

Chapter VI: Interim

The English First Edition and *The Little Review* Compared

English First Edition, 1919

The Little Review, 1919-1920

Miriam got herself across the room and outside the door. On the hall table lay a letter; from Eve; witnessing her discomfort; soothing, and reproaching. . . . Eve would have stayed and talked to the musician. ¶Up in her cold room everything vanished into the picture of Eve, deciding away down in green Wiltshire, to leave off teaching; smiling, stretching out her firm small hands and taking hold of *London*. London changed as she read.

Interim, London: Duckworth, 1919, 103.22-104.5

Miriam moved away. Everyone seemed to be talking. She escaped to the door. ¶There was a letter from Eve in the hall; a thick one. In her cold room Miriam read that she would be surprised to hear that Eve had made up her mind to give up governessing and learn to be a lady florist.

Interim, *The Little Review* 6:4 (August 1919), 14.36-41

Search the MSS of Dorothy Richardson's novels--there are only three, *Pointed Roofs*, *Dawn's Left Hand* and *Dimple Hill*, plus a typescript (owned by the Richardson Estate) of major portions of *March Moonlight* with substantial autograph insertions--and nowhere will you find a better example of Richardson's ability to transform a rather flatfooted piece of expository prose into lively psychological exploration. We are allowed to see this transformation because *The Little Review* (LR) text of *Interim* is the closest thing to a working MS--I speak now of novels--that Richardson allowed to survive.

After its book publication by Duckworth in December 1919, she wrote to Edward Garnett: "for poor little *Interim* was written in a perfect gale of difficulties & disturbances; & though I felt moderately satisfied with the first part, the rest I knew was thin & badly foreshortened" (*Windows on Modernism*, 38). What Richardson meant when she said of a text that it was thin and foreshortened is shown, at least to some degree, by the changes she made in revising the LR text for the English First Edition (E).

Before surveying the major changes to the LR text, it will be helpful to point up some of the individual ways Richardson fine tuned her narrative. These ways are often the same as those she used in reworking the longer passages in the novel. The first and most common of these is trimming, the deleting of unnecessary elaborations, from the simple adjective to the developed illustration. In the following example, the word in square brackets is from the LR and has been deleted: "only Eve's point of view and Eve's courage and her [possible] difficulties remained" (E105.11-12; LR15.24). Since Eve has not yet come to London, the things mentioned are hypothetical possibilities; the *possible* is therefore irrelevant. Another example: "The moment of [keenest] realization of spring had come by surprise" (E109.13-14; LR17.22). The comparative

adjective does more than weaken the statement--the commonest reason for deletion--it positively contradicts the dramatic *surprise* at this *moment of realization*. And here is a more typical case where an added noun serves to weaken the effect of a statement: "setting free unexpected [admissions and] sympathies" (E199.17-18; LR20.27).

Richardson also cancelled a number of passages where the illustration of a specific thought led away from or detracted from the larger subject or theme. Miriam, in her room on New Year's Eve as midnight approaches, experiences an ecstatic moment: "everything in the brightly lit corner glowed happily; not drawing her but standing complete and serene, like someone standing at a little distance, expressing agreement" (E54.21-25). Richardson risks the *someone standing* clause to reinforce the sense of the presentness and completeness of the moment. But she deletes from the LR text a clause further elaborating on the *agreement* expressed because it takes the reader too far from Miriam's initial ecstatic experience (LR13.13-15). A more egregious case of giving chase to the hare of one's own thought process may be found at E92.19; LR10.34-37.

One category of trimming deserves special notice, namely the deletion of symbols. Here is the young Norwegian boarder at Mrs. Bailey's: where the forehead "was beaten in at the temples the skull had a snakelike flatness[,] the polished hair was poor and worn" (E66.23-25). In revising for E, Richardson deleted this continuation: "and the glance of the eyes was the glittering glance of a serpent" (LR18.31-32). The symbolism was too blatant. And here is Mr. Mendizabal: "mon dieu! He swayed drumming from foot to foot in time to his shouts" (E84.22-24). In the LR this reads: "mon dieu! he squealed musically, swaying from side to side, his thrust-out face pointed . . . like Mephistopheles. He was like Mephistopheles" (7.2-4). Mr. Mendizabal, with his pointed black beard, his Svengali-like character, and his devil-may-care stance, is quite Mephistophelian enough without being labelled as such. Richardson deleted the reference. She never felt comfortable with symbolism and allowed it a place in her writing only rarely, for it represented a form of generality as against individuality. Its promise to expand and universalize led to confinement and stereotype.

Apart from the major revisions, Richardson expanded her text rather infrequently. Examples range from added description to added characterization. Mrs Bailey's "mysterious basement" (LR20.6) becomes "mysterious dark-roomed vault of the basement" (E248.7-8). And Miss Dear is assigned a whole new speech at the end of Chapter IX (E276.12-13), illustrating, however briefly, her cheeky and undaunted nature. A simpler example shows Richardson making explicit what before was only implied: "educated Canadian nurses" replace "educated nurses" (E283.5; LR55.26-27). But expansions that throw light on Miriam's character are the most interesting. At the end of Chapter I, having got it into her head that the gas light is not needed before supper, Miriam wilfully projects her annoyance onto the evening: "After supper they would all sit, harshly visible, round the hot fire, enduring the stifling unneeded gaslight" (E49.15-18). In the midst of a conversation with Dr. von Heber in Chapter IV, Miriam's warm response is enhanced by adding: "She stood smiling, growing familiar with the quality of his voice, gathering the sense of a word here and there. Through his talk he smiled a quizzical pleased appreciation of this way of listening" (E131.11-15; [LR27.28])

Far more frequently Richardson revises to make her text clearer or more vivid or more precise. In the account of Noah's ark, recalled from childhood, "the offended stiffness" of the Noah family replaces "the wooden blankness" (E13.7; LR8.32). Miriam then goes on to think of her composition dolls: their "hair put on in soft brown colours" replaces their "hair, indicated in soft

brown paint" (E15.15-16; LR9.34-35). At the Brooms, Miriam in her fresh quiet room "found the nearer past," not "all the past" (E36.17; LR19.23), a phrase both vague and inaccurate. On New Year's Eve Miriam plans to have no more interest in men. "They shut off the inside world" (E53.6-7). This supplants: "They belonged to all the fuss and flurry of the world" (LR12.22). The flurried world of men in the LR is replaced by the effect of that world on Miriam. A little later Miriam enters into an ecstatic moment. "There was no thought in the silence, no past or future, nothing but the strange thing for which there were no words . . .". In the LR this reads: "There was no thought in her silence, no picture of past or future" (E53.20-22; LR12.32-33). The *her* is changed because it personalizes the impersonal; and *picture* is eliminated because it contradicts the essential import of the passage, it specifies an image in a context that denies all images: "It was the thing that was nothing" (E53.25).

One way Richardson clarified her text was to emphasize the impersonal. This may take a simple form like eliminating "She felt" at E50.18; LR11.13. Or it may be more complex as when Miriam wakes to the music of the waits on Christmas Eve at the Brooms. In the LR her "love flowed into every turn" of the house and flowed into the lives of the sleepers (11.2-4). In E Miriam is "listening, following the claim of the music into the secret happy interior of the life of each sleeping form" (18.6-8). Here Miriam becomes more like an instrument of the music and her love is implied only. Another example. In the LR, Miriam reflects that "reality can be shared only with yourself" (17.33). This becomes: "reality comes to you when you are alone" (E110.2-3). The new phrasing conveys a sense of the given and avoids the possessiveness of the earlier formula. Miriam's departure from Rusino's may serve as a final example (E187.23-188.1; LR54.3-7). Richardson begins by deleting "The evening is over"; and next gets rid of words through which Miriam draws attention to herself: "felt" and "as far as she could see." Since the latter clause in LR takes the reader away from Miriam and into the scene, Richardson avoids that structure, picks up the details about "the misty smoke wreathed golden light" and moves them front and center into the main sentence as Miriam wanders blissfully out of Rusino's. The rich detail and flow of the description in this sentence in E confirms the previous statement: "The tide of café life flowed all round her." She is a part of it, caught up in an "other" world, impersonal.

Major changes to the text of *Interim* begin with Chapter III, gain momentum through Chapters IV, V, and VI, lessen a little in Chapter VII, then cease altogether, giving way to minor revisions only in Chapters VIII through XI.

At the beginning of Chapter III, the text of E is enhanced by a new long paragraph touching skillfully on the details of Miriam's changed situation at Mrs. Bailey's now that she is tutoring Sissie and has the status of a boarder. The next paragraph of E, which parallels the very efficient summary introducing Chapter III of the LR text, evokes more vividly the scene at Mrs. Bailey's and the sudden *Hgh-HEE* from the little room at the end of the hall (E80.1-81.15; LR5.1-7).

At the beginning of Chapter IV (E97.1-100.15; LR12.19-13.14), Richardson takes the first two-thirds of a very long paragraph in LR and almost doubles its length, not by inserting a block of new material but by reorganizing and by injecting a whole series of details and observations. The resulting expansion is somewhat less than effective. The LR text gives an impression of stream of consciousness. After an introductory sentence looking back to her astonishment at encountering Wagner in the Baileys' dining room, Miriam gives us her reaction to what Mr. Bowdoin is now playing. From here her mind slips back to the Wagner and to the way Mr. Bowdoin played it, then

forward to the Baileys "drowning" in the occasion. She imagines Mrs. Bailey recalling what Mendizabal told them about his and Mr. Bowdoin's work place where they designed posters. Mr Mendizabal's "proud wicked smile" catches her attention. He is displaying Mr. Bowdoin as Svengali displayed Trilby. The entire passage has decided momentum.

In revising, Richardson begins chronologically with the playing of Wagner but pads out the description with details about the Queen's Hall orchestra and about piano scores of Wagner. Mr. Bowdoin "did not know the Baileys and their boarders. He could not imagine how extraordinary it was to hear Wagner in the room, suddenly offered to the *Baileys*" (97.16-19). That Mr. Bowdoin did not know the Baileys is obvious. That the Baileys in the earlier text are "drowning" in the occasion conveys more immediately and less condescendingly how extraordinary it was to hear Wagner in this setting.

The second paragraph of E continues the chronological presentation, adding details throughout. The best of these is Miriam's evaluation of "other foreign musicians." The third paragraph of E sets out more explicitly further details of the Baileys' reactions to Mr. Bowdoin and Mr. Mendizabal, as well as Miriam's view of Mr. Bowdoin as a "sort of foreigner with an English expression." This is an effective detail but, by and large, the episode in its elaborated form seems overdone: too detailed, too chronological, and lacking in psychological coherence. Of the major revisions to *Interim*, this one alone seems to me questionable.

Later when Miriam receives Mr. Bowdoin's letter (E110.11-21; LR17.40-18.12), her response to its implied message is concise and psychologically fluid in the revised text whereas in the LR her reflections, though not without excellent touches, are more fact centered, fussy, and wordy.

At the end of Chapter IV, as Miriam and Mrs. Bailey part for the night (E133.3-12; LR28.11-17), Richardson in revising for E adds a few vivid details about Mrs. Bailey, and omits the factual descriptiveness of "When the door of the little back room had closed" and "hurried off [. . .] in opposite directions." She also omits Miriam's bit of routine speech.

