy lotus spreading her rays above the flood, in points of pure delight, and with the yellow, massive receptive heart of gold fecundity. She knew this. She knew it even from Isis, who kept the secret and the mystery of the 「blue, the rose, the」 blossoming lotus. Only the women with souls in lotus-bud can ever know the bliss of the expanded lotus. And even they mistake it, and let the lotus be torn open by some indelicate <love.> 「heat.」 Only Isis teaches the mystery of the recovered Osiris, and the [exp]anded lotus.

The woman, skilled in Isis and the lore of Isis, knew her womb in lotus-bud, knew it deep, deep under the waters, knew its mystery, its curved, down-bent head, its uncoloured virgin petals, its thick, strong, softly-massive heart of golden adhesive fecundity. Dark-green like a water-snake, submerged like a root, obscure and even fearsome, the deep lotus-bud of the shadowy womb. But deeply, timelessly desirous, folded, fold-on-fold, upon the beauty of desire.

And waiting for the soft glow of its own sun. Each lotus its own sun, each submerged, profoundly pensive lotus-womb its own Osiris, the re-assembled Osiris. The Osiris who also has risen from the depths. The Osiris who has been plunged in the depths. The torn Osiris, assembled and become again whole. For him the shut lotus-bud <soul> waits, and it can't open, except for him.

All this is lore of Isis, and the maid knew it. The lotus waits for a deeper sun. It will not open to the touch of the common sun alone. The day-sun dies, the moon arises, in the darkness a scattered sun invisibly assembles himself. And then the lotus rises on the flood,* uplifts, straightens her head, and expands, in the brilliant and many-pointed radiance of the glad womb.

But not for the touch of the common sun. And not for the touch of the common sons of men. They have to be sons of the <shadow> 「depths」 too. Even Anthony, golden Anthony, could never have touched the lotus of this girl's womb, and bade it open. Never! He had not known the shadow of all shadows, he had not been torn asunder and

re-assembled. When Anthony was torn asunder, there was no finding him any more. No Isis, let her be Cleopatra or who she might, could gather up the fragments of great Anthony into greater manhood. For in Anthony was not the mystery of the greater cohesion, the mystery of resurrection.* Anthony torn asunder is gone, and there is no Anthony. But Osiris torn asunder is still Osiris, <in> 「and」 in the great living world some Isis still will seek him and bring him together again, till he rises and touches her womb, which expands in the lotus-smile of golden fecundity.

This is Isis lore, which Isis women forever will understand, and only they. Aphrodite knows it not: for her the Atys, the Adonis* of the afterwards is that which she has lost. [A]nd the Marys do not know it, none of the four Marys.* For they never found the last male clue to their risen man, their risen god. But Isis knew, long ago, and Isis women know today.

In the morning as she came to the temple, her slave of the night watch came to her.—Oh Mistress, come! this man who sleeps is a malefactor, a criminal!

The woman followed to the little shed 「among the trees」 behind the temple, where the tall heath of the shores was laid in the corners, so that footsore travellers might sleep in the shelter of the goddess. And here the traveller lay asleep, with his old grey homespun wrapped round him, because of the cold, and his hat and his sandals laid neatly aside. He slept the long, deep sleep of a man who at last is sheltered in peace, in the pure peace of the goddess.

The slave in silence pointed to the softly-clenched hand that slept outside the grey coarse homespun, and to the two feet, drawn up but still not hidden, which slept side by side, trying to keep each other warm. And on the hand and on the feet she saw the scars of the stigmata* of the criminal punished by Rome.—They took him down before he was dead! said the slave, in his excited whisper.

Know! said the woman. This is no malefactor! You are told. This is no malefactor. Go about your business now.

The slave made a frightened obeisance, and went.

She was so sure. In fact, it was the one thing, perhaps the only thing she was utterly sure of, from her womb outwards: that this was no malefactor. She stood overcome, almost hurt by the mysterious sense of beauty. Not that the man was handsome. Thin, with the first touch of grey in his beard and hair, with the hollowness of pain and

disappointment in his face, a little too bony, with nose too thick and brows too marked, to the slave he might well be a criminal. For even the slave felt an unusualness. And to the slave, anything unusual may be criminal. The slave was absolutely unaware of any beauty.

But to the woman, the beauty was poignant, was piercing. Something so perfectly fine and pure, even in the slightly ugly face. Something so utterly still, a stillness of the greater peace, in the face, in the hands, in the side-by-side feet. It was the peculiar pure stillness of the greater peace which seemed revealed in every outline, and which gave the poignant, piercing sense of beauty to the woman's soul, to her womb. Her womb with a keen unusedness, keen to pain, began to stir, began to raise its head as a lotus-bud raises its head, towards the strange fate of flowering. 5 10

She turned abruptly away, saying to the slave who would watch through the day: When he wakes, tell him I wish to speak with him!— And she walked slowly through the evergreen oaks, where the winter wind was rushing keenly, with a deep noise. But the sun shone bright on the white-and-pink temple, that stood in its little clearing so gay and small and alert, backed by black-dark trees. 15

She went in slowly, towards the goddess, to perform the brief morning ritual, and to be with Isis. The slave brought a few flowers of winter, with jasmine, and the woman took them in. 20

She made her reverence to the goddess, who strode as ever with lifted face and one thigh forward, eager, and the navel of her delicate, eager belly showing through the frail sway of her dress. All the strange surge of the idol rose in the breast of the woman, as she moved in slow ritual, and the incense rose in little blue puffs from the brazier, and the flowers lay still on the altar. 25

When she came forward again from the inner shadow of the shrine, through the pillars that stood in sunshine, she saw the man sitting in the sun, his dark cloak round him, his hat tied under his chin and flapping with the wind, on a corner of the low temple steps. He sat with an eternal stillness, again like sleep. But the blowing of her robe made him look, and he stood up. 30

"Greeting!" she said to him. "Will you speak with the woman of Isis?" 35

She spoke in Greek, and he did not fully understand.

"Will the gracious lady of Isis command me?" he said in Syrian, looking at her still, creamy face and dark-blond hair <. > 「under a thin

gold net. The stillness of the day of many suns was on her like a memory, the greater day, as on the wintry silent narcissus.

“Where are you coming from? and where are you going?” she asked. “Tell me, then.”

5 He put his hand up to his hat, which flapped in the cold wind, and looked with dark eyes at her, steadily. Her soul moved as he watched her, and a little smile came on his face. She knew she was seen <.>: at last; and she longed for a veil. No man had seen her till now.

10 “Lady of Isis,” he said, “I come from the east, beyond Damascus. And I am going as the wind goes, without appointment.”

She watched the scar on the hand that held the broad hat.

“Does no-one wait for you, <with> making fire on the hearth?”

“No-one, Oh Lady! No-one lights a fire for my coming, or bakes a cake. Yet there are always <cake> fires, and bread for four farthings.”

15 “Let me ask of you a question, and grant me pardon, in the name of Isis the Searcher. Tell me if you will, why the wounds of the malefactor mark your hands and feet? Tell me in the name of Isis who seeks Osiris in the crude world.”

“You looked at me asleep?” he said.

20 “It was the slave who saw, and spoke. But oh, stranger, tell me, for your hands are like the violet wounded at the centre, and even the great Osiris was torn in the body.”

“They put me up as a malefactor, and exposed me under the sun, and the eyes of the many—” he said.

25 “And took you down?”

“Dead! Dead, they took me down. But the life came back, and I am here. Why, I know not <?>!”

“And are you here in life?”

30 “Nay, Mother of Egypt! Do you doubt I am not here in life? Sometimes I too doubt—”

“Do you come back unwilling?—oh—!”

35 “Mother of the Nile, I know not whither I have come, nor how far, nor what is this place where I stand, nor in what life it is, save that it is a place of the Mother of Horus. Lady of Isis, I think I have come a long way back. But the whole way I have not come, I know not how to arrive.”

“Why did they hang you up?”

“They said it was sedition: that I worked to be king of my tribe.”

“Against Rome!—And was it true?”

“Lady of Isis, perhaps it was true. But I wanted to be king by joy in the <greater> 「 communion 〓 <<「flower>> of 〓 life. I wanted to step into the greater day, and lead all men after me. So I stepped into death. Now, since I have come back, I know it cannot be. The many can never step out of the common day, into the greater day. Yet, Lady of Isis, for me the greater day moves still on poles of invisible suns, and the little day is but a great tent lit by a lamp, pitched in the midst of the greater day. And some pass through the flap of the tent, among all the stars and the winds between many suns. But most stay inside the tent and are afraid. And a[s] one comes in from the <stars> 「 void 〓 they say: Watchman, what of the night?—Yet if he answer: It is great, and full of suns. Come forth into it!—then they cry at once: Kill him, the liar! He blasphemes our tent and our lamp.—And so he dies. And when he comes back, it is hard to step inside the tent again . . .”

And she heard his voice, and the strange wild <pain> 「 fear 〓 calling out of the night.

“Is there nothing but the tent?” she said.

“The tent, and the great space. But a man is small as a bird, and unhoused and unhouseled* his spirit cries like a bird blown away. <Before, I> 「 Before I suffered the hanging up, I 〓 could lie at the hearth of friends. Now, I have no friends, and no hearth, and my heart cries <incomplete,> 「 with frailty, 〓 for I know not in which world I am.”

“How do you eat?”

“I am a physician in the little day, and make a little gain with a little healing. But the common day is like a dream, in which I alone am awake. I cannot speak to the dreamers, or break bread with them in their dream, or consort dreamily with them, for I am awake and alone, and cannot go through their dream motions, nor share their dream-spasms, nor lay my body against their body of small dreams, the spasmodic dream of their small desires.—For I am like a broken flower which withers not, yet is broken off from the bush, for no sap runs from them to me, from me to them. I am out of touch. Yet even the petals of my hands refuse to shrivel and fall to dust—”

He looked again at his thin, brown hand with the whitish scar. And again, to the woman it was like a violet with a touch of white at the core. For it was not frail, but sensitive and full of quiescent life, strong in its own strength, and, to her eyes, like a violet. He looked at it in the stupor of wounds and wonder, wonder that it should still be there, so healthy.

She suddenly took the hand and laid it to her lips, kissing the scar, and smelling the sun-warmed flesh like a strange flower.

"It is even as the first violet," she said. "It is the hand which Isis sought and found with joy."

5 "Ah lady of Egypt," he said, smiling, "Isis sou[ght] what she had lost. But who has lost the hand of this malefactor!"

"Nay!" said she. "Is it no woman's loss, that these two hands <are far> 「are alone and <<far>>」 <<away>> 「 「lost」 「lost in the world?'"

10 "No woman's loss!" said he. "The women who knew them mourn, and could never cease to mourn. For them, the heart of flesh is dead in the white scars."

"The white heart of the violet!" she said. "Oh master, stay here a while and teach me the mystery."

15 "But I know no mystery, Mother of mysterious Isis," said he.

"But stay and let me read the mystery of your hands, and your feet. Oh master, stay, for the mystery has come to me, in you."

"Shall I even stay?" he said. "For I have nowhere to go."

20 He went with her in the wind, down the narrow white road between the olive trees, till they came to the great gates of the villa.

"Oh listen!" she said to the slave who opened. "Behold this master of healing! He is guest of the house."

25 The widow, the mother, was in the inner courtyard where the fountain was, speaking with her overseer, and [ju]st about to step forth with him to overlook the slaves at the olive press, for the best oil was being pressed out.

"Hail, Mother! And wilt thou bid this master of healing welcome! I would he should stay a while, and be the guest of this house," said the daughter to the matron.

30 "Sir!" said the matron. "What is the manner of thy healing?"

"With the blood of flowers, lady, and the warm flesh of leaves."

"It is well, for I have a hurt in my hip, which the wind makes keener. Take the room on the first court, with the small image of Esculapius:* and be welcome."

35 The maid of Isis took him to his room, and called a slave to prepare his bath.

"And they shall bathe you and anoint you," she said, "and put fresh linen on you."

40 "Bid them leave me when the bath is prepared," he said. "For I will not be touched."

She sat in the sunshine of the inner court, where no wind moved, and the water fell tapping softly, and pink roses hung loose. She sat in her saffron-coloured robe of fine linen, with the symbols of Isis on her arms, and gilded sandals on her warm ivory feet. And she waited till he came again.

5

He came at length, in a robe of fine wool, cinnamon-coloured. His hair was cut short, Roman fashion, and his dark beard pointed in the fashion of the east. There was a touch of grey at his temples, and in the two sides of his beard. But his dark-skinned face had a <curious> 「hushed」 clarity and glisten of youth. He looked round and saw the beautiful appointments of this small Greek villa in the east.

10

“Beautiful is your house,” he said. “It is <kind> 「canny」 like the nest of a bird, and it unfolds like a flower.”

“But are the houses of your land better?”

15

“I lived 「my life」 in the two rooms of the artizan,” he said. “<But> 「Yet」 during my mission I knew the houses of the rich, and was welcome there. But this is more blonde, more flowery.”

“And do you like it?”

“Yea, as I like the lilies of March, and the scarlet lilies of April. The blossom of all is best, of manhood and of womanhood, beast and bird, and house and garment and [j]ewel: be it what it may, if it have the quality of blossoming, [a]ll is well.”

20

“And is this house even so?”

“It has the quality of blossom.”

25

He reclined on a couch, and a woman-slave in pink linen brought food and set it before him. And the woman of Isis took a low seat, and put her hand on his dark, travel-blackened feet, that lay together on the couch. He drew away, and looked at her in fear, whispering still, and now in Latin: *Noli me tangere!*

30

She looked into his eyes, and saw the haunting of pain and isolation.

“Nay!” she pleaded. “Let me chafe them with a little perfume, for they are roughened from the roads.”

“Why wouldest thou?” he asked stiffly, his face pale.

“They are as the feet of torn Osiris,” she said, “whom Isis made whole.”

35

He was silent for a while. The he said <: > 「,」 humbly:

“Help me, then, O woman. For I know not how to help myself.”

A swift flame sprang in her, and a moisture came over her eyes. But she bent her head, and softly chafed the roughened feet, that for her

40

had so poignant a beauty. And she chafed the scar softly with perfume, on the arch and under the so「le」. For she said to herself: It shall no more be a wound, but the eye of the violet.

And when she looked up, he was looking at her with strange glowing eyes. And he said:

“Once a woman shed her tears on my feet, and poured precious ointment on them, and chafed my feet with her soft hair. This was before they had been hung up as the feet of a malefactor<s>.”

“And did you love her?”

“She was a courtesan<,> 「named Mary,」 and my chastity was a relief to her like a cool night with a moon. She loved me for my chastity. Many women have loved me for my chastity. And I went serene in the conceit of my chastity, till they hung me up, and I died.”

“And now?”

“Now I am but a ghost, and have no choice.”

“But still you love your chastity?”

“Nay, I have no choice. For when I rose up, I rose [p]ierced and desireless. I am a rose without perfume, and a day without sun.”

“Isis has never found you,” she said sadly.

He fell into a muse, at this.

“Lo!” he said at last. “It is true. My wisdom is a little wisdom, and my truth is a half-truth. Even Cybele with her many breasts* has a truth beyond my knowing, and Isis circles in circles of search where my feet are too clumsy to <tread,> 「go,」 she sees what I am too stupid to see. Yea, even the moth in the night can fly straight to a <far-off> flower, a way I could never find. My wisdom is little, and all things may be added on to me.”

“And many are the goddesses,「” she said, “」 but Isis alone patiently seeks her dismembered lord. And if Isis could not find the dead male, he were lost for ever, for neither Ceres nor Aphrodite nor Persephone* nor even the Mary who washed your feet with tears could bring him back.”

“It is true,” he said, after a deep silence.

So he stayed in the house of the widow, and gathered leaves and flowers as they came, and made ointments and decoctions and poultices. And the maid served Isis but she came home always to the man, and sat with him, and chafed his hands and his feet, as he could let her. And he told her his story, saying at last, with a faint smile at himself: “I set out to find the lost lamb,* and lo, the lamb bleating under a bush is not lost, but I! I「,」 <in> 「in」 the world where I <have no contact,> 「am out of touch,」 I who have died, but am not dead, I who <live>

「move among the living,」 yet have not come altogether to life, lo! I am weary, and utterly languid, and sore is my distress inside me, such as no man knoweth, and hardly can I carry it. Yet once I sang jauntily: Come unto me all ye that are weary!*—How deep was my unknowing! But now I have been hung up, have come half back to life, and being neither here nor there, lo! sore is my distress inside me, sore beyond speech or knowing, the soreness of the last thrust.” 5

So at last he told her, what he had never told her, of the spear-thrust through the side, that had pierced his lower body, and which left the eternal ache inside him, and the gap in his completeness. “It ceases not to ache, nor day nor night, and in the ache bleeds my final manhood [a]way. Lo! what am I but a corpse that feels, and a body that bleeds! I have been wrong. I opened my soul to the multitude, so through my deepest soft belly they shoved the spear. It is wrong for any man to open his soul to the multitude. They always push in the spear.—And now, how am I to heal from within?” 10 15

“Show me the scars!” she said.

“I cannot!” he said, wrapping his arms fast round his vulnerable body.

“When you can show me the scars, when the day comes, tell me,” she said. For she knew it was useless to weep. 20

So at last one day he said to her: Come! Oh come and help me with my scars. For I cannot help myself. And your mercy is greater than mine!

So she went with him slowly to the sun-room, which was shaped like a shell arching softly in a concave towards the south-east sun; like a shallow cave, like a scallop-shell, it faced the sun. It was built for taking sun-baths, in the morning, to make the body softly rosy. 25

And the winter sun shone off the sea, looking into the scallop shell. And he was pure with his own fire, and lordly, and his touch was divine. This was a day with one of the sheer, pure suns of the greater day, beyond commonness or littleness. Greatness and beauty of the greater day was on the hills, and on the trees all white with bloom and glistening, and on the yellow flowers of the earth, and on the uprising thick buds of asphodel, and on the white shore, and the strong blue sea of winter. Splendour, the uprisen splendour of the greater day, risen and pouring forth from the magnificent sun. 30 35

So the man dropped off his tunic and his shirt, saying: I let the great sun look upon my wounds. Thou shalt look too, for thou art another sun.—But oh, woman, drop off thy yellow garments, and be with me in sunshine only. 40

She quietly dropped off her delicate linen, and was like the clustered heart of a rose. But she could see only the thin, dusky-gleaming body of the dark-haired man, 「him」 with a hollow, wounded belly, and the scar in the soft socket above the hip, the red scar red like [an?] eye sore with much weeping. And she saw how the [so]rness welled ever up from the worn depths within. And she went round, and saw the red scar even bigger in the soft flesh of the other side. And she knew that this thrust of Rome had been too bitter. So her heart wept, and said 「to itself」: Lo! what a bridegroom is allotted to me! lo! this is my lot and my portion!—And it was bitter to her, because she saw only the terror of the deep, ever-gnawing scars, repulsive. And the man stood very still, because he knew it would be fearsome to her, and repulsive. And he was thin, so the ribs showed silvery. And the sun shone on both of them.

But he said to her: Yet I may heal! I feel that I may heal. But you are flawless and have never been flawed. Why haven't you found a flawless man?

She looked up into his face. It had the strange glistening endurance.

“Am I beautiful?” she said. “I am no longer young.” And her voice was numb.

He smiled quickly, with a quick glimmer of his eyes.

“You are beautiful as the day,” he said, “and whole. Ah, if I were whole! if I had not given myse[lf] away, and let them break me and eat me out with a deep sore.”

“What then?” she said.

“Then I could touch you, really touch you.”

“Why can't you now?”

“Touch is taken out of me, in this death.”

She looked at him. He was naked and thin and pure, with fine bones finely showing. But there was still a glisten of strength and maleness, like warm silver, all down the delicately-worn body. The thin, finely curved thighs were long, but curved like the horns of power.* And the phallos in the dark hair was numbed, inwardly wounded, but it was not dead.

“If you had known me when you were whole,” she said, looking up at him, “you would not have wished to touch me. You would have made me love your chastity, and the curved pillars of your thighs would never have risen towards me.”

“It is true!” he said. And the anger and impatience against himself that showed in his brows, [ma]de her turn as she sat on her low seat, and put her arms suddenly round his waist, and press his male loins in

against her breast, and his belly against her face, while she pressed her bare arms quivering over the scars in his sides. He looked down at her, and laid his hands softly on her shoulders.

And from her breasts as from two suns he could feel warm, marvellous rays pouring in to his body.

“Your breasts are like two suns,” he said, “and they shine like streams of warm milk on to where I am hurt. You are like a milky sun. You are all like a milky sun, and I shall bathe in you and be whole. I shall owe myself to you, you are a fountain of life.”*

But she said nothing, only pressed her arms down on his two scars, and pressed her roused, virgin breasts on his male loins. And she felt the triumph over death happening under her arms, she felt the glisten of life-fire waking in his slender hips, the strange, spiral curl of the life-passion beginning to leap in his lower body. And her heart and her womb and her whole body thrilled and thrilled again with new life, as it entered her for the first time. And his soft, dim numbed hands on her shoulders were coming awake, coming awake and brushing her subtly with the quivering fire of passionate desire, quivering with a sort of death, which is the re-entry of life.—“Oh come, come nearer!” she heard his strained voice. “Come nearer! Put your breast to mine, oh come! Come and be one sun with me, come and join with me.”

He had drawn his hips away from her, and bent down to her, pressing her breast to his.

“Ah come, come! Be joined to me!” came the whispering murmur of his consciousness. “I have been wrong. I have been wrong. The sun is made up of two curled together. The sun is made up of two penetrating <one> into <the other,> 「one another,」 wrapped life in life. I thought the sun was one, and the sun is two, curled and folded together. The sun is made of twoness, not of oneness. Ah, make a sun with me, for I am healed of the vanity of my oneness. Let me come into you, Isis, Isis, let me wrap you round and go deep in you, till the two of us make one sun. I am risen, I am risen, I can make a new sun in the world, with you.”

She knew herself unfolded and radiating out like the lotus, under the double sunshine of day and of man, the dark, cleaving sunshine of the man penetrating in fine rays of passion into the soft gold heart of her lotus, the darkly-opened womb, his sun-heat beating into her blossom, and over them both, the lordly sunshine of the winter day.

The worn, wounded man, torn but healed, and frail in his strength, he could pass where the glowing heroes failed to pass. Not Caesar with

all his genius of conquest, nor Anthony in his splendour of the male, could find the way to the very heart of the lotus, to the soft plumbing of the womb of a patient woman.

“When the hidden sun unfolds in you,” he said, “I shall be there.”

- 5 So she went to Isis, and said: Mother, I have found The sun has sunk into the lotus.—And she performed h[er] ritual while the man waited for her. So she married

[end of manuscript]

(d) Part II: revisions in the final manuscript

In the following entries, the revisions in the manuscript (Roberts E116h, IEduc) are keyed to the text of Part II given above (pp. 141–63). To the left of the square bracket is the final reading of the manuscript, except where DHL's revisions in the succeeding typescript, TSIII (E116hi, UT), or in the proofs, PP1 (E116k, UCLA), supervene, and then their source symbol is given, as *TSIIIR* or *PP1R*. To the right of the bracket is its original – and intermediate, if any – reading. For the symbols used to indicate deletions and additions, see the Textual apparatus, p. 289.

The manuscript has been rebound, and occasionally letters and/or punctuation at the ends of lines are not recoverable: usually this presents no textual problem, as the correct reading is obvious, but in half-a-dozen instances where the situation is not so clear the readings of TSIII have been accepted as probably identical to those in this final manuscript.

- 141:4 curved] came
 141:5 But the . . . pines. The] The sea was dark, running with flecks of foam, the
 141:8 and looked up] and looked at the sea, and looked
 141:12 invisible sea . . . the coast.] sea.
 141:14 a] the
 141:39 lit] white
 142:2 hid] stood
 142:32 lady of Isis, his] *Om.*
 142:33 cringing] cowering
 142:34 scuttled] trotted
 142:39 so they] which
 143:4 painted all . . . stems to] with four pillars, painted all pink and white and blue. with
 143:6 top, supporting the roof] top of the pillars,
 143:7 of] round
 143:7 which went round] *Om.*
 143:8 eaves] roof
 143:16 to] *Om.*
 143:16 dark] dark
 143:17 shut] to
 144:5 was murdered] died
 144:13 a] an
 144:22 her.—] ~.”
 144:33 the re-born] rare
 144:37 like the violet,] *Om.*
 145:2 flooding, violet-dark] happy, rare
 145:2 has died and risen and] *Om.*

- 145:3 brief-day] *Om.*
 145:4 power] might
 145:5 Those] They
 145:6 re-born, and wait for the] *Om.*
 145:6 stir—] ~.”
 145:7 the bud of her womb] it
 145:9 splendid apparently,] splendid,
 145:17 in the] in this
 145:19 roused] risen
 145:25 black] *Om.*
 145:28 pink-and-white] *Om.*
 145:38 remote] mocking
 145:39 her, though . . . suffering.] her.
 146:20 sleep!] ~,
 146:38 towards] at
 147:4 interruption.] interruption, the man of yesterday, whom she had seen
 so portentous, watching the slaves, and forgotten; this who had come
 on her again like a dream.
 147:5 followed] crossed
 147:6 a] her
 147:18 Above] The
 147:23 of the feet,] place
 147:28 the deeper] essential
 147:29 left long . . . to] cut short in
 147:35 finer life] courage
 147:35 delicate] beautiful
 147:36 on the quick] with reverence
 147:36 as if . . . first time.] reverence which she had only felt for her goddess,
 till now.
 147:38 had touched . . . of life.] the touch <&> 「of」 reverence which alone
 could open the soul.
 148:5 They were . . . and went] So she w<a>ent in her dream
 148:14 glanced at] saw
 148:15 sparkling] stand
 148:16 him, like a menace.] him.
 148:21 unruffled] full
 148:21 like white rock-flowers,] *Om.*
 148:23 olive-trees] of olive-trees
 148:23 bright] *Om.*
 148:24 All] And all
 148:26 He had . . . [148:33] beneath.] There was peace here, the hard, bright
 pagan peace, with the h<a>ostility of slaves beneath.
 148:35 hesitating] arrested
 148:37 portentous] something new
 149:29 her] his
 150:8 where she had stood] as he had whe
 151:17 boat] bow
 152:3 swung] swinging

- 152:5 wonder, and a certain mischief.] dread, even <repulsion.>
 「vengefulness.」
- 152:6 wall, on the bay.] wall.
- 152:8 strand] bay
- 152:8 shore] strand
- 152:8 small] little
- 152:9 property] *Om.*
- 152:13 faint rumble . . . grindstone] squeak of the wooden screw
- 152:14 inside the garden,] *Om.*
- 152:19 broad-hammed, ruddy-bodied] broad-hammed
- 152:26 Out of . . . still hostile.] *Om.*
- 152:28 across] and across
- 152:29 Over] Across
- 152:29 now blue . . . shadow,] *Om.*
- 152:30 in shadow too,] *Om.*
- 152:32 slave] man
- 152:32 fairish-orange] dark-orange
- 153:4 peninsula: the . . . other-world.] peninsula.
- 153:5 mother] woman
- 153:11 Patience . . . move!] *Om.*
- 153:13 stamping] sharp
- 153:17 heedless . . . way,] *Om.*
- 153:20 loads, as . . . arrested.] loads.
- 153:23 on, towards . . . precincts.] on.
- 153:25 again, from . . . Villa.] again.
- 153:26 pallid in shadow] *Om.*
- 153:28 dusky and alive,] *Om.*
- 153:28 heap] heap out
- 153:29 whitish] *Om.*
- 153:30 old] *Om.*
- 153:35 Then] And
- 153:35 door. *P* It . . . [153:40] disaster. *PP1R* door. 「—It . . . disaster.」
- 154:2 upwardly] inwardly
- 154:8 put] spread
- 154:8 laid] put
- 154:11 and eggs] *Om.*
- 154:16 the girls] them
- 154:23 I have . . . portion!] Have I not my portion?
- 154:25 her, and . . . fiercely!] her.
- 154:30 I will] I too will
- 154:30 at the villa] *Om.*
- 154:31 will you . . . [154:35] woman's mystery.] come, that Isis may look on
 <thee> 「you」. “*P* The strange, humming ecstasy came into her voice
 again, driving away the exasperation.
- 154:37 come —” He . . . quivered.] come. That we may pass under the eyes of
 Isis?”
- 154:40 looked at him, startled] gave a gesture of impatience
- 155:2 So he . . . this power.] *Om.*

- 155:5 But] So
 155:7 mixed] *Om.*
 155:8 light.] light. *P* <And> 「He⁷ <he> was <very> troubled, because he felt impending the <strange> <<doom of contact.>> 「 contact with woman, and against it⁷ <<「, and>> the hostility of the world of the little day.⁷ <<He had lived for more than thirty>> 「The woman of Isis had a splendour which moved his soul. Yet she refused to reckon with the world of the common day, as he had once refused. And he knew⁷
- 155:11 her.] she.
 155:12 potent] < . . . >
 155:26 darkness] shadow
 155:29 power.] power, to bring them to pass.
 155:34 touch] joy
 156:20 softly] quiveringly
 156:21 strange] profound
 156:23 completely] purely
 156:25 from the goddess] like a soft glad flame
 156:32 hurt] hurt me
 156:38 saw the ghost of] knew
 156:38 there] their
 156:39 was terrified . . . triumphant.] wept bitterly, halted in her joy. It was the shadow of death over her too.
- 157:1 would be . . . live,] will < . . . >
 157:2 me] me back
 157:3 again] to life
 157:3 the demand . . . his death] his shortcoming in front of life
 157:13 flesh] nakedness
 157:13 fresh] new
 157:14 violet] spring's first violet
 157:14 And he . . . [157:19] to him.] *Om.*
 157:21 refrain from] help
 157:29 passed] died
 157:30 had been] was
 157:39 live] *Om.*
 158:1 in the flesh] warmly
 158:1 bodilessly] coldly
 158:3 in touch] in 「the untainted flesh, and which is the glow of life, and is felt in⁷ touch
 158:6 death, I . . . brought] extremity, how unblessed I should be! The great gods sent
 158:7 warm] warm gentle
 158:8 And her touch is] They are
 158:8 For] For having died,
 158:17 trembling] weeping
 158:18 recurring] agonised
 158:19 tried to force life,] been wrong, of having <fought against the warm, tender loss of touch,> 「perhaps asserted the wrong thing, against⁷

- 158:23 but quivering,] *Om.*
 158:26 how] *Om.*
 158:27 How can] Can
 158:27 death? She . . . understand. She can never equal it!—] death <—>
 「She . . . understand <—>」 「. S 〓 he can never equal it!—」
 158:30 absorbed now . . . task,] *Om.*
 158:33 warmth] hope
 158:35 flushed warm again,] healed.
 158:35 warm like the morning] whole as I never have been
 158:36 It doesn't . . . my newness—.] *Om.*
 158:40 But] And
 159:1 He thought . . . night.] *Om.*
 159:15 fearful hope . . . new—”] triumph.
 159:17 a cold breath of] terrible
 159:18 slipped down from] stripped off
 159:19 crouched] lay crouched
 159:20 hiding her . . . [159:34] own sun] <murmuring: “Go now! Only go now! Only leave me!” *P* He quailed. Yet as she crouched there in her spent heap, his clear mind said: She has taken the burden of this death out of me. Now it is heavy on her. And now I can't help her. She will have to give it to the goddess. *P* He stood and looked at her, and understood her moaning desire for him to go. He slipped on his shirt and his cloak, and went out to his sandals, shutting the door on her. In the dark he pulled on his sandals, breathing the fresh air, and triumph was in his soul. He stepped out under the splendid stars, and his soul triumphed again.—From the midst of death I am in life, he said. And life is lustrous and magnificent, and I am a man.—> 「hiding her . . . [159:25] all <<heaven and earth>> 「his consciousness」 was . . . [159:28] now, <<compared to>> 「he knew only」 the . . . [159:29] of <<ages.>> 「life.」 “On . . . [159:30] living <<ages>> 「woman」! the . . . [159:32] the blaz<<ing sun>> 「e」 of . . . loins, <<in>> magnificen<<ce>> 「t」. <<“I am risen!”」>> 「“I am risen!”—」 Magnificent . . . loins,」 <<it>> 「his own sun」
 159:35 shone] laughed
 159:38 till] so
 160:4 joy] home
 160:7 consuming desire] <glory> 「desire」
 160:8 hour] glory
 160:8 taken unawares *TSIIIR*] kindled <in light> 「like the sun」
 160:13 from your touch] towards you
 160:16 gloried in her] praised life
 160:20 warm-hearted, *TSIIIR*] <kindly,> 「hot-hearted,」
 160:32 space.] the cosmos,
 160:33 flower] rose
 160:34 its perfume as in a] touch as its perfume is in
 161:2 we are all in touch,] I am in touch with them all,
 161:8 contact] perfect touch

- 161:12 contact] touch
 161:16 past] passed
 162:23 She] She was sad to think of his going. She
 162:28 to their justice. But] their so-called justice. And
 162:30 child.] <fruit.> <<「seed.」>> 「「corn.」」
 162:30 is good] will be well
 162:31 The suns . . . seasons] Our suns are in harmony
 163:11 quickly . . . stepped in] stepped into the boat
 163:12 yet] still
 163:18 my life and my resurrection, *TSIIR*] the <future,> 「my glory<<,>>
 and my resurrection,」
 163:19 day] coast
 163:22 let] *Om.*
 163:22 boat] boat shall

Appendix II

The Man Who Was Through with the World

There was a man not long ago, who felt he was through with the world, so he decided to be a hermit. He had a little money, and he knew that nowadays there are no hermitages going rent-free. So he bought a bit of wild land on a mountain-side, with a few chestnut trees growing on it. He waited till spring; then went up and started building himself a little cabin, with the stones from the hillside. By summer, he had got himself a nice little hut with a chimney and one little window, a table, a chair, a bed, and the smallest number of things a hermit may need. Then he considered himself set up as a hermit.

His hermitage stood in a sheltered nook in the rocks of the mountain, and through the open door he looked out on the big, staggering chestnut trees of the upper region. These trees, this bit of property was his legal own, but he wanted to dedicate it to somebody: to God, preferably.

He felt, however, a bit vague about God. In his youth he had been sent to Sunday School, but he had long been through with all that. He had, as a matter of fact, even forgotten the Lord's Prayer, like the old man in the Tolstoi parable.* If he tried to remember it, he mixed it up with: The Lord is my Shepherd,* and felt annoyed. He might, of course, have fetched himself a bible. But he was through with all that.

Because, before he was through with everything, he had read quite a lot about Brahma and Krishna and Shiva, and Buddha and Confucius and Mithras, not to mention Zeus and Aphrodite and that bunch, nor the Wotan family.* So when he began to think: The Lord is my Shepherd, somehow Shiva would start dancing a Charleston* in the back of his mind, and Mithras would take the bull by the horns, and Mohammed would start patting the buttery flanks of Ayesha,* and Abraham* would be sitting down to a good meal off a fat ram, till the grease ran down his beard. So that it was very difficult to concentrate on God with a large 'g', and the hermit had a natural reluctance to go into refinements of the great I Am, or of thatness.* He wanted to get away from all that sort of thing. For what else had he become a hermit?

But alas, he found it wasn't so easy. If you're a hermit, you've got to concentrate. You've got to sit in the door of your hut in the sunshine,

and concentrate on something holy. This hermit would sit in the door of his hut in the sunshine right enough, but he couldn't find anything holy enough really to keep him concentrated. If he tried some nice eastern mode of meditation, and sat cross-legged with a faint lotus-like smile*
5 on his face, some dog-in-the-manger inside him growled: Oh, cut it out, Henry. Nirvana's a cold egg* for the likes of you.

So gradually the hermit became desperate. There he was, all rigged up quite perfect as a holy man, a hermit, and an anchorite, and he felt like an acrobat trying to hang on to a tight wire with his eyebrows. He
10 simply had nothing to hold on to. There wasn't a single holiness or high-and-mightiness that interested him enough to bring concentration. And a hermit with nothing to concentrate on is like a fly in the cream jug.

Spring changed into summer. The primroses by the little stream where the hermit dipped his water faded and were gone, only their large
15 leaves spread to the hotter days. The violets flickered to a finish at last, not a purple spark was left. The chestnut burrs upon the ground finally had melted away, the leaves overhead had emerged and overlapped one another, to make the green roof of summer.

And the hermit was bored, and rather angry with himself and everything else. He saw nobody up there: an occasional goat-boy, an occasional hunter shooting little birds went by, looking askance. The hermit
20 nodded a salutation, but no more.

