

A FIELD GUIDE TO LOST THINGS

PETER JAEGER

A FIELD GUIDE TO LOST THINGS

~ V ≡ D

if p then q classics

41 Fulford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, M16 9PX

www.ifpthenq.co.uk
ifpthenq@fsmail.net

Published by *if p then q*

if p then q classics is part of the wider *if p then q* family

© Peter Jaeger 2015

ISBN 978-0-9571827-7-6

With a passion unknown to any writer before him, Proust took as his subject the fidelity of things that have crossed our path in life. Fidelity to an afternoon, to a tree, a spot of sun on the carpet . . .

Walter Benjamin

Upon the sort of screen, patterned with different states and impressions, which my consciousness would quietly unfold while I was reading, and which ranged from the most deeply hidden aspirations of my heart to the wholly external view of the horizon spread out before my eyes at the foot of the garden, what was from the first the most permanent and the most intimate part of me, the lever whose incessant movements controlled all the rest, was my belief in the philosophic richness and beauty of the book I was reading, and my desire to appropriate these to myself, whatever the book might be.

Marcel Proust

Acacias I walked towards the *Allée des Acacias*. On certain days when I had missed her in the Allée des Acacias I would be so fortunate as to meet her in the *Allée de la Reine Marguerite*, where women went who wished to be alone, or to appear to be wishing to be alone.

Afternoon Sky Sometimes in the afternoon sky a white moon would creep up like a little cloud, furtive, without display.

Agate Marble I kissed the agate marble, which was the better part of my love's heart, the part that was not frivolous but faithful. I read over again a page which, although it had not been written to me by Gilberte, came to me, none the less, from her, that page by Bergotte upon the beauty of the old myths from which Racine drew his inspiration, which (with the agate marble) I always kept within reach.

Air Her hand, at the same time, sketched in the air an indelicate gesture. "Now,

don't stay here all day; you can go up to your room if you are too hot outside, but get a little fresh air first; don't start reading immediately after your food." The fresh air made one hungry. Then after patterning everywhere the violet velvet of the evening air, abruptly soothed, they would return and be absorbed in the tower. "You'll come away more 'up in the air' than I am!"

All Manner of Birds All the hats now were immense; covered with fruits and flowers and all manner of birds.

Almonds I felt suddenly, as I rose again, a bitter-sweet fragrance of almonds steal towards me from the hawthorn-blossom. I imagined that this fragrance must lie concealed, as the taste of an almond cake lay in the burned parts, or the sweetness of Mlle. Vinteuil's cheeks beneath their freckles.

American Eye "Upon my word and soul, you can see at a glance she's got the

American eye, that girl has.”

Ampelopsis Elsewhere, again, might be seen the first awakening of this Maytime of the leaves, and those of an ampelopsis, a smiling miracle, like a red hawthorn flowering in winter, had that very morning all ‘come out,’ so to speak, in blossom.

Ancient Trees I aspired already to be an author, and truly nothing can be finer, sweeter, more refreshing for a writer than the sight of this sombre mass of foliage formed by the ancient trees of the garden.

Animal But all the things in life that have once existed tend to recur, and, like a dying animal that is once more stirred by the throes of a convulsion which was, apparently, ended, upon Swann’s heart, spared for a moment only, the same agony returned of its own accord to trace the same cross again. He knew that this thought had jumped in after him and had settled down upon his knee, like a pet animal which he might

take everywhere. It’s a most engaging animal. It’s not often you see an animal so well-behaved at that age. The very words which the last convulsions of an inoffensive animal in its death agony wring from the peasant who is engaged in taking its life.

Animal’s Consciousness

I had only the most rudimentary sense of existence, such as may lurk and flicker in the depths of an animal’s consciousness.

Animals He now noticed, for the first time, roused by the unexpected arrival of so belated a guest, the scattered pack of splendid effortless animals.

Ankle Ah! if he could only manage to prevent it, if she could sprain her ankle before starting, if the driver of the carriage which was to take her to the station would consent (no matter how great the bribe) to smuggle her to some place where she could be kept for a time in seclusion, that perfidious woman.

Ant Hill Words present to us little pictures of things, lucid and normal, like the pictures that are hung on the walls of schoolrooms to give children an illustration of what is meant by a carpenter's bench, a bird, an ant hill.

Apple Trees It was while going the 'Méséglise way' that I first noticed the circular shadow which apple trees cast upon the sunlit ground, and also those impalpable threads of golden silk which the setting sun weaves slantingly downwards from beneath their leaves.

Apricots Apricots, because they were still hard to get.

Aquatic Gardening But farther on the current slackened, where the stream ran through a property thrown open to the public by its owner, who had made a hobby of aquatic gardening.

Arm I touch your arm. It's often quite boring enough to have to give a dinner-party, but if one had to offer one's

arm to Spartacus, to let him take one down! Mamma pinched my arm sharply and said in a loud voice: "Good morning, Françoise." M. Swann seized my grandfather by the arm and cried, "Oh, my dear old friend, how fortunate we are to be walking here together on such a charming day!" When he proposed to take leave of Odette, and to return home, she begged him to stay a little longer, and even detained him forcibly, seizing him by the arm as he was opening the door to go.

Arms Custom came to take me in her arms, carried me all the way up to my bed, and laid me down there like a little child. "Elevated...to the height of an Institute!" interrupted Cottard, raising his arms with mock solemnity. How readily would I have sacrificed them all, just to be able to cry, all night long, in the arms of Mamma! I would fall into the arms of my mother. In my new-found confidence and joy I wept upon his printed page, as in the arms of a long-lost

father. "Most fortunate for France!" he recited wickedly, shooting up both arms with great vigour. She had entered the room with her arms pressed close to her sides, even when there was no crowd to be squeezed through. She might perhaps be seized by the whim (which, it was possible, had never yet seized her) of falling into the arms of Forcheville. She would jump in beside him, and hold him in her arms until the carriage drew up at the Verdurins'. She would procure an invitation for him also, and to lull to rest in her arms the anguish that still tormented him. Yet he would have wished to live until the time came when he no longer loved her, when she would have no reason for lying to him, when at length he might learn from her whether, on the day when he had gone to see her in the afternoon, she had or had not been in the arms of Forcheville.

Asparagus "Françoise, if you had come in five minutes ago, you would have seen Mme. Imbert go

past with some asparagus twice the size of what mother Callot has." "It's a regular disease of asparagus you have got this year: you will make our Parisians sick of it." "I've still to dress the asparagus." Many years later we discovered that, if we had been fed on asparagus day after day throughout that whole season, it was because the smell of the plants gave the poor kitchen-maid, who had to prepare them, such violent attacks of asthma that she was finally obliged to leave my aunt's service. The light crowns of azure which capped the asparagus shoots above their pink jackets would be finely and separately outlined, star by star, as in Giotto's fresco are the flowers banded about the brows. What fascinated me would be the asparagus, tinged with ultramarine and rosy pink which ran from their heads, finely stippled in mauve and azure, through a series of imperceptible changes to their white feet, still stained a little by the soil of their garden bed: a rainbow-loveliness that was not of

this world. "What, Françoise, more asparagus!" "You know quite well that he can never grow anything but wretched little twigs of asparagus, not asparagus at all."

Astral Body It was now an astral body.

Atmosphere And yet he was inclined to suspect that the state for which he so much longed was a calm, a peace, which would not have created an atmosphere favourable to his love. What agony he suffered as he watched that light, in whose golden atmosphere were moving, behind the closed sash, the unseen and detested pair.

Atmospheric

Disturbances "I never allow myself to be influenced in the smallest degree either by atmospheric disturbances or by the arbitrary divisions of what is known as Time."

Atmospheric Variation

Thus it came about that a mere atmospheric variation would be sufficient to

provoke in me that modulation, without there being any need for me to await the return of a season.

Atom I could not discover in them one atom of pleasure.

Autumn I formed the habit of going out by myself on such days, and walking towards Méséglise-la-Vineuse, during that autumn when we had to come to Combray to settle the division of my aunt Léonie's estate. My sense of exaltation was due not only to admiration of the autumn tints but to a bodily desire. My walks, that autumn, were all the more delightful because I used to take them after long hours spent over a book. The beauty for which the firs and acacias of the Bois de Boulogne made me long, more disquieting in that respect than the chestnuts and lilacs of Trianon which I was going to see, was not fixed somewhere outside myself in the relics of an historical period, in works of art, in a little temple of love at whose door was piled an oblation

of autumn leaves ribbed with gold. We used to see passing up and down, obliquely raised towards the heavens, her handsome face with its brown and wrinkled cheeks, which with age had acquired almost the purple hue of tilled fields in autumn. When in Paris, if we stay indoors, being so near and yet prevented from witnessing the transformation scene of autumn, which is drawing so rapidly to a close without our assistance, we feel a regret for the fallen leaves that becomes a fever, and may even keep us awake at night.

Avalanche An avalanche of miseries and maladies coming, one after another, without interruption into the bosom of a family, will not make it lose faith in either the clemency of its God or the capacity of its physician.

Balzacian Flora Come with the primrose, with the canon's beard, with the gold-cup; come with the stone-crop, whereof are posies made, pledges of

love, in the Balzacian flora, come with that flower of the Resurrection morning, the Easter daisy, come with the snowballs of the guelder-rose, which begin to embalm with their fragrance the alleys of your great-aunt's garden ere the last snows of Lent are melted from its soil.

Banks We met him strolling on the banks.

Beach My grandmother, who held that, when one went to the seaside, one ought to be on the beach from morning to night, to taste the salt breezes, and that one should not know anyone in the place, because calls and parties and excursions were so much time stolen from what belonged, by rights, to the sea air.

Beak Its beak, as it disappeared below the rim, conferred the part.

Bear I did not understand very clearly why, in order to refrain from going to the houses of people whom one did not know, it should be

necessary to cling to one's independence, nor how that could give one the appearance of a savage or a bear. I make myself seem ill-bred, uncivilized, an old bear.

Beard "When his beard comes he'll be Mahomet himself."

Beast of the Field "He regards, or so they tell me, its author, one Bergotte, Esquire, as a subtle scribe, more subtle, indeed, than any beast of the field."

Beautiful Features Certainly my mother's beautiful features seemed to shine again with youth that evening, as she sat gently holding my hands and trying to check my tears.

Belly And even in the case of the poor kitchen-maid, was not our attention incessantly drawn to her belly by the load which filled it?

Bird At first the piano complained alone, like a bird deserted by its mate; the violin heard and

answered it, as from a neighbouring tree. I could hear the whistling of trains, which, now nearer and now farther off, punctuating the distance like the note of a bird in a forest. Mme. Verdurin, perched on her high seat like a cage-bird whose biscuit has been steeped in mulled wine, would sit aloft and sob with fellow-feeling. Offering to the bird in abundance the fruit or grain at which it appeared to be pecking. Was it a bird, was it the soul, not yet made perfect, of the little phrase, was it a fairy, invisibly somewhere lamenting, whose plaint the piano heard and tenderly repeated? You may see a bird flying across the pink; it draws near the border-line, touches it, enters and is lost upon the black.

Bird-Like Eyes She would utter a shrill cry, shut tight her little bird-like eyes, which were beginning to be clouded over by a cataract, and quickly, as though she had only just time to avoid some indecent sight or to parry a mortal blow, burying her face in her

hands, which completely engulfed it, and prevented her from seeing anything at all, she would appear to be struggling to suppress, to eradicate a laugh which, were she to give way to it, must inevitably leave her inanimate.

Birds I would contrive, with the infinite patience of birds building their nests. Its drops, like migrating birds which fly off in a body at a given moment, would come down out of the sky in close marching order. Swann watched them as they listened to the pianoforte intermezzo (Liszt's 'Saint Francis preaching to the birds') which came after the flute, and followed the virtuoso in his dizzy flight. The cries of the birds wheeling to and fro about it seemed to intensify its silence, to elongate its spire still further, and to invest it with some quality beyond the power of words. The three steeples were always a long way ahead of us, like three birds perched upon the plain, motionless and conspicuous in the sunlight.

Black Cloud Just look at that black cloud behind the steeple, and how poor the light is on the slates, you may be certain it will rain before the day is out.

Black Eyes Her black eyes gleamed.

Black Night What little daylight yet remained was failing, and it seemed as though a black night was immediately to fall on them.

Black Sun I saw these, in the hot light of a summer morning, blaze like a black sun.

Blemish She should incline towards me that face on which there was, beneath her eye, something that was, it appears, a blemish, and which I loved as much as all the rest.

Block of Ice A single word from Odette sufficed to penetrate through all Swann's defences, and like a block of ice immobilized it, congealed its fluidity, made it freeze altogether.

Blood By keeping the blood

there in circulation it would make less frequent the chokings and other pains to which she was liable.

Bloom “Besides, she doesn’t care for him in that way, she says; it’s an ideal love, ‘Platonic,’ you know; she’s afraid of rubbing the bloom off—oh, I don’t know half the things she says, how should I?”

Blossom For a long time afterwards it was not against a wall gay with spikes of purple blossom, but on a wholly different background, the porch of a gothic cathedral, that I would see outlined the figure of one of the women of whom I dreamed. In that moist and gentle atmosphere these heavenly flower-beds will break into blossom, in a few moments, in the evenings, incomparably lovely, and often lasting for hours before they fade.

Blue Eyes “I’ll leave you in peace now, I know when I’m not wanted,” she ended discreetly, and left Swann with the girl who had the

blue eyes.

Blue Moustache “I can quite see the good points there are in his portrait of my husband; oh, dear me, yes; and it’s certainly less odd than most of what he does, but even then he had to give the poor man a blue moustache!”

Blue Sky “May you always see a blue sky overhead, my young friend; and then, even when the time comes, which is coming now for me, when the woods are all black, when night is fast falling, you will be able to console yourself, as I am doing, by looking up to the sky.”

Body Already it had passed into his soul, already the little phrase which it evoked shook like a medium’s the body of the violinist. Françoise never went out of her room for an instant, never took off her clothes, allowed no one else to do anything for my aunt, and did not leave her body until it was actually in its grave. He had intended to leave time for her mind to

overtake her body's movements. He should not be present when the body was laid in its coffin. He slipped his arm round her shoulder, supporting her body against his own. Her frail and disordered body was still able to endure. If from those dreams the memory of her could no longer be eliminated, then her bodily imperfections would no longer be of the least importance, nor would the conformity of her body, more or less than any other, to the requirements of Swann's taste; since, having become the body of her whom he loved, it must henceforth be the only one capable of causing him joy or anguish. Like a solid body surprised at some unknown point in its revolution. Like the idealist philosopher whose body takes account of the external world in the reality of which his intellect declines to believe, the same self which had made me salute her before I had identified her now urged me to catch the ball that she tossed to me. Mlle. Vinteuil greeted her without rising, clasping her hands behind

her head, and drew her body to one side of the sofa. Mme. Verdurin's whole body stiffened. My body had turned about for the last time. My body lay stretched out in bed, my eyes staring upwards, my ears straining, my nostrils sniffing uneasily, and my heart beating. My body, conscious that its own warmth was permeating hers, would strive to become one with her, and I would awake. My body, still too heavy with sleep to move, would make an effort to construe the form which its tiredness took as an orientation of its various members, so as to induce from that where the wall lay and the furniture stood, to piece together and to give a name to the house in which it must be living. My body, the side upon which I was lying, loyally preserving from the past an impression which my mind should never have forgotten. My cheek was still warm with her kiss, my body bent beneath the weight of hers. No sooner had the warm liquid, and the crumbs with it, touched my palate than a shudder ran through my

whole body, and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary changes that were taking place. "Oh, you do make me so miserable," she cried, with a jerk of her body as though to shake herself free of the constraint of his question. She was screened from me by the stooping body of her friend. Some tiny trace of contrariety in his mind, or of weakness in his body—by inciting him to regard the present as an exceptional moment, one not to be governed by the rules, one in which prudence itself would allow him to take advantage of the soothing effects of a pleasure. The attraction which her body held for him had aroused a painful longing to secure the absolute mastery of even the tiniest particles of her heart. The body of Golo himself, being of the same supernatural substance as his steed's, overcame all material obstacles. The constant iteration had gradually remoulded her body. The figure of this girl had been enlarged by the additional symbol which she carried in her body. The

quick relief of its slender, allegorical body. The stiffened side underneath my body would, for instance, in trying to fix its position, imagine itself to be lying, face to the wall, in a big bed with a canopy.

Bois A month after the evening on which he had intercepted and read Odette's letter to Forcheville, Swann went to a dinner which the Verdurins were giving in the Bois. After dinner, if he had an early appointment in the Bois or at Saint-Cloud, he would rise from table and leave the house so abruptly—especially if it threatened to rain, and so to scatter the 'faithful' before their normal time. Gone to dine upon the Island in the Bois. He had long since emerged from the paths and avenues of the Bois, he had almost reached his own house, and still, for he had not yet thrown off the intoxication of grief, or his whim of insincerity, but was ever more and more exhilarated by the false intonation, the artificial sonority of his own voice, he

continued to perorate aloud in the silence of the night. He hoped that, some day, he might be able to hear the Island in the Bois, or the Princesse des Laumes mentioned without feeling any twinge of that old rending pain. He preferred to walk, and it was on foot, through the Bois, that he came home. He would imagine that Odette was Forcheville's mistress, and that, when they had both sat watching him from the depths of the Verdurins' landau, in the Bois, on the evening before the party at Chatou to which he had not been invited. I could feel that the Bois was not really a wood, that it existed for a purpose alien to the life of its trees. I had risen and left the house to go to Trianon, passing through the Bois de Boulogne. I think it was in the Bois, one evening when you came to meet us on the Island. I would guide Françoise in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne. If, when Odette wished to go for a walk, in the morning, along the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, his duty as a good husband had obliged

him, though he had no desire to go out, to accompany her, carrying her cloak when she was too warm. In the evening, when he did not stay at home until it was time to meet Odette at the Verdurins', or rather at one of the open-air restaurants which they liked to frequent in the Bois and especially at Saint-Cloud, he would go to dine in one of those fashionable houses in which, at one time, he had been a constant guest. It is an admirable street to live in because it's only a few minutes' walk from the Bois. Nature began again to reign over the Bois, from which had vanished all trace of the idea that it was the Elysian Garden of Woman. One evening, when, irritated by the thought of that inevitable dark drive together, he had taken his other 'little girl' all the way to the Bois. Swann had left before the coffee came in, to join the Verdurins on the Island in the Bois. That sense of the complexity of the Bois de Boulogne which made it an artificial place and, in the zoological or mythological sense of the

word, a Garden, I captured again, this year, as I crossed it on my way to Trianon, on one of those mornings, early in November. That won't bore you, will it, a quiet little dinner, now and then, in the Bois? The Bois had the temporary, unfinished, artificial look of a nursery garden or a park in which, either for some botanic purpose or in preparation for a festival, there have been embedded among the trees of commoner growth, which have not yet been uprooted and transplanted elsewhere, a few rare specimens, with fantastic foliage, which seem to be clearing all round themselves an empty space, making room, giving air, diffusing light. The different parts of the Bois, so easily confounded in summer in the density and monotony of their universal green, were now clearly divided. Then it befell the Maison Dorée, as it had befallen the Island in the Bois, that gradually its name ceased to trouble him. They walked the Bois bare-headed. This, the Bois, equally complex, uniting a multitude of little

worlds, distinct and separate—placing a stage set with red trees, American oaks, like an experimental forest in Virginia, next to a fir-wood by the edge of the lake, or to a forest grove from which would suddenly emerge, in her lissome covering of furs, with the large, appealing eyes of a dumb animal, a hastening walker—was the Garden of Woman.

Bone “As if it weren't ‘just the *andante*’ that breaks every bone in my body.”

Bones She would hold out for me to kiss her sad brow, pale and lifeless, on which at this early hour she would not yet have arranged the false hair and through which the bones shone like the points of a crown of thorns. What a lazy-bones!

Bookworm “What fun it would be to become a regular bookworm, to bury my nose in a lot of old papers!”

Bosom His jealousy was not satisfied that he had yet suffered enough, and sought

to expose his bosom to an even deeper wound. Pointing to her bosom. She received him, wearing a wrapper of mauve *crêpe de Chine*, which draped her bosom, like a mantle, with a richly embroidered web.

Boughs I would hasten eagerly to the spots where masterpieces of female elegance would be incarnate for a few moments beneath the unconscious, accommodating boughs.

Brain As soon as I asked myself the question, and tried to discover some subjects to which I could impart a philosophical significance of infinite value, my mind would stop like a clock, I would see before me vacuity, nothing, would feel either that I was wholly devoid of talent, or that, perhaps, a malady of the brain was hindering its development. At odd moments, no doubt, in the furthest recesses of his brain, where his determination had thrust it away, and thanks to the length of the interval, the three weeks' separation to

which he had agreed, it was with pleasure that he would consider the idea that he would see Odette again on her return; but it was also with so little impatience that he began to ask himself whether he would not readily consent to the doubling of the period of so easy an abstinence. From what I had been told of them I would arrange them in the order of their talent in lists which I used to murmur to myself all day long: lists which in the end became petrified in my brain and were a source of annoyance to it, being irremovable. He could not explore the idea further, for a sudden access of that mental lethargy which was, with him, congenital, intermittent and providential, happened, at that moment, to extinguish every particle of light in his brain, as instantaneously as, at a later period, when electric lighting had been everywhere installed, it became possible, merely by fingering a switch, to cut off all the supply of light from a house. I imagined, like everyone else, that the

brains of other people were lifeless and submissive receptacles with no power of specific reaction to any stimulus which might be applied to them. I set between them, far more distinctly than the mere distance in miles and yards and inches which separated one from the other, the distance that there was between the two parts of my brain in which I used to think of them, one of those distances of the mind which time serves only to lengthen, which separate things irremediably from one another, keeping them for ever upon different planes. I wished only to keep in reserve in my brain those converging lines, moving in the sunshine, and, for the time being, to think of them no more. I would read, or rather sing his sentences in my brain, with rather more *dolce*, rather more *lento* than he himself had, perhaps, intended, and his simplest phrase would strike my ears with something peculiarly gentle and loving in its intonation. If he is rather unpleasantly affected when

he tries to be paradoxical, still he has one of the finest brains that I have ever come across. Stimulate and fertilize my brain with a sense of bradding and blossoming life. The intelligence of the Professor's vigorous and well-nourished brain might easily have been envied by many of the people in society who seemed witty enough to Swann.

Breast The broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his breast, had made Swann give that name. But unfortunately the talker was now subordinated to another Legrandin, whom he kept carefully hidden in his breast, whom he would never consciously exhibit, because this other could tell stories about our own Legrandin and about his snobbishness which would have ruined his reputation for ever.

Breezes And a spotted necktie, stirred by the breezes of the Square, continued to float in front of Legrandin, like the standard of his proud isolation, of his

noble independence.

Brightly-Coloured Cloud

He seemed to have penetrated my father's skull, as if it had been a ball of glass, and to be seeing, at the moment, a long way beyond and behind it, a brightly coloured cloud.

Brill A brill, because the fish-woman had guaranteed its freshness.

Brow Any of us who happened to intrude upon her at one of these moments would find her bathed in perspiration, her eyes blazing, her false hair pushed awry and exposing the baldness of her brows. He passed his hands two or three times across his brow. Her friend took the girl's head in her hands and placed a kiss on her brow with a docility prompted by the real affection she had for Mlle. Vinteuil, as well as by the desire to bring what distraction she could into the dull and melancholy life of an orphan. She had the pleasure of receiving those kisses on her brow, those smiles, those glances; all

feigned, perhaps, but akin in their base and vicious mode of expression to those which would have been discernible on the face of a creature formed not out of kindness and long-suffering, but out of self-indulgence and cruelty. "There, now," went on my aunt, beating her brow, "that reminds me that I never heard if she got to church this morning before the Elevation." We would enter what he called his 'study,' a room whose walls were hung with prints which showed, against a dark background, a plump and rosy goddess driving a car, or standing upon a globe, or wearing a star on her brow.

Bubble It was still there, like an iridescent bubble that floats for a while unbroken. The scent of hawthorn which strays plundering along the hedge from which, in a little while, the dog-roses will have banished it, a sound of footsteps followed by no echo, upon a gravel path, a bubble formed at the side of a waterplant by the current, and formed only to burst—my exaltation of mind has

borne them with it, and has succeeded in making them traverse all these successive years.

Buds High up on the branches, like so many of those tiny rose trees, their pots concealed in jackets of paper lace, whose slender stems rise in a forest from the altar on the greater festivals, a thousand buds were swelling and opening, paler in colour, but each disclosing as it burst, as at the bottom of a cup of pink marble, its blood-red stain, and suggesting even more strongly than the full-blown flowers the special, irresistible quality of the hawthorn tree, which, wherever it budded, wherever it was about to blossom, could bud and blossom in pink flowers alone.

Burning Hot Day It was a burning hot day, and she had come home so unwell that the doctor had warned my mother not to allow her again to tire herself in that way.

Bushes I must have made a

rustling sound among the bushes, she would have heard me, and might have thought that I had been hiding there in order to spy upon her.

Bust The inner bodice follow, in complete independence, controlled only by the fancy of their designer or the rigidity of their material, the line which led them to the knots of ribbon, falls of lace, fringes of vertically hanging jet, or carried them along the bust, but nowhere attached themselves to the living creature, who, according as the architecture of their fripperies drew them towards or away from her own, found herself either strait-laced to suffocation or else completely buried.

Buttercup “Why, my little buttercup, my little canary boy, he’s going to make Mamma as silly as himself if this goes on.”

Buttercups For the buttercups grew past numbering on this spot which they had chosen for

their games among the grass, standing singly, in couples, in whole companies, yellow as the yolk of eggs, and glowing with an added lustre, I felt, because, being powerless to consummate with my palate the pleasure which the sight of them never failed to give me, I would let it accumulate as my eyes ranged over their gilded expanse, until it had acquired the strength to create in my mind a fresh example of absolute, unproductive beauty; and so it had been from my earliest childhood, when from the tow-path I had stretched out my arms towards them, before even I could pronounce their charming name—a name fit for the Prince in some French fairy-tale; colonists, perhaps, in some far distant century from Asia, but naturalized now forever in the village, well satisfied with their modest horizon, rejoicing in the sunshine and the water's edge, faithful to their little glimpse of the railway station. Nothing was left now but a few stumps of towers, hummocks upon the

broad surface of the fields, hardly visible, broken battlements over which, in their day, the bowmen had hurled down stones, the watchmen had gazed out over Novepont, Clairefontaine, Martinville-le-Sec, Bailleau-l'Exempt, fiefs all of them of Guermantes, a ring in which Combray was locked; but fallen among the grass now, levelled with the ground, climbed and commanded by boys from the Christian Brothers' school, who came there in their playtime, or with lesson-books to be conned; emblems of a past that had sunk down and well-nigh vanished under the earth, that lay by the water's edge now, like an idler taking the air, yet giving me strong food for thought, making the name of Combray connote to me not the little town of to-day only, but an historic city vastly different, seizing and holding my imagination by the remote, incomprehensible features which it half-concealed beneath a spangled veil of buttercups.

Canal I have seen a bit of a canal in one place, and then I have turned a corner and seen another, but when I saw the second I could no longer see the first. It must be pretty cold, still, on the Grand Canal. The snowy, rosy flight of the wing of a lightly poised coif, tremulously reflected in the greenish waters of a canal.

Canals To take another example, there are all the canals at Jouy-le-Vicomte, which is *Gaudiacus vicecomitis*, as of course you know.

Carcass When it was dead Françoise mopped up its streaming blood, in which, however, she did not let her rancour drown, for she gave vent to another burst of rage, and, gazing down at the carcass of her enemy, uttered a final “Filthy creature!”

Cardoons Cardoons with marrow, because she had never done them for us in that way before.

Carnation Half-way up the trunk of a tree draped with

wild vine, the light had grafted and brought to blossom, too dazzling to be clearly distinguished, an enormous posy, of red flowers apparently, perhaps of a new variety of carnation.

Carnation or Hydrangea “That little pink cloud there, has it not just the tint of some flower, a carnation or hydrangea?”

Carnation Petals He no longer based his estimate of the merit of Odette’s face on the more or less good quality of her cheeks, and the softness and sweetness—as of carnation petals—which, he supposed, would greet his lips there, should he ever hazard an embrace.

Carnations I noticed before his door a carriage and pair, with red carnations on the horses’ blinkers and in the coachman’s buttonhole.

Carp Now and then, crushed by the burden of idleness, a carp would heave up out of the water, with an

anxious gasp.

Cat If she had seen a cat at midnight, or if the furniture had creaked.

Cat and Dog Life As regards figures of speech, he was insatiable in his thirst for knowledge, for often imagining them to have a more definite meaning than was actually the case, he would want to know what, exactly, was intended by those which he most frequently heard used: 'devilish pretty,' 'blue blood,' 'a cat and dog life,' 'a day of reckoning,' 'a queen of fashion,' 'to give a free hand,' 'to be at a deadlock,' and so forth; and in what particular circumstances he himself might make use of them in conversation.

Cattleya Besides that moment (that first evening on which they had done a cattleya) when she had told him that she was coming from the Maison Dorée, how many others must there have been, each of them covering a falsehood of which Swann had had no suspicion. He must instantly

accompany her home, to do a cattleya.