The first half of Chapter V is subjected to major alterations. At the beginning of the chapter, the account of Miriam's arrival in Mr. Bowdoin's bohemian basement is enlarged and enriched (E134.1-135.14; LR56.1-14). In the LR version, Miriam provides no link between the idea that it was difficult to talk in the Farringdon Road and the idea that Mr. Bowdoin has reproached her for talking so excitedly about Devonshire. The revision shows Miriam experiencing an unexpected sense of freedom and identity with Mr. Bowdoin as they enter the strange blankness of the Farringdon Road. The details of Mr. Bowdoin's flat, also expanded in revision, serve as counterpoint to her personal interactions with her host.

Improvements continue at E135.19-136.18; LR56.17.32. Miriam's animation is *strained* rather simply *forced*. It is cruel to look at the room, she thinks. She looks at her hands. But she *had* seen the scant furnishings. Thus the description of the room, which began as a straightforward account in LR is now in being recalled given psychological dimension. And whereas before "there was no mirror above the empty mantle-piece" (56.23-24), now "There was nothing else in the room [. . .] there was nothing above the empty mantelpiece" (135.26-136.3). There is nothing, so the text now implies, in Bohemia. The style too achieves added polish and ease. "Miriam divested herself with swift obedience of her golf-cape with which he disappeared between high hung curtains screening

the end of the room opposite the window" (LR56.27-30) becomes "Miriam slipped off her golf-cape and he disappeared between curtains at the end of the room opposite the window" (E136.5-7). This is followed by a new meditation on Bohemia into which the thought about Trilby, which had already been mentioned in the LR text, is skillfully integrated.

Richardson's revisions more than double the length of the passage which follows, beginning with the words from Du Maurier's *Trilby* (E136.24-138.20; LR57.1-17). Little Billy is explaining that he sketched Trilby's foot not from nature (the actual foot) but from memory. Its beauty struck forcibly into his being and later he was able to capture its reality in his sketch. (That Richardson recalled and quoted this passage suggests that she recognized a parallel with her own creative procedure. An experience struck a shaft into her being and later she was able to recall it, almost to relive it, and to recreate it in prose.) But unlike Little Billy's sketch, Mr. Bowdoin's sketches painted in Devonshire are done from nature. They are insipid but in the revised text he is granted some admiration because he wanted to do them. And Miriam wonders at his self-confidence. This inspires further speculations: "Even in Bohemia people thought it was necessary to always be doing some definite thing" (E138.9-10). When the tall lady enters and sits down briskly and unconcernedly, Miriam thinks: "She did not look in the least bohemian" (138.19-20). If Miriam also "sat enviously resenting her assurance," her response in the LR episode (57.16-17), it is left to the reader alone to deduce such a state. Generally, the revised presentation is richer in Miriam's reflections and judgments, more garrulous and livelier than that of the LR.

The guests having arrived, Mr. Bowdoin begins his performance. Here the revisions are not so drastic as in the previous passage but just as salutary (E140.3-141.4; LR58.1-15). The most effective change places Miriam's probing meditation on Paderewski's portrait between the moment when Mr. Bowdoin sits down to play a Beethoven sonata and the moment when his performance comes to an end. Miriam's fascinated exploration into Paderewski's appearance is strengthened in the later version in several ways: by the opening generalization about the weakness of the musical temperament, by Miriam's personal reaction to the weakness of Paderewski's mouth and chin ("dreadful"), and by the drama of the statement: "The eyes saw nothing" (141.1).

As Chapter VI begins, Miriam joins the boarders at Mrs. Bailey's dinner table (E149.1-150.17; LR38.1-26). Here Richardson makes no radical changes. A couple of sentences are moved to improve the flow of the narrative. "The depths of the light still held unchanged the welcome that had been there when she had come in and found Emile laying the table" (E149.4-7). By moving Miriam's reflection into this early position Richardson lends to the scene, which is largely descriptive, a layered retrospective character. As well, almost every sentence is revised in a minor way to smooth out and simplify. And the third from last sentence in the passage cited is thoroughly reshaped so that Mrs. Bailey's movements as she carves express her pride that Miriam is present at her table. "When she was not speaking every movement of her battle with the joint expressed her triumphant affectionate sense of Miriam's presence."

The rest of the big changes to Chapter VI come near the middle of the chapter. They center on Miriam's inability to integrate her sister Eve into her London life. She cannot, will not, give up one scrap of her independence. She visits the West-End flower shop where Eve is employed. In the revised text, the descriptions of the flowers as Miriam approaches and enters the shop are more precisely detailed and visually coherent (E160.1-17; LR42.41-43.10). Miriam speaks

irritably to her sister. The scene that follows is drastically rewritten (E160.19-162.17; LR43.12-39). The substance of the encounter between the two sisters retains some common elements but the details are transformed and the effects achieved are quite different. In the LR, Miriam, caught up in her anger and resentment and disappointment, sees Eve as pathetic and doomed to failure. "Eve had broken up the west-end shop fronts . . ." (43.38-39)--Eve has brought Miriam to tears. In E Miriam is less resentful, moved to grudging admiration because "Eve was *liking* hardness [. . .] *Liking* the prices of her new life" (162.3-4). "Perhaps she would succeed in staying on . . ." (162.6-7). A big perhaps, but at least Eve, in the new version, is her own person. "She stepped slenderly forward; all her old Eve manner . . ." (160.23-24). The episode in E ends not with Miriam about to cry but with the sisters distancing themselves from each other. "Oh I can't come *out* murmured Eve ignorantly."

At the beginning of section 3 of Chapter VI, as Miriam is absorbed in reading Ibsen, Richardson inserts a long reflection by Miriam on the kind of multi-directional back-and-forth reading invited by modern works like *Brand* (E162.18-164.10). These ideas join seamlessly with Miriam's further thoughts about Norway (E164.19-166.10; LR44.6-23). As revised this continuing meditation about Ibsen and his country is almost twice as long as that of the LR text. A few clauses from the LR are repeated; that is all. The earlier personal emphasis ("Everything in Ibsen's *Brand* is a part of *me* now for always" [44.11]) is abandoned in favor of a focus on Ibsen himself and on the nature of his achievement. One part of that achievement is the power of setting or place: "a background that is more real than people or thoughts. The life in the background is in the people" (165.11-14). The new emphasis is more in keeping with Miriam's psychology. And though this expanded treatment of Ibsen's genius is somewhat rambling, it reflects the disruptiveness of Miriam's unexpectedly compelling and not fully digested engagement with that strange brilliance, an engagement so absorbing she has forgotten her appointment with Eve.

As Chapter VII opens Miriam is writing her name in the prayer book Dr. von Heber has asked to borrow. In LR this leads to a romantic fantasy: Miriam's inseparable life with Dr. von Heber in Canada (34.1-16). In revising for the first edition this fantasy is displaced by a memory of a student at Miriam's school whose name was inscribed in her Bible (189.1-20).

The two paragraphs that follow are in substance the same in the earlier and later versions. They circle round Miriam's regret that she was caught unprepared and so failed to respond to Dr. von Heber by offering to go to church with him. When Richardson came to revise *Interim* for the Collected Edition, she omitted these two paragraphs as well as the opening account of the fellow student and her Bible. The chapter now begins with a brief recapitulatory reflection on Dr. von Heber's interruption (CE397.1-23; E190.22-191.26; LR34.33-35.21). Between LR and E, Richardson deletes Miriam's romantic fantasy. Between E and the Collected Edition she deletes Miriam's regrets. That leaves only Miriam's retrospective interpretation of a misunderstanding, tinged with regret. Readers who see Richardson's and Miriam's relations with men as ambiguous and problematic may find this episode instructive. But they will note as well that Miriam a little later recognizes feelings of intimate affinity between herself and Dr. von Heber (E190.16-21; LR34.27-32).

The only other major revision in this chapter concerns Dr. Hurd as escort to a Sunday concert (E192.1-21; LR35.22-36.6). Richardson takes a repetitive, overly-emphatic satirical recollection and subjects it to considerable trimming and tightening up. It is shortened by a third, and the

thought that Dr. Hurd must have told the others about the concert is moved to an effective place at the end of the paragraph. Since Richardson elsewhere represented Dr. Hurd as a simple but friendly and engaging person, the excessive condescension in the LR version was inappropriate.

Chapter VIII has only one revision of note. A short passage is inserted in the First Edition text about a woman called the Flat who has taken to writing articles. "Isn't it wonderful?" exclaims Miriam (241.20-242.10). Her disappointment when her friends Mag and Jan do *not* think it wonderful serves to underline the theme for the reader. The remaining chapters have minor revisions only. Are they thin and foreshortened? Should the fragmentary mini-scenes at the beginning of Chapter VIII have been woven into a more sustained fabric? Should some of the subjects in section 2 surveyed briefly through conversation with Mag and Jan have been developed more fully? At the beginning of Chapter IX, should Miriam's rather explicit conversation with Mrs. Bailey about how the Canadian doctors viewed her going about with Mr. Mendizabal have been represented more obliquely? However readers answer these questions, at least they now have before them as examples the many revisions Richardson did in fact make to the text of *Interim*, revisions that are almost all carried through into the Collected Edition.

Interim, London: Duckworth, 1919

"Interim," *The Little Review* 6, No. 2 (June 1919), 3-25; No. 3 (July 1919), 11-24; No. 4 (August 1919), 5-28; No. 5 (September 1919), 56-61; No. 6 (October 1919), 38-54; No. 7 (November 1919), 34-38; No. 8 (December 1919), 20-28; No. 9 (January 1920), 37-48; No. 10 (March 1920), 17-26; No. 11 (April 1920), 26-34; 7, No. 1 (May-June 1920), 53-61.

Quotation marks for dialogue, and for sayings:	" . . . " in 1E	" . . . " in <i>The Little Review</i>
Titles of books, journals, music, etc.:	" . . . " in 1E	" . . . " in <i>The Little Review</i>
Foreign words and phrases:	Italics in 1E	Italics in <i>The Little Review</i>
Publishing house rules:	Mrs etc. in 1E	Mrs. etc. in <i>The Little Review</i>

*Misprints and errors are indicated by an asterisk**

NOTE The treatment of dialogue in *the first seven chapters* of this novel as it appears in the *The Little Review* is essentially the same as in the English First Edition.