Then at intervals he went down to the village for food. The village was four long miles away, down the steep side of the mountain. And
25 when you got there, you found nothing but the silence, the dirt, the poverty and the suspicion of a mountain hamlet. And there was very little to buy.

The hermit always hurried back to his hermitage in disgust. Absence from his fellow-men did not make him love them any the more. On the
30 contrary, they seemed more repulsive and smelly, when he came among them, after his isolation among the chestnut trees, and their weird sort of greed about money, tiny sums of money, made them seem like a plague of caterpillars to him. "People badly need to have souls, to hatch out with wings after death," he thought to himself, "for they really are
35 repulsive pale grubs in this life."

So he went back to his hermitage glad to get away from his fellow-men, but no happier at having to hang on to his solitude by his eyebrows, in danger of slipping off any minute. For he still had nothing to concentrate on, and no sense of holiness came to soothe him.

40 He had brought no books with him, having renounced the world of which they are part. Sometimes he regretted this, sometimes he

didn't. But he did nothing about it. He lived stubbornly on from day to day, letting his brown beard grow bushy round his nose, and his black hair long in his neck. When it was warm enough, he went nude, with just a loin-cloth. For long hours he sat near his hut in the sun, not meditating, not even musing, just being stubborn, and getting browned to a beautiful gold-brown colour. He did not mind so much, while the sun shone, and he could stroll nude through the trees, or sit out in the glow or in the shade. Then he didn't mind not being able to meditate nor to concentrate, and not having any holiness to bless himself with. The sun on his body seemed to do all the meditating and concentrating he needed. His limbs were thin, and golden brown, and his thin body was as brown as his face. He was, like the savage in the story, "face all over."*

"I am face all over," he thought to himself, with a smile.

The strings of the chestnut flowers had fallen, the fruits set and grew big, of a clear green colour, and fuzzy. The hermit had to decide whether he would stay on after the chestnuts had come down, when the snow would fall and the mountains lapse into isolation. He was still hanging on to solitude by his eyebrows, and nothing holy had turned up for him to concentrate on.

But he was getting used to the condition. And the very fact that he was alone, that no people came near him, was a source of positive satisfaction. He decided he would stay on all winter.

This, however, meant getting in certain supplies for the cold months, and especially boots and clothing and bedding, for he had no mind to mortify the flesh* by shivering with cold. The snow would lie round his cabin, and the icy wind would whistle through his chestnut trees in huge blasts. Prepare for the wrath to come.*

So he put on his decent suit of clothes, clipped his beard a little, descended, took the post-omnibus and then the train, and found himself in the city. His chief feeling was that everything smelled unpleasantly, that the noise was hellish, and that people had terrible and repulsive faces; and that everywhere was a rancid odour of money, a terrible over-smell that reeked from everything animate and inanimate.

He bought his necessities with disgust, hurrying to get it over. Everybody stared at him as if he were a cameleopard,* and he knew the police wanted to arrest him at sight. He had to spend the night in town, so he stayed at the big hotel near the station. And he fixed the clerk with a cold and haughty eye, and spoke in his coldest, calmly arrogant voice, knowing that if he were for one moment modest or uncertain, the worm behind the desk would deny him a room.

As it was, he had to put up with an inner bedroom, beside the lift. But at dawn, he left the place, having settled his bill the night before, and getting all his bundles into a carriage, drove across to the station. The porter who helped him eyed him with the usual insolent stare, and took his tip and dodged away with the air of a contemptuous human being who has just about had enough of attending to animals in a menagerie.

The hermit, for his part, hired a donkey at the village, piled his goods upon it, and shook the stink of his fellow-men out of his clothing. Never had he been so glad to climb through the trees. Never had anything looked so nice as his stone hut with its barrel roof,* the first yellow leaves of the chestnuts dropping around it, and the rosy little cyclamens in the moss just near the door.

It was a warm afternoon. He hastily took off his clothing and put it in the sun, to remove the taint of the city and the train. He went down to his pool to wash himself, and stayed naked in the sun till sunset, to clear himself from the pollution of people.

There followed a busy period. He gathered the chestnuts scrupulously as they fell, piling them in a heap near the door, then carefully getting them from their burrs, and spreading the bright nuts on his small roof. He built a lean-to against his little house, and stacked his wood there, that he cut in the forest. Also he began to collect the big pine-cones that have pine-kernels inside them: though for these it was as yet full early.

Already the mornings and evenings were touched with ice. He emerged in the morning in warm woolen clothing, which he peeled off as the sun rose, and at last went about in his own brown skin. But many days were cold, and many were rainy, and he had to remain covered up.

Then he was never happy. He found, the more clothing he had to wear, the more he was restless and needed to think, needed some sort of salvation; and on the other hand, the more he could go naked in the sun, the less he went in need of any salvation. So while he could, he went about stark, and gradually he grew tougher. But as winter and the snow-winds swept the mountains, he could less and less afford to lose his bodily heat, by exposing himself.

In the days of cold rain, he did his chores in his hut, and made himself bread, and cooked pies, and mended his clothes.

[end of manuscript]

Appendix III

The Undying Man

A Jewish Folk-Tale*

Long ago in Spain there were two very learned men, so clever and knowing so much that they were famous all over the world. One was called Rabbi Moses Maimonides,* a Jew—blessed be his memory!*

5 and the other was called Aristotle, a christian who belonged to the Greeks.*

These two were great friends, because they had always studied together and found out many things together. At last after many years, they found out a thing they had been specially trying for. They discovered that if you took a tiny little vein out of a man's body, and put it in a glass jar with certain leaves and plants, it would gradually begin to grow, and would grow and grow until it became a man. When it had grown as big as a boy you could take it out of the jar, and then it would live and keep on growing till it became a man, a fine man who would never die. He would be undying. Because he had never been born, he would never die, but live for ever and ever. Because the wisest men on earth had made him, and he didn't have to be born.

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When they were quite sure it was so, then the Rabbi Moses Maimonides and the christian Aristotle decided they would really make a man. Up till then, they had only experimented. But now they would make the real undying man.

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The question was, from whom should they take the little vein? Because the man they took it from would die. So at first they decided to take it from a slave. But then they thought, a slave wasn't good enough* to make the beginnings of the undying man. So they decided to ask one of their devoted students to sacrifice himself. But that did not seem right either, because they might get a man they didn't really like, and whom they wouldn't want to be the beginning of the man who would never die. So at last, they decided to leave it to fate; they gathered together their best and most learned disciples, and they all agreed to draw lots. The lot fell to Aristotle, to have the little vein cut from his body.

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So Aristotle had to agree. But before he would have the little vein cut out of his body, Aristotle asked Maimonides to take him by the hand and swear by their clasped hands that he would never interfere with the growth of the little vein, never at any time or in any way. Maimonides
5 took him by the hand and swore. And then Aristotle had the little vein cut out of his body by Maimonides himself.

So now Maimonides alone took the little vein and placed it among the leaves and herbs, as they had discovered, in the great glass jar, and he sealed the jar. Then he set the jar on a shelf in his own room where
10 nobody entered but himself, and he waited. The days passed by, and he recited his prayers, pacing back and forth in his room among his books, and praying loudly as he paced, as the Jews do. Then he returned to his books and his chemistry. But every day he looked at the jar, to see if the little vein had changed. For a long time it did not change. So he
15 thought it was in vain.

Then at last it seemed to change, to have grown a little. Rabbi Moses Maimonides gazed at the jar transfixed, and forgot everything else in all the wide world; lost to all and everything he gazed into the jar. And at last he saw the tiniest, tiniest tremor in the little vein, and he knew
20 it was a tremor of growth. He sank on the floor and lay unconscious, because he had seen the first tremor of growth of the undying man.

When he came to himself, the room was dusk, it was almost night. And Rabbi Moses Maimonides was afraid. He did not know what he was afraid of. He rose to his feet, and glanced towards the jar. And it
25 seemed to him, in the darkness on the shelf there was a tiny red glow, like the smallest ember of fire. But it did not go out, as the last ember of fire goes out while you watch. It stayed on, and glowed a tiny dying glow that did not die.* Then he knew he saw the glow of the life of the undying man, and he was afraid.

He locked his room, where no-one ever entered but himself, and went out into the town. People greeted him with bows and reverences, for he was the most learned of all Rabbis. But tonight they all seemed very far from him. They looked small, and they grimaced like monkeys in his eyes. And he thought to himself: They will all die! They grimace in this
35 fashion, like monkeys, because they will all die. Only I shall not die!

But as he thought this, his heart stood still, because he knew that he too would die. He stood still in the street, though rain was falling, and people crept past him humbly, thinking he was praying some great prayer. But he was only locked in this one thought: I shall die and pass
40 away, but that little red spark which came from Aristotle the christian,

it will never die. It will live for ever and ever, like God. God alone lives for ever and ever. But this man in the jar will also live for ever and ever, even that red spark. He will be a man, and live for ever and ever, as good as God. Nay, better than God! For surely, to be as good as God, and to be also a man and alive, that would be better even than being God!—

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Rabbi Moses Maimonides started at this thought as if he had been stung. And immediately he began to walk down the street towards home, to see if the red glow were really glowing. When he got to his door, he stood still, afraid to open. He could not open.

So suddenly he cried a great fierce cry to God, to help him and His people. A great fierce cry for help. For they were God's people, God's chosen people.* Though they grimaced in the sight of Rabbi Moses Maimonides like monkeys, they were beautiful in the sight of God, and the best Jews among them would sit in high, high places in the eternal glory of God, in the after-life.

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This thought so emboldened Maimonides that he opened his door and entered his room. But he stood again as if pierced through the body by that strange red light, like no light of God, which glowed so tiny and yet was so fierce and strong. "Fierce and strong! fierce and strong!" he kept muttering to himself as he paced back and forth in his room. "Fierce and strong!" His servant thought he was praying, and she dared not bring his food to the door. "Fierce and strong!"—he paced back and forth. And he himself thought he was praying. He was so used to praying the ritual prayers as he paced in his room,* that now he thought he was praying to the one and only God. But in fact, all he was saying was "Fierce and strong! Fierce and strong!"

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At last he sank down in exhaustion, and then his woman tapped at his door and set down the tray. But he told her to take the tray away, he would not eat in his room, but would come downstairs. For he could not eat in the presence of that little red glow.

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So he made his ablutions and went downstairs and ate. And he slept in the guest-room, for he could not sleep in the presence of the little red glow. Indeed he could not sleep at all, but lay and groaned in spirit, thinking of that little red light which alone of all light was not the light of God. And he knew it would grow and grow, and be a man, most splendid, a man who would never die. And all the people would think: What is the most wonderful of all things, seen or unseen?—And there would come the

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Appendix IV

The Blue Moccasins: early versions

(a) Early manuscript version

Mrs Barclay had a pair of blue moccasins. She never wore them, because they were rather small for her, and moreover, moccasins are not particularly elegant in shape, being made for Red Indian men, not for white ladies. So she hung them on a nail in her bedroom. She hung them there because they were of a beautiful turquoise-blue colour, made all of tiny turquoise-blue beads, with forked flames of dead white and of darkish green. A good colour-note! Mrs Barclay was an artist. 5

She had lived for her art and the adventure of life. She had ridden across deserts and surmounted lonely mountains. The moccasins themselves she had bought in Arizona—oh, years ago! For Mrs Barclay was now white-haired and did not like age to be mentioned. But still she was erect, though not quite so indomitable as of yore: and still she painted vigorously. Her face, however, was pallid and lined with mortification. 10

The mortification came from Mr Barclay. Perhaps there never should have been a Mr Barclay. But women are apt to make mistakes, especially late in life. 15

When Miss McLeod was nearer fifty than forty, she gave up globe-trotting and painting travel-pictures and conquering the unknown world, and came to her native place and built herself a delightful cottage on the banks of a small stream, and she married. She did it wilfully. Mr Barclay was only a clerk in the bank that looked after her interests, but he was an awfully nice fellow. His father was a poor clergyman, so he had no prospects. And Miss McLeod, though her means were only moderate, was intensely “somebody” in the small town. She was of the local gentry, she was a globe-trotter and an artist and an intrepid woman. Moreover, at forty-seven she was slender, erect, and decided. Her face was pale ivory-coloured, her blue eyes were very blue and twinkling and kindly and assured, under the grey eye-brows, she wore both her hair and her skirts long, and was, in her wilful woman’s way, a little old-fashioned. 20 25 30

She built her house in the first year of the war, before Percy Barclay was called up. He helped her enormously. He was a good-looking young fellow of twenty-five, and slavishly devoted to her. When he was called up, he wrote long letters to her: he had no mother. And just before he
 5 was sent off to Gallipoli, when he was home on leave for the last time, she proposed to him. They were both crying together at the thought of departure. And she had suddenly dried her tears and said to him: "I'm too old for you to marry me, <aren't I?> "I suppose!"—She looked strange and wistful, with her grey hair and her young, forget-me-not
 10 blue eyes.

"Too old!" he cried, in his over-generous way. "You! *You're* not old! You're a lot younger than I am."

For at that moment he felt weighed down with woe and years. He was twenty-six.

15 "I'm forty-five!" she said tremulously, knocking off three hapless years. She was forty-eight.

"Gad! Don't talk figures!" he cried. "I have enough of them in the bank. You're a sight younger than I am."

In a way, it was true. She knew a lot about the globe, but life had
 20 never really touched her. Whereas he had been more or less homeless and floundering since he was fifteen, <and> "when" his father had married again, and he had left the vicarage.

Nevertheless, years are years, and it's a crazy thing for a woman of forty-eight to marry a man of twenty-six.

25 He was shipped home from Gallipoli at the end of the war shuddering with malaria, but otherwise intact. And they had two very happy years. She had lost most of her money in the war, was reduced now to two hundred a year and her house. But he went back to his job in the bank, for she would not have him dependant on her. So they got on very well.
 30 Her house was charming, and her garden was splendid with flowers. In these two years she painted very fine canvases, of flowers, peonies, red lilies.

And he was proud: proud of her, for she was absolutely a lady, of her painting, her house, her flowers, everything. He was so proud, that he
 35 was vaguely and muzzily in love with her. While she, in a dazed, puzzled sort of way, was in love with him. She didn't quite know whether she was his mother or his little-girl sweetheart or his wife or his aunt or his school-mistress: in a bewildered fashion, she was all these things <at o>
 40 in turns: and he was in turns her son, her little-boy sweetheart, her husband, her poor nephew, her pupil—and her bank-clerk. He was as

bewildered as she was, but somehow, he didn't bother. He felt it was all her business.

And then, alas, the trouble began, after two years of a sort of bliss, and one year of anxious bewilderment. He was turned thirty, and she, alas, was turned fifty. She had always been anxious. From the first, she had said to herself: "If he wants to leave me, I must let him go. After all, I'm so much older than he is."—He, on the contrary, had thought everything absolutely O. K.—for the first two years. 5

Then the mischief began to dawn. He began to be discontented, and to cast his eyes on the young girls. He had never cared particularly about girls. Before he was married he had played about with them a bit, for fun and pastime, but they had never meant a great deal to him. He had intended to marry one day, to have a home and a pleasant pal of a wife. 10

So he thought, when he married Miss McLeod, he had done immensely better for himself than ever he hoped. And he thought so for two years. Then he began to feel he had missed something. The old Adam woke up in him, out of the bank clerk and the nice young fellow, and he suddenly realised what young maidens were for. He took on a new handsomeness, and Miss McLeod, his wife—she was really Miss McLeod still—was bewildered by the violent love he made to her. She didn't altogether like it. And no wonder. For while he was making love to her, he was thinking of some girl who had taken his fancy. 15 20

So he came to hate the pale, old face of his wife, and her long grey hair. Especially when she brushed her long grey hair something revolted in him, with a nausea of revolt. Yet in his heart he grieved bitterly, for she was good to him, and she did whatever she could.—"She does whatever she can for me," he said to himself. "Aren't I a damned skunk to go back on her!" And he hated himself for finding her grey hair repulsive. Why couldn't he remain blind to it, as he had been at first? Why couldn't he remain in the blind haze of love, or affection, or devotion, where he had been at first? 25 30

But he couldn't. He couldn't help thinking of the fresh cheeks and fluffy hair and lively legs of girls of twenty. He tried his very hardest to seem as happy and vaguely contented with his wife, as he had been at first. But it was in vain. He had wakened up. And the delicate ivory parchment of her elderly face, her beautifully-done long grey hair, her instinctively old-maid ankles, her good manners, her frank manner of speech and her reserved, ladylike physical bearing, all repelled him, which he had once so admired. Loved it he never had: but admired. 35 40

The only thing that haunted him was her blue eyes, so honest, so child-like, so bewildered, so straight-forward—and yet a little haggard. Marriage had given them that haggard look. He was tender-hearted, and the look of her eyes grieved him bitterly. Yet out of a sort of growing
 5 terror of her, terror of her age, his imagination turned for relief to the thought of young girls.

When they were first married they had looked at the moccasins together. “Aren’t they a lovely blue!” she said.

“Not as blue as your eyes even then,” he had replied.

10 So she had hung the moccasins on her bedroom wall.

Now these moccasins walked away with her marriage. It was winter-time, and there were no flowers to paint, so she thought she would do a still-life. And because she was unhappy, she wanted to paint something blue, blue like delphiniums. Nothing made her feel happy like the great
 15 blue spikes of delphiniums, at midsummer, when red lilies also were out. But now it was winter. So she thought she would make a still-life with jars and blue bead moccasins.

And the moccasins weren’t there. She hunted for them, but did not find them. She asked her faithful servant Emma: but Emma did not
 20 know. So she mentioned them to her husband.

“Percy, have you any idea where those blue moccasins are, that hung in my room—you remember?”

She looked at him with her clear blue eyes, too honest. It is not granted us, in this complicated life, to be so jewel-like honest. So she
 25 saw him hesitate, and his <handsome> “good-looking” face darken a little before it took on a look of surprise.

“Aren’t they hanging there on the wall?” he said, as if astonished, looking at her with his gold-grey eyes, yet not meeting her gaze.

She knew at once he had removed them.

30 “No!” she said quietly, the perfect lady. “I wanted to put

[two pages missing]

daughter of the bank manager. But then if she, Miss McLeod, had married beneath her, she must take the consequences. At least Percy was attractive and good-looking, and not *really* common.

35 (b) Deleted ending in final manuscript

This Appendix reproduces DHL’s incomplete original ending, as it read before he deleted it, from the start of the rewriting (at 177:24 in the text above) to the point where he was writing the revised ending at the bottom

of the last rewritten page (at 178:28: “Not another damned thing . . .”) and continued on new pages rather than between deleted lines. (The last three words of the passage are written with a different implement and are followed by an empty space for the rest of the line, possibly indicating the start of an aborted intermediate revision.) Not every line of the first ending was deleted or altered, but for the reader’s convenience in comparing the two versions the first ending is reproduced as one complete – as far as it goes – passage. (Silent emendations apply as for the main text: see ‘Note on the texts’.)

. . . She looked at him, then laid the moccasins down on the low pupils’ desk of the Infants’ Classroom. It was no use struggling with so ludicrous a person.

“I knew you’d be a sport,” he said, picking up the blue shoes. “You see I feel a bit responsible for everything going off well.”

5

He sat down on top of the low pupils’ desk, and gazed with faint interest round the class-room. Alice sat beside him, in her white gauze and her bedizened face. They were like two sparrows on one twig, he with his great, easy, intimate limbs, she so light and alert. And instantly he sank into that unconscious physical intimacy with her. Miss McLeod

10

walked towards the door. “You might as well put them on again now,” he said to Alice in a low voice, meaning the blue moccasins. And leaning down, he slipped off the other shoes she had on, caressing her foot with the slip of his hand over its slim shape. She hastily put on the blue moccasins.

15

Tom Lomas poked in his head, his overcoat collar turned up to his ears.

“Car’s there!” he said.

“Right o’! Tom! I’ll chalk it up to thee, lad!—” said Percy, as he moved hastily to the door. Then to his wife he said: “You’ll be as right as rain with Tom. You won’t mind if I don’t come out? No! I’d better not show myself to the audience. Well—I’m glad you came, if only for a while. Goodbye, then! I’ll be home after the service—but I shan’t disturb you. Goodbye! Don’t get wet now—.”

20

“Goodbye, Mrs Barlow, and thank you *so* much for the moccasins,” said Alice.

25

Percy closed the door after his wife. Then he turned with a curious grin to Alice, and said in a hoarse whisper: “Talk about dodging the traffic cop—!”

“Percy,” said Alice suddenly. “What *do* you think of her? What *is* your feeling for her?”

30

He became serious in an instant.

“Ah!” he said. “What she is, she’s perfect, perfect. She really puts the final touch to life, if you know what I mean.”

“Do you mean, to *your* life?” asked the perplexed Alice.

5 “Ay! In a way

[end of deleted reading]

Appendix V

The Woman Who Wanted to Disappear

“Henry,” she said. “I want to disappear for a year.”

He slowly laid down his pen, showing no sign of emotion.

“Why a year, exactly?” he said. 5

“Oh well, make it two if you like,” she replied, nettled at once.

He let his arms lie on his desk, and gazed non-committal away from her, across to the book-shelves. He was not going to say anything else.

“You don’t mind, do you?” she challenged.

“Not unless it is required of me,” he replied. 10

“It certainly isn’t,” she said.

There was a pause.

“And from when will the disappearance date, if I may make so bold?”

“Tomorrow,” she said abruptly.

He lifted his eyes to the calendar. 15

“The twenty-third of July!—So that on the twenty-third of July, next year, we may look for your reappearance?”

“More or less,” she replied.

“Ah! A little sinister, *more or less*—” he mused.

“I mean a few days more or less—what does it matter, fussing!” she cried. 20

“I beg your pardon,” he said, as he marked the date with red pencil.

There was another pause.

“You will have to inform your lawyer and your banker—and possibly, your family—” he said. 25

“I’ve arranged already with my lawyer and the bank—no fuss at all. You can tell my family, if you like—”

“And the children—?” he asked.

“Please yourself,” she replied. “They’re perfectly well off without me, anyhow. A whole gang of people devoted to their welfare—” 30

“A whole gang,” he re-iterated.

She waited for him to say something else, but it was not forthcoming. He knew it was no use.

“When I say disappear, I mean it,” she said. “I don’t want you to come <or to send> sniffing after me: or to send, for you wouldn’t trouble to come.”

“Not until July 23 of next year,” he said. “Then?”

5 “Oh then—I don’t care! You always were a niggler.—I shan’t take a car—nothing but a valise. Au revoir, then!”

“Au revoir, my one and only love.”

But she had gone before he finished the ironic formula.

10 She was a rich woman, and she had managed her banker and her lawyer since she was a girl. Her children, aged nine and eleven, were at school or holidaying with adoring relatives. She felt her own superfluity entirely. If she interfered, she only upset the smooth-running applectart. She wanted to get right away—from herself, really. She had to confess it. Henry and the children and her family were perfectly all right, as
15 such things go: quite as good as anybody else, perhaps even a little nicer. But herself! Herself! If only she could get away from herself, and be different, somehow! Oh, be different! come to rest somewhere! She could never come to rest, never for a second. Of course it was everybody else’s fault—Henry for example. But the unrest was her own.

20 She departed, took her journey, and found herself in an expensive hotel on the top of a mountain, along with a hundred-and-fifty other summer visitors. She was in her mother’s country, that she had known by heart as a child. Miracle that she had not been claimed already. Much disappearance, indeed! Returning to her old haunts in the most
25 obvious fashion! Even her name, which she had not changed, was in the published list of guests.

She descended, bought a nice small motor-car which she could handle perfectly, and determined to be a little more original in her disappearing trick. She drove away, up the steep hills and through the dark forests,
30 past the open meadows where the chill blue flowers, still dangled their bells. It reminded her of her childhood—but it was not disappearance. Hundreds of cars were on the road, and all the hotels were rather full. A mistake, really, to start romantically disappearing at the end of July, when everywhere is overcrowded. Somehow she didn’t want to disappear into
35 a crowd, though that is supposed to be the easiest thing to disappear into. She wanted to disappear into some <wher> rare and magical place where she should become her own rare and magical self—her *true* self, that nobody knew, least of all she herself.

40 So she drove on, into the high lands, whence she could see the mountains standing away back to the south, naked and greenish as if made

of glass, and slashed with snow. She went into the bristling black forest again. It was rather cold, and she was rather frightened. She always began to be frightened when she was really alone, just as she did when she was a child.

Suddenly, with a fierce turn of the wheel, she left the great road and took a mere lumber-track into the heart of the forest. She was really terrified, but she drove slowly on. How well she knew the little yellow flowers that grew on the grassy track—and the tufts of bilberries her car went over—and the sudden wild little clearing with beech trees, so lost, so lonely, and the last red bells of the fox-glove dangling immutable—slowly, slowly she drove, so frightened of being all alone in the forest. Suddenly, 「in a dark place」 three roe-deer sprang across the track ahead of her, flicking their flexible hindquarters for sport, then disappearing into the dark forest like spirits. This was the thrill and delight of her childhood, the glamour of the forest! She gave a sharp cry, and stopped the car. Then she started again, and drove wildly forward, gazing frantically for the deer. The road, an overgrown rutted track, grew worse and worse. The weeds grew high as the bonnet of her car—she ran downhill into a particularly black bit of forest, awful, and somehow icy-seeming, as if winter were linked to winter here, and no summer got in. Terrifying, it was, and soundless! She rushed jolting up the next incline, hit a high centre, and stopped dead. Something had broken.

She stopped her engine, put on the brakes, seized her hand-bag with all her money and sprang out of the car in sheer terror. She was in a state of panic exactly the same now as when she was a <small> child, at finding herself alone in the depths of the great silent woods. And exactly as when she was a child, she broke into a half-run. And exactly as a child, she ran down the first track that opened from her ruined road. The track ended in nowhere, just forest, though not so dense. In greater terror than ever she ran on, in the bristling shadows, and then hit another track, leaving the crackling forest-bed for a real little path this time.

She had to walk more slowly, panting, still hugging her sachel, which now also she was terrified of. The <road> 「path」 ran uphill between dense great spruce trees, that seem malignantly to press their black trunks on her. She realised how she hated bristling armies of fir-trees. But suddenly at the top of the hill there was another clearing, and small trees growing in order—a plantation! Yes, and a low wooden house away on the left—lonely—and racks for hay for feeding the deer in winter—and utter silence. An utterly lost, cold place, in the cloudy afternoon. So

cold, and yet it would probably thunder and lighten again. The great forest bristling all round, and for miles. And this would be a forest-keeper's hut.

5 Not knowing whether to be more afraid because the house was there, or more relieved, she went quietly, hesitatingly forward. How still it was! And somehow, how peaceful! The places where the deer came to feed—how quiet and gentle, somehow! As she stepped towards the house a gentleness, a stillness seemed to deepen round her. Something rather lovely, almost like sunshine, like warmth!

10 The house, made of boards, stood quite naked in the clearing, a long low cabin. The windows were this side, to the sun. The door was the other side, to the thick forest. She went forward timidly to peep in the window. A rough cabin room, silent, empty. Perhaps no forester lived here in summer. Another pang of terror.

15 As she was peeping again, a slight sound made her start, and a man was beside her—the forester. She met his eyes at once, and they were laughing at her. They were golden-brown eyes, full of the same stillness and warmth that seemed to surround the house, and they were laughing at her.

20 “You are lost!” he said to her.

“Quite lost!” she said, frightened, and yet grateful to him. His voice sounded so gentle and calm.

“Not quite, now,” he said. “Will you rest in the house?”

“Shall I?” she said.

25 “As you will. The rain is coming up. The thunder has spoiled the weather.”

She went into the rough, bare room. There were no guns nor traps. She sat on the seat that went round the white-plastered stove, which was cold as she leaned against it. The man stood in the open doorway, 30 looking out at the darkening weather.

“Anyhow now I've disappeared,” she said to herself, and she heartily wished she hadn't, for she was terrified. The man seemed nice, but—.

The first great drops of icy rain hit the shanty venomously, and a cold gust blew in. He closed the door, noticing her shiver. Then he went 35 to the stove also, opened the iron door, <litte> lit a handful of pine-needles and dropped them in. Then he put in pine-twigs—then little logs. There was a sweet smell of pine, then he closed the door of the stove, as the flame began to roar. She looked at the heavy, icy rain outside, thought of her broken car, and was thoroughly miserable. The stove was 40 as cold as ever—it would take it some time to heat through—the room

was cold, dismal, and dark, and the man sat on an uncomfortable chair, in silence. She, spoilt woman, had never been more wretched in her life. And the man said nothing.

Ah! slowly the heat was penetrating through the plaster of the stove, and warming her back.

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[end of manuscript]

EXPLANATORY NOTES

EXPLANATORY NOTES

(Biblical references are to the King James version.)

The Virgin and the Gipsy

5:1 *Gipsy* The dedication to Frieda (see Textual apparatus) is not in MS. Although it is possible that the missing typescript (see Introduction) had it, DHL did not often make dedications, and it is more likely that Orioli was expressing his gratitude to Frieda for giving him permission to publish the book.

5:4 **When the vicar's wife . . . scandal knew no bounds.** For the genesis of this story, and its origin in the recollections of Frieda's daughter Barbara Barr (née Weekley), see Introduction p. xx and footnote 2. The Saywell household is based on that of her father Ernest at 49 Harvard Road, Chiswick, in which Montague, Elsa and Barbara Weekley were raised after their mother had gone away with DHL in 1912. Apart from Ernest himself, who spent half the week during term in Nottingham, the Weekley household consisted of Barbara's blind grandmother Agnes, née McCowan (1841–1927), her grandfather Charles (?1835–1920), her spinster, house-keeping aunt Maude Weekley (?1880–1962) and bachelor uncle George Weekley (1875–1964). Despite DHL's savagely satirical fictionalising of the family, Barbara told him his portrayal 'was not bad enough' ('Step-daughter to Lawrence – II', *London Magazine*, xxxiii (October/November 1993), 14).

The fictional Lindleys in DHL's much earlier (1911–14) story 'Daughters of the Vicar' (in *The Prussian Officer and Other Stories*, ed. John Worthen, Cambridge, 1983) also have striking similarities to the Saywells: two daughters, with a father who is a vicar, and a suitor from a lower class treated with snobbery.

5:8 *éclat* Literally a flash or explosion, from the French 'éclater', to burst, explode: cf. 'faire un éclat', to cause a scandal or sensation.

5:14 **The ill wind that blows nobody any good** Altering the thrust of the proverb ('It's an ill . . . any good'), originally a sailing metaphor and invoked to explain the way in which *somebody* profits from almost every misfortune.

5:18 **Papplewick.** Name of a town (7 miles n. of Nottingham), but DHL is recreating Cromford, with its stone buildings, streets and cotton-mills, on the river Derwent (river Papple, 2:14), 18 miles n.w. of Nottingham. It has been suggested that the rectory is modelled on 'The Bridge House' in Cromford, the setting of which matches precisely, and which also resembles the rectory in its exterior appearance (Derek Britton, *Lady Chatterley: The Making of the Novel*, 1988, p. 274, n. 2).

5:18 **tempered the wind of misfortune** Cf. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb': Laurence Sterne (1713–68), *A Sentimental Journey* (1768), section headed 'MARIA', adapting a French proverb.

6:12 **The Mater** Also 'the Pater' (as at 13:24): the Latin for 'mother' and 'father', used familiarly, chiefly in public schoolboys' slang, and since the nineteenth century a middle-class indicator, often imitated in aspirational lower-class families (as in *Sons and Lovers*, ed. Helen Baron and Carl Baron, Cambridge, 1992, 74:22, e.g.).

6:13 **buttering** Flattering lavishly.

6:23 **white snow-flower** Also given as 'snowflower' (e.g. at 6:30). A recurring metaphor in DHL: see e.g. *WL* 218:10–17 and *Mr Noon*, ed. Lindeth Vasey, Cambridge, 1984, chap. xiv ('Snowflower'), 125:3–4, 31. Frieda recalled that Ernest Weekley called her 'My snowflower' (Frieda Lawrence, *The Memoirs and Correspondence*, ed. E. W. Tedlock, 1961, p. 71).

6:35 **in perpetuum**, In perpetuity, for ever (Latin).

7:8 **unmentionability**. The fact of being unmentionable. DHL's usage is only the second recorded in *OED*₂, the first dating from 1909.

7:10 **aloft their lives**, Archaic construction, meaning 'high above them'.

7:27 **porcelain wreath**, Intended to last, unlike real flowers.

8:4 **Mater knew it . . . For the Mater** Given the repeated words, the omission in G (see Textual apparatus) is probably an instance of eye-skip by the typist (see the 'Texts' section of the Introduction); there are further instances at 59:11 and 64:7.

8:8 **beauty-spots** An ironic, figurative use for artificial spots or patches on the face (fashionable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries).

9:14 **finishing year in Lausanne**, Swiss finishing schools were accepted places for young ladies of a wealthy minority to acquire social graces and complete their education during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, had several such schools.

9:16 **bobbed** A woman's or girl's hairstyle, in which the hair is cut short and evenly all round; by 1925, the style had become associated with the emancipation of women.

9:16 **deuce-take-it** The story employs slang commonly used in the first half of the twentieth century – particularly during the 1920s and 1930s – by the upper middle class: 'deuce take it!' is an expression of impatience or emphasis, the term 'deuce' referring to the devil; 'good old sports' (9:20) is an amalgam of 'good sport' and 'old sport', gender-unspecific slang expressions to denote a lively, sociable, sportsmanlike or generous person; 'the limit' (9:20) means extremely unbearable; 'beastly' (10:2, 38:32 and 56:28) is an intensifier, denoting something unpleasant; 'full of beans' (17:23–4) was originally stable slang and means 'full of energy'; 'glad rags!' (35:13) is a slang term for smart clothes; 'A.1.' (50:8) means top-class; 'sponge' (59:28) is a person living off others.

9:25 **Girls' Friendly**, The Girls' Friendly Society, founded in 1875 to befriend and support young women who moved from village communities to work in towns, or who lost their jobs and faced prostitution or the workhouse.

10:13 **Tansy Moor?** A recreation of Tansley Moor, 3 miles e. of Matlock.

11:18 **Band of Hope**, A Non-Conformist temperance union the Lawrence children had joined: 'They also belonged to the Band of Hope and signed the pledge' (Ada Lawrence and Stuart Gelder, *The Early Life of D. H. Lawrence*, 1932, p. 53).

11:32 **Palais de Danse . . . Pally**. Palace of Dance (French), a public hall for dancing. DHL is credited in *OED2* with the first published use of the abbreviated form, 'Pally', which imitates an English pronunciation of 'Palais': 'the new collier lads lounging into the Pally' (*LCL* 159:6).

12:19 **M! N** The error in MS (N! M) – see Textual apparatus – was spotted and corrected in pencil by someone (possibly DHL: the print-form capitals make it difficult to tell) in MS itself.

12:38 **Horlicks**. Malted milky night-time drink, intended to encourage sleep.

13:1 **heard like a weasel** Weasels – renowned for quickness and cunning – are not especially noted for sharpness of hearing; but cf. the saying 'you don't catch a weasel asleep', suggesting perpetual alertness.

13:14 **what's what!** What is right and proper.

14:2 **"rifted"** I.e. belched (dialect).

14:11 **au fait**, In possession of the facts (French).

14:34 **"Dinnington . . . Bonsall Head**, There is a Dinnington in s.e. Northumberland, 7 miles n.w. of Newcastle, and a Bonsall 14 miles n.n.w. of Derby. DHL's place-names here and elsewhere have to be treated with caution, as he sometimes gives actual places their real names, sometimes gives fictional names to real places or real names to fictional ones, and sometimes changes the location of places. Derek Britton suggests that the fictional journey of the picnic party corresponds in actual geography 'to a route which begins at Cromford ("Papplewick"), passes through Chatsworth Park and Baslow ("Woodlinkin") to Monsal Head ("Bonsall Head") and thence to Bamford ("Amberdale")' (*Lady Chatterley: The Making of the Novel*, p. 274, n. 1).

15:6 **Louth.**" Name of a market town in Lincolnshire, mid-way between Lincoln and Wragby.

15:10 **Heanor.**" Town 8 miles n.w. of Nottingham.

15:35 **insouciance**, Carelessness, indifference, or unconcern. See DHL's essay 'Insouciance' (*LEA* 94–7).

16:6 **King Charles' Head** A subject obsessively introduced on any occasion, from the monomania of Mr Dick in *David Copperfield* (1850) by Charles Dickens (1812–70).