Cattleyas And long afterwards, when the arrangement (or, rather, the ritual presence of an arrangement) of her cattleyas had quite fallen into desuetude, the metaphor Do a cattleya, transmuted into a simple verb which they would employ without a thought of its original meaning when they wished to refer to the act of physical possession (in which, paradoxically, the possessor possesses nothing), survived to commemorate in their vocabulary the long forgotten custom from which it sprang. But he was so shy in approaching her that, after this evening which had begun by his arranging her cattleyas and had ended in her complete surrender, whether from fear of chilling her, or from reluctance to appear, even retrospectively, to have lied, or perhaps because he lacked the audacity to formulate a more urgent requirement than this (which could always be

repeated, since it had not annoyed her on the first occasion), he resorted to the same pretext on the following days. However disillusioned we may be about women, however we may regard the possession of even the most divergent types as an invariable and monotonous experience, every detail of which is known and can be described in advance, it still becomes a fresh and stimulating pleasure if the women concerned be—or be thought to be—so difficult as to oblige us to base our attack upon some unrehearsed incident in our relations with them, as was originally for Swann the arrangement of the cattleyas. If she had any cattleyas pinned to her bodice, he would say: "It is most unfortunate; the cattleyas don't need tucking in this evening; they've not been disturbed as they were the other night; I think, though, that this one isn't quite straight." Once he was left alone he would see again that smile, and her smile of the day before, another with which she had greeted him

sometime else, the smile which had been her answer, in the carriage that night, when he had asked her whether she objected to his rearranging her cattleyas. She found something 'quaint' in the shape of each of her Chinese ornaments, and also in her orchids, the cattleyas especially (these being, with chrysanthemums, her favourite flowers), because they had the supreme merit of not looking in the least like other flowers, but of being made, apparently, out of scraps of silk or satin.

Cave It seemed not so much the cave of Françoise as a little temple of Venus. Virgil depicts him as being received with open arms; or—to be content with an image more likely to have occurred to her, for she had seen it painted on the plates we used for biscuits at Combray—as the thought of having had to dinner Ali Baba, who, as soon as he found himself alone and unobserved, would make his way into the cave, resplendent with its unsuspected treasures.

Celestial Geography Like that scholarly swindler who devoted to the fabrication of forged palimpsests a wealth of skill and knowledge and industry the hundredth part of which would have sufficed to establish him in a more lucrative—but an honourable occupation, M. Legrandin, had we insisted further, would in the end have constructed a whole system of ethics, and a celestial geography of Lower Normandy.

Chasm In the midst of them parted, suddenly, a gaping chasm, that moment in the Bois.

Cheek He slipped his other hand upwards along Odette's cheek. I might be able, thanks to these mental preliminaries, to consecrate the whole of the minute Mamma would allow me to the sensation of her cheek against my lips. She stood there beside him, brushing his cheek. The exact spot on her cheek where I would imprint it.

Cheek by Jowl She had no desire to remain on friendly

terms with a person in whose house one might find oneself, any day, cheek by jowl.

Cheekbones The necessity, if he was to find any beauty in her face, of fixing his eyes on the fresh and rosy protuberance of her cheekbones, and of shutting out all the rest of those cheeks which were so often languorous and sallow, except when they were punctuated with little fiery spots, plunged him in acute depression, as proving that one's ideal is always unattainable, and one's actual happiness mediocre.

Cheeks A bright flush animated my aunt's cheeks. An infirmity of the skin had stained part of her cheeks and her crooked nose the bright red colour of balsam. He would fling himself upon this Botticelli maiden and kiss and bite her cheeks. I covered my old uncle's tobacco-stained cheeks with passionate kisses. I would lay my cheeks gently against the comfortable cheeks of my pillow, as plump and blooming as the cheeks of

babyhood. In the end they come to fill out so completely the curve of his cheeks. Pregnancy had swelled and stoutened every part of her, even to her face, and the vertical, squared outlines of her cheeks.

Cherries Cherries, the first to come from the cherry-tree, which had yielded none for the last two years.

Chestnut Tree I knew at that time, as though one's life were a series of galleries in which all the portraits of any one period had a marked family likeness, the same (so to speak) tonality—this early Swann abounding in leisure, fragrant with the scent of the great chestnut tree, of baskets of raspberries and of a sprig of tarragon. We sat in front of the house beneath the big chestnut tree. What had to move—a leaf of the chestnut tree, for instance—moved.

Chestnut Trees Sitting in the little parlour, where I would pass the time until dinner with a book, I might hear the water dripping

from our chestnut trees.

Chestnuts At one spot the light grew solid as a brick wall, and like a piece of yellow Persian masonry, patterned in blue, daubed coarsely upon the sky the leaves of the chestnuts; at another, it cut them off from the sky towards which they stretched out their curling, golden fingers. Even in the unwooded parts, where the horizon is large, here and there against the background of a dark and distant mass of trees, now leafless or still keeping their summer foliage unchanged, a double row of orange-red chestnuts seemed, as in a picture just begun, to be the only thing painted, so far, by an artist who had not yet laid any colour on the rest, and to be offering their cloister, in full daylight, for the casual exercise of the human figures that would be added to the picture later on. "Why, you're quite right; it is copied from...what shall I say, not chestnuts, no—oh, it's a delightful idea?"

Chicken A fiery glow which, accompanied often

by a cold that burned and stung, would associate itself in my mind with the glow of the fire over which, at that very moment, was roasting the chicken that was to furnish me, in place of the poetic pleasure I had found in my walk, with the sensual pleasures of good feeding, warmth and rest. Like Françoise at Combray when the chicken refused to die.

Chickens And, meanwhile, Françoise would be turning on the spit one of those chickens, such as she alone knew how to roast, chickens which had wafted far abroad from Combray the sweet savour of her merits, and which, while she was serving them to us at table, would make the quality of kindness predominate for the moment in my private conception of her character; the aroma of that cooked flesh, which she knew how to make so unctuous and so tender, seeming to me no more than the proper perfume of one of her many virtues. But who would have baked me such hot rolls, boiled me such fragrant coffee, and even—roasted

me such chickens?

Christmas Tree “I should miss the Christmas tree here.”

Chrysalis The process which had begun in her—and in her a little earlier only than it must come to all of us—was the great and general renunciation which old age makes in preparation for death, the chrysalis stage of life.

Chrysanthemum He could see it all; the snowy, curled petals of the chrysanthemum which she had tossed after him into his carriage, which he had kept pressed to his lips. He had in his study a cupboard at which he contrived never to look, which he turned aside to avoid passing whenever he entered or left the room, because in one of its drawers he had locked away the chrysanthemum which she had given him on one of those first evenings when he had taken her home in his carriage. He was jealous of those men of whom he had so often said, without much suffering: perhaps she’s in

love with them, now that he had exchanged the vague idea of loving, in which there is no love, for the petals of the chrysanthemum and the 'letter-heading' of the Maison d'Or; for they were full of love. She turned impulsively from him, plucked a last lingering chrysanthemum in the tiny garden which flanked the pathway from the street to her house, and as he went back to his carriage thrust it into his hand. These letters he had kept in the same drawer as the withered chrysanthemum.

Chrysanthemums But to suppose that she went to bad houses, that she abandoned herself to orgies with other women, that she led the crapulous existence of the most abject, the most contemptible of mortals—would be an insane wandering of the mind, for the realization of which, thank heaven, the chrysanthemums that he could imagine, the daily cups of tea, the virtuous indignation left neither time nor place. I should have

liked to be able to pass the rest of the day with one of those women, over a cup of tea, in a little house with dark-painted walls (as Mme. Swann's were still in the year after that in which the first part of this story ends) against which would glow the orange flame, the red combustion, the pink and white flickering of her chrysanthemums.

Clear Day On a clear day you can see as far as Verneuil.

Cliff Perhaps it is a castle which you encounter upon the cliff's edge; standing there by the roadside, where it has halted to contemplate its sorrows before an evening sky, still rosy, through which a golden moon is climbing. They must have agreed to meet at the foot of the cliff, but they wouldn't say good-bye together; it might have looked odd.

Cliffs of Death I tried to form a picture in my mind of how those fishermen had lived, the timid and unsuspected essay towards

social intercourse which they had attempted there, clustered upon a promontory of the shores of Hell, at the foot of the cliffs of death.

Climate Since the 'Méséglise way' was the shorter of the two that we used to take for our walks round Combray, and for that reason was reserved for days of uncertain weather, it followed that the climate of Méséglise showed an unduly high rainfall, and we would never lose sight of the fringe of Roussainville wood, so that we could, at any moment, run for shelter beneath its dense thatch of leaves.

Climates "Climates that breathe amorous secrets and futile regrets may agree with an old and disillusioned man like myself; but they must always prove fatal to a temperament which is still unformed."

Close-Cropped Grass While I waited for her I was pacing the broad lawn, of meagre close-cropped grass

already faded by the sun.

Cloud She poured out Swann's tea, inquired "Lemon or cream?" and, on his answering "Cream, please," went on, smiling, "A cloud!" 'Twas itself that projected towards him that truth whose glorious rays melted and scattered like the cloud of a dream the sense of loneliness which had lowered over him.

Clouded Over When we had decided to go the 'Méséglise way' we would start (without undue haste, and even if the sky were clouded over, since the walk was not very long, and did not take us too far from home).

Clouded Surface It presented to the mind's eye a clouded surface.

Clouds Reality must, therefore, be something which bears no relation to possibilities, any more than the stab of a knife in one's body bears to the gradual movement of the clouds overhead. "There are tints in the clouds this evening,

violets and blues, which are very beautiful, are they not, my friend?" Very soon, the clouds gathering in his brain, he could see nothing.

Clouds of Gold We made our way towards the Champs-Élysées through streets decorated with sunlight, dense with people, over which the balconies, detached by the sun and made vaporous, seemed to float in front of the houses like clouds of gold.

Cloudy Halo How small a thing the actual charm of Odette was now in comparison with that formidable terror which extended it like a cloudy halo all around her.

Clover and Sainfoin On hot afternoons, I would see a breath of wind emerge from the farthest horizon, bowing the heads of the corn in distant fields, pouring like a flood over all that vast expanse, and finally settling down, warm and rustling, among the clover and sainfoin at my feet.

Coal I understood that by making one's way, after luncheon, into the coal-grimed laboratory, the wizard's cell that undertook to contrive a complete transmutation of its surroundings, one could awaken, next morning, in the city of marble and gold, in which the building of the wall was of jasper and the foundation of the wall an emerald.

Coast He was walking with Mme. Verdurin, Dr. Cottard, a young man in a fez whom he failed to identify, the painter, Odette, Napoleon III and my grandfather, along a path which followed the line of the coast, and overhung the sea, now at a great height, now by a few feet only, so that they were continually going up and down. One day when, at Combray, I had spoken of this coast, this Balbec, before M. Swann, hoping to learn from him whether it was the best point to select for seeing the most violent storms, he had replied: "I should think I did know Balbec!"

Cobwebs Quimperlé, more firmly attached, this, and since the Middle Ages, among the rivulets with which it babbled, threading their pearls upon a grey background, like the pattern made, through the cobwebs upon a window, by rays of sunlight changed into blunt points of tarnished silver.

Codfish “Codfish!”

Cold I could no longer contain my joy when my father, in the intervals of tapping the barometer and complaining of the cold, began to look out which were the best trains. “It must be pretty cold, still, on the Grand Canal; whatever you do, don’t forget to pack your winter greatcoat and your thick suit.” The old lady herself, having folded up her *Débats*, asked a passing nursemaid the time, thanking her with “How very good of you!” then begged the road-sweeper to tell her grandchildren to come, as she felt cold.

Columbines He would stroke and fondle it, warm himself with it, and, as a

feeling of languor swept over him, would give way to a slight shuddering movement which contracted his throat and nostrils—a new experience, this—as he fastened the bunch of columbines in his buttonhole.

Common Ground The hedge with the pink hawthorn which my aunt Léonie wished to visit was on common ground.

Community of Blood She had for those invisible bonds by which community of blood unites the members of a family as much respect as any Greek tragedian.

Complexion When he sought to measure it, it happened sometimes that he found it diminished, shrunken almost to nothing; for instance, the very moderate liking, amounting almost to dislike, which, in the days before he was in love with Odette, he had felt for her expressive features, her faded complexion, returned on certain days. Whenever I thought of her, the memory of those bright

eyes would at once present itself to me as a vivid azure, since her complexion was fair.

Coral She would merely straighten her shoulder-straps or feel in her golden hair for the little balls of coral or of pink enamel, frosted with tiny diamonds, which formed its simple but effective ornament.

Cornfields As soon as a breath of wind gets up, and the cornfields begin to stir, I feel that someone is going to appear suddenly.

Cornflowers A few cornflowers that had fallen lazily behind, and decorated the ground here and there with their flowers like the border of a tapestry.

Corpses in a River His spirit carried them along, cast them aside, then cradled them again in its bosom, like corpses in a river.

Côte d'Azur He would have devoted to the reconstruction of all the insignificant details that

made up the daily round on the Côte d'Azur in those days, if it could have helped him to understand something that still baffled him in the smile or in the eyes of Odette.

Countenance He would go in search of her, and, when he opened the door, on Odette's blushing countenance, as soon as she caught sight of Swann, would appear—changing the curve of her lips, the look in her eyes, the moulding of her cheeks—an all-absorbing smile. When she reached her cousin, Mme. de Gallardon, with a stern countenance and one hand thrust out as though she were trying to 'force' a card, began with: "How is your husband?" in the same anxious tone that she would have used if the Prince had been seriously ill.

Country "Are you also her neighbour in the country?" Dr. Cottard, who, having been summoned to attend a serious case in the country, had not seen the Verdurins for some days, and had been prevented from appearing at

Chateaux. He could see Odette, in a dress far too smart for the country. He told himself that he would do better to rest for a little, that there would be time enough later on, and settled back into his corner with as little curiosity, with as much torpor as the drowsy traveller who pulls his cap down over his eyes so as to get some sleep in the railway-carriage that is drawing him, he feels, faster and faster, out of the country in which he has lived for so long. He would have liked to go away for a while to rest in the country. It's a country to be happy in. Méséglise was to me something as inaccessible as the horizon, which remained hidden from sight, however far one went, by the folds of a country which no longer bore the least resemblance to the country round Combray. Mme. Swann would have written to me, from a country house, that she would not be in town before February. Swann was extremely fond of the Princesse des Laumes, and the sight of her recalled to him Guermites,

a property close to Combray, and all that country which he so dearly loved and had ceased to visit, so as not to be separated from Odette. The association in his memory of her young and charming face with a place in the country which he had not visited for so long, offered him a combined attraction which had made him decide at last to leave Paris for a while. This reminded me that he had constantly seen me in the country. Wishing also to express in words, for his own satisfaction, the longing that he felt for the country.

Countryside But, from the top of Saint-Hilaire, it's quite another matter; the whole countryside is spread out before you like a map.

Creature And that condition is fulfilled so soon as—in the moment when she has failed to meet us—for the pleasure which we were on the point of enjoying in her charming company is abruptly substituted an anxious torturing desire, whose

object is the creature herself, an irrational, absurd desire, which the laws of civilized society make it impossible to satisfy and difficult to assuage—the insensate, agonizing desire to possess her. For then the creature in whose company we are seeking amusement at the moment, her lot is cast, her fate and ours decided, that is the creature whom we shall henceforward love. It was not very long since, from the idea that she was an excellent creature, comparable to the best women that he had known, he had passed to that of her being ‘kept.’ “No, but, don’t you see, the filthy creature... Oh, if you only knew the creature as I know him; isn’t that so, my love, there’s no one that really knows you, is there, except me?” When Odette ceased to be for him a creature always absent, regretted, imagined; when the feeling that he had for her was no longer the same mysterious disturbance that was wrought in him by the phrase from the sonata, but constant affection and gratitude, when those

normal relations were established between them which would put an end to his melancholy madness; then, no doubt, the actions of Odette’s daily life would appear to him as being of but little intrinsic interest.

Creatures “Why, they must have ‘countries’ everywhere, those creatures!”

Cruel, Greenish Eyes He seemed determined to remain unconcerned in the scene, which he followed vaguely with his cruel, greenish eyes.

Currant Until passion spent itself and left me shuddering among the sprays of flowering currant which, creeping in through the window, tumbled all about my body.

Currant Bush Scented also by a wild currant bush which had climbed up between the stones of the outer wall and thrust a flowering branch in through the half-opened window.

Damp Climate Swann

deemed it wise to make allowance in his life for the suffering which he derived from not knowing what Odette had done, just as he made allowance for the impetus which a damp climate always gave to his eczema.

Dark But the day grew dark. It remained dark. It was almost dark when I awoke.

Dark Leaves They were made more lovely still by the scalloped outline of the dark leaves, over which were scattered in profusion, as over a bridal train, little clusters of buds of a dazzling whiteness.

Darkness But so long as we are alive, we can no more bring ourselves to a state in which we shall not have known them than we can with regard to any material object, than we can, for example, doubt the luminosity of a lamp that has just been lighted, in view of the changed aspect of everything in the room, from which has vanished even the memory of the

darkness.

Dawn This radiance of earliest dawn.

Day Put to flight by that pale sign traced above my window-curtains by the uplifted forefinger of day. We would still be found seated in front of our Arabian Nights plates, weighed down by the heat of the day, and even more by our heavy meal.

Daylight And even before my brain, lingering in consideration of when things had happened and of what they had looked like, had collected sufficient impressions to enable it to identify the room, it, my body, would recall from each room in succession what the bed was like, where the doors were, how daylight came in at the windows, whether there was a passage outside, what I had had in my mind when I went to sleep, and had found there when I awoke. But scarcely had daylight itself—and no longer the gleam from a last, dying ember on a brass curtain-

rod, which I had mistaken for daylight—traced across the darkness, as with a stroke of chalk across a blackboard, its first white correcting ray, when the window, with its curtains, would leave the frame of the doorway, in which I had erroneously placed it, while, to make room for it, the writing-table, which my memory had clumsily fixed where the window ought to be, would hurry off at full speed, thrusting before it the mantelpiece, and sweeping aside the wall of the passage. Is it common sense, I ask you, to leave up windows which shut out all the daylight, and even confuse the eyes by throwing patches of colour, to which I should be hard put to it to give a name, on a floor in which there are not two slabs on the same level? The hour when an invalid, who has been obliged to start on a journey and to sleep in a strange hotel, awakens in a moment of illness and sees with glad relief a streak of daylight showing under his bedroom door.

Dew There are even some drops of dew upon them still, a little of the hoar-frost which must be making the Duchess, down there, shiver.

Diamond How often had his credit with a duchess, built up of the yearly accumulation of her desire to do him some favour for which she had never found an opportunity, been squandered in a moment by his calling upon her, in an indiscreetly worded message, for a recommendation by telegraph which would put him in touch at once with one of her agents whose daughter he had noticed in the country, just as a starving man might barter a diamond for a crust of bread. Her diamond earrings caught in the trimming of her bodice. If he refrained from offering her a diamond necklace for which she longed, he would be allowing her admiration for his generosity to decline, that gratitude which had made him so happy, and would even be running the risk of her imagining that

his love for her (as she saw its visible manifestations grow fewer) had itself diminished.

Ditches You can see at the same time places which you are in the habit of seeing one without the other, as, for instance, the course of the Vivonne and the ditches at Saint-Assise-lès-Combray, which are separated, really, by a screen of tall trees.

Ditch-Water “As dull as ditch-water.”

Dog “As if I didn’t know Mme. Sazerat’s dog.” I was so madly in love with Gilberte that if, on our way, I caught sight of their old butler taking the dog out, my emotion would bring me to a standstill, I would fasten on his white whiskers eyes that melted with passion. If my aunt had happened to see a dog go by which she ‘didn’t know at all’ she would think about it incessantly, devoting to the solution of the incomprehensible problem all her inductive talent and her leisure hours.

Sometimes, however, when she had looked back to call her dog to her, she would cast, almost imperceptibly, a sweeping glance round about.

Dog or a Horse For, since a purely musical work contains none of those logical sequences, the interruption or confusion of which, in spoken or written language, is a proof of insanity, so insanity diagnosed in a sonata seemed to him as mysterious a thing as the insanity of a dog or a horse, although instances may be observed of these.

Dog Roses How simple and rustic, in comparison with these, would seem the dog roses which, in a few weeks’ time, would be climbing the same hillside path in the heat of the sun, dressed in the smooth silk of their blushing pink bodices, which would be undone and scattered by the first breath of wind.

Dogfish “You would say they were nothing more nor less than a lot of dogfish

swimming about and sticking up their snouts!”

Dogs For, after all, the time-table, and the trains themselves, were not meant for dogs. This will let you in, and anyone you take with you, he explained, but dogs are not admitted.

Dove And its roof was always surmounted by the cooing of a dove.

Ducal Park It was with that story-book land, with its imagined soil intersected by a hundred bubbling watercourses, that Guermantes, changing its form in my mind, became identified, after I heard Dr. Percepied speak of the flowers and the charming rivulets and fountains that were to be seen there in the ducal park.

Ducks She did not know my name, but I was for her—like one of the keepers in the Bois, like the boatman, or the ducks on the lake.

Dung “Thank God, it was high time that I stopped

condescending to promiscuous intercourse with such infamy, such dung.”

Dust All of them were so old that you could see, here and there, their silvery antiquity sparkling with the dust of centuries. Meanwhile the scenery of his dream stage scattered in dust. Perhaps they will be obliterated, if we return to nothing in the dust. The servants would take their places again outside the gate to watch the dust settle on the pavement. When a man had told her at dinner that he loved to wander about and get his hands all covered with dust in the old furniture shops, that he would never be really appreciated in this commercial age, since he was not concerned about the things that interested it, and that he belonged to another generation altogether, she would come home saying: “Why, he’s an adorable creature; so sensitive!”

Ear Anyone with an ear at all delicate for music would at once have detected the

imposture. She murmured in Mlle. Vinteuil's ear something that I could not distinguish.

Ears A man's voice—he strained his ears to distinguish whose, among such of Odette's friends as he knew, the voice could be—asked: "Who's that?" All the old subscribers, and my grandmother's sisters too, when Swann had given them his seats, used to strain their ears as if they had caught the distant approach of an army on the march. And so was wafted to my ears the name of Gilberte, bestowed on me like a talisman which might, perhaps, enable me some day to rediscover her whom its syllables had just endowed with a definite personality, whereas, a moment earlier, she had been only something vaguely seen. He went farther; agonized by the reflection, at the moment when it passed by him, so near and yet so infinitely remote, that, while it was addressed to their ears, it knew them not. He would express a whole system of

philosophy, new to me, by the use of marvellous imagery, to the inspiration of which I would naturally have ascribed that sound of harping which began to chime and echo in my ears, an accompaniment to which that imagery added something ethereal and sublime. One of my grandmother's sisters, in whose ears the question echoed like a solemn but untimely silence which her natural politeness bade her interrupt. The fascination of my book, a magic as potent as the deepest slumber, had stopped my enchanted ears and had obliterated the sound of that golden bell from the azure surface of the enveloping silence. The path that he followed being fixed for ever in his memory by the general excitement due to being in a strange place, to doing unusual things, to the last words of conversation, to farewells exchanged beneath an unfamiliar lamp which echoed still in his ears amid the silence of the night. "Your ears must have been burning," she ventured, "while we were on the yacht

with Mme. Verdurin.

Earth And between the earth and its creatures I made no distinction. For at that time everything which was not myself, the earth and the creatures upon it, seemed to me more precious, more important, endowed with a more real existence than they appear to full-grown men. How on earth can I tell? How on earth could I have forgotten? I asked you, in case anything should happen to my mother-in-law and she wanted to feel that she was not all alone down there, at the ends of the earth, whether you knew any of the people. It was one of those names in which, as on an old piece of Norman pottery that still keeps the colour of the earth from which it was fashioned, one sees depicted still the representation of some long-abolished custom. "My dear fellow, what on earth are you doing here?" The public would most certainly gather in front of it and marvel to see how the sculptor, in expressing the unchallengeable dignity of

the Verdurins, as opposed to that of the La Trémoilles or Laumes, whose equals (if not, indeed, their betters) they were, and the equals and betters of all other 'bores' upon the face of the earth, had managed to invest with a majesty that was almost Papal the whiteness and rigidity of his stone.

Earth's Skeleton Hotels are now being superimposed upon it, without power, however, to modify that oldest bone in the earth's skeleton.

Earth's Surface I wished to see them, at their appointed place on the earth's surface, and at no other. Instinctively, when he awakes, he looks to these, and in an instant reads off his own position on the earth's surface. They magnified the idea that I formed of certain points on the earth's surface, making them more special, and in consequence more real.

Egg As though I myself were a hen and had just laid an egg, I began to sing at the

top of my voice. He ate an egg today and seemed quite to enjoy it.

Elements Doubtless the form in which it had codified those graces could not be analyzed into any logical elements. Their elements had been determined by the writer's talent, or by geological laws, before ever Gilberte had known me.

Environment If, since he had fallen in love, things had recovered a little of the delicate attraction that they had had for him long ago—though only when a light was shed upon them by a thought, a memory of Odette—now it was another of the faculties, prominent in the studious days of his youth, that Odette had quickened with new life, the passion for truth, but for a truth which, too, was interposed between himself and his mistress, receiving its light from her alone, a private and personal truth the sole object of which (an infinitely precious object, and one almost impersonal in its absolute beauty) was

Odette—Odette in her activities, her environment, her projects, and her past.

Ermine “This snow (I know, you'll laugh at me), it makes me think of ermine!”

Estranged Forest Large birds passed swiftly over the Bois, as over a real wood, and with shrill cries perched, one after another, on the great oaks which, beneath their Druidical crown, and with Dodonic majesty, seemed to proclaim the unpeopled vacancy of this estranged forest.

Every Fold of the Sky My father caught sight of it, as it slipped into every fold of the sky.

Excrement The word excrement, which had made Forcheville throw a sweeping glance round the table to see whether it was ‘all right,’ before he allowed his lips to curve in a prudish and conciliatory smile.

Eye A recent bride, who had been told that a young woman ought never to appear bored, was smiling

vigorously, trying to catch her hostess's eye so as to flash a token of her gratitude for the other's having 'thought of her' in connection with so delightful an entertainment. He knew any number of women whom he could ask to keep an eye on Odette. I had seen M. Vinteuil run to the piano and lay out a sheet of music so as to catch the eye. I must catch his eye. If on his travels he met a family whom it would have been more correct for him to make no attempt to know, but among whom a woman caught his eye, adorned with a special charm that was new to him, to remain on his 'high horse' and to cheat the desire that she had kindled in him, to substitute a pleasure different from that which he might have tasted in her company by writing to invite one of his former mistresses to come and join him, would have seemed to him as cowardly an abdication in the face of life, as stupid a renunciation of a new form of happiness as if, instead of visiting the country where he was, he had shut himself

up in his own rooms and looked at 'views' of Paris. Occasionally the name, if it caught his eye in a newspaper, of one of the men whom he supposed to have been Odette's lovers, reawakened his jealousy. Odette answered, "Nothing is impossible to the eye of a friend." Perhaps even more delightful, more harmonious when it was thus veiled from the eye, when the reader could give no precise indication of where the murmur of the current began, or of where it died away. Seeing him close one eye with an ambiguous smile, before they had yet spoken to one another (a grimace which Cottard styled "letting 'em all come"), Swann supposed that the Doctor recognized him from having met him already somewhere, probably in some house of 'ill-fame.' She had kept an eye sharply fixed on the servant. She would peep out of the corner of her eye, over her glasses, at the other visitors. That look of wild abandonment in her eye. The first time that she saw it in his eye, she could not

contain herself for joy. The Marquis de Forestelle's monocle was minute and rimless, and, by enforcing an incessant and painful contraction of the eye over which it was incrustated like a superfluous cartilage, the presence of which there was inexplicable and its substance unimaginable, it gave to his face a melancholy refinement, and led women to suppose him capable of suffering terribly when in love.

Eyebrow and Cheek A 'society novelist' had just fitted into the angle of eyebrow and cheek his own monocle, the sole instrument that he used in his psychological investigations.

Eyebrows Dr. Percepied, whose loud voice and bushy eyebrows enabled him to play to his heart's content the part of 'double-dealer.' It's an astonishing likeness; he has the same arched eyebrows. The frowning contraction of her eyebrows when she said pleadingly: "You won't let it be very long before you send for me?"

The slanting eyebrows.

Eyelids He mingled the cadence of her neck with the spring of her hair and the droop of her eyelids.

