

eyes. 'You adorable creature' whispered Rudolf, his face close to hers. 'You adorable creature – you shall not go now . . .' She felt the room sway and heave. She felt that she was going to faint. 'Rudolf, Rudolf,' she said, and Rudolf's answer was 'At last'. (pp78–86)

M It was eleven o'clock when David¹² entered the sitting room. He found Rudolf¹³ at the piano composing. 'Be quiet mon ami' he cried, 'listen a moment.' David stood still. Rudolf played madly, wildly, fiercely – the Music that was coursing through his brain seemed to intoxicate him. 'It is my masterpiece' he shouted, closing the piano and falling on to David's neck. 'It was my masterpiece.' 'What the Devil has come over you' cried David, bringing out of his pocket the programme of the evening Promenade. 'I'm still full of Wagner, and behold I find he is here incarnate in my room.' 'Yes, yes' said Rudolf, pulling David's handkerchief out of his pocket and applying it to his eyes, 'I am Wagner, I'm at the top of the whole world and it is rather strange. Rejoice with me', he said, running his hands through his hair.¹⁴ David lighted a cigarette and stood with his hands clasped behind his back. 'Are you drunk?' he said thoughtfully. 'Oui, oui – drunk I am – with the wine of Life, mon ami . . .' 'Well go and be drunk somewhere else. I've got an infernal headache and I want to smoke in peace.' 'Ah excuse, mon cher,' said Rudolf, laying his strong hand on David's arm. 'I shall be like a sucking baby¹⁰ if you will be kind. Where have you been?' 'I took Pearl to the Promenade.' 'Bon Dieu me garde!' ejaculated Rudolf. David turned to him sharply. 'Why not?' he said, 'why not? What do you mean? We talked about Juliet the whole time.' 'Did you take Pearl home?' 'Yes. I didn't stay. Juliet was asleep on the sofa – and it was so late. Anyone been here?' 'Not a soul' cried Rudolf airily, waving his hands to express boundless emptiness and vast solitude . . . 'I suppose the rose leaves floated through the window' said David, stooping to pick up some pink petals. 'They were once a button-hole' said Rudolf, 'but it died, and I threw it out of the window.' 'That is a lie' was the answer. His tone was very quiet. 'Juliet's been here. I know it. The remains of these blossoms she was wearing ten minutes ago. Besides, I knew it the moment I came in.' Rudolf grew suddenly confused and silent, then he shrugged his shoulders.¹⁵ 'It is true' he said. 'She left you this MS. I cannot think why I invented that sweet little tale . . .' 'Ah thanks' said David, taking the roll of paper from the table. 'I can't think why you did either. You two fight like cat and dog.' Rudolf frowned. 'She hates me' he said. 'She is impudent. This afternoon she insulted me. She is the only woman who has ever insulted me.' 'So you were ashamed to tell?' queried David. 'I wish that she hated me. It is an abominable position. I feel as though I ought to