> **Substantive variants are so preponderant in this inventory that it would be unprofitable to distinguish them from the few non-substantive variants.**

[To Table](#)

[Return to Download Index](#)

Table: Chapter 6: Interim

section A

1ST P. #	1ST ED. TEXT	<i>The Little Review</i> TEXT	L.R. P. #
		Volume 6, No. 2 (June 1919)	3-25
1	INTERIM / CHAPTER I	INTERIM / by Dorothy Richardson / Chapter One	3
1.1	thumped her gladstone bag down	thumped down her gladstone bag	3.1
1.4	Florrie	Florrie Broom	3.3
1.7-8	dining-room	dining room	3.5-6
1.8	cadenza	fantasia	3.6
1.12	Grace's soothing	Grace's eager	3.9
2.4	feel tired	feel that	3.15
2.11	course it is,	course,	3.20
3.1	Miriam?	Miriam,	4.3
3.9	to-morrow	tomorrow	4.9
3.20	smoothing	cleansing	4.17
5.14	frowning anxiously	anxiously frowning	5.9
5.17	many things	heavy things	5.11
6.19	hailpeme-- <i>Oh</i>	hailpeme--Miriam warmed to the beginnings of laughter and raised her voice-- <i>Oh</i>	5.28-30
6.21-22	them all silently	them silent and	5.31-32
7.23	must both have	must have	6.11-12
10.8	short. The	short. They all seemed to be. The	7.17
12.13	holiday	hoiday*	8.17

12.19	She watched	she contemplated	8.21
13.7	offended stiffness	wooden blankness	8.32
14.14	cardboard stage, hearing the	paper proscenium, the	9.14
14.15	roller	rollers	9.15
14.15-16	the printed scenes	the scenes	9.15
14.16-17	forwards, and plunged	forwards. She plunged	9.16
15.15	hair, put on	hair, indicated	9.34-35
15.16	brown colour	brown paint	9.35
17.7	pouring from	pouring in from	10.25
18.5	rushed up and	rushed up, up and	11.1
18.6-8	foremost, listening, following the claim of the music into the secret happy interior of the life of each sleeping form, flowing swiftly on	foremost. Her love flowed into every turn of the well-known house and hovered near each sleeping form, flowed into the recesses of their lives, flowed on swiftly	11.2-4
21.2-3	mustard-pot	mustard-pots	12.16
22.25	Miriam?	Miriam,	13.10
26.13	tangle of statements	tangle of images	14.36
26.16	painful	pained	14.39
29.17	brethren	brethern	16.15
32.19	Sadness came growing	Sadness grew for her	17.33
32.19-20	thoughts went	thoughts washed	17.33
32.26	and out	and cut*	17.38
33.1	side, shy and eager	side in shy delight	17.39
33.4	the expressionless brown	the brown expressionless	17.41
33.5	Hullo Madam O'Hara	Hullo O'Hara	17.42
33.6	for the question	for the challenge	17.42

34.11	velvet	velvety	18.23
34.15	Miriam, she's failed.	Miriam, faintly angered.	18.27
34.18	argued Miriam	said Miriam	18.29
34.20-21	hidden polite determined	sudden evasive determined	18.30
35.22-23	and the little	and little	19.9
36.4-9	bookcase, scenes from the future, moving in boundless backgrounds came streaming unsummoned into her mind, making her surroundings suddenly unfamiliar the past would come again. . . . Inside	bookcase, the years tumbled about her. Crowding incidents set in vast backgrounds streamed in through her consciousness blotting out the day, washing away from future and past all but joy. Inside	19.13-16
36.12-13	movement	movements	19.19
36.17	found the nearer past,	found all the past	19.23
36.18	of London work	of work	19.23
44.2	about the hats	about them	22.40
44.22	amœbæ	amoebæ*	23.14
46.8	no meaning	no meeting*	23.42
47.14	visible past	outstretched past	24.23
48.18-19	sparkling, shedding admiration and tyrannous love	sparkling, strahlend mit Liebe und Bewunderung	25.4
49.8	briskness and	briskness and stretching, and	25.16
49.14	light it	light in*	25.20
49.15-18	fire. After supper they would all sit, harshly visible, round the hot fire, enduring the stifling unneeded gaslight.	fire.	25.21
		Volume 6, No. 3 (July 1919)	11-24
50	CHAPTER II	Chapter Two	11
50.4	She	For good or ill she	11.3

50.7	was right or wrong?	was good or bad?	11.5
50.18	In	She felt in	11.13
50.18	nostrils was the	nostrils the	11.13
51.4	by changes	by the changes	11.17
51.10	about that	about her	11.22
51.20	stop, while reality went on far	stop while you looked at it with time and things rushing along far	11.29
52.1	in solitude it had come to an end	it had come to an end in solitude	11.34
52.3	just quiet	quiet	11.36
52.3-4	One would pass on into the new year in an unbroken peace with the	The	12.1
52.5	life distinct	life were still distinct	12.1-2
52.12-13	from an inward	from inward	12.7
52.20	came.	came--in song and spring sunlight	12.12-13
53.2	alive, without	alive and enlivening, without	12.18
53.6-7	They shut off the inside world.	They belonged to all the fuss and flurry of the world.	12.22
53.8	were in	were astray in	12.24
53.20	the silence	her silence	12.33
53.20-21	no past	no picture of past	12.33
54.15	in experience	in one's experience	13.6
54.22	corner glowed	corner of the room glowed	13.11
54.25	agreement.	agreement, a remark thrown over the shoulder before a departure that would in time loop back into a return	13.13-15
55.12-14	of the night the surface of a daylit landscape gleamed for an instant tilted lengthways across the sky	of the darkness she saw the spread of a landscape. Full daylight and early morning freshness gleamed together over it	13.24-25

56.[10-11]	II	2	14.[0-1]
57.3	go to to get	go to get	14.12
57.7	numb clumsiness	clumsy numbness	14.15
57.24	little streets	little side streets	14.28
58.26	He was one of	He must be of	15.7
59.1	Reynolds'	Reynold's*	15.8
59.14	sounds in the	sounds of their occupation of the	15.18
61.4-5	nervo-bilious	nervo-biilous*	16.6
62.15	It they*	If they	16.32
63.11	as from	as if from	17.7
64.17	on, bitter	on a bitter	17.30
66.25	worn.	worn and the glance of the eyes was the glittering glance of a serpent.	18.31-32
67.5	A.B.C. He'll	A.B.C. in the Tottenham Court Road. He'll	18.35-36
67.[6-7]	III	3	18.[37-38]
68.5	round	around	19.13
68.23-24	drawn- room	dron-room	19.27
69.9	and a phrase	and phrase	19.35
70.5	English she	English; and she	20.9
72.7	valence hanging from	valence running along	21.7
72.16	grasses standing	grasses and standing	21.13-14
72.17	overmantel, and back	overmantel, back	21.14-15
73.11	margin	margind*	21.29
73.13	leather-topped	leather	21.30
73.15	tinkling and flourishing	twinkling, flourishing*	21.32

73.19	chiefly the	chiefly of the	21.34-35
75.13	the sight of moonlit	their familiar reverie of moonlit	22.26
75.20	clear, in a shape, passing	clear, passing	22.31
76.24	because I played	because played	23.11
78.19	It gave	It came*	24.3
78.19-20	and fulness	and dignity	24.3
78.26	against	gainst*	24.8
		Volume 6, No.4 (August 1919)	5-28
80	CHAPTER III	Chapter Three	5
80.1-81.15	See Note 1	See Note 2	5.1-7

NOTE 1 Miriam let herself cautiously in. The whole house was hers; she was a *boarder*; but the right to linger freely in any part of it was bought by Sissie's French lessons and being Sissie's teacher meant that the Baileys could approach familiarly at any moment all her privileges were bought with a heavy price, here and at Wimpole Street its us; our family; always masquerading. But the lessons made opportunities of being affable to the Baileys; removing the need for seeking them out purposely from time to time. Cut and dried. I've *patriotic* ballads cut and dried. I'm cut and dried, everybody thinks. Moving and speaking stiffly, the stamp of my family, the minute anything is expected of me. Nobody knows me. I grow more and more unknown and more and more like what people think of me. . . . But / know; and things go on coming; scraps of other people's things. No one in the world could imagine what it is to me to have this house; the fag-end of the Bailey's stock-in-trade. God couldn't know, completely. There's something wrong about it; but damn, I can't help it. In my secret self I should love a prison. Walls. What *are* walls?

If she scuffed her muddy shoes too cheerfully someone would appear at the dining-room door. Beyond the gaslight pouring down on to the smeary marble of the hall table and glimmering against the threatening dining-room door the dim staircase beckoned her up into darkness. A few steps and she would be going upstairs. Where? What for? Hgh--HEE! at the far end of the passage beyond the hall.

NOTE 2 Coming in at nine o'clock on the day Sissie had had her first French lesson Miriam was quietly scuffing her muddy shoes on the mat in the gloom of the doorway with her eyes on the opposite gloom where beyond the glimmering gaslight about the hall-table and the threatening dining-room door the dim staircase beckoned up into darkness, when she was roused by the sound of a laugh coming from the far end of the passage.

83.4	stool crowded in between	stool between	6.10
83.15	air was thick	air about the fireplace was dense	6.18
83.16	in answer	in response	6.19
84.10	brushing at her	brushing her	6.33
84.20	café.	café. I play in their theatre.	6.41-42
84.21	Mts. You	You	7.1
84.23-24	dieu! He swayed drumming from foot to foot in time to his shouts. Had	dieu! he squealed musically, swaying from side to side, his thrust-out face pointed . . . like Mephistopheles. He was like Mephistopheles. Had	7.2-4
85.3	refined.	refined. ¶--Adventures I can tell you for a week- ¶Mts, sighed Mrs. Bailey.	7.9-10
85.[3-4]	ll	[3-line break]	7.[10-11]
85.9	girl away	child away	7.15
86.17-20	her theft from the wealth <i>they</i> had provided, her gratitude to him for the store of memories she had gathered. It]	her gathering, in the garden they themselves had provided, clusters of vivid things for memory. They had seen her eagerness and her hunger and gratitude. It	7.38-8.1
86.21	to humiliate	to humble	8.2
87.1	with an air of	with conscious	8.6
87.3	it, only to	it; to	8.8
87.9	small dull	small sombre	8.12
87.12	whatever it said	whatever its burden	8.15
87.19	was something	was like something	8.19

87.[21-22]	III	3	8.[21-22]
88.9-13	They crossed the landing next below hers and ceased. When she rounded the stairs light blazed from a wide-open door and a little melody sounded for an instant in a smooth swaying falsetto.	On the landing next below hers light blazed from a wide-open door. When she rounded the stairs a little melody sounded for an instant in a smooth swaying falsetto at the open door.	8.30-32
88.[19-20]	IV	4	9.[0-1]
89.3	empty air	dreaming air	9.6
89.12	to be kept	to kept*	9.12-13
90.1	Let the words	Let them	9.23
90.5-6	all sound and no enunciation	all emptiness and no pronunciation	9.26-27
90.25	stated Sissie	said Sissie	9.40
91.9	<i>Cosmopolis</i>	<i>Cosmopolic</i>	10.7
91.10	cosmopolis	cosmopolic	10.9
91.24	the hurrying	the huddled hurrying	10.18-19
92.4-5	the world might	the might*	10.23-24
92.19	obliviousness.	obliviousness; the kind of shouting prosperous English people it was a relief to get away from in Germany. The kind who said "I say, <i>What?</i> " And who could only feel confident as long as someone else was in some way at a disadvantage.	10.34-37
93.9	a whirl of	a confusion of	11.8
93.20	her crowding thoughts	her thrusting visions	11.15-16
93.25	house became	house had become	11.19
94.18	further she	further in their eyes she	11.33
95.22	cosmopolitan, and he	cosmopolitan, he	12.13
95.26	nothing and nobody	nothing nobody*	12.15
97	CHAPTER IV	Chapter IV	12.[18-19]

NOTE 3 Sitting down almost the moment Mr. Mendizabal brought him into the room and playing *Wagner*. With many wrong notes and stumbling phrases, but self-forgetfully, in the foreign way. Keeping bravely on, making the shape come even in the most difficult parts. He was hearing the Queen's Hall Orchestra all the time, and he knew that anyone who knew it could hear it too. He was one of those people who stand in the arena and talk about the music and know that there are piano scores and get them and play them. It was amazing that there should be piano scores of Wagner. Did he play because he wanted to remember the orchestra; without thinking of the people who were listening. He did not know the Baileys and their boarders. He could not imagine how extraordinary it was to hear Wagner in the room, suddenly offered to the *Baileys*. They knew something important was going on; sitting close round the piano surprised and attentive, busily speculating, in scraps, hampered by the need to appear to be listening. Afterwards they would talk to him arching and laughing, Mr. Mendizabal's friend. Perhaps he would come and play Wagner again; there would be music in the room undisturbed by their forced attention. This was only a beginning.

