

.X.

The feathery-white moon never let the sky grow dark; all night the chestnut blossoms were white in the green, and dim was the cow parsley in its meadows. Neither to Tartary nor ^{to} Arabia went the wind of the Cambridge courts, but lapsed dreamily in the midst of gray-blue clouds over the roofs of Newham. There, in the garden, if she needed space to wander she might find it among the trees; and as none but women's faces could meet her face she might unveil it, blank, featureless and gaze into rooms where at that hour, blank, featureless, eyelids white over eyes, ringless hands extended upon sheets, there slept innumerable women. But here and there a light still burnt.

Angela's
out

A double light one might figure in ~~Angela's~~ room, all seeing how bright ^{Angela herself} she was and how bright came back the ~~red~~ reflection of herself from the square glass. The whole of her was perfectly delineated--perhaps the soul. For the glass held up an untrembling image--white and gold, red slipper, pale hair with blue stones in it, and never a ripple or shadow to break the smooth kiss of Angela and her reflection ^{in the glass} as if

she were glad to be Angela. Anyhow the moment was glad--^{the} ~~the~~ picture ^{hung} in the heart of night, ~~the~~ ^{his} golden shrine ^{looked in the} ~~in the dark~~ Cathedral. Strange indeed to have this visible proof, [available at any moment granted glass and light] of the rightness of things, this lily floating flawless upon time's pool, featureless,

blackness

as if this were sufficient--this reflection. Which meditation she betrayed by turning, and the mirror held nothing at all, or only a brass bodice, and she, running here and there, patting and darting, because like a woman in a house, and changed again, pursing her lips, ^{over a black book} and marking with her finger what ~~at~~ surely could not be a firm grasp of the science of logic.

Only Angela Williams was at Nownham for the purpose of earning her living and could not forget even in moments of ~~passionate~~ impassioned adoration the cheques of her father at Swansea--her mother washing in the ~~the~~ scullery--pink frocks out to dry on the line--taken that even the lily no longer floats flawless upon the pool but has a name on a card like any other.

A. Williams, ~~A~~ One may read it in the moonlight. and next

to it some Mary or Eleanor, Mildred, Sarah, Phoebe upon square cards on their doors. All names, nothing but names. The cool brown light withered them and starched them until it seemed as if the only purpose of all these names was to rise martially in order should there be a call on them to extinguish a fire, suppress an insurrection or pass an examination. Such is the power of ~~names~~ ^{names} pinned upon doors. Such too the reason ~~blame~~, what with tiles carried and bedroom doors to dairy or nursery, a place of seclusion and discipline, where the bowl of milk stands cold and pure, and there is a great washing of linen. At that very moment as if mischievous children were at play soft laughter came from behind a door. ^A Some prim-voiced clock struck the hour. One, two. Now if the clock were issuing

his commands they were ~~openly~~ disregarded. Fire, insurrection, examination, were all snowed under by laughter; or softly uprooted, the sound seeming to bubble up from the depths and gently waft away the hoar, rules, discipline. The bed was strewn with cards. Sally was on the floor. Helena in the chair. Good Bertha clasping her knees by the fire place.

"Because its utterly and intolerably damnable," said Helena.

"Damnable" echoed Bertha. Then yawned.

"We're not ^{in much} ~~much~~ ~~much~~." ~~much~~

"I saw her slipping in ~~from~~ ^{by} the back gate with that old hat on"

"They don't want us to know".

"They", said someone. "She."

Then the laughter.

The cards were spread; falling with their red and yellow faces on the table, and hands were dabbled in the cards; good Bertha leaning with her head against the chair, sighing so profoundly. For she would willingly have slept, but since night is ~~a gift~~ ⁴ free pasturage a limitless field, since night is unbounded richness, one must tunnel into its darkness. One must hang it with jewels. Night was shared in secret. Day browned on by the whole flock. [In the night, especially the surer's sight, there was towards dawn a strange feeling.] The blinds

were pulled up. A mist was in the garden. Sitting on the floor by the window, body, mind, both together ~~seemed~~ ^{blown} through the air, to trail across the bushes. ^{Mist the breeze} (Oh but to stretch out in bed and to sleep!) She believed that no one felt her desire for sleep; she believed humbly--sleepily--with sudden nods and lurchings ^{forwards} of her head that other people were wide awake. When they laughed all together a bird chirped in its sleep out in the garden --as if the laughter--

Yes, as if the laughter (for she ~~heard~~ ^{heard}) floated out much like the mist and attached itself by soft elastic threads to plants and bushes; so that the garden was vaporous and clouded. And then swept by the wind the bushes would bow themselves and the white vapours blow off over the world.

From all the rooms where the women slept this vapour ^{again} ~~came~~, attaching itself to shrubs like white mist and then blowing ^{blow} freely out into the open. (That at least was the feeling of the dawn in the garden.) Elderly women slept, who would on waking clasp immediately the ivory rod of office. Now smooth and colourless reposing deeply they lay surrounded, lay supported, by the bodies of youth recumbent or grouped at the window; pouring forth into the garden this bubbling laughter. Irresponsible laughter. Laughter of mind and body; life itself; floating away rules and discipline; intensely fertilising, yet ferocious, chaotic, trailing and straying and tuffing the rose bushes with ^{while the} threads of vapour.

"Ah," Miranda breathed, ^{standing at the window} in her ~~night~~ ^{night} gown, ~~staring~~

~~her own~~ "Oh!" Pain was in her voice. She leant her head out,
~~into the air~~

The mist was cleft as if her voice parted it. She had been

talking to Alice Avery; ~~and Alice had described Bashorough~~

~~Castle.~~

about Bashorough Castle; about the colour of the sands at

evening; about 'my father', 'my mother'; Dick; Midget. then

simply this. "I shall write and recite the days upon which Alice

Avery, daughter of Judge A Avery, not ^{in the way} ~~good~~ like to other people,

steeped, kissed her, and went to bed, and Miranda, positively

unable to sit still, like one possessed of a wind leashed son

in her heart, roamed up and down her room (the witness of such

a scene) throwing her arms out to relieve this excitement--

this astonishment--this incredible steeping of the miraculous

tree with the golden fruit at its summit--hadn't it dropped

into her arms? She held it glowing to her breast. A thing not

to be thought of ~~not~~ but left to glow there. And then, slowly

undressing, putting here her stockings, there her stays, and

folding her petticoat neatly on top, ^{Miranda} Miranda--her other name

being ^{in the way} ~~man~~--realised--how ^{to end it} shall we express it?-- that

after the dark churning of myriad ages here was light at the

end of the tunnel--life, the world. In reach her it lay.

All was good; all lovable; such was her discovery.

Indeed, how could one ~~one~~ then feel surprise if, lying

in bed, she could not close her eyes? Something irresistibly

~~seemed to~~ ^{involuntarily} ~~for ever~~ to open them. --if in the shallow darkness

chair and chest of drawers looked stately, and the looking glass

precious with its ashen hint of day? Sucking her thumb
 like a child (her age 19) she lay in ~~this~~ ^{at the} good world; ~~this~~ ^{the} new
 world; the world at the end of the tunnel; until a desire to
 see it or forestall it drove her, tossing her blankets, to
 guide herself to the window and there, looking out upon the
 garden, where the mist lay, all the windows open, one bluish,
 something murmuring in the distance, the world of course,
 and the morning coming, Oh she cried, as if in pain.