

tired eyes – dingy, forlorn, certainly this would be very near her standard. She found the caretaker and he conducted her up five flights of stairs. Certainly not here, thought Juliet with an uneasy feeling that her legs might consider themselves as separate from her body and refuse to advance. And then – nonsense, perhaps it *must* be here. There was a passage, and leading from it three rooms – one large ‘living’ room and a small bedroom and a minute kitchen. She looked round, noticed that the window had wide low ledges, that in the recess of either side of the fireplace there [was] a wide washed [white-washed?] cupboard doing up with a button. ‘O, I like it’ she said, nodding seriously – and the rent was decidedly within her limit. (p52)

F Das Geheimnis. (It happened when I was young, but unconscious of youth) And dark crept into the room. Juliet, lying back in her chair, saw the sky a pale soft yellow, watched the steady outpouring of smoke from the chimneys opposite. A faint breath, like a sigh from the passing day, stirred the window curtains and blew on to her face. Sounds floated up to her . . . intensely individual yet blending into the great chorale of Twilight. An extraordinary weakness stole over her. She was dying softly, softly, like the day. Her arms hung straight on either side of her chair. Her hair fell back among the cushions – her lips slightly parted.

. . . The horror of the long white day. She could not endure another. Here in this twilight, shaking off her great chains of Commerce, London shone, mystical, dream-like. And Juliet too felt like a dream. She was floating, floating, in the veil-like pale sky. Yesterday had never been, today had never been, tomorrow was not. This struggle for bread, this starvation of Art. How could she expect to keep art with her in the ugliness of her rooms, in the sordidness of her surroundings. Listlessly she raised her head and looked round. The room was full of cool emptiness – nothing was apparent, everything suggestive, and full of charm. ‘You will stay with me a little longer – while I can offer you this Magic hour’ whispered –

The sky changed. Only a narrow strip of the pale yellow remained, and above a thin blue on which the darkness of night sky was partially hidden. Patches of rich golden light shone in the houses. She felt her fatigue, her doubts, her regrets, slip off from her tired heart. ‘O – O’, she said, ‘How weak I am. How I ought to be full of strength, and rejoicing all the day. Relations at the other end of the world who have, thank Heaven, cast me off and my wish fulfilled. I’m alone in the heart of London, working and living . . .’ Then another thought came – she shook her head and frowned, but a great wave of bitter sweeping memories broke over her and drowned all else. Where was he now?