At the end of the overture he sat quite still, making no movement of turning towards the room. The group about the piano were taken by surprise, waiting for him to turn. When they began making exclamations his hands were on the piano again. The room was silenced by strange little sentences of music. He played short fragments, unfamiliar things with strange phrasing, difficult to trace, unmelodious, but haunted by suggested melody; a curious flattened wandering abrupt intimate message in their phrases; perhaps Russian or Brahms. Not Wagner writing down the world in sound nor Beethoven speaking to one person. Other foreign musicians, set apart, glancing, and listening to strange single things, speaking in pain, just out of clear hearing, their speech unfinished. Russian or Hungarian. Dvor-tchak. I will ask him. Perhaps he plays Chopin.

The Baileys were growing weary of listening. They were becoming strangers in their own dining-room, with a wonderful important evening going on all round them. Miriam consulted Sissie, probing enviously for the dark busy sulkily hidden thoughts going to and fro behind her attitude of listening. Her eyes were drawing pictures of Mr. Bowdoin's back view and noting his movements. Mrs. Bailey was still smiling her pride. Her tired eyes were strained brightly towards the performance with the proper expression of delighted appreciation. But now and again they moved observantly across the slender shabby form and revealed her circling thoughts. When she looked at the back of the thatch of soft fine fair hair she was seeing that officeful of men painting posters, the first arrival of Mr. Mendizabal, their resentment of his quick work, the poster he thought of in the night, here, and worked out at the office in an hour, the musician playing so gravely not knowing that he was being seen as the man who was forced by Mr. Mendizabal to play a Beethoven Sonata on the typewriter with his hair in curl-papers. If Mrs. Bailey went too deeply into her speculations she would be too confused to ask him to come again. Perhaps Mr. Mendizabal would bring him anyhow. He was lounging back in his chair with his hands in his pockets. His face seemed to be laughing ironically behind a proud smile. He respected

music. He admired Bowdoin for his talent. He was showing him off. It was charming . . . like Trilby. Men laughing at each other and admiring each other. . . . She had left off listening. Mr. Bowdoin was sitting there at her side, separate from his music, sitting there English, a little altered by going out into foreign music. A sort of foreigner with an English expression. Her glance had shown her an English profile, a blunted

NOTE 4 After the first wonder of hearing an echo of a Queen's Hall Wagner night in Mrs. Bailey's dining room, Miriam forgot the music. Mr. Bowdoin had passed on from the overture to Tannhauser to unfamiliar fragments, unmelodious but haunted by suggested melody and with a curious flattened abrupt intimate message in their phrases; perhaps Russian, or Brahms. She could not listen to them here in the midst of the inattentive group sitting so closely round the piano. He had played the overture, imperfectly, but self-forgetfully, in the foreign way, getting it, and rendering it, so that she had had sitting near the broken down piano, witnessing his difficulties and makeshifts, the whole orchestral impression from end to end and the hope that perhaps if Mr. Mendizabal stayed, he would come again. Perhaps the Baileys would ask him to come again. It would not occur to them. They were drowned in the occasion sitting like strangers in their own dining-room, with the wonderful evening going on all round them. She consulted Sissie's expression, and probed enviously for the dark busy sulkily hidden thoughts going to and fro behind her attitude of sullen listening and painfully resented her opportunity of drawing pictures of Mr. Bowdoin's appearance and his movements at the piano. Passing swiftly to Mrs. Bailey she found her still in a tumult between her pride in the visitor and her circling contemplation of the things Mr. Mendizabal had told them; looking proudly at the slender shabby form and the back of the thatch of soft fine fair hair she saw the disorderly roomful of men slowly painting second-rate posters, the sudden arrival of Mr. Mendizabal, their envious resentment of his quick clever work; the posters he thought of in the night and executed in the last hour before the office closed; Mr. Bowdoin forced by him to play a sonata on the typewriter with his hair in curl-papers . . . perhaps she would be too distracted by these things to think of asking him to come again. Mr. Mendizabal lounging back in his chair with his hands in his pockets had a pleased proud wicked smile hovering about his face. He respected Bowdoin's playing. He respected music . . . He was showing him off. It was charming, like Trilby. Mr. Bowdoin had an English profile, a sort of blunted

102.19-22	Her swift amused glance was all she could manage without breaking into shouts of laughter. Her laughter-shaken person was the front of a barricade of derision.	Her single swift glance flashed a glimmer of amusement. She seemed to be holding laughter in her throat. Her person was the centre of a barricade of derision, casting an immense shadow.	14.13-16
103.5	tonguey tones	tonguey guttural tones	14.22-23
103.7	word; backing away with a balancing	word as she backed away with a little balancing	14.24-25

103.8	foot. She	foot. She was Scotch. It was impossible to classify her. She	14.25-26
103.22-104.5	Miriam got herself across the room and outside the door. On the hall table lay a letter; from Eve; witnessing her discomfort; soothing, and reproaching. Eve would have stayed and talked to the musician. ¶Up in her cold room everything vanished into the picture of Eve, deciding away down in green Wiltshire, to leave off teaching; smiling, stretching out her firm small hands and taking hold of <i>London</i> . London changed as she read. She	Miriam moved away. Everyone seemed to be talking. She escaped to the door. ¶There was a letter from Eve in the hall; a thick one. In her cold room Miriam read that she would be surprised to hear that Eve had made up her mind to give up governessing and learn to be a lady florist. She	14.36-41
104.15-16	<i>plans coming</i>	plans. . . the children . . . school . . . coming	15.6-7
105.2-3	the streets	the same streets	15.17
105.12	her difficulties	her possible difficulties	15.24
105.12-13	told the*	told it the	15.24
105.22	how scraped	how slender	15.31
106.1	<i>Napoleon.</i>	like Napoleon.	15.35
106.13	so brisk	so joyously brisk	16.2
106.23	that. To-night	that ¶Everyone in London had been told. There would be the Wilsons to write to about it and the Brooms to tell. That could wait. To-night	16.9-12
107.3	hostess.	hostess for the first time.	16.16
107.12	crooked body	crooked spine	16.23
108.6	sideboard and	sideboard in line with the door and	16.36-37
108.9-10	everything was blotted	everything on a sudden blotted	16.40
108.10	and then restored	and restored	16.40

108.13	darkness was a faint	darkness amidst the secret familiar glow of copper on dark oak was faint	16.42-17.1
108.19	extravagance, bringing	extravagance, sudden and rootless, bringing	17.5-6
108.23	its soft-toned	its whole soft toned	17.8-9
108.24	flowers, standing	flowers, stealing secretly forward with her in her life, standing	17.10-11
109.8	pollen-dust	like pollen-dust	17.18
109.14	of realisation	of keenest realisation	17.22
109.18	room to whom	room and to whom	17.25
109.21-22	real realisation	best realisation	17.28
109.23	grew clearer	grew richer and clearer	17.29
110.2-3	reality comes to you when you are alone.	reality can be shared only with yourself.	17.33
110.11-21	See Note 5	See Note 6	17.40-18.12

NOTE 5 "Antoine Bowdoin." If she had had a solemn letter from him first she would never have undertaken to go and hear him play. The formal courtly old-fashioned phrases had nothing to do with the hours of music. She had thought of nothing but the music on the good piano and now when she had forgotten all about it there was this awful result; the "few friends" gathered together in his room on a fixed date so that she might go and hear him play. She would have to sit, with a party, and afterwards

NOTE 6 A note; brought by hand; scrawling rounded formally reserved handwriting covering nearly the whole of the envelope, filling the hall-table, bringing disturbance into the crowded evening. She read it hurrying to the station. Mr. Bowdoin.

She had forgotten him. . . . The note did not bring any renewal of the hours of music. Its request in formal courtly old fashioned phrases for her fulfilment of her undertaking put the enterprise amongst those social occasions, offering only dread in anticipation, and to be lived through like a scene from a play in which she had in a moment of confidence risked being asked to take part. The "few friends" had been gathered expressly that she might go and hear him play. She would have to sit, conscious of this, not really hearing him, and afterwards

111.15	for Eve	for her	18.24
111.18	Street.	Street station	18.26
112.1	from being	from its first character of	18.33
112.10-11	again. Miss Scott was <i>Scotch</i>	again.	18.39
112.20	and sudden	and sullen*	19.4
112.24	men, made	men, had*	19.7
113.17	interestedly	interestly*	19.21
114.9	the things	the other things	19.35
114.11	with them	with these	19.36
114.12	talk like	talk as	19.37
116.7	that man	that men	20.28
116.10	and sham	and evasion	20.30
116.14	every tone*	everyone	20.33
116.22	the goodwill	the struggling goodwill	20.39
117.8	keep quite quiet	keep that quiet	21.6
118.6	light of	light and*	21.24
118.15	in life	in her life	21.31
119.16	The woman	She	22.8
119.24	in the country	in country	22.14-15
120.22	answer again!	answer to prayer!	22.32
121.3	everything	everyhting*	22.38
123.22	door and	door in angry hatred and	24.7

125.7	a soft smooth high	a chalky high	24.34
126.7-8	fed and with a glow at her heart	fed with a glowing heart	25.11
126.9	home.	home bought with terrors. All the way home the little scene kept playing itself through her mind.	25.13-14
126.19	invaded by	played over by	25.21
127.25-26	imagination	imagination to Mrs. Bailey,	26.4
128.23	delightedly	delightfully	26.21
130.16	beam of	gust of	27.13
130.19-20	an unknown reading	a joyous reading	27.15
130.21	offered	proffered	27.16
131.11-15	gathered. She stood smiling, growing familiar with the quality of his voice, gathering the sense of a word here and there. Through his talk he smiled a quizzical pleased appreciation of this way of listening.	gathered.	27.28
131.17	when she took in	when he had said	27.30
131.20	his talk	their talk	27.32
131.22-25	might even listen carefully, and learn the meaning of the post-graduate course and its place in the London medical world;	might learn more about the post-graduate course and find out what it meant and what part of the London medical world it was;	27.34-35
132.5	flawless teeth	brilliant teeth	27.40
132.21-26	greatest; and he began outlining the Canadian reputation of names that were amongst the pinnacles of Wimpole Street conversation. She learned exactly why Victor Horsley was great in the world and what it was that Dr. Barker did to fractured knee-caps.	greatest.	28.9
133.1	up it was half-	up at half	28.10

NOTE 7 leave. Miriam and Mrs. Bailey were left confronted. Miriam laughed a social laugh, unintentionally, and listened happily to Mrs. Bailey's kind brisk echo of it as she stood turning out the gas. They turned to each other in the hall and laughed goodnight. Mrs. Bailey was like a happy excited girl. She trotted busily and socially downstairs humming a tune towards a sociable waiting world, flouting difficulties [sic] with the sweep of the laughter in her voice.

NOTE 8 leave. When the door of the little back room had closed Miriam confronted Mrs. Bailey again. They stood smiling at each other. Well we *must* go to bed said Miriam at last. Mrs. Bailey turned out the gas with a laugh. They moved into the hall and hurried off laughing in opposite directions. Mrs. Bailey trotted down the basement stairs humming a tune.