16:21 **will-to-power** From *Wille zur Macht* (1887) by Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), translated as *The Will to Power* (1906). Later, in analytic psychology (especially A. Adler's individual psychology), defined as the driving force behind all human behaviour which should lead to self-mastery but when frustrated can become the will to dominate others. See, e.g., 'It is just like Gerald Crich with his horse—a lust for bullying—a real *Wille zur Macht*—so base, so petty' (*WL* 150:25–6) and 'A will-to-power seems to work out as bullying. And bullying is something despicable and

detestable' ('Blessed Are the Powerful', *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*, ed. Michael Herbert, Cambridge, 1988, 321:11–12).

17:2 “Appen tha *art* . . . tha ’rt none goin’ ter emp’y . . . guts.” Maybe you are . . . you’re not going to empty . . . stomach (dialect).

17:9 **obnoxious** Something objectionable or offensive. DHL is credited in *OED2* with the only prior recorded use of this term: ‘The parlour was the coolest place for the meat. Esau shifted the red obnoxious, wire cover and all, to the top of a cupboard’ (*The Boy in the Bush*, ed. Paul Eggert, Cambridge, 1980, 269:24–5).

17:35 **Russian boots**, Leather boots, usually with a wide cuff, initially laced at the side and later fastened with a zipper. By 1921, some fashionable women were wearing straight-topped, knee-high Russian boots with pointed toes and a Louis heel.

18:21 **the Duke** Chatsworth House (see note on 14:34), situated 12 miles s.w. of Sheffield, is the residence of the Duke of Devonshire.

18:30 **Woodlinkin**, Cf. Wood Linkin, 3 miles n.w. of Eastwood.

18:36 **Bolehill**, Name of village 12 miles n.n.w. of Derby and a mile s. of Cromford, but here seeming to equate to nearby Bonsall, a mile n.w. of Cromford (see note on 14:34).

19:21 **Codnor . . . Crosshill . . . Ashbourne?’** Codnor and Cross Hill are villages 4 miles w. of Eastwood; Ashbourne is 12 miles n.w. of Derby.

19:28 **bristled** With forms such as ‘bristling’ (see 253:1), this is one of DHL’s favourite descriptors for trees. See, e.g., *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Dieter Mehl and Christa Jansohn, Cambridge, 1995, 89:11; *Movements in European History*, ed. Philip Crumpton, Cambridge, 1990, 45:33; *Mr Noon*, ed. Vasey, 203:15; and ‘A Letter from Germany’, *Phoenix* 109.

19:33 “**And see the coloured counties—**” Line 8 of ‘Bredon Hill’, poem XXI of *A Shropshire Lad* (1896) by A. E. Housman (1859–1936).

20:40 **dragging in time by the forelock,**” Humorous play on the proverb ‘seizing (or taking) time by the forelock’, meaning to seize the initiative, whereas here it means bringing literal time in as an excuse to frustrate an initiative.

21:7 **frieze;** Coarse woollen cloth with a nap, usually on one side only.

21:25 **untackle.** Unharness. Cf. the use of this term in ‘David’ (*Complete Plays*, ed. Hans-Wilhelm Schwartz and John Worthen, Cambridge, 1999, 518:37), in which the term relates specifically to the dismantling of implements used for war.

21:31 **or cashmere kerchief** The words ‘or cashmere’ were added by DHL at the end of one line and ‘kerchief’ at the beginning of the next in MS, probably leading the typist to miss ‘cashmere’; ‘cashmere kerchief’ recurs at 25:11, making deletion by DHL in the typescript less likely than typist’s oversight.

22:2 **reaching forward her neck, like a menace.** Cf. ‘even the lambs will stretch forth their necks like serpents, / like snakes of hate, against the man in the machine’ (‘The Triumph of the Machine’, *Poems*, ii. 624).

22:15 **I** DHL underlined this word in MS, and it was set in italic in G, but someone checking G indicated that it should be regular type, most likely from comparison with the missing typescript, in which DHL's cancellation of the underlining could easily have been misunderstood by the typesetter.

25:12 **kerchief . . . on one side** The misspelling in F₁ (kercief) was introduced when this line and the next were reset to eliminate an extraneous 'was' in G ('was/was') . . . 'to one side' in G seems a likely typist's mistake, substituting an expected word.

26:10 **Wesleyan chapel.** John Wesley (1703–91) led a reform movement within the Church of England that separated from it in 1811 to form the Methodist Church. As with other Nonconformist denominations, places of worship were often referred to as chapels rather than churches.

26:25 **jaws of Hell were yawning.** A common literary metaphor, as in 'Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell / And opens wide the grunting jaws of hell': John Dryden (1631–1700), *Aeneid* (1697), vii. 786.

27:7 **do the large** A slang phrase meaning 'spend or give lavishly'.

29:8 **I wash the ashes out of my hair."** In the Bible and by ancient custom it was a sign of mourning or penitence to put ashes on one's hair.

32:9 **as if on hot bricks.** Cf. 'like a cat on hot bricks' (proverb), meaning very ill at ease.

34:30 **Tant de bruit pour une omelette!** So much noise over an omelette: i.e. a trifle (French).

35:9 **Vibrofaf.** A wine, produced by Galagha, Fletcher and Co. (London) with the label 'Vibrona' was available during this period, sold as a revitalising tonic.

35:21 **Lady of Shalott . . . the river.** The Lady of Shalott, in the poem of that name (1842) by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92), is condemned to remain in her room weaving what she sees in her mirror reflected through the window. She is finally drawn to enter the real world (which is death to her) when Sir Lancelot rides by with his 'coal-black curls', singing 'Tirra lirra'.

36:18 **casement-cloth** Fabric of cotton, linen or similar cloth used primarily for curtains, but also as dress material (*OED*₂).

39:5 **dégagé** Easy, open; jaunty (French).

39:34 **gewgaws** Gaudy trifles or ornaments, in this case clothes; also 'vanities'.

40:6 **draggled,** Unusual application to a dreary meal of a word normally applied to garments and meaning wet, limp, soiled (*OED*₂).

40:26 **Lambley Close,** Brings together the village of Lambley (5 miles n.e. of Nottingham) and Lambclose House, the residence of the Barber family of Eastwood (see *WL*, note on 12:38).

42:16 **raggle-taggle gipsy** From 'The Wraggle-Taggle Gipsies' by an unknown author: 'What care I for my house and my land? / What care I for my money,

O? / What care I for my new-wedded lord? / I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O' (collected in *Folk Songs from Somerset*, Somerset: Sharp and Marson, 1904).

44:1 **Mary-Mary-quite-contrary.** From the popular nursery rhyme: 'Mary, Mary, quite contrary, / How does your garden grow? / With silver-bells, cockle-shells / And pretty maids all in a row.'

44:3 **Black Rocks.** DHL may be recreating the Black Rock at Bolehill (see note on 17:13), 1 mile s. of Cromford.

45:39 **along of** Together with (in the gipsy's non-standard English).

47:40 **a Jewess** The treatment of this character shows that DHL's attitude to Jews is not straightforward. It involves not only the kind of casual antisemitism he shares with many contemporaries, but also sympathy for another outsider like himself. The outsiders in the story are positives set against those who have a complacent sense of belonging, and 'the little Jewess' (a constant refrain) is an outsider through being divorced and foreign as well as Jewish, linking her in various ways with Yvette's mother and the gipsy.

49:30 **the fellow** DHL wrote 'the big fellow' in MS and then crossed out 'big'; the typist probably included it by mistake.

49:32 **"With the horses back of Arras,"** In the spring of 1917 the British took a month to advance four miles at Arras in northern France, but eventually broke the Hindenburg line there. Horses were the standard mode of transport for the army up to and during the First World War (1914-18).

49:35 **"Ein schöner Mensch!"** A handsome fellow! (German).

49:36 **Tommies.** Ordinary British soldiers were known as Tommies in the First World War because the War Office used the imaginary name Thomas Atkins in its example of how to fill in the pay-book issued to each soldier.

50:10 **Normanton . . . Scoresby.** A village near Southwell, 12 miles n.e. of Nottingham . . . a name perhaps taken from Thoresby, 19 miles n. of Nottingham (which has a Normanton Inn close by).

52:17 **Saxe . . . Capo di Monte** From Saxony . . . a palace near Naples whose name is applied to a type of porcelain first produced there in the mid eighteenth century.

52:39 **powerful, athletic chest . . . strange, snowy sort of anger . . . the abstract morality of the north** Cf. DHL's portrayal of Gerald Crich, associated with a 'northern' kind of athletic beauty, anger and snow symbolism (*WL* 14:33-40, etc.; also note on 14:33).

53:14 **Bond-streety** Well-dressed, with expensive taste; Bond Street is in the West End of London, with expensive clothes shops and galleries. Cf. Dickens, *Little Dorrit* (1857), chap. vi.: 'of the streets streety'.

54:9 **Peter when the cock crew, as she denied him.** See, e.g., John xviii. 27: 'Peter then denied again: and immediately the cock crew.'

55:25 **poisonous, many-headed serpent, the tongue of the people.** I.e. mass-censure and idle gossip. The imagery here relates in part to the Hydra, a mythological monster with several heads, used commonly in literature as a metaphor for the single, undiscerning mentality or voice of a multitude.

56:12 **some huge goose with gravy?** In adding this image to the conventional 'carve out a career', DHL may partly be playing on 'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander' (proverb): i.e., what suits a woman should suit a man, and vice versa.

57:31 **"A cat may look at a king,"** This proverb challenges superiority: 'You may be set above us, but we lowlier ones can surely at least look at you.'

58:2 **Halifax** Manufacturing town in West Yorkshire, England.

58:20 **resurrected man** Both the gipsy and Major Eastwood have had near-death experiences and survived, like the Christ-figure of *The Escaped Cock* who has been taken down too soon from the cross.

59:4 **maquereau** Man who lives off the earnings of prostitutes (French).

59:12 **slaves,** DHL derives the 'slave' terminology here and elsewhere from Nietzsche's notion of 'slave-morality' in *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* (Leipzig, 1885–6; translated as *Beyond Good and Evil*, 1909), chap. IX.

59:12 **prisonous** Characteristic of a prison, as in Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, chap. vi: 'His son began . . . to be of the prison prisonous'.

63:21 **The will . . . toads, or tortoises.** Cf. DHL's poem cycle 'Tortoises' in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*: e.g. 'Are you able to wonder? / Or is it just your indomitable will and pride of the first life . . .' ('Baby Tortoise', *Poems*, i. 353).

65:1 **inside the pale.** Historically, the 'pale' or fence marked off territories, as in Ireland, where it separated colonising settlers inside the pale from the original inhabitants outside or 'beyond the pale', meaning inferior; here, the phrase means within the restricted boundary of a particular social sphere.

65:3 **chip against** Amalgam of 'chip at' (i.e. wear away or make small but persistent inroads into) and 'kick against', as in 'kick against the pricks' (to resist or persist while incurring hurt).

65:7 **pillars of the temple . . . Samson pulled the temple down.** Judges xvi. 29–30 ('And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood . . . And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein'). Cf. DHL's story 'Delilah and Mr Bircumshaw' in *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Stories*, ed. John Worthen, Cambridge, 1987, pp. 143–51.

65:14 **eat her cake and have her bread and butter.** Humorous conflation of two expressions, the proverb 'You cannot have your cake and eat it' (it is impossible to enjoy mutually exclusive pleasures simultaneously) and 'bread and butter' (basic means of subsistence).

65:24 **Codnor Gate,** Apparently near Papplewick, but its name taken from the north end of Codnor (see note on 19:21).

67:18 **mezereon tree.** A rare botanical inaccuracy by DHL, since *Daphnis mezereum* is not properly a tree but a deciduous bush with scented flowers (cf. *The Rainbow*, ed. Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Cambridge, 1989, 53:16 and n.).

71:6 **bolting,** I.e. the eyes seem to start or spring from their sockets (*OED2*).

74:33 **Darley,** Cf. Darley Bridge, 3 miles w. of Matlock.

76:29 **thanking his stars** I.e. celebrating his good fortune (proverb).

77:9 **the policeman . . . top ends.** The changes in G (see Textual apparatus) may have been initiated by eye-skip in the missing typescript (cf. note on 8:4), but this time the resultant reshaping of the whole sentence is unlikely to have been undertaken by those who prepared copy (see the ‘Texts’ section of the Introduction) and is accepted as probably DHL’s.

77:19 **great reservoir . . . Roman mine tunnel,** The huge Howden and Derwent reservoirs near Bamford were constructed in 1916 . . . The Romans mined lead in the area between Wirksworth and Castleton, where mining continued until the nineteenth century.

78:6 **Tideswell** In the Peak District, 6 miles e. of Buxton and 15 miles s. w. of Sheffield; it contains a reputed ‘ebbing and flowing well’.

78:8 **obdt.** Abbreviation of ‘obedient’, as employed in the old-fashioned polite form of signing-off a letter.

78:8 **Boswell.”** One of the traditional (and extremely common) names of gipsy families; e.g. Dan Boswell (1737–1827), the so-called ‘King of the Gypsies’, buried in the Nottinghamshire church of Selston.

Things

79:2 **New England.** Region in north-east USA from Maine to Massachusetts (79:5) and Connecticut (79:4).

79:10 **“Indian thought”—meaning, alas, Mrs Besant** I.e. spiritualism derived from Indian religious and philosophical ideas, as in the works of Annie Besant (1847–1933), who travelled to Perth on the same boat as DHL and Frieda in 1922: a prolific author, she was one of the founders (in 1875), and also President, of the Theosophical Society and a champion of nationalism in India.

79:19 **New Haven,** City in south-central Connecticut, in which Yale University (84:32) – founded in 1701, and the third oldest university in the USA – is situated. Achsah Brewster grew up in New Haven: see the Introduction for the extent to which she and her husband Earl were models for this story.

79:21 **Boulevard Montparnasse,** Situated in the Latin Quarter (left bank) of Paris: renowned (from mid to late nineteenth century) for its resident artists, studios and students.

79:23 **Monet** Claude Monet (1840–1926): French painter; the initiator, leader and unswerving advocate of the Impressionist style.

79:27 **Montmartre ... Tuileries**, The Butte-Montmartre (eighteenth arrondissement, northern rim of Paris) was the major art colony in Paris in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries . . . The Jardin (garden) des Tuileries, situated between the Champs Elysées and the Louvre on a site previously occupied by the Tuileries Palace, destroyed by arson in 1871.

80:13 **speak quite glibly** The variant in TCC (see Textual apparatus), ‘speak it so glibly’, helps to verify that the typing surviving as TCC was the source of all printed readings. DHL wrote ‘speak <it> quite glibly’ in MS, i.e. with ‘it’ deleted. The typist of TCC typed ‘speak it glibly’ and then inserted ‘so’ (higher, darker, with the letters closer together but extra space on both sides) in the blank gap, even though ‘quite’ is clearly written in MS. The typist of the other typescript – see Introduction – got it right, but ‘speak it so glibly’ rather than ‘speak quite glibly’ was transmitted.

80:34 **Buddha**. Enlightened (Sanskrit), the title given to the founder of the Asiatic religion thence called Buddhism. In 1926, Earl Brewster published *The Life of the Buddha*, put together from original Pali texts.

81:6 **theosophy**, DHL was familiar with the theosophical works of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–91), notably *Isis Unveiled* (1877) and *The Secret Doctrine* (1888): see *Letters*, iii. 150; 298–9.

81:12 **bho tree . . . Nirvana**, Under such a tree the Buddha attained enlightenment . . . literally ‘extinction’ (Sanskrit), signifying a state freed from life’s entanglements and hence oblivion or perfect happiness.

81:15 **Sitzfleisch** Literally ‘seat-flesh’ (German): the ability to endure some protracted activity. This instance is cited in *OED2* as the earliest in English.

81:19 **lonesome**. Variant (chiefly American) of ‘lonely’. Cf. DHL’s usage in ‘Lonely, Lonesome, Loney–O!’ (*Poems*, ii. 646).

81:30 **bean-stalk . . . Jack and Jill . . . further world**. Humorous amalgam of the well-known folk- or fairy-tale, ‘Jack and the Beanstalk’, and the popular nursery-rhyme, ‘Jack and Jill went up the hill’.

82:25 **Palazzo on the Arno**, One of the grand houses overlooking the river Arno in Florence.

82:38 **salotta**, Correctly ‘salotto’: a sitting-room, drawing-room or parlour (Italian).

83:2 **“Chartres!”** The Cathedral of Chartres, s.w. of Paris, is famous for its stained-glass windows, hence the association with multicoloured curtains.

83:6 **The holy of holies!** In Exodus xxvi. 34, the ‘most holy place’ – the inner chamber of the sanctuary in the Jewish tabernacle and temple, separated by a veil from the outer chamber or ‘holy place’. More generally, a place of special sacredness, an innermost shrine.

83:10 **perilous to the touch, the Ark of the Covenant**. The wooden chest that in biblical times housed the two tablets of the Law given to Moses by God. The Ark rested in the Holy of Holies (see previous note) inside the tabernacle of the ancient temple of Jerusalem and was handled only by the high priest.

83:26 **ad infinitum**, Without limit; for ever (Latin).

84:1 **Melville** [83:3] . . . **Erasmus** [83:20] . . . **Dick!** Melville may be an allusion to the American novelist, short-story writer and poet Herman Melville (1819–91). DHL included an essay on Melville's masterpiece, *Moby-Dick* (1851), in *Studies of Classic American Literature* (1923). The nickname 'Dick' (not an obvious abbreviation of 'Erasmus') may be a conscious play on this title. Erasmus may be intended to evoke Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536), the Dutch humanist and scholar.

84:6 **Sodom and Gomorrah** I.e., extremely wicked or corrupt places. Both cities were destroyed by 'brimstone and fire' because of their wickedness (Genesis xix. 24).

84:28 **written on the wall**, 'The writing on the wall' means an ominous sign that something is doomed, from the biblical account of King Belshazzar's feast, with the writing foretelling his death (Daniel v. 5, 26–8).

84:29 **Statue of Liberty** Formally 'Liberty Enlightening the World': a large statue on Liberty Island in New York Harbour, symbolic of liberty and free immigration, it was funded by the French people and dedicated in 1886.

84:30 **"Thou shalt get a job!"** Imitating the form of the Ten Commandments (Exodus xx. 2–17 and Deuteronomy v. 6–21).

85:9 **Louis Quinze chairs**, I.e., chairs made in France during the reign (1714–74) of Louis XV (1710–74).

85:16 **catching at new vine-props of hope . . . And finding them straws!**—An amalgam of two proverbial expressions, also developing the metaphor previously employed in this story in which the Melvilles are vine-tendrils looking for something to climb. 'To clutch/catch at a straw or straws' is to grab at the slightest chance when all hope is slipping away, and straw is proverbially regarded as worthless, as in the phrase 'not worth a straw'.

86:31 **returned like dogs to our vomit,** I.e., came back to the scene of a previous crime, or to evil ways after apparent reformation, from Proverbs 26.11.

87:3 **Cleveland university**, Fenn College (founded 1923) did not become Cleveland State University until 1964, Western Reserve University (1826) and John Carroll University (1886) being in the 1920s the only universities in Cleveland, a city in north-east Ohio that during the American civil war became a major centre for iron and steel processing and the fabrication of metals (hence 'furnaces of Cleveland' at 87:18). Earl Brewster was born in Chagrin Falls, a suburb of Cleveland, and studied at the Cleveland Institute of Art, established in 1882.

87:26 **Ravenna bishop's chair**, Possibly inspired by the famous sixth-century chair of Bishop Maximianus at Ravenna in north-east Italy.

87:34 **clean floors** [85:7] . . . **America supplies** When DHL tore the MS from the notebook, some inner edges (sometimes nearly half the length of the leaf) were torn, losing some line endings on even-numbered and line beginnings on odd-numbered pages: DHL wrote them in, and these readings have been adopted.

Rawdon's Roof

89:22 **"By Jove,** Colloquial exclamation of wonder and surprise. Jove is a poetical equivalent of Jupiter, highest deity of the ancient Romans.

90:2 **sauce his gander . . . sauced his goose.** See note on 56:12.

90:36 **hide his short-comings under a bushel.** I.e. hide his weaknesses, a comic reversal of the expression 'Hide your light under a bushel', meaning to be modest about one's talents, from Matthew v. 15.

90:40 **Janet,** The edge of the leaf in MS is torn with part of the 't' and any subsequent punctuation missing, so the reading of TS is accepted; similarly at 92:29, 95:25 and 96:33 where MS is torn.

91:26 **sure as houses,** Variant of the common expression, 'safe as houses'.

92:37 **The cat . . . the canvas.** Developing the idiom 'to let the cat out of the bag', meaning to reveal a secret.

93:3 **"cornemuse" . . . windbag accompaniment.** An early form of the bagpipe, dating from the Renaissance, formerly a favourite rural English musical instrument . . . punning on 'wind-bag' Rawdon.

93:11 **look on** The changes in E1 here and at 99:29 (see Explanatory note), 100:4 and 102:21 are not accepted: all are indifferent changes and occur in isolation, so are more likely to be the typesetter misreading than DHL revising in proof. The change at 95:5 ('in the front' to 'in front') is hesitantly accepted as DHL's.

95:2 **tragedy queen,** Someone who exaggerates her misfortune through elaborate theatricality, as if adopting the role of the female lead in a tragic play.

96:19 **smelled a rat . . . felt a pussy** The latter unusual phrase develops the conventional former one: if Rawdon suspected something was amiss in the study, the narrator sensed something much more amiss (or 'A miss' in the joke at 102:9) in the servants' quarters.

97:13 **hooking at me** A figurative expression derived from fishing, as is the later phrase 'throwing the net over my head'.

97:33 **a burnt cat fears the cook,** An invented alternative to the proverb 'A burnt child dreads the fire.'

98:19 **fleering** Grinning scornfully.

98:38 **with the stiff upper-lip.** I.e., obstinately; with reserve. The sense 'to keep one's courage' may also be implied in the way in which Rawdon refuses to break his initial resolution.

99:13 **mills of God . . . grind us a little smaller.** Adapting Friederich von Logau (1604–55), *Sinngedichte*, as translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82): 'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.'

99:29 **birdlessness** It seems the reading 'windlessness' in E1 results from an attempt to make sense of a mistyping in TCC, where the initial 'b' was typed over a 'd'

and the 'r' as 'n'. Given Janet Drummond's musings on birds and cats in the next few lines, it seems unlikely that DHL made the change, and if he did, it was in response to the typing mistake.

99:32 **drunk sleep out of a bottle—** Cf. 'He that drinks well, sleeps well.'

100:28 **service-door.** Door in a large household separating the servants' quarters from those of the family, 'padded' – here and at 96:17 – for sound-proofing.

101:6 **looking like Hamlet in the last act.** I.e., tragic, exhausted, self-consciously heroic.

101:15 **butt-end** The term 'butt' is a common abbreviation of 'buttock', and also denotes the physical 'end' of something.

101:18 **like the cat who has swallowed the . . . canary.** I.e., self-satisfied.

Mother and Daughter

103:2 **Virginia** Her name acquires significance when she is referred to as 'almost a virgin, probably quite a virgin . . . entirely virgin' (117:39–118:1), and this relates her to the virgin protagonists of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* and *The Escaped Cock*. Virginity is also a theme of other fictions by DHL in this period, notably *St. Mawr*, 'The Princess' and *The Plumed Serpent*.

103:4 **Balzac . . . precise** Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), French writer who produced a vast collection of novels and short stories called *La Comédie humaine* (*The Human Comedy*). In his varied works he emerged as the supreme observer and chronicler of contemporary French society, in spectacular detail, down to such things as how much money his characters earned; DHL imitates this monetary precision, as again at 'Balzacian' (103:31) – underlined by 'sou', a low-value French coin.

104:6 **sphinx . . . devouring him.** Mythological creature with a lion's body and human head: a significant image in Egyptian and Greek art and legend. The winged sphinx of Boeotian Thebes terrorised the people by demanding the answer to a riddle taught her by the Muses, devouring a man each time the riddle was answered incorrectly. The phrase 'seeking whom she might devour' is from 1 Peter 5. 8 ('. . . he may . . .').

104:9 **Biarritz,** Resort town in south-west France, popular with the wealthy.

104:34 **shirt of Nessus . . . poison.** In Greek mythology, the misinformed wife of Heracles, trying to win back his love, sent him a shirt smeared with the poisoned blood of the Centaur, Nessus, which clung to his flesh and caused him such suffering that he immolated himself on a pyre.

105:38 **gamin** Urchin (French).

106:2 **bath-chair,** Chair on wheels intended for use by the elderly and invalids, who were pushed in them by servants or nurses.

106:27 **cambré.** Curved, arched, particularly of the back (French).

106:29 **who-the-devil-are-you . . . eyes,** Challenging and superior.

106:38 **Voltaire . . . Ninon de l'Enclos . . . Pompadour . . . Madame la Duchesse . . . Monsieur le Marquis.** Voltaire (born François-Marie Arouet; 1694–1778): French author renowned for critical capacity, wit and satire, and held in world-wide repute as a courageous crusader against tyranny, bigotry and cruelty . . . Anne de Lenclous, known as Ninon de Lenclous (1620–1705): French wit and writer famous for her liaison with Saint Evrémond . . . Antoinette Poissons, Marquise de Pompadour (1721–64): patroness of the arts and mistress of Louis XV . . . The aristocratic titles of Duchesse and Marquis were much used in eighteenth-century France. The title 'Marquis' originally designated the ruler of certain territories (originally 'marches' or frontier districts), but later merely indicated a certain grade of noble rank, immediately below that of duke and above that of count. Cf. *The Lost Girl*, ed. John Worthen, Cambridge, 1981, 4:8.

107:13 **not to be sniffed at.** Not to be passed over lightly or underestimated.

108:1 **old Bloomsbury Squares,** I.e., Russell, Bedford, Gordon, Tavistock, Bloomsbury, Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares in Bloomsbury, a residential area of London, north of the Thames, with a reputation, enhanced by the Bloomsbury group, as an artistic and intellectual centre.

108:9 **Louis Seize . . . Empire,** I.e., the French style characteristic of the reign (1774–92) of Louis Seize or XVI (1754–93), a last phase of Rococo . . . The Neoclassical 'Empire' style flourished in France during the time of the First Empire (1804–14) – encouraged by Napoleon's desire for a style inspired by the grandeur of imperial Rome.

108:10 **Aubusson carpet.** Tapestry-woven carpets made at Aubusson, a town in central France, since the fifteenth century, mainly for the nobility and royalty.

108:32 **dame de compagnie,** A paid (female) lady's companion (French).

109:9 **Open Sesame!** The magic words by which, in the *Arabian Nights* tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, the door of the robbers' cave was made to fly open; hence, any marvellous or magical way of securing immediate admission.

109:32 **Circe . . . swine** In Greek mythology, Circe was a sorceress who lived on the island of Æœa and turned everyone who drank from her cup into swine, including (temporarily) the companions of Odysseus.

110:20 **œufs farcis.** Correctly *œufs farcis*: stuffed eggs (French).

110:23 **clerking . . . House of Lords,** Working there as a clerk, particularly as a 'Clerk of the Crown', an officer of the Chancery department who issues writs of summons to peers in the House of Lords, the upper chamber of the Houses of Parliament in London.

110:27 **rowed in the Oxford eight,** I.e., rowed in the Oxford eight-man crew in the famous boat-race (dating from 1829) between Oxford and Cambridge universities.

110:29 **Plato,** One of the most famous Greek philosophers (427–347 BC).

111:17 **ménage à deux** The common domestic arrangement of two people living together – as opposed to a 'ménage à trois', or threesome (French).

111:27 **old Adam . . . old Eve** I.e., the unregenerate human condition or character, sometimes suggesting anger, barbarism, rawness, wildness, disreputable behaviour or sexual excess/violence. (The first is also a slang phrase for the penis.)

By 1910 (when he gave a copy of the English translation to Alan Chambers), DHL knew the novel *Der Alte Adam und die neue Eva* (1895), tr. as *The Old Adam and the New Eve* (1898), by Rudolph Golm (pseud. of Rudolf Goldscheid, 1870–1931). Both ‘old Adam’ and ‘new Eve’ were favourite images for DHL: see, e.g., the two stories ‘The Old Adam’ (71–86) and ‘New Eve and Old Adam’ (161–83) in *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Stories*, ed. Worthen. By ‘old Eve’, on the other hand, DHL suggests an ancient primal quality in women that resists ‘mental’ responsibility in work.

113:21 **alter ego**. A second or other self (Latin).

114:10 **Soho** Neighbourhood in the City of Westminster, Greater London, renowned for its lively street-markets and multifarious restaurants, many of them cheap rather than ‘grand’; being also one of London’s prostitution districts may imply a further contrast to Virginia’s life with her mother.

114:16 **David’s pebble against Goliath’s battle-axe!** [113:38–9] . . . **That was the pebble that broke the bone of her temple.**— I.e., an apparently insignificant weapon against a powerful one – with the added irony that the pebble ultimately triumphed. See 1 Samuel xvii. 7, 1 Samuel xvii. 40–51, and cf. *David*, scene vii (*Complete Plays*, ed. Schwartz and Worthen, 470:11–12).

115:5 **Rahat Lakoum**, Turkish Delight: the Turkish national sweetmeat (literally translates as ‘throat’s ease’). DHL appears to be combining the Turkish terms ‘Türkçe Lokum’ (Turkish Delight) and ‘Rahat’ (meaning rest, ease or comfort).

115:10 **aspic**. A savoury meat jelly, composed of meat, fish, game, etc.: having snails rather than quails in aspic comically conveys what Rachel Bodoin considers apt for Arnault; also a by-form of ‘asp’ (a small, venomous, hooded serpent found in Egypt and Libya, the *Naja Haje*), and perhaps retaining these connotations here.

116:3 **Turkish-carpet** Rachel Bodoin’s comic designation puts the Armenian down as a mere tradesman; trading associations are developed in the next paragraph.

116:15 **Levantine . . . fez . . . Port Said . . . sea-front at Nice:** Carries the associations of merchants trading in the Eastern Mediterranean . . . A red skull-cap, formerly of wool, in the shape of a truncated cone and ornamented with a long black tassel; formerly the national head-dress of the Turks . . . Port city in north-east Egypt, at the northern end of the Suez Canal . . . Seaport city in south-east France: leading resort of the Côte d’Azur, or French Riviera.

116:35 **you could not lay your finger on him.** I.e., you could not do the slightest harm to him (as in the more usual ‘lay a finger on him’) or you would have to answer to his ‘tribe’.

117:9 **objet de vertu** A spurious translation into French (after ‘objet d’art’) of the phrase ‘object of *virtu*’, meaning an article that ‘virtuosos’ or connoisseurs are interested in, such as a curio, antique, or other product of the fine arts.

117:36 **cachet**, Desirable stylishness (French).

118:9 **“sheiky.”** I.e., resembling a ‘sheikh’ or Arab chief: strictly, a venerable man over fifty years of age. *The Sheikh* (1919), a best-selling novel by Edith Maude Hull, was made into a very popular film (1921) starring Rudolph Valentino, and these created a taste for mysterious Arab males that was reflected in other popular fictions and films. See also note on 119:21.

119:9 **“Mais oui! . . . Je te contenterai, tu le verras.” . . . Tu me contenteras!** But yes! . . . I will make you happy, you will see . . . You will make me happy! (French).

119:21 **bazaar merchant in *The Thief of Baghdad*.** A highly popular silent film (1924) that DHL and Frieda were thrilled by, according to Brett (*Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship*, Philadelphia, 1933, p. 189). It is a lavish, ‘Arabian-Nights’-style fantasy adventure: scenes in the film may lie behind the humorous treatment of the lovemaking between Arnault and Virginia.

120:14 **The iron had entered her soul** Cf. Psalms cv. 18 (Book of Common Prayer): ‘The iron entered into his soul.’ The expression is used of one experiencing the pangs of anguish and embitterment.

122:2 **hein?** What? (French).

The Escaped Cock

I

123:26 **day-shirt** A more emphatic name for a shirt worn during the day as distinct from a night-shirt (*OED*₂).

123:29 **made the final acquaintance of** I.e., through sexual intercourse.

123:32 **out of limbo.** The phrase recurs, meaning out of some indeterminate place, and the notion of limbo as an intermediate state on the ‘edge’ (Latin *limbus*) is central to the story.

124:5 **pent-roof.** A shed-roof like that of a penthouse, sloping in one direction only.

124:13 **tied by the leg.** A comically literal use of a phrase often employed figuratively to indicate a position of imposed restraint.

124:14 **forged** I.e., fashioned into shape, with an implication of creating a fiery red.

124:15 **within the limits of his tether** Another literal use of a phrase usually employed figuratively, meaning to be within the limits of one’s ability, position or reasonable action.

124:19 **cock-crows** Hyphenated at the end of a line in TSIa, but DHL used a hyphen in the original manuscript.

124:33 **inside a carved hole in the rock.** Cf. Matthew xxvii. 60; also DHL’s ‘[Autobiographical Fragment]’, in which the protagonist achieves transition between two worlds through entering a hole in the rock (*LEA* 57:15–35).

125:10 **lapsed** With its forms, this word is much used by DHL, especially in his late works, to describe the descent into and movement beyond death (or sleep, illness, etc.) towards recovery and renewal. See Donald Gutierrez, *Lapsing Out: Embodiments of Death and Rebirth in the Last Writings of D. H. Lawrence*, 1980, for a full analysis.

125:19 **it was finished.** Cf. John xix. 30: 'When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished": and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.'

125:24 **cell** This word is clear in typings from TSIa to TSII, in which it was erased and retyped, making TCCII unclear and read as 'well' by the typesetter for the Black Sun edition.

125:39 **shoulder-bands.** [125:7] . . . **swathing-bands** In the biblical account, after being crucified, Christ was wrapped in linen and embalmed; see John xix. 40 and Luke xxiv. 12 . . . Bandages for winding round a body – also 'swaddling' bands or clothes, as in Luke ii. 7.

126:6 **sleeping soldiers,** In Matthew xxvii–xxviii, 'a watch' is set by the chief priests and Pharisees to prevent the disciples from stealing the body of Christ and then claiming that he has arisen from the dead. The keepers are described as 'soldiers' in xxviii. 12.

126:7 **scarred feet,** I.e., bearing the wounds from being nailed to the cross. When revealing himself to his disciples after the resurrection, Christ says: 'Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have' (Luke xxiv. 39).

126:9 **a slow squalor of limbs,** I.e., a pile of heavy, dirty, miserable and untidy-looking arms and legs. DHL's use of 'squalor' as a collective noun is original.

126:12 **the city that stood on her hills.** Cf. the evocation of Jerusalem and its surrounding hills (site of Christ's crucifixion) in the well-known hymn 'There is a green hill far away' by Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–95). Cf. also 'A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid' (Matthew v. 14).

126:20 **Neither here nor there, neither seeing nor yet sightless,** Cf. 'Neither straight nor crooked, neither here nor there' ('The Ship of Death', *Poems*, ii. 963), in which an analogous half-state between life and death is being evoked.

126:29 **shirt-tunic.** Usually 'tunic shirt': a long loose-fitting shirt. Cf. the dress of the people in Nethrupp in '[Autobiographical Fragment]': 'wearing the sleeveless woollen shirt of grey and red' (*LEA* 62:19–20).

126:31 **Master!"** The title frequently given to Jesus by his disciples (Matthew viii. 19, etc.).

127:5 **washed scars on the waxy forehead!** Christ was adorned with a crown of thorns in mockery of his status as King of the Jews, prior to his crucifixion. See Matthew xxvii. 29 (also Mark xv. 17 and John xix. 2–5).

127:8 **They took me down too soon.** I.e., removed him from the cross before he was dead.

127:25 **roughishness** DHL's coinage (not in *OED*2).

128:7 **desire was dead** Cf. the poem entitled 'Desire is Dead', *Poems*, i. 504.

128:18 **dead king, from the region of terrors.** I.e., from Hell (Hades). Cf. 'Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld' ('Snake', *Poems*, i. 351).

128:38 **would** I.e., 'wish to', a common biblical usage. Biblical language is used or imitated throughout the novella, as in 'woe, and vanity' (133:2), 'in no wise' (136:18), 'beget' (139:30), 'Seek ye' (146:11), 'Art thou not' (151:21), etc.

129:29 **the triumph of life.** Perhaps an allusion to the poem of this title (1822; first published posthumously in 1824) by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) – his last major poetic work. DHL uses this phrase in order to emphasise the proud defiance of the cockerel, while the 'Life' of Shelley's title is seen as destroyer of man and his ideals: a grim process that only a heroic few may resist.

129:32 **ruffling himself . . . another challenge** Cf. the personified cockerel of the well-known fable 'The Cock and the Fox', and specifically John Dryden's Chanticleer who 'Stood high upon his toes, and clapped his wings; / Then stretched his neck, and winked with both his eyes' ('The Cock and the Fox', *Fables*, 1700).

