

individuals. We both ask from the other personal privacy, and we can be silent for hours when the desire seizes us.' 'Think of a man always with you. A woman cannot be wholly natural with a man – there is always a feeling that she must take care that she doesn't let him go.' 'A perpetual strain.' 'Also I should inevitably want to fly very high if I was certain that my wings were clipped.' 'Ugh' said Juliet, going over to the wardrobe and reaching for her coat and hat. 'I loathe the very principle of matrimony. It must end in failure, and it is death to a woman's personality. She must drop the theme and begin to start playing the accompaniment. For me there is *no* attraction.'

Vere suddenly laughed. 'I was thinking of your past *affaire de coeur* with David Méjin' she said. 'Please don't' cried Juliet. 'To think of it makes me feel overwhelmingly sick. When I think how he filled, swayed my whole life, how I worshipped him – only I did. How jealous I was of him! I kept the very envelopes of his letters, for years – and he, to say the least, raised his hat and passed on.' 'What would you do if you met him now?' 'Broadly speaking – do as I had been done by. I should simply bow.' 'I don't know that I would do that . . . ' 'Well,' she drew on her gloves, 'I shall take the plunge dear, and bring you back a brown loaf for supper. There is something aesthetic in the substance of a brown loaf.'

Once out in the streets Juliet walked very fast, her head bent. She was thinking, thinking. How absurd everything was. How small she was. She walked along Holborn, and into Oxford Street. The restaurants were full of light, and the sound of laughter seemed to be in the air. A curious helplessness took possession of her – an inability to speak or to stop walking. Half way down Oxford Street she suddenly heard a hoarse cry in the street. There had been an accident. In an instant there had sprung up scores of people who were all hurrying forward. Juliet ran with them. As she neared the place she heard 'E's done for, poor feller. 'E caught 'im fair on the leg.' 'Hit 'is head too – 'e was in the hansom.'⁹

(pp73-77)

K David and Pearl were married as soon as I [i.e. they] reasonably could be after Juliet's death, and a year and a half later, when a girl child was born, they both decided she should be christened after 'poor Juliet'. Pearl gave up smoking cigarettes and published a little volume which she called "Mother Thought" . . . somehow the title does not seem intensely original. Also, when they realised the possibility of another extension to their family they bought a nice little house near Cricklewood,¹⁰ and David achieved no small measure of success with his gardening.

Rudolf did not return to England after his tour in Italy but went further