[Chapter 6 introduction](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[A](#) [B](#) [C](#) [next »](#)

Table: Chapter 6: Interim

section B

1ST P. #	1ST ED. TEXT	<i>The Little Review</i> TEXT	L.R. P. #
133.24	through the	through all the	28.26
133.27	dismal, but	dismal and threatening, but	28.27-28
		Volume 6, No. 5 (Sept. 1919)	56-61
134	CHAPTER V	Chapter Five	56
134.1- 135.14	See Note 9	See Note 10	56.1-14

NOTE 9 Still talking, Mr. Bowdoin went up the rubbish-strewn steps and opened the dusty blistered door with his latchkey. Miriam followed him into a dark bare passage and down carpetless stairs into a large chilly twilit basement room. Nothing was visible but a long kitchen table lit by a low barred window at the far end of the room. I will light a lamp for you in a moment he murmured in his formal cockney monotone; my friends will be arriving soon and before they come I should like to show you my sketches. Miriam sat down silently. The feeling of the neighbourhood was in the room. A heavy blankness lay over everything. She felt nowhere. It had been difficult to take part in conversation walking along the Farringdon Road. It was strange enough to know that anyone lived in a road almost in the city; and paying a visit there was like stepping out of the world.

With his slow even speech Mr. Bowdoin rebuked her here even more strongly for her outbreak of excited talk and loud laughter about Devonshire. He had not felt that they were walking along, outside London, in blank space, free, and exactly alike in their thoughts. He had not had that moment when they turned into the strange dead road east of Bloomsbury, nowhere, and he had seemed like herself at her side and he ought to have laughed and laughed. His sudden searching look, are you mad or intoxicated, with your sudden Billingsgate manners, had said that Farringdon Road was in the world and that he intended to conduct himself in the usual manner of a gentleman escorting a lady. As

NOTE 10 Mr. Bowdoin ushered Miriam through the almost paintless door of a blank looking house and downstairs into a large cold twilit basement room in which nothing was visible but the outline of a long table, lit from the end by a low window. I will light a lamp for you in a moment he said in his half-cockney monotone; my friends will be arriving soon and until they come I should like to show you the sketches I made on my holiday. She sat down silently. It had been difficult to talk coming along the extraordinary Farrington Road grappling with the idea of paying a visit there. In this still stranger room she felt nowhere. A heavy blankness seemed to lie over everything and with his slow quiet speech Mr. Bowdoin seemed here to reproach her more strongly for talking vaguely and excitedly about Devonshire than he had with his sudden searching look of surprise in the Farrington Road. As

135.19-
136.18

See Note 11

See Note 12

56.17-32

NOTE 11 she exclaimed with strained animation as the lamplight wavered up and then sat looking at her hands. It would be cruel to look about the room. She had seen kitchen chairs standing sparsely about in the spaces unoccupied by the table, a cottage piano standing at right angles with the low window and one picture over the piano. There was nothing else in the room. The floor was covered with strips of coarse worn oilcloth and there was nothing above the empty mantel-piece. It is quite bohemian said Mr. Bowdoin lighting the piano candles. Let me take your cloak. Miriam slipped off her golf-cape and he disappeared between curtains at the end of the room opposite the window.

This was Bohemia! She glanced about. It was the explanation of the room. But it was impossible to imagine Trilby's milk-call sounding at the door. . . . It was Bohemia; the table and chairs were *bohemian*. Perhaps a big room like this would be even cheaper than a garret in St. Pancras. The neighbourhood did not matter. A bohemian room could hold its own anywhere. No furniture but chairs and a table, saying when you brought people in I am a Bohemian and having no one but Bohemians for friends. There

NOTE 12 she exclaimed with forced animation as the light went up on bare walls. Windsor chairs were distributed sparsely about the spaces unoccupied by the table; a cottage piano stood in a corner at right angles with the wide low window space. Above it was some sort of picture, the only one in the room although he was a sort of artist; the floor was covered with rough matting and there was no mirror above the empty mantelpiece. It is quite bohemian said Mr. Bowdoin lighting the piano candles with the rest of the match he had used for the lamp. Let me take your cloak. Miriam divested herself with swift obedience of her golf-cape with which he disappeared between high hung curtains screening the end of the room opposite the window. This was bohemia! She tried to remember something about bohemia and thought of Trilby with her yodelling milk-call. It would be an outrage she felt, in this cold empty room. There

136.21	out. I	out. But by that time she would be worn out with looking at sketches and trying to think of things to say about them. I	56.33-35
136.24-138.20	See Note 13	See Note 14	57.1-17

NOTE 13 cloth. Ah! C'est le pied de Trilby. Wee. D'après nature? Nong. De mémoire, alors? où rien ne troublera, Trilby, qui dorrr-mira, thought Miriam. She took the little water-colour sketches one by one and listened carefully to Mr. Bowdoin's descriptions of the subjects, trying to think of something to say. It was wonderful that he should take so much trouble on a holiday. The words in his descriptions brought Devonshire scenes alive into her mind, and she could imagine how he felt as he looked at them *plats d'épinards* it was like the difference between the French and English Bohemia. But the true thing in it was that he had wanted to do them. That gave him his right to call himself a Bohemian. He would have tried to write if he wanted to and have gone to live in a garret in Fleet Street. Why don't you put them about the room she asked insincerely. It was false and cruel; a criticism of the room which was beginning to show its real character; not interfering; plain and clear for things to happen and shine out in it in their full strength. And it was a flattery of the pictures which were nothing. Well, they're just beginnings. Hardly worthy of exhibition. I hope to attain to something better in the future. Where did he find all his calm words and self-confidence. Perhaps it was the result of having a room to invite friends to and talk about things in. But how could anybody do anything with people coming and going, confusing everything by perpetually *saying* things? She stared obediently at sketch after sketch until her eyes ached. It was going on too long. Her strength was ebbing out and the evening was still to come. He liked showing his sketches and thought she was entertained. Even in Bohemia people thought it was necessary to always be doing some definite thing. There was a knocking at the front door upstairs. Mr. Bowdoin went quickly up and came down with a tall lady. He introduced her

and she bowed and at once took off her outdoor things. While he was putting them away behind the curtains she sat briskly down on a chair at the far end of the room in a line with Miriam and arranged her hair and her dress with easy unconcerned movements. She did not look in the least bohemian. She

NOTE 14 cloth. Miriam sat silent thinking the voice of the French artist. . . Ah! C'est le pied de Trilby. Wee. D'après nature? Nong. De mémoire alors. . . and the little poem. . . ou rien ne troublera. . . Trilby, qui dormira. . . and was presently taking one by one faint little water-colour sketches and listening to Mr. Bowdoin's explanations of the subjects. Why don't you put them about the room she asked insincerely. Well, they're just beginnings, hardly worthy of exhibition. I hope to attain to something better in the future. She could see nothing she liked and stared obediently and silently at sketch after sketch until her eyes ached. A knocking at the door brought the strain to an end. Mr. Bowdoin went upstairs and came down again bringing a tall lady. When he had performed introductions the lady divested herself of her outdoor things which he stood hovering to accept and sat briskly down on a windsor chair facing towards the piano and at some little distance from Miriam who sat enviously resenting her assurance. She [Note: The "little poem" mentioned near the beginning of this passage echoes Du Maurier's text. Little Billee's lovely sketch of Trilby's foot he praises as "perhaps the more perfect poem of the two" (26). Presumably Du Maurier is thinking of the beautiful ballad "Ben Bolt" mentioned earlier by Trilby and, after she leaves, played and sung by Little Billee.]

138.20-21	chair very	chair looking very	57.17-18
138.24	lady. She	lady. It was most extraordinary. She	57.20-21
139.10	kitchen chairs	windsor chairs	57.29
139.12	subdued manner	subdued hushed manner	57.31
139.18	amongst other	among other	57.35
140.3-141.4	See Note 15	See Note 16	58.1-15

NOTE 15 features until Mr. Bowdoin took the lamp off the piano and sat down murmuring I will give you a sonata of Bytoven. The outline of the face shone down through the gloom. She could recall each feature in perfect distinctness. All the soft weakness of the musical temperament was there, the thing that made people call musicians a soft weak lot. But there was something else; perhaps it was in all musicians who were such great executors as to be almost composers. The curious conscious half-pleading sensitive weakness of the mouth and chin were dreadful; a sort of nakedness as if a whole weak nature were escaping there for everyone to see; and then suddenly reined in; held in and back by the pose of the reined-in head. The great aureole of fluffy hair was shaped and held in shape by the same power. The whole head, soft and weak in all its details, was resolute and strong. If the face were raised to look outwards it would be weak, pained and suffering and almost querulously sorrowful; but in its own right pose it was happy and strong. The pose of the head gave it its grip on the features and the hair and made *beauty*. The pose of *listening*. The eyes saw nothing. The reined-in face was listening, intently, from a burning bush. There was some reason not yet understood why musicians and artists wore long hair.

NOTE 16 features for their secret; the curious conscious half pleading sensitive weakness of the mouth and chin; a sort of nakedness, as if a whole weak nature were escaping there for everyone to see and were suddenly reined in, held in and back in some way by the pose of the reined in head. The great aureole of fluffy hair was shaped and held in by the same power. The whole head soft and weak in all its details was resolute and strong. . . it was listening. The face did not matter, except as an interesting Polish face, the pose of the head was everything, with its grip on the features and the hair; a face listening, intently, from a burning bush. There was some reason not yet understood, why musicians and artists wore long hair. The lamp had come off the piano, but the pale outline of the face shone clearly down from the gloom and Mr. Bowdoin was seated at the piano murmuring I will give you a sonata of Beethoven..

142.1	gentle keen	bright keen	58.33
142.8	and dreading	and fearing	58.38
142.23	has only	had only	59.6
143.1	her manner	her man*	59.9
144.6	the restrained	the determined restrained	59.32
145.5	felt that	felt painfully that	60.8
145.16	up to	up and to	60.16

146.20	never stopping	never stopped	60.38
148.11-13	tide of sound passing through her from wide thoroughfares, the	tide to a happy symphony of recognizable noises, the sud- the*	61.28
		Volume 6, No. 6 (October 1919)	38-54
149	CHAPTER VI	Chapter Six	38
149.1-150.17	See Note 17	See Note 18	38.1-26

NOTE 17 Miriam came forward seeing nothing but the golden gaslight pouring over the white table-cloth. She sat down near Mrs [sic] Bailey within the edge of its radiance. The depths of the light still held unchanged the welcome that had been there when she had come in and found Emile laying the table. There was no change and no disappointment. The smeary mirrors and unpolished furniture were bright in the gaslight, showing distances of interior and gleaming passages of light. In the spaces between the pictures the walls sent back sheeny reflections of the glow on the table. People coming in one by one saying good evening in different intonations and sitting down sending out waves of enquiry, left her undisturbed. There were five or six forms about the table besides Sissie sitting at the far end opposite her mother. They made sudden statements about the weather one after the other. They were waiting to have their daily experience of the meal changed by something she might do or say. Emile was handing round plates of soup. Presently they would all be talking and would have forgotten her. Then she could see them all one by one and get away unseen, having had dinner only with Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Bailey was standing up carving the joint. When the sounds she made were all that was to be heard, she responded to the last remark about the weather or asked some fresh question about it as if no one had spoken at all. When she was not speaking every movement of her battle with the joint expressed her triumphant affectionate sense of Miriam's presence. She had made no introductions. She was saying secretly there you are young lady. I