130:40 **the body was stolen . . . tomb is empty . . . soldiers . . . women . . . weep."** From the Gospel accounts of the discovery made by Christ's disciples that his tomb was empty, after his crucifixion: see Matthew xxviii. 1–13; Mark xvi. 1–10; Luke xxiv. 1–12; and John xx. 1–18.

131:12 **Clods of earth . . . The ploughshare of devastation . . . It is tillage, not salvation . . .** Emulation of biblical language and imagery, such as 'Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground?' (Isaiah xxviii. 24); 'Beat your ploughshares into swords . . . let the weak say, I am strong' (Joel iii. 10); and 'Much food is in the tillage of the poor: but there is that is destroyed for want of judgement' (Proverbs xiii. 23).

131:39 **And at dawn, [131:21] . . . in touch with men."** Cf. the account given in John xx. 14–17, in which Mary Magdalene (here Madeleine) encounters and converses with Christ after he has arisen from the dead. The biblical meeting occurs near to the sepulchre in which Christ's body was placed after his crucifixion, and DHL follows the sequence of the meeting in which Mary (Madeleine) does not at first know her Master, but then recognises him when he utters her name. However, the dialogue is considerably extended here, with Madeleine repeatedly asking her Master to return to her and accept again his previous role as Messiah, while he asserts his desire for a retreat into single life, renouncing his mission.

132:28 **Judas**, Judas Iscariot (d. AD 30?): one of the Twelve Apostles, notorious for betraying Jesus.

132:33 **high priests** In Judaism, the chief religious functionaries in the Temple of Jerusalem, whose unique privilege was to enter the Holy of Holies once a year on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, to burn incense and sprinkle sacrificial animal blood to expiate their own sins and those of the people of Israel.

132:39 **your lovers in the past** Mary Magdalene had been a prostitute before she met Jesus. See John xx. 11–17.

133:1 **your own excess.** In the Bible, excess is associated with hypocrisy – the appearance of purity disguising evil within – e.g. Matthew xxiii. 25: ‘Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.’ DHL explores the topic of ‘excess’ in *Study of Thomas Hardy*, e.g. in chap. 4, ‘An Attack on Work and the Money Appetite and on the State’: ‘There is always excess, the biologists say, a brimming over. For they have made the measure, and the supply must be made to fit’ (*Study of Thomas Hardy*, ed. Steele, 31:4–5).

133:3 **Pilate** Pontius Pilate, governor of Judaea, who considered Jesus innocent and wished to release him, but ordered him to be crucified, to appease the crowds (see John xviii–xix).

134:2 **the spear-thrust through his bowels.** Cf. John xix. 34: ‘But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.’

134:5 **the Messiah.** From the Hebrew ‘Mashiah’, meaning ‘anointed’. In Judaism, it refers to the expected King in the line of David who would free Israel from foreign bondage and restore it to its former glory. Luke i. 31–3 describes how Christ is born into the Messianic tradition.

134:7 **middle-aged** It is estimated that Christ was in his early to middle thirties at his crucifixion. His date of birth (hotly debated) may well have been around 7/6 BC and his death around AD 29.

134:20 **He was risen,** John ii. 22.

134:23 **rapt away into heaven.** A reference to the biblical ascension (although ‘rapt’ is a non-biblical term): cf. Mark xvi. 19 and Luke xxiv. 51 (‘And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven’).

135:13 **known a woman,** I.e., in the ‘biblical’ sense, denoting sexual intimacy, as in the phrase ‘carnal knowledge’. See also 123:29 and 160:9.

136:3 **Don’t touch me, Brother. I am not yet risen to the Father.”** Cf. John xx. 17: ‘Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.’ See also 131:38 (“‘Don’t touch me . . .’”) and 134:15 (“‘Do not touch me . . .’”); the Latin version ‘noli me tangere’ (touch me not), used at 148:31 and 150:4, appears frequently in DHL’s writings.

136:15 **Madeleine . . . his mother . . . Joan.** Cf. Luke xxiv. 10: ‘It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles.’ There is no suggestion in the Gospels that Christ’s mother was at the tomb, or that there was this second meeting on the ‘third day’. In Luke, the two Marys and Joanna are present on the initial discovery of the empty tomb.

137:21 **The Word** John i. 1 (‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God’). Cf. DHL’s poetic evocation of the ‘wordlessness’ of the moment of creation in his alternative myth: ‘If ever there was a beginning / there was no god in it / there was no Verb / no Voice / no Word’ (‘Let there be Light’, *Poems*, ii. 681).

137:28 **slipped that noose**, I.e., stole away, escaped from bondage (the expression 'to give someone or something the slip' probably arose from the idea of a hound slipping its collar).

138:23 **pack-train** A train of pack-beasts with their load.

138:32 **inherit the earth**, Matthew v. 5: 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

139:22 "**As Elijah the prophet**, The ascension of Elijah, a prophet of God who conveyed messages from God to man, is described in 2 Kings ii. 11: 'And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.'

140:4 **he overtook two men** [139:3-4] . . . **before they knew**. On the road to Emmaus, Christ met two disciples who failed to recognise him, and who spoke to him regarding the resurrection before finally knowing him as their Master; see Luke xxiv. 13-31.

140:32 **hosts**, A great company; a multitude; a large number (*OED*2 2). In biblical and derived uses (the host or hosts of heaven), it has the specific meanings of the multitude of angels that attend upon God; and the sun, moon and stars.

II

141:8 **Isis** See note on 143:21.

142:23 **far too quick for anything dead**. I.e., far too alive and lively to be dead, from the phrase 'the quick and the dead' in the Creed and in the Bible, as at 2 Timothy iv. 1: 'the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead'.

142:27 **covering** I.e., copulating with, used in reference to a stallion, and (rarely) in relation to other animals (*OED*2 6a). Censorship in the Black Sun edition begins with this sentence: see Introduction and Textual apparatus.

143:1 **overseer** Supervisor; guide or ruler over a group of people or institution: e.g. Joseph became overseer in Pharaoh's Egyptian house (Genesis xxxix. 4-5).

143:6 **lotus-bud** The lotus, the Egyptian water-lily, grew with the rising of the Nile, and became a fertility symbol associated with sun-worship.

143:21 **Isis . . . Mother of Horus**. According to Egyptian mythology, Isis was the wife and sister of Osiris (a fertility god associated with the cultivation of grain and the rising and falling of the Nile). Osiris was drowned by his brother, the evil Set, and his corpse torn in pieces and scattered. Isis found and reassembled all the pieces except the genitals, which had been eaten by fish, so she made an image of the phallus. Ra, the sun-god, arranged for Osiris to rise from the dead: he became Lord of the Underworld, Lord of Eternity and Ruler of the Dead. DHL's interpretation of this myth was derived in part from James G. Frazer (1854-1941), *The Golden Bough* (1890-1915) . . . Isis was supernaturally impregnated by the dead Osiris to become the mother of Horus, a bringer of harmony; but in DHL's

version she can become pregnant only after a physical union with the resurrected Osiris.

143:33 **delicate navel of her bud-like belly** Cf. Song of Solomon vii. 2 ('Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies').

144:3 **Ephesus**, Greek 'Ephesos': the most important Greek city in Ionian Asia Minor, the ruins of which lie near the modern village of Selcuk in western Turkey.

144:9 **Anthony . . . Caesar . . . Octavius**, Marcus Antonius was a friend of Julius Caesar, and after the latter's assassination in 44 BC succeeded him as the lover of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, neglecting both his wife and the affairs of Rome. He committed suicide in 30 BC after being defeated by Octavius, who became the first Roman emperor, Augustus.

144:18 **I have sacrificed two doves for you, to Venus**, The dove was sacred to the love-goddess Venus and the moon-goddess Isis. Cf. this sacrifice made to the Roman goddess of love with the late poem 'Self-Sacrifice': e.g. 'Venus would rather have live doves than dead, if you want to make an offering. / If you want to make her an offering, let the doves fly from her altar' (*Poems*, ii. 678).

144:22 **a maid should open . . . the sun leans towards her to caress her.**— Cf. 'Sun', *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Mehl and Janssohn, esp. 32:25–6

145:16 **Sidon**, Ancient city on the Mediterranean coast of Lebanon: a fishing, trade, market and administrative centre.

146:10 **hodden grey**. A poetic inversion of 'grey hodden' (coarse cloth with the natural colour of undyed wool) that has become a stock phrase for typical rustic garb.

147:7 **obeisance**. In the bible, an act of subjugation and reverence: e.g. Genesis xliiii. 28 ('And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance').

147:11 **an escaped malefactor.** An understandable inference on the part of the slave: two 'malefactors' were crucified with Jesus and would have shown the same wounds in hands and feet.

147:20 **scrip** Small bag, especially as carried by a shepherd, pilgrim or beggar.

148:29 **greater day . . . little day**, Cf. 'For the little day is like a house with the family round the hearth, and the door shut. Yet outside whispers the Greater Day, wall-less, and hearthless. And the time will come at last when the walls of the little day shall fall, and what is left of the family of men shall find themselves outdoors in the Greater Day' ('The Flying-Fish', *St. Mawr and Other Stories*, ed. Brian Finney, Cambridge, 1983, 212:20–4).

149:2 **vulgar Syrian.** Cf. 2 Kings xviii. 26 ('Then said Eliakim the son of Hilkiah, and Shebna, and Joah, unto Rab-shakeh, Speak, I pray thee, to thy servants in the Syrian language; for we understand it: and talk not with us in the Jews' language in the ears of the people that are on the wall').

149:5 **Damascus** Capital city of Syria, located in the south-west of the country, and capital of the Islamic Caliphate from AD 661 to 750. Sometimes called ‘the Pearl of the East’.

150:30 **pure muse**, For ‘muse’ as religious contemplation, cf. Psalms cxliii. 5 (‘I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works, I muse on the works of thy hands’).

151:32 **all-tolerant Pan** In Greek mythology, a fertility deity, more or less bestial in form, symbolising the sacredness of all created things. Originally an Arcadian deity, his name is a Doric contraction of *paon* (‘pasturer’) but commonly supposed in antiquity to be connected with *pan* (‘all’). Pan is a repeated motif in DHL’s works: for a detailed listing, see *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Mehl and Jansohn, note on 122:27.

152:5 **a certain mischief**. Enid Hilton mistakenly inserted ‘even’ by hand before these words in TSIII (see Textual apparatus), as DHL failed to delete it when interlining a revision in MS.

155:5 **reclining on his couch**, A favourite pose of the Etruscans as portrayed by the paintings in the underground tombs at Tarquinia. Cf. DHL’s recreation in his ‘[Autobiographical Fragment]’: ‘here some men reclined on the folded felts’ (*LEA* 65:37–8).

155:30 **lanthorn** I.e., lantern.

156:36 **“They did me to death!”** I.e., they killed me.

157:23 **“Once a woman . . . precious ointment.”** Christ’s feet were anointed by a woman described as a sinner, traditionally Mary Magdalene (see the reference to ‘a prostitute’ at 157:30): she ‘began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment’ (Luke vii. 38; cf. Matthew xxvi. 7 and John 12.3). Cf. *Letters*, iii. 179–80.

157:37 **This is my body—take and eat** Cf. Matthew xxvi. 26 (‘And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body’).

157:40 **kissed Judas . . . kissed me with death**. Judas kissed Jesus at Gethsemane in order to reveal his identity to his captors, and acquire thirty pieces of silver: see Luke xxii. 47–8.

158:5 **blessed are they that mourn**, Matthew v. 4: ‘Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.’

159:5 **stones**, Testicles.

159:29 **“On this rock I build my life!”** Cf. Matthew xvi. 18 (‘And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it’).

159:33 **“I am risen!”** Cf. Matthew xxvi. 32 (‘But after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee’) and note on 134:20. The meaning here is sexual.

160:9 **knew** See note on 135:13.

160:14 **atonement** Signifies being ‘at one’, in harmony and agreement; in theology, expiation of sin and reconciliation with God, especially through the redemptive work of Christ, ‘by whom we have now received the atonement’ (Romans v. 11).

160:24 **sheath** Given the context, perhaps including the botanical meaning of a tubular or enrolled organ of a plant (*OED* 2b).

160:28 **dog-star** I.e., Sirius: a binary star in the constellation Canis Major and the brightest star in the night sky.

162:3 “**Let not your heart be troubled!**” John xiv. 1.

162:25 **live apart.—** I.e., together, away from others.

162:38 **Lysippus** The name of a fourth-century BC Greek sculptor seems to have been chosen more or less randomly for this character.

163:18 **my** The reading of TSIII is accepted (see Textual apparatus) because the MS reading is the result of incomplete revision.

163:22 **But the gold and flowing serpent is coiling up again, to sleep at the root of my tree.** In some Tantric (esoteric) forms of Yoga (e.g. ‘kundalini’), the cosmic energy that is believed to lie within everyone is pictured as a coiled serpent lying at the base of the spine. Cf. ‘the central serpent that is coiled at the core of life’ (*WL* 451:16 and n.). Also cf. ‘It is the same dragon which, according to the Hindus, coils quiescent at the base of the spine of a man’ (*Apocalypse*, ed. Mara Kalnins, Cambridge, 1980, 125:3–5). See ‘Introduction’ to *Apocalypse* (5–6) for the influence of *The Apocalypse Unsealed* (1910) by James Pryse (1859–1942) on DHL’s writing of this kind.

The Blue Moccasins

165:8 **kicking over the . . . traces,** I.e., breaking away from control, as a horse refusing to run in harness kicks over the traces or side-straps.

165:21 **moccasins,** Footwear of deerskin or other soft leather, sometimes decorated with beads, as worn by the male Indians of North America, and by trappers and backwoodsmen who adopted Indian customs.

165:24 **the war** I.e. the First World War (1914–18).

166:32 **as did me in,** That finished me off (dialect).

167:9 **Twybit Hall,** Apparently a fictitious name.

167:12 **Gallipoli,** In the First World War, Gallipoli, eastern Turkey, was the scene of successful Turkish resistance to the attempted landing by Allied forces during the Dardanelles campaign.

171:13 **often.** DHL wrote ‘often now.’ and then deleted ‘now’; the typist must have included ‘now’ by mistake (see Textual apparatus).

171:16 **infra dig.** Upper-class slang for ‘beneath my dignity’ (Latin *infra dignitatem*).

171:23 **Stubbs' Bank**, Frederick George Stubbs was a financially successful local builder and decorator who built the Empire Picture House in Eastwood, so DHL may have used this name for a bank because of his association of Stubbs with money-making.

172:1 **Shewbury**. Apparently a fictitious name without a precise source.

172:16 **sidesmen**, Assistants to the churchwardens of a parish.

172:28 *The Shoes of Shagpat* Cf. *The Shaving of Shagpat: An Arabian Entertainment* (1855) by George Meredith (1828–1909) – a prose fantasy imitative of *The Arabian Nights*. The genre being comically drawn on is similar to that in 'Mother and Daughter': see notes on 118:9 and 119:21.

172:36 **Turkish trousers**, Baggy oriental pantaloons.

173:6 **Ancient of Days** A scriptural title of God, as in Daniel vii. 9.

173:9 **Ali**, DHL seems to play on this very common Arab name by giving names containing its three letters to female characters: i.e. Lina, Alice and Leila.

173:17 **got her monkey up**, Irritated and angered her (slang).

177:6 **half a tick**. A moment (slang).

177:9 **You're a Christian . . . turn Turk!** I.e., you're a good, generous fellow . . . become a Turk, or like a Turk; but here the expression is used playfully in response to 'Christian'.

177:24 **She** From this paragraph DHL revised the ending of the story: what survives of the deleted version is reproduced in Appendix IV (b).

177:33 **bedizened** Made up, especially in a vulgar or gaudy fashion.

178:6 **chalk it up to thee**, I.e., remember this is owed to you, though the usual sense would be 'charge it to you', from writing up in chalk the amounts owed to innkeepers and the like.

178:9 **as right as rain** Fine (colloquial idiom).

178:29 **holy-holy-holy**, Cf. Isaiah vi. 3 ('And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory') and Revelation iv. 8.

179:1 **More fool me!** Cf. 'Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I' (Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, ii. iv. l. 12).

179:20 **Happen so!** Maybe (dialect).

Appendix I *The Escaped Cock*: early versions

(a) Part I: early manuscript version

183:1 **early manuscript version** For the origin and status of this manuscript of April 1927, see the Introduction, pp. xxv and liv. For this and the succeeding early versions, matter also pertaining to the main text and previously annotated will not be repeated here.

184:9 **Alexander** Alexander III – ‘the Great’ – born in Pella, Macedonia, was a pupil of Aristotle and is renowned for his military campaigns and imperial ambitions.

190:3 **self-bound.** I.e., self-obsessed; tied and restricted by one’s own limitations.

191:33 **Not even . . . John nor Peter.** James and John (the sons of Zebedee) and Peter formed an inner circle who alone were permitted to witness such events as the raising of Jairus’ daughter (Mark v. 37; Luke viii. 51), the Transfiguration (Mark ix; Matthew xvii; Luke ix), and the agony of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane (Mark xiv. 33; Matthew xxvi. 37).

192:5 **kingdom of life.”** Evoked and elaborated in the poem ‘Lord’s Prayer’, *Poems*, ii. 704.

195:7 **Phoenicians,** I.e., natives of the area corresponding roughly to that of modern Lebanon (with chief cities Tyre and Sidon), although more extensive. Phoenicia was of particular importance in the first millennium BC when its famous merchants and traders colonised the Mediterranean area.

195:21 **King of the Jews,** Title written above Christ’s head at his crucifixion, used also as a taunt: see Matthew xxvii. 37, Mark xv. 26, Luke xxiii. 38 and John xix. 19.

196:8 **tread** I.e., copulate with, or subjugate through sexual dominance.

(b) Part I: *Forum* version

204:40 **scythe-stroke of death** In its most common personification, Death is portrayed as a grim reaper, often holding a scythe.

210:15 **Surely thou forgettest even the string,** Imitation of biblical language, e.g. Isaiah 51. 13 (‘And forgettest the Lord thy maker . . .?’).

(c) Part II: early manuscript version

216:9 **Macedonian . . . <Pompey** In the fourth century BC, under Alexander the Great, Macedonia established a short-lived empire, and in the second century BC it came under the control of Rome . . . Pompey or Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (106–48 BC) was one of the most noted statesmen and generals of the late Roman Republic, initially an associate of Julius Caesar, later his opponent.

216:27 **Tullius?** In naming this character, DHL may be thinking of an appropriately ‘important’ much earlier figure, Servius Tullius, who flourished 578–534 BC: his origins and status are uncertain, but he may have been Etruscan or Latin, and traditionally he was held to be the sixth King of Rome.

217:13 **The Great Mother of Ephesus, with her vast temple and her many breasts,** This description seems most appropriate in describing the Asiatic version of the Greek goddess Artemis, regarded primarily as mother and foster-mother, who was particularly celebrated in the temple at Ephesus, where there was a famous statue

(cf. *The Lost Girl*, ed. Worthen, 333:24–8 and n.). Cf. DHL's depiction of the Phrygian goddess Cybele at 226:22 (and note).

219:33 **the lotus rises on the flood**, Cf. 'A water-lily heaves herself from the flood, looks round, gleams, and is gone. We have seen the incarnation, the quick of the ever-swirling flood . . . If you tell me about the lotus, tell me of nothing changeless or eternal. Tell me of the mystery of the inexhaustible, forever-unfolding creative spark' (Introduction to the American edition of *New Poems, Poems*, i. 182).

220:5 **the mystery of resurrection**. Cf. DHL's poem 'The Church', in which the desired aim is 'to add the mystery of Joy-in-Resurrection to the Mass' (*Poems*, ii. 609).

220:11 **Atys . . . Adonis** Attis, or Atys, was the mythical consort of the mother of the gods, Cybele, worshipped throughout the Roman Empire, although probably originating in Asia Minor. He was particularly associated with fertility, and with celebrations of the return of spring . . . According to Greek mythology, the child of an incestuous relationship between Smyrna and her father Theias, King of Syria. He was famed for his beauty. His death and resurrection reflect the decay and revival of winter and spring respectively.

220:13 **the four Marys**. I.e., the four New Testament Marys: Mary, mother of Jesus; Mary Magdalene, sister of Martha and Lazarus; Mary, wife of Cleophas (John xix. 25); and Mary, mother of the disciples James and John.

220:29 **stigmata** Marks of disgrace, from 'stigma'; but also marks resembling the wounds of Christ miraculously appearing on the bodies of the devout.

223:11 **Watchman, what of the night?** Isaiah xxi. 11.

223:19 **unhoused** Not having received communion before death. Cf. 'Unhoused, disappointed, unannealed' (*Hamlet* I. v. 77).

224:33 **Esculapius**: Also Asclepius, Greek god of medicine or healing (son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis), who was taught by Chiron the centaur and could even raise the dead. This latter ability angered Zeus, king of the gods, who slew him with a thunderbolt, but his sons carried on the healing tradition and served the wounded of the Greek army before the walls of Troy.

226:22 **Cybele with her many breasts** The attributes given here relate more directly to Artemis (see note on 217:13). However, Cybele's role as the Phrygian goddess of fertility, worshipped as the Great Mother or Magna Mater by the Romans, renders the description appropriate. Cf. *WL* 559.

226:30 **Ceres . . . Aphrodite . . . Persephone** Roman earth goddess, protectress of agriculture and crops; later identified with the Greek Demeter . . . Greek goddess of sexual love, identified with the Roman Venus, and born, according to legend, from the white foam produced by the severed genitals of Uranus, after his son Cronus threw them into the sea . . . Daughter of Zeus and Demeter, she became the wife of Hades, king of the underworld, but reappeared each spring: see 'Bavarian Gentians', *Poems*, ii. 697.

226:38 **the lost lamb**, See Matthew xviii. 12–13 and Luke xv. 4–6.

227:4 **Come unto me all ye that are weary!** Cf. Matthew xi. 28: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

228:31 **curved like the horns of power.** Cf. Revelation xvii. 12 ('And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power as kings one hour with the beast').

229:9 **fountain of life."** Cf. Revelation xxi. 6 ('And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely').

Appendix II The Man Who Was Through with the World

237:19 **He had, as a matter of fact, even forgotten the Lord's Prayer, like the old man in the Tolstoi parable.** In 'The Three Hermits' (1886) – a retelling by Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoi (1828–1910) of an old Volga legend—a bishop travelling by sea stops at an island to teach three old, God-fearing hermits the Lord's Prayer (Matthew vi. 9–13). Later, he sees them running on the water after his ship, as they have forgotten the prayer and wish to re-learn it. The bishop is humbled.

237:20 **The Lord is my Shepherd,** 'A Psalm of David', Psalms xxxiii. 1 ('The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want').

237:25 **Brahma . . . the Wotan family.** Apart from Buddha (see note on 80:34) and Confucius, the Chinese philosopher (551–479 BC) whose sayings have made him perhaps the most famous of the world's lay teachers, this is a gathering of gods from four different traditions. In the Hindu religion, Brahma is the supreme god and creator of the earth; Krishna is the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, second in the triad of principal deities; and Shiva or Siva, third in the triad, embodies seemingly contradictory qualities, such as reproduction and dissolution, restoration and destruction. Mithras was one of the chief gods of the ancient Persians, often identified with the sun, and represented as a young man sacrificing a bull – hence DHL's comically literal use of the idiom 'take the bull by the horns' in the next sentence. By 'Zeus and Aphrodite and that bunch' DHL indicates the gods of classical mythology, whereas 'the Wotan family' signifies the Norse gods, of whom Wotan was chief, as featured in Wagner's operatic *Ring* cycle, with which DHL was familiar (see *Letters*, i. 99 and n. 3).

237:26 **Charleston** A ballroom dance characterised by side-kicks from the knee, originating in the early twentieth century.

237:28 **Mohammed . . . Ayesha . . . Abraham** The prophet Mohammed or Muhammad, born in Mecca c. 570 AD, who promulgated the world religion of Islam; Ayesha was his second wife . . . Biblical figure (initially Abram) who became the first of the Hebrew patriarchs.

237:32 **the great I Am . . . thatness** Cf. Exodus, iii. 14: 'And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: And he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.' Cf. 'David dancing naked before the Ark, asserting the oneness, his own oneness, the one infinity, *himself*, the egoistic God, I AM' ('The Crown', *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*, ed. Herbert, 268:30–2),

and 'I am a cypher. You are the great I-am! as far as life goes' (*LCL* 111:39–40) . . . The quality or condition of being 'that', i.e., of existing as a definite thing (*OED2*).

238:4 **eastern mode of meditation . . . sat cross-legged . . . lotus-like smile** In Yogic exercises, a bodily position is adopted that is said to resemble the lotus blossom. In Greek legend, the lotus had the power of producing in those who ate it a state of dreamy forgetfulness, and the loss of all desire to return home: cf. the poem 'The Lotos-Eaters' (1842) by Tennyson.

238:6 **a cold egg** Abandoned by the mother and so not going to hatch: one of DHL's favourite phrases.

239:13 **He was, like the savage in the story, "face all over."** Unidentified.

239:26 **mortify the flesh** To bring into subjection the body and its appetites by abstinence or other bodily discipline, especially in religious contexts: cf. Romans viii. 13 and Colossians iii. 5.

239:28 **the wrath to come.** Matthew iii. 7.

239:36 **cameleopard,** Common misspelling of 'camelopard' (arising from confusion with 'leopard'): an African ruminant quadruped with long legs, very long neck, and skin spotted like that of a panther; now more commonly called 'giraffe'.

240:10 **barrel roof,** A simple, semi-cylindrical roof, based on the rounded arch.

Appendix III The Undying Man

241:1 **A Jewish Folk-Tale** See Introduction pp. xxx–xxxii for the origin of this story. DHL extends and alters much of Koteliensky's text, yet there are also many instances of localised textual borrowing. The comparative references below are to the text of 'Maimonides and Aristotle' in *London Mercury*, xxxvi (February 1937), 362–3.

241:5 **Rabbi Moses Maimonides,** Also the protagonist of Koteliensky's tale. Maimonides (Moses ben Maimon, 'the Second Moses') was a philosopher, astronomer and physician who was born in Cordova in 1135 and died in Cairo in 1204. His philosophical work attempted to reconcile the Bible with Aristotle.

241:5 **blessed be his memory!** Derived directly from Koteliensky.

241:7 **Aristotle, a christian who belonged to the Greeks.** In Koteliensky, 'Aristotle, the great philosopher of the Gentiles'.

241:25 **a slave wasn't good enough** In Koteliensky's text, the decision is made to use a vein from Maimonides or Aristotle because it would be wrong to sacrifice the life of another human being. DHL attributes this decision instead to the unworthiness of a slave or student to provide the beginnings of the Undying man.

242:28 **a tiny dying glow that did not die.** Not from Koteliensky.

243:12 **God's chosen people.** The Israelites, as in (e.g.) Daniel xi. 15.

243:24 **He was so used to praying . . . paced in his room,** Cf. Koteliensky's 'as his habit was to walk about the room when praying'.

TEXTUAL APPARATUS

TEXTUAL APPARATUS

In the apparatus, whenever the reading of the base-text is adopted (see 'Note on the texts', pp. 2–3), it appears within the square bracket, with no symbol unless the base-text and a later state with the same reading need to be indicated. When a reading from a source later than the base-text has been preferred, it appears with its source-symbol within the square bracket; this is always followed by the reading of the base-text. Rejected readings follow the square bracket in the sequence indicated for each text, with their first source denoted and further variants following in the given sequence: in the absence of information to the contrary, the reader should assume that a variant recurs in all subsequent states. All variants in the given states subsequent to the base-text are recorded, except where otherwise indicated.

The following symbols are used editorially:

<i>Ed.</i>	=	Editor
~	=	Substitution for a word in recording a punctuation or capitalisation variant
<i>Om.</i>	=	Omitted
<i>P</i>	=	New paragraph
/	=	Line or page break
#	=	Internal division, such as space break
<i>R</i>	=	Revision by DHL to a state of the text later than MS (e.g. <i>TSR</i>)
<i>C</i>	=	Correction by someone other than (or not certainly by) DHL (e.g. <i>TSC</i>)
[]	=	Editorial emendation or addition; used blank ([]) for incomplete text
{ }	=	Partial variant reading
<>	=	Deletion from a manuscript, typescript or proof
□ □	=	Addition to a manuscript, typescript or proof
<< >>	=	Second deletion
□ □ □ □	=	Second addition

When variants occur in revisions that replace longer passages, they are indicated by the note 'see also following entries to . . .'

The Virgin and the Gipsy

<i>MS</i>	=	Autograph manuscript (Roberts E420a)
<i>G</i>	=	Galley proofs (Roberts E420b)
<i>GC</i>	=	Changes by copy-preparers in <i>G</i>
<i>F1</i>	=	<i>The Virgin and the Gipsy</i> (Orioli)

- 5:1 *The Virgin and the Gipsy Ed.]*
The Virgin and the Gipsy/ by
D. H. Lawrence *MS Om. G*
THE VIRGIN / AND / THE
GIPSY / BY / D. H.
LAWRENCE / TO FRIEDA. *Fr*
see notes
- 5:2 I. G] ~ *MS*
5:3 man,] ~ *Fr*
5:5 old,] ~ *Fr*
5:7 furtive *GC*] secretive *MS* futrive
G
- 5:10 said,] ~ *Fr*
5:15 behold,] ~! *G*
5:21 beyond G] *Om. MS*
5:27 brother,] ~ *G*
5:28 milieu,] ~ *G*
6:1 ladies] ~, *Fr*
6:3 furtive self-righteousness G]
rather sneaking bumptiousness
MS
- 6:12 physically G] slightly *MS*
6:15 "loved" G] ~ *MS*
6:15 "love her" G] ~ ~ *MS*
6:18 a disreputable G] an evil
MS
- 6:20 despicable G] maleficent
MS
- 6:21 degradation G] woe *MS*
6:29 Astutely G] So *MS*
- 7:4 world,] ~! *G*
7:8 too saw] ~, ~ *G*
7:22 dependable G] practical *MS*
7:25 selfishness G] instability *MS*
7:28 selfishness G] danger *MS*
7:35 bedridden] bed-ridden *Fr*
7:35 The] the *G*
7:40 perhaps G] *Om. MS*
7:40 Perhaps! G] *Om. MS*
- 8:1 fondness:] ~; *G*
8:3 The] the *G*
8:3 knew it . . . the Mater] *Om. G*
8:8 The] the *G*
8:18 The . . . The] the . . . the *G*
8:34 She only . . . cunningly. *Fr*]
Om. MS The only . . . cunningly.
G
- 8:36 short, forward-bulging G] rather
short *MS*
- 8:37 own G] own small, *MS*
- 9:1 For in . . . pivot . . .
experienced . . . marriage. So
now . . . [9:9] of unison. *GC*]
Om. MS For . . . picot . . .
exprimeed . . . marriage. Go
now . . . unison. *G*
- 9:20 limit,] ~! *G*
- 9:25 Sunday School . . . and socials,
G] P. S. A. and Christian
Endeavour, and *MS*
- 9:26 enquire after Granny! G] come
to see Granny. *MS*
- 9:32 —I] ~ *G*
- 10:3 Oh, so G] Well *MS*
10:3 get G] get too *MS*
10:18 naïve] naïve *G*
10:23 sloops] ~, *G*
10:36 Granny, who . . . pork," also *Ed.]*
Granny only *MS* Granny,
who . . . pork", also *G*
- 11:4 months?] ~. *G*
- 11:9 The] the *G*
- 11:17 Sunday School G] the P. S. A.
MS
- 11:18 Girls' Friendlies *Ed.]* Christian
Endeavour *MS* Girls' Friendlies
G
- 11:32 Danse:] ~, *G*
- 11:34 quite] quite *G*
- 12:5 And G] And what *MS*
12:5 fury G] fury was *MS*
12:19 M! N *Ed.]* N! M *MS MN*
MSC M! N *G see notes*
- 12:22 SIAMESE. G] ~ *MS*
- 13:8 old body] ol dlady *G* old lady
GC
- 13:10 body] lady *G*
- 13:29 no,] ~ *G*
- 13:30 up—] ~. *G*
- 13:36 pendulous face . . . soft under . . .
the wall of . . . high brow *GC*]
creased face all soft *MS*
pendulous . . . softunder . . . the
wooll of . . . brow *G*

- 25:40 know—] ~. *G*
 26:3 that—"] ~—". *G*
 26:15 in to] to *G*
 26:32 reason? *G*] ~. *MS*
 27:6 She- *G*] she- *MS*
 27:7 would] *would G*
 27:17 I am really . . . is shameful! *G*] He has absolutely no belief in me. I am a dangerous criminal to him now. *MS*
 27:21 degraded *G*] frozen *MS*
 27:21 unbelief *G*] degrading unbelief *MS*
 27:23 sterile *G*] pale *MS*
 27:25 own *G*] own degrading *MS*
 27:28 senseless *G*] white *MS*
 28:1 per-centage] percentage *G*
 28:4 deflowered and *G*] horribly *MS*
 28:5 rags] rays *G*
 28:12 contagion.] ~? *G*
 28:16 beforehand.] ~ *F_I*
 28:18 Mama] Mamma *G*
 28:23 decidedly *G*] perhaps *MS*
 28:23 showier *G*] grander *MS*
 28:25 humiliating *G*] mean *MS*
 28:27 leathery] ~, *G*
 28:34 Saywells.] ~ *G*
 28:36 perhaps.] ~ *G*
 29:10 absolutely call . . . man. Whereas *GC*] pay his way into people's good graces. And *MS* absolutely . . . man whereas *G*
 29:11 as a hold *G*] for power *MS*
 29:28 demented *G*] horrified *MS*
 29:32 was. In] ~: in *G*
 30:12 fire—] ~. *G*
 30:14 the cold *G*] cold *MS*
 30:15 of a child *GC*] *Om. MS* of a child *G*
 30:20 danger.] ~ *G*
 30:23 morality] ~, *G*
 31:4 up.] ~! *G*
 31:11 existence *G*] very existence *MS*
 31:20 inquisitiveness.] ~ *G*
 31:27 velour] velours *F_I*
 31:32 right."] ~.". *G*
 32:1 Why] ~, *G*
 32:13 Well] ~, *G*
 33:20 all!] ~, *G*
 33:20 Yvette.] ~, *G*
 33:24 to.—] ~. *G*
 34:18 offense] offence *G*
 34:20 said.] ~ *F_I*
 34:31 time."] ~.". *G*
 34:38 disgraceful.] ~ *GC*
 34:39 nerves—] ~. *G*
 35:3 forbidden her *G*] told her not *MS*
 35:14 rags] rage *G*
 35:20 —or] ~ *G*
 35:20 intelligent, by the river. *G*] intelligent. *MS*
 36:4 dry-stone] drystone *G*
 36:10 tirra-lirraing] tirralirraing *G*
 36:15 downhill] down-hill *F_I*
 36:20 trot.] ~ *GC*
 36:22 fluttered] fluted *G* flustered *GC*
 36:28 predatory *G*] roguish *MS*
 37:6 brooms.] ~, *G*
 37:31 naïve] naïve *G*
 37:33 —He] ~ *G*
 38:31 everybody] everbody *G*
 38:34 —Come] ~ *G*
 39:2 party-frocks] party froks *G* party frocks *GC*
 39:18 feeling] *feeling G*
 39:25 started *G*] went *MS*
 39:30 Goodness Gracious] goodness gracious *G*
 39:33 naïvely] naïvely *G*
 40:7 amiable *Ed.*] aimiable *MS*
 40:9 mortal *G*] lively *MS*
 40:19 significant *G*] important *MS*
 40:23 on] *Om. G*
 40:28 lost] ~, *G*
 40:30 away] ~, *G*
 40:33 until] ~, *G*
 41:10 No] no *G*
 41:16 now?] *now? F_I*
 41:19 thumbs.] ~ *GC*
 41:24 bathetic] pathetic *G*

