

What was he doing? How did he live? Married? Single? Rich? Poor? Nothing was known. She shook from head to foot with pain and anger with herself. Were those five years to haunt her always? Would she never be strong enough to stand absolutely alone? Should the first thought at waking always be 'Who knows' and the last thought at night 'Perhaps tomorrow'? She moved restlessly. 'I say I am independent – I am utterly dependent. I say I am masculine – no-one could be more feminine. I say I am complete – I am hopelessly incomplete.' Try as she would, she knew that it was hopeless to attempt to change. 'I must just put up with it' she said aloud.

Suddenly she listened. Someone was mounting the stairs, quickly, lightly. She glanced at the clock – it was just half past eight. The steps came nearer. Outside her door they stopped. There was a momentary pause, then a knock, sharp, imperative. She sprang to her feet, and something within her seemed to spring to birth and laugh. She sprang to her feet, lit a small jet of gas, then opened the door wide. In the passage a man leaned against the wall – the intense black of his coat against the white wall, the broad sweep of his hat. Then he put out his hand. Terror seized her. 'David' she whispered – she could scarcely articulate. Her mouth was parched. She leaned against the door for support. 'David.' 'I have found you now' he said, seizing both her hands and dragging her into the room and over to the light, his pale face full of a great peace.⁵ (pp53–56)

G The Man. When she reached the long tree-lined avenue the rain had ceased and great splashes of sunlight lay across the road. As she reached the house she stopped and repeated the Dorian Gray. Her heart was beating almost unbearably. She pressed her hand against her hot face. 'This is gloriously unconventional' said Juliet, 'but I wish I was less frightened.' Walter opened the door. 'Ha! you've come at last' he said, his voice full of intense hospitality. 'Come along into the smoking room – second door to the right.' She pushed aside the heavy purple portière. The room was full of gloom but vivid yellow curtains hung straight and fine before the three windows. Tall wrought-iron candlesticks stood in the corners – the dead whiteness of the candles suddenly brought back a memory of Saint Gudule at dusk, and Juliet caught her breath. There were prints of beautiful women on the walls and the graceful figure of a girl holding a shell in her exquisite arms stood on a table. There was a long low couch upholstered in dull purple, and quaint low chairs in the same colour. The room was full of the odour of chrysanthemums⁶ – the blossoms were arranged in high glasses on the mantel shelf . . . 'I am afraid' said Walter closing the door and speaking slightly apologetically, 'it's not very . . .' 'Please I like it' Juliet said,