NOTE 18 Miriam came forward seeing nothing but the flood of golden light pouring from the central chandelier over the white table-cloth and sat down near Mrs. Bailey within the edge of its radiance. Amidst the broken lights and shadows of the furniture, mirrors and polished surfaces opened wide various distances and gleaming passages of light. The clear spaces of the walls sent back sheeny reflections of the central glow. The depths of the light still held unchanged the welcome that had met her when she had come in and found Emile laying the table. There was no change and no disappointment. People coming in one by one saying good evening in different intonations and sending out waves of silent curiosity, left her careless. There were five or six forms about the table besides Sissie sitting at the far end opposite her mother. Emile was handing round plates of soup and the forms were making sudden remarks about the weather and waiting to have their daily experience of the meal changed by something she might do or say. Presently they would be talking and would have forgotten her. Then she could see them all one by one and get away unseen, having had dinner only with Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Bailey was standing carving the joint. When the silences grew deep enough for her to be aware of them she responded to the last remark about the weather or asked some fresh question about it as if no one had spoken at all. Behind her sallies expressed in them and in every movement of her busy determined battling with the joint Miriam felt her affectionate triumphant preoccupation. She had made no introductions and demanded nothing. There you are young lady she was secretly saying. I

150.18	It's quite	It's perfectly	38.27
150.22	before Miriam	before her	38.30
151.22	disgrace.	disgraceful experience.	39.13
152.13-14	Eve kept appearing in and out of her attempt to get back her	Eve fought their way incessantly in and out of her attempt to reclaim her	39.26-27
152.17	been transformed	been changed	39.29
153.23	shabby hair	sparse hair	40.10
156.4	eyebrows	eyebrow	41.11
157.20	mts	mats*	41.41
158.22	Gunner	Gunner's*	42.19
159.1	joyfully	joyously	42.22

160.1-9	flowers. The window was blocked with flowers in jars, tied up in large bundles. In front were gilt baskets of hot-house flowers. Propped in the middle were a large flower anchor and a flower horseshoe, both trimmed with large bows of white satin ribbon--women in white satin evening dresses with trains, bowing from platforms--on either side were tight dance buttonholes pinned	flowers. Large pink-speckled lilies, japanese anemonies, roses, cornflowers, artificial gilt baskets and heavy-looking anchors and horseshoes of hot-house flowers to be handed up to people on platforms, tight dance buttonholes on flat sprays of maidenhair fern pinned	42.41-43.4
160.14	standing badly in a droopy	Standing unconvincingly in a bad droopy	43.7
160.15-17	floor. Cut flowers in stone jam pots, masses of greenery lying on a wet table. Hulloh	floor. Piles of tired looking cut flowers, a mass of feathery fresh greenery. Unarranged cut flowers in stone jam-pots. Hulloh	43.8-10
160.18	irritably.	going irritably in.	43.10-11
160.19-162.17	See Note 19	See Note 20	43.12-39

NOTE 19 grappling dreamily with abrupt instructions with a conservatory smell competing with them; trying to become part of a clever arrangement to collect the conservatory smell for sale. She stepped slenderly forward; all her old Eve manner, but determined to guard against disturbance; making sounds without speaking, and the faint shape of a tired smile. She was worn out with the fatigue of trying to make herself into something else, but liking and determined not to be reminded of other things. Even her hair seemed to be changed. Full of pictures of Eve, gracefully dressed and with piled brown hair Miriam's eyes passed in fury over the skimpy untidy sham shop-assistant, beginning a failure defensively, *imagining* behind it that she was taking hold of London. Won't you catch *cold*? You get used to it mouthed Eve nervously turning her head away and waiting, fumbling a scattered spray of smilax. Eve had always loved smilax. Did it seem the same to her now? Fancy *you* said Miriam, in all this damp. They were both miserable and Eve was not going to put it right. All her strength and interest was for this new thing. Do you like it? said Miriam beginning again. Yes awfully flushed Eve looking as if she were going to cry. It was too late. I suppose its awfully interesting asked Miriam formally, opening a conversation with a stranger. Mps said Eve warmly I simply love it. It makes you frightfully tired at first, but I find I can do things I never dreamed I could. I don't *mind* standing in the wet a bit now. You have to if you're obliged to. Eve was *liking* hardness imposed by other people. *Liking* the prices of her new life. Accepting them without resentment. People would despise and like her for that. Perhaps she would succeed in staying on if her

strength did not give way. Her graceful dresses and leisurely brown hair going further and further away. Do you *serve*? Ssh. I'm learning to. Eve would not look, and wanted her to be gone. I'm free for lunch said Miriam snappily, holding to the disappearing glory of her first coming out into London in the middle of a week-day. Eve should have guessed and stopped being anything but Eve being taken out to lunch. We could go to an A.B.C. Oh I can't come *out* murmured Eve ignoringly.

NOTE 20 dreamily grappling with abrupt instructions; in a conservatory smell; trying to be an official part of the machinery that collected the conservatory smell, for sale--to expensive Londoners. You get used to it said Eve in a low nervous voice. Yes but you will catch a most frightful chill Do you like it? Yes said Eve uneasily, looking as if she were going to cry. It's awfully hard work, but I find I can do things I never dreamed I could do; you have to if you're obliged to. Do you *serve* in the shop? S'sh! I'm learning to. Miriam wanted to run away. Eve did not want her and was upset by her sudden appearance. I'm free, for lunch she went on holding angrily to her wonderful coming out into London in the middle of a week day. Can you come out? Oh no; there's never any time in the middle of the day. What do you *do*? I have a bun and some milk in the other room mouthed Eve with great difficulty, averted and obviously longing for her to be gone. Eve saw it all differently and was resenting the way she saw it. Eve had some quite different way of looking at everything and now she was so near she was determined to hold her own. What about to-night? Can you come round to Tansley Street said Miriam insincerely aloud catching sight of a large satin-clad form in the dark background beyond a screen partly hiding a door. Well--said Eve uncertainly, if I can, after Goodge Street supper. Oh all right ta-ta I *must* go said Miriam swinging away with a smile. Poor *Eve*. They would never keep her in that smart place, all shabby and blotchy with nerves; and she would certainly get ill. *That* was the meaning of those flowery shop fronts. People behind, slopping about tired, standing about all day in the wet Eve had broken up the west-end shop fronts

162.18-
164.10

See Note 21

In

43.40

NOTE 21 Miriam ordered another cup of coffee and went on reading. There was plenty of time. Eve would not appear at Tansley Street until half-past. In looking up at the clock she had become aware of detailed people grouped at tables. She plunged back into Norway, reading on and on. Each line was wonderful; but all in a darkness. Presently on some turned page something would shine out and make a meaning. It went on and on. It seemed to be going towards something. But there was nothing that *anyone* could imagine, nothing in life or in the world that could make it clear from the beginning, or bring it to an end. If the man died the author might stop. Finis. But it would not make any difference to anything. She turned the pages backwards re-reading passages here and there. She could not remember having read them. Looking forward to portions of the dialogue towards the end of the book she found them familiar; as if she had read them before she read them intently. They had more meaning read like that, without knowing to what they were supposed to refer. They were the *same*, read alone in scraps, as the early parts. It was all one book in some way, not through the thoughts, or the story, but something in the author. People who talked about the book probably understood the strange thoughts and the puzzling hinting story that began and came to an end and left everything as it was before. The author did not seem to suggest that you should be sorry. He seemed to know that at the end everything was as before, with the mountains all round. The electric lights flashed out all over the A.B.C. at once. Miriam remained bent low over her book. Only you had been in Norway, in a cottage up amongst the mountains and out in the open. She read a scene at random and another and began again and read the first scene through and then the last. It was all the *same*. You might as well begin at the end. In

164.12	scenery	scenery*	44.1
164.14	wrong.	wrong and freewill.	44.3
164.15	<i>wonder</i> but more	<i>wonder</i> more	44.3
164.15	and clearly	and sharply	44.3
164.18-19	those worrying things	those things	44.6
164.19-166.10	See Note 22	See Note 23	44.6-23

NOTE 22 scenery. You are *in* Norway while you read. That is why people read books by geniuses and look far-away when they talk about them. They know they have been somewhere you cannot go without reading the book. *Brand*. You are in the strangeness of Norway--and then there are people saying things that might be said anywhere. But with something going in and out of the words all the time. Ibsen's genius. You can't understand it or see where it is. Each sentence looks so ordinary, making you wonder what it is all about. But taking you somewhere, to stay, forgetting everything, until it is finished. An hour ago Ibsen was just a name people said in a particular way, a difficult wonderful mystery, and *improper*. Why do people say he is improper? He is exactly like everyone else, thinking and worrying about the same things. But putting them down in a background that is more real than people or thoughts. The life in the background is in the people. He does not know this. Why did he write it? A book by a genius is alive. That is why "Ibsen" is superior to novels; because it is not quite about the people or the thoughts. There is something else; a sort of lively freshness all over even the saddest parts, preventing your feeling sorry for the people. Everyone ought to know. It ought to be on the omnibuses and in the menu. All these people fussing about not knowing of Ibsen's *Brand*. A volume, bound in a cover. Alive. Precious. What *is* Genius? Something that can take you into Norway in an A.B.C.

She wandered out into Oxford Street. There was a vast fresh gold-lit sky somewhere behind the twilight. Why did Ibsen sit down in Norway and write plays? Why did people say Ibsen as if it were the answer to something? Walking along Oxford Street with a read volume of Ibsen held against you is walking along with something precious between two covers which makes you know you are rich and free. She wandered on and on in

NOTE 23 scenery and I've *been* there. Do people read these things because of that? I forgot I was in this A. B. C. shop. An hour ago I had never been in Norway although I'd read about the fiords and the midnight sun and all the colour. Now I've cried in Norway and seen and heard and felt all the everyday sense of it. Everything in Ibsen's *Brand* is a part of *me* now for always, although I don't understand it. Why isn't evrybody* told about these things? Why aren't they advertised on the omnibuses and put in the menu? All these people going about not knowing that there is "Ibsen's *Brand*" to read. It's *precious*. A volume, bound in a cover, *alive*. Why do people say he is a great genius and rather improper. He is exactly like everyone else and worrying about the same things and perhaps hardly knows how you see and feel all those other things there are in his book left after you have forgotten what it is about. Geniuses write books that are alive. Something in them becomes a part of you She wandered out into Oxford Street feeling it vast under a huge gold-lit sky somewhere behind the twilight and wandered on and on forgetful in

[Chapter 6 introduction](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[« back](#) [A](#) [B](#) [C](#) [next »](#)

Table: Chapter 6: Interim

1ST P. #	1ST ED. TEXT	<i>The Little Review</i> TEXT	L.R. P. #
166.13	A vast beautiful	Beautiful	44.25
166.22	<i>Eve</i> . Forgotten.	<i>Eve</i> --I was kept	44.31-32
168.5	incidents	incident	45.12-13
168.7	<i>dislocates</i>	<i>dislocated</i>	45.14
168.21	Bailey	Baileys*	45.24
169.1	open extension	extension	45.27
169.4	further	farther	45.29
169.22-23	thought they were	thought that was	46.3
169.23	and open	and terrible	46.4
169.24	freedom of his	freedom his*	46.5
169.25	reception	sunny reception	46.5
169.25	bedroom lifted	bedroom made	46.5-6
169.26	memories into a	memories a	46.6
171.10-11	rapid sarcastic remarks, made a tumult hiding her silence.	rapid volleys of sarcasm, made a tumult to hide her bemused silence.	46.29-30
171.12	the various conversations sprouting easily all	the conversations sprouting all	46.30-31
171.13	were far-off	were vast far off	46.31-32
171.14	of serenity	of serene life	46.32
171.14-15	their serenity	their vastness and serenity	46.32-33
171.18-19	remarks.	remarks bringing back acute memories of the firmly curved held in indulgences* of his voice.	46.35-36