- 41:25 you] *you* *G*
 41:30 Newfoundland *G*] St. Bernard
MS
 42:11 face:] ~; *G*
 42:23 witch] *witch* *G*
 43:1 amiability *FI*] *aimiability* *MS*
 43:2 Why] ~, *G*
 43:19 Why] ~, *G*
 43:31 week,] ~ *G*
 43:35 half-holiday] ~, *G*
 43:36 car, and] car, *G*
 44:1 Mary-Mary-quite-contrary *G*] Mary Mary quite contrary
MS
 44:34 —He] ~ *G*
 45:4 fringe] frings *G* fringes *GC*
 45:8 away,] ~ *G*
 46:5 awfully!—] ~! *G*
 46:31 coffee cup] coffee-cup *G*
 46:34 has,] *Om.* *G* has *GC*
 47:9 putting his power over her, *G*] took her into his power, *MS*
 47:12 overpowering *G*] potent *MS*
 47:14 will *G*] motion *MS*
 47:16 still] ~, *G*
 47:21 It *G*] They *MS*
 48:9 Jewess'] Jewess's *G*
 48:22 trousers *G*] grey trousers
MS
 48:23 —Like] ~ *G*
 48:28 Yvette, in . . . and blank. *G*] Yvette. *MS*
 49:15 —Have] ~ *G*
 49:17 Well] ~, *G*
 49:17 Mrs] ~. *G*
 49:30 fellow] big fellow *G* see notes
 49:38 Jewess,] Jewes *G* Jewess
GC
 49:39 Mr] ~. *G*
 50:6 major] Major *G*
 50:14 —and] ~ *G*
 50:15 shilling,] ~ *G*
 50:27 she] She *G*
 50:35 hardened and *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 50:36 away, *G*] away, and *MS*
 50:36 intimacy *G*] blitheness *MS*
 51:8 Eastwood:] ~, *G*
 51:34 major *Ed.*] Major *MS*
 52:5 resentful-reproachful] resentful
 reproachful *G*
 52:8 surely,] ~ *G*
 52:9 hills *G*] sea *MS*
 52:9 doing *G*] doing all *MS*
 52:14 what:] ~; *G*
 52:19 probably,] ~ *G*
 52:30 major] Major *G*
 52:31 then] *Om.* *G*
 52:31 major] Major *G*
 52:34 major] Major *G*
 52:34 handsome too] ~, ~, *G*
 52:39 him] ~, *FI*
 53:1 major] Major *G*
 53:5 day.] ~, *G*
 53:23 —and Daddy] ~ ~ *G*
 53:23 Mama] Mamma *G*
 53:30 “Anyhow . . . be.” *FI*] *Om.* *MS*
 “Anyhow . . . needsit be.” *G*
 “Anyhow . . . neednit be.” *GC*
 53:31 see] ~, *G*
 54:1 Lucille] ~, *G*
 54:3 sex.] ~! *G*
 54:23 Yes,] ~ *G*
 54:38 Whyever] Why ever *G*
 54:39 really.] ~.— *G*
 55:5 Yvette. *G*] Yvette, absently.
MS
 55:6 shouldn't *G*] should *MS*
 55:11 when] ~, *G*
 55:12 just settle down *GC*] make the
 best of it *MS* just cettle down *G*
 55:15 amiability *G*] *aimiability* *MS*
 55:15 annoyed *G*] angry *MS*
 55:16 turn her back on *G*] get away
 from *MS*
 55:22 talk,] ~ *G*
 56:12 naïveté] *naiveté* *G*
 56:14 decided *G*] added-up *MS*
 56:18 Jewess'] Jewess's *G*
 56:27 is] is *G*
 56:33 chicken-coop] chickencoop *G*
 56:34 don't you] you don't *G*
 56:39 fine] ~, *G*
 57:11 had *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 57:25 the way *G*] *Om.* *MS*

- 57:31 major] Major *G*
 57:32 smile] smiles *G*
 57:38 major *Ed.*] Major *MS*
 58:7 him. *P* He] ~. He *G*
 58:11 Yes.] ~— *G*
 58:29 Eastwoods— *Ed.*] Eastwood's—
MS Eastwoods, *G*
 58:33 anarchist.] ~; *G*
 58:35 conservatism,] conservation, *G*
 conservatism *GC*
 59:3 Mrs] ~. *G*
 59:11 hate those . . . born cowed] *Om.*
G
 59:12 prisonous *G*] mongrel *MS*
 59:15 curled up, who still so *G*] hated,
 still *MS*
 59:16 curled up before *G*] hated
MS
 59:28 sponge *G*] fellow *MS*
 60:4 He was . . . own mind. *G*] *Om.*
MS
 60:13 creeping *G*] nosing *MS*
 60:18 lying,] *Om.* *G* lying *GC*
 60:22 bud-like] bird-like *G*
 60:23 sadistic *G*] lust and *MS*
 60:24 what might be *G*] of *MS*
 60:37 Mrs] ~. *G*
 60:38 who *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 60:38 woman,] ~ *G*
 61:2 man—""] ~" *G*
 61:4 Well!] ~. *G*
 61:23 Eastwoods *G*] Eastwood's
MS
 61:24 sneered.] ~, *G*
 61:38 was] were *G*
 62:9 Mrs . . . Mrs] ~. . . . ~. *G*
 62:11 sorry—] ~—. *G*
 62:16 him, against . . . of her. *G* him.
MS
 62:21 everything human . . . Like . . .
 the knees, filled . . . she met. *Ed.*] all the million-million people like him! And she herself singled out, like a white blackbird, an object of horror, abnormal! They, the baseborn, were the normal. How awful! *MS* everything . . .
- Lihe . . . the huces, felled {the knees, filled *GC*} . . . met. *G*
 63:1 nullity *G*] cowardice *MS*
 63:11 stub *G*] short *MS*
 63:18 back, beneath . . . wall-like forehead. *Ed.*] back. *MS* back, beneath . . . wall lihe {like *GC*} forehead. *G*
 63:23 semicoma] semi-coma *G*
 63:28 relatives *G*] higher reptiles *MS*
 63:32 crows *G*] toadstools *MS*
 64:6 all,] ~! *G*
 64:7 the revolt . . . compared to] *Om.*
G
 64:9 semi-casual] semicasual *G*
 64:10 half dead *G*] like fungi *MS*
 65:13 twenty-six *Fr*] twenty six *MS*
 twentysix *G*
 65:28 him with] with *G*
 65:29 body,] ~ *GC*
 66:8 said] ~, *G*
 66:22 'Be]' ~ *G*
 66:22 'Listen]' ~ *G*
 66:23 water'.] ~.' *G*
 67:4 Goodbye] goodbye *G*
 67:7 reluctance,] ~ *G*
 67:12 goodbye!] ~ *GC*
 67:15 last *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 67:17 full, *G*] ~ *MS*
 67:22 prelate, *G*] prelate, bishop or cardinal, *MS*
 67:31 passing *G*] out *MS*
 68:12 place,] ~; *G*
 68:39 alone.] ~! *G*
 69:4 Granny,] ~ *G*
 69:27 powerless, *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 70:10 streaming forth water, *GC*] *Om.* *MS* streaming iorth wather, *G*
 70:14 sickness,] ~ *G*
 70:21 streaming *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 70:32 so] ~, *G*
 70:33 down,] ~ *G*
 70:40 dripping and *G*] *Om.* *MS*
 71:12 thunder] ~, *G*
 71:13 splitting] spitting *G*
 71:19 crash,] ~' *G*

- 71:24 stand—"] ~—". G
 71:29 back room,] ~ ~ G
 71:34 mill-race] ~, G
 72:4 stand—] ~. G
 72:5 —like] ~ G
 72:11 falls,] ~ G
 72:21 him. P And] ~. And G
 72:28 door, tip-toeing . . . wet floor.
 GC] door. MS door,
 tip-toeing . . . wet floor. G
 72:31 upper-landing] upper landing
 G
 73:2 right!" ~!" . G
 73:11 strained G] great MS
 73:17 His towel . . . somewhere . . .
 felt nothing. GC] Om. MS
 G
 74:8 vise] vice G
 74:10 vise-like] vice-like G
 74:18 semi-conscious] semiconscious
 G
 74:22 had abated, and G] was already
 down, MS
 74:23 house, that G] collapsing house,
 whose steep front MS
- 74:25 débris Ed.] debris MS
 75:7 débris] debris G
 75:28 bed! in] ~!—~ G
 76:15 been. And] ~, and G
 76:29 was] were G
 76:35 ladder,] ~., G
 77:1 Yes] ~, G
 77:3 —Do] ~ G
 77:4 ladder—?] ~? G
 77:7 the policeman G] while the
 policeman held the top of the
 ladder MS
 77:8 window, holding . . . top
 ends. G] window. MS see
 notes
 77:13 out,] ~ G
 77:23 Framleys] Framley's G
 77:29 Lion. Yvette] ~. P Yvette G
 77:40 The] —~ G
 78:4 place. "Dear] ~. P "Dear G
 78:7 Goodbye] goodbye G
 78:9 name.] name./ *This work lacks
 the author's final revision,
 and has been printed from the
 manuscript exactly as it stands.*
 F1

Things

- MS = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E397a)
 TCC = Carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E397b)
 Per1 = Bookman
 Per2P = *Fortnightly Review* proofs
 Per2 = *Fortnightly Review*
 PP = Page proofs for *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
 E1 = *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
 A1 = *The Lovely Lady* (Viking)

- 79:1 Things A1] Things/ by D. H.
 Lawrence MS T H I N G S.
 TCC. THINGS/ By D. H.
 Lawrence Per1 THINGS/ BY
 D. H. LAWRENCE Per2P
 THINGS PP
 79:3 war . . . war MS, PP]
 War . . . War Per2P
 79:6 together, MS, PP] ~ Per2P
 79:9 beauty, MS, PP] ~ Per2P
 79:10 alas, MS, PP] ~! Per2P
 79:12 money!] ~? TCC

- 79:12 do,] ~ *TCC*
 79:14 America:] ~; *A1*
 79:16 half beautiful; only]
 half-beautiful, *TCC* half
 beautiful, *A1*
 79:16 half-matured] half matured *A1*
 79:17 golden sweet] golden-sweet *TCC*
 79:17 beauty *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P*
 79:17 has] had *TCC*
 79:18 later,] ~ *TCC*
 79:19 Therefore *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P*
 79:21 Boulevard *TCC*] Boulevarde
MS
 79:24 lovely! How *MS, PP*] lovely!
 How lovely! how *Per2P*
 79:25 flower stalls] flower-stalls *TCC*
 79:29 art] Art *TCC*
 79:33 alas, *MS, PP*] ~! *Per2P*
 80:2 supervenes,] ~; *TCC*
 80:3 rotate] ~, *TCC*
 80:4 climb, up] climb up *TCC, Per2P*
 climb *Per1, Per2*
 80:5 trail] ~, *TCC*
 80:5 half-fulfilled] half fulfilled *A1*
 80:6 freedom!— *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
 80:13 quite] it so *TCC* see notes
 80:18 cold,] ~ *A1*
 80:22 while, after *MS, PP*] while,
Per2P
 80:22 while, several *MS, PP*] ~—~
Per2P
 80:22 fact, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
 80:28 war *MS, PP*] War *Per2P*
 81:3 war *MS, Per1, PP*] War *TCC,*
Per2P
 81:6 nevertheless,] ~ *E1*
 81:8 pain] ~, *A1*
 81:10 western *MS, PP*] Western *Per2P*
 81:11 damnation, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
 81:12 bho tree *MS, Per2P, A1*]
 bho-tree *Per1, Per2*
 81:12 Nirvana,] ~ *TCC*
 81:15 bho-tree] bho tree *A1*
 81:20 pain] ~, *A1*
 81:20 from all *MS, PP*] from ~
Per2P
 81:21 else, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 81:21 oneself!] ~? *TCC, Per2* one's
 self? *Per2P*
 81:23 so, *MS, Per1, PP*] ~— *TCC,*
Per2P
 81:28 bean-stalk] bean-/ stalk *Per1*
 beanstalk *PP*
 81:29 way,] ~ *TCC*
 81:34 another, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
 81:34 But they were] They were *E1*
 81:39 fullness *MS, Per2P, PP*] fullness
Per2, A1
 82:3 No] ~, *TCC*
 82:8 it:] ~; *A1*
 82:9 quite] ~, *Per1* ~, *PP*
 82:10 expected. *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2P*
 82:14 them, *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2P*
 82:22 things,] ~ *TCC*
 82:28 dark-red] dark red *A1*
 82:32 Soul was] soul was *TCC, Per2P*
 souls were *Per1, PP*
 82:35 course *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P, A1*
 82:38 salotta] *salotta Per1*
 82:39 finely knitted *MS, A1*] finely-/
 knitted *PP*
 83:1 down to *MS, PP*] to *Per2*
 83:1 in to] into *TCC*
 83:1 salotta] *salotta Per1*
 83:2 curtains.—] ~. *TCC*
 83:4 book-case] bookcase *PP*
 83:7 sinisterly] ~, *Per1*
 83:9 touch, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
 83:10 silent, *MS, Per2P*] ~ *Per1, PP*
 83:12 our] one *TCC*
 83:14 book-case] bookcase *PP*
 83:18 outsider:] ~; *A1*
 83:20 vain:] ~, *A1*
 83:23 apartment: *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2* ~,
A1
 83:23 lunch;] ~, *A1*
 83:24 palazzo:] ~, *A1*
 83:26 ad infinitum] *ad infinitum TCC*
 83:30 them, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P, A1*
 83:31 you *MS, Per2P*] *Om. Per1, PP*
 83:33 as good *MS, Per2P*] so good
Per1, PP
 83:34 So, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
 83:35 Italy,] ~,— *TCC* ~— *Per1*

- 83:35 dears," *Ed.*] ~", *MS dears*",—
TCC dears"—*Per1 dears*"—*PP*
- 83:36 Why] ~, *TCC*
- 83:36 apartment, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 83:37 —That] ~ *TCC*
- 83:38 course, *MS, Per2P*] ~— *Per1*,
PP
- 83:39 doors: *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2P, A1*
- 84:1 Dick!] ~, *TCC*
- 84:5 people, *MS, Per2P*] ~ *Per1, PP*
- 84:10 —"We *MS, PP*" ~ *Per2P*
- 84:11 —The *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 84:12 manner; almost; *MS, PP*]
~—~— *Per2P*
- 84:19 drive] Drive *TCC*
- 84:23 *thing.*] ~! *TCC* ~! *A1*
- 84:30 them.] ~: *TCC*
- 84:31 exams *MS, PP*] ~. *Per2P*
- 84:35 —Shudder] ~ *Per1*
- 84:40 wretched, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:2 west.] West. *TCC*
- 85:2 west, *MS, A1*] West, *TCC*
- 85:3 life, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:7 water *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P, A1*
- 85:8 mountains, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:9 apartment,] ~; *TCC*
- 85:10 stored *MS, Per2P*] stood *TCC, PP*
- 85:13 coast.—] ~— *TCC*
- 85:14 further] farther *Per2*
- 85:16 —The] ~ *TCC*
- 85:17 labour-savingly *MS, Per2P*]
labor-savingly *Per1*
- 85:18 white-and-pearl enamelled]
white-and-pearl-enamelled
TCC
- 85:26 force:] ~, *A1*
- 85:29 months, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:30 experience, *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2P*
- 85:31 west] West *TCC*
- 85:34 soul, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:37 Massachusetts,] ~ *TCC*
- 85:40 Valerie, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 85:40 day, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 86:3 in New *MS, Per2P*] on New *TCC*
- 86:7 capital: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P*
- 86:7 marvellous,] ~ *Per1*
- 86:8 universities—] ~. *TCC*
- 86:9 what] What *TCC*
- 86:10 connections] connexions *A1*
- 86:11 Erasmus' *MS, Per2P*] Erasmus's
Per1, Per2
- 86:17 course *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P*
- 86:18 her.] her to. *TCC*
- 86:18 away *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
- 86:19 hopes, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
- 86:26 York,] ~ *TCC*
- 86:33 America too *MS, Per1, PP*] ~, ~
TCC, Per2P, A1
- 86:34 miserable] ~, *TCC*
- 87:3 university] University *TCC*
- 87:3 Italian *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2P, A1*
- 87:5 rat-like, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 87:9 college *MS, Per1, PP*] College
TCC, Per2P
- 87:9 lot] campus *A1*
- 87:10 accept] Accept *TCC*
- 87:24 college lot] campus *A1*
- 87:25 débris *MS, Per2P*] débris *TCC*
- 87:25 Europe, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
- 87:26 book-shelves] bookshelves *A1*
- 87:27 lamps, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2P*
- 87:31 American; *MS, Per1, PP*] ~/
TCC ~, *Per2P*
- 87:31 ladylike *MS, A1*] lady-/ like
Per1, PP lady-like *Per2P*
- 87:31 that, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2P*
- 87:32 queer *MS, PP*] the queer *Per2P*
- 87:33 rat: *MS, PP*] ~:— *Per2P*
- 87:37 cage:] ~, *A1*
- 87:38 —Yet] ~ *TCC*
- 87:39 evil] ~, *TCC*

Rawdon's Roof

- MS* = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E334a)
- TS* = Ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E334c)
- TCC* = Carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E334b)

<i>E1</i>	=	<i>Rawdon's Roof</i> (Elkin Mathews & Marrot)
<i>PP</i>	=	Page proofs for <i>The Lovely Lady</i> (Secker)
<i>E2</i>	=	<i>The Lovely Lady</i> (Secker)
<i>A1</i>	=	<i>The Lovely Lady</i> (Viking)

89:1	Rawdon's Roof <i>A1</i>] Rawdon's Roof/ by D. H. Lawrence. <i>MS</i>	91:4	and of course] ~, ~ ~, <i>A1</i>
	RAWDON'S ROOF <i>TS</i>	91:7	lunch: <i>MS, PP</i>] ~; <i>TCC, A1</i>
89:5	lips.—] ~. <i>TS</i>	91:13	friend: but . . . friend.]"
89:6	sleep—] ~. <i>TS</i>		friend."? <i>TS</i> friend?" <i>E1</i> friend?"
89:8	Moreover <i>MS, PP2</i>] ~, <i>E1</i>		<i>PP</i>
89:11	half an hour] half-an-hour <i>TS</i>	91:14	silence:] ~; <i>A1</i>
89:12	love-affair] love affair <i>PP</i>	91:16	children! <i>MS, PP</i>] ~. <i>E1</i>
89:12	love affair, <i>MS, PP</i>] love-affair, <i>TS</i> love-affair <i>E1</i>	91:16	—Then] ~ <i>TS</i>
89:18	my <i>MS, PP</i>] My <i>E1</i>	91:20	us] me <i>TS</i>
89:18	roof.]" ~?" <i>TS, PP</i> ~?" <i>E1</i>	91:21	of pride <i>TSR</i>] <i>Om. MS, PP</i>
89:22	say] ~, <i>TS</i> ~: <i>A1</i>	91:25	could, <i>MS, PP</i>] ~ <i>E1</i>
89:24	is,] ~ <i>TCC</i>	91:29	or] Or <i>A1</i>
89:27	re-painted] re-/ painted <i>TCC</i>	91:38	beautiful, <i>MS, PP</i>] ~ <i>TCC, A1</i>
	repainted <i>E1</i>	92:1	way] ways <i>PP</i>
89:30	for] ~, <i>A1</i>	92:3	womanhood—] ~, <i>TS</i>
90:8	speak.—] ~. <i>TS</i>	92:4	she] She <i>TCC</i>
90:8	But] ~, <i>E1</i>	92:5	has . . . can't <i>TCCR</i>] had . . .
90:9	roof! <i>MS, PP</i>] ~. <i>E1</i>		couldn't <i>MS, PP</i>
90:10	I! <i>MS, PP</i>] ~. <i>TCC</i>	92:6	—In] ~ <i>TS</i>
90:11	love-affair] love affair <i>PP</i>	92:8	involved:] ~; <i>A1</i>
90:12	love-affair] love affair <i>PP</i>	92:10	mystery:] ~; <i>A1</i>
90:15	sufficiently-far] sufficiently far <i>A1</i>	92:10	least] ~, <i>PP</i>
90:16	And] ~, <i>PP</i>	92:15	saying] say <i>TS</i>
90:16	husband, <i>MS, PP</i>] ~ <i>E1</i>	92:17	again! <i>MS, PP</i>] ~. <i>E1</i>
90:17	power!] ~. <i>PP</i>	92:18	rapped] snapped <i>TS</i>
90:17	were] was <i>TS</i>	92:28	if <i>MS, PP</i>] if <i>TCC</i>
90:20	too!] ~, <i>PP</i>	92:28	her—"—" ~—" <i>TS, PP</i> ~.—"
90:20	woman!] ~. <i>TS</i>		<i>TCC</i> ~." <i>E1</i> ~. . . ." <i>A1</i>
90:21	long-legged stalky] ~, ~, <i>TS</i>	92:29	roof, <i>TS</i>] ~ [] <i>MS</i>
90:27	trials:] ~; <i>A1</i>	92:33	case <i>MS, E1</i>] ~, <i>TS, PP</i>
90:29	money,] ~ <i>TS</i>	92:36	mewing,] ~ <i>TS</i>
90:34	But <i>MS, PP</i>] ~, <i>E1</i>	93:1	since, <i>MS, TCCR</i>] ~ <i>TS, PP</i>
90:35	short-comings <i>TSR</i>] prowess <i>MS, PP</i>	93:3	fourteenth century] fourteenth-century <i>TS</i>
90:37	friendly:] ~; <i>TS</i> ~, <i>PP</i>	93:7	man Hawken] ~, ~, <i>PP</i>
90:40	Janet, <i>TS</i>] ~ [] <i>MS</i> ~ <i>PP</i> see notes	93:8	capacity,] ~ <i>TS</i>
91:3	But] And <i>TS</i>	93:11	on <i>MS, PP</i>] upon <i>E1</i> see notes
		93:13	Sir!] sir! <i>TS, PP</i> sir, <i>E1</i>
		93:16	Sir] sir <i>TS</i>
		93:17	deathy] deathly <i>TS</i>

- 93:20 dining-room.”—Which . . .
down-stairs bedroom. *Ed.*]
dining-room, there being no fire
in the drawing-room.” *MS, PP*
dining-room.”—Which . . .
drawing room . . . Rawdons . . .
bedroom. *TSR* dining room.”
which {—Which *TCCR*} . . .
drawing room {drawing-room
TCCR} . . . Rawdon’s . . .
bedroom. *TCC* dining-room.”
Which . . . drawing-room . . .
Rawdon’s . . . bedroom. *E1*
- 93:25 agitation: *P* “Bring *MS, PP*] ~:
“Bring *TCC*
- 93:27 me:] ~. *PP*
- 93:30 arm: *MS, PP*] ~. *TCC, A1*
- 93:31 sake stop] ~, ~ *PP*
- 93:33 Olympian *TCCR*] Olympic *MS,*
PP
- 93:38 —For *MS, TCCR*] —for *TCC*
For *PP*
- 93:38 part, *TS, TCCR*] ~ *MS, TCC*
- 93:40 dinner dress] dinner-dress
TCC
- 94:1 Rawdon! *MS, PP*] ~, *E1*
- 94:3 listening *MS, PP*] ~, *TCC*
- 94:4 Janet!] ~, *TS*
- 94:4 hurt *TCCR*] sour *MS, PP*
- 94:4 smile *TCCR*] ~, *MS, PP*
- 94:13 don’t go! *MS, PP*] ~ ~. *E1*
- 94:13 said,] ~ *PP*
- 94:19 Janet!] ~, *TS*
- 94:19 smoke!] ~. *TS*
- 94:21 No *MS, TCC*] ~, *TS, PP*
- 94:21 thanks! *MS, PP*] ~, *TCC*
- 94:21 Nothanks! *MS, TCC*] ~. *TS,*
E1
- 94:28 cigarette] ~, *TS*
- 94:34 “I had . . . in front . . . [95:5] the
fire. *E1*] *Om. MS, PP* “I had . . .
in the front . . . the fire. *TSR* see
also following entries to 94:40
- 94:36 Oh *TSR*] ~, *E1*
- 94:39 mentally, *TSR*] ~ *TCC*
- 94:39 No *TSR*] “~ *TCC* “~, *E1*
- 94:40 off.— *TSR*] ~.” *TCC*
- 95:6 still *TSR*] *Om. MS, PP*
- 95:6 mantel-piece] mantelpiece *TS,*
PP mantelpiece *TCC* mantel-/
piece *E1*
- 95:6 abstractedly *TSR*] abstractedly
for a moment *MS, PP*
- 95:7 the fire *TSR*] him *MS, PP*
- 95:9 a new *TCC*] a *MS, PP* a a new
TSR
- 95:9 a change from *TSR*] an
interruption in *MS, PP*
- 95:10 But now . . . Hawken. *TSR*] *Om.*
MS, PP
- 95:15 slackened considerably *TSR*]
changed quality *MS, PP*
- 95:15 curiosity *TSR*] suspense *MS,*
PP
- 95:21 No] ~, *TS*
- 95:21 no,] ~. *TS, PP* ~! *TCCR*
- 95:21 go!] ~, *TS*
- 95:23 empty,] ~; *E2*
- 95:25 me— *TS*] ~[] *MS*
- 95:28 Rawdon:] ~, *A1*
- 95:28 not the . . . glasses, but . . . of
Hawken. *TCCR*] the absence of
his man. *MS, PP* not . . . glasses
but . . . Hawken. *TSR*
- 95:31 clean folded *TSR*] *Om. MS, PP*
- 95:34 pause—] ~. *TS*
- 95:34 like— *MS, PP*] ~, *E1*
- 95:38 fire. To anyone . . . Rawdon,
the . . . mystery, to . . . [96:1] me,
Sir! *TSR*] fire. *P* “I hope I’ve not
done wrong, Sir! *MS* fire. *P*
“I . . . wrong, sir, *TS, PP* fire.
To . . . mystery to {mystery, to
TCCR} . . . me, Sir, *TCC* fire.
To . . . Rawdon the . . . mystery,
to . . . me, sir, *E1*
- 96:2 —He was . . . was you.” *TSR,*
E1] *Om. MS, PP* He {—He
TCCR} . . . ungrammatical
{ungrammatical, *TCCR*} . . .
you”. *TCC*
- 96:5 fetch *TSR*] bring *MS, PP*
- 96:5 fizz. Three . . . know.”—
Rawdon . . . the door. *TSR*]

fizz." *MS, PP* fizz. Three . . . know." Rawdon . . . door. *EI*

96:7 sorry] ~, *TS*

96:7 Sir!] sir. *TS, EI* Sir. *TCC*

96:7 front. A . . . glasses—" His . . . good-will . . . Hawken . . . [96:16] gentleman, an *TSR*] front, Sir." {sir." *TS, PP*} *P* It was perfectly true. The house was small, but it had been built for a very nervous *MS, PP* front. A . . . glasses!" His {glasses!"—His *TCCR*} . . . goodwill . . . Hawkens . . . an *TCC* front. A . . . glasses!" His . . . goodwill . . . Hawken . . . an *EI*

96:17 shut-off] shut off *TS*

96:18 If poor . . . my host *TSR*] Rawdon said no more about the sheets and things, but he looked more peaked than ever. *P* We went *MS, PP*

96:26 that, I should say! *TCCR*] that! *MS, PP* I should say! *TSR*

96:26 retorted *TSR*] said *MS, PP*

96:26 sardonically. *P* And] ~. And *TS*

96:27 front *TSR*] edge *MS, PP*

96:30 Don't expect me *TSR*] I'm not going *MS, PP*

96:31 me:] ~, *TS*

96:31 enquiringly] inquiringly *AI*

96:32 too smelled *TSR*] understood *MS, PP*

96:33 manservant *MS, AI*] man-servant *TS*

96:33 wine, *TS*] ~ [] *MS*

96:33 tension *TSR*] awkwardness *MS, PP*

96:35 him, and . . . my teeth.— *TCCR*] him. *MS, PP* him, and . . . teeth: *TSR* him, and . . . teeth—*EI*

96:37 tonight *MS, AI*] to-night *TCC*

96:37 he is crying, and wants *TSR*] wanted *MS, PP*

96:38 me, *TSR*] ~ *MS, PP*

96:38 What are . . . [99:38] terrifying tenderness. *Ed.*] I can't stand it

any more. I'm in love with you, and I simply can't stand Alec getting too near to me. He's dangerous when he's crossed {cross *AI*}—and when he's worked up. {up.— *TS* up. *PP*} So I just came here. I didn't see what else I could do." *P* She left off as suddenly as a machine-gun leaves off firing. We were just dazed. *P* "You are quite right—," {right," *TS, PP*} Rawdon began, in a vague and neutral tone . . . {tone . . . *TS* tone . . . *PP*} *P* "I am, am I not?" she said eagerly. *P* "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go round to the hotel tonight, {to-night, *PP* tonight, *AI*} and you can stay here—" {here." *TS, PP*} *P* "Under the kindly protection of Hawken, you mean!" she said, with quiet sarcasm. *P* "Why!—I could send Mrs Betts, I suppose," he said. *P* Mrs Betts was his housekeeper. *P* "You couldn't stay and protect me yourself?" she said {said, *TS* said *PP*} quietly. *P* "!! I!— {!! *TS, PP*} Why, I've made a vow—haven't I {I, *TS, PP*} Joe?" he {—he *TS, PP*} turned to me, {me— *TS, PP*} "not to have any woman sleep under my roof again."—He got the mixed sour smile on his face. *P* She looked up at the ceiling for a moment, then lapsed into silence. Then she said: *P* "Sort of monastery, so to speak!" *P* And she rose and reached for her wrap, adding: *P* "I'd better go {go, *TS, PP*} then." *P* "Joe will see you home," he said. *P* She faced round on me. *P* "Do you mind *not* seeing me home, Mr Bradley?" she said, gazing at me.

- MS, PP see also following entries to 99:32*
- 97:3 *excuse—? TSR] ~? TCC ~? E1*
- 97:6 whiskey *TSR] whisky TCC*
- 97:10 obvious, *TSR] ~ E1*
- 97:19 Bradley! *TCCR] ~. TSR*
- 97:22 Oh *TSR] ~, E1*
- 97:23 of-course *TSR] of course TCC*
- 97:32 *me TSR] me TCC*
- 97:35 *is so TSR] is so TCC*
- 97:35 in *TSR] to TCC*
- 98:5 especially *TSR] Especially TCC*
- 98:5 whines *E1] moans TSR*
- 98:6 poor beast *E1] wolf TSR* beast *TCCR*
- 98:6 Poor wolf!—” . . . moment. “But *TCCR] The poor beast! But TSR* Poor wolf!” . . . “But *E1*
- 98:7 it, all the same. *TCCR] it. TSR*
- 98:9 head! *TSR] ~. E1*
- 98:9 —She drooped . . . at him. *TCCR] Om. TSR* She . . . him. *E1*
- 98:11 I am *E1] I’m TSR*
- 98:12 pause.— *TSR] ~. TCC*
- 98:18 Her voice . . . once pleading . . . at him. *E1] Om. TSR* Her . . . once plaintive . . . him. *TCCR*
- 98:23 cried, with . . . scorn. *TCCR] cried. TSR*
- 98:24 dangers for you *TCCR] difficulties TSR*
- 98:25 *I TCCR] I TSR*
- 98:25 feel, *TSR] ~ E1*
- 98:26 you *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 98:27 tonight *TSR] to-night TCC*
- 98:28 tomorrow *TSR] to-morrow TCC*
- 98:33 tomorrow *TSR] to-morrow TCC*
- 98:34 tomorrow *TSR] to-morrow TCC*
- 98:38 upper-lip *TSR] upper lip TCC*
- 98:39 said— *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 98:40 you in *TSR] you at TCC*
- 98:40 no-one *TSR] no one TCC*
- 99:1 feeling—!—which *TSR] ~?—Which TCC*
- 99:1 No-one *TSR] No one TCC*
- 99:1 Oh *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:4 stay *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:6 with *TSR] with her TCC*
- 99:7 you, *TSR] ~ TCC*
- 99:8 *me—! TSR] ~!— TCC ~!— E1*
- 99:8 Ah *TSR] ~, E1*
- 99:9 kind.— *TSR] ~— E1*
- 99:16 at her *TCCR] at a TSR*
- 99:20 sleep. *TSR] ~! E1*
- 99:20 *Very TCCR] Very TSR*
- 99:21 grave.” Her . . . herself. “But *TCCR] grave. But TSR* grave!” Her . . . “But *E1*
- 99:24 Bradley! Not *TSR] ~, not TCC*
- 99:24 not *TSR] Not TCC*
- 99:24 Hawken *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:25 means!”—She . . . again. “No *TCCR] means!—No TSR*
- 99:27 No *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:27 by-no *TSR] by no TCC*
- 99:27 No *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:28 sleep, *TSR] ~—, TCC*
- 99:29 birdlessness *TSR] windlessness E1 see notes*
- 99:30 No *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:31 find *TSR] be TCC*
- 99:31 No *TSR] ~, TCC*
- 99:32 bottle— *TSR] ~.— TCC ~. E1*
- 99:39 I, putting . . . I could. *TSR] I. MS, PP*
- 100:1 On no] ~, ~, *TS*
- 100:1 walk!] ~. *TS*
- 100:1 Goodnight!] Good-night. *TS* Good-night! *TCCR* Good-/night. *PP* Good night. *A1*
- 100:2 Rawdon] ~, *TS*
- 100:4 came *MS, PP] came in E1*
- 100:6 great-coat] greatcoat *PP*
- 100:9 I say . . . night. Do . . . him. *I TSR] The sheets will be aired—” P I MS* The sheets . . . aired.” *P I TS, PP* I . . . night! Do . . . *E1*
- 100:13 rain—] ~, *TS, PP* ~; *TCCR*
- 100:13 on second thoughts, however, *E1] at the same time MS, PP* on second thoughts, *TSR* on

- second thoughts, however,
TCCR
- 100:18 rear,] ~ PP
- 100:20 So,] ~ PP
- 100:20 at] At TS
- 100:20 least] ~, PP
- 100:20 moment! How . . . always . . .
already. PI TSR] moment! PI
MS, PP moment! How . . .
Always . . . already. I TCC
- 100:24 at Rawdon's house. TSR] with
Rawdon. MS, PP
- 100:25 And the . . . his study. TSR] Om.
MS, PP
- 100:27 room TSR] room across a
passage and MS, PP room, TCC
- 100:27 corner TSR] corner from
Rawdon's room MS, PP
- 100:28 service-door . . . service-door
TS, TCCR] service door . . .
service door MS, TCC
- 100:29 big TSR] spare MS, PP
- 100:31 surprise, MS, PP] ~ E1
- 100:32 hand TCCR] hands MS, PP
- 100:32 on the sheet TSR] under the
bedclothes MS, PP
- 100:33 —Very] ~ TS
- 100:34 wonder, MS, PP] ~ E1
- 100:36 and] ~, PP
- 101:2 night-dress] nightdress PP
- 101:3 and] ~, PP
- 101:5 downstairs MS, PP] ~, TCC
- 101:5 drink TSR] glass of wine MS,
PP
- 101:6 act] Act TS
- 101:10 ever TSR] content to be MS, PP
- 101:11 they! MS, PP] ~? TCC
- 101:13 wrong TSR] at the wrong end
MS, PP
- 101:15 was not . . . be! TSR] made
better starts, wherever he ended.
MS, PP
- 101:16 morning, MS, PP] ~ E1
- 101:17 attentive, and . . . [101:36] it is?"
TSR] catlike. {cat-like. Ar} I
asked him what sort of day it was,
and he asked me if I'd had a good
- night, and was I comfortable. P
"Very comfortable!" said I. "But
I turned you out, I'm afraid." P
"Me, Sir?" {sir?" TS, E2} —He
{He E2} turned on me a face of
utter bewilderment. P But I
looked him in the eye. P "Is your
name Joe?" I asked him. P
"You're right, Sir." {sir." TS,
PP} P "So is mine," said I.
"However, I didn't see her face,
so it's all right.—I suppose you
were a bit tight, in that little bed!"
see also following entries to 101:35
- 101:19 -it, will TSR] -it,-will TCC
-it-will E1
- 101:19 -sir! TSR] -sir E1
- 101:21 Oh TSR] "~ E1
- 101:21 yesterday! TSR] ~!" E1
- 101:24 Sir!"—He TSR] ~!"— he
TCC
- 101:27 Sir! Ed.] sir! TSR sir, TCC
- 101:29 Why TSR] ~, E1
- 101:30 it." TSR] ~" E1
- 101:30 And TSR] and TCC
- 101:31 yes TSR] Yes TCC
- 101:35 Sir Ed.] sir TSR
- 101:35 He TSR] he TCC—he
TCCR
- 101:37 Well] ~, TS
- 101:37 Sir!] sir! TS, PP sir, TCC
- 101:37 impudence; "I . . . Sir . . . [102:2]
said I. TSR] impudence, and
lowered his tone to utter
confidence. "This is the best bed
in the house, this is?" {is." TS,
PP} And he touched it softly. P
"You've not tried them all,
surely?" MS, PP impudence;
"I . . . sir . . . I. TCC
- 102:3 puzzled wonder came Ed.]
indignant horror MS, PP
puzzled wonder TSR puzzled
horror TCC puzzled horror
came TCCR
- 102:3 face! MS, PP] ~. E1
- 102:4 No Sir] ~, sir TS