Eyes A feeling stimulated by the desire to see rise up before my eyes a peasant girl whom I might clasp in my arms. A fresh turn was given to the screw when Swann recalled a sudden expression which he had intercepted, a few days earlier, and for the first time, in Odette's eyes. A gentleman in a suit of linen 'ducks,' whom I did not know either, stared at me with eyes which seemed to be starting from his head. A look of disillusionment in his blue eyes. A momentary spark in the jaded eyes of old gentlemen in clubs. A skein of subtle and lovely silken threads, which his gazing eyes collected and wound together. All the terrible and disturbing ideas which he had formed of Odette melted away and vanished in the charming creature who stood there before his eyes. An hour or so later he received a note

from Odette, and at once recognized that florid handwriting, in which an affectation of British stiffness imposed an apparent discipline upon its shapeless characters, significant, perhaps, to less intimate eyes than his, of an untidiness of mind, a fragmentary education, a want of sincerity and decision. And so, hardly had the delicious sensation, which Swann had experienced, died away, before his memory had furnished him with an immediate transcript, summary, it is true, and provisional, but one on which he had kept his eyes fixed while the playing continued, so effectively that, when the same impression suddenly returned, it was no longer uncapturable. And this delight in being a lover, in living by love alone, of the reality of which he was inclined to be doubtful, the price which, in the long run, he must pay for it, as a dilettante in immaterial sensations, enhanced its value in his eyes. Anyone who chose his associates

outside the caste in which he had been born and bred, outside his 'proper station,' was condemned to utter degradation in her eyes. As I was still completely ignorant of the different grades in the social hierarchy, the fact that my father found it impossible for us to see anything of Swann's wife and daughter had, for a long time, had the contrary effect of making me imagine them as separated from us by an enormous gulf, which greatly enhanced their dignity and importance in my eyes. Before my eyes the glimmering flame of the night-light in its bowl of Bohemian glass. Bloch had attuned my eyes and mind to more subtle harmonies. Bodily passion, which has been so unjustly decried, compels its victims to display every vestige that is in them of unselfishness and generosity, and so effectively that they shine resplendent in the eyes of all beholders. But she was never that for very long; after a few days the shining, crafty eyes lost their brightness and their

duplicity. But these ornaments I alone had eyes to see. Colours, inasmuch as they make plain the reason for their superiority, are those whose beauty is most evident to the eyes of children. "Do you realize that your answer will have the effect—I do not say of making me cease from that moment to love you, that goes without saying, but of making you less attractive to my eyes when I realize that you are not a person, that you are beneath everything in the world and have not the intelligence to raise yourself one inch higher?" Even the man Racine, did, each of them, once in his life, compose a line which is not only fairly rhythmical, but has also what is in my eyes the supreme merit of meaning absolutely nothing. For in her eyes distinction was a thing wholly independent of social position. He did not wish to know why, but dried his eyes, saying with a smile: "This is delightful." He doesn't nearly so often do that trick of his, so like his father, of wiping his eyes and passing his hand across

his forehead. He had, of course, a number of musical friends, but, vividly as he could recall the exquisite and inexpressible pleasure which the little phrase had given him, and could see, still, before his eyes the forms that it had traced in outline, he was quite incapable of humming over to them the air. He passed his hand across his forehead, dried his eyes, and wiped his glasses. He pictured her to himself as full of tenderness, with a look of consent in her eyes. He was making progress in that direction when he constructed a pedigree that traced his own descent from some historic family, or when he engaged in correspondence with one of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, and so would shut his eyes to the mistake he was making in seeking to establish a similarity by an exact and therefore lifeless copy of mere outward forms. He went on, trying desperately to cut out everything that seemed to show off his relations with the President in a light too dazzling for the Doctor's

eyes. He would secure invitations for her to the most exclusive drawing-rooms, to those houses where he himself went regularly, for weekly dinners or for poker; every evening, after a slight 'wave' imparted to his stiffly brushed red locks had tempered with a certain softness the ardour of his bold green eyes. Her eyes grew serious, troubled, petulant. Her eyes had sparkled with a malicious smile of congratulation upon his audacity. Her eyes stared blankly as though she had suddenly been turned into a statue. Her eyes were fine, but so large that they seemed to be bending beneath their own weight. His eyes met hers, sobered in a moment from the anger, or pretended anger with which he was still flushed. His eyes sparkled suddenly with such radiant happiness. His eyes still seemed full of pain, like the eyes of a good-looking martyr whose body bristles with arrows. He felt that he now hated Odette, he would gladly have crushed those eyes which, a moment ago,

he had loved so dearly, have torn the blood into those lifeless cheeks. His mind fumbled, for a moment, in the darkness, he took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, passed his hands over his eyes, but saw no light until he found himself face to face with a wholly different idea, the realization that he must endeavour, in the coming month, to send Odette six or seven thousand-franc notes instead of five, simply as a surprise for her and to give her pleasure. His mother's blue eyes which he had handed down to her, like some trinket to be kept in the family. His own value in Odette's eyes. His relations with the Comte de Paris, which, when I heard them discussed at Combray, seemed to me unimportant, became now in my eyes something marvellous, as if no one else had ever known the House of Orleans. I can see again today, above her mauve scarf, silky and buoyant, the gentle astonishment in her eyes. I felt it to be important that she should not leave the church before I had been

able to look long enough upon her, reminding myself that for years past I had regarded the sight of her as a thing eminently to be desired, and I kept my eyes fixed on her. I gazed at her, at first with that gaze which is not merely a messenger from the eyes, but in whose window all the senses assemble and lean out, petrified and anxious, that gaze which would fain reach, touch, capture, bear off in triumph the body at which it is aimed, and the soul with the body. I had a suspicion that, in her eyes, to carry a message to my mother when there was a stranger in the room would appear flatly inconceivable. I had retained in my memory overnight two fiery eyes above plump and rosy cheeks. I never took my eyes off my mother. I recaptured the years in which, in the eyes of this same Swann who was at this moment before me in the Champs-Élysées, and to whom, fortunately, Gilberte had perhaps not mentioned my name. I saw in the middle of each of our friend's blue eyes a little brown dimple

appear, as though they had been stabbed by some invisible pin-point, while the rest of his pupils, reacting from the shock, received and secreted the azure overflow. I used to sit and feel that I was hidden from the eyes of anyone who might be coming to call upon the family. I would abandon myself altogether to the sole quest of her, like people who set out on a journey to see with their own eyes some city that they have always longed to visit. I would be astonished to find myself in a state of darkness, pleasant and restful enough for the eyes. I would fall asleep, and often I would be awake again for short snatches only, just long enough to hear the regular creaking of the wainscot, or to open my eyes to settle the shifting kaleidoscope of the darkness. If her eyes had not been quite so black—which was what struck one most forcibly on first meeting her—I should not have been, as I was, especially enamoured of their imagined blue. In matters such as this 'tis best

to close one's eyes. Instead, it would set his imagination to make that duchess appear, in Legrandin's eyes, endowed with all the graces. It is in ourselves that they are happening, that they are holding in thrall, while we turn over, feverishly, the pages of the book, our quickened breath and staring eyes. It lay like scales upon my eyes and prevented them from registering the fact that the candle was no longer burning. Kisses seemed to spring from her eyes, which could not look upon those she loved without yearning to bestow upon them passionate caresses. Lowering her eyes now and then to study the handle of her parasol, paying scant attention to the passers-by, as though the important thing for her, her one object in being there, was to take exercise, without thinking that she was seen, and that every head was turned towards her. M. Legrandin had barely acknowledged the courtesy, and then with an air of surprise, as though he had not recognized us, and with that distant look

characteristic of people who do not wish to be agreeable, and who from the suddenly receding depths of their eyes seem to have caught sight of you at the far end of an interminably straight road, and at so great a distance that they content themselves with directing towards you an almost imperceptible movement of the head, in proportion to your doll-like dimensions. Mamma sat down by my bed; she had chosen *François le Champi*, whose reddish cover and incomprehensible title gave it a distinct personality in my eyes and a mysterious attraction. Mme. Verdurin, seeing that Swann was within earshot, assumed that expression in which the two-fold desire to make the speaker be quiet and to preserve, oneself, an appearance of guilelessness in the eyes of the listener, is neutralized in an intense vacuity. My aunt answered her not a word, breathing a sigh so faint that it seemed it must prove her last, and lying there with closed eyes, as though already dead. My aunt had by degrees erased

every other visitor's name from her list, because they all committed the fatal error, in her eyes, of falling into one or other of the two categories of people she most detested. My great-aunt had actually ceased to 'see' the son of a lawyer we had known because he had married a 'Highness' and had thereby stepped down—in her eyes—from the respectable position of a lawyer's son to that of those adventurers, upstart footmen or stable-boys. Never had he supposed it to have been so recent an affair, hidden from his eyes that had been too innocent to discern it, not in a past which he had never known, but in evenings which he so well remembered, which he had lived through with Odette, of which he had supposed himself to have such an intimate, such an exhaustive knowledge, and which now assumed, retrospectively, an aspect of cunning and deceit and cruelty. Next to, but distinctly less intimate a part of myself than this human element, would come the view, more or less

projected before my eyes, of the country in which the action of the story was taking place, which made a far stronger impression on my mind than the other, the actual landscape which would meet my eyes when I raised them from my book. Often had it passed, in print, beneath his eyes. Often she would come out again in her dressing-gown, and escort him to his carriage, and would kiss him before the eyes of his coachman. Once he was in Odette's company, once he had begun to cast furtive glances at her changing countenance, and instantly to withdraw his eyes lest she should read in them the first symbols of desire and believe no more in his indifference, he would cease to be able even to think of her, so busy would he be in the search for pretexts which would enable him not to leave her immediately, and to assure himself, without betraying his concern, that he would find her again, next evening. One raises one's eyes; one sees only the wooden case, magical as a Chinese box; but, at moments, one is still

tricked by the deceiving appeal of the Siren. One's eyes followed the line where it ran low again beyond the farther, descending slope. Piercing blue eyes. Presumably the notes which we hear at such moments tend to spread out before our eyes, over surfaces greater or smaller according to their pitch and volume. Set in it the gem of a glance from her own eyes. She allowed her eyes to wander, over the space that lay between us, in my direction, without any particular expression, without appearing to have seen me, but with an intensity, a half-hidden smile which I was unable to interpret, according to the instruction I had received in the ways of good breeding, save as a mark of infinite disgust. She closed her eyes and began to yawn, so as to indicate that it was a desire to sleep, and that alone, which had made her lie down there. She coquettishly enhanced the charm of the smile which the idea had brought to her lips, by giving to her blue eyes, which were fixed on the General, a gentle,

dreamy expression. She had the street beneath her eyes. She was gazing, with bended head, out of those great eyes. Shuddering with emotion, I could not take my agonized eyes from my mother's face, which was not to appear that evening in the bedroom where I could see myself already lying, in imagination; and wished only that I were lying dead. Since she could not bring into play the deliberate glances, charged with a definite meaning, which one directs, in a crowd, towards people whom one knows, but must allow her vague thoughts to escape continually from her eyes in a flood of blue light which she was powerless to control, she was anxious not to distress in any way, not to seem to be despising those humbler mortals over whom that current flowed, by whom it was everywhere arrested. So effective was this that the whole room had the appearance of one of those model bedrooms which you see nowadays in Housing Exhibitions, decorated with works of art which are calculated by

their designer to refresh the eyes of whoever may ultimately have to sleep in the rooms. So great and glorious a figure was the President of the French Republic in the eyes of Dr. Cottard that neither the modesty of Swann nor the spite of Mme. Verdurin could ever wholly efface that first impression. So he and Mme. Verdurin (who, at the other side of the room, where the painter was telling her a story, was shutting her eyes preparatory to flinging her face into her hands) resembled two masks in a theatre, each representing Comedy, but in a different way. So much so that it made their value be confessed, their divine sweetness be tasted by all those same onlookers—provided only that they were in any sense musical—who, the next moment, would ignore, would disown them in real life, in every individual love that came into being beneath their eyes. Sometimes, when I had put out my candle, my eyes would close so quickly that I had not even time to

say “I’m going to sleep.” Still, I pointed out one that had the same colour as her eyes. Suddenly I stood still, unable to move, as happens when something appears that requires not only our eyes to take it in, but involves a deeper kind of perception and takes possession of the whole of our being. Swann could read in her eyes that terror lest he should ask her not to go. Swann endeavoured to console him. “After all, she is quite right,” he said to the young man, drying his eyes for him and taking off the fez to make him feel more at ease. “Take care, Master Biche,” she reminded the painter, whom it was a time-honoured pleasantry to address as ‘Master,’ to catch that nice look in his eyes, that witty little twinkle. That perfidious woman, her eyes tinselled with a smile of complicity for Forcheville, which was what Odette had become for Swann in the last forty-eight hours. The absence of Mlle. Swann, which—since it preserved me from the terrible risk of seeing her appear on one of the paths, and of being

identified and scorned by this so privileged little girl who had Bergotte for a friend and used to go with him to visit cathedrals—made the exploration of Tansonville, now for the first time permitted me, a matter of indifference to myself, seemed however to invest the property, in my grandfather's and father's eyes, with a fresh and transient charm. The courage of one's opinions is always a form of calculating cowardice in the eyes of the 'other side.' The creature who might have been led astray was a woman with frank eyes. The different changes and chances that bring us into the company of certain other people in this life do not coincide with the periods in which we are in love with those people, but, overlapping them, may occur before love has begun, and may be repeated after love is ended, the earliest appearances, in our life, of a creature who is destined to afford us pleasure later on, assume retrospectively in our eyes a certain value as an indication, a warning, a presage. The material

presence of a living actress before our eyes. The pleasure which the music gave him, which was shortly to create in him a real longing, was in fact closely akin, at such moments, to the pleasure which he would have derived from experimenting with perfumes, from entering into contract with a world for which we men were not created, which appears to lack form because our eyes cannot perceive it, to lack significance because it escapes our intelligence, to which we may attain by way of one sense only. The Princess, breaking into a laugh which was one of her characteristics, and was intended at once to show the rest of an assembly that she was making fun of someone and also to enhance her own beauty by concentrating her features around her animated lips and sparkling eyes, answered: "Why; he's never been better in his life!" The time had long passed when, on our first coming to spend our holidays at Combray, we had been of equal importance, in Franchise's

eyes, with my aunt. The torment which had forced him to leave his own house had lost its sharpness when it lost its uncertainty, now that Odette's other life, of which he had had, at that first moment, a sudden helpless suspicion, was definitely there, almost within his grasp, before his eyes. They passed in a scattered sequence before me, at random, without reality, containing in themselves no beauty that my eyes might have endeavoured as in the old days, to extract from them and to compose in a picture. They took shape and grew solid before his eyes. This contrivance would make me ridiculous in Swann's eyes. This smile rested upon myself, who had never ceased to follow her with my eyes. This young gentleman has her beautiful eyes. Those great, sad eyes... Those were youthful acquaintances on whom the old friends of the family, like my relatives, shut their eyes all the more good-naturedly. Though he did not die until many years later, not one of us ever set

eyes on him again. Thus his jealousy did even more than the happy, passionate desire which he had originally felt for Odette had done to alter Swann's character, completely changing, in the eyes of the world, even the outward signs by which that character had been intelligible. To dream together, to gaze in each other's eyes. To have left even the tiniest morsel in the dish would have shown as much discourtesy as to rise and leave a concert hall while the 'piece' was still being played, and under the composer's-very eyes. To plant in the depths of its unvalued eyes a lingering sense, uncertain but not unpleasing, half-memory and half-oblivion. To the one who was in search of a friend he said, with a smile: "But how nice of you, you've put on blue eyes, to go with your sash." With eyes starting from his head. Without daring to lift his eyes to the newspaper, he opened it, turned the page so as not to see again the words, *Filles de Marbre*, and began to read mechanically the news from

the provinces. "You must tell me all about him"; he went on, fastening a pair of goggle eyes on the celebrity.

Face A few months later, if my grandfather asked Swann's new friend "What about Swann? Do you still see as much of him as ever?" the other's face would lengthen: "Never mention his name to me again!" A fine, thoughtful face. A smile of joy, a pious act of thanksgiving to God, Who is pleased to grant that life shall be less cruel than our dreams, feebly illumined her face. Although I could not see her face clearly enough, I am sure that the expression must have appeared on it which my grandmother had once found so delightful. And just as, before kissing Odette for the first time, he had sought to imprint upon his memory the face that for so long had been familiar, before it was altered by the additional memory of their kiss, so he could have wished—in thought at least—to have been in a position to bid farewell, while she still existed, to that Odette who

had inspired love in him and jealousy, to that Odette who had caused him so to suffer, and whom now he would never see again. And Swann it was who, before she allowed her face, as though despite her efforts, to fall upon his lips, held it back for a moment longer, at a little distance between his hands. And the care which I took to focus all my attention upon her face succeeded in isolating it so completely that to-day, when I call that marriage ceremony to mind, I find it impossible to visualize any single person who was present except her. "Besides, what good has it ever done when I have set my face against them?" Brichtot appealed to Mme. Verdurin, who, swooning with merriment, her eyes tightly closed, had buried her face in her two hands, from between which, now and then, escaped a muffled scream. But now I found myself slightly shocked by this attitude which Swann invariably adopted when face to face with generalities. But while each of these attachments, each

of these flirtations had been the realization, more or less complete, of a dream born of the sight of a face or a form which Swann had spontaneously, and without effort on his part, found charming, it was quite another matter when, one day at the theatre, he was introduced to Odette de Crécy by an old friend of his own, who had spoken of her to him as a ravishing creature with whom he might very possibly come to an understanding; but had made her out to be harder of conquest than she actually was, so as to appear to be conferring a special favour by the introduction. "Did you notice the face he pulled when he saw that she wasn't here?" Each time we see the face or hear the voice it is our own ideas of him which we recognize and to which we listen. Each visit revived the sense of disappointment which he felt at the sight of a face whose details he had somewhat forgotten in the interval. Françoise was amused by the look of consternation on my aunt's face. He implored her in vain, with that look of

despair on his face which even his coachman had noticed, to come home with him, and then turned away, solitary, crushed. He saw her face change its shape. He wielded the supreme power with all the arrogance of a man who has not been subjected to discipline in his youth, so much so that, whenever he saw a man in a town whose face he did not remember, he would massacre the whole place, to the last inhabitant. He wished her to come to him, and, before she came, he wished to have already procured for her some pleasure, so as to watch her gratitude taking shape in her face and moulding her smile. Her face lighted up and she jumped for joy. Her face was exceedingly red, as it always was for some time after a meal. Her whole face would seem to grow larger. His pale face, never losing its nobility or its melancholy, never showing any sign of trouble at such a transubstantiation. His personality was now so divided that the strain of waiting for the imminent moment when he would

find himself face to face, once more, with the phrase, convulsed him in one of those sobs which a fine line of poetry or a piece of alarming news will wring from us. I brought my mind to bear upon that face. In my cowardice I became at once a man, and did what all we grown men do when face to face with suffering and injustice; I preferred not to see them. Indeed, one could tell him only by his voice, for it was difficult to make out his face with its arched nose and green eyes. It flitted across the face of his mistress. It seems impossible, that any thought of charity can ever have found expression in her vulgar and energetic face. It sometimes happened, again, that, when, after meeting Swann, she saw some man approaching whom he did not know, he could distinguish upon Odette's face that look of sorrow which she had worn on the day when he had come to her while Forcheville was there. I've nothing to set my face against! Later on, when, in the course of my life, I have had occasion to

meet with, in convents for instance, literally saintly examples of practical charity, they have generally had the brisk, decided, undisturbed, and slightly brutal air of a busy surgeon, the face in which one can discern no commiseration, no tenderness at the sight of suffering humanity, and no fear of hurting it, the face devoid of gentleness or sympathy, the sublime face of true goodness. Legrandin's face showed an extraordinary zeal and animation. M. Vinteuil, turning out of another street, found himself so suddenly face to face with us all that he had not time to escape. Mme. Verdurin, so that her silence should have the appearance, not of consent but of the unconscious silence which inanimate objects preserve, had suddenly emptied her face of all life, of all mobility. "My dears, laugh at me if you like; it is not conventionally beautiful, but there is something in its quaint old face which pleases me." "Neuralgia all down my face, like last time." Odette had looked

on, impassive, at this scene; but when the door had closed behind Saniette, she had forced the normal expression of her face down, as the saying is, by several pegs. Odette's face appeared thinner and more prominent than it actually was, because her forehead and the upper part of her cheeks, a single and almost plane surface, were covered by the masses of hair which women wore at that period, drawn forward in a fringe, raised in crimped waves and falling in stray locks over her ears. On hearing these words Cottard exhibited an intense astonishment blended with entire submission, as though in the face of a scientific truth which contradicted everything that he had previously believed, but was supported by an irresistible weight of evidence. Other people, when they met him, saw all the Graces enthroned in his face. She awoke, and half turned her face, which I could see for the first time. She could see the tortured expression which was never absent from the old man's face in

those terrible last years. She turned away with an indifferent and contemptuous air, withdrew herself so as to spare her face the indignity of remaining within their field of vision. The air of jubilation with which she felt bound to illuminate her face whenever she had to announce his arrival, did not altogether correspond to what was felt by her invalid. The Doctor, who had come into the box with a smile which waited before settling upon or vanishing from his face until someone in authority should enlighten him as to the merits of the spectacle. The face he pulled? "The face of a woman who, I would think, was perhaps an actress." The General greeted Swann and, noticing the look of strain on his face and concluding that it was perhaps a serious illness that had kept him away, went on, "You're looking well, old man!" The General's monocle, stuck like a shell-splinter in his common, scarred, victorious, overbearing face. The 'Invidia,' again, should

have had some look on her face of envy. The next day he had seen her, face to face with Mme. Verdurin. The rest of her face. The surface of her face, which was red, as though she had been very warm. Then gradually reappeared and rose before him, softly radiant, the face of the other Odette. Then her face assumed an expression of anger. There she was, often tired, her face left blank. They contrived also to put into a face from which its distinction had been evicted, a face vacant and roomy as an untenanted house. To see her look displeased destroyed all the sense of tranquillity she had brought me a moment before, when she bent her loving face down over my bed, and held it out to me like a Host, for an act of Communion in which my lips might drink deeply the sense of her real presence, and with it the power to sleep. Watching Swann's face while he listened to the phrase, one would have said that he was inhaling an anaesthetic which allowed him to breathe more deeply. We are reduced to the

evidence of our own senses, and we ask ourselves, in the face of this detached and incoherent fragment of recollection, whether indeed our senses have not been the victims of a hallucination. What she really desecrated, what she corrupted into ministering to her pleasures, but what remained between them and her and prevented her from any direct enjoyment of them, was the likeness between her face and his. When she had uttered her request, she would watch my aunt covertly, trying to guess from the expression on her face what she thought of it, and how she would reply.

Faces He had watched the passage of the same expressions of pity for a sufferer, resentment of an act of injustice, gratitude for an act of kindness, which he had seen, in earlier days, on his own mother's face, and on the faces of friends. She reminded him, even more than was usual, of the faces of some of the women created by the painter of the Primavera. She would go

out again sad and discouraged, but still smiling, for she was so humble and so sweet that her gentleness towards others, and her continual subordination of herself and of her own troubles, appeared on her face blended in a smile which, unlike those seen on the majority of human faces, had no trace in it of irony. The faces of the passers-by were strange. When it was the little phrase that spoke to him of the vanity of his sufferings, Swann found a sweetness in that very wisdom which, but a little while back, had seemed to him intolerable when he thought that he could read it on the faces of indifferent strangers, who would regard his love as a digression that was without importance.

Failing Light and Saturated Atmosphere

Here and there, in the distance, in a landscape which, what with the failing light and saturated atmosphere, resembled a seascape rather, a few solitary houses clinging to the lower slopes of a hill

whose heights were buried in a cloudy darkness shone out like little boats which had folded their sails and would ride at anchor, all night, upon the sea.

Fair Hair The beadle, by moving to one side, enabled me to see, sitting in a chapel, a lady with fair hair.

Fair, Reddish Hair A little girl, with fair, reddish hair, who appeared to be returning from a walk, and held a trowel in her hand, was looking at us, raising towards us a face powdered with pinkish freckles.

Fallen Leaves A roof, the sound of a bell, the smell of fallen leaves, a confused mass of different images.

Feather Against the opening horizon, I had just seen, like a miraculous sign, Mademoiselle's blue feather. I remarked for the first time how common her speech was, and that she had, alas, no blue feather in her hat. I tried to persuade my mother to get for Françoise a waterproof coat and a hat with a blue feather.

Features A Justice whose greyish and meanly regular features were the very same as those which adorned the faces of certain good and pious and slightly withered ladies. A shade of good humour or of arrogance on her features, would provide Françoise with matter for a mental commentary. And my gaze resting upon her fair hair, her blue eyes, the lines of her neck, and overlooking the features which might have reminded me of the faces of other women, I cried out within myself. And then, as soon as he had left the house, not without returning to kiss her once again, because he had forgotten to take away with him, in memory, some detail of her fragrance or of her features, while he drove home in his victoria, blessing the name of Odette who allowed him to pay her these daily visits. But as he must also be prepared to face the alternative, he never dared to allow this smile a definite expression on his features, and you would see there a perpetually flickering uncertainty, in which you

might decipher the question that he never dared to ask: “Do you really mean that?” But even this ugliness of faces, which of course were mostly familiar to him, seemed something new and uncanny, now that their features—instead of being to him symbols of practical utility in the identification of this or that man, who until then had represented merely so many pleasures to be sought after, boredoms to be avoided, or courtesies to be acknowledged—were at rest, measurable by aesthetic co-ordinates alone, in the autonomy of their curves and angles. But were he to learn more of them, he feared lest her past, now colourless, fluid and supportable, might assume a tangible, an obscene form, with individual and diabolical features. Finally the phrase withdrew and vanished, pointing, directing, diligent among the wandering currents of its fragrance, leaving upon Swann’s features a reflection of its smile. He had always found a peculiar fascination in tracing in the paintings of the Old

Masters, not merely the general characteristics of the people whom he encountered in his daily life, but rather what seems least susceptible of generalization, the individual features of men and women whom he knew. Her cheekbones too prominent, her features too tightly drawn. I felt that, to her, we must be an object of scorn, which distressed me particularly on account of the daughter, such a pretty little girl, as I had heard, and one of whom I used often to dream, always imagining her with the same features and appearance, which I bestowed upon her quite arbitrarily, but with a charming effect. Perhaps, moreover, Swann himself was fixing upon these features of an Odette not yet possessed, not even kissed by him, on whom he was looking now for the last time, that comprehensive gaze with which, on the day of his departure, a traveler strives to bear away with him in memory the view of a country to which he may never return. Perhaps, on the other hand, he had

retained enough of the artistic temperament to be able to find a genuine satisfaction in watching these individual features take on a more general significance when he saw them, uprooted and disembodied, in the abstract idea of similarity between an historic portrait and a modern original, whom it was not intended to represent. She would detect the most furtive movement of Françoise's features. Showing upon his features a foretaste of happiness and peace. The particular features which I remarked in this lady, if I attempted to catalogue them, formulated themselves in precisely the same terms. This woman, the play of whose features, the intonations of whose voice, like so many others I already knew, made me regard her, in spite of myself, as a young lady of good family, her who was no longer of a family at all. Tradition would have it that the weaver had given to Ahasuerus the features of one of the kings of France and to Esther those of a lady of Guermantes whose lover

he had been.

Feet A strange and pitiless mirror with square feet, which stood across one corner of the room, cleared for itself a site I had not looked to find tenanted in the quiet surroundings of my normal field of vision. By a fine stroke of the painter's invention she is tumbling all the treasures of the earth at her feet, but exactly as if she were treading grapes in a wine-press to extract their juice, or, still more, as if she had climbed on a heap of sacks to raise herself higher. "Do you hither guide the feet of this timid Israelite?"

Doubtless it makes in us an imperceptible progress, and the truths which have changed for us its meaning and its aspect, which have opened new paths before our feet, we had for long been preparing for their discovery; but that preparation was unconscious. I tried to convince myself that they were of no importance, really, since I should have forgotten them next morning, and to fix my

mind on thoughts of the future which would carry me, as on a bridge, across the terrifying abyss that yawned at my feet. It was all he could do to keep on his feet. Like fresh rungs of the ladder on which I might set my feet, which were going to allow me to advance a step further and finally to attain the happiness which I had not yet encountered. Mlle. Vinteuil shuddered and rose to her feet. Swann passed by an office in which the lackeys, seated like notaries before their massive registers, rose solemnly to their feet and inscribed his name. The pianist rose to his feet.

Fern A fern which I had never found among the woods.

Field She was in fact summoning me to cross the snowy lawn to her camp, to 'take the field,' which the sun, by casting over it a rosy gleam, the metallic lustre of old and worn brocades, had turned into a Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Fields It would be

overflowing with the offerings of the milkman, the fruiterer, the greengrocer, come sometimes from distant villages to dedicate here the first-fruits of their fields. My eyes followed up the slope which, outside the hedge, rose steeply to the fields.

Figure Acknowledging with a rapid glance the courtesy of the gentlemen in carriages, who, recognizing her figure at a distance, were raising their hats to her and saying to one another that there was never anyone so well turned out as she. As we drew near the house, we would make out a figure standing upon the doorstep, and Mamma would say to me: "Good heavens! There is Françoise looking out for us; your aunt must be anxious; that means we are late." But, forced for so many years now, by a sort of grafting process, to share the life of feminine humanity, they called to my mind the figure of the dryad, the fair worldling, swiftly walking, brightly coloured, whom they sheltered with their

branches as she passed beneath them, and obliged to acknowledge, as they themselves acknowledged, the power of the season. I now no longer had the impression of being confronted by a particular passage in one of Bergotte's works, which traced a purely bi-dimensional figure in outline upon the surface of my mind, but rather of the 'ideal passage' of Bergotte, common to every one of his books, and to which all the earlier, similar passages, now becoming merged in it, had added a kind of density and volume, by which my own understanding seemed to be enlarged. She would look at him sulkily, and he would see once again a face worthy to figure in Botticelli's 'Life of Moses.' Tall, with a good figure.

Fine Days I saw it attain to that fixed, unalterable gold of fine days.

Fine Weather This more than ever from the day on which fine weather definitely set in. Wearing these badges of rank, she would, in fine weather, go

on foot from one house to another in the same neighbourhood.

Finer Air The walls of which, washed with ripolin, contained, like the polished sides of a basin in which the water glows with a blue, lurking fire, a finer air, pure, azure-tinted, saline.