171.20	an unmeditated	a sparring unmeditated	46.37-38
171.24	general awareness	general critical hostility	46.40
172.9	Newchet. . . . He	New chet . . . Cary. He	47.8-9
172.11	anything to	any words or thoughts to	47.10
173.18	von Heber	Heber	47.34
174.3	mending near	mending stockings near	47.41
174.8	the noise that	the immense noise of life that	48.2-3
174.11-12	at her centre	at the centre	48.5
174.20-21	Dr. von Heber	Dr. Heber	48.11
175.2-3	it was right, true like a book, for	the right and proper thing was for	48.16-17
175.10	characteristics he	characteristics she felt he	48.22
175.15-17	of his steady reverent observation. He did not miss any movement or change of expression. Perhaps	of is* imagining. Perhaps	48.26
175.23	glorious to	glorious, incredible, to	48.30
176.7	superficial meaning	superficial value	48.38
176.21	on his	upon his	49.6
176.21-22	turned towards the light to	turned steadily towards the light as if to	49.6-7
176.25	who does	who did	49.9
177.3	a happy	a peaceful happy	49.12
177.13	she shyly	she dimly and shyly	49.19
177.17	life one	life, suddenly discovered. Perhaps that was one	49.22-23
179.5	and stood waiting to	and watched to	50.10
179.6	through the	through some	50.10
179.8	squeal	squel*	50.12

179.18	the grey	the glooming	50.19
179.24-25	sound raising them into a companionship that needed no	sound rising in companionship that brought no	50.24
179.26	conversation. It	conversation or behaviour, higher round Miriam than ever it had done before. It	50.25-26
180.22	following certainties.	following vast certainties	50.41
180.24	companion attending	companion who could attend	50.42-51.1
181.3	¶His apparent	[No ¶]	51.3
181.12	from her,	from her and	51.10
181.23	in secret	in bright	51.18
181.26	given her	given to her	51.20
182.9	golden west-end	golden glory of the west end	51.26
182.9	Street was	St., was	51.27
182.10	west-end	west end	51.27
182.14	came upon her	took her	51.30
182.25	over her.	over her from head to foot.	51.38
183.3	Here is Ruscino's mademoiselle	"Here is Ruscinos" mademoiselle*	51.41
183.4	<i>allons!</i>	<i>allons!</i> "	51.42
183.21-22	a habitué	an habitué	52.12
183.22	She could	She would	52.12
183.26- 184.1	Ruscino's. "Lord Ruscino's	Ruscinos'. "Lord Ruscinos'	52.16
184.13-14	near and	near and dear and	52.25
185.6	was the end	was at the end	52.35
185.13	well-cut	well cut	52.40
185.18	Voilà	Voilà	53.3

185.23	Ruscino's	Ruscinos'	53.7
186.1	pouring like	pouring somehow like	53.10
186.5	of an evening	of evening	53.13
186.7	villas, the wild	villas, wild	53.14-15
186.12	Ça va bien, hein	Ca va bien, heir*	53.18
186.21	the radiating	the tremendous radiating	53.24
187.16	her feebleness	her reeling feebleness	53.39-40
187.23- 188.1	cordially. Miriam rose. The tide of café life flowed all round her. She wandered blissfully out through the misty smoke-wreathed golden light, threading her way amongst the tables	cordially. The evening is over Miriam rose and felt the café tide flow round her; spreading as far as she could see was the misty smoke wreathed golden light bathing the seated groups of her companions. She wandered out blissfully threading her way amongst tables	54.3-7
188.1-4	streets. Far away behind her, staying in the evening, Strelinsky blocked the view, moving, fixed avertedly, with eyes in his shoulders along an endless	streets. Strelinsky, melted away, stayed in the evening, a ghost drifting greyly amongst an endless	54.7-9
		Volume 6, No. 7 (Nov. 1919)	34-38
189	CHAPTER VII	Chapter Seven	34
189.1-20	See Note 24	See Note 25	34.1-16

NOTE 24 Miriam found her old prayer-book and scribbled her name on the flyleaf. Bella de Castro writing *from mother* under her name in her bible *feeling* something, privately, not knowing that anyone would see it. The sunlight pouring in on the thin bible page; the words written plumply with one of Bella's blunt uncared-for pencils. Her thick ropy black plait, brilliant oily Italian eyes in her long fat handsome face; staring out of the window sullenly waiting for schooldays to be at an end; her handsome horrible brother on horse-|back; just the same; the high-water marks above her wrists when she washed her hands, and then, from mother, stubbed carefully, *meaning*.

The pencilled *Miriam* gave a false meaning to the prayer-book. There was no indiarubber, she would have to take it down as it was. It was a letter, written to Dr. von Heber, supposed to be written when she was a girl. She carried

NOTE 25 Miriam seized her prayer-book and wrote her name on the flyleaf with a quivering hand. It was a letter, written to Dr. von Heber when she was a girl. They hung over it together, he and she. *Miriam*. silence going through to the bright golden silence behind his trained ability. the deep brilliant morning flower-filled English garden silence, the key to his recognition of her; their two understanding silences meeting in sunlight, met before they knew it, inseparable, going forward unchanging, filled with one vision out into the changing mummeries; he turned, strong and capable and achieving, screening her blindness and impotence, towards the outside life, playing a brilliant part, coming every day, every day, back into the central glinting golden silencesall its lonely certainties no longer memories but there always, visible, renewed all the time, peopling the daily far-away brilliant Canadian stillness* in the background of their daily life.

She carried

190.4-7	the book stiffly and sat busily down to the piano again, angrily recording his quiet formal thanks and silent swift departure.	the prayer book stiffly and turning busily away towards the piano impatiently recording his formal thanks and silent invisible departure.	34.19-21
190.7	playing where	playing again where	34.21
190.8-9	Heber as he went downstairs that	Heber going down through the house that	34.22
190.11	evening was to	evening had been to	34.24

190.13	¶He	He	34.25
190.13	long; if	long; suddenly appearing in the drawing-room. If	34.26
190.14-15	lost in the disappointing evening she	lost she	34.27
190.16-21	not suddenly been so prepared, so rushing forward and feeling after he had spoken as if the words had been long ago and they had been to church together and come back before all the world there would not have been in his voice the reproachful affronted anticipation of her stupidity.	not been so prepared and feeling after he had spoken as if the words had been long ago and she had been to church with him and they had come back confessed before all the world there would not have been in his voice the angry reproachful anticipation of her stupidity. . . it was as if she had said his sayings herself.	34.27-32
190.24	the real effects	the effects	34.35
191.10	doctor, to the	doctor--the	35.8
191.20	prayer-book	prayer-obok*	35.15
191.20-192.1	together. Dr. Hurd's impressions had had no effect upon him. But now he had gone back into his own life not only thinking that she was not a church-goer, but feeling sure that her own private life of coming and going had no thoughts of him in it. ¶Dr.	together, remembering. ¶Now he thought not only that she was not a church-goer but that her own private life of coming and going had some engagement for the evening, was complete and oblivious. He had gone back into invisibility with her answer. It was no comfort to reflect that Dr. Hurd's impressions had had no effect upon him. [Section 2] ¶Dr.	35.15-22
192.1-21	See Note 26	See Note 27	35.22-36.6

NOTE 26 Dr. Hurd sitting on the omnibus with *amusement* carving deep lines on his brick-red face and splintering out of his eyes into the hot afternoon glare; the neat new bowler with the red hair coming down underneath it, the well-cut Montreal clothes on his tough neat figure; immovable, there for the afternoon. Forced to go on and on isolated with the brick-red grin and the splintering green eyes through the afternoon heat, in the midst of a glare of omnibus people, on their way to a brass band in the Albert Hall, thinking they were going to a *concert*. He did not know what made a concert. Sitting with the remains of his grin, waiting for the things he had been taught to admire, unable to find anything without his mother and sisters; missing Canadian ladies with opinions about everything; waiting all the time to be managed in the Canadian women's way. He must have told the others about it afterwards, his face crinkling at them and they listening and agreeing.

NOTE 27 Dr. Hurd sitting on the omnibus with inward *amusement* carving deep lines on his brick-red face, splintering out of his eyes into the hot glare; the polished new bowler with the red hair coming down underneath it and the well cut Montreal clothes on his tough neat figure; immovable, there for the afternoon, no help anywhere. Nothing in the world but the sunlit brick-red laughter carved face and the sunlit green eyes shrieking with laughter and the frightful going on and on through the afternoon glare in the midst of a hot glare of people. A Canadian knowing the Albert Hall was there going all that way to sit with Sunday afternoon people from the streets and parks in the Oratorio Albert Hall ruined by a brass band, and thinking it was a concert sitting consumed with laughter on the way. He must have told the others My. . . . life, they're queer. . . . hah-heeEEE. . . with his body stiff and his head up and his face crinkling at them, they listeneing* and waiting and agreeing. . . . Sitting at a loss feeling for the things he had been taught to admire, his green eyes roving over the Royle Albert Hawle unable to find anything without his mother and sisters. . . . Montreal *Morning* Musicales. . . Matinees Musicales? They must have been begun in some French part of Canada. What he missed was bright cheerful Canadian *ladies*, with opinions about everything. Forming his thoughts. He was waiting all the time to be run and managed in the Canadian woman's way. . . . He had no self away from Canadian society.

192.22-24	It had begun the moment after he had suggested the concert. I'll get a new top hat before then.	It had begun to show in the moment when he said I'll get a new top-hat.	36.7-8
193.10	in laughter	in a laughter	36.16-17
193.11	heaped up into	heaped rigidly in	36.17
193.15-16	Von Heber's a man who'll <i>carve</i> his way. My. He's <i>great</i> .	"Von Heber's a man who'll <i>carve</i> his way. My . He's <i>great</i> ."	36.20-21

193.21	realised	ralized*	36.24
194.1-2	success more	success and stability more	36.29
194.9-10	the strength	the great strength	36.35
194.13	reproachful,	almost reproachful	36.38
194.19-20	then old*	than old	37.4
195.5-6	tame. . . . [Section break] ¶ " I	tame. . . . "I	37.13
195.14	frock-coat	frock coat	37.19
195.17	white criminal	white or criminal	37.21
195.23-24	simply. . . . [Section break] ¶	simply. . . . ¶	37.26-27
196.1	that surprise me	that do me credit	37.28
196.8	<i>simple</i>	simple	37.33
196.10	drawing-room	drawing room	37.34-35
196.14-15	child. [Section break] ¶	child. ¶	37.38-39
196.22	me. I've	me. ¶ I've	38.1-2
196.23	everything. . . . I	everything and everybody. . . . If you get out of touch with people you can never get back. . . . I	38.2-4
197.1-5	"They do [. . .] happy. Voilà tout, mademoiselle. . . . "Il n'y a qu'une chose qui m'amuse."*	"They do [. . .] happy."	38.6-7
		Volume 6, No. 8 (December 1919)	20-28
198	CHAPTER VIII	Chapter Eight	20
198.9	cool clothes	cool clean clothes	20.6
199.1	small room	small hot room	20.14
199.3	easy a dream*	easy as a dream	20.16
199.18	unexpected sympathies.	unexpected admissions and sympathies.	20.27
200.2	sunlight.	sunlight. In the deep grey the sunlight was happiness.	21.2