- 102:4 suppose not *TSR*] haven't *MS*,
PP
- 102:5 "Then I'm . . . [102:39] behind
them. *TSR*] That day, Rawdon
left for London, on his way to
Tunis, and Hawken was to follow
him. The roof of his house
looked just the same. *P* The
Drummonds moved too—went
away somewhere, and left a lot of
unsatisfied tradespeople behind.
MS, PP see also following entries
to 102:33
- 102:7 Sir *Ed.*] sir *TSR*
- 102:8 Hawken? Amiss *TSR*] ~, amiss
TCC
- 102:9 miss, *TSR*] ~ *TCC*
- 102:9 Are *TSR*] —~ *EI*
- 102:11 be, *TSR*] ~ *TCC*
- 102:12 I. "But *TSR, EI*] ~, "but *TCC*
~; "but *TCCR*
- 102:13 Sir *TSR*] sir *TCC*
- 102:16 have— *TSR*] ~, *TCC*
- 102:16 case—" *TSR*] ~"— *EI*
- 102:19 —his *TSR*] ~ *TCC*
- 102:21 like *TSR*] of *EI*
- 102:27 full-sized *TSR*] ~,
TCC
- 102:28 roof, *TSR*] ~ *EI*
- 102:31 Sir *Ed.*] sir *TSR*
- 102:33 that *TCCR*] that
TSR

Mother and Daughter

- MS* = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E249a)
- TCC* = Carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E249b)
- G* = Galley proofs for *Criterion*
- Per* = *Criterion*
- PP* = Page proofs for *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
- EI* = *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
- AI* = *The Lovely Lady* (Viking)

- 103:1 Mother and Daughter *AI*]
Mother and Daughter/ by D. H.
Lawrence *MS* MOTHER AND
DAUGHTER. *TCC* MOTHER
AND DAUGHTER/ By D. H.
LAWRENCE *G* MOTHER
AND DAUGHTER *EI*
- 103:22 her;] ~: *AI*
- 103:26 him!;] ~! *TCC*
- 103:30 *Virginia*—] ~ — *G*
- 104:5 sphinx] Sphinx *TCC*
- 104:5 forever *MS, Per*] forever *G* for
ever *AI*
- 104:7 words:] ~; *AI*
- 104:13 too:] ~; *AI*
- 104:23 sphinx] Sphinx *TCC*
- 104:24 spell-bound *TCC*] spell-/ bound
MS, PP spellbound *AI*
- 104:24 elvish] ~, *AI*
- 104:26 dear *MS, AI*] Dear *PP*
- 104:26 As] as *G*
- 104:39 spendthrift *MS, PP*] spend-/
thrift *G*
- 105:7 crazy;] ~; *AI*
- 105:13 fault.—] ~— *TCC* ~— *G*
~ . . . *AI*
- 105:31 stocking-feet *MS, GR*]
stocking3e-feet *G*
stockinged-feet *Per* stockinged
feet *AI*
- 105:33 shoe-maker] shoemaker *G*
- 105:40 course] ~, *AI*
- 106:2 bath-chair] bathchair *G*
- 106:8 thin;] ~; *AI*
- 106:23 eye-brows] eyebrows *G*
- 106:36 period;] ~; *TCC* ~: *AI*

- 107:1 behind;] ~, *TCC*
 107:3 eyes,] ~/ *TCC* ~ *G*
 107:4 eighteenth-century] eighteenth century *AI*
 107:12 But] ~, *TCC*
 107:17 ease,] ~; *AI*
 107:34 there.—] ~. *TCC*
 108:4 reception rooms]
 reception-rooms *TCC*
 108:5 square] Square *EI*
 108:5 proportion] proportions *TCC*
 108:7 eighteenth-century] eighteenth century *AI*
 108:13 lilies] ~, *AI*
 108:15 aesthetic] æsthetic *G*
 108:15 loud,] ~; *AI*
 108:29 Fitzpatrick *TCC*] Fitzpatric *MS*
 108:34 course] ~, *AI*
 108:37 stay:] ~, *AI*
 109:19 eighteenth-century] eighteenth century *AI*
 109:20 slightly-elvish] slightly elvish *AI*
 109:20 and alas] ~, ~ *AI*
 109:26 and try] ~, ~ *EI*
 109:31 connection] connexion *AI*
 110:3 oh] Oh *TCC* Oh, *EI*
 110:19 work:] ~, *AI*
 110:20 œufs *MS, AI*] œufs *TCC*
 110:20 farcies] farcis *AI*
 110:21 But—] *Om. TCC*
 110:22 blond] *Om. TCC*
 110:23 Lords,] ~/ *TCC* ~ *G*
 110:28 him,] ~ *TCC*
 110:35 course] ~, *PP*
 110:35 Bodoïn—] ~. *TCC*
 110:36 that's *TCC*] that *MS*
 110:39 Yes] ~, *TCC*
 110:39 mother *MS, EI*] Mother *G*
 111:2 malicious] ~, *AI*
 111:3 impatience—] ~. *TCC*
 111:16 ménage à deux] ménage à deux *TCC*
 111:17 work *GR*] the work *MS*
 111:33 tea-time *MS, AI*] teatime *G*
 111:33 done-for] done for *G*
 111:35 today *MS, AI*] to-day *G*
 111:36 tongue,] ~ *AI*
 112:1 But of course,] ~, ~ ~ *AI*
 112:10 humiliating,] ~ *TCC*
 112:11 busy] long *TCC*
 112:28 tonight *MS, AI*] to-night *G*
 112:38 carefully-cooked] carefully cooked *AI*
 113:5 Why] ~, *TCC*
 113:9 reply: *MS, AI*] ~, *TCC*
 113:27 daughter] ~, *G*
 113:30 But] ~, *TCC*
 114:7 part,] ~: *AI*
 114:8 Aubusson *TCC*] aubusson *MS*
 114:11 apartment:] ~; *AI*
 114:13 and] ~, *AI*
 114:16 temple.—] ~:— *TCC* ~: *G*
 114:19 lady-clerk *MS, G*] lady-/ clerk *TCC* lady clerk *AI*
 114:25 fiasco,] ~; *AI*
 114:35 Aubusson *TCC*] aubusson *MS*
 115:4 Mr] the *TCC*
 115:7 tonight *MS, AI*] to-night *G*
 115:7 mother!] ~. *TCC, EI* Mother. *G*
 115:17 government] Government *TCC*
 115:21 grey-haired] ~, *AI*
 115:26 to,] ~; *AI*
 115:27 humiliated, and] ~; ~ *AI*
 116:3 here] *Om. TCC*
 116:7 house!] ~; *PP* ~, *EI*
 116:10 friend—] ~— — *G* ~/ ... *AI*
 116:11 do!] ~. *TCC*
 116:12 Well—] ~— — *G* ~ ... *AI*
 116:15 Nice:] ~, *TCC*
 116:28 peculiar] ~, *G*
 116:34 head men] heads *TCC*
 117:24 That too] ~, ~, *G*
 117:31 about *Per*] nearly *MS Om. GR*
 117:34 that:] ~; *AI*
 117:37 Aubusson *TCC*] aubusson *MS*
 118:5 Virginia of course] ~, ~ ~, *AI*
 118:9 lashes] ~, *TCC*
 118:14 that] ~, *AI*
 118:15 —But] —“~ *TCC, EI* —“~ *G*
 118:17 fat!] ~!” *TCC, EI* ~!” *G*
 118:25 —The] —“~ *TCC* ~“ *G* ~“ *EI*
 118:26 for!] ~,” *TCC, EI* ~,” *G*

- 118:32 —Dear] —“~ TCC ‘~ G “~ E1
 118:36 content!—] ~.” TCC, E1 ~.’ G
 118:39 Oh] ~, E1
 119:7 sang-froid MS, A1] sang froid
 TCC
 119:10 me!] ~? TCC
 119:11 you.—] ~. G
 119:15 Delight:] ~; A1
 119:24 hooker] hookah TCC
 119:27 he] *Om.* TCC
 119:28 said.] ~, TCC
 119:30 this!] ~. TCC
 119:32 leaned] leant A1
 119:38 spell-bound] spellbound TCC
 120:3 so!] ~, TCC
 120:8 Virginie] Virginia TCC
 120:14 said: P “Have] ~: “Have A1
 120:15 whisky and soda]
 whisky-and-soda
 TCC
 120:15 Arnault!] ~? TCC
 120:18 syphon:] siphon; A1
 120:19 mother MS, PP] Mother G
 120:25 Yes] ~, TCC
 120:25 mother MS, PP] Mother G
 120:30 Why] ~, TCC
 121:5 mother MS, PP] Mother G
 121:12 mother MS, PP] Mother G
 121:14 disposal.—] ~. TCC
 121:22 hung] flung PP
 121:35 his] his TCC
 121:35 flushed,] flushe TCC flushed G
 121:38 And] “~ TCC, PP ‘~ G
 121:39 Madame] madame PP
 122:2 rose.—] ~. G
 122:2 shall it] Shall ~ TCC
 122:3 then?—] ~?’ TCC, PP ~?’ G
 122:11 days] days’ TCC
 122:17 Good-bye!] Goodbye, TCC
 good-bye, G
 122:18 settled,] ~; TCC
 122:19 it.—] ~. G
 122:19 Goodbye] goodbye TCC
 good-bye G
 122:26 slowly dropping] ~ ~, TCC ~,
 ~, G
 122:29 it?—] ~? TCC
 122:29 mother—] Mother — G
 mother — PP ~ . . . A1
 122:36 you dear!] ~, ~. TCC

The Escaped Cock

- TS1a* = Ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E116c)
TS1b = Part ribbon-, part carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E116b)
Per = *Forum*
TSII = Ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E116d)
TCCII = Carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E116e)
MS = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E116h)
TSIII = Ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E116i)
PP1, PP2 = Page proofs for *The Escaped Cock* (Black Sun Press) (Roberts E116k
 and E116l)
P1 = *The Escaped Cock* (Black Sun Press)
A1 = *The Escaped Cock* (Black Sparrow Press)

The chronological sequence is, for Part I: *TS1a*, *TS1b*, *Per*, *TSII*, *TCCII*, *PP1*, *PP2*, *P1*, *A1*; and, for Part II: *MS*, *TSIII*, *PP1*, *PP2*, *P1*, *A1*.

Per is the only subsequent state to follow, though not completely, the readings of *TS1b* rather than *TS1a*, and no other state follows *Per*: in the following entries for Part I, therefore, readings given as *TS1b* should be assumed to affect only *Per*, and readings

given as *Per* should be assumed *not* to be found in subsequent states, unless otherwise indicated. Similarly, as *TSII* played no part in the transmission of the text until *A1*, readings given as *TSII* or *TSIIR* should be assumed to affect only *A1* and *not* to be found in intermediate states, unless otherwise indicated. Finally, as the text of Part I in *A1* is mostly identical to the adopted readings in the present edition, its readings are not indicated *except* where they differ, or where *A1* is itself the source of an adopted reading.

- | | | | |
|--------|---|--------|---|
| 123:1 | <i>The Escaped Cock Ed.] THE ESCAPED COCK/ by / D. H. Lawrence TSIa THE/ ESCAPED/ COCK/ D. H. LAWRENCE Per The Escaped Cock. TCCII The Escaped Cock. TSII Om. PP1 The Escaped Cock/ by/ D. H. Lawrence P1</i> | 123:22 | cocks,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:2 | I <i>TSIaR, PP1] Om. TSIa, TSIB</i>
1. <i>TCCII</i> Part I <i>P1</i> | 123:23 | colour] clamour <i>TSIBR</i> clamor
<i>Per</i> |
| 123:3 | game-cock] gamecock <i>Per</i> ,
<i>TCCII</i> | 123:25 | sings!] ~ ' <i>TCCII</i> ~, <i>PP1, A1</i> |
| 123:5 | advanced,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 123:29 | saucy] ~, <i>Per, TCCII</i> |
| 123:5 | an] <i>Om. TCCII</i> | 123:29 | bird!] ~ <i>Per</i> ~, <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:5 | neck,] ~ <i>Per, TCCII</i> | 123:31 | far-off] ~, <i>Per</i> |
| 123:6 | fig-trees] fig trees <i>Per</i> | 123:31 | cocks,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:6 | letting <i>TSIaR]</i> putting <i>TSIa</i> | 124:1 | away,] ~ <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:6 | end-tips] end tips <i>Per</i> | 124:2 | him,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:7 | poor, he] ~. He <i>Per</i> | 124:4 | spur, and] ~. And <i>TCCII</i> ~;
and <i>TCCIIIC</i> |
| 123:7 | mud-brick] mud brick <i>Per</i> | 124:9 | unclean] ~, <i>Per</i> |
| 123:8 | little dirty,] little, dirty, <i>Per</i> dirty
little <i>TCCII</i> | 124:9 | then,] ~ <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:8 | fig-tree,] fig tree <i>Per</i> fig-/ tree,
<i>TCCII</i> figtree <i>PP1</i> fig-tree <i>P1</i> | 124:10 | feet] ~, <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:10 | mud-brick] mud brick <i>Per</i> | 124:16 | favorite] favourite <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:11 | proud <i>TSIaR]</i> rather proud
<i>TSIa, TSIB</i> | 124:17 | pranced,] pranced <i>Per, TCCIIIC</i>
descended <i>TCCII</i> |
| 123:12 | had, <i>TSIBR]</i> h[. . .] <i>TSIa</i> had
<i>TSIB</i> | 124:18 | nonchalantly <i>Per, TCCII]</i>
nonchantly <i>TSIa</i> |
| 123:14 | work,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 124:18 | range,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:15 | black-browed] ~, <i>Per</i> | 124:19 | cock-crows <i>TCCII]</i> cock-/
crows <i>TSIa</i> cockcrows <i>Per</i> see
<i>notes</i> |
| 123:17 | grain,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 124:21 | food,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:17 | porridge-mess,] porridge mess
<i>Per</i> porridge mess, <i>TCCII</i> | 124:23 | clangour <i>TSIaR]</i> zest <i>TSIa</i>
clangor <i>Per</i> |
| 123:17 | fowls,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 124:24 | leg,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| 123:18 | sickle,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 124:24 | Body,] ~ <i>PP1</i> |
| 123:19 | splendour] splendor <i>Per</i> | 124:24 | soul] ~, <i>Per</i> |
| 123:19 | destiny,] ~ <i>Per</i> | 124:26 | morning,] ~ <i>A1</i> |
| | | 124:28 | wings,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| | | 124:28 | wild,] ~, <i>Per</i> |
| | | 124:31 | dawn,] dawn, on <i>TCCII</i> |
| | | 124:33 | long,] <i>Om. PP1</i> |
| | | 124:34 | hurt,] ~ <i>Per</i> |
| | | 124:35 | knew] knew that <i>TCCII</i> |
| | | 125:4 | returned] returned to <i>PP1</i> |

- 125:6 heavy] ~, *Per*
 125:7 face,] ~ *Per*
 125:7 shoulder-bands] shoulder bands
Per
 125:9 further] farther *Per*
 125:10 cleared] ~, *TCCII*
 125:10 again] ~, *TCCII*
 125:16 last] ~, *TCCII*
 125:16 Yet] yet *TCCII*
 125:17 pale chink] chink, palely, *TCCII*
 pale chink,, *TCCII*C pale chink,
PP1
 125:23 forward,] ~ *Per*
 125:24 cell] well *PP1* see notes
 125:24 rock,] ~ *Per*
 125:25 revulsion,] ~; *PP1*
 125:27 animal] elemental *TSIbR*
 125:28 piercing *TSIaR*] animal *TSIa*
 125:34 more,] ~; *Per*
 125:35 had *TSIaR*] had had *TSIa*
 125:35 died,] ~; *Per*
 125:36 torn *TSIaR*] spoil *TSIa*
 125:38 swathing-bands] swathing bands
Per
 125:39 feet,] ~ *Per*
 126:6 woolen *TSIa*, *Per*] woollen
TSIbC, *TCCII*
 126:7 naked] ~, *Per*
 126:9 yet] and *TSIIR*
 126:10 compassion] disgust *TSIIR*
 126:10 towards] toward *Per*
 126:10 road,] ~ *Per*
 126:14 rich-green] rich green *Per*
 126:22 travelling] traveling *Per*
 126:22 disillusion,] ~ *Per*
 126:24 drystone] dry-stone *Per* dry
 stone *PP1*
 126:25 shrill, *TSIa*, *TSIIR*] ~ *TCCII*
 126:26 electricity] a snake *TSIIR*
 126:27 black and orange]
 black-and-orange *TSIIR*
 126:28 grey] gray, *Per* gray *TCCII*
 126:28 woolen *TSIa*, *Per*] woollen
TSIbC, *TCCII*, *A1*
 126:29 greenness] ~, *TCCII*
 126:29 black and orange]
 black-and-orange *TSIIR*
 126:30 tail-feathers] tail feathers
Per
 126:31 O] Oh, *Per*
 126:31 peasant. "My *TSIa*, *PP1R*] ~.
 My *PP1* ~. *P* "My *P1*
 126:32 smile] life *TSIIR*
 126:32 great] ~, *Per*
 126:35 wings] ~, *TCCII*
 126:37 eye] eyes *PP1*
 127:1 countenance,] ~ *Per*
 127:3 wide-open] wide open *Per*
 127:4 black,] ~ *PP1*
 127:4 eyes,] ~ *Per*
 127:4 died,] ~! *TCCII*
 127:5 drop,] ~ *Per*
 127:9 again . . ."] ~. . . ."] *Per*
 ~. . . ."] *TCCII* ~." . . . *PP1*
 ~. . . ." *A1*
 127:13 quailed] ~, *TCCII*
 127:13 indifference] ~, *TCCII*
 127:14 really] *Om. TCCII*
 127:18 You too] ~, ~, *Per*
 127:19 speak!] ~. *TCCII*
 127:22 garden,] ~ *Per*
 127:26 rocks] ~, *TCCII*
 127:27 downwards; and] downward, and
Per downwards. And *TCCII*
 127:27 too] ~, *TCCII*
 127:29 died,] ~ *Per*
 127:30 great] ~, *Per*
 127:36 door,] ~ *Per*
 127:37 to] into *TCCII*
 128:5 Eat] ~, *Per*, *TCCII*
 128:5 No one . . . Eat!] Eat! No one has
 seen. *TCCII*
 128:15 his] the *TCCII*
 128:15 still-dead] still-/ dead *TCCII*
 stilldead *PP1*
 128:23 splendour] splendor *Per*
 128:24 slow] ~, *Per*
 128:25 compassionate] willing to serve
TSIIR
 128:27 gentleness again] service again
TSIIR
 128:29 gently] quietly *TSIIR*
 128:30 then] when *TSIIR*
 128:30 shall go] go *TSIIR*

- 128:30 forever] you will be paid
TSIIR
- 128:32 at once] really *TSIIR*
- 128:33 said:] ~, *TCCII* ~. *PP1*
- 128:37 shut] ~, *TCCII*
- 128:38 woman: "I] ~, "I *TCCII* ~: *P* "I
A1
- 128:39 yard." And] ~." *P* And *TCCII*
- 128:39 him,] ~ *Per*
- 128:39 mat,] mat] *TCCII* mat *PP1*
- 129:1 fig-tree] fig tree *Per* figtree
TCCII fig-/ tree *A1*
- 129:5 black,] ~ *PP1*
- 129:6 thin,] ~ *TCCII*
- 129:6 colourless] colorless *Per*
- 129:6 there] ~, *TCCII*
- 129:9 peeping, and] ~ ~, *Per* ~, ~,
TCCII
- 129:11 stronger, he] ~. He *Per*
- 129:15 fig-tree] fig tree *Per* figtree
TCCII
- 129:17 there,] ~ *Per*
- 129:18 evening] ~, *TCCII*
- 129:19 frightened,] ~ *Per*
- 129:19 stranger too] ~, ~, *Per*
- 129:21 wall,] ~ *Per*
- 129:25 nostrils,] ~ *Per*
- 129:25 and] see *TCCII*
- 129:29 necessity to . . . triumph of]
assertion of life, the loud outcry
of the cock's petty triumph in
TSIbR
- 129:31 caught] ~, *TCCII*
- 129:31 up his head] out his chest *TSIbR*
up his head, *TCCII*
- 129:32 from life to death. The] to all the
world, to deny his existence.
"Deny my existence if you can!"
the *TSIbR* to . . . world to . . .
can!" the *Per*
- 129:34 leg,] ~ *PP1*
- 129:34 not cut off. The] effective
enough. The *TSIbR* effective
enough. *P* The *Per*
- 129:35 nakedly] grimly *TSIbR*
- 129:35 on to] on *Per*, *PP1* onto *A1*
- 129:35 life,] ~ *Per*
- 129:35 resoluteness] assertiveness
TSIbR
- 129:37 black and orange]
black-and-orange *TSIIR*
- 129:37 flame tongues] flame-tongues
TCCII
- 129:38 fig-tree] fig tree *Per* figtree
TCCII
- 129:39 glowing with desire] raging with
insistence *TSIbR*
- 129:40 like] brandishing themselves like
TSIbR
- 130:1 foam,] ~ *Per*
- 129:40 desire] *Om. TSIbR*
- 129:40 out of *TSIaR*,] *Om. TSIa*
- 130:1 sea of strength *TSIaR*] assertion
of *I am TSIa*
- 130:1 coloured] coloured *Per*
- 130:3 great] great, violent *TSIbR*
- 130:4 tremulous *TSIaR*] exultant
TSIa
- 130:4 be, he] ~. He *Per*, *TCCII*
- 130:5 ringing, ringing, defiant . . .
existing. *P* The *TSIaR*] ringing,
deathless assertion: *I am. P* The
TSIa ringing, defiant challenge
to all other things existing,
<and> their raging assertion of
themselves. *P* The *TSIbR*
ringing, ringing . . . existing. The
A1
- 130:8 everlasting] ~, *Per*
- 130:8 resoluteness] self-assertive
violence *TSIbR*
- 130:9 glance] ~, *Per*, *TCCII*
- 130:9 him,] ~ *Per*
- 130:9 look.] look, suspicious. *TSIbR*
- 130:10 always,] ~ *Per*, *TCCII*
- 130:11 sharp] snappy *TSIbR*
- 130:11 queer] ~, *Per*, *TCCII*
- 130:12 itself *TSIaR*] ~, *TSIa*
- 130:12 food;] ~, *Per*
- 130:12 its *TSIaR*] the *TSIa*
- 130:14 cautious, *ISIa*, *Per*] ~; *TSIbR*
- 130:14 its *TSIaR*] *Om. TSIa*
- 130:14 crowing *TSIaR*] crowing its
TSIa

- 130:17 clucking] cackling *Per*
 130:16 of the *TSIaR*] of his *TSIa*
 130:17 favorite] favourite *TCCII*
 130:17 hen,] ~ *Per*
 130:17 clucking] cackling *Per*
 130:23 the male bird's *TSIaR*] his *TSIa*
 130:24 tether,] ~ *Per*
 130:26 tail feathers] tail-feathers
TCCII
 130:27 grown. *P It*] ~. *It PP1*
 130:29 favorite] favourite *TCCII*
 130:31 died *TSIa*, *PP2C*] ~, *TCCII*, *P1*
 130:33 swaying] raging *TSIbR*
 130:34 destiny . . . destiny] rage . . . rage
TSIbR
 130:35 doom] scythe-stroke *TSIbR*
 130:35 shadow,] ~ *TCCII*
 130:36 destiny] upstarting *TSIbR*
 130:36 surge] turmoil *TSIbR*
 130:36 life.] life. And this mad
 insistence of chaotic life,
 everything insisting against
 everything else, was repellent to
 the man who had died. He
 looked on, relieved that it was no
 longer his affair. *TSIbR* life.
 And . . . repellent . . . affair. *Per*
 130:37 twilight] ~, *TCCII*
 130:37 ass,] ~ *Per*
 130:37 said: *P* "Master"] ~: "Master *PP1*
 130:38 said] said that *TCCII*
 130:38 garden,] ~ *Per*
 130:39 Romans! And *TSIaR*] ~, <a>/
 ans *TSIa*
 131:4 cock,] ~ *Per*
 131:6 himself:] ~, *TCCII* ~. *PP1*
 131:6 "Why"] ~, *PP1R* ~ *AI*
 131:6 then] ~, *TCCII*
 131:7 refreshment,] ~; *AI*
 131:8 earthy,] ~ *Per*
 131:9 It] I *TCCII*
 131:9 ploughshare] plowshare *Per*
 131:10 Judaea] Judea *Per*
 131:12 tillage. *TSIaR*] ~, *TSIa*
 131:12 salvation . . ." *Ed.*] ~ . . ." *TSIa* ~.
 . . ." *Per* ~ . . ." *TCCII* ~ . . *AI*
- 131:13 with compassion; but] without
 emotion; for *TSIbR* with calm
 eyes; but *TSIIR*
 131:14 soul] fate *TSIbR*
 131:15 died,] ~ *Per*
 131:15 who could . . . save to] who,
 when he did die, would *TSIbR*
 131:16 interfere,] ~ *Per*, *TCCII*
 131:19 no re-birth in him] his own
 destiny, like a clod of earth with a
 little fire in it *TSIbR* his . . .
 destiny as a . . . it *Per*
 131:19 He . . . host.] " ~ . . . ~." *Per*,
TCCII
 131:23 garden,] ~ *Per*
 131:24 laurel,] laurel *Per* laurels, *TCCII*
 131:24 to] close to *Per* by *TCCII* [close]
 to *AI*
 131:25 tomb, a *TSIaR*] tomb, an *TSIa*
 131:28 white,] ~ *Per*
 131:31 her:] ~, *TCCII*
 131:33 reeled] stood *TSIbR* went pale
TSIIR
 131:37 say,] ~ *Per*
 131:37 fell at . . . kiss them.] wished to
 fall at his feet. He prevented her,
 saying: *TSIb*
 131:38 Madeleine," he said. "Not yet!]
 Madeleine. *TSIb*
 131:38 healed . . . men *TSIaR*, *TSIb*]
 quite healed and clear of the old
 death *TSIa*
 131:40 wept,] ~ *PP1*
 131:40 said:] ~, *TCCII* ~; *TCCIIIC*
 132:1 aside,] ~ *Per*
 132:1 bushes,] ~ *Per*
 132:3 said:] ~, *TCCII* ~; *TCCIIIC*
 132:5 said.] ~, *TCCII*
 132:7 What is finished] For me, all that
TSIb
 132:7 and for . . . is past] I have been
 taken away from it *TSIb*
 132:8 no more rains fill it,] there are no
 more rains, *TSIb*
 132:9 me,] ~ *AI*
 132:9 that life is over] those heavens
 are no more over me *TSIb*

- 132:10 said] asked *TSIb*
- 132:11 triumph,] ~ ? *TSIb*
- 132:11 said, "is . . . have outlived] asked.
"But what was my triumph? I
was killed in *TSIb*
- 132:12 mission,] ~ *Per*
- 132:12 know no . . . single life. *TSIaR*
know no . . . [132:16] I can take
pleasure in life, which is my
portion. *TSIa* it is dead now to
me. I can't come back. I am in
another world, Madeleine, and
not in touch with men. Yet still I
am a man, and {man and *Per*}
still young. Is it not so? What
will be the outcome, since now I
am dead and risen, there is a gulf
between me and all mankind? I
am out of touch. *TSIb*
- 132:18 fully] *Om. TSIb*
- 132:18 But what . . . feel disappointed]
Only she felt a heavy
disappointment rise up in her
TSIb
- 132:20 said, insisting] humbly insisted
TSIb
- 132:21 don't] cannot *TSIb*
- 132:21 said.] ~, *PP1*
- 132:21 healed,] healed, perhaps *TSIb*
- 132:22 better] *Om. TSIb*
- 132:22 and my . . . [132:37] "Do you
Ed.] and my . . . take <the
pleasure> "my single way"
in . . . My <little> "public"
life . . . [132:26] life, and <take
my pleasure in life, without
compulsion, and without need of
salvation, and without need of
self-importance.> "say
nothing . . . than the <<Father,
who is greater than me,>>
"limits of my hands and
feet," so . . . poor Judas."
For . . . [132:30] live without
<exceeding my measure in
living, and without falling
short.> "striving to <<put
myself forward any more. For I
know my place with my Father."
Pilate>> "sway others . . . But
Judas" and the . . . [132:34]
turn to <life> "my
<<Father">>
"destiny" like . . . who <is
alone on all> "has just come
down to" the shore<.> ",
alone." *P* "Do you *TSIaR*
death has utterly cut it off from
me. When a man dies, he rises in
another world, even if there are
the same faces. Death has put me
far beyond even that salvation I
dreamed of. Oh {Oh, *Per*}
Madeleine, I don't know what
world I have risen to. But I have
risen out of touch with the old.
And now I wait for my Father to
take me up again." *P* Madeleine
heard the estrangement in his
voice, and her heart was cold and
angry. *P* "Do you betray us all?"
she said. *P* "Betray?" he said.
"Death has betrayed me. I am
different.—My {different. My
Per} poor Judas, he handed
death to me. He rescued me
from my own salvation. No man
can know his own salvation.
Death makes all things different.
Now Judas and I alone
understand." *P* Madeleine
heard without understanding,
but she pondered bitterly. *P*
"You {bitterly. "You"} *Per TSIb*
see also following entries to
132:34
132:23 Oh] ~, *TCCII*
- 132:25 of my conviction . . . the life]
Om. PP1
- 132:26 Now I . . . poor Judas.] *Om.*
PP1
- 132:33 one] one woman, or one man
TSIIR
- 132:34 saved] delivered *TSIIR*

- 132:34 salvation, and . . . shore, alone.”] salvation, and . . . destiny alone, like . . . shore.” *TCCII* salvation, and destiny like . . . shore, alone.” *TCCIIIC* salvation, and I am no longer a lover of multitudes.—” *TSIIR* salvation, and . . . shore alone.” *PP1* salvation, and I . . . multitudes.” *Ar*
- 132:37 asked. “And . . . [133:8] us?” she] *Om. TSib* see also following entries to 133:6
- 132:39 Nay,] ~! *TCCII*
- 132:40 but you . . . gave *TSIaR*] so you exceeded in them *TSIa*
- 133:2 I gave . . . woe, and vanity. *Ed.*] *Om. TSIa* “I gave . . . is <what and much>” “woe, and vanity.” “*TSIaR* I . . . woe and vanity. *PP1*
- 133:3 Pilate] Judas *TSIIR*
- 133:3 saved] snatched *TSIIR*
- 133:3 salvation] giving *TSIIR*
- 133:4 now in giving *TSIaR*] in salvation *TSIa*
- 133:6 giving *TSIaR*] salvation *TSIa*
- 133:10 sarcasm] reproach *TSIb*
- 133:10 face,] ~ *PP1*
- 133:11 excessive need . . . [133:17] he said. *TSIaR*] excessive need . . . female who had embraced all men. The cloud . . . old, all-embracing Eve, which is the past self in every woman. And the cloud of strenuous necessity, which was upon her, chilled him. *P* “I . . . he said. *TSIa* insistence. She had been so happy to be saved from her old rapacity, and {rapacity and *Per*} to devote herself to a pure Messiah. But now she had this doom upon her, instead of the old one: she was now greedy to give her selfless devotion, as before she had been greedy to take from her lovers. But the man who had died felt her insistent, selfless devotion clutching his body with a new, bodiless greed, and the nausea of old pain filled him. *P* “A man would not die the same death twice,” he said to her. *TSIb* see also following entries to 133:16
- 133:13 wilful Eve] greedy self *TSIIR*
- 133:15 too] ~, *TCCII*,
- 133:16 hard] vicious *TSIIR*
- 133:19 face,] ~ *Per*
- 133:19 eyes,] ~ *Per*
- 133:20 indifference. He . . . glance, and] indifference to all things. There was revulsion in her glance, which he felt. And he *TSIb*
- 133:20 himself: Now] ~: “Now *Per* ~,” *P* “Now *TCCII* ~.” *P* “Now *TCCIIIC* ~: *P* “Now *TSIIC* ~.” *P* “Now *PP1*
- 133:21 for having risen up] because I have risen up from the dead *TSIb*
- 133:22 expectation.] ~.” *Per, TCCII*
- 133:23 us who *TSIaR*] we who *TSIa*
- 133:24 little,] ~ *PP1*
- 133:24 said:] ~, *TCCII* ~; *TCCIIIC*
- 133:25 Ah] ~, *Per*
- 133:25 yes!”] ~” *TCCII*
- 133:25 added:] ~, *TCCII*
- 133:27 him] to him *TCCII*
- 133:30 large] ~, *Per*
- 133:30 eyes,] ~ *Per*
- 133:34 and—and I . . . him. And *Ed.*] and the death is gone off me.” *P* But *TSIa* and—and I am <with my Father.> “in touch in the flesh.” “*P* The . . . him. And *TSIaR* <and> —and I am with my Father.” *P* The {Father.” The *Per*} . . . him. And *TSIbR* see also following entries to 133:36
- 133:34 and—and *TSIaR*] —and *TSIbR* and *Per* and . . . and *TCCII* and . . . and *TSII* and . . . and *PP1, Ar*

- 133:34 touch in *TSIaR*] touch with
TCCII
- 133:36 him And] ~, and *Per*
- 133:37 flicker *TSIaR*] greed *TSIa*
- 133:38 eyes: the . . . giving *TSIaR*,
TSII] eyes. *TSIa* eyes; the . . .
giving. *Per*, *TCCII*C eyes,
the . . . giving. *TCCII*
- 133:38 murmured,] ~ *TCCII*
- 134:4 again,] again *TCCII* again *PP1*
- 134:5 risen.] risen. This was just a
man. *TSIIR*
- 134:6 was gone] were gone *TCCII*
- 134:8 indifference,] ~ *Per*
- 134:11 issue,] ~ *Per*
- 134:15 You *TSIaR*] Your *TSIa*
- 134:16 again] ~, *TSII*
- 134:20 wonder,] ~ *Per*
- 134:21 Saviour] Savior *Per*
- 134:21 man;] ~— *Per*
- 134:22 flesh,] ~ *Per*
- 134:23 heaven] Heaven *TCCII*
- 134:25 Meanwhile] ~, *Per*
- 134:25 last,] ~ *Per*
- 134:27 them,] ~ *Per*
- 134:28 earth,] ~ *Per*, *PP1*
- 134:30 afraid,] ~ *Per*, *TCCII*
- 134:31 become like . . . to her.] cast a
certain spell over her, like
mountains that gleam in the
distance. It was the living
remoteness. *TSIbR*
- 134:33 been, Master?] been,? Master?
TCCII been,? *PP1*
- 134:33 said.] said, shyly. *TSIbR* said
shyly. *Per*
- 134:34 friend,] ~ *Per*
- 134:36 hand,] ~ *Per*
- 134:38 and *TSIaR*] yet *TSIa*
- 134:39 Oh *TSIaR*] Oh no, *TSIa* Oh,
Per, *TCCII*
- 134:39 And is . . . mine? *TSIaR*] we ask
no money. *TSIa*
- 134:40 buys bread . . . brings life] is due
to you *TSIbR*
- 135:3 yard,] ~ *Per*
- 135:4 him,] ~ *Per*
- 135:4 shouted] crowed *TSIb*
- 135:4 zest *TSIa*, *TSIbR*] humiliation
TSIb
- 135:4 and] then *TSIb*
- 135:6 down,] ~ *Per*
- 135:8 water,] ~ *TSIb*
- 135:9 and] with a fierceness after a
shower of rain, and *TSIb*
- 135:11 body,] ~ *Per*
- 135:12 youngish,] ~ *Per*
- 135:12 unpleasant] uncomely *TSIb*
- 135:13 But he *TSIaR*, *TSIb*] ~ the
TSIa
- 135:14 felt gently] troubled by *TSIIR*
- 135:14 towards] toward *Per*
- 135:14 crouching, humble] humble,
crouching *TSIb*
- 135:14 But] But his own body kept
aloof. Perhaps *TSIb*
- 135:15 She was . . . gift. So *TSIaR*] The
body of his consciousness, which
had died, could not touch the
commonplace woman who had
not died, and who could only
receive him in the commonplace
consciousness. So *TSIa* He had
given her money, and she was
pleased, so no<t>「w」 she
thought he would want this
other of her. But her little soul
was short-sighted and hard, she
could never make the <fine>
「inner」 gift of her body. What
was worth having, would never
be given. *P* So *TSIbR* He
had . . . shortsighted and hard;
she . . . having would . . . given.
P So *Per* She was . . . [135:17]
hard, and . . . gift. So *TCCII*
- 135:19 quiet, pleasant *TSIaR*] little,
pleasant *TSIa* little, quiet *TSIb*
quiet, courteous *TSIIR*
- 135:19 her,] ~ *Per*
- 135:20 He could . . . turned away
from . . . without hesitation. *Ed.*]
He . . . other. <「It was always
either a greed of giving, or a

- greed of taking.¹ > He . . .
hesitation. *TSIaR* He . . . turned
away, and {away and *Per*} abided
by the greater ruling. *TSIb Om.*
TSIIR see also following entries to
135:21
- 135:20 body,] ~— *Per*
135:21 life] ~— *Per*
135:21 woman] ~, *TCCII*
135:23 Risen from the dead] Having
died and risen *TSIb*
135:23 had] *Om. TSIb*
135:23 realised] realized *Per*
135:23 body, too, *TSIa, Per*] ~ ~
TSIb
135:24 little life . . . the body. *TSIaR*]
little . . . little, personal life of
the body. *TSIa* purity and its
impurity, its little and its greater
life. Out of fear of the impurity,
he had remained virgin, in his
little life of fear. *TSIb*
135:25 knew,] realised *TSIb* realized *Per*
knew *TCCII*
135:25 virginity is . . . [135:32] had died.
TSIaR] the body had risen for
the greater life of the body.
Now . . . [135:28] body, and . . .
[135:30] of time. *TSIa* virginity
too is a form of greed. He turned
away even from himself. And he
lay as if dead. *P* He had risen
bodily from the dead, but what
his body had come alive for, he
did not know. He only knew that
he was bodily out of touch with
mankind;—he who had
previously *held* himself out of
touch, in his little life, now was
beyond touch. He had no desire
in him, save the desire, that none
should touch him. *TSIb*
virginity, too is . . . for he . . .
mankind: he . . . desire that . . .
him. *Per* virginity is . . . risen for
the greater life . . . take, but
moving towards the living being
with whom . . . body. Now,
having . . . had died. And he
knew how rare was the risen
body, the twice-born limbs rare,
rarer than the twice-born spirit,
which could house in greedy
flesh. *TSIIR*
135:33 work,] ~ *Per*
135:34 But we . . . want it.] *Om.*
TSIb
135:36 But] And *TSIb*
135:36 was sad . . . Brother . . . [136:3]
the Father. *TSIaR*] was . . .
personal body, thanking him
with the little, personal thanks,
through which there blew no
flame of the bigger communion.
And when the . . . Father. *TSIa*
saw the peasant stand there with
bright, excited eyes, animated by
the hope of greater sums of
money, later on. And he
wondered again over the little
body of man, and the little life of
man, so rarely suffused with the
greater glow. How was it the
peasant did not feel the absence
of the other glow in him? *P* And
the peasant looked at the man
who had died, and saw his frailty,
and the death still in his body,
and the peasant was afraid, and
hugged his own health. Yet the
remoteness of the man who had
died had a wonder and a sort of
fascination for the man who had
not died. So the night having
fallen, he would have helped the
frail man to rise. But the other
said to him: *P* “No, don’t touch
me. I am sore. *TSIb* saw . . .
money later . . . died and . . .
frailty and . . . afraid and . . . sore.
Per was . . . [136:3] brother . . .
Father. *TCCII* was . . . little,
greedy body . . . [135:39] the will
was . . . brother . . . Father.