Finger As for Swann, in my attempts to resemble him, I spent the whole time, when I was at table, in drawing my finger along my nose and in rubbing my eyes. A quivering of her tiny finger. He would pass a finger over his tired eyelids, in the same way as he might have wiped his eyeglass, and would cease altogether to think. I felt that I had with an impious and secret finger traced a first wrinkle upon her soul and made the first white hair show upon her head. It was always to the steeple that one must return, always it which dominated everything else, summing up the houses with an unexpected pinnacle, raised before me like the Finger of God, Whose Body might have

been concealed below among the crowd of human bodies without fear of my confounding It, for that reason, with them. Swann had begun, out of politeness, to finger the bronzes, and did not like to stop. Then, on reaching Odette's gate, he had begged to be allowed to come in too, she had replied, with a finger pointed at Swann: "Ah! That depends on this gentleman."

Finger and Thumb He took a firm hold of the card, which was sliding to and fro, the envelope being too large for it and then, by moving it with his finger and thumb, brought one line after another beneath the part of the envelope where the paper was not doubled, through which alone it was possible to read.

Fingers A docile body which he had pressed tightly in his arms and explored with his fingers. A profound sagacity in refusing to know them, or even to dirty the tips of their fingers with them. But her method, an echo of her charming touch,

came to life now and then in the fingers of her pupils. It was true that Odette played vilely, but often the fairest impression that remains in our minds of a favourite air is one which has arisen out of a jumble of wrong notes struck by unskillful fingers upon a tuneless piano. Just as if the gentle grazing touch of the cloaks of peasant women going into the church, and of their fingers dipping into the water, had managed by age-long repetition to acquire a destructive force. My fingers parted and I let fall the coin, which found a receptacle in a confused but outstretched hand. She returned from some walk along a road where she had known that he would not appear, drawing from her submissive fingers long gloves of a precious, useless charm. So that for some time there was no change from the procedure which he had followed on that first evening, when he had started by touching her throat with his fingers.

Fire A moment earlier, the sound of the door-bell,

swelling in the depths of his abyss of sleep into the clangour of an alarum, had engendered the episode of the fire. A young footman, his body slightly bent forward, rearing above his crimson gorget an even more crimson face, from which seemed to burst forth torrents of fire, timidity and zeal. Coming at a moment when she felt 'well' and was not in a perspiration, the news that the house was being destroyed by a fire, in which all the rest of us had already perished, a fire which, in a little while, would not leave one stone standing upon another, but from which she herself would still have plenty of time to escape without undue haste, provided that she rose at once from her bed. "I am just going to see that my fire hasn't gone out." It was they that started the fire. Now, alas, it still happened at times that she wrote to him from a restaurant or hotel, on paper which bore a printed address, but printed in letters of fire that seared his heart. "We're not in any hurry; you're dashing round

as if the house was on fire.”

Firewood He had quite forgotten, and would have continued to discuss his supply of firewood, so as to hide from his servant the emotion that he had felt, and to give himself time to break away from the thralldom of his anxieties and abandon himself to pleasure. The coachman returned; but, as he drew up opposite him, Swann asked, not “Did you find the lady?” but “Remind me, tomorrow, to order in some more firewood.

Firmament Human as it was from this point of view, it belonged, none the less, to an order of supernatural creatures whom we have never seen, but whom, in spite of that, we recognize and acclaim with rapture when some explorer of the unseen contrives to coax one forth, to bring it down from that divine world to which he has access to shine for a brief moment in the firmament of ours.

Fish And so I concerned myself no longer with the

mystery that lay hidden in a form or a perfume, quite at ease in my mind, since I was taking it home with me, protected by its visible and tangible covering, beneath which I should find it still alive, like the fish which, on days when I had been allowed to go out fishing, I used to carry back in my basket, buried in a couch of grass which kept them cool and fresh. I decided that I would come there again with a line and catch fish. I would always be just on the point of asking his name, when someone would make a sign to me to be quiet, or I would frighten the fish. It was not actually my duty to warn Mlle. Swann that the fish was biting.

Fish or Fowl “Not like the other fellow, who’s never definitely fish or fowl.”

Fishing In her mind’s eye, she could see his sister, Mme. de Cambremer, alighting from her carriage at the door of our hotel just as we were on the point of going out fishing, and obliging us to remain indoors all afternoon to

entertain her.

Flame As soon as she found herself face to face with the man to whom she was obliged to lie, she became uneasy, all her ideas melted like wax before a flame. But their faces—a collective and formless mass—escaped the grasp of his imagination, and so failed to feed the flame of his jealousy. I would sleep wrapped up, as it were, in a great cloak of snug and savoury air, shot with the glow of the logs which would break out again in flame. There was in his soul that want of adaptability which can be seen in the bodies of certain people who, when the moment comes to avoid a collision, to snatch their clothes out of reach of a flame, or to perform any other such necessary movement, take their time (as the saying is), begin by remaining for a moment in their original position, as though seeking to find in it a starting-point, a source of strength and motion.

Fleas “To be eaten by fleas

and all sorts of creatures!”

Flesh Apart from and above that common run of humanity with which the sight, pure and simple, of her in the flesh had made me for a moment confound her, I grew indignant. Depth of character, or a melancholy expression on a woman’s face would freeze his senses, which would, however, immediately melt at the sight of healthy, abundant, rosy human flesh. “He takes most after his father,” muttered my uncle, who was no more anxious to effect an introduction by proxy, in repeating Mamma’s name aloud, than to bring the two together in the flesh. The serenity, the depression of the preceding years had been followed by a sort of spiritual superabundance, without his knowing to what he owed this unlooked-for enrichment of his life, any more than a person in delicate health who from a certain moment grows stronger, puts on flesh, and seems for a time to be on the road to a complete recovery. There is no flesh

in the world as soft. When his eyes fell upon the photograph of Odette on his table, or when she came to see him, he had difficulty in identifying her face, either in the flesh or on the pasteboard, with the painful and continuous anxiety which dwelt in his mind. Whereas the mere sight of her in the flesh, by perpetually reviving his misgivings as to the quality of her face, her figure, the whole of her beauty, used to cool the ardour of his love, those misgivings were swept away and that love confirmed now that he could re-erect his estimate of her on the sure foundations of his aesthetic principles.

Flesh and Blood The vague feeling of sympathy which attracts a spectator to a work of art, now that he knew the type, in warm flesh and blood.

Flies The flies' music is bound to the season by a closer, a more vital tie—born of sunny days, and not to be reborn but with them.

Flints Its great wall was thrust upwards from a basement of unfaced ashlar, jagged with flints.

Flood But since Swann had become so melancholy, and was always in that trembling condition which precedes a flood of tears, he had the same need to speak about his grief that a murderer has to tell someone about his crime.

Flow The Vivonne began to flow again more swiftly.

Flower He always has a flower in his buttonhole. He held it pressed to his lips during the drive home, and when, in due course, the flower withered, locked it away, like something very precious, in a secret drawer of his desk. He would select a flower for his buttonhole. Higher up on the altar, a flower had opened here and there with a careless grace, holding so unconcernedly, like a final, almost vaporous bedizening, its bunch of stamens, slender as gossamer, which clouded the flower itself in a white mist, that in following these

with my eyes, in trying to imitate, somewhere inside myself, the action of their blossoming, I imagined it as a swift and thoughtless movement of the head with an enticing glance from her contracted pupils, by a young girl in white, careless and alive. Its only companions a clump of daffodils, come out before their time, a few primroses, the first in flower, while here and there burned the blue flame of a violet, its stem bent beneath the weight of the drop of perfume stored in its tiny horn. She murmured "How charming it is!" with a stress on the opening consonants of the adjective, a token of her refinement by which she felt her lips so romantically compressed, like the petals of a beautiful, budding flower, that she instinctively brought her eyes into harmony, illuminating them for a moment with a vague and sentimental gaze. She passed him, light, soothing, as softly murmured as the perfume of a flower.

Flowering Grasses From the first moment my mind

was drugged by the unfamiliar scent of flowering grasses.

Flowers As it might have seemed to the first man when he enjoyed it amid the flowers of the earthly paradise—a pleasure which had never before existed, which he was striving now to create. Between the flowers and the blackened stones towards which they leaned, if my eyes could discern no interval, my mind preserved the impression of an abyss. "But, don't you see, I really had to fasten the flowers." How closely, in their abundance, are they pressed one against another; until lovers would find it as hard to count the kisses exchanged in an hour, as to count the flowers in a meadow in May. I had felt at once, as I had felt before the white blossom, but now still more marvelling, that it was in no artificial manner, by no device of human construction, that the festal intention of these flowers was revealed. In that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M.

Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea. It was filled like a distant heaven with the roseate dreams of the setting sun, incessantly changing and ever remaining in harmony, about the more permanent colour of the flowers themselves, with the utmost profundity, evanescence, and mystery—with a quiet suggestion of infinity. She had in her hand a bunch of cattleyas, and Swann could see, beneath the film of lace that covered her head, more of the same flowers fastened to a swans-down plume. She would point out to me the flowers that leaned their red and purple spikes along the tops of the low walls, and would teach me all their names. The drying of the stems had twisted them into a fantastic trellis, in whose intervals the pale flowers

opened, as though a painter had arranged them there, grouping them in the most decorative poses. The flowers that looked out through closed windows at the falling snow. The flowers that people show me nowadays for the first time never seem to me to be true flowers. The flowers which clung to its branches, one above another, so thickly as to leave no part of the tree undecorated, like the tassels wreathed about the crook of a rococo shepherdess, were every one of them 'in colour.' The flowers, themselves adorned also, held out each its little bunch of glittering stamens with an air of inattention, fine, radiating 'nerves' in the flamboyant style of architecture, like those which, in church, framed the stair to the rood-loft or closed the perpendicular tracery of the windows, but here spread out into pools of fleshy white, like strawberry beds in spring. They themselves offered me no enlightenment, and I could not call upon any other flowers to satisfy this mysterious longing. "You

won't mind if I put the flowers straight on your bodice."

Flowers of Spring "Like the nosegay which a traveller sends us from some land to which we shall never go again, come and let me breathe from the far country of your adolescence the scent of those flowers of spring among which I also used to wander, many years ago."

Fly The rumble and buzz, in the silence of its village street, of the fly on the wheel of the coach.

Flying Foam Swathed, for six months in the year, in a shroud of fog and flying foam from the waves.

Foam As dawn spread westward over the raging sea, from whose driven foam I would seek shelter in that church in the Persian manner.

Foliage It has taken solid form in dense masses of foliage over which the rain may pour in torrents without weakening the

resistance offered by their real and lasting happiness.

Foot As soon as I was in the presence of that Gilberte Swann on the sight of whom I had counted to revive the images that my tired memory had lost and could not find again, of that Gilberte Swann with whom I had been playing the day before, and whom I had just been prompted to greet, and then to recognize, by a blind instinct like that which, when we are walking, sets one foot before the other, without giving us time to think what we are doing, then at once it became as though she and the little girl who had inspired my dreams had been two different people. Her desire to establish the future greatness of her house on a solid foundation reacted, in her policy with regard to the other servants, in one unvarying maxim, which was never to let any of them set foot in my aunt's room. On which Swann now set foot, saddened by the thought that Odette had never climbed it. She would be off at night, even if she

were ill also, instead of going to bed, to see whether he had everything that he wanted, covering ten miles on foot before daybreak so as to be in time to begin her work. "You'd need to pay me a lot of money before I'd let any of that lot set foot inside my house."

Forces of Nature

Françoise, a colonel with all the forces of nature for her subalterns, as in the fairy-tales where giants hire themselves out as scullions, would be stirring the coals, putting the potatoes to steam, and, at the right moment, finishing over the fire those culinary masterpieces.

Forehead And then, his anguish becoming too keen, he passed his hand over his forehead, let the monocle drop from his eye, and wiped its glass. Her rounded forehead was nothing, now, but an exquisite study in high relief. In the middle of a forehead which it left half-blinded, like the single-eyed flashing front of the Cyclops. No sooner had he closed the front-door

behind him than he suddenly struck his forehead, and, making his servant open the door again, dashed out into the street shouting, in a voice which, this time, was quite natural: "I believe I have found a way of getting invited to the dinner at Chatou tomorrow!" Under a high forehead.

Forest I passed through forest groves in which the morning light, breaking them into new sections, lopped and trimmed the trees, united different trunks in marriage, made nose-gays of their branches. Sometimes she would be absent for several days on end, when the Verdurins took her to see the tombs at Dreux, or to Compiègne, on the painter's advice, to watch the sun setting through the forest.

Forget-Me-Nots It would console me for the blackness and bareness of the earth outside by making burst into blossom, as in some springtime in old history among the heirs of Saint Louis, this dazzling and

gilded carpet of forget-me-nots in glass.

Formless Water “You are a formless water that will trickle down any slope that it may come upon, a fish devoid of memory, incapable of thought, which all its lifelong in its aquarium will continue to dash itself, a hundred times a day, against a wall of glass, always mistaking it for water.”

Fowls The Doctor’s coachman was in the habit of placing, in a hamper, the fowls. They began to chase one another about the room, scrambling over the furniture, their wide sleeves fluttering like wings, clucking and crowing like a pair of amorous fowls.

Fragrant Petals It had pleased him, on this occasion, to see the gloom of the little lobby shot with rays of pink and gold and white by the fragrant petals of these ephemeral stars, which kindle their cold fires in the murky atmosphere of winter afternoons.

Freckles My grandmother had drawn our attention to the gentle, delicate, almost timid expression which might often be caught flitting across the face, dusted all over with freckles, of this otherwise stolid child.

Fresh Air and Country Breezes She did not reflect that the strong breath of genius must have upon the very soul of a child an influence at once more dangerous and less quickening than those of fresh air and country breezes upon his body.

Fringed Eyelids His fringed eyelids darkened, and drooped.

Fruit Every fruit visited and examined, one by one, by myself. He had decided to send her a basket of fruit, and was not quite sure where or how to order it. He had entrusted the task to a cousin of his mother who, delighted to be doing a commission for him, had written to him, laying stress on the fact that she had not chosen all the fruit at the

same place, but the grapes from Crapote, whose specialty they were, the straw berries from Jauret, the pears from Chevet, who always had the best. It still dreams—fruit of the impregnation of a classical statue. Like a fruit hidden among its leaves, which has grown and ripened unobserved by man, until it falls of its own accord, there came upon us one night the kitchen maid's confinement. Like a ripe fruit which bursts through its skin. My husband makes out that I am not fond of fruit, because I eat less than he does. Who would not unexpectedly send me a basket of fruit because they happened, that morning, to have thought of me with affection?

Fruitless He presently—after a fruitless search—found himself waiting at the spot where the carriage was to meet him.

Fuchsias In vain might Mme. Loiseau deck her window-sills with fuchsias, which developed the bad habit of letting their

branches trail at all times and in all directions, head downwards, and whose flowers had no more important business, when they were big enough to taste the joys of life, than to go and cool their purple, congested cheeks against the dark front of the church. To me such conduct sanctified the fuchsias not at all.

Fur Gilberte was running at full speed towards me, sparkling and rosy beneath a cap trimmed with fur.

Garden And for all that he was driving through a city of stone to immure himself in a house without grass or garden. As I did not wish to leave off my book, I would go on with it in the garden, under the chestnut-tree. But after dinner, alas, I was soon obliged to leave Mamma, who stayed talking with the others, in the garden if it was fine, or in the little parlour where everyone took shelter when it was wet. He would be welcomed by the little phrase from the sonata, played in the garden on the

restaurant piano. I had so often, in the evenings, made myself ridiculous by sending to ask Mamma to come upstairs to my room to say good-night to me, while she was drinking coffee with him and my father and my grandparents at the table in the garden. I thought that Françoise had seen us go out by the little gate, through the kitchen garden. I would leap out of bed to run down at once into the garden, with no thought of the fact that evening must return, and with it the hour when I must leave my mother. If he arrived after the hour at which Odette sent her servants to bed, before ringing the bell at the gate of her little garden, he would go round first into the other street, over which, at the ground-level, among the windows (all exactly alike, but darkened) of the adjoining houses, shone the solitary lighted window of her room. If there was none in the garden, the Verdurins would have taken immense pains to have a piano brought out either from a private room or from the restaurant itself.

Immediately the old grey house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theatre to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents. In the shade of a lilac tree, in that little corner of the garden. One looks up at them from a fine garden which descends in terraces to the river. One Sunday, while I was reading in the garden, I was interrupted by Swann, who had come to call upon my parents. The nymphs of spring would have seemed coarse and vulgar in comparison with these young houris, who retained, in this French garden, the pure and vivid colouring of a Persian miniature. The Rue du Saint-Esprit, on to which the little garden gate opened. Upon the sort of screen, patterned with different states and impressions, which my consciousness would quietly unfold while I was reading, and which ranged from the most deeply hidden aspirations of my heart to the wholly external view of

the horizon spread out
before my eyes at the foot of
the garden, what was from
the first the most
permanent and the most
intimate part of me, the
lever whose incessant
movements controlled all
the rest, was my belief in the
philosophic richness and
beauty of the book I was
reading, and my desire to
appropriate these to myself,
whatever the book might be.
We heard, from the far end
of the garden, not the large
and noisy rattle which
heralded and deafened as he
approached with its
ferruginous, interminable,
frozen sound any member of
the household who had put
it out of action by coming in
'without ringing,' but the
double peal—timid, oval,
gilded—of the visitors' bell.
We were all in the garden
when the double peal of the
gate bell sounded shyly. You
would see my grandmother
pacing the deserted garden,
lashed by the storm,
pushing back her grey hair
in disorder so that her
brows might be more free to
imbibe the life-giving
draughts of wind and rain.

Gardens In each of their
gardens the moonlight,
copying the art of Hubert
Robert, had scattered its
broken staircases of white
marble. My grandmother
had returned from the call
full of praise for the house,
which overlooked some
gardens. "The light of the
moon when the fresh breeze
of youth (such as yours)
wafts to my nostrils the
scent of gardens whose
flowers my old eyes are not
sharp enough, now, to
distinguish."

Garlands I wished to hold
before my bodily eyes, that I
might know whether they
were indeed as charming as
they appeared to the eyes of
memory, little hats, so low-
crowned as to seem no more
than garlands about the
brows of women.

Gentle Lips All the
consonants which he did not
manage to pronounce
seemed like harsh
utterances of which his
gentle lips were incapable.

Geological Skeleton "The
oldest bone in the geological
skeleton that underlies our

soil, the true Armor, the sea, the land's end, the accursed region which Anatole France—an enchanter whose works our young friend ought to read—has so well depicted, beneath its eternal fogs, as though it were indeed the land of the Cimmerians in the Odyssey.”

Glancing Eyes I was one of those whose natural unworthiness would forever prevent them from penetrating into the mysteries of the life inside, which it was his duty to guard, and over which the ground-floor windows appeared conscious of being protectingly closed, with far less resemblance, between the nobly sweeping arches of their muslin curtains, to any other windows in the world than to Gilberte's glancing eyes.

Goat “Yes, you old goat!”

Gooseberries Gooseberries, because in another fortnight there would be none left.

Grace of Nature I did not

thirst to know anything save what I believed to be more genuine than myself, what had for me the supreme merit of showing me a fragment of the mind of a great genius, or of the force or the grace of nature as she appeared when left entirely to herself, without human interference.

Grapes Ask the Doctor; he will tell you that those grapes act on me like a regular purge. She was obliged to put straight the bunch of black grapes which she had in her hair.

Grass I found an additional merit in everything that was in my mind at the moment, in the pink reflection of the tiled roof, the wild grass in the wall, the village of Roussainville into which I had long desired to penetrate, the trees of its wood and the steeple of its church, created in them by this fresh emotion which made them appear more desirable only because I thought it was they that had provoked it. I suddenly noticed a straw basket lying forgotten on the grass by the

side of a line whose float was bobbing in the water. Only, near the grass, was sitting a lady of uncertain age who came in all weathers. There were days when she had been prevented from coming by her lessons, by her catechism, by a luncheon-party, by the whole of that life, separated from my own, which twice only, condensed into the name of Gilberte, I had felt pass so painfully close to me, in the hawthorn lane near Combray and on the grass of the Champs-Élysées.

Gravitation The interval of space separating her from him was one which he must as inevitably traverse as he must descend, by an irresistible gravitation, the steep slope of life itself.

Gravity But that of M. de Saint-Candé, girdled, like Saturn, with an enormous ring, was the centre of gravity of a face which composed itself afresh every moment in relation to the glass.

Great Animal “What’s the

matter with you, sitting there gaping like a great animal?”

Great Brow “Can I see any of his things in Paris, so as to have some idea of what is going on behind that great brow which works so hard, that head which I feel sure is always puzzling away about things?”

Great Medley of Trees It is probable that, had I done so, those two steeples would have vanished forever, in a great medley of trees and roofs and scents and sounds which I had noticed and set apart on account of the obscure sense of pleasure which they gave me, but without ever exploring them more fully.

Great Spaces Traversed I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

Green Buds And as each new character is merely a metamorphosis from something older, in these little grey balls I recognized green buds plucked before their time.

Green Space Her own room looked out over the Rue Saint-Jacques, which ran a long way further to end in the Grand-Pré (as distinct from the Petit-Pré, a green space in the centre of the town where three streets met).

Greyhound Pointing their noble greyhound profiles, they towered upon their feet and gathered in a circle round about him.

Ground Erect upon her pedestal as upon a footstool, which had been placed there to save her feet from contact with the wet ground. The ground moved forward under my feet in that garden where, for so long, my actions had ceased to require any control, or even attention, from my will. The keys over which his fingers skipped with such agility were a series of trapezes, from any one of which he might come crashing, a hundred feet, to the ground.

Grove When a ray of sunshine gilded the highest branches, they seemed, soaked and still dripping

with a sparkling moisture, to have emerged alone from the liquid, emerald-green atmosphere in which the whole grove was plunged as though beneath the sea.

Groves I did see some of them again, grown old, no more now than grim spectres of what once they had been, wandering to and fro, in desperate search of heaven knew what, through the Virgilian groves.

Hair A little girl with reddish hair was playing with a shuttlecock. A mother might run her hand through her boy's hair, after the barber had smoothed it down, to make it stick out properly round his head. A woman's hair was not, ordinarily, purple. But while, an hour after his awakening, he was giving instructions to the barber, so that his stiffly brushed hair should not become disarranged on the journey, he thought once again of his dream. Fringed with fair, almost red hair. Going into the drawing-room in the morning to kiss Mamma, who was already dressed to

go out, the coils of her black hair elaborately built up, and her beautiful hands, plump and white, fragrant still with soap. I was sorry that my mother did not dye her hair and redden her lips, as I had heard our neighbour, Mme. Sazerat, say that Mme. Swann did. She would push back her hair with both hands. The loosened tresses of her hair. The marvellous locks of hair that fell along her tired cheeks.

Hairs “We don’t waste time splitting hairs in this house.”

Hand A cream of chocolate, inspired in the mind, created by the hand of Françoise, would be laid before us, light and fleeting as an ‘occasional piece’ of music, into which she had poured the whole of her talent. A vicious person, always affecting the same air of virtue before people whom he is anxious to keep from having any suspicion of his vices, has no register, no gauge at hand from which he may ascertain how far those vices (their

continuous growth being imperceptible by himself) have gradually segregated him from the normal ways of life. As his hand stole out towards the shutters he felt a pang of shame at the thought that Odette would now know that he had suspected her, that he had returned, that he had posted himself outside her window. But scarcely had her hand come within reach of it when, on a final chord, the piece finished. Coquelin passed, talking, in a group of listening friends, and with a sweeping wave of his hand bade a theatrical good day to the people in the carriages. He could wait for a quarter of an hour; and, sitting down, just like anyone else, on an iron chair, paid for his ticket with that hand which Philippe VII had so often held in his own. He wished to give his hand to my children. I could scarcely resist a desire to kiss the hand of the lady in pink, but I felt that to do so would require as much audacity as a forcible abduction of her. I might at last have laid my hand upon the

indispensable, escaped idea, and from uttering the words which might have made that definite progress in the course of our love.

Maulevrier had had the audacity to offer his hand to his sons. "My dear, my hand trembles so that I can scarcely write." My great-aunt, who had in her hand a copy of the *Figaro* in which to the name of a picture then on view in a Corot exhibition were added the words, "from the collection of M. Charles Swann," asked: "Did you see that Swann is 'mentioned' in the *Figaro*?" My mother put a five-franc piece in my hand and said: "Now, be careful." "No, no, not with your whole hand like that; feel them properly!" On his left-hand side. On the other hand the Verdurins were extremely touched by Swann's next request, for he felt that he must ask to be introduced to the pianist's aunt. One of the minor personages, familiar, nameless, as devoid of individual character as a stage-hand in a theatre. She confessed how she loved to spend the whole day

'rummaging' in second-hand shops, hunting for 'bric-à-brac,' and things of the 'right date.' She saw Mamma sitting by my side, holding my hand and letting me cry unchecked. She stretched out a hand towards her rosary. She would hold out her hand with an air of hesitation which was meant as a proof at once of the inculcated reserve which she had to overcome and of the spontaneous friendliness which successfully overcame it. Swann felt that the composer had been content (with the musical instruments at his disposal) to draw aside its veil, to make it visible, following and respecting its outlines with a hand so loving, so prudent, so delicate and so sure, that the sound altered at every moment, blunting itself to indicate a shadow, springing back into life when it must follow the curve of some more bold projection. The simple and elementary gestures used by a man of the world when he courteously holds out his hand to the unknown youth who is being introduced to

him, and when he bows discreetly before the Ambassador to whom he is being introduced, had gradually pervaded, without his being conscious of it, the whole of Swann's social deportment.

Hand and Foot "He is tied hand and foot; there must certainly be a woman somewhere who insists on his going to her at all hours."

Hands He continued to shake hands with all the friends whom he had suspected, with the purely formal reservation that each one of them had, possibly, been seeking to drive him to despair. "He had a fine way of bringing up his children, your Saint-Simon, if he didn't teach them to shake hands with all honest men." He refused to shake hands with him when they met again. History reveals to us that the reigns of the kings and queens who are portrayed as kneeling with clasped hands in the windows of churches, were stained by oppression and bloodshed. I was well aware

that I had placed myself in a position than which none could be counted upon to involve me in graver consequences at my parents' hands. I would try to put away the book which, I imagined, was still in my hands. "If a sick person prefers to die at the hands of one of the Princes of Science...it is far more smart to be able to say, 'Yes, I have Potain.'" In those other women's hands the noble task would have seemed to Swann nothing more than an indiscreet and intolerable usurpation of his freedom of action. My aunt continued to do exactly as she pleased, and to fling money away with both hands. "Oh, you do make me laugh!" she screamed, suddenly, burying her face in her hands. Our hands do not tremble except for ourselves, or for those whom we love. Playing her own and her adversary's hands at once. She had gone on, with that self-satisfied air which a smart woman adopts when she insists that her one desire is to give herself up, without fear of soiling her fingers, to some

unclean task, such as cooking the dinner, with her “hands right in the dish itself.” She was the sister of a reigning monarch, in whose hands were gathered, at that moment, all the threads of European politics. Suppose that, every morning, when we tore the wrapper off our paper with fevered hands, a transmutation were to take place, and we were to find inside it—oh! I don’t know; shall we say Pascal’s *Pensées*? The old lady who read the *Débats* was sitting on her chair, in her invariable place, and had just accosted a park-keeper, with a friendly wave of her hands. The will, which has with such difficulty brought itself to subdue its impulse, to renounce its right to abandon itself to its own uncontrolled desires, and consequent sufferings, would fain cast its guiding reins into the hands of circumstances. They place themselves in the hands of a higher authority which, without putting them to the least inconvenience, can and will, by uttering a word or by administering a tabloid,

set them once again upon their feet. To feel for each other’s hands. To know a thing does not enable us, always, to prevent its happening, but after all the things that we know we do hold, if not in our hands, at any rate in our minds, where we can dispose of them as we choose, which gives us the illusion of a sort of power to control them. Who, having made everything ready for shutting up, had just gone into the back shop to put on his Sunday coat and to wash his hands, which it was his habit, every few minutes and even on the saddest occasions, to rub one against the other with an air of enterprise, cunning, and success.

Hands and Knees It is quite tiring enough for the most active person, especially as you have to go on your hands and knees.

Hawthorn If I had had the courage I would have cut you a branch of that pink hawthorn you used to like so much. In vain did I shape my fingers into a frame, so

as to have nothing but the hawthorns before my eyes; the sentiment which they aroused in me remained obscure and vague, struggling and failing to free itself, to float across and become one with the flowers. It was indeed a hawthorn, but one whose flowers were pink, and lovelier even than the white. My aunt did not go to see the pink hawthorn in the hedge. The hawthorn was not merely in the church, for there, holy ground as it was, we had all of us a right of entry; but, arranged upon the altar itself, inseparable from the mysteries in whose celebration it was playing a part, it thrust in among the tapers and the sacred vessels its rows of branches, tied to one another horizontally in a stiff, festal scheme of decoration. Unfolding through the arch of the pink hawthorn, which opened with her, and with all that unknown world of her existence, into which I should never penetrate.

Hawthorn Blossom I found the whole path throbbing with the

fragrance of hawthorn blossom. It was in these 'Month of Mary' services that I can remember having first fallen in love with hawthorn blossom.

Hawthorn Trees in Bloom On fine spring days, instead of paying calls and listening to silly talk, I would make excursions into the country to see the first hawthorn trees in bloom.