201.11-12	trees and a mist	trees a mist	21.25
201.12	mauve amongst	mauve far in amongst	21.25-26
201.13	housefronts	house fronts	21.26
201.13	grey	gray	21.27
201.20	grey, edged	grey edged	21.31
202.4	stone of	stone mass of	22.2
202.5	twilit dining-room	twilight dining room	22.3
202.9	rain-cool grey	rain cool gray	22.6
202.10-11	ceased. [Section break] ¶	ceased. ¶	22.7-8
202.12	far-away	faraway	22.8
205.4	empty; there	empty. There	23.20
206.14	evenings, and strongest	evenings and was strongest	24.8
207.20	towards	toward	24.29
208.5	then pure	the pure	24.37
208.20	Rose; swept	Rose, swept	25.10
208.22	<i>Gemma</i> ; Bayatrichay	<i>Gemma</i> , by Bayatrichay	25.11
209.7-15	"You must . . . <i>crumbles</i> "	You must . . . <i>crumbles</i>	25.18-24
211.3	statements, but	statements. But	26.12
211.15	dangerous, French	fatal, French	26.22
211.20-22	Man is . . . human eye	"Man is . . . human eye"	26.25-26
211.23-24	logic is a cheap arithmetic	"logic is a cheap arithmetic."	26.27-28
213.18	as it was under the	as warm under an*	27.20
213.22-23	dark. ¶Crossing	dark. Crossing	27.23
213.25	intervals	intervas*	27.25
215.8	horse's	horses'*	28.9

215.13 pavement to muffle to muffle	28.12
215.13-14	building was hotel*	building hotel*	28.12
215.14	Family Hotel	Family hotel	28.13
215.24	swing door	swinging door	28.20
		Volume 6, No. 9 (January 1920)	37-48
		Chapter Eight (continued)	37
216.22	Ho,	No,*	37.8
217.4	flopped	flopped*	37.12
217.22	him; that	him, that	37.25
218.4	spirit	spirit of iron	37.31
218.17	perfect arch	perfect outer arch	38.5
218.19	them to	them unreservedly to	38.6
218.20-21	to that first evening by the table.	to the first evening of discovery.	38.7
220.1	of Italian	of Indian	38.30
220.10	beautifies	beautiful*	38.37
220.24	just, town	just town	39.6
220.26	and adventure*	an adventure	39.8
221.3	Outside is a	Outside a	39.10
221.7	me a remarkable	me remarkable	39.13
221.8	extra-ordinary	extraordinary	39.13
221.15	extra-ordinary	extraordinary	39.19
221.17	<i>extra-ordinary</i>	extraordinary	39.21
223.3	We don't <i>because</i>	<i>Because</i>	40.6
223.7-8	an ice-house	a ice-house	40.10
223.23	minds.	mind.	40.20

224.13	experiment.*	experiment."	40.31
224.16	Esquimau	Esquimaux	40.34
225.24	hélàs	helas	41.17
227.5-6	forcing; sensitive creatures; with	forcing sensitive creatures with	42.2
227.11	knahludg can be	Knahludg can not be	42.6
227.13	Well; look	Well look	42.7
229.11	that people	the people	43.2
230.11-12	ecliptic; I think the plane of the ecliptic is	ecliptic is	43.24
230.21	twenty-four	twenty four	43.32
231.3	friends, Canada	friends Canada	43.38
231.11	"A fine	A fine	43.43
231.23-232.1	blessed damosel	blessèd damozel	44.9
232.7-8	chattering and tweaking.	chattered and tweaked.	44.14
232.17	pre	<i>pre</i>	44.23
233.4	right, my	right; my	44.34
233.7	goes on on	goes on*	44.36
233.15	dark filmy	dark- filmy	45.2-3
233.24	<i>ingénue</i>	<i>ingenue</i>	45.9
234.9-10	'The Purple Shawl of Ceremony.'	The Purple Shawl of Ceremony	45.19
234.22	sulky row	strident row	45.28
234.23	stately wave; I heard shrill minstrelsies	stately tome; I saw my mandoline.	45.28-29
234.24	awfully bad	awfully, bad*	45.29
235.2	Francis	Frances	45.32

237.11-12	has been meeting	has meeting*	46.39
238.8	Tansley	The Tansley	47.14
238.19	glow.	glow. If you once lose touch you can never get back.	47.22-23
239.1	strange silent twilight	strange twilight	47.31
239.4	coldly jewelled	coldly-jewelled	47.33
239.9	Orlys	Orly's*	47.36
239.15-16	the the texture*	the texture	47.42
239.16	climate.	climate."	47.42-43
239.18	In pouring	"In pouring	47.44
239.24	Chap.:	Chap.	48.4
240.5	heavens	heaven's*	48.9
241.6	Orlys	Orly's*	48.32
241.8	chose*	choose	48.33
241.20-242.10	See Note 28	[No corresponding text]	48.[44]

NOTE 28 "Like the Flat." ¶"How is the Flat?" ¶"Is she still living on a hard-boiled egg and a bottle of stout?" ¶"And sending notes?" ¶"Come round at once my state of mind is awful?" ¶"She's moved. I forgot to tell you. She came to tell me. She stood on the landing and said she had taken up journalism. Writing articles, for The Taper. Isn't it wonderful?" ¶"Isn't *what* wonderful?" ¶"Suddenly being able to write articles. She's met some people called occultists and says she has never been so happy in her life." Are you going to say anything why do you not think it wonderful.

		Volume 6, No. 10 (March 1920)	17-26
242.[10-11]	3	Chapter Eight (continued)	17

243.15	machine going	machine; going	17.21
244.21	Bearings	bearings	18.14
245.7	bicycle	bicpcle*	18.22
245.8-9	[1-line section break]	[No break]	18.23-24
246.18	Venner--	Venner.	19.14
247.1	he sat*	he said	19.21
247.4	Holmes*	Holmes'	19.22
247.6-7	suddenness, "but I	suddenness. "I	19.24
247.19	<i>where</i> " he	<i>where</i> he	19.34
247.20	smile, "where	smile, where	19.34-35
248	CHAPTER IX	Chapter Nine	20
248.3	"Ah.	"Ah,	20.3
248.7-8	mysterious dark-roomed vault of the basement	mysterious basement	20.6
249.20	sixteenth-century	sixteenth century	20.28
251.12-13	youl young*	you, young	21.27
252.1	In <i>my</i>	In my	22.2
252.6	someone	some one	22.5
252.13	chahld	chald	22.10
252.15	Solicitude! <i>what</i> for?	Solitude! <i>What</i> for?	22.12
253.18	why not	<i>why</i> not	22.34
253.23	there's	there"s*	23.3
254.3	Spies; talking idle;	Evil spies; talking;	23.8
254.7	so?"	so? Sweet old thing!"	23.12
255.8	they?*	they?"	23.30

255.23	lost von	lost, von*	24.8
256.18	Well I	Well. I	24.23
258.19	all, for	all it was for	25.26
260.7	conversations	conversaton*	26.19
261.2	headlong	head-long	26.34
261.3	dead. Dead if	dead. Dead if you don't. Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost dead. Dead if	26.35-36
		Volume 6, No. 11 (April 1920)	26-34
261.[4-5]	3	Chapter Nine (continued)	26
261.10	yorse	yource	26.6
262.15	facade	façade	26.26
262.20	<i>Eleanor</i>	Eleanor	27.1
262.26	ugly	guly*	27.5
263.1	shop, but	shop; but	27.6
263.10	<i>dinnery</i>	dinnery	27.12
263.22	thought	tought*	27.20
265.11	they went	the went*	28.15
265.15	hair;	hair,	28.18
266.2-3	pince-nez perched delicately on her dilicate* nose	pince-nez delicately on her delicate nose*	28.26-27
266.10	turned-back	turned back	28.32
267.1	and met the	and the*	29.10
267.23-24	smiling, next to him an <i>enormous</i> woman with	smiling; an <i>enormous</i> woman next to him with	29.25-26
268.6	knowing, flat	knowing; flat	29.31
268.7	skull, both	skull; both	29.32
268.9	way in to	way in, to	29.33

269.3	doors	door	30.12
269.21	<i>Oh-no</i>	<i>Oh no</i>	30.25
270.8	attention, several	attention; several	30.34-35
271.1-2	room, desolate	room; desolate	31.13-14
271.6	<i>Rodkin? 'Im?</i>	<i>Rodkin? 'Im?</i>	31.17
271.14	<i>Well, he said</i>	Well, he said,	31.22
271.17	Moy	My	31.25
271.24	yawning Well	yawning. Well,	31.30
272.17	Eleanor	<i>Eleanor</i>	32.8
272.18	up to her	up her*	32.9
273.16	astericks*	asterisks	32.26
274.2	propaganda,	propaganda;	32.34
274.5	Miriam.	Miriam incisively.	33.1-2
275.25	Celtic	<i>Celtic</i>	33.34
276.[11-12]	5	[No section]	[34]
276.12-13	¶"Gracious. You'll ave to be up early in the morning to say all those names dear."		[34]
277	CHAPTER X	Chapter Ten	34[8-9]
277.5-6	Bailey. She was safely in the hall. But the	Bailey. The	34.12
277.7	closed and Mrs.	closed. Mrs.	34.12
277.8-9	abruptly, almost colliding with her, into	abruptly into	34.13
277.10	there waiting for her	there before her	34.14
277.17	The empty room	The room	34.19
277.20	shabbiness there	shabbiness. . . . There	34.21

278.2-3	and on, giving	and giving	34.23
278.5	breathing. ¶	breathing Why did not everyone know and stop stopping to talk about the things that were spread over the surface? They would talk about themselves in time if they were left alone. How <i>can</i> people bring themselves to mention things. . . . ¶	34.25-28
278.6	this <i>is</i> ,	this is	34.29
278.8-10	form. Mrs. Bailey knew she was chafing in the airless shabby room. The windows closed to keep the dust <i>out</i> made the dust <i>smell</i> .	form.	34.30
		Vol. 7, No. 1 (May-June, 1920) / Chapter Ten (Concluded)	53-61
279.17	Mrs. Bailey	Bailey	53.25
279.18-19	over and impart her opinion.	over.	53.25
281.6	look to.*	look to."	54.25
281.7	It she*	If she	54.25
281.13	frerself	for herself	54.30
282.19	gravely,	gravely.*	55.19
282.23	theirselves	themselves	55.21
283.2	talk at all, and	talk and	55.25
283.5	educated Canadian nurses	educated nurses	55.26-27
283.19	flourishing	nourishing*	56.1-2
285.10-11	her." ¶"Quite right. That's as it should be."	her."	56.33
285.16	"Tss;	"Mts;	57.1
285.16	murmured Mrs.	breathed Brs.*	57.1
285.20	"people,"	people,	57.4

286.23	themselves	themselves	57.25-26
287.3	say.	say. How did you hear of it?	57.30
287.5	course, it	course; it	57.32
287.6	And them	And then*	57.33
288.17	children. your*	children, your	58.25
289.23	Gunners*	Gunner's	59.13
290.21	Very	Vevy*	59.29
290.26	advertiss	advertise	59.33
291.1	Hurds	<i>Hruds*</i>	59.33
291.1	like	<i>like</i>	59.34
291.19	house. "You	house. ¶ "You	60.10-11
291.19-20	London; there's	London. There's	60.11
291.22	work	toil	60.13
291.24	presence. . . .	presence.	60.14
292	CHAPTER XI	Chapter Eleven	60.[14-15]
292.7	feet.	foot.	60.18
292.19	yes, Eleanor's	yes. <i>Eleanor's</i>	60.28
292.20	Mr.	<i>Mr.</i>	60.28
293.2	Sly cleverness	Fiendish cleverness	60.30
293.16	said politely	sad politely*	61.7

[Chapter 6 introduction](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[« back](#) [A](#) [B](#) [C](#)