- TSIIR* was . . . personal
 {personal *PP1R*} . . . brother . . .
 Father. *PP1*
- 136:4 burned with greater splendour]
 rose ever again, in the rage of life
TSIb
- 136:6 Yet the] The *TSIb*
- 136:6 burnt up to a sharp point]
 nevertheless mounted to a
 sharper brightness
TSIb burned up . . . point
TCCII
- 136:6 cock] creature *TSIb*
- 136:7 died.] ~.— *TSIb*
- 136:8 smiled,] ~ *TCCII*
- 136:8 held the . . . and he] *Om. TSIb*
- 136:8 it: Surely *TSIa, A1*] ~: “Surely
Per ~: *P* “Surely *TCCII* ~; *P*
 “Surely *PP1*
- 136:8 art risen to the Father,] forgettest
 even the string, thou father
TSIb
- 136:9 birds.—] ~!— *TSIb* ~!” *Per*
 ~.” *TCCII*
- 136:11 of the . . . narrow, personal life.]
 how the body could live a greater
 life, how this should come to
 pass. For he was beyond touch of
 the little, personal bodies of
 people. *TSIb* of the . . . narrow,
 greedy life. *TSIIR*
- 136:12 came] came suddenly *TSIb*
- 136:15 Joan. He] ~. *P* He *Per*
- 136:16 up *TSIa, Per, TSI1*] ~, *TSIb*,
TCCII
- 136:16 afraid. *P* He] ~. He *Per*
- 136:19 grey] gray *Per, TCCII*
- 136:19 them] ~, *TCCII*
- 136:20 towards] toward *Per*
- 136:22 money!—] ~! *Per* ~! . . . *TCCII*
 ~! . . . *PP1*
- 136:22 not] not come and *TSIb*
- 136:22 them?” *P* She] ~?” She *Per*
- 136:23 pieces,] ~ *TCCII*
- 136:23 them,] ~ *TSIb*
- 136:24 this money, *TSIaR, TSIb*] them,
TSIa this money? *Per, TCCII*
- 136:24 it!—*TSIaR, TSI1*] them.—
TSIa it? — *TSIb* it. *Per* it.—
TCCII
- 136:24 cannot] can not *Per*
- 136:24 them, for] them. *TSIb*
- 136:25 ascended] risen *TSIb*
- 136:25 Father.— *TSIaR, TSIb*] body
 which is the Father in me. *TSIa*
 Father. *Per, TCCII*
- 136:25 I must leave you now] now I
 must go away *TSIb*
- 136:26 where] Where *TSIb*,
TCCII
- 136:27 her,] ~ *Per*
- 136:27 saw she was clutching] felt her
 clutching at him *TSIb*
- 136:27 in him . . . the man] who was
 dead in him, the man of his little
 life, *TSIb*
- 136:29 fear, of . . . without taking.
TSIaR] fear, of his little life.
TSIa fear and his doctrine of
 salvation. *TSIb*
- 136:30 Father, *TSIb*] ~? *TSIa* ~!
TCCII
- 136:31 you will] will you *TSIb*
- 136:31 us!—] ~? *TSIb, TCCII*
- 136:32 anguish,] ~ *Per*
- 136:33 back,] ~ *Per, TCCII*
- 136:34 bushes,] ~ *Per*
- 136:34 quickly *TSIa, Per*] ~, *TSIb*,
TCCII
- 136:34 himself: Now] ~: “Now *Per* ~:
P “Now *TCCII*
- 136:35 no one, and . . . be alone. Ed.]
 <<my Father, who is <my
 greater self,>[†] in all things, and
 takes life as he gives it,[†] and
 knows neither mission nor
 gospel<,>[†];[†] nor is [†]“a man[†]
 even less alone than when alone
 <—>[†] with him[†] —>[†] [†]“no
 one . . . alone.^{††} *TSIaR* my
 Father, though I know not what
 he is, nor where he is. And still
 he is.— *TSIb* my Father . . . is.”
Per no one . . . save?

- I . . . alone." *TCCII* no one . . .
and my mission . . . save?
I . . . alone. — — — — —"
TSIIR no one . . . and
mission . . . save? I . . .
alone." *PP1* no one . . . and my
mission . . . save? I . . . alone. *AI*
- 136:39 leg,] ~ *Per*
136:39 no-one] no one *Per*, *TCCII*
136:39 it was best to *TSIaR*] it was
sweetest to *TSIa* now he could
only *TSIb*
136:40 made him lonely] opened his
wounds *TSIb*
137:1 subtle] biting *TSIb*
137:1 healed his wounds] were healing
him *TSIb*
137:2 closing] hardening *TSIb*
137:2 And his need of] But his
connection with *TSIb*
137:3 his fever *TSIaR*] *Om. TSIa* his
urge *TSIb*
137:3 save] have *TCCII*
137:3 and to] or to *TSIb*
137:3 too was . . . be alone. *TSIaR*] too
. . . should come <from
abundance, and not from need.
From the fulness of life, and not
from want. Meanwhile he was
most rich in life, while most
alone.> 「without trespass . . .
the <<first movement.>>
「「advance.」」 Now . . . alone.」
TSIaR had gone <gone> 「from
him」 for good. He wondered
what <it> 「he」 should do, for it
seemed strange to be in a world
of men and women, and to have
no touch with them. He said to
himself: Why has the connection
of touch gone out of me?—
TSIbR had . . . women and . . .
himself: "Why . . . me?" *Per*
too . . . came of . . . himself: *P*
"I . . . alone." *TCCII* too . . .
came of . . . himself: *P* "—I . . .
alone. — — — — —" *TSIIC*
- too . . . came of . . . himself: I . . .
alone. *AI*
137:9 Therefore] But in the tomb the
connection had perished.
Therefore *TSIb*
137:9 garden,] ~ *Per*
137:9 and saw the sun,] while the sun
shone, *TSIb*
137:10 wheat,] ~ *Per*
137:12 himself: How . . . own alone.
TSIaR] himself: How <sweet>
「good」 it . . . it! <「How I see
my Father everywhere, and there
are no exclusions! Save perhaps
in the shut self-will of
people」> 「「Now I . . . own
alone.」」 *TSIaR* himself: Some
things make no clamour, and do
not insist; they are only
dauntless. The iris is naked on
the inner air, opens its sharp
buds alone, and touches nothing.
Only man is afraid to unfurl his
nakedness; and when he touches
something he becomes greedy,
and when something touches
him, he is afraid. Why cannot
man stand like an iris within the
inner air, naked and all himself,
with the Father. The inner air is
my Father, and all things
blossom within his body.— *TSIb*
himself: Some . . . clamor
and . . . alone and . . . him he . . .
can not . . . body. *Per* himself: *P*
"How . . . is to . . . it. Now . . .
figtree . . . alone." *TCCII*
himself: *P* "How good it is, to
{How glad I am, to *TSIIR*} it!
Now . . . figtree . . . alone." *TSII*
himself: How glad I am, to . . . it!
Now . . . fig-tree . . . alone. *AI*
- 137:16 So] So he saw *TSIb*
137:16 fig-tree,] fig tree *Per* figtree,
TCCII
137:17 translucent] ~, *Per*, *TCCII*
137:18 burnishing,] ~, *Per*

- 137:19 pomp,] ~ *Per*
 137:20 was aware of] beheld *TSIb*
 137:20 all,] ~ *Per*
 137:21 thought: The . . . that bites]
 thought: It is fear of death which makes man unclean. He is afraid to unfold his nakedness, because of the fear in him, and he is greedy for all he touches, because he is afraid he is nothing in himself. I cannot touch my fellow men, because they smell of greed and fear. It is fear of death that <governs> 「hampers」 them. Why don't they die, to be rid of their staleness and their littleness, covered up as they are, and gnawed by the weariness of their greed, and the compulsion of their fear?—But it is vain to speak. Words are like midges that <blister> bite *TSIbR* thought: “It . . . nakedness because . . . touches because . . . men because . . . are and . . . their greed and . . . fear? But . . . bite *Per* thought: *P* “The . . . bites *TCCII*
- 137:21 evening.] evening, and blister men with conceit. *TSIb* evening and . . . conceit. *Per*
 137:22 words] clouds of words *TSIb*
 137:22 into] to *TSIb*
 137:23 Now I have passed] Why will man never die, and pass *TSIb* Why . . . die and pass *Per*
 137:24 bite no more, and] bite no more? On the other side *TSIb* bite and *TCCII*, *TSII* bite no more and *TCCIIIC* bite no more and *PP1*
 137:25 say, and I am alone *TSIaR*] say . . . am well *TSIa* insist on. Then a man can be well *TSIb*
 137:25 my] his *TSIb*
 137:25 which is . . . of all my domain. *A*] which . . . of <Paradise to me. 「The rest is my Father.—」> 「「all my domain.」」 *TSIaR* like an iris on its stem, within the inner air, and he can be naked as a flower is, and fearless as the iris, because it stands within the Father. Now <I can> 「may I」 stand within the Father.— *TSIbR* like . . . Father.” *Per* which . . . domain.” *TCCII*
- 137:27 wounds,] ~ *Per*
 137:27 enjoyed his] enjoyed the *TSIb*
 137:28 slipped that noose, which we call *TSIaR*, *TSII*] left that madness, which we call *TSIa* slipped the noose of his little self, which is bound by *TSIb* slipped that noose which . . . call *TCCII*
 137:29 For in . . . asserts itself. *TSIaR*, *TSII*] For . . . his little self, which cares about itself. *TSIa Om. TSIb* For . . . tomb, he . . . itself. *TCCII*
 137:30 uncaring *TSIaR*] greater *TSIa*, *TSIb*
 137:31 himself with . . . sort of *TSIaR*] himself with insouciance, which is *TSIa* himself, having discovered the inner world of insouciance, which is *TSIb*
 137:33 himself:] ~, *TCCII* ~; *TCCIIIC*
 137:33 I] “~ *Per*, *TCCII*
 137:33 earth,] ~ *Per*
 137:33 nothing. For . . . purely alone—*TSIaR*] nothing. For . . . as 「to be alone in」 the . . . is <<my Father 「.」>> <manifest.> 「raging and yet apart.」 And . . . seen it.> 「, <<for>>」 I . . . my <little self.> 「confusion within it.」 Now . . . stirring <of the body of God the Father of me.—> 「of all things . . . purely <<myself—>> alone—」 *TSIaR* nothing; for strange is the

- phenomenal world, whose essential body is my Father. I will wander like an iris walking naked within the inner air, well within the Father, <and> ʃ and I shall be in the outer air as well. ʃ I shall see all the noise and the dust, and smell the fear, and brush past the greed, and beware. But I will go with the Father around me, with my body erect and procreant within the inner air. Perhaps within the inner air I shall meet other men, perhaps women, and we shall be in touch. If not, it is no matter, for my movement and my <rhythm> ʃ uprisingʃ is within the Father, and I stand naked within him, as the irises do. And he is all about me, and my whole body is procreant in him.— *TSIbR* nothing; for . . . within him as . . . him.” *Per* nothing. For . . . raging, and . . . alone.” *TCCII* nothing. For . . . raging and . . . alone. — — — *TSII* nothing. For . . . raging and . . . alone.
- A1*
- 137:39 himself,] ~ *Per*
 137:40 in him, *TSIa*, *TSIIC TCCIIIC*] in him *Per TSII*, *PP1* in life *TCCII*
 137:40 any man . . . his compassion. *TSIaR*] any . . . his soul. *TSIa* whomsoever touched him, within the Father. *TSIb* whomsoever . . . him within . . . Father. *Per*
 138:2 fashion,] ~ *Per*
 138:2 smiled to himself] moved slowly *TSIIR*
 138:2 shoes *TSIa*, *Per*] ~, *TSIb*, *TCCII*
 138:4 said: *TSIa*, *PP1R*] ~, *TCCII*
 138:6 Yea] Yes *PP1*
- 138:6 men *TSIaR*] my Father *TSIa* the Father *TSIb*
 138:9 go forth *TSIaR*] ascend *TSIa*, *TSIb*
 138:10 had died,] was setting forth, *TSIb*
 138:11 died,] ~, *PP1*
 138:12 to be . . . alone, for *TSIaR*] <<ʃ which he called the Father, ʃ to share in its mysteries before he <died> slept in the place beyond. And>> ʃʃ to be . . . alone, for ʃʃ *TSIaR* to walk among the outer dust, yet keep himself well within the inner air, which he called the Father. And he said to himself I must perforce touch them casually, though they smell of greed and fear.—So a little unwillingly he lifted the hot and feathery body of the cock, and carried the bird *TSIb* to walk . . . himself: “I . . . fear.” So . . . cock and . . . bird *Per* to be . . . much identified with it . . . for *TSIIR*
 138:15 as he . . . cock, whose] saying: Better thee than another.—And the cock did not fuss, but settled down quietly, and his *TSIb* saying: “Better . . . another.” And . . . fuss but . . . quietly; and his *Per*
 138:16 who] he *TSIb*
 138:17 wider *TSIaR*] *Om. TSIa*, *TSIb*
 138:18 which is the stirring of *TSIaR*] which is the wonderful stirring of *TSIa* within which gleams the inner air *TSIb*
 138:18 cocks *TSIaR*] the God of cocks *TSIa* the god of cocks *TSIb*
 138:18 And the] The *TSIb*
 138:19 tears,] ~ *Per*
 138:20 her] ~, *TCCII*
 138:22 sunny day . . . and stood] day of early summer, while greenness still flourishes under the sun. He

went slowly, and saw the world in motion <standing>, and he stood [⌈] *TSIbR* day . . . summer while . . . slowly and . . . he stood *Per*

138:23 as the] as a *TSIb*

138:23 pack-train] pack train *Per*

138:23 passed *TSIaR*] went *TSIa*, *TSIb*

138:24 by,] ~ *Per*

138:24 towards] toward *Per*

138:24 himself: Strange] ~: "Strange *Per* ~: *P* "Strange *TCCII*

138:25 together! *TSIa*, *TCCIIIC*] ~. *TSIb*

138:25 And I am the same!] *Om. TSIb*
And . . . same. *TSIbR*

138:25 Yet I . . . [139:2] to everything. *TSIaR*] [⌈] Yet I am apart! [⌈] And life bubbles everywhere, in me, in them, in this, in that. [⌈] But it bubbles variously. [⌈] <<All I care is that it shall bubble[⌈], [⌈] <brigh[⌈]tly, [⌈]> [⌈] and it will do that without my car [⌈] [⌈] <a> [⌈] And the little fountains sh <all> [⌈] ould [⌈] not be choked up with mud but even so>> [⌈] Why should I . . . to them! [⌈] <a> [⌈] A sermon is [⌈] so much [⌈] more likely . . . fountain <, > [⌈] s [⌈] than . . . mistake. <Oh, no wonder> [⌈] I understand that [⌈] they . . . [138:30] preaching <at> [⌈] to [⌈] them. Yet they <did me a good turn, > [⌈] could not finally execute me, [⌈] for now I am risen in my own <skin, > [⌈] aloneness, [⌈] and . . . I will <learn to play on the double flute. And perhaps I shall get fritters for supper. The cock shall have one too.> [⌈] be alone in . . . ride his wave. [⌈] How . . . life! <In some place> [⌈] Soon, in some place, [⌈] I . . . [138:37] risen body <. > [⌈], << >> yet leave me my aloneness. [⌈] For the body

of my <little life> [⌈] desire has [⌈] died, and I am not <easy to lure.> [⌈] in touch any more. [⌈] Yet . . . life. [⌈] And this . . . of hens. [⌈] And . . . me <, and I shall order fritters. [⌈] — [⌈]> [⌈] [⌈]; <<for >> already I am tired . . . to everything. [⌈] [⌈] *TSIaR* <And n> [⌈] N [⌈]othing is clean, but what is also dirty. The outer air is dirty with fear; for all beasts, but especially man, sweat greed and fear, till the atmosphere of men stinks. If they would but die, they would be so much cleaner on the air. But it is best to say nothing. Words cake like mud, wherever the[⌈] y [⌈] fall. And man is foul and caked already with the mud of old words. If he would but die, and be washed. They killed me for preaching; yet new words are no worse than old. And men will cake themselves up with my words also, till they are heavy with the caked mud thereof. So it is <. > [⌈] [⌈] And if they will not go into the bath, the deluge will fall on them. And some, no doubt, will rise out of the inner earth, which is the Father, like flowers upon the inner air, which is the Father the same. And from the Father under the earth to the Father over the earth, they will unfold their nakedness entire, as the irises do that rise from mud, glistening in the inner air. Whereas men and women now are covered up, and they hug their staleness to themselves. They uncover a fragment of their nakedness, and the man penetrates greedily a little way, into a woman. But he must draw back, disappointed, disappointing the woman. Men

- and women are forever a disappointment and a chagrin to one another. They seek what they cannot get. But if a man would wash himself with death, he could stand erect and quite naked, with all his body within the Father. And perhaps within the Father he could meet a women erect and quite uncovered and encompassed by the Father as the iris is. Then they could put the difference of their nakedness together, and not be disappointed. For the great fulfilment is to be with the Father, and the whole body encompassed. But now, men are less adept than the young cock under my arm. I see him at dawn stretch himself within the inner air, and all is well with him.—Yet my arm is weary of the weight and the heat of him, and I shall be glad to set him down in a kingdom of cocks. I shall go on to that village on the hill ahead of me, for day is declining. It will be pleasant to order food, and sleep is most delicious, it is like death, a clean bath, that washes off the outer dirt.— *TSIbR* Nothing . . . clean but . . . fear till . . . mud wherever . . . die and . . . washed! They . . . preaching, yet . . . entire as . . . way into . . . together and . . . fulfillment . . . him. Yet . . . delicious. It . . . dirt.” *Per* see also following entries to
- 139:2
 138:26 everywhere, in . . . it bubbles] *Om. PP₁*
 138:29 mud and] mud, and to *TCCII*
 138:30 me,] ~ *TCCII*
 138:36 evening] ~, *TCCII*
 138:38 any more] anywhere *PP₁*
- 139:2 everything.] ~.” *TCCII*
 139:3 desire to have finished going *TSIaR*] pleasure of anticipation *TSIa, TSIb*
 139:3 overtook] saw before him *TSIb*
 139:4 slowly,] ~ *Per*
 139:4 talking. And being soft-footed,] disputing earnestly. Being light and soft-footed on the dusty road, *TSIb*
 139:4 they] them as he overtook them. They *TSIb*
 139:5 himself. And he] himself, and disputing, whether he would reveal himself to all men, and then destroy the world. He *TSIb* himself, and disputing whether . . . men and . . . world. He *Per*
 139:5 them, for] the two men, *TSIb* the two men; *Per*
 139:6 his life, *TSIaR*] his <little> <<“assertive”>> life, *TSIaR Om. TSIb*
 139:6 So he . . . disclose himself] But he did not disclose himself, greeting them as a stranger *TSIb*
 139:9 king, *TSIaR*] king of the Jews, *TSIa, TSIb* king of the Jews *Per*
 139:9 put] taken an *TSIb* taken and put *TSIbR*
 139:10 suspiciously: *P* “Why] ~: “Why *TCCII*
 139:12 him, and] ~ ~ *Per*
 139:13 replied: *P* “He] ~: “He *TCCII*
 139:15 he,] ~ *Per*
 139:16 risen,] ~ *Per*
 139:19 gentiles] Gentiles *TCCII*
 139:19 heaven] Heaven *TCCII*
 139:21 How then] Then how *TCCII*
 139:22 prophet] Prophet *TCCII*
 139:23 sky?] ~. *PP₁*
 139:28 heaven] Heaven *TCCII*
 139:30 him: *P* “Why] ~, “Why *TCCII* ~; “Why *TCCIIc* ~: “Why *TSIIC*
 139:36 smiled to] was wary in *TSIIR*

- 139:36 a dangerous *TSIaR*] <the
<strangest> 「weirdest」>> 「a
dangerous」¹ *TSIaR* the
strangest *TSIb* the weirdest
TSIbR
- 139:37 belief, who . . . be alone. *TSIaR*]
belief. *TSIa*, *TSIb* belief,
who . . . neighbor . . . alone. *A1*
- 140:1 fear: *P* “Master] ~, “Master
TCCII ~:—“Master *TSIIC* ~:
“Master *PP1R*
- 140:3 laughing] mocking *TSIIR*
- 140:3 away,] ~ *Per*
- 140:6 fritters,] ~ *Per*
- 140:7 crowing,] ~ *Per*
- 140:9 number] ~, *TCCII*
- 140:15 died killed] ~, ~ *TCCII*
- 140:18 kingdom,] ~ *Per*
- 140:19 Thy aloneness . . . thy hens.
TSIaR] *Om. TSIa*, *TSIb*
- 140:20 there,] ~ *Per*
- 140:21 entanglements and allurements
TSIaR] wonders *TSIa*, *TSIb*
- 140:22 question: From] ~: “From *Per*
~: *P* “From *TCCII*
- 140:23 saved? *P* So . . . mean contacts.
TSIaR] saved? *TSIa*, *TSIb*
saved? 「*P* So . . . But the <lure
of the world was great>」¹ 「way
of the world was past belief,」¹ as
he . . . [140:27] compulsion.
<And always he must more on,
for if he stayed, either love began
to lay her nauseous compulsion
upon him, 「or money」¹ or
power.> 「It was fear . . .
bullying round him.」¹ There . . .
touch, <that would not try to
lay> 「for all, in . . . to put」¹ a
compulsion . . . [140:33] 「For
men and . . . own
nothingness.」¹ . . . mean
contacts.」¹ *TSIaR* saved? For the
inner air is always within it, and
out of the dust one can look at
the freshness which is the <f>
「F」ather, <and> 「wherein」¹ the
iris unfolds himself, and wherein
my young cock has his kingdom,
sometimes. *TSIbR* saved?” *Per*
see also following entries to 140:34
140:32 individuals . . . mania of] *Om.*
PP1
- 140:34 nothingness. *P* And] ~. And
TCCII
- 141:1 II *PP1*] II. *MS THE ESCAPED
COCK.* / II. *TSIII* Part II *P1*
- 141:10 alone,] ~; *PP1*
- 141:27 on *MS*, *PP2C*] an *PP1* as *P1*
- 141:28 pine trees] pine-trees *TSIII*
- 141:33 sea] the sea *TSIII* the sea, *PP1R*
- 141:35 down] ~, *TSIII*
- 141:35 half naked] half-naked *TSIII*
- 141:36 blue] ~, *TSIII*
- 141:39 lit] White *TSIII*
- 142:5 round] *Om. TSIII*
- 142:12 stranger] ~, *TSIII*
- 142:13 low] ~, *TSIII*
- 142:13 hat] ~, *TSIII*
- 142:27 in to her,] *Om. PP1*
- 142:28 coition] passion *P1*
- 142:39 so] so that *TSIII*
- 143:1 them, she] ~. She *PP1*
- 143:14 clearing, *PP1R*] ~ *MS*
- 143:21 Isis,] ~; *PP1R*
- 143:21 not Isis] ~ ~, *TSIII*
- 143:21 bereaved] Bereated *PP1*
Bereaved *PP1R* Beveated *P1*
- 143:22 face] ~, *TSIII*
- 143:22 stroke] ~, *TSIII*
- 143:23 forward] ~, *TSIII*
- 143:27 heart, *TSIII*] ~ / *MS*
- 143:28 again] *Om. TSIII*
- 143:28 body,] ~ *TSIII*
- 143:30 fecundate] could fecundate *PP1*
- 143:36 the genitals] *Om. PP1*
- 143:37 her, and touch her womb.] her.
PP1
- 144:12 the girl *TSIIR*] she *MS*
- 144:17 her: I] ~: *P* “I *TSIII*
- 144:20 Ah] ~, *TSIII*
- 144:21 her bud] *Om. PP1*
- 144:22 her.—And] ~.” . . . *P* And
TSIII ~.” *P* And *PP1R*

- 144:31 Are] “~ *TSIII*
 144:32 men?—To] ~?“ to *TSIII*, *PP_I*
 ~?“ To *TSIIIC*, *PP_IR*
 144:32 slowly: Rare] ~: *P* “Rare *TSIII*
 144:35 those] these *TSIII*
 144:36 more] ~, *TSIII*
 145:1 depth] depths *TSIII*
 145:2 flooding, *MS*, *PP_IR*] ~ *TSIII*
 145:3 brief-day suns] brief day/ suns
PP_I brief day-/ suns *PP_IR*
 145:6 re-born] re-/ born *TSIII* reborn
PP_I
 145:6 stir—] ~.” *TSIII*
 145:7 waited, but . . . never stirred.]
 waited. *PP_I*
 145:9 And never . . . a pool.] Om. *PP_I*
 145:12 alike] alikę *TSIII* alike, *PP_I*
 145:17 search.] ~ *PP_I* ~; *PP_IR*
 145:25 dark-faced] dark-/ faced *TSIII*
 darkfaced *PP_I*
 145:30 blonde *Ed.*] blond *MS*
 145:36 said,] ~ *TSIII*
 146:21 —He] ~ *TSIII*
 146:28 then] ~, *TSIII*
 147:7 humility. *P* “Speak] ~. “Speak
PP_I
 147:11 —The] ~ *TSIII*
 147:12 this] the *TSIII*
 147:38 feelings] feeling *PP_I*
 147:38 on the . . . her womb,] Om. *PP_I*
 148:4 repellent] repellent *TSIII*
 148:8 today] to-day *TSIII*
 148:17 Master!” *PP_IR*] ~,” *MS* ~”,
TSIII
 148:31 re-born] ~, *PP_I*
 148:36 on the . . . pillar, sitting] Om. *PP_I*
 149:1 the] Om. *TSIII*
 149:3 whither] Whither *TSIII*
 149:6 slowly. *TSIIIR*] slowly, mildly,
 with faint irony. *MS*
 149:7 anxiety *TSIIIR*] awareness *MS*
 149:9 lady] Lady *PP_I*
 149:9 on] upon *TSIII*
 149:11 Your] your *TSIII*
 149:13 lady] Lady *PP_I*
 149:23 sudden impulse *TSIIIR*] ~
 unknown imploring *MS*
 149:27 shrine] ~, *TSIII*
 149:29 ship, *PP_IR*] ~ *MS*
 149:35 him.] ~, *PP_I*
 150:4 tangere!] ~! *PP_I*
 150:7 “O] “Oh, *TSIII* “Oh *TSIIIR*
 150:13 face:] ~. *TSIII*
 150:25 prized] prized *TSIII* prized *P_I*
 150:26 inwardly] ~, *TSIII*
 150:28 dared] dared to *PP_I*
 150:29 harder.—] ~— —. *TSIII* ~—
PP_I
 150:34 search] Search *PP_I*
 151:21 Art] And art *TSIII*
 151:25 soft] ~, *TSIII*
 151:25 suns] sun *PP_I*
 151:36 mother] Mother *TSIII*
 152:5 and] and even *TSIIIC* see notes
 152:9 women-slaves] women slaves
TSIII
 152:13 air:] ~; *TSIII*
 152:29 shingle] ~, *TSIII*
 152:31 edge;] ~: *PP_I*
 152:40 Here was shadow. *TSIIIR*] Om.
MS
 153:3 slave girls, *Ed.*] slave girls/ *MS*
 slave-girls, *TSIII*
 153:10 still was] was still *TSIII*
 153:23 precincts. *P* The] ~. The *TSIII*
 153:26 Villa. *Ed.*] Villa/ *MS* villa. *TSIII*
 153:26 slave rose] ~, ~, *TSIII* ~ ~,
PP_IR
 153:26 shadow] shadow, *TSIII* the
 shadow, *PP_I*
 153:30 women-slaves] women slaves
TSIII
 153:32 shoulder] shoulders *TSIII*
 153:33 arm, *PP_IR*] ~ *MS*
 153:36 door. *P* It *PP_IR*] ~.—It *MS*
 ~—It *TSIII* ~— *P* It *TSIIIR*
 ~.— *P* It *PP_I*
 154:4 no-one] no one *TSIII*
 154:9 woolen] woollen *TSIII*
 154:13 spring. Only] ~. *P* Only *TSIII*
 154:28 fiercely!] ~! — — *TSIII* ~!—
PP_I
 154:31 Oh,] O *TSIII* O, *TSIIIC*
 154:35 own] Om. *TSIII*

- 154:37 Oh,] O *TSIII* O, *TSIIIC*
 154:37 come—] ~. *TSIII*
 154:39 mother—?] ~? *TSIII*
 155:9 sensation] sensations *TSIII*
 155:14 still. "She] ~. *P* "She *PP_I*
 155:16 this—] ~. *TSIII*
 155:29 power. *PP_IR*] ~, *MS* ~.— —
TSIII ~.— *PP_I*
 155:34 it.—] ~." — — *TSIII* ~.— — —
TSIII ~. *PP_I*
 155:39 inside *PP_IR*] *Om. MS*
 155:40 door] ~, *TSIII*
 156:11 "I] ~ *TSIII*
 156:12 mysteries.]" ~.— — *TSIII*
 ~.— *PP_I*
 156:14 And] ~, *PP_I*
 156:15 murmured *MS*, *TSIIIC*] ~,
TSIII, *PP_I*
 156:17 How] how *TSIII*
 156:24 her! *PP_IR*] ~!— *MS*, *PP_I*
 ~!.— *TSIII*
 156:26 naively] naively *TSIII*
 156:28 take] not take *PP_I*
 156:28 things and come to Isis.] things,
 and . . . Isis? *TSIII* things? *PP_I*
 156:34 tunic] his tunic *TSIII*
 156:36 bitter. "They] ~. *P* "They *PP_I*
 156:37 moment. And] ~. *P* And *TSIII*
 157:1 goddess] Goddess *TSIII*
 157:1 vernacular,] ~. *TSIII*
 157:2 will] would *TSIII*
 157:7 in the] in this *TSIII*
 157:13 the scar] this scar *TSIII*
 157:14 violet.—" And] ~." *P* And
TSIII
 157:15 naif] naif *TSIII* naive *P_I*
 157:17 had] was *TSIII*
 157:26 said. "Your] ~, "Your *TSIII* ~,
 "your *TSIIIC*
 157:32 Yes] Yea *TSIIIC*
 157:37 My] my *TSIII*
 157:38 thought,] ~,— *TSIII*
 158:2 love.—] ~ — — *TSIII* ~ — *PP_I*
 158:5 Alas] — ~ *TSIII*
 158:6 dead. And] ~, and *TSIII*
 158:9 live.—] ~ — — *TSIII* ~ — *PP_I*
 158:10 goddess] Goddess *TSIII*
 158:16 and his water.] *Om. PP_I*
 158:19 and his bowels] *Om. P_I*
 158:28 understand.] ~! *TSIII*
 158:29 it!—] ~! . . . *TSIII*
 158:30 silence] ~, *TSIII*
 158:31 softly,] ~ *PP_I*
 158:35 flushed] *Om. PP_I*
 158:37 newness.—] ~. *TSIII*
 158:37 newness.—] ~ — — — — — — —
TSIII ~ — *PP_I*
 158:38 faint] ~, *TSIII*
 158:39 from] *Om. TSIII*
 159:1 She . . . She] she . . . she *TSIII*
 159:3 night. *PP_IR*] ~.— *MS*, *PP_I*
 ~ — — — — — *TSIII*
 159:4 his belly . . . sad stones.] *Om.*
PP_I
 159:7 suddenly] ~, *TSIII*
 159:12 man, *TSIIIR*] landscape *MS*
 landscape, *TSIII*
 159:15 hope.] ~ *TSIII* ~ . . . *PP_I*
 159:15 myself. *TSIII*] ~[] *MS* ~ —
TSIIIC ~.— *PP_I*
 159:16 new—"] ~ . . . *TSIII* ~" . . .
TSIIIC ~ . . . " *PP_I*
 159:21 He quivered . . . his body.] *Om.*
PP_I
 159:23 so] so that *TSIII*
 159:24 death. But] ~: but *TSIII*
 159:27 was] were *TSIII*
 159:29 life.] ~ *TSIII*
 159:29 build] built *PP_I*
 159:29 life!"—] ~ — — *TSIII* ~"
 — — *TSIIIC* ~" — *PP_I*
 159:30 —the] ~ *TSIII*
 159:33 magnificent. "I] ~. *P* "I
TSIII
 159:33 risen!"—Magnificent] ~!" — *P*
 Magnificent *TSIII* ~!" *P*
 Magnificent *PP_IR*
 159:34 dawned] ~, *TSIII*
 159:39 them] ~, *TSIII*
 159:39 Father!] ~!, *TSIII* ~!, *PP_I*
 159:39 said.] ~,— *TSIII* ~.— *PP_I*
 160:1 This] — *TSIII*
 160:7 thought:] ~; — *TSIII*, *PP_I*
 ~:— *TSIIIC*