Hawthorns But it was in vain that I lingered before the hawthorns, to breathe in, to marshal! before my mind (which knew not what to make of it), to lose in order to rediscover their invisible and unchanging odour, to absorb myself in the rhythm which disposed their flowers here and there with the light-heartedness of youth, and at intervals as unexpected as certain intervals of music. For often I have wished to see a person again without realizing that it was simply because that person recalled to me a hedge of hawthorns in blossom. I returned to my hawthorns, and stood before them as one stands before

those masterpieces of painting which, one imagines, one will be better able to 'take in' when one has looked away, for a moment, at something else. My grandfather called me to him, and, pointing to the hedge of Tansonville, said: "You are fond of hawthorns; just look at this pink one; isn't it pretty?"

Hazel The Pont-Vieux led to a tow-path which, at this point, would be overhung in summer by the bluish foliage of a hazel.

Head A movement of Mme. Franquetot's head disclosed the Princess. Anyone would say that you were positively trying to put those ideas into my head again. But then, at once, his jealousy, as it had been the shadow of his love, presented him with the complement, with the converse of that new smile with which she had greeted him that very evening,—with which, now, perversely, she was mocking Swann while she tendered her love to another—of that lowering of her head, but lowered now to fall on other lips. But

this shake of the head, which is thus commonly used to decline participation in an event that has yet to come, imparts for that reason an element of uncertainty to the denial of participation in an event that is past. For the first few days, like a tune which will be running in one's head and maddening one soon enough, but of which one has not for the moment 'got hold,' the things I was to love so passionately in Bergotte's style had not yet caught my eye. Having opened his newspaper to find out what was being played, the sight of the title—*Les Filles de Marbre*, by Théodore Barrière,—struck him so cruel a blow that he recoiled instinctively from it and turned his head away. He does not appear to have managed to win the affection of the people of Combray, for they fell upon him as he was coming out from mass, and cut off his head. He recalled the gravity of her head which she seemed to have lifted from its axis to let it droop and fall, as though against her will, upon his lips, as she

had done on that first evening in the carriage. He recited it with a separate stress upon each word, leaning forward, bowing his head, with at once the vehemence which a man gives, so as to be believed, to a highly improbable statement. He was still confronting us, an immense figure in his white nightshirt, crowned with the pink and violet scarf of Indian cashmere in which, since he had begun to suffer from neuralgia, he used to tie up his head. Her grandson had a slight cold in his head. Her head ached, and she warned him that she would not let him stay longer than half an hour, that at midnight she would send him away. Her head, which lay almost horizontally upon them, made one think of the 'stuck-on' head of a pheasant which is brought to the table regally adorned with its feathers. His page had the appearance of a collection of mottoes for me to set at the head of my letters. I climbed up again to my place, turning my head to look back. I decided to

abstain from so inadequate a gesture, and turned my head away. "I do wish I could find out what there is in that head of yours!" I don't know what has become of my head since I lost my poor Octave. I had been taught to place at the head of the list (doubtless because there was no other class of faults from which I needed to be more carefully protected) those in which I can now distinguish the common feature that one succumbs to them by yielding to a nervous impulse. I had forgotten that event during my sleep; I remembered it again immediately I had succeeded in making myself wake up to escape my great-uncle's fingers; still, as a measure of precaution, I would bury the whole of my head in the pillow before returning to the world of dreams. "I have not met his father, dear," said the lady in pink, bowing her head slightly. I turned my head and caught sight of them again. If he had caught sight of himself at that moment, he would have added to the collection of the monocles

which he had already identified, this one which he removed, like an importunate, worrying thought, from his head, while from its misty surface, with his handkerchief, he sought to obliterate his cares. In my schooldays, whenever I ventured in class, when the master's head was turned, to communicate with some new friend, I would always begin by asking him whether he had begun yet to go to theatre. "It is most provoking," said my aunt, shaking her head. "It smells all right; it makes your head go round; it catches your breath; you feel ticklish all over—and not the faintest clue to how it's done." It split my head. Mme. de Cambremer, as a woman who had received a sound musical education, beating time with her head—transformed for the nonce into the pendulum of a metronome. Mme. des Laumes could let her head sway to and fro, fully aware of the cause, with a perfect appreciation of the manner in which the pianist was rendering this Prelude. My

great-aunt herself would lay aside her work, and raise her head and look on at us over her glasses. "No, no, no, not my sonata!" she screamed, "I don't want to be made to cry until I get a cold in the head." "Oh, I do wish I could change you; put some sense into that head of yours." On going to bed I would at once bury my head in a nest. On the head of the statue. Or, perhaps, while I was asleep I had returned without the least effort to an earlier stage in my life, now for ever outgrown; and had come under the thrall of one of my childish terrors, such as that old terror of my great-uncle's pulling my curls, which was effectually dispelled on the day—the dawn of a new era to me—on which they were finally cropped from my head. Realizing in their imagination, fed by suggestion, the invisible boundary which divides, at a few months' interval, the head of an ardent lover from a cuckold's. She never spoke save in low tones, because she believed that there was something broken in her head and floating loose

there, which she might displace by talking too loud. She would gaze at his head, which was hardly aged at all by his recent anxieties. Then stopping, solemnly raising his head, pitching his voice on a double-bass note which he struggled to bring into harmony, he concluded, "And it's so loyal!" This code, if one could judge it by the sudden obstinacy which she would put into her refusal to carry out certain of our instructions, seemed to have foreseen such social complications and refinements of fashion as nothing in Françoise's surroundings or in her career as a servant in a village household could have put into her head. While I was making myself ready to take advantage of this long expected moment, and to surrender myself to the impression of Gilberte which I had prepared beforehand but could no longer find in my head, to an extent which would enable me, during the long hours which I must spend alone, to be certain that it was indeed herself whom I had in mind, that it was

indeed my love for her that I was gradually making grow, as a book grows when one is writing it, she threw me a ball. With a titter of laughter, the complacency of which implied that some little invention of her own was being brought into play, she had installed behind his head and beneath his feet great cushions of Japanese silk. With timorous emotion he bowed his head over his plate, and merely replied: "Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!" Without moving his head.

Heads He attempted, in order to question them, to get into touch again with certain men of that stamp; but these were aware that he knew Odette, and, besides, he was afraid of putting the thought of her into their heads, of setting them once more upon her track. On the heads of the gentlemen who might have been eligible to stroll with Mme. Swann in the Allée de la Reine Marguerite, I found not the grey 'tile' hats of old, nor any other kind.

Heart A heart full of pity for the sufferings of others.

A strange thing, indeed, that those words, two or three times, nothing more than a few words, words uttered in the air, at a distance, could so lacerate a man's heart, as if they had actually pierced it. As he drew towards him the photograph of Zipporah he would imagine that he was holding Odette against his heart. At heart her friend was not altogether bad. At the heart of all their entertainments, dinners, musical evenings, games, suppers in fancy dress, excursions to the country, theatre parties, even the infrequent 'big evenings' when they entertained 'bores,' there were the presence of Odette, the sight of Odette, conversation with Odette. At this time of life a man has already been wounded more than once by the darts of love; it no longer evolves by itself, obeying its own incomprehensible and fatal laws, before his passive and astonished heart. But suddenly it was as though she had entered, and this apparition tore him with such anguish that his hand rose impulsively to his

heart. For my own part I knew all of them by heart. From the bottom of her heart. From the depths of her tortured heart. He could not, in the last resort, answer for any but men whose natures were analogous to his own, as was, so far as the heart went, that of M. de Charlus. He could see no reason why that infamy should lurk in the depths—which no strange eye might explore—of the warm heart. He had a heart of gold. He had always regretted, in his heart, that he had confined his attention to the social side of life. He hoped that, when the fear of losing him clutched at her heart, it would force from her words such as he had never yet heard her utter. He says that she is a most superior woman, with a heart of gold. He was gradually dying of a broken heart. He would gaze curiously at the revelation in her face and speech of what she had hitherto kept concealed from him of her heart. Her sensitive heart took fright. His happy, vagabond and divided heart. "I can assure you that she

has given me proofs of a nobility of heart, of a loftiness of soul, to which no one could possibly attain—how could they?—without a corresponding loftiness of mind.” His heart was frantically beating. I do thank you, with all my heart, for all the good that you have done me. “I have always made a point of preserving complete independence; at heart, as you know, I am a bit of a Radical.” I must set forth without viaticum; must climb each step of the staircase ‘against my heart,’ as the saying is, climbing in opposition to my heart’s desire, which was to return to my mother, since she had not, by her kiss, given my heart leave to accompany me forth. I should have liked to take, the very next day, the good, the generous train at one twenty-two, of which never without a palpitating heart could I read, in the railway company’s bills or in advertisements of circular tours, the hour of departure. I think myself that in his heart of hearts he doesn’t love his wife anymore. I

used to receive, in her kiss, the heart of my mother, complete, without scruple or reservation. “I will seek my way again, I will turn a corner...but...the goal is in my heart.” If she had been forced to obey it would have been with the same despair in her heart that I felt on the days when I did not see her. In her sensitive and scrupulous heart she was ignorant what words ought to flow, spontaneously, from her lips. In my heart of hearts. Indeed, her presence gave the house what none other of the houses that he visited seemed to possess: a sort of tactual sense, a nervous system which ramified into each of its rooms and sent a constant stimulus to his heart. It had shot its arrow into my heart. It must depend on the state of the heart. It seems to us, more than anything else, a sort of transport of gratitude for the kindness of heart of our companion and for her touching predilection of ourselves, which we measure by the benefits, by the happiness that she showers upon us. It was impossible for me to

determine whether she approved or condemned the vagrancy of her eyes in the careless detachment of her heart. It was true that, when Odette had just done something which she did not wish to disclose, she would take pains to conceal it in a secret place in her heart. It was with a light heart, buoyed with the anticipation of going to see some favourite work of art on the morrow, that he jumped into bed and turned out the light. "It's easy to see that you're a musician heart and soul, Madame." "It's just shocking to think of, she would go on," laying a hand over her heart, where presumably she had felt the shock. My actual life, instead of seeming an artificial creation by my father, and one which he could modify as he chose, appeared, on the contrary, to be comprised in a larger reality which had not been created for my benefit, from whose judgments there was no appeal, in the heart of which I was bound, helpless, without friend or ally, and beyond which no further possibilities lay concealed.

My aunt seemed to find a cruel satisfaction in driving into her unhappy servant's heart. My heart beat loud while I counted out to myself "Shall I do it, shall I not?" and then I ceased to ask myself what I ought to do so as at least to do something. My heart began to beat more and more painfully as I increased my agitation by ordering myself to keep calm and to acquiesce in my ill fortune. My heart leaped with impatience. My heart was beating so violently that I could hardly move, but at least it was throbbing no longer with anxiety, but with terror and with joy. My heart would swell with gratitude and pride as though some deity had, in his infinite bounty, restored it to me, had pronounced it to be beautiful and right. Nor the fixed heart which alone could have known the value of a happiness for which it alone had longed. No doubt they regarded aesthetic values as material objects which an unclouded vision could not fail to discern, without needing to have their equivalent in

experience of life stored up and slowly ripening in one's heart. On a crystal bowl which, if you strike it, will ring and throb until you cry aloud in anguish—to clutch at one's heart. Once the pulsations to which my heart had been excited by the appearance of his grey hat and hooded cape had subsided, the sight of him still impressed me as might that of an historic personage, upon whom one had just been studying a series of books, and the smallest details of whose life one learned with enthusiasm. People 'in society' know this index by heart. Seeing the room bare of her, Swann felt his heart wrung by sudden anguish. She is holding out her flaming heart to God. Swann, in his heart of hearts, turned to it, spoke to it as to a confidant in the secret of his love, as to a friend of Odette who would assure him that he need pay no attention to this Forcheville. She knew it by heart. She pitied the girl from the depths of her heart. She was a thorough journalist at heart, and

always on the look-out for 'copy.' The effort which the steeple made to hurl its spire point into the heart of heaven. The feeling that he possesses the heart of a woman may be enough to make him fall in love with her. The name of him whose heart she had once held, but had been unable to keep. The presence of Odette continued to sow in Swann's heart alternate seeds of love and suspicion. The remembered glimpse of an empty milk can upon a doormat wrung his heart. There was a place in his heart to which he would never allow his thoughts to trespass too near, forcing them, if need be, to evade it by a long course of reasoning so that they should not have to pass within reach of it; the place in which lingered his memories of happy days. They kiss and believe that beneath the crushing breastplate there beats a heart different from the rest, more gallant, more adventurous, more tender. They would have forgiven his going to the houses of 'bores' (to whom, as it

happened, in his heart of hearts he infinitely preferred the Verdurins and all their little ‘nucleus’). This time it was not so much—as it ordinarily was—in Swann’s brain that the slackening of tension due to exhaustion took effect, it was rather in his heart. Those thoughts lasted for no more than a second, the time that it took him to raise his hand to his heart, to draw breath again and to contrive to smile, so as to dissemble his torment. Those words two or three times carved, as it were, across the living tissues of his heart. To have a good heart was everything. We could discern in her features a disinterested love of all humanity, blended with a tender respect for the ‘upper classes’ which raised to the most honourable quarter of her heart the hope of receiving her due reward. When the heart is one-and-twenty.

Heart of the Sky

Afternoon or evening, it seemed to have set them flowering in the heart of the sky.

Hearts I was as wretched as though I had ravished and corrupted the innocence of their hearts. One has doubts of them at the moment when one believes in them, and never can possess their hearts. Since we possess its hymn, engraved on our hearts in its entirety, there is no need of any woman to repeat the opening lines, potent with the admiration which her beauty inspires, for us to remember all that follows. The time of life, tinged already with disenchantment, which Swann was approaching, when a man can content himself with being in love for the pleasure of loving without expecting too much in return, this linking of hearts, if it is no longer, as in early youth, the goal towards which love, of necessity, tends, still is bound to love by so strong an association of ideas that it may well become the cause of love if it presents itself first.

Heart-Shaped Leaves

There would surge and flow, numerous as ever, a sea of

little heart-shaped leaves.

Heaven The effort exhausted Swann's brain, until, passing his hand over his eyes, he cried out: "Heaven help me!" as people, after lashing themselves into an intellectual frenzy in their endeavours to master the problem of the reality of the external world, or that of the immortality of the soul, afford relief to their weary brains by an unreasoning act of faith.

Hedge "That hedge is part of *Swann's* park."

Hedge, Trees, Bushes The Tansonville hedge, the trees of Roussainville wood, the bushes against which Montjouvain leaned its back, all must bear the blows of my walking-stick or umbrella.

Hedges I passed occasionally by a row of well-watered little gardens, over whose hedges rose clusters of dark blossom.

Higher Ground A third steeple, that of Vieuxvicq,

which, although separated from them by a hill and a valley, and rising from rather higher ground in the distance, appeared none the less to be standing by their side.

Hills and Valleys

Invariably the charm of all the fancies which the thought of cathedrals used to inspire in me, the charm of the hills and valleys of the Ile de France and of the plains of Normandy, would radiate brightness and beauty over the picture I had formed in my mind.

Hips and Haws She has come up on purpose from Guermentes to hear Saint Francis preach to the birds, and has only just had time, like a dear little tit mouse, to go and pick a few little hips and haws and put them in her hair.

Honey Beneath its flat tombstones, yellowed and bulging like cells of honey in a comb, rested the bones of the old Counts of Brabant. Its memorial stones, beneath which the noble dust of the Abbots of

Combray, who were buried there, furnished the choir with a sort of spiritual pavement, were themselves no longer hard and lifeless matter, for time had softened and sweetened them, and had made them melt like honey and flow beyond their proper margins.

Horizon He fixed his eyes, which had suddenly changed to those of a seer, lost in the profundity of his vision, on so distant a point of the horizon that he could not see us, and so had not to acknowledge our presence. He took a cigarette from his pocket and stood for a long time, his eyes fixed on the horizon. His horizon was bounded by two ladies of 'uncertain' age, seated side by side.

Horse It often happened that, in my spell of uncertainty as to where I was, I did not distinguish the successive theories of which that uncertainty was composed any more than, when we watch a horse running, we isolate the successive positions of its

body as they appear upon a bioscope. Like some of Giotto's paintings themselves which show us at two separate moments the same person engaged in different actions, here lying on his bed, there just about to mount his horse, the name of Florence was divided into two compartments. She had scarcely recovered from the shock which the sight of Swann had given her, when some obstacle made the horse start to one side.

Horses My notion of their power has been less vague, and more founded upon experience—borne along by the flight of a pair of fiery horses. The raking thinness of those horses.

Hortensias Alas! there was nothing now but flats decorated in the Louis XVI style, all white paint, with hortensias in blue enamel.

Hot Summer

Afternoons Its water-lilies and its overshadowing trees, and an endless series of hot summer afternoons.

Human Being “It isn’t possible, I would never have believed that a human being could do all that.”

Human Body He marvelled at the strength, at the suppleness of the human body, which was able continually to hold in check, to outwit all the perils that environed it.

Human Race She belonged to that one of the two divisions of the human race in which the untiring curiosity which the other half feels about the people whom it does not know is replaced by an unflinching interest in the people whom it does.

Human Thought Some ordinary human thought, some worthy sentiment such as is to be found in all creatures when, in a moment of rest or meditation, they are free to express themselves, would flash out from her eyes like a ray of gold.

Humiliated Heart Very soon that love surged up again in me like a reaction

by which my humiliated heart was endeavouring to rise to Gilberte’s level, or to draw her down to its own.

Hymenoptera There is a species of hymenoptera, observed by Fabre, the burrowing wasp, which in order to provide a supply of fresh meat for her offspring after her own decease, calls in the science of anatomy to amplify the resources of her instinctive cruelty, and, having made a collection of weevils and spiders, proceeds with marvellous knowledge and skill to pierce the nerve-centre on which their power of locomotion (but none of their other vital functions) depends, so that the paralyzed insect, beside which her egg is laid, will furnish the larva, when it is hatched, with a tamed and inoffensive quarry, incapable either of flight or of resistance, but perfectly fresh for the larder.

Ice He notices the time, to put some customer’s wine on the ice. Lighting up for us, and for us alone, with a secret and languid flame

invisible by the great lady upon his other side, an enamoured pupil in a countenance of ice. Shortly before she reached me, she slipped on a piece of ice. The ice itself—with burned nuts in it—and the finger-bowls seemed to me to be concealing pleasures that were mischievous and of a mortal sadness. The ice once broken, every evening, when he had taken her home, he must follow her into the house.

Icicle I was growing sick with misery between the motionless wooden horses and the white lawn, caught in a net of black paths from which the snow had been cleared, while the statue that surmounted it held in its hand a long pendent icicle which seemed to explain its gesture.

Icy No sooner had he made himself ready to sleep, relaxing a self-control of which he was not even conscious, so habitual had it become, than an icy shudder convulsed his body and he burst into sobs. Swann assumed his most icy

manner.

Immense Plain The narrow road emerged suddenly on to an immense plain, closed at the horizon by strips of forest.

In an Animal, In a Plant I feel that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls of those whom we have lost are held captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison.

Innumerable Elements And so, dimly realizing that the universe contained innumerable elements which my feeble senses would be powerless to discern, did he not bring them within my reach, I wished that I might have his opinion, some metaphor of his, upon everything in the world.

Innumerable Petals

Others shed their leaves at once, and then it is more beautiful still to see the sky strewn with the scattering of their innumerable petals, sulphurous yellow and rosy red.

Innumerable Spears and Arrows of the Storm

Roussainville was now, when the rain had ceased for us, still being chastised, like a village in the Old Testament, by all the innumerable spears and arrows of the storm, which beat down obliquely upon the dwellings of its inhabitants.

Insects As I drew near, the sight of their topmost branches, their lightly tossing foliage, in its easy grace, its coquettish outline, its delicate fabric, over which hundreds of flowers were laid, like winged and throbbing colonies of precious insects.

Intoxicated Heart My intoxicated heart.

Invisible Bird Somewhere in one of the tall trees,

making a stage in its height, an invisible bird, desperately attempting to make the day seem shorter, was exploring with a long, continuous note the solitude that pressed it on every side, but it received at once so unanimous an answer, so powerful a repercussion of silence and of immobility that, one would have said, it had arrested for all eternity the moment which it had been trying to make pass more quickly.

Invisible Force Although her attitude was, doubtless, habitual and instinctive, one which she knew to be appropriate to such moments, and was careful not to forget to assume, she seemed to need all her strength to hold her face back, as though some invisible force were drawing it down towards Swann's.

Invisible Message It is in the air, at large, like a pure and supernatural creature that reveals to the ear, as it passes, its invisible message.

Invisible Sun Nurtured by

the invisible sun which, here and there, kindled to a flame the point of a blade of grass.

Iris How can the people who watch these dreadful creatures hobble by, beneath hats on which have been heaped the spoils of aviary or garden bed—how can they imagine the charm that there was in the sight of Mme. Swann, crowned with a close-fitting lilac bonnet, or with a tiny hat from which rose stiffly above her head a single iris?

Irises We would sit down among the irises at the water's edge.

Irrepressible Verdure Seeing upon the boulevards that the chestnut trees, though plunged in a glacial atmosphere that soaked through them like a stream of water, were none the less beginning, punctual guests, arrayed already for the party, and admitting no discouragement, to shape and chisel and curve in its frozen lumps the irrepressible verdure whose steady growth the abortive

power of the cold might hinder but could not succeed in restraining.

Ivy Brief, fading ivy, climbing, fugitive flora, the most colourless, the most depressing, to many minds, of all that creep on walls or decorate windows, to me the dearest of them all.

Jackdaws It let fall at regular intervals flights of jackdaws which for a little while would wheel and caw.

Jaw Dr. Cottard, who was then just starting in general practice, would “really have to come one day and set her jaw, which she had dislocated with laughing too much.” Since the accident to her jaw, she had abandoned the effort involved in real hilarity, and had substituted a kind of symbolical dumb-show.

Jaws Jaws that parted as though to devour her.

Jonquils, Narcissi and Anemones I moved swiftly—so as to arrive, as soon as might be, at the table that was spread for

me, with fruit and a flask of
Chianti—across a Ponte
Vecchio heaped with
jonquils, narcissi and
anemones.

Keen Frost In a keen frost,
I would feel the satisfaction
of being shut in from the
outer world.

Kingdom of the Lake At
the foot of the path which
led down to this artificial
lake, there might be seen, in
its two tiers woven of
trailing forget-me-nots
below and of periwinkle
flowers above, the natural,
delicate, blue garland which
binds the luminous,
shadowed brows of water-
nymphs; while the iris, its
swords sweeping every way
in regal profusion, stretched
out over agrimony and
water-growing king-cups
the liliated sceptres, tattered
glories of yellow and purple,
of the kingdom of the lake.

Knee Bending one knee in
what was almost a dancer's
pose, so that she could lean
without tiring herself over
the picture.

Knees He would come

away from an evening party,
jump into his victoria,
spread a rug over his knees,
tell the friends who were
leaving at the same time,
and who insisted on his
going home with them, that
he could not, that he was
not going in their direction.
I've seen him, don't you
know, when he's been with
me, simply dazzling; you'd
want to go on your knees to
him. She sprang on to the
knees of her friend and held
out a chaste brow to be
kissed.

Lagoon The idea which I
formed of Venice, from a
drawing by Titian which is
supposed to have the lagoon
in the background, was
certainly far less accurate
than what I have since
derived from ordinary
photographs.

Lake "Anyhow they've got a
lake in Pomerania that's ten
times the size of the Place de
la Concorde." I had heard
that Mme. Swann walked
almost every day along the
Allée des Acacias, round the
big lake, and in the Allée de
la Reine Marguerite. I
reached the shore of the

lake. The wind wrinkled the surface of the Grand Lac in little wavelets, like a real lake.

Land “That land of infinite fiction makes bad reading for any boy; and is certainly not what I should choose or recommend for my young friend here, who is already so much inclined to melancholy, for a heart already predisposed to receive its impressions.” The ‘Méséglise way’ with its lilacs, its hawthorns, its cornflowers, its poppies, its apple-trees, the ‘Guermantes way’ with its river full of tadpoles, its water-lilies, and its buttercups have constituted for me for all time the picture of the land in which I fain would pass my life, in which my only requirements are that I may go out fishing, drift idly in a boat, see the ruins of a gothic fortress in the grass, and find hidden among the cornfields—as Saint-André-des-Champs lay hidden—an old church, monumental, rustic, and yellow like a mill-stone; and the cornflowers, the hawthorns,

the apple-trees which I may happen, when I go walking, to encounter in the fields.

Landscape And immediately the whole of her face would light up like a grey landscape, swathed in clouds which, suddenly, are swept away and the dull scene transfigured, at the moment of the sun’s setting. He would have looked back to distinguish, as it might be a landscape that was about to disappear, that love from which he had departed. In vain I compressed the whole landscape into my field of vision, draining it with an exhaustive gaze which sought to extract from it a female creature.

Large and Leafy Shadows Those large and leafy shadows which lay reflected on that lake of sunshine seemed aware that they were pledges of happiness and peace of mind.

Large and Richly Coloured Petals It was the possession of this woman that would emerge for him from their large

and richly coloured petals.

Large Chrysanthemums

These were entered through a narrow lobby, the wall of which, checkered with the lozenges of a wooden trellis such as you see on garden walls, only gilded, was lined from end to end by a long rectangular box in which bloomed, as though in a hothouse, a row of large chrysanthemums, at that time still uncommon, though by no means so large as the mammoth blossoms which horticulturists have since succeeded in making grow.

Large Eyes He would gaze in admiration at the large eyes.

Laurels She had gone away to lay down her things on a chair that stood with its back to a shrubbery of laurels.

Lawn A marvellous little band of light, of the colour of heliotrope, spread over the lawn like a carpet on which I could not tire of treading to and fro with lingering feet, nostalgic and

profane. At once a scrap of withered lawn and a moment in the afternoon of the fair player, who continued to beat up and catch her shuttlecock until a governess, with a blue feather in her hat, had called her away.

Laws of Nature A type of happiness rendered inaccessible to a little boy of my kind by certain laws of nature which it was impossible to transgress. Feeling that his love, also, was obedient to these immutable laws of nature, he asked himself whether this period, upon which he had entered, was to last much longer.

Lazy Cloud In the holiday sky a lazy cloud streamed out to its full length.

Leafy Bough M. de Palancy, who with his huge carp's head and goggling eyes moved slowly up and down the stream of festive gatherings, unlocking his great mandibles at every moment as though in search of his orientation, had the air of carrying about upon

his person only an accidental and perhaps purely symbolical fragment of the glass wall of his aquarium, a part intended to suggest the whole which recalled to Swann, a fervent admirer of Giotto's *Vices and Virtues* at Padua, that injustice by whose side a leafy bough evokes the idea of the forests that enshroud his secret lair.

Leaves of a Climbing

Plant This similarity, which imparted to the statue itself a kindliness that I had not looked to find in it, was corroborated often by the arrival of some girl from the fields, come, like ourselves, for shelter beneath the porch, whose presence there—as when the leaves of a climbing plant have grown up beside leaves carved in stone—seemed intended by fate to allow us, by confronting it with its type in nature, to form a critical estimate of the truth of the work of art.

Leg “Here was I, poor thing, talking quite seriously, and never seeing that you were pulling my leg.”

Leg of Mutton “Your nice leg of mutton will be quite dried up now, after all the hours it’s been waiting.”

Level Ground But to our right the park stretched away into the distance, on level ground.

Lifeless Matter The wind pulled out sideways the wild grass that grew in the wall, and the chicken’s downy feathers, both of which things let themselves float upon the wind’s breath to their full extent, with the unresisting submissiveness of light and lifeless matter.

Light I find again the same state, illumined by no fresh light. It is face to face with something which does not so far exist, to which it alone can give reality and substance, which it alone can bring into the light of day. He drove through a deserted Paris by the light of the moon: noticing as he drove home that the satellite had now changed its position, relatively to his own, and was almost touching the horizon. The steeples of Martinville

remained alone, gilded by the light of the setting sun, which, even at that distance, I could see playing and smiling upon their sloped sides. They veered in the light like three golden pivots, and vanished from my gaze.

Lilac Before reaching it we would be met on our way by the scent of his lilac trees, come out to welcome strangers. I saw Mme. Swann, letting trail behind her the long train of her lilac skirt, dressed, as the populace imagine queens to be dressed, in rich attire such as no other woman might wear. Without the least anxiety I could hear, at the far end of the garden, the last peals of thunder growling among our lilac trees.

Lilac-Time Lilac-time was nearly over; some of the trees still thrust aloft, in tall purple chandeliers, their tiny balls of blossom, but in many places among their foliage where, only a week before, they had still been breaking in waves of fragrant foam, these were

now spent and shrivelled and discoloured, a hollow scum, dry and scentless.

Lilies Even on a stormy day the name of Florence or of Venice would awaken the desire for sunshine, for lilies. It sparkled beneath the lilies in the kaleidoscope of a happiness silent, restless, and alert. So that it and the City of the Lilies were not just artificial scenes which I could set up at my pleasure in front of my imagination. When I thought of Florence, it was of a town miraculously embalmed, and flower-like, since it was called the City of the Lilies, and its Cathedral, Our Lady of the Flower.

Lilies in their Hands
With lilies in their hands.

Lily At first they appeared singly, a lily, for instance, which the current, across whose path it had unfortunately grown, would never leave at rest for a moment, so that, like a ferry-boat mechanically propelled, it would drift over to one bank only to

return to the other, eternally repeating its double journey. Here and there, on the surface, floated, blushing like a strawberry, the scarlet heart of a lily set in a ring of white petals.