- 160:8 taken unawares. *Ed.*] kindled like
the sun. *MS* kindled . . . sun—
— *TSIII* taken unawares—
TSIIIR
- 160:9 her and] ~, ~ *TSIII*
- 160:9 at] *Om.* *PP_I*
- 160:15 And his . . . life. *P* When] And
his . . . sunwise . . . When *TSIII*
And when *PP_I*
- 160:20 kindly goddess.] ~ ~; *PP_I*
- 160:20 warm-hearted *TSIIIR*]
hot-hearted *MS*
- 160:21 goddesses.—”] ~”. *TSIII* ~.”
PP_IR
- 160:26 Osiris!] ~! . . . *TSIII* ~! . . .
PP_I
- 160:32 space] Space *TSIII*
- 160:34 touch—] ~. ———— *TSIII*
~. *PP_I*
- 160:36 dawn the] dawn came, the *TSIII*
dawn, the *TSIIIC*
- 160:39 white and gold *Ed.*] white and
gold white *MS* white-and-gold
TSIII
- 161:2 sun, we] sun *TSIII*
- 161:2 one.—] ~. ————
TSIII ~ . . . — *PP_I* ~. *PP_IR*
- 161:4 him: “Let] ~: *P* “Let *TSIII*
- 161:5 me] ~, *TSIII*
- 161:5 night?—] ~? *TSIII*
- 161:13 apart.—And] ~. ————
— *P* And *TSIII* ~— *P* And
PP_I ~. *P* And *PP_IR*
- 161:21 hot] ~, *TSIII*
- 161:30 good!] ~? *TSIII*
- 161:31 —But] ~ *TSII*
- 161:31 willst] wilt *TSIII*
- 161:40 Osiris.—] ~ . . . *TSIII* ~ . . .
PP_I
- 161:40 do thou] do you *PP_I*
- 162:10 the slaves] her slaves *TSIII*
- 162:11 eaten] ~, *TSIII*
- 162:13 twice lay . . . shall not] *Om.* *PP_I*
- 162:14 theirs. *PP_IR*] ~.— *MS*, *PP_I* ~.
——— *TSIII*
- 162:18 woman: “I *Ed.*] ~: I *MS* ~: *P* “I
TSIII
- 162:21 valley bed] valley-bed
TSIII
- 162:22 spring] Spring *TSIII*
- 162:23 Oh] O *TSIII*
- 162:23 the half-island] half the island
PP_I
- 162:25 apart.—] ~. *TSIII*
- 162:31 seasons. And] ~: and *TSIII*
- 162:32 again.—] ~. *TSIII*
- 162:34 shows.—] ~. *TSIII*
- 162:37 say: “Lead] ~; *P* “Lead *TSIII*
~: *P* “Lead *TSIIIC* ~. *P* “Lead
PP_I
- 162:40 it.—] ~ . . . *TSIII*
- 163:3 boat] ~, *TSIII*
- 163:6 small] *Om.* *PP_I*
- 163:6 voice: “Art] ~: *P* “Art *TSIII*
- 163:8 Speak?—] ~! *TSIII*
- 163:12 in] ~, *TSIII*
- 163:18 himself.—] ~: *TSIII*
- 163:18 my *TSIII*] the my *MS* see notes
- 163:18 life *TSIIIR*] glory *MS*
- 163:22 tree. So] ~. *P* So *TSIII*
- 163:23 day. *PP_IR*] ~.— *MS*, *PP_I* ~.
——— *TSIII*

The Blue Moccasins

- MS* = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E50b)
- Per1* = *Eve*
- Per2* = *Plain Talk*
- PP* = Page proofs for *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
- E1* = *The Lovely Lady* (Secker)
- A1* = *The Lovely Lady* (Viking)

- 165:1 The Blue *MS*, *Per2*, *A1*] *The BLUE Per1* THE BLUE *E1*
- 165:1 Moccasins *A1*] Moccasins/ by D. H. Lawrence *MS* Moccasins/ *Marriage played as a comedy is the oldest tragedy of all/* By D. H. LAWRENCE *Per1* Moccasins/ *A Story/* By D. H. LAWRENCE/ Author of *Sons and Lovers*. *Per2* MOCCASINS *E1*
- 165:3 twenty, *MS*, *Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 165:3 modern. At sixty *MS*, *PP*] ~, at 60 *Per2*
- 165:4 obsolete! *P* She *MS*, *PP*] ~! She *Per2*
- 165:6 forty *MS*, *PP*] 40 *Per2*
- 165:7 was having *MS*, *PP*] would have *Per2*
- 165:7 with *MS*, *PP*] from *Per2*
- 165:8 traces, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 165:10 attentions *MS*, *PP*] attention *Per2*
- 165:10 men:] ~, *Per2* ~; *E1*
- 165:11 "a man." *Per1*, *PP*] "~ ~". *MS a* ~. *PG2*
- 165:13 tyranny, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 165:14 went *MS*, *PP*] went from England *Per2*
- 165:15 independent, *MS*, *Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 165:16 small: *MS*, *PP*] ~; *Per2*, *A1*
- 165:17 of *MS*, *Per2*] in *Per1*
- 165:17 China: *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2* ~; *A1*
- 165:18 this, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 165:20 blue moccasins, blue bead moccasins, *Per1*, *PP*] blue moccasins, blue bead moccasins, *MS* blue-bead moccasins *Per2*
- 165:24 War *Per2*] War *MS*
- 165:24 forty-five *MS*, *PP*] 45 *Per2*
- 165:26 to the *MS*, *PP*] to *Per2*
- 165:26 war, she] War, she *Per1* war. She *Per2* war; she *PP*
- 165:27 country, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 165:28 speech, her *MS*, *PP*] ~. Her *Per2*
- 165:29 parchment, *MS PP1*] ~ *Per2*
- 165:31 delicately *MS*, *PP1*] delicate *Per2*
- 166:1 pretty *MS*, *PP*] rather *Per2*
- 166:2 twenty-two *MS*, *PP*] 22 *Per2*
- 166:6 step-mother *MS*, *PP*] stepmother *Per1*
- 166:7 he feared his *MS*, *PP*] the *Per2*
- 166:8 woman, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 166:9 features, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 166:9 wrath:] ~; *Per1*, *E1* ~ — *Per2* ~! *PP*
- 166:9 to *MS*, *PP*] to the cool and detached *Per2*
- 166:11 stiff *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 166:12 thick *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 166:12 brows, and *MS*, *PP*] brows, *Per2*
- 166:15 immensely: "she's . . . me." *MS*, *PP*] immensely: "She's . . . me." *Per1*, *A1* immensely. *Per2*
- 166:21 war-work *MS*, *PP*] war work *Per2*
- 166:22 wanted: *MS*, *PP*] ~; *Per2*
- 166:23 twenty-four, *MS*, *PP*] 24 *Per2*
- 166:24 forty-seven *MS*, *PP*] 47 *Per2*
- 166:24 good-bye, *MS*, *PP*] goodbye *Per2*
- 166:25 wall, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 166:27 happening] ~, *A1*
- 166:27 face *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 166:28 sobbing *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*, *A1*
- 166:29 cry] ~, *Per1*
- 166:31 sheepishly. "It *MS*, *PP*] ~. *P* "It *Per2*
- 166:32 said. Her *MS*, *PP*] ~. *P* Her *Per2*
- 166:35 skin: *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 166:39 you're *MS*, *PP*] You're *Per1*
- 166:40 least *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 167:1 me, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 167:2 ways, *MS*, *PP*] ~. *Per2*
- 167:3 teased *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 167:4 me, *MS*, *Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 167:8 young *MS*, *PP*] *Om.* *Per2*
- 167:10 now, her *MS*, *PP*] ~. Her *Per2*
- 167:10 was dead] being dead *PP*
- 167:11 discovery: *MS*, *PP*] ~ — *Per2*
- 167:12 Gallipoli, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 167:12 a *MS*, *PP*] *Om.* *Per2*
- 167:14 And she *MS*, *PP*] She *Per2*

- 167:14 white-haired,] ~— *Per2* ~;
PP
- 167:14 thick *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1*
- 167:15 perfectly, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2*
- 167:15 and perfectly *MS, PP*] and had
that perfect *Per2*
- 167:17 it, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 167:19 she was *MS, PP*] ~ *was Per2*
- 167:19 her, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 167:20 pyjamas *MS, PP*] pajamas *Per2*
- 167:21 half dressed, *MS, PP*]
half-dressed, *Per1* half dressed
Per2
- 167:22 of her white hair, *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
- 167:23 ivory-white,] ~ *Per1*
- 167:24 long *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 167:25 And she *MS, PP*] She *Per2*
- 167:26 sharply, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 167:28 pyjamas *MS, PP*] pajamas *Per2*
- 167:28 a rather *MS, Per2*] rather a
Per1
- 167:30 queer] ~, *Per1*
- 167:30 of his *MS, PP*] when he *Per2*
- 167:31 going *MS, PP*] went *Per2*
- 167:31 ominously, *MS, PP*] ominously,
and, too, *Per2*
- 167:35 war *MS, Per2*] War *Per1*
- 167:35 Marriage had . . . to this. *MS, PP*]
Om. Per2
- 167:37 And he *MS, PP*] He *Per2*
- 167:39 movements, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 167:39 pipe, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 168:2 save *MS, PP*] save for *Per2*
- 168:4 But *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 168:4 one another *MS, PP*] each other
Per2
- 168:5 And he *MS, PP*] He *Per2*
- 168:5 still, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:5 smoked, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:6 sometimes, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:6 think, *MS, A1*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:7 past, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:8 alone, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2*
- 168:10 branch, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 168:11 on *MS, Per2*] at *Per1, PP*
- 168:13 choir: *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2* ~, *A1*
- 168:16 everyone *MS, PP*] so everyone
Per2
- 168:16 of him *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
- 168:18 luncheon, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 168:19 daughters too: *MS, PP*] ~, ~,
Per2 ~, ~: *A1*
- 168:19 naturally, *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
- 168:19 for] ~, *A1*
- 168:20 wish, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 168:20 Would *MS, Per2*] would *Per1, PP*
- 168:21 you!] ~. *Per1*
- 168:21 desire, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 168:22 —All] ~ *Per1*
- 168:24 At the . . . at all. *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
- 168:28 took *MS, PP*] took it *Per2, A1*
- 168:30 war, and it *MS, PP*] War, and it
Per1 war. It *Per2*
- 168:32 it!— *MS, PP*] ~! *Per1*
- 168:33 pomeranian *MS, PP*]
Pomeranian *Per2*
- 168:34 in the *MS, PP*] on the *Per2*
- 168:34 street, but . . . fellow. *MS, PP*]
street. *Per2*
- 168:35 pom *MS, PP*] Pom *Per2*
- 168:36 McLeod—"Mrs . . . Miss
McLeod!" *MS, PP*] McLeod.
Per2
- 168:39 pom *MS, PP*] Pom *Per2*
- 168:40 day *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 169:3 silver, *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2*
- 169:6 collar-stud *MS, Per2*] collar stud
Per1
- 169:9 there, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 169:10 her, watch her, watch *MS, PP*]
her, watch *Per1*
- 169:13 She was turned fifty. *MS, PP*]
Om. Per2
- 169:14 great *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 169:16 choir-mistress *MS, Per2*] choir
mistress *Per1*
- 169:17 affectionate, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 169:18 over thirty— *MS, PP*] more
than 30 *Per2*
- 169:18 no-one] no one *Per1*
- 169:19 pom *MS, PP*] Pom *Per2*

- 169:21 school-work *MS, Per2*] school work *Per1, PP*
- 169:21 dress-making] dressmaking *Per1*
- 169:23 exasperated. "Well] ~. "Well, *Per1, PP* ~. *P* "Well, *Per2*
- 169:24 eyes. "It's *MS, PP*] ~. *P* "It's *Per2*
- 169:25 good-nature *MS, Per2*] good nature *Per1*
- 169:27 Oh] ~, *Per1*
- 169:28 dream, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 169:29 bank-manager, *MS, PP*] bank manager, *Per1* bank manager; *Per2*
- 169:29 fact *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1*
- 169:29 appearance, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 169:30 beautifully-shaped *MS, Per2*] beautifully shaped *Per1, A1*
- 169:32 coma] ~, *Per1*
- 169:35 daren't . . . daren't *MS, PP*] did not dare . . . dared not *Per2*
- 169:40 in to *MS, PP*] into *Per2*
- 169:40 Sunday: she] ~. She *Per1*
- 170:1 depart, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 170:4 by: she *MS, PP*] ~. She *Per2*
- 170:4 fifty-seven *MS, PP*] 57 *Per2*
- 170:4 thirty-four *MS, PP*] 34 *Per2*
- 170:5 silence, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 170:6 wish, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 170:9 room, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:10 And yet secretly *MS, PP*] And yet, secretly, *Per1* Yet secretly *Per2*
- 170:12 clumsy *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 170:14 Woman, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:15 Woman, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:15 satisfactions] satisfaction *Per1*
- 170:16 recoiled, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:19 or *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 170:20 She was not . . . oh no! *MS, PP*] She . . . oh, no! *Per1 Om. Per2*
- 170:22 fifty-seven *MS, PP*] 57 *Per2*
- 170:23 way, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 170:25 gone, utterly gone. *MS, Per2*] gone. *Per1*
- 170:26 And secretly *MS, PP*] And, secretly *Per1* Secretly *Per2*
- 170:27 her, as . . . there so *MS, PP*] her as . . . so *Per1* her, *Per2*
- 170:30 this *MS, PP*] the *Per2*
- 170:32 them: *MS, Per2*] ~— *Per1*
- 170:32 she: *MS, Per2*] ~— *Per1*
- 170:33 footwear, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 170:35 dead-white *MS, Per2*] dead white *Per1*
- 170:35 dark-green *MS, Per2*] dark green *Per1*
- 170:36 Yes! Aren't *MS, Per2*] ~; aren't *Per1*
- 170:37 colour! so *MS, PP*] ~? so *Per1* color! So *Per2*
- 170:38 eyes, even then." *MS, PP*] eyes," even then. *Per1* eyes." *Per2*
- 170:39 So naturally, *MS, PP*] So, naturally, *Per1* So *Per2*
- 170:39 room, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:40 stayed. Till, *MS, PP*] stayed until *Per2*
- 170:40 day, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 170:40 flowers, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 171:3 And they *MS, PP*] They *Per2*
- 171:4 maids *MS, Per2*] maid *Per1*
- 171:4 of *MS, PP*] about *Per2*
- 171:6 are, which *MS, PP*] are that *Per2*
- 171:6 —There *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:8 No, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:8 I *MS, PP*] I *Per2*
- 171:8 —There *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:9 him. But *MS, PP*] ~ but, *Per2*
- 171:9 said, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 171:10 Well *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1*
- 171:10 —And *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:11 for, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 171:12 Whereon *MS, PP*] Whereupon *Per2*
- 171:13 often] often now *Per1* see notes
- 171:14 which *MS, PP*] that *Per2*
- 171:16 dig. *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 171:19 So she *MS, PP*] She *Per2*
- 171:20 Then *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 171:20 do it] ~~, *Per2*
- 171:20 Adding *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 171:20 mind: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*

- 171:20 If *MS, PP*] “~ *Per1*
 171:21 child!— *MS, PP*] ~!” *Per1*
 171:21 But] ~, *A1*
 171:21 thought, *MS, PP*] thought *Per1*
 thought that *Per2*
 171:21 indeed *MS, Pre2*] *Om. Per1*
 171:21 world, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
 171:22 Hall, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 171:23 Stubbs’] Stubbs’s *A1*
 171:23 Bank, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 171:23 school-room] school-/ room
Per1 schoolroom *Per2*
 171:24 theatricals—.] ~. *Per1*
 171:26 folks’ll] folk’ll *Per1*
 171:27 bank *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
 171:28 she *MS, Per2*]— ~ *Per1*
 171:28 eyes: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
 171:30 Eve: and after *MS, PP*] Eve, and
 after *Per1* Eve. After *Per2* Eve;
 and after *A1*
 171:31 play, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1, A1*
 171:31 Percy therefore *MS, PP*] ~, ~,
Per2
 171:32 So he . . . the car. *MS, PP*] *Om.*
Per2
 171:34 fell, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 171:36 only seemed *MS, PP*] seemed
 only *Per2*
 171:38 play *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2, A1*
 171:40 rain: *MS, PP*] ~; *Per2, A1*
 171:40 inside was *MS, PP*] inside, *Per2*
 172:2 difficulty *MS, PP*] difficulty that
Per2
 172:2 her: *MS, Per2*] ~. *Per1*
 172:3 runabout: *MS, PP*] ~; *Per1, A1*
 172:5 nervously, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 172:5 dark-green *MS, PP*] dark green
Per1, A1
 172:6 mirror, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
 172:6 young-looking] ~, *A1*
 172:7 was, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
 172:9 and *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
 172:10 three-mile *MS, Per2, A1*] three
 miles’ *Per1* three-miles *PP*
 172:10 rain, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
 172:10 She *MS, PP*] Without saying a
 word, she *Per2*
 172:12 car, without . . . word. *MS, PP*]
 car. *Per2*
 172:13 Barnabas’] Barnabas’s *A1*
 172:13 school. *P It*] School. *P It Per1,*
PP School. *It Per2*
 172:14 school-room] schoolroom *Per1*
 172:14 packed,] ~ *Per1*
 172:15 excitement. “I’m *MS, PP*] ~. *P*
 “I’m *Per2*
 172:16 in the *MS, PP*] at the *Per2*
 172:18 consternation.—“Well] ~.
 “Well, *Per1* ~. *P* “Well, *Per2*
 ~.—“Well, *PP*
 172:19 somewhere, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
 172:24 Barlow, whilst . . . chair right
MS, PP] Barlow in exchange for
 a chair *Per2*
 172:28 down:] ~; *A1*
 172:28 *The Shoes of Shagpat*] “The
 Shoes of Shagpat” *Per1 The . . .*
Shagpat Per2
 172:30 back-cloth *MS, PP*] backdrop
Per2
 172:30 moorish] Moorish *Per1*
 172:32 pale-grey] pale grey *Per1, PP*
 pale gray *Per2*
 172:34 would-be-funny] would-be
 funny *Per1*
 172:36 eastern *MS, Per2*] Eastern *Per1*
 172:36 Houri, *MS, PP*] houri *Per2*
 172:36 veil, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 172:38 dark-green *MS, Per2*] dark
 green *Per1*
 172:38 sash, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 172:38 negro *MS, PP*] Negro *Per2, A1*
 172:39 moccasins, *PP*] moccasins, *MS*
 moccasins *Per1*
 172:40 the blue *MS, PP*] The ~ *Per2*
 173:1 western *MS, Per2*] Western
Per1
 173:1 the blue *MS, PP*] The ~ *Per2*
 173:2 moccasins! *Per1, PP*]
 moccasins! *MS* moccasins *Per2*
 173:2 on *MS, Per2*] On *Per1*
 173:2 creature, Mrs Howells. *MS, PP*]
 ~, ~. ~. *Per1, A1* ~ *Mrs.*
Howells! Per2

- 173:5 And of *MS, PP*] And, of *Per1, A1* Of *Per2*
- 173:5 course *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1, A1*
- 173:6 like the . . . in judgment, *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
- 173:6 first] front *Per1*
- 173:6 And a *MS, PP*] A *Per2*
- 173:7 breast *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2, A1*
- 173:8 play, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 173:8 Caliph *MS, PP*] caliph *Per2*
- 173:9 Percy, and the *MS, PP*] Percy. The *Per2*
- 173:10 attempt *MS, PP*] efforts *Per2*
- 173:10 these *MS, PP*] the *Per2*
- 173:10 Caliph *MS, PP*] the caliph, *Per2*
- 173:10 negro-eunuchs *MS, PP*] the Negro eunuchs *Per2*
Negro-eunuchs *A1*
- 173:11 cronos *MS, PP*] cronies *Per2*
- 173:12 important: *MS, PP*] ~; *Per1, A1* ~, *Per2*
- 173:12 for *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1* for, *A1*
- 173:12 while *MS, PP*] when *Per2*
- 173:12 sweet] secret *A1*
- 173:12 them, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 173:13 off, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 173:15 childish, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 173:15 it, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 173:16 all, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 173:18 suddenly,] ~ *Per1*
- 173:18 was, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2*
- 173:19 parish, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 173:20 even *MS, PP*] *Om. Per1*
- 173:20 up, *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2*
- 173:23 plane,] *MS, PP*] ~” *Per2*
- 173:24 molten, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 173:25 finger-tips *MS, Per2*] finger tips *Per1*
- 173:31 minutes, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:32 spell-bound *MS, PP*] spell-/bound *Per1* spellbound *Per2, A1*
- 171:33 on to *MS, PP*] onto *Per2*
- 171:33 face, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 171:34 hoarse] coarse *A1*
- 171:37 Act I] act one *Per2* Act one *PP*
- 171:37 saying: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 171:38 —and] ~ *Per2*
- 171:40 spell-bound . . . spell-bound *MS, PP*] spellbound . . . spellbound *Per1* spell-/bound . . . spell-/bound, *Per2* spell-/bound . . . spellbound, *A1*
- 174:2 words: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 174:4 fury, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 174:5 stage, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 174:6 Act I and Act II] act one ~ act two *Per2* Act one ~ Act two *PP*
- 174:7 her *MS, PP*] Her *Per2*
- 174:7 moccasins! of *Per1, PP*] moccasins! ~ *MS* moccasins ~ *Per2*
- 174:9 Act II,] the second act *Per2* Act two, *PP*]
- 174:10 love-scenes *MS, Per2*] love scenes *Per1* love-/ scenes *PP*
- 174:12 spell, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 174:13 him, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 174:14 Ha-ha *MS, PP*] Ha, ha *Per1*
- 174:14 —For he *MS, PP*] For he *Per1* He *Per2*
- 174:14 fascinated. *MS, PP*] ~! *Per2*
- 174:16 leaned] leant *A1*
- 174:16 new, reckless, throaty *MS, Per2*] reckless *Per1*
- 174:18 spell-bound *MS, PP*] spellbound *Per1* spell-/ bound *A1*
- 174:19 was *MS, PP*] were *Per2*
- 174:19 red-hot *MS, Per2*] red hot *Per1*
- 174:20 She too *MS, PP*] ~, ~, *Per1*
- 174:20 consciousness, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
- 174:21 rage *MS, PP*] anger *Per2*
- 174:21 act] Act *PP*]
- 174:22 shoes: “Away *MS, PP*] ~ (“~ *Per2*
- 174:23 away!” *MS, PP*] ~!”) *Per2*
- 174:25 Percy, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 174:25 body, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 174:26 envelop *MS, PP*] envelope *Per2*
- 174:29 towards *MS, PP*] toward *Per2*
- 174:29 But the *MS, PP*] The *Per2*
- 174:30 people *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 174:30 standing *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1*

- 174:33 and *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
 174:35 low *MS, PP*] ~, *Per1*
 174:35 Will *MS, Per2*] will *Per1*
 174:36 moccasins! *Ed.*] moccassins! *MS*
 moccasins? *Per1*
 174:38 softly-startled *MS, PP*] softly
 startled *Per1, A1* soft-startled
Per2
 174:39 sheer *MS, Per2*] ~, *Per1*
 174:39 little *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
 175:7 moccasins, *Per1, PP*] moccassins,
MS, moccasins Per2
 175:10 herself] ~, *PP*
 175:12 little *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1*
 175:13 began] began to sing *Per1, E1*
 began, *Per2*
 175:13 at once, *MS, PP*] *Om. Per2*
 175:13 assured, *MS, Per2*] ~— *Per1*
 175:14 act] Act *PP*
 175:14 favour *MS, PP*] favor *Per2*
 175:15 He too *MS, PP*] ~, ~, *Per1, A1*
 175:15 face, *MS, Per2*] ~; *Per1*
 175:17 pulled to *MS, PP*] drawn *Per2*
 175:18 smiling both of them *MS, PP*]
 smiling, both of them, *Per1* both
 of them smiling *Per2*
 175:19 peculiar *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2*
 175:20 on *MS, PP*] in *Per2*
 175:21 closed, it *MS, PP*] ~. It *Per1*
 175:22 hesitation, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
 175:23 arm, and] ~ ~, *Per1* ~, ~,
PP
 175:26 in, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 175:27 Yes] ~, *Per1*
 175:28 class-room *MS, PP*] class-/
 room *Per2* classroom *A1*
 175:28 back, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
 175:29 as *MS, Per2*] as a *Per1*
 175:29 lemonade, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per1*
 175:33 Ay] Aye *Per2*
 175:34 other.] ~ *Per1*
 175:35 class-room] class- / room, *Per1*
 classroom, *Per2, A1* class-room,
PP
 175:36 pale, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 175:36 butter-muslin *MS, Per2*] butter
 muslin *Per1*
 175:37 enter, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2, A1*
 175:37 possibly *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1*
 175:40 echoed. *P* “Yes *MS, Per2*] ~.
 “Yes *Per1*
 176:3 Now— *MS, A1*] ~. *Per1* ~,
Per2 ~,— *PP*
 176:3 mind— *MS, Per2*] ~. *Per1* ~
 — *A1*
 176:6 Howells, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 176:8 eyes: *MS, PP*] ~, *Per2* ~; *A1*
 176:8 it *MS, PP*] each considered the
 other *Per2*
 176:8 He *MS, PP*] Percy *Per2*
 176:10 you see, *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1*
 176:11 act] Act *PP*
 176:12 I?—] ~? *Per1*
 176:13 Do] So *Per1*
 176:13 act] Act *PP*
 176:13 asked,] ~ *Per1*
 176:14 said *MS, PP*] asked *Per2*
 176:17 head: about] ~; ~ *Per1, PP* ~.
 About *Per2*
 176:19 And she *MS, PP*] She *Per2*
 176:22 Ay!—] Aye, *Per2* Aye!— *PP*
 176:23 man. “Ask *MS, Per2*] ~, “ask
Per1
 176:24 turn,] ~ *Per1*
 176:25 home!—] ~? *Per1* ~. *Per2* ~.—
PP
 176:25 Ay] Aye *Per2*
 176:25 —Leonard *MS, PP*] *Om.*
Per2
 176:26 you?— *MS, PP*] ~? *Per1*
 176:26 ever so *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1*
 176:27 obliged— *MS, PP*] ~— *Per1*
 ~ . . . *Per2, A1*
 176:31 But] ~, *Per1*
 176:32 we!] ~? *Per1*
 176:34 dark-brown *MS, Per2*] dark
 brown *Per1, A1*
 176:35 ridiculously *MS, Per2*]
 ludicrously *Per1*
 176:36 she *MS, Per2*] he *Per1*
 176:38 we!] ~? *Per1*
 176:39 naked *MS, Per2*] *Om. Per1*
 177:3 start, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*
 177:9 be!— *MS, PP*] ~— *Per2*

- 177:9 Well—" P He] ~— —." He *Per1*
~ . . ." He *Per2*, *A1* ~—" He
PP
- 177:11 Percy,] ~ *PP*
- 177:11 amiable *Per2*] aimiable *MS*
amiable, *Per1*
- 177:12 We s'll *MS*, *PP*] We'll *Per1*
- 177:15 eyes, from *MS*, *PP*] eyes in
Per2
- 177:18 moccasins *Per1*, *PP*] moccasins
MS moccasins *Per2*
- 177:19 But *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 177:20 What?—"] ~?"— *Per1*
- 177:21 Oh] ~, *Per1*
- 177:22 And] ~, *Per1*
- 177:23 act?—] ~? *Per1*
- 177:28 sorry!] ~, *Per1*
- 177:31 on *MS*, *Per2*] on the *Per1*
- 177:32 low, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per1*, *E1*
- 177:32 pupil's] pupils' *Per1*, *PP* *Om.*
Per2
- 177:32 class-room *MS*, *PP*] classroom
Per1, *A1*
- 177:33 him, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 177:34 twig, *MS*, *Per2*] ~— *Per1*
- 177:39 And *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 178:1 slim *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per1*
- 178:2 her *MS*, *Per 2*] the *Per1*
- 178:2 other, *MS*, *PP*] other *Per1* *Om.*
Per2
- 178:2 foot *MS*, *PP*] one *Per2*
- 178:5 there!] ~, *Per1*
- 178:6 Right o'!] Right-o! *Per1* Right-o,
A1
- 178:6 lad!—] ~! *Per1*
- 178:6 Percy,] ~ *PP*
- 178:7 Then] ~, *Per1*
- 178:9 heartiness: "You'll] ~, "You'll
Per2 ~: *P* "You'll *PP*
- 178:11 Well— *MS*, *PP*] *Om.* *Per2*
- 178:11 Good-bye *MS*, *PP*] Goodby
Per2
- 178:12 Goodbye] Good-bye *Per1*, *PP*
Goodby *Per2*
- 178:13 wet *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 178:13 now— *MS*, *PP*] ~— — *Per1* ~!
Per2 ~ *A1*
- 178:13 stiff with . . . indignation. *MS*,
PP] stopped, stiff with anger.
Per2
- 178:15 Infants'] infants' *Per1*, *PP* *Om.*
Per2
- 178:16 uneasy] ~, *Per1*
- 178:18 now!—] ~! *Per1*
- 178:20 blazed, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 178:21 up volcanic *MS*, *PP*] ~, ~,
Per2
- 178:22 troubled *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 178:22 dark blue *MS*, *A1*] dark-blue
Per1, *PP* dark, blue *Per2*
- 178:26 suddenly released *MS*, *A1*]
suddenly-released *PP*
- 178:27 rage. Alice *MS*, *PP*] ~. *P* Alice
Per2
- 178:29 herself—] ~. *Per1*
- 178:32 Oh] ~, *Per1*
- 178:34 it— *MS*, *PP*] ~. *Per1* ~.— *A1*
- 178:36 knows—" and he *MS*, *PP*]
knows."—and he *Per1* knows."
He *Per2*
- 178:37 He *Per1*] he *MS*
- 178:38 doggie!— *MS*, *PP*] ~, *Per2*
- 178:38 him.— *MS*, *PP*] ~. *Per1*
- 178:39 anything, *MS*, *Per2*] ~ *Per1*
- 179:2 good-natured *MS*, *PP*] good
natured *Per1* good-/ natured
Per2
- 179:2 good-hearted *MS*, *Per2*] good
hearted *Per1*
- 179:2 he—?"] He?" *Per1* He—?" *PP*
He . . . ?" *A1*
- 179:3 more,] ~ *Per1*
- 179:4 rage, *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 179:5 she too *MS*, *PP*] ~, ~, *Per1*
- 179:7 soothingly *MS*, *Per2*] *Om.* *Per1*
- 179:8 grin.— *MS*, *PP*] ~. *Per1*
- 179:9 me *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 179:9 doggie! *MS*, *PP*] ~ *Per2*
- 179:10 blank *MS*, *Per2*] blankly *Per1*
- 179:11 Then *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 179:11 while *MS*, *Per2*] ~, *Per1*
- 179:13 years—any *MS*, *PP*] ~. Any
Per2
- 179:13 his!—] ~. *Per1* ~.— *PP*

- 179:14 —What *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
 179:16 pale-blue *MS, Per2*] pale blue
 Per1, A1
 179:16 bed-slippers *MS, Per2*] bed
 slippers *Per1* bed-/ slippers
 PP
 179:18 Ay!—For] Ay! For *Per1* Ay—
 But for *Per2* Ay!—For *PP*
- 179:18 in—] ~. *Per1*
 179:21 her—] ~. *Per1*
 179:23 eyes. And *MS, PP*] ~ and,
 Per2
 179:23 look, *MS, Per2*] ~ *Per1*
 179:24 asked, *MS, Per2*] ~
 Per1
 179:27 thick, *MS, PP*] ~ *Per2*

The Man Who Was Through with the World

- MS* = Autograph manuscript (Roberts E227.4a)
Per = *Essays in Criticism*
E1 = *The Princess and Other Stories*

- 237:1 The Man . . . the World *Ed.*]
 Om. MS 'THE MAN WHO
 WAS THROUGH WITH
 THE WORLD' *Per The Man*
 Who Was Through with the World
 E1
 237:20 with:] ~ *Per*
 237:21 bible] Bible *Per*
 238:3 eastern] Eastern *Per*
 238:6 Henry.] ~, *Per*
 238:15 finish.] ~, *Per*
 238:15 last.] ~ *Per*
 239:3 in] on *Per*
- 239:4 loin-cloth] loin-/ cloth *Per*
 loincloth *E1*
 239:19 eyebrows] eye-/ brows *Per*
 eye-brows *E1*
 240:25 woolen] woollen *Per*
 240:37 clothes. [end of manuscript] *Ed.*]
 clothes *MS* clothes. [*Here the*
 MS. ends. It is published here for
 the first time by kind permission of
 the Executors of the Estate of the
 late Mrs. Frieda Lawrence. A few
 instances of eccentric punctuation
 and syntax have been normalised.]
 Per clothes. / (Unfinished) *E1*

The Undying Man

- TS* = Ribbon-copy typescript (Roberts E415d)
TCC = Carbon-copy typescript (Roberts E415c)
TCCC = Typist's or copy-preparer's changes in *TCC*
A1 = *Phoenix*

- 241:1 The Undying Man *Ed.*]
 THE UNDYING MAN.
 TS THE UNDYING MAN A1
- 241:1 A Jewish Folk-Tale *Ed.*] A
 Jewish Folk-Tale, / By / D. H.
 Lawrence. *TS Om. A1*
- 241:6 christian] Christian *TCCC*
- 241:14 boy] ~, *A1*
 241:20 christian] Christian
 TCCC
 242:18 everything] ~, *A1*
 242:30 no-one] no one *A1*
 242:32 Rabbis] rabbis *A1*
 242:33 small.] ~ *A1*

242:40 christian] Christian *Ar*
 243:5 God!—] ~! *Ar*

243:39 [end of typescript] *Ed.*
 (Unfinished) *TS* [Unfinished]
Ar

Line-end hyphenation

Of the compound words which are hyphenated as the end of a line in this edition, only the following hyphenated forms should be retained in quotation:

6:23	51:19	123:25	183:15
7:7	60:19	125:38	187:2
7:15	63:4	127:3	189:14
12:8	69:1	145:28	191:12
13:27	71:34	146:7	194:33
18:35	74:29	152:2	218:3
20:15	82:5	152:9	218:27
24:22	93:36	152:32	219:25
25:10	95:28	153:30	238:10
26:8	96:8	169:18	239:33
31:6	100:23	170:4	245:17
35:35	105:4	172:6	248:11
37:3	106:28	172:34	254:2
38:37	110:3	173:31	254:35
44:20	114:5	174:19	
44:30	119:16	177:32	
46:36	123:15	183:1	

A NOTE ON POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE

Before decimalisation in 1971, the pound sterling (£) was the equivalent of 20 shillings (20/- or 20s). The shilling was the equivalent of 12 pence (12d). A price could therefore have three elements: pounds, shillings and pence (£, s, d). (The apparently anomalous 'd' is an abbreviation of the Latin *denarius*, but the other two terms were also originally Latin: the pound was *libra*; the shilling *solidus*.) Such a price might be written as £1 2s 6d or £1/2/6; this was spoken as 'one pound, two shillings and sixpence', or 'one pound two-and-six', or 'twenty-two and six'.

Prices below a pound were written as (for example) 19s 6d or 19/6, and spoken as 'nineteen shillings and sixpence' or 'nineteen and six'. Prices up to £5 were sometimes spoken in terms of shillings: so 'ninety-nine and six' was £4/19/6.

The penny was divided into two half-pence and further into four farthings, but the farthing had minimal value and was mainly a tradesman's device for indicating a price fractionally below a shilling or a pound. So 19/11 $\frac{3}{4}$ (nineteen and elevenpence three farthings) produced a farthing's change from a pound, this change often given as a tiny item of trade, such as a packet of pins.

The guinea was £1/1/- (one pound, one shilling) and was a professional man's unit for fees. A doctor would charge in guineas (so £5/5/- = 5 gns). Half a guinea was 10s 6d or 10/6 (ten and six).

The coins used were originally of silver (later cupro-nickel) and copper, though gold coins for £1 (a sovereign) and 10s (half-sovereign) were still in use in Lawrence's time. The largest 'silver' coin in common use was the half-crown (two shillings and sixpence, or 2/6). A two-shilling piece was called a florin. Shillings, sixpences and threepences were the smaller sizes of silver coins. The copper coins were pennies, half-pence (pronounced 'ha'pennies') and farthings.

Common slang terms for money were 'quid' for a pound, 'half a crown' for two shillings and sixpence, 'two bob' for a florin, 'bob' for a shilling (or shilling piece), 'tanner' for a sixpence (or sixpenny piece), 'threepenny-bit' (pronounced 'thripenny bit'), and 'coppers' for pennies, half-pence or farthings; twopence would be pronounced 'tuppence'.

In *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, the spelling 'sheeling' (for 'shilling') is used (e.g. at 22:19), in order to emulate the foreign-sounding pronunciation of the gipsy woman.

The pound since 1971 has had 100 pence, distinguished from the old pennies by being abbreviated to 'p' instead of 'd'.