Limb And when, in conversation with his friends, he forgot his sufferings, suddenly a word casually uttered would make him change countenance as a wounded man does when a clumsy hand has touched his aching limb.

Limbs He stood gazing at her; traces of the old fresco were apparent in her face and limbs, and these he tried incessantly, afterwards, to recapture, both when he was with Odette, and when he was only thinking of her in her absence.

Lime Blossom If my aunt were feeling 'upset,' she would ask instead for her 'tisane,' and it would be my duty to shake out of the chemist's little package on to a plate the amount of lime blossom required for infusion in boiling water.

Lime Blossoms These were indeed real lime blossoms, like those I had seen, when coming from the train, in the Avenue de la Gare, altered, but only because they were not imitations but the very same blossoms, which had grown old.

Lime Trees I can see it again with all its lime trees, and its pavement glistening beneath the moon. The balmy scent of the lime trees seemed a consolation which I could obtain only at the price of great suffering and exhaustion, and not worthy of the effort.

Limes One spent the winter on the Promenade des Anglais, the summer beneath the limes of Baden.

Lion For by her way of thinking, to compare a man with a lion, which she used to pronounce 'lie-on,' was not at all complimentary to the man.

Lions They're not men any more, they're lions."

Lips A respect which I

should perhaps have found touching in a book, but which never failed to irritate me on her lips. A touch of red over the lips of Esther had strayed beyond their outline. Blindly, hotly, madly, flinging aside all the reasons I had just found to support such action, I seized and raised to my lips the hand she held out to me. He could not refrain from moving his lips towards her, as though she had actually been in the room for him to kiss. He gathered up, with an eager and sorrowful piety, the words that fell from her lips. He let the words slip delicately from his lips. He made involuntarily with his lips the motion of kissing. Mechanically, weary after a dull day with the prospect of a depressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. On her lips an ambiguous smile. Only, now and again, he gave Odette to understand that people maliciously kept him informed of everything that she did; and making opportune use of some

detail—insignificant but true—which he had accidentally learned, as though it were the sole fragment which he would allow, in spite of himself, to pass his lips, out of the numberless other fragments of that complete reconstruction of her daily life which he carried secretly in his mind, he led her to suppose that he was perfectly informed upon matters, which, in reality, he neither knew nor suspected. She hastily outlined upon her lips the smile of joy and surprise with which she would have greeted him. She shook her head, pursing her lips together; a sign which people commonly employ to signify that they are not going, because it would bore them to go. That frail and precious kiss which Mamma used always to leave upon my lips when I was in bed and just going to sleep I had to take with me from the dining-room to my own, and to keep inviolate all the time that it took me to undress, without letting its sweet charm be broken, without letting its volatile essence diffuse itself and

evaporate. The closing notes of the phrase that he had begun sounded already on her lips. The serpent hissing between the lips of Envy is so huge, and so completely fills her wide-opened mouth that the muscles of her face are strained and contorted, like a child's who is filling a balloon with his breath, and that Envy, and we ourselves for that matter, when we look at her, since all her attention and ours are concentrated on the action of her lips, have no time, almost, to spare for envious thoughts. Then he would become annoyed, and she would burst out with a laugh which, was transformed, as it left her lips, and descended upon him in a shower of kisses. There we would all stay, hanging on the words which would fall from my grandmother's lips when she brought us back her report of the enemy. When she used my surname, to my parents, accessories of which her lips—by the effort that she made, a little after her father's manner, to articulate the words to which she wished to give a

special value—had the air of stripping, of divesting me. When strangers passed she still allowed to linger about her lips a lazy smile, as though she expected or remembered some friend, which made them say: "What a lovely woman!" With his lips. "You compel me to sully my lips with so abject a name." You would have said that her half-opened lips were just about to speak.

Little Apples "Think of listening to Wagner for a fortnight on end with her, who takes about as much interest in music as a fish does in little apples."

Little Breeze "Don't you feel this little breeze?"

Little Cloud Forming, on its celestial passage through the midst of the children and their nursemaids, a little cloud, exquisitely coloured, like the cloud that, curling over one of Poussin's gardens, reflects minutely, like a cloud in the opera, teeming with chariots and horses, some apparition of the life of the gods.

Little Girls I saw,
luminous and imprisoned in
a bowl by themselves, the
agate marbles which seemed
precious to me because they
were as fair and smiling as
little girls.

Little Spots I then noticed
that on the flowers
themselves were little spots
of a creamier colour.

Little Sunshine They took
a turn or two in the park,
where there was a little
sunshine.

Little White Cloud
Françoise, in desperation
that not a drop was falling
upon the ‘poor crops,’
gazing up at the sky and
seeing there only a little
white cloud floating here
and there upon its calm,
azure surface, groaned
aloud.

Liver “You know, my
husband isn’t at all well; it’s
his liver.”

Lobster Mamma was
asking my father if he had
thought the lobster good.

Lofty Summits “We are

having a most entertaining
conversation; I cannot think
why we climb to these lofty
summits.”

Lovely Day “What a lovely
day!”

Lovely Sun “What a lovely
sun!”

Lowest Water He saw
himself and her in ‘low,’ in
the very ‘lowest water,’
inextricably stranded.

Maelstrom It dreamed, no
doubt, of some imaginary
maelstrom.

Maggots Yet I’m not really
angry, he assured himself,
when I see how she longs to
run away and scratch from
maggots in that dunghill of
cacophony.

**Magnanimous
Creatures** They are
magnanimous creatures,
and magnanimity is, after
all, the one thing that
matters, the one thing that
gives us distinction here on
earth.

Marble Illuminated, as
though by a row of

footlights, in the new surroundings in which it now appeared, that word 'marble.' "You're not made of marble."

Marine Atmosphere By a supreme muscular effort, a long way in excess of my real strength, stripping myself, as of a shell that served no purpose, of the air in my own room which surrounded me, I replaced it by an equal quantity of Venetian air, that marine atmosphere, indescribable and peculiar as the atmosphere of the dreams which my imagination had secreted in the name of Venice.

Marvellous Bird
"Marvellous bird!"

Mass of Foliage A patch of brightness indicated the approach to almost every one of them, or else a splendid mass of foliage stood out before it like an oriflamme.

Meadow "Poor boys, to be mown down like grass in a meadow."

Meadows Suddenly, effacing them, taking away all their charm, excluding them because they were its opposite and could only have weakened its effect, was substituted in me the converse dream of the most variegated of springs, not the spring of Combray, still pricking with all the needle-points of the winter's frost, but that which already covered with lilies and anemones the meadows. The ground on the other side was lower, and stretched in a series of broad meadows as far as the village and even to the distant railway station. Those meadows upon whose surface, when it is polished by the sun to the mirroring radiance of a lake, are outlined the leaves of the apple-trees.

Mind's Eye A shroud from the constant image of which in her mind's eye she drew a certain satisfactory sense, if not actually of wealth and prosperity, at any rate of self-esteem. His mind's eye would cease to behold that dear countenance, save as occupying a distant and

diminished position, and on the verge of ceasing to shed on him the radiance of its charm.

Minnows I would amuse myself by watching the glass jars which the boys used to lower into the Vivonne, to catch minnows, and which, filled by the current of the stream, in which they themselves also were enclosed, at once 'containers' whose transparent sides were like solidified water and 'contents' plunged into a still larger container of liquid, flowing crystal, suggested an image of coolness more delicious and more provoking than the same water in the same jars would have done, standing upon a table laid for dinner, by showing it as perpetually in flight between the impalpable water, in which my hands could not arrest it, and the insoluble glass, in which my palate could not enjoy it.

Mire It is really impossible to believe that any human being is incapable of understanding that, in

allowing herself merely to smile at the expense of a fellow-creature who has loyally held out his hand to her, she is casting herself into a mire from which it will be impossible, with the best will in the world, ever to rescue her.

Molecules This lady in her creative principle, in the molecules of her physical composition, was perhaps not substantially the Duchesse de Guermantes, but that her body, in ignorance of the name that people had given it, belonged to a certain type of femininity which included, also, the wives of doctors and tradesmen.

Monkey "D'you think he'd pack you out of the house if he could see you now, with the window open, the ugly old monkey?"

Moon He would think of that other face, gleaming and faintly roseate like the moon's, which had, one day, risen on the horizon of his mind and since then had shed upon the world that mysterious light in which he

saw it bathed. The moon seems fair to me to-day.

Moonbeams He looked up from his victoria on those fine and frosty nights of early spring, and saw the dazzling moonbeams fall between his eyes and the deserted streets.

Moonlight But she saw that his eyes remained fixed upon the things that he did not know, and on that past era of their love, monotonous and soothing in his memory because it was vague, and now rent, as with a sword-wound, by the news of that minute on the Island in the Bois, by moonlight, while he was dining with the Princesse des Laumes. He could see the pianist sitting down to play the Moonlight Sonata. He could smell the heated iron of the barber whom he used to have in to singe his hair while Loredan went to fetch the little working girl; could feel the torrents of rain which fell so often that spring, the ice-cold homeward drive in his victoria, by moonlight. I dined with Legrandin on the

terrace of his house, by moonlight. It is a very different kind of existence at Tansonville now with Mme. de Saint-Loup, and a different kind of pleasure that I now derive from taking walks only in the evenings, from visiting by moonlight the roads on which I used to play, as a child, in the sunshine. She swore there'd never been anything like it in the way of moonlight. There comes in all lives a time, towards which you still have far to go, when the weary eyes can endure but one kind of light, the light which a fine evening like this prepares for us in the stillroom of darkness, when the ears can listen to no music save what the moonlight breathes through the flute of silence. There must be no lights of any sort, and he must play the Moonlight Sonata in the dark, for us to see by.

Moonlight on the Water

“Come along round behind the rock, there, and look at the moonlight on the water!”

Moonlit Evenings He

remembered those moonlit evenings.

Moonlit Night If it was a moonlit night and warm, then, instead of taking us home at once, my father, in his thirst for personal distinction, would lead us on a long walk round by the Calvary.

Moor In front of it stretched a moor on which Geneviève stood, lost in contemplation, wearing a blue girdle. The castle and the moor were yellow, but I could tell their colour without waiting to see them.

Morning to Night Sometimes he hoped that she would die, painlessly, in some accident, she who was out of doors in the streets, crossing busy thoroughfares, from morning to night.

Mosquito A last mosquito proves that Italy and summer are still not too remote.

Mosquitoes In the garden we used as little light as possible, so as not to attract

mosquitoes.

Moss More soft, more warm upon the stone than even moss is; alive.

Moss Roses Beyond these the flowers were more frequent, but paler, less glossy, more thickly seeded, more tightly folded, and disposed, by accident, in festoons so graceful that I would fancy I saw floating upon the stream, as though after the dreary stripping of the decorations used in some Watteau festival, moss roses in loosened garlands.

Mountainous There are mountainous, uncomfortable days.

Mountains and Rivers I used to sit in the heat of our Combray garden, sick with a longing inspired by the book I was then reading for a land of mountains and rivers.

Mountains of Flowers The hedge resembled a series of chapels, whose walls were no longer visible under the mountains of flowers that were heaped upon their altars.

Mouse In the hope that Swann would catch sight of her, the Princess could do nothing but (like a tame white mouse when a lump of sugar is put down before its nose and then taken away) turn her face.

Moustache Beneath it there sprouted a heavy moustache. But if one took the trouble to imagine Swann's utterances divested of the sonority that enwrapped them, of the moustache from under which they emerged, one found that they were the same phrases.

Moustached Alas! there was nothing now but motor cars driven each by a moustached mechanic, with a tall footman towering by his side.

Moustaches Drooping fair moustaches.

Mouth By keeping the pipe firmly in his mouth he could prolong indefinitely the dumb-show of suffocation and hilarity. His mouth, which had been stiffened and seared with bitter lines,

was the first to recover, and smiled. I could distinguish the impression of having been held, for a moment, in her mouth, myself, naked, without, any longer, any of the social qualifications which belonged equally to her other companions. I have no need to fill my mouth with them when I can feed on them with my eyes. M. Verdurin had been wiser than he knew in not taking his pipe out of his mouth. Mme. Cottard, who was a shy woman and spoke but seldom, was not lacking, for all that, in self-assurance when a happy inspiration put the right word in her mouth. She reached out as far as she could across the limitations of her true character to find the language appropriate to a vicious young woman such as she longed to be thought, but the words which, she imagined, such a young woman might have uttered with sincerity sounded unreal in her own mouth. "Take your pipe out of your mouth." "We are speaking of Mme. de Crécy," he explained, as M. Verdurin joined them, his pipe in his

mouth. “What a fetid form of humour!” he exclaimed, twisting his mouth into an expression of disgust.

Mouthful I drink a second mouthful, in which I find nothing more than in the first, a third, which gives me rather less than the second.

Mud He had upset the whole household when he arrived an hour and a half late for luncheon, covered with mud from head to foot, and made not the least apology.

Muscles He could feel the muscles of his throat stiffen against his collar.

Mystic Blossom Once my mother, while she was telling us, as she did every evening at dinner, where she had been and what she had done that afternoon, merely by the words: “By the way, guess whom I saw at the Trois Quartiers—at the umbrella counter—Swann!” caused to burst open in the midst of her narrative (an arid desert to me) a mystic blossom.

Nasturtiums In front of us a path bordered with nasturtiums rose in the full glare of the sun towards the house. The gardener might lean his ladder, against the wall overgrown with nasturtiums, which clambered up it as far as my window sill.

Natural He would then understand that it was his jealousy alone which had led him to find something atrocious, unpardonable, in this desire (after all, so natural a desire, springing from a childlike ingenuousness and also from a certain delicacy in her nature). It appeared to her to be quite natural. My grandmother would be sent out as a scout, always happy to find an excuse for an additional turn in the garden, which she would utilize to remove surreptitiously, as she passed, the stakes of a rose-tree or two, so as to make the roses look a little more natural. Without being intelligent, Odette had the charm of being natural.

Natural Behaviour

Enraptured, as all of us are, at times, by the natural behaviour of a child.

Natural Charm Mme. de Guermantes found herself in the midst of all those Combray people whose names, even, she did not know, but whose inferiority proclaimed her own supremacy so loud that she must, in return, feel for them a genuine, pitying sympathy, and whom she might count on impressing even more forcibly by virtue of her simplicity and natural charm.

Natural Foundation

Happily for Swann, beneath the mass of suffering which had invaded his soul like a conquering horde of barbarians, there lay a natural foundation, older, more placid, and silently laborious, like the cells of an injured organ which at once set to work to repair the damaged tissues, or the muscles of a paralyzed limb which tend to recover their former movements.

Natural Law But at that

moment, by an inspiration of jealousy, analogous to the inspiration which reveals to a poet or a philosopher, who has nothing, so far, but an odd pair of rhymes or a detached observation, the idea or the natural law which will give power, mastery to his work, Swann recalled for the first time a remark which Odette had made to him.

Natural Phenomena But soon it happened that, like those natural phenomena from which our comfort or our health can derive but an accidental and all too modest benefit, until the day when science takes control of them, and, producing them at will, places in our hands the power to order their appearance, withdrawn from the tutelage and independent of the consent of chance; similarly the production of these dreams of the Atlantic and of Italy ceased to depend entirely upon the changes of the seasons and of the weather. It is the same in life; the heart changes, and that is our worst misfortune; but

we learn of it only from reading or by imagination; for in reality its alteration, like that of certain natural phenomena, is so gradual that, even if we are able to distinguish, successively, each of its different states, we are still spared the actual sensation of change.

Natural or Picturesque Setting It was to me like one of those zoological gardens in which one sees assembled together a variety of flora, and contrasted effects in landscape; where from a hill one passes to a grotto, a meadow, rocks, a stream, a trench, another hill, a marsh, but knows that they are there only to enable the hippopotamus, zebra, crocodile, rabbit, bear and heron to disport themselves in a natural or a picturesque setting.

Natural Resistance By its desperate and quite natural resistance, which Françoise, beside herself with rage as she attempted to slit its throat beneath the ear, accompanied with shrill cries of “Filthy creature! Filthy creature!”

Natural Shore I required also, if the storm was to be absolutely genuine, that the shore from which I watched it should be a natural shore, not an embankment recently constructed by a municipality.

Naturalist Gilberte pointed out to me with a laugh two little boys who were like the little artist and the little naturalist in the children’s storybooks.

Nature And then, in a moment of illumination, like a man in a fever who awakes from sleep and is conscious of the absurdity of the dream-shapes among which his mind has been wandering without any clear distinction between himself and them, Swann suddenly perceived how foreign to his nature were the thoughts which he had been revolving in his mind. Because of the selection that the author had made of them, because of the spirit of faith in which my mind would exceed and anticipate his printed word, as it might be interpreting a revelation, these scenes used to give me the

impression—one which I hardly ever derived from any place in which I might happen to be, and never from our garden, that undistinguished product of the strictly conventional fantasy of the gardener whom my grandmother so despised—of their being actually part of Nature herself, and worthy to be studied and explored. In moments of musing contemplation of nature, the normal actions of the mind being suspended, and our abstract ideas of things set on one side, we believe with the profoundest faith in the originality, in the individual existence of the place in which we may happen to be. Indeed, when it was too late, he would laugh at himself for it, for there was in his nature, redeemed by many rare refinements, an element of clownishness. My grandmother found in the steeple of Saint-Hilaire that absence of vulgarity, pretension, and meanness which made her love—and deem rich in beneficent influences—nature itself. Nature had unfortunately forgotten to include any

capacity whatsoever for becoming passionately interested in the co-operative movement among the ladies of Sweden. Nature, by all the feelings that she aroused in me, seemed to me the most opposite thing in the world to the mechanical inventions of mankind. ‘Sadists’ of Mlle. Vinteuil’s sort are creatures so purely sentimental, so virtuous by nature, that even sensual pleasure appears to them as something bad, a privilege reserved for the wicked. She would say, “At last one can breathe!” and would run up and down the soaking paths—too straight and symmetrical for her liking, owing to the want of any feeling for nature in the new gardener, whom my father had been asking all morning if the weather were going to improve. So curious was he to learn the nature and attributes. That sense of quiet and comfort which is an indispensable background to the impressions that we derive from nature. The Bavarian upholsterer who had been entrusted with the

furnishing of this hotel had varied his scheme of decoration in different rooms, and in that which I found myself occupying had set against the walls, on three sides of it, a series of low book-cases with glass fronts, in which, according to where they stood, by a law of nature which he had, perhaps, forgotten to take into account, was reflected this or that section of the ever-changing view of the sea. The locks of his reddish hair, crinkled by nature, but glued to his head by brilliantine, were treated broadly as they are in that Greek sculpture which the Mantuan painter never ceased to study, and which, if in its creator's purpose it represents but man, manages at least to extract from man's simple outlines such a variety of richness, borrowed, as it were, from the whole of animated nature, a head of hair, by the glossy undulation and beak-like points of its curls, or in the overlaying of the florid triple diadem of its brushed tresses, can suggest at once a bunch of seaweed, a brood of fledgling doves, a

bed of hyacinths and a serpent's writhing back. The photographer had been prevented from reproducing directly the masterpieces or the beauties of nature. The public cannot recognize the charm, the beauty, even the outlines of nature save in the stereotyped impressions of an art which they have gradually assimilated. They are produced whenever there needs to establish itself in the security necessary to its development a vice which Nature herself has planted in the soul of a child. They were in no way connected now with nature, with the world of real things, which from now onwards lost all its charm and significance, and meant no more to my life than a purely conventional framework, just as the action of a novel is framed in the railway carriage, on a seat of which a traveller is reading it to pass the time. This desire that a woman should appear added for me something more exalting than the charms of nature. Though I dared not look at them save through my fingers, I could

feel that the formal scheme was composed of living things, and that it was Nature herself who, by trimming the shape of the foliage, and by adding the crowning ornament of those snowy buds, had made the decorations worthy of what was at once a public rejoicing and a solemn mystery. To this face, the expression on which was so often gentle, to this nature so eminently human.

Natures Natures that are slightly nervous, as mine was, make use, like motor-cars, of different 'speeds.'

Neck He would place it there, giving to Odette's neck the necessary inclination. She bent her neck, as all their necks may be seen to bend, in the pagan scenes as well as in the scriptural. When she had found it, she performed a circular movement with her neck.

Neck and Arms Odette had received him in a tea-gown of pink silk, which left her neck and arms bare.

Nerves "It is his nerves." In a state of nerves.

New Dog "Ah, but that will be the new dog M. Galopin has brought her from Lisieux."

Night I let myself be borne upon the current of this gentle night on which I had my mother by my side.

No Cattleyas "Oh! no cattleyas this evening; then there's nothing for me to arrange."

Nobler and Purer Air "God knows that I have honestly attempted to pull Odette out of that sewer, and to teach her to breathe a nobler and a purer air."

North Pole or the Equator The Guermantes, on the other hand, meant no more than the ultimate goal, ideal rather than real, of the 'Guermantes way,' a sort of abstract geographical term like the North Pole or the Equator.

Nose A large nose. A little spot at the corner of her nose. Everything, even to

the fiery little spot at the corner of her nose, gave an assurance of her subjection to the laws of life. Her nose. Her nose, just perceptibly wrinkled in a frown, exposed to view two dark cavities that were, surely, modelled from life. Stopping at the line of his arched nose as at a natural frontier. The broken nose, the penetrating stare. The least sensitive nose must be driven away in horror from such stale exhalations. The nose of M. de Palancy; in a portrait by Tintoretto. To follow so exactly the line of his nose.

Nothing But now, albeit they had led to nothing, those moments struck me as having been charming enough in themselves.

Oak I want to see again is the 'Guermantes way' as I knew it, with the farm that stood a little apart from the two neighbouring farms, pressed so close together, at the entrance to the oak avenue.

Oaks We need only turn down an avenue of oaks,

bordered on one side by a series of orchard-closes, each one planted at regular intervals with apple-trees which cast upon the ground, when they were lighted by the setting sun, the Japanese stencil of their shadows.

Ocean As remote from human history as the Ocean itself, or the Great Bear, with its wild race of fishermen for whom, no more than for their whales, had there been any Middle Ages.

Octopus His jealousy, like an octopus which throws out a first, then a second, and finally a third tentacle, fastened itself irremovably first to that moment, five o'clock in the afternoon, then to another, then to another again.

Oil A word of scandal spreads like a spot of oil. Yes, don't you see, it's like a spot of oil; people are so horrid.

One Burst of Sunshine My mother said that it might clear again, that one

burst of sunshine would be enough, but that more probably it would rain; and if it rained, of what use would it be to go to the Champs-Élysées?

One Finger She went on, tracing a line with one finger across the lower part of her forehead.

One Perfect Blossom Japanese gardeners who, to obtain one perfect blossom, will sacrifice the rest.

Open Country Alone, rising from the level of the plain, and seemingly lost in that expanse of open country, climbed to the sky the twin steeples.

Open Plain Sheltering from the wind, on the open plain, as a shepherd gathers his sheep.

Open Sky The only thing wanting is the necessary thing, a great patch of open sky like this.

Open-Mouthed Dr. Cottard gazed at her with open-mouthed admiration.

Orange Tree Sometimes I would be torn from my book, in the middle of the afternoon, by the gardener's daughter, who came running like a mad thing, overturning an orange tree in its tub, cutting a finger, breaking a tooth, and screaming out "They're coming, they're coming!" so that Françoise and I should run too and not miss anything of the show.

Orbit For her sake he would return to it, but only to the particular orbit in which she moved or into which he had drawn her. Or suppose that he gets drowsy in some even more abnormal position; sitting in an armchair, say, after dinner: then the world will fall topsy-turvy from its orbit, the magic chair will carry him at full speed through time and space, and when he opens his eyes again he will imagine that he went to sleep months earlier and in some far distant country.

Orchid "It looks just as though it had been cut out of the lining of my cloak,"

she said to Swann, pointing to an orchid, with a shade of respect in her voice for so 'smart' a flower, for this distinguished, unexpected sister whom nature had suddenly bestowed upon her.

Orchids As she drew his attention, now to the fiery-tongued dragons painted upon a bowl or stitched upon a fire-screen, now to a fleshy cluster of orchids, now to a dromedary of inlaid silver-work with ruby eyes, which kept company, upon her mantelpiece, with a toad carved in jade, she would pretend now to be shrinking from the ferocity of the monsters or laughing at their absurdity, now blushing at the indecency of the flowers, now carried away by an irresistible desire to run across and kiss the toad and dromedary, calling them 'darlings.'

Organisms Swann in his sleep drew false deductions, enjoying, at the same time, such creative power that he was able to reproduce himself by a simple act of division, like certain lower

organisms.

Organs Without my paying any heed to the contradiction that there was in my wishing to look at and to touch with my organs of sense what had been elaborated by the spell of my dreams and not perceived by my senses at all—though all the more tempting to them, in consequence, more different from anything that they knew—it was that which recalled to me the reality of these visions, which inflamed my desire all the more by seeming to hint a promise that my desire should be satisfied.

Orris Root From the little room that smelt of orris-root, I had peered out and seen nothing. I ran up to the top of the house to cry by myself in a little room beside the schoolroom and beneath the roof, which smelt of orris root.

Otter Skin I met Mme. Swann on foot, in an otter-skin coat.

Out of Doors Dwelling,

presumably, out of doors, in the street, between heaven and earth. "She won't even allow me to meet her out of doors, at the theatre."

Outside But my grandmother, even if the weather, after growing too hot, had broken, and a storm, or just a shower, had burst over us, would come up and beg me to go outside.

Owl She would never think of starting on a journey if she had heard an owl hoot, or the death-watch in the wall.

Palm Trees She had made him sit down beside her in one of the many mysterious little retreats which had been contrived in the various recesses of the room, sheltered by enormous palm trees growing out of pots of Chinese porcelain.

Palm With the warmth that he felt in his own palm he modelled the hollow of a strange hand which he thought that he was clasping, and out of feelings and impressions of which he

was not yet conscious, he brought about sudden vicissitudes which, by a chain of logical sequences, would produce, at definite points in his dream, the person required to receive his love or to startle him awake.

Pansies He remembered the anxious, timid way in which she had once begged him that it might not be very long, and the way in which she had looked at him then, fixing upon him her fearful and imploring gaze, which gave her a touching air beneath the bunches of artificial pansies fastened in the front of her round bonnet of white straw, tied with strings of black velvet.

Park Certain spots will persist in remaining surrounded by the vassals of their own especial sovereignty, and will raise their immemorial standards among all the 'laid-out' scenery of a park. So as not to appear to be looking into his park, we would, instead of taking the road which ran beside its boundary and then climbed straight up to

the open fields, choose another way, which led in the same direction, but circuitously, and brought us out rather too far from home. The hedge allowed us a glimpse, inside the park, of an alley bordered with jasmine, pansies, and verbenas, among which the stocks held open their fresh plump purses, of a pink as fragrant and as faded as old Spanish leather, while on the gravel-path a long watering-pipe, painted green, coiling across the ground, poured, where its holes were, over the flowers whose perfume those holes inhaled, a vertical and prismatic fan of infinitesimal, rainbow-coloured drops. We might go along by the park, since the ladies are not at home; that will make it a little shorter. What was incessantly before his eyes was a park which he owned.

Partridge Feathers A woolen cap from which stuck out two blade-like partridge feathers.

Paths Unknown And then, as though it had

slipped, with his latchkey, from his waistcoat pocket, he would point out to us, when it stood before our eyes, the back-gate of our own garden, which had come hand-in-hand with the familiar corner of the Rue du Saint-Esprit, to await us, to greet us at the end of our wanderings over paths unknown.

Peach “She’s a regular little peach, though,” said the General.

Peaches or Raspberries

She thought it only right and proper that he should never come to see us in summer without a basket of peaches or raspberries from his garden.

Peacock’s Tail The next instant it had taken on all the iridescence of a peacock’s tail, then shook and wavered in a flaming and fantastic shower, distilled and dropping from the groin of the dark and rocky vault down the moist walls, as though it were along the bed of some rainbow grotto of sinuous stalactites.

Pears The ripeness of the pears.

Pebbles A part of two pretty pebbles lying side by side.

Pepsin “But, Mme. Octave, it is not time for your pepsin,” Françoise would begin. Françoise, having seen that my parents had everything they required, first went upstairs again to give my aunt her pepsin. Its meaning being slightly clouded in her brain by the uncertainty whether the pepsin, when taken so long after the Vichy, would still be able to overtake it and to “send it down.”

Periwinkle Her eyes waxed blue as a periwinkle flower, wholly beyond my reach, yet dedicated by her to me.

Permanent, Underlying Fine Weather In summer, bad weather is no more than a passing fit of superficial ill-temper expressed by the permanent, underlying fine weather; a very different thing from the fluid and unstable ‘fine weather’ of

winter.

Petals Beyond all else the rosy, moony, tender glow which lit up the blossoms among the frail forest of stems from which they hung like little golden roses—marking, as the radiance upon an old wall still marks the place of a vanished fresco, the difference between those parts of the tree which had and those which had not been ‘in bloom’—showed me that these were petals which, before their flowering-time, the chemist’s package had embalmed on warm evenings of spring.

Petrified Excretions “To think that she could visit really historic buildings with me, who have spent ten years in the study of architecture, who am constantly bombarded, by people who really count, to take them over Beauvais or Saint-Loup-de-Naud, and refuse to take anyone but her; and instead of that she trundles off with the lowest, the most brutally degraded of creatures, to go into ecstasies over the petrified

excretions of Louis-Philippe and Viollet-le-Duc!”

Pheasant Not that she in the least degree resembled a pheasant, having been endowed by nature with a short and squat and masculine figure.

Pheasant’s Wing I saw Mme. Swann on foot, in a ‘polonaise’ of plain cloth, a little toque on her head trimmed with a pheasant’s wing.

Picturesque Spots “I have a horror of ‘picturesque spots.’”

Pigeons The pigeons that had alighted upon it had the appearance of ancient sculptures which the gardener’s pick had heaved to the surface of a hallowed soil. We began our game upon the lawn, scattering the pigeons, whose beautiful, iridescent bodies (shaped like hearts and, surely, the lilacs of the feathered kingdom) took refuge as in so many sanctuaries.

Pigeon-Shooting

Ground I knew that, when she reached the pigeon-shooting ground, she would tell her coachman to ‘break away’ and to stop the carriage, so that she might come back on foot. I walked on as far as the pigeon-shooting ground.

Pigtail He had been followed by a servant with a pallid countenance and a small pigtail clubbed at the back of his head.

Pine Forests Whenever he spoke of something whose beauty had until then remained hidden from me, of pine forests or of hailstorms, of *Notre-Dame de Paris*, of *Athalie*, or of *Phèdre*, by some piece of imagery he would make their beauty explode and drench me with its essence.

Pine Trees She had fuddled her mind, in the solitude of her old manor-house, over setting the pace, now crawling-slow, now passionate, whirling, breathless, for all those imaginary waltzing couples, gathering them like flowers,

leaving the ball-room for a moment to listen, where the wind sighed among the pine trees, on the shore of the lake.

Pineapple It seemed quite natural, therefore, to send to him whenever we wanted a recipe for some special sauce or for a pineapple salad for one of our big dinner parties.

Pink Hawthorn The charm with which her name, like a cloud of incense, had filled that archway in the pink hawthorn through which she and I had, together, heard its sound, was beginning to conquer, to cover, to embalm, to beautify everything with which it had any association.

Pink Marble The tiled roof cast upon the pond, whose reflections were now clear again in the sunlight, a square of pink marble, the like of which I had never observed before.

Place My grandfather pointed out to my father in what respects the

appearance of the place was still the same.

Places But, down there, the places themselves seem to me just like people, rare and wonderful people, of a delicate quality which would have been corrupted and ruined by the gift of life.

Places I Know “Places I know well, people very slightly.”

Plain “You must admit, certainly, that the view from up there is like a fairy-tale, with what you might call vistas along the plain, which have quite a special charm of their own.”

Plain, River At definite points on which they were set down as the ideal view over a plain and the ideal scenery of a river. My father used always to speak of the ‘Méséglise way’ as comprising the finest view of a plain that he knew anywhere and of the ‘Guermantes way’ as typical of river scenery.

Plant If, in a florist’s or a jeweller’s window, a plant or

an ornament caught his eye, he would at once think of sending them to Odette.

Plant of Local Growth

That girl whom I never saw save dappled with the shadows of their leaves, was to me herself a plant of local growth, only taller than the rest, and one whose structure would enable me to approach more closely than in them to the intimate savour of the land from which she had sprung.

Plants She followed the man's clumsy movements, scolding him severely when he passed too close to a pair of beauties, which she made a point of always tidying herself, in case the plants should be knocked over—and went across to them now to make sure that he had not broken off any of the flowers.

Plum “I want the other plum.”

Plume Having exhausted this topic, to which she had been inspired by the loftiness of her plume, the monogram on her card-

case, the little number inked inside each of her gloves by the cleaner, and the difficulty of speaking to Swann about the Verdurins, Mme. Cottard, seeing that they had still a long way to go before they would reach the corner of the Rue Bonaparte, where the conductor was to set her down, listened to the promptings of her heart, which counselled other words than these. He followed her with loving eyes, as she gallantly threaded her way along the Rue Bonaparte, her plume erect. Swann, seeing an omnibus approach him, labelled ‘Luxembourg,’ and having some business there, had jumped on to it and had found himself sitting opposite Mme. Cottard, who was paying a round of visits to people whose ‘day’ it was, in full review order, with a plume in her hat. “Will you be so very kind as to tell me whether my plume is straight?”

Plumes of White or Purple Blossom Out of the fresh little green hearts of their foliage the lilacs

raised inquisitively over the fence of the park their plumes of white or purple blossom, which glowed, even in the shade, with the sunlight in which they had been bathed.

Poetic Spots Those well-watered and poetic spots.

Polar Regions The gothic trefoil had come to diversify those wild rocks also, at the appointed hour, like those frail but hardy plants which, in the Polar regions, when the spring returns, scatter their stars about the eternal snows.

Pollen “Look, there is a little—I think it must be pollen, spilt over your dress—may I brush it off with my hand?”

Pollenous Among the rooms which used most commonly to take shape in my mind during my long nights of sleeplessness, there was none that differed more utterly from the rooms at Combray, thickly powdered with the motes of an atmosphere granular, pollenous, edible and

instinct with piety, than my room in the Grand Hôtel de la Plage, at Balbec.

Pond Before coming to the asparagus-bed, thanks to the breeze that was wafted across the fields from Méséglise, he could enjoy the fragrant coolness of the air as well beneath an arbour of hornbeams in the garden as by the bank of the pond, fringed with forget-me-not and iris; and where, when he sat down to dinner, trained and twined by the gardener’s skilful hand, there ran all about his table currant-bush and rose. “Don’t you see how pretty they are, all these trees—my hawthorns, and my new pond, on which you have never congratulated me?” Having gone as far as the Montjouvain pond, where I enjoyed seeing again the reflection of the tiled roof of the hut, I had lain down in the shade and gone to sleep among the bushes on the steep slope that rose up behind the house. It was along the ‘Méséglise way,’ at Montjouvain, a house built on the edge of a large pond, and overlooked by a steep,

shrub-grown hill, that M. Vinteuil lived. The pond beneath the Calvary would have lost its fiery glow, sometimes indeed had changed already to an opalescent pallor.

Ponds The little ponds into which the Vivonne was here diverted were aflower with water-lilies.

Poor Little Hawthorns “Oh, my poor little hawthorns,” I was assuring them through my sobs, “it is not you that want to make me unhappy, to force me to leave you.”

Poplar Without the least anxiety I could watch the poplar in the Rue des Perchamps praying for mercy.

Poppy A poppy that had strayed and been lost by its fellows. The sight of a single poppy hoisting upon its slender rigging and holding against the breeze its scarlet ensign, over the buoy of rich black earth from which it sprang, made my heart beat as does a wayfarer’s when he perceives, upon some

low-lying ground, an old and broken boat which is being caulked and made seaworthy, and cries out, although he has not yet caught sight of it, “The Sea!”

Potatoes And I have no doubt that then—just as a desire to have her potatoes served with béchamel sauce, for a change, would be formed, ultimately, from the pleasure she found in the daily reappearance of those mashed potatoes of which she was never ‘tired.’

Precipice I am reminded that it was in that same autumn, on one of those walks, near the bushy precipice which guarded Montjouvain from the rear, that I was struck for the first time by this lack of harmony between our impressions and their normal forms of expression.

Propitious Breeze It filled my sails with a potent, unknown, and propitious breeze.

Protozoa They were rooms of that country order which (just as in certain climes

whole tracts of air or ocean
are illuminated or scented
by myriads of protozoa
which we cannot see)
fascinate our sense of smell
with the countless odours
springing from their own
special virtues, wisdom,
habits, a whole secret
system of life, invisible,
superabundant and
profoundly moral, which
their atmosphere holds in
solution; smells natural
enough indeed, and
coloured by circumstances
as are those of the
neighbouring countryside,
but already humanized,
domesticated, confined, an
exquisite, skilful, limpid
jelly, blending all the fruits
of the season which have left
the orchard for the store-
room, smells changing with
the year, but plenishing,
domestic smells, which
compensate for the
sharpness of hoar frost with
the sweet savour of warm
bread, smells lazy and
punctual as a village clock,
roving smells, pious smells.

Puddles “I dwell so many
miles above the puddles.”

Puppy Dogs “Snaps and

snails and puppy dogs’
tails.”

Pure Matter He opened
his eyes, heard for the last
time the boom of a wave in
the sea, grown very distant.
I cannot say why, but this
undulation of pure matter,
this wholly carnal fluency,
with not the least hint in it
of spiritual significance, this
wave lashed to a fury by the
wind of an assiduity, an
obsequiousness of the
basest sort, awoke my mind.

Purple Flowers and Red
Purple flowers and red
would at once spring up on
either side of her like
complementary colours.
Rambling and clustering
along low walls, purple
flowers and red.

Rain A friend offered to
take him home in a closed
carriage, and as Odette, by
the fact of her having
invited him to come, had
given him an assurance that
she was expecting no one
else, he could, with a quiet
mind and an untroubled
heart, rather than set off
thus in the rain, have gone
home and to bed. “Ah, they

never think of making it rain a little for the poor labourers!” But on other days would begin to fall the rain, of which we had had due warning from the little barometer-figure which the spectacle-maker hung out in his doorway. It might rain as it pleased. It was pouring rain, and he had nothing but his victoria. It was the rain. The rain was coming down in torrents and Françoise had rushed indoors with the precious wicker armchairs, so that they should not get soaked. The rain was playing a game, now, among the branches, and, even when it was almost dry again underfoot, a stray drop or two, lingering in the hollow of a leaf, would run down and hang glistening from the point of it until suddenly it splashed plump upon our upturned faces from the whole height of the tree. There were also the days of bad weather on which her governess, afraid, on her own account, of the rain, would not bring Gilberte to the Champs-Élysées. Wrapped up in a huge Highland plaid which protected me from the rain.

Rain or Storm But what mattered rain or storm?

Rainbow A rainbow, when its brightness fades, seems to subside, then soars again and, before it is extinguished, is glorified with greater splendour than it has ever shown. No, it was because my dreams of travel and of love were only moments—which I isolate artificially to-day as though I were cutting sections, at different heights, in a jet of water, rainbow-flashing but seemingly without flow or motion—were only drops in a single, undeviating, irresistible outrush of all the forces of my life. These hinted rainbows.

Rained “Sir, I am absolutely incapable of telling you whether it has rained.”

Raining “It’s raining hard, all the same.”

Raining or Snowing One sits hoping that in the world outside it is raining or snowing, hoping almost for a catastrophic deluge to add the romance of shelter and

security to the comfort of a snug retreat.

Rains And you know that when it rains in the Square there's none too much shelter.

Rainy Night I would know that the shower would only glaze and brighten the greenness of their thick, crumpled leaves, and that they themselves had undertaken to remain there, like pledges of summer, all through the rainy night, to assure me of the fine weather's continuing.

Rare Growth It was from his consulting room, and from a house in a park near Combray that some of the first seeds were scattered of that taste for Bergotte, a rare growth in those days.

Raspberries Raspberries, which M. Swann had brought specially.

Ray of Light The ray of light beneath his door is extinguished.

Red Cheeks By gazing at her I should be able to carry

away and incorporate, to store up, for later reference, in myself the memory of that prominent nose, those red cheeks, of all those details which struck me as so much precious, authentic, unparalleled information with regard to her face.

Reef Like a reef in the Indian Ocean.

Rib Sometimes, too, just as Eve was created from a rib of Adam, so a woman would come into existence while I was sleeping, conceived from some strain in the position of my limbs.

Ribs Its memory, the composite memory of its ribs, knees, and shoulder-blades offered it a whole series of rooms in which it had at one time or another slept.

Ripe Apples Glowing with the ruddy brilliance of ripe apples.

Ripple A long ribbon of moonlight, bent and broken and broadened by every ripple upon the water's

surface, would be lying across it, from end to end.

River The river flowing past, sky-blue already between banks still black and bare. Their jostling horses scraped against the walls of the houses, covering and drowning the pavements like banks which present too narrow a channel to a river in flood. When I am seized with a desire to see again the 'Guermantes way,' it would not be satisfied were I led to the banks of a river in which were lilies as fair, or even fairer than those in the Vivonne, any more than on my return home in the evening, at the hour when there awakened in me that anguish which, later on in life, transfers itself to the passion of love, and may even become its inseparable companion, I should have wished for any strange mother to come in and say good night to me, though she were far more beautiful and more intelligent than my own.

Rock The rock there.

Rocks No fissures, indeed, no geological faults, but at least those veins, those streaks of colour which in certain rocks, in certain marbles, point to differences of origin, age, and formation.

Rocks of Amethyst I felt myself to be penetrating indeed between those rocks of amethyst.

Rook A gust of wind blew from its perch a rook, which floated away and settled in the distance.

Root I could see how, in a particular instance, upon a reef of savage rocks, it had taken root and grown.

Rose He infinitely preferred to Odette's style of beauty that of a little working girl, as fresh and plump as a rose.

Roses Mme. Verdurin, pointing to the roses which he had sent her that morning, said: "I am furious with you!" Sweeter than roses in young men's noses. The fragrance of certain roses, wafted upon the

moist air of evening, has the power of dilating our nostrils. The hair over her forehead was abloom with roses.

Roses! “You see, I’m wearing your roses!”

Rosettes It was Nature herself who had spontaneously expressed it (with the simplicity of a woman from a village shop, labouring at the decoration of a street altar for some procession) by burying the bush in these little rosettes, almost too ravishing in colour.

Rosy Snow A mountain of rosy snow, at whose foot a battle was being fought, seemed to have frozen the window.

Run with the Hare and Hunt with the Hounds “He’s always trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.”

Running Water That dream in those two summers used to be quickened with the freshness and coolness of

running water.

Rustling Leaves

Sometimes a light breeze makes the pale light tremble in the rustling leaves, which then seem to awaken, to live, and breathe of love and pleasure.

Sacred Grove In earlier days I would not have lingered in the sacred grove which surrounded this temple.

Sacred Soil We had reached the sacred soil of one or the other.

Sad Hours of Darkness

The strongest desire I had in the world, namely, to keep my mother in my room through the sad hours of darkness, ran too much counter to general requirements and to the wishes of others.

Salt Fog I could scarcely breathe for joy at the thought that I might myself, one day, see them take a solid form against their eternal background of salt fog.

Salt It had forgotten to endow my grandmother's two sisters with a grain of that precious salt. I was going to Camus's for a packet of salt.

Sapphires The little lozenge windows had put on the deep transparence, the unbreakable hardness of sapphires.

Scenery The scenes in the books I read were to me not merely scenery more vividly portrayed by my imagination.

Scent on the Air I discover pleasures of another kind, those of being comfortably seated, of tasting the good scent on the air, of not being disturbed by any visitor.

Scrap of Nature That scrap of nature, that corner of a garden could never suppose that it would be thanks to him that they would be elected to survive in all their most ephemeral details.

Sea Dr. Cottard recommended a sea voyage.

One sees people who are doubtful whether the sight of the sea and the sound of its waves are really enjoyable. The sea itself has retreated.

Sea Fogs And it is the ultimate encampment of the fishermen, precisely like the fishermen who have lived since the world's beginning, facing the everlasting kingdom of the sea fogs and shadows of the night.

Sea Shell It had been washed on the beach, the purple, crinkled spire of some sea shell spun out into a turret and gay with glossy colour.

Sea Swallow Like the sea swallow which builds at the end of a dark tunnel and is kept warm by the surrounding earth.

Seagull A seagull perches, with an angler's immobility, on the crest of a wave.

Seal From a long way off, the sight of the jutting crag from which it dives into the pool thrills with joy the children who know that they

are going to behold the seal.

Season For often we find a day, in one, that has strayed from another season, and makes us live in that other. Frail, swept away by a breath, but at the same time in harmony, not with the season, with the hour.

Seaweeds A name scarcely moored that seemed to be striving to draw the river down into the tangle of its seaweeds.

Serpent “The word isn’t *serpent-à-sonates*, it’s *serpent-à-sonnettes!*” he explained in a tone at once zealous, impatient, and triumphant.

Shades These blue evening shades.

Shadow For hearts that are wounded, as mine is, a novelist, whom you will read in time to come, claims that there is no remedy but silence and shadow.

Shadows He turned away to examine Odette; her cheeks were pale, with little fiery spots, her features

drawn and ringed with shadows. It would skilfully draw towards it a pair of trees; making deft use of the sharp chisel of light and shade, it would cut away from each of them half of its trunk and branches, and, weaving together the two halves that remained, would make of them either a single pillar of shade, defined by the surrounding light, or a single luminous phantom whose artificial, quivering contour was encompassed in a network of inky shadows. Swann had regarded musical *motifs* as actual ideas, of another world, of another order, ideas veiled in shadows. The alluring shadows of the path along which would come M. Swann, the unconscious author of my sufferings.

Shadowy Background I saw no more of it than this sort of luminous panel, sharply defined against a vague and shadowy background.

Sharp Branches Clasp their sharp branches to my bosom.

Shell To meet in Paris a fisher girl from Balbec or a peasant girl from Méséglise would have been like receiving the present of a shell which I had never seen upon the beach.

Shoulder Movements from one shoulder to the other.

Shoulders Still smiling, she shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly, as who should say, "You're quite mad; you know very well that I like it." My father would shrug his shoulders and study the barometer, for he took an interest in meteorology, while my mother, keeping very quiet so as not to disturb him, looked at him with tender respect, but not too hard, not wishing to penetrate the mysteries of his superior mind. She shrugged her shoulders without raising her eyes from her knitting, serenely ironical. There's no question of making him accustomed," said my father, with a shrug of the shoulders; "you can see quite well that the child is unhappy." "No, no; it is impossible," said my uncle,

shrugging his shoulders. It was hard to restrain a smile when one saw the precautions her father used to take for her health, with spare shawls always in readiness to wrap around her shoulders. Her father would then arrange a cloak over her shoulders. He would shrug his shoulders and laugh. I would shrug my shoulders and say: "It is really very good of me to discuss the matter with an illiterate old woman who cannot speak her own language." Scarcely had he begun the movement of head and shoulders of a man who was 'shaking with laughter' than he would begin also to cough, as though, in laughing too violently, he had swallowed a mouthful of smoke from his pipe. Odette watched his departure with regret; she dared not refuse to let Swann take her home, but she was moody and irritable in the carriage, and, when he asked whether he might come in, replied, "I suppose so," with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. Her languishing gaze at him while she lay nestling in his

arms, her bended head seeming to recede between her shoulders, as though shrinking from the cold. Fortified by these unspoken words she flung her shoulders proudly back until they seemed to part company with her bust. she would utter this reply in so icy a tone, with such a hollow sound, that it was at once quite clear that if she did not know the celebrity personally that was because of all the obstinate, ineradicable principles against which her arching shoulders were stretched back to rest, as on one of those ladders on which gymnastic instructors make us 'extend' so as to develop the expansion of our chests.

Shower A little tap at the window, as though some missile had struck it, followed by a plentiful, falling sound, as light, though, as if a shower of sand were being sprinkled from a window overhead; then the fall spread, took on an order, a rhythm, became liquid, loud, drumming, musical, innumerable, universal.

Shrubs A site actually hollowed out from a steep hill covered with shrubs, among which I took cover.

Silent Evening Air I hear them afresh, like those convent bells which are so effectively drowned during the day by the noises of the streets that one would suppose them to have been stopped for ever, until they sound out again through the silent evening air.

Skeleton "It might be a skeleton."

Skin As one peels the skin from a fruit of which one is going to put only the pulp into one's mouth. Her profile was too sharp, her skin too delicate. The delicate features in which the imperfection of her skin might be surmised.

Skull "Ah, poor girl, your skull must be very thick; you may thank God for that." "You don't wish to crack your skull, and you collect all the cobwebs off the staircase upon your clothes."

Skunks Some friend who knew them both, and suspecting that they were in love, had not dared to tell him anything about her that was of the least importance, would describe Odette's figure, as he had seen her, that very morning, going on foot up the Rue Abbattucci, in a cape trimmed with skunks.

Sky Above the gimcrack windmill the real sky was grey. "Always try to keep a patch of sky above your life." Especially a blue which is far more floral than atmospheric, a cineraria blue, which it is surprising to see in the sky. He would offer me a marchpane or a tangerine, and we would cross a room in which no one ever sat, whose fire was never lighted, whose walls were picked out with gilded mouldings, its ceiling painted blue in imitation of the sky. How often have I watched, and longed to imitate, when I should be free to live as I chose, a rower who had shipped his oars and lay stretched out on his back, his head down, in the bottom of his boat,

letting it drift with the current, seeing nothing but the sky which slipped quietly above him. "I'm not at all surprised," said my aunt, looking up towards the sky. Now are the woods all black, but still the sky is blue. Seeing upon the water, where it reflected the wall, a pallid smile responding to the smiling sky, I cried aloud in my enthusiasm. She is cut out sharply against the sky, in the form of a silver sickle. Suddenly the sky was rent in two. "That is not quite what I meant," interrupted my father, obstinate as a tree and merciless as the sky. The little village of Roussainville carved in relief upon the sky the white mass of its gables, with a startling precision of detail. The silence that followed seemed to herald the beginning, in the blue sky above me. The sky would be as greatly darkened as by the swallows flying south. Thrust into the pallid sky which had yielded beneath its pressure. We would still be able to see, as we turned into the Rue du Saint-Esprit, a reflection of the

western sky from the windows of the house and a band of purple at the foot of the Calvary, which was mirrored further on in the pond.

Sky and the Sea But names present to us—of persons and of towns which they accustom us to regard as individual, as unique, like persons—a confused picture, which draws from the names, from the brightness or darkness of their sound, the colour in which it is uniformly painted, like one of those posters, entirely blue or entirely red, in which, on account of the limitations imposed by the process used in their reproduction, or by a whim on the designer's part, are blue or red not only the sky and the sea, but the ships and the church and the people in the streets.

Sky's Surface The latest would inscribe itself, close to its predecessor, on the sky's surface, and I would be unable to believe that sixty minutes could be squeezed into the tiny arc of blue

which was comprised between their two golden figures.

Sleet It swelled and distorted with its cloudy sleet, like a pane to which snowflakes have drifted and clung, but flakes illumined by a sunrise.

Slightly Bald Head She would gaze at his long, slightly bald head, of which people who know only of his successes used to think: "He's not regularly good-looking, if you like, but he is smart; that tuft, that eyeglass, that smile!"

Slope Those of the party who had reached the downward slope were no longer visible to those who were still climbing.

Slumbering Water The slumbering water, whose repose was perpetually being invaded by the insects that swarmed above its surface.

Snake "Not the sonata-snake, I hope!"

Snow On the mantle of

snow that swathed the balcony, the sun had appeared and was stitching seams of gold, with embroidered patches of dark shadow. The fine jerkins of green leather which covered the trunks of the old trees were hidden beneath the snow. The snow had ceased to fall, but when the sky was still too much overcast for me to hope that Gilberte would venture out. The snow which had lain on the garden beds or clung to the branches of the trees, the careless disarray of the season, the assertion, in this man-made city, of a state of nature, had all combined to add an element of mystery to the warmth, the flowers, the luxury which he had found inside. The snow, a symbol of the powers that were able to deprive me of the sight of Gilberte, imparted the sadness of a day of separation. While she dropped pellets of snow down my neck, I smiled lovingly at what seemed to me at once a predilection that she showed for me in thus tolerating me as her travelling companion in this new, this wintry land.

Soft Green Platform of a Grassy Lawn Here and there would appear some meaningless erection, a sham grotto, a mill, for which the trees made room by drawing away from it, or which was borne upon the soft green platform of a grassy lawn. I ought not to have strayed from the lawn.

Soil Bay after bay, chapel after chapel, seemed to stretch across and hold down and conquer not merely a few yards of soil, but each successive epoch from which the whole building had emerged triumphant. I was obliged to call, standing still on the spot, before that steeple, for hours on end, motionless, trying to remember, feeling deep within myself a tract of soil reclaimed from the waters of Lethe slowly drying until the buildings rise on it again. It set beneath the flowers a soil of a colour more precious, more moving than their own. The passing figure which my desire evoked seemed to be not any one example of the general type of 'woman,' but a necessary

and natural product of the soil. They are building hotels there now, superimposing them upon its ancient and charming soil, which they are powerless to alter. What a joy it would be to set foot on that soil where, not knowing the exact spot in which, at any moment, she was to be found, he would feel all around him the thrilling possibility of her suddenly appearing.

Sole “Give M. Biche some more sole, can’t you see his has got cold?”

Some Passing Insect
Perching here and there (not seeming to move, but snapping, perhaps, and swallowing some passing insect) on the points of turrets.

Source Never, in the course of our walks along the ‘Guermantes way,’ might we penetrate as far as the source of the Vivonne, of which I had often thought, which had in my mind so abstract, so ideal an existence, that I had been as much surprised when

someone told me that it was actually to be found in the same department, and at a given number of miles from Combray, as I had been on the day when I had learned that there was another fixed point somewhere on the earth’s surface, where, according to the ancients, opened the jaws of Hell.

Spark It was in that belief and not in ourselves that the divine spark resided.

Sparrows Presently, one after another, like shyly bopping sparrows, her friends arrived, black against the snow.

Specimens “Oh, there’s something complete about them, something almost fine in their trueness to type.; they’re the most perfect specimens of their disgusting class!”

Spinach Spinach, by way of a change.

Spray Yet he could feel the sting of the cold spray, and the taste of salt on his lips.

Spring Even in spring, to

come in a book upon the name of Balbec sufficed to awaken in me the desire for storms at sea and for the Norman gothic. He persuaded himself that the spring time charm, which he could not go down to Combray to enjoy, he would find at least on the Ille des Cygnes or at Saint-Cloud. That inconceivable marvel, a morning in spring. The season was spring, the nights clear and frosty. The weather was warm; it was the finest part of the spring. The winter had received, until nightfall, an unexpected, radiant visit from a day of spring. "You know you've been putting asparagus in all your sauces this spring."

Spring Breeze Come with the glorious silken raiment of the lily, apparel fit for Solomon, and with the many-coloured enamel of the pansies, but come, above all, with the spring breeze, still cooled by the last frosts of winter, wafting apart, for the two butterflies' sake, that have waited outside all morning, the closed portals of the first

Jerusalem rose.

Spring Sunshine I reflected that already the Ponte Vecchio was heaped high with an abundance of hyacinths and anemones, and that the spring sunshine was already tinging the waves of the Grand Canal with so dusky an azure, with emeralds so splendid that when they washed and were broken against the foot of one of Titian's paintings they could vie with it in the richness of their colouring.

Stalagmites Sentences which dropped into his heart and passed at once into a solid state, grew hard as stalagmites, and seared and tore him as they lay there irremovable.

Stalk Thrust towards the bank, its stalk would be straightened out, lengthened, strained almost to breaking point until the current again caught it.

Stamens Despite the heavy, motionless silence of the hawthorns, these gusts of fragrance came to me like the murmuring of an

intense vitality, with which the whole altar was quivering like a roadside hedge explored by living antennae, of which I was reminded by seeing some stamens, almost red in colour, which seemed to have kept the springtime virulence, the irritant power of stinging insects now transmuted into flowers.

Standing Water The balcony was as pale and luminous as a standing water at dawn.

Still Rosy Sky Showing nothing more, now, against the still rosy sky than a single dusky form, charming and resigned, and so vanishing in the night.

Stomach The subversive doctrine that a sharp walk in the sun and a good red beefsteak would do her more good (her, who had had two dreadful sips of Vichy water on her stomach for fourteen hours!) than all her medicine bottles and her bed. As for her figure, and she was admirably built, it was impossible to make out its continuity (on account of

the fashion then prevailing, and in spite of her being one of the best-dressed women in Paris) for the corset, jetting forwards in an arch, as though over an imaginary stomach, and ending in a sharp point, beneath which bulged out the balloon of her double skirts, gave a woman, that year, the appearance of being composed of different sections badly fitted together. This compulsion to an activity without respite, without variety, without result, was so cruel a scourge that one day, noticing a swelling over his stomach, he felt an actual joy in the idea that he had, perhaps, a tumour which would prove fatal, that he need not concern himself with anything further, that it was his malady which was going to govern his life, to make a plaything of him, until the not-distant end.

Stone I leave not a stone of the modern edifice standing. I would begin to think of something else, and so my mind would become littered (as my room was with the flowers that I had gathered

on my walks, or the odds and ends that people had given me) with a stone from the surface of which the sunlight was reflected. Nothing in book or stone would have been different if Gilberte had not loved me. Shattering, stone by stone, the whole edifice of his past. Suddenly, on its sullen stone, I did not indeed see a less negative colour. The beauty of that stone.

Storm Just as the lovely sound of her voice, reproduced, all by itself, upon the phonograph, could never console a man for the loss of his mother, so a mechanical imitation of a storm would have left me as cold as did the illuminated fountains at the Exhibition. The storm had made her unwell. There had been a storm in the Channel, and damage was reported from Dieppe, Cabourg, Beuzeval.

Storm at Sea I longed for nothing more than to behold a storm at sea, less as a mighty spectacle than as a momentary revelation of the true life of nature.

Storming “Do look at him, storming!”

Strawberries I set a higher value on cream cheese when it was pink, when I had been allowed to tinge it with crushed strawberries. He had been able to judge of the flavour of the strawberries.

Stream We would follow the tow-path which ran along the top of a steep bank, several feet above the stream.

Stream of Running Water Like a hand reposing motionless in a stream of running water.

Streams Sweet Sunday afternoons beneath the chestnut tree in our Combray garden, from which I was careful to eliminate every commonplace incident of my actual life, replacing them by a career of strange adventures and ambitions in a land watered by living streams, you still recall those adventures and ambitions to my mind when I think of you, and you

embody and preserve them by virtue of having little by little drawn round and enclosed them (while I went on with my book and the heat of the day declined) in the gradual crystallization, slowly altering in form and dappled with a pattern of chestnut-leaves, of your silent, sonorous, fragrant, limpid hours.

Strong Breeze There's a strong breeze there, once you get to the top.

Summer But in summer, when we came back to the house, the sun would not have set; and while we were upstairs paying our visit to aunt Léonie its rays, sinking until they touched and lay along her windowsill, would there be caught and held by the large inner curtains and the bands which tied them back to the wall, and split and scattered and filtered. Mme. Verdurin was going to invite them both to spend the summer with her in the country. The summer holidays came. This dim freshness of my room was to the broad daylight of the street what the shadow is to

the sunbeam, that is to say, equally luminous, and presented to my imagination the entire panorama of summer. To go off and spend the summer at her charming farm of Mirougrain. "Try to put out a feeler, too, for the summer; see if there's anything she wants to do."

Sun After an hour of rain and wind, against which I had put up a brisk fight, as I came to the edge of the Montjouvain pond, and reached a little hut, roofed with tiles, in which M. Vinteuil's gardener kept his tools, the sun shone out again, and its golden rays, washed clean by the shower, blazed once more in the sky, on the trees, on the wall of the hut, and on the still wet tiles of the roof, which had a chicken perching upon its ridge. After luncheon the sun, conscious that it was Saturday, would blaze an hour longer in the zenith. Beyond which could be distinguished, dearer than all such treasures, a fleeting smile from the sun, which could be seen and felt as well here, in the blue and

gentle flood in which it washed the masonry, as on the pavement of the Square or the straw of the marketplace. But these words, as they dived down through the waves of sleep in which Swann was submerged, did not reach his consciousness without undergoing that refraction which turns a ray of light, at the bottom of a bowl of water, into another sun. He has only to lift his arm to arrest the sun and turn it back in its course. He was thirsty besides, with the sun beating down upon his head. I caught sight of the twin steeples of Martinville, on which the setting sun was playing. Its opened windows let in the heat, if not actually the rays of the sun. Its steeples and that of Vieuxvicq waved once again, in token of farewell, their sun-bathed pinnacles. Its windows were never so brilliant as on days when the sun scarcely shone, so that if it was dull outside you might be certain of fine weather in church. Often the sun would disappear behind a cloud, which impinged on its roundness, but whose edge the sun gilded in

return. The green of the trees, which was still bright in Silk and wool among the lower parts of the panel, but had quite 'gone' at the top, separated in a paler scheme, above the dark trunks, the yellowing upper branches, tanned and half-obliterated by the sharp though sidelong rays of an invisible sun. The sun had meanwhile set. The sun made me sick with impatience and boredom as it let fall a golden stream that crept to the edge of my desk. The sun, bursting out again from behind a threatening cloud and darting the full force of its rays on to the Square and into the sacristy, shed a geranium glow over the red carpet. The sun's face was hidden.

Sunbeam By opening her window, the lady opposite had sent packing, in the twinkling of an eye, from beside my chair—to sweep in a single stride over the whole width of our dining-room—a sunbeam which had lain down there for its midday rest and returned to continue it there a moment later.

Sunlight And I, remembering the glance which she had let fall upon me during the service, blue as a ray of sunlight that had penetrated the window of Gilbert the Bad, said to myself, "Of course, she is thinking about me." From that moment, only sunlight, perfumes, colours, seemed to me to have any value. Her gaze lingered here and wandered there, rose to the capitals of the pillars, and even rested upon myself, like a ray of sunlight straying down the nave, but a ray of sunlight which, at the moment when I received its caress, appeared conscious of where it fell. I gazed upon a fresco over which was partly drawn a curtain of morning sunlight, dusty, aslant, and gradually spreading. I would be lying stretched out on my bed, a book in my hand, in my room which trembled with the effort to defend its frail, transparent coolness against the afternoon sun, behind its almost closed shutters through which, however, a reflection of the sunlight had contrived to slip in on its golden wings, remaining

motionless, between glass and woodwork, in a corner, like a butterfly poised upon a flower. I would know exactly what was the colour of the sunlight upon the Square. The steeple, with the indolent, painstaking exactitude of a person who has nothing else to do, had simply, in order to squeeze out and let fall the few golden drops which had slowly and naturally accumulated in the hot sunlight, pressed, at a given moment, the distended surface of the silence. The sunlight fell so implacably from a fixed sky that one was naturally inclined to slip away out of the reach of its attentions. Then, quite apart from all those literary preoccupations, and without definite attachment to anything, suddenly a roof, a gleam of sunlight reflected from a stone, the smell of a road would make me stop still, to enjoy the special pleasure that each of them gave me, and also because they appeared to be concealing, beneath what my eyes could see, something which they invited me to approach and

seize from them, but which, despite all my efforts, I never managed to discover. We had in front of us the steeple, which, baked and brown itself like a larger loaf still of 'holy bread,' with flakes and sticky drops on it of sunlight, pricked its sharp point into the blue sky.

Sunlit Surface Presently their outlines and their sunlit surface, as though they had been a sort of rind, were stripped apart.

Sunny In ascertaining and noting the shape of their spires, the changes of aspect, the sunny warmth of their surfaces, I felt that I was not penetrating to the full depth of my impression, that something more lay behind that mobility, that luminosity, something which they seemed at once to contain and to conceal.

Sunset I would still be in time to see the reflection of the sunset glowing in the panes of my bedroom window.

Sunsets There is a little bay, charmingly quiet,

where the sunsets of the Auge Valley, those red-and-gold sunsets (which, all the same, I am very far from despising) seem commonplace and insignificant.

Sunshine "Impossible to say whether it was done with glue, with soap, with sealing-wax, with sunshine, with leaven, with excrem..." But her, I can see her still quite clearly, especially at the moment when the procession filed into the sacristy, lighted by the intermittent, hot sunshine of a windy and rainy day. I returned home with Françoise through streets that were still gay with sunshine, as on the evening of a holiday when the merriment is over. She rallied him, with a rippling flow of laughter, her features concentrated, yoked to the service of her animation, her eyes sparkling, blazing with a radiant sunshine of gaiety which could be kindled only by such speeches. With the sunshine and the noise of the outer world, something else invaded the church.

Supple Limbs The grace of movement of a trained gymnast each of whose supple limbs will carry out precisely the movement that is required without any clumsy participation by the rest of his body.

Surrounding Coast The golden sands appear more charming still from being fastened, like fair Andromeda, to those terrible rocks of the surrounding coast.

Swans' Heads "I can think of nothing more devastating, more utterly smug than that hideous style—cabinets covered all over with swans' heads, like bath-taps!"

Swelling Plain One always had the wind for companion when one went the 'Méséglise way,' on that swelling plain which stretched, mile beyond mile, without any disturbance of its gentle contour.

Swollen Eyelids The swollen eyelids of Dr. du Boulbon.

Tadpoles I begged for and obtained a morsel of bread from our luncheon basket; and threw into the Vivonne pellets which had the power, it seemed, to bring about a chemical precipitation, for the water at once grew solid round about them in oval clusters of emaciated tadpoles, which until then it had, no doubt, been holding in solution, invisible, but ready and alert to enter the stage of crystallization.

Tall Trees Overshadowed by the tall trees which stood close around it, an 'ornamental water' had been constructed by Swann's parents but, even in his most artificial creations, nature is the material upon which man has to work.

Tangerine Opposite to him, in a pink silk dress with a great necklace of pearls about her throat, sat a young woman who was just finishing a tangerine.

Tawny Lion When, on a summer evening, the resounding sky growls like a tawny lion, and everyone is complaining of the storm, it

is along the 'Méséglise way' that my fancy strays alone in ecstasy, inhaling, through the noise of falling rain, the odour of invisible and persistent lilac trees.

Tears Already the charm with which, by the mere act of thinking, my mind was filled as soon as it thought of her, the privileged position, unique even if it were painful, in which I was inevitably placed in relation to Gilberte by the contraction of a scar in my mind, had begun to add to that very mark of her indifference something romantic, and in the midst of my tears my lips would shape themselves in a smile which was indeed the timid outline of a kiss. He must lower his head, lest anyone should observe that his eyes were filled with tears. I assured him, with tears in my eyes, that his kindness had made so strong an impression upon me that someday I would most certainly find a way of expressing my gratitude. Next, Bloch had displeased my grandmother because, after luncheon, when she

complained of not feeling very well, he had stifled a sob and wiped the tears from his eyes. One would see, in clear outline, as though in a transparency, beneath the mannish face of the 'good sort' that she was, the finer features of a young woman in tears. She fixed her eyes on him with that languishing and solemn air which marks the women of the old Florentine's paintings, in whose faces he had found the type of hers; swimming at the brink of her fringed lids, her brilliant eyes, large and finely drawn as theirs, seemed on the verge of breaking from her face and rolling down her cheeks like two great tears. The other, with tears in his eyes, refused a plum which his nurse was buying for him. The poor creature, after asking Mme. Verdurin whether he should stay and receiving no answer, had left the house in stammering confusion and with tears in his eyes.

Tears of Merriment On reaching this point in the story, Françoise would pause to wipe the tears of

merriment from her eyes.

Tempests In place of those dreams of tempests, by which I had been entirely possessed, not wishing to see anything but waves dashing in from all sides, mounting always higher, upon the wildest of coasts, beside churches as rugged and precipitous as cliffs, in whose towers the sea birds would be wailing.

Tender Glow of Sunset
The forest, roseate with the deep and tender glow of sunset.

There Swann thought that it might indeed have been there, perhaps, that he had first known Odette.

Thigh For things which might or might not be done she possessed a code at once imperious, abundant, subtle, and uncompromising on points themselves imperceptible or irrelevant, which gave it a resemblance to those ancient laws which combine such cruel ordinances as the massacre of infants at the breast with prohibitions, of

exaggerated refinement, against “seething the kid in his mother’s milk,” or “eating of the sinew which is upon the hollow of the thigh.”

Thing These flowers had chosen precisely the colour of some edible and delicious thing.

Things Outside Things outside seemed also fixed in mute expectation, so as not to disturb the moonlight which, duplicating each of them and throwing it back by the extension, forwards, of a shadow denser and more concrete than its substance, had made the whole landscape seem at once thinner and longer, like a map which, after being folded up, is spread out upon the ground.

Three Flowers I caught sight of them for the last time, far away, and seeming no more now than three flowers painted upon the sky above the low line of fields.

Three-Cornered Forest
Golo, his mind filled with an

infamous design, issued from the little three-cornered forest which dyed dark green the slope of a convenient hill.

Throat I could feel at work within me a miraculous disincarnation; it was at once accompanied by that vague desire to vomit which one feels when one has a very sore throat. She never remained for long, even when alone, without saying something, because she believed that it was good for her throat.

Tide Like the border of shells and sea-weed which a stronger tide than usual leaves on the beach, as though trimming it with embroidered crape.

Tigers Swann was amused to discover the heirs and successors of Balzac's 'tigers'—now 'grooms'—who normally followed their mistress when she walked abroad, but now, hatted and booted, were posted out of doors, in front of the house on the graveled drive.

Tiny Diamonds She

would merely straighten her shoulder-straps or feel in her golden hair for the little balls of coral or of pink enamel, frosted with tiny diamonds, which formed its simple but effective ornament.

Tiny Streak of Daylight "And here am I, obliged to draw back the small curtains, just to get a tiny streak of daylight."

Tired Eyes He saw once again, as he had felt them close beside him, Odette's pallid complexion, her too thin cheeks, her drawn features, her tired eyes.

Titmouse I would fall asleep, as it might be in the open air, like a titmouse which the breeze keeps poised in the focus of a sunbeam.

Tongue That Charity devoid of charity, that Envy who looked like nothing so much as a plate in some medical book, illustrating the compression of the glottis or uvula by a tumour in the tongue.

Torrent The prosperity of wicked men runs like a torrent past, and soon is spent.

Transparent Wings of Flies The leaves, which had lost or altered their own appearance, assumed those instead of the most incongruous things imaginable, as though the transparent wings of flies or the blank sides of labels or the petals of roses had been collected and pounded, or interwoven as birds weave the material for their nests.

Trees As though those carved faces of stone, naked and grey like trees in winter, were, like them, asleep only, storing up life and waiting to flower again in countless plebeian faces. Farther off, at a place where the trees were still all green, one alone, small, stunted, lopped, but stubborn in its resistance, was tossing in the breeze an ugly mane of red. For the trees continued to live by their own vitality, and when they had no longer any leaves, that vitality gleamed more brightly still from the nap of

green velvet that carpeted their trunks, or in the white enamel of the globes of mistletoe that were scattered all the way up to the topmost branches of the poplars, rounded as are the sun and moon in Michelangelo's 'Creation.' I aimed blows at the trees of Roussainville wood, from among which no more living creatures made their appearance than if they had been trees painted on the stretched canvas background of a panorama. I gazed at the trees with an unsatisfied longing which went beyond them and, without my knowledge, directed itself towards that masterpiece of beautiful strolling women which the trees enframed for a few hours every day. "I have friends all the world over, wherever there are companies of trees, stricken but not defeated, which have come together to offer a common supplication, with pathetic obstinacy, to an inclement sky which has no mercy upon them." Illuminating the room in their passage with the same delicate, slanting, shadowed

beams that fall among the boles of forest trees. In places where the trees still kept their leaves, they seemed to have undergone an alteration of their substance from the point at which they were touched by the sun's light, still, at this hour in the morning, almost horizontal, as it would be again, a few hours later, at the moment when, just as dusk began, it would flame up like a lamp, project afar over the leaves a warm and artificial glow, and set ablaze the few topmost boughs of a tree that would itself remain unchanged, a sombre incombustible candelabrum beneath its flaming crest. It seemed to me that the beauty of the trees was hers also. Like the myrtle-alley in the *Aeneid*, planted for their delight with trees of one kind only, the Allée des Acacias was thronged by the famous Beauties of the day. Now and then he would remind himself that another fine spring evening was drawing to a close, and would force himself to notice the trees and the sky. Sometimes, at the water's edge and

embedded in trees, we would come upon a house of the kind called 'pleasure houses,' isolated and lost, seeing nothing of the world, save the river which bathed its feet. Successive mortifications had given her a backward tilt, such as one may observe in trees which have taken root on the very edge of a precipice and are forced to grow backwards to preserve their balance. "To what purpose shall I walk among these trees if there is nothing left now of the assembly that used to meet beneath the delicate tracery of reddening leaves, if vulgarity and fatuity have supplanted the exquisite thing that once their branches framed?" Under the trees of the boulevards there were still a few people strolling to and fro, barely distinguishable in the gathering darkness. We would take refuge among the trees.

Treetops We would come at length to the Mall, among whose treetops I could distinguish the steeple of Saint-Hilaire.

Troubled Heart They
soothed his troubled heart.

Trout All day long, during
these walks, I had been able
to muse upon the pleasure
that there would be in the
friendship of the Duchesse
de Guermantes, in fishing
for trout, in drifting by
myself in a boat on the
Vivonne; and, greedy for
happiness, I asked nothing
more from life, in such
moments, than that it
should consist always of a
series of joyous afternoons.

Trunk I would fix my eyes,
without limit of time, upon
the trunk of a distant tree,
from behind which she must
appear and spring towards
me.

Tumult of the Sea He had
suddenly perceived, where it
was trying to surge upwards
in a flowing tide of sound,
the mass of the piano-part,
multiform, coherent, level,
and breaking everywhere in
melody like the deep blue
tumult of the sea, silvered
and charmed into a minor
key by the moonlight.

Turbulent Sea Taking me

down to watch the turbulent
sea, unchained.

Turkey A turkey, because
she had seen a beauty in the
market at Roussainville-le-
Pin.

Twilight Rekindling in the
twilight, already almost
nocturnal, of this winter
afternoon, the glow of a
sunset more lasting, more
roseate, more human.

Twilight of a Flower That
rosy candlelight was still
their colour, but half-
extinguished and deadened
in the diminished life which
was now theirs, and which
may be called the twilight of
a flower.

Uncertain, Clouded Sky
From breakfast-time, my
anxious eyes never left the
uncertain, clouded sky.

**Unconscious or
Unheeding Air** The
flowers which played then
among the grass, the water
which rippled past in the
sunshine, the whole
landscape which served as
environment to their
apparition lingers around

the memory of them still with its unconscious or unheeding air.

Unexplored Tracts

Separated by the gross darkness of its unexplored tracts, some few among the millions of keys, keys of tenderness, of passion, of courage, of serenity.

Unhappy Plant Its green moorings swung back over their anchorage and brought the unhappy plant to what might fitly be called its starting point, since it was fated not to rest there a moment before moving off once again.

Unicorn To feel himself transformed into a creature foreign to humanity, blinded, deprived of his logical faculty, almost a fantastic unicorn, a chimaera-like creature conscious of the world through his two ears alone.

Universe Each one differing from all the rest as one universe differs from another. Except at the moment when he had called it bigger than the 'Night

Watch,' a blasphemy which had called forth an instant protest from Mme. Verdurin, who regarded the 'Night Watch' as the supreme masterpiece of the universe (conjointly with the 'Ninth' and the 'Samothrace'). Other people are, as a rule, so immaterial to us that, when we have entrusted to any one of them the power to cause so much suffering or happiness to ourselves, that person seems at once to belong to a different universe. The world inhabited by Odette was not that other world, fearful and supernatural, in which he spent his time in placing her—and which existed, perhaps, only in his imagination, but the real universe, exhaling no special atmosphere of gloom, comprising that table at which he might sit down, presently, and write, and this drink which he was being permitted, now, to taste.

Unopened, Blushing Buds Apple trees were exposing their broad petals of white satin, or hanging in shy bunches their

unopened, blushing buds.

Untrodden Path I

explored, across the bounds of my own experience, an untrodden path which, I believed, might lead me to my death.

Up in the Air “I do so love him when he goes up in the air like that!”

Vacant Sky On the banks of the bright and ever-flowing stream, which even the angler had abandoned, and so slipped unaccompanied into the vacant sky, where only a few loitering clouds remained.

Vale “Sweet vale of Hebron, dear paternal fields.”

Valley As in a mountainous country, against the seeming immobility of a vertically falling torrent, one may distinguish, two hundred feet below, the tiny form of a woman walking in the valley. I used to go forward into the church when we were making our way to our chairs as into a fairy-haunted valley, where the rustic sees with

amazement on a rock, a tree, a marsh, the tangible proofs of the little people’s supernatural passage.

Vaporous How freely they coursed through him, how fluid they were, how vaporous, how easy to breathe!

Vast Gulf “So-and-so” (a fashionable woman whom he had known) “was far from being perfect, but, after all, one did find in her a fundamental delicacy, a loyalty in her conduct which made her, whatever happened, incapable of a felony, which fixes a vast gulf between her and an old hag like Verdurin.”

Vegetable Form I felt that these celestial hues indicated the presence of exquisite creatures who had been pleased to assume vegetable form.

Vegetable Kingdom in the Clouds Nowhere, perhaps, except on the shores of the English Channel, where Normandy merges into Brittany, have I been able to find such

copious examples of what you might call a vegetable kingdom in the clouds.

Vegetable Personality

Long before I reached the acacia-alley, their fragrance, scattered abroad, would make me feel that I was approaching the incomparable presence of a vegetable personality, strong and tender.

Vegetation All other vegetation had disappeared.

Very Face of the Sky The very face of the sky appeared to undergo a change.

Very Wettest Days

Everyone except my grandmother, who held that it is a pity to shut oneself indoors in the country, and used to carry on endless discussions with my father on the very wettest days, because he would send me up to my room with a book instead of letting me stay out of doors.

Vichy Water In her mind, the desire to accelerate the digestion of her Vichy water

was of infinitely greater importance than her fear of seeing Mme. Goupil's new dress ruined. Indeed she showed a sort of pride in not allowing anyone else to come near my aunt, preferring, when she herself was ill, to get out of bed and to administer the Vichy water in person. Now I know why that Vichy water has been lying on my stomach. She herself was conspicuous and worthy to be praised throughout Combray, Jouy-le-Vicomte, and other cities of men, on account of my aunt's many farms, her frequent and prolonged visits from the Curé, and the astonishing number of bottles of Vichy water which she consumed. "Until the storm breaks my Vichy water won't 'go down.'"

Vine "Doesn't it make your mouth water, this vine? Just look at the little border around the edges; here, look, the little vine on a red background in this one, the Bear and the Grapes."

Violets A bunch of violets in her bosom. Deep down in

which lay negligently back
Mme. Swann, her hair, now
quite pale with one grey
lock, girt with a narrow
band of flowers, usually
violets, which floated down
long veils, a lilac parasol in
her hand. I could imagine it
only by the aid of that heavy
syllable of the name of
Parma, in which no breath
of air stirred, and of all that
I had made it assume of
Stendhalian sweetness and
the reflected hue of violets.
Suggested by nothing more
than the bunch of violets
crushed into her bosom,
whose flowering, vivid and
blue against the grey sky,
the freezing air, the naked
boughs, had the same
charming effect of using the
season and the weather
merely as a setting. There
had been but a single
incident apart from all those
smiles directed towards
himself; namely, her
walking abroad beneath a
Rembrandt hat, with a
bunch of violets in her
bosom. Wearing a
Rembrandt hat, and a
bunch of violets in her
bosom.

Viper “I know that you’ve

got a tongue like a viper,
that you can’t keep quiet for
a moment.”

Void His brain would
become a void.

Warm Weather “Now
that the warm weather’s
coming, we’re going to have
dinner out of doors
whenever we can.”

Wasps Dotted with grass
plots over which two or
three wasps would spend
the day botanizing. Frenzied
and light as wasps upon the
wing.

Water A gem of the first
water, blended of humility
and gratitude. As the banks
at this point were thickly
wooded, the heavy shade of
the trees gave the water a
background which was
ordinarily dark green,
although sometimes, when
we were coming home on a
calm evening after a stormy
afternoon, I have seen in its
depths a clear, crude blue
that was almost violet,
suggesting a floor of
Japanese cloisonné. Like a
would-be swimmer who
jumps into the water, so as

to learn, but chooses a moment when there are not too many people looking on. "You cannot make out the water."

Water Lily Such as these was the water lily.

Water of a Stone In the letters written to us by a woman with whom we are in love, we find fault with the 'water' of a stone.

Water Plants Presently the course of the Vivonne became choked with water plants.

Water's Edge "Those little houses by the water's edge."

Watercress Beneath the limpid currents fragments of wood lay mouldering in beds of watercress.

Waterfall There was a waterfall.

Waters "Believe me," he went on with emphasis, "the waters of that bay—more Breton than Norman—may exert a sedative influence. But at your age, my boy, those waters are contra-

indicated."

Watery Border Elsewhere a corner seemed to be reserved for the commoner kinds of lily; of a neat pink or white like rocket-flowers, washed clean like porcelain, with housewifely care; while, a little farther again, were others, pressed close together in a floating garden-bed, as though pansies had flown out of a garden like butterflies and were hovering with blue and burnished wings over the transparent shadowiness of this watery border.

Waves He could hear the thunder of the surging waves, and also of his own heart, which, with equal violence, was anxiously beating in his breast. I could distinguish waves surging round a church built in the Persian manner. Now and then the waves dashed against the cliff, and Swann could feel on his cheek a shower of freezing spray. Our memory, like a labourer who toils at the laying down of firm foundations beneath the tumult of the waves, did not, by fashioning for us

facsimiles of those fugitive phrases, enable us to compare and to contrast them with those that follow.

Weather “Go along and see who can be outside in this weather.” It was during a spell of very hot weather; my parents, who had been obliged to go away for the whole day, had told me that I might stay out as late as I pleased. “I can’t understand it; the barometer has been ‘set fair.’” I stepped out briskly on account of the weather, which, after several days of a precocious spring, had relapsed into winter (like the weather that we had invariably found awaiting us at Combray, in Holy Week). If the weather was bad all morning, my family would abandon the idea of a walk, and I would remain at home. If the weather was fine, they would propose to remain there for the night, and not go home until next day. “I’m a hundred-and-one, a woman of the old school,” exclaimed the lady, uttering, on behalf of the voiceless Champs-Élysées, their thanks to Gilberte for

having come, without letting herself be frightened away by the weather. “It will be the weather that’s frightened her away.” “It’s not the right weather for the time of year.” Our cousins had taken advantage of the fine weather to come over from Thiberzy for luncheon. She had come there solely to please me, and in such weather. She invariably protests that she does not need the extra gas which the porter offers to light for her, and sits on there, hearing nothing further, except an occasional remark on the weather which the porter exchanges with a messenger whom he will send off suddenly. So will a traveller, who has come down, on a day of glorious weather, to the Mediterranean shore, and is doubtful whether they still exist, those lands which he has left, let his eyes be dazzled, rather than cast a backward glance, by the radiance streaming towards him from the luminous and unfading azure at his feet. Sometimes a spell of fine weather made her a little more energetic, she would rise and put on

her clothes; but before she had reached the outer room she would be 'tired' again, and would insist on returning to her bed. Sometimes, when the weather had completely broken, we were obliged to go home and to remain shut up indoors. "That lady is going out; it must, therefore, be weather in which one can go out." The weather being what it was, he felt an overwhelming desire to spend the day roaming in the forest. They had little time for walks which, as it happened, the weather made precarious. "To-morrow, if the weather holds, we might go the Guermantes way." "Wait now, next Sunday, if the weather holds, you will be sure to find a lot of people there, for Rogation-tide." "We must make sure, first, of the weather." "Why, he couldn't even tell me what the weather was like." "Why, M. Bloch, is there a change in the weather; has it been raining?" "Yes, some day when the weather is fine I shall go for a drive as far as the gate of the park."

Western Sky There would no longer, as we turned into the Rue du Saint-Esprit, be any reflection from the western sky burning along the line of window-panes.

Whale Françoise found it too cold to stand about, so we walked to the Pont de la Concorde to see the Seine frozen over, on to which everyone, even children, walked fearlessly, as though upon an enormous whale, stranded, defenceless, and about to be cut up.

Wheat I could see across the cornfields the two crocketed, rustic spires of Saint-André-des-Champs, themselves as tapering, scaly, plated, honeycombed, yellowed, and roughened as two ears of wheat.

Whisker The invasion of the plumpness of the cheek by an outcrop of whisker.

White Feathers and Yellow Beaks White feathers and yellow beaks strewn along the road.

Wild Animal Then he passed it to one of his

satellites, a novice and timid, who was expressing the panic that overpowered him by casting furious glances in every direction, and displayed all the dumb agitation of a wild animal in the first hours of its captivity.

Wild Vine On a misty morning in autumn one would have called it, to see it rising above the violet thunder cloud of the vineyards, a ruin of purple, almost the colour of the wild vine.

Wilderness The Doctor was unsparing in his endeavours to cultivate the wilderness of his ignorance and uncertainty and so to complete his education.

Wind A breath of wind dispersed them. And so with what joy would she welcome us, with what sorrow complain that the weather was still so bad for us, on the day of our arrival, just before Easter, when there was often an icy wind. Thereafter, on dear, tempestuous February nights, the wind—breathing

into my heart, which it shook no less violently than the chimney of my bedroom, the project of a visit to Balbec—blended in me the desire for gothic architecture with that for a storm upon the sea. They were perpetually crossed, as though by invisible streams of traffic, by the wind, which was to me the tutelary genius of Combray. When the wind was so strong that Françoise, as she took me to the Champs-Élysées, would warn me not to walk too near the side of the street, or I might have my head knocked off by a falling slate.

Wing All his memories of the days when Odette had been in love with him, which he had succeeded, up till that evening, in keeping invisible in the depths of his being, deceived by this sudden reflection of a season of love, whose sun, they supposed, had dawned again, had awakened from their slumber, had taken wing, and risen to sing maddeningly in his ears, without pity for his present desolation, the forgotten

strains of happiness.
Anyhow, I'll take you all
under my wing; she can put
the blame on me.

Winter A ray of sunshine
sufficing for its birth, and
for the birth of joy, even in
the heart of winter. One day
in winter, as I came home,
my mother, seeing that I
was cold, offered me some
tea, a thing I did not
ordinarily take.

Winter Mornings Could I
ever have made them
understand the emotion
that I used to feel on winter
mornings?

Wintry Sun The sun, a
wintry sun still, had crept in
to warm itself before the
fire.

**Withered Flesh and
Sluggish Blood** The kiss,
the bodily surrender which
would have seemed natural
and but moderately
attractive, had they been
granted him by a creature of
somewhat withered flesh
and sluggish blood, coming,
as now they came, to crown
his adoration of a
masterpiece in a gallery,

must, it seemed, prove as
exquisite as they would be
supernatural.

Wood Pigeons In summer
the wood pigeons sport and
frolic about the tall bough
till twilight, when calm and
silence begin to reign in
their aerial abodes.

Woods Beneath a paling
sky the woods on the
horizon assumed a deeper
tone of blue. But to wander
thus among the woods of
Roussainville without a
peasant-girl to embrace was
to see those woods and yet
know nothing of their secret
treasure, their deep-hidden
beauty.

Worm "It's got a worm in
it!"

Wrist She showed her the
end of yellow paper that
stuck out over her bare
wrist. Suddenly Odette
turned her wrist, glanced at
a tiny watch, and said: "I
must go."

Yellow Leaves I had felt
that I could actually see
those yellow leaves, with the
light shining through them,

in their supreme beauty; and being no more able to restrain myself from going to look at the trees than, in my childhood's days, when the wind howled in the chimney, I had been able to resist the longing to visit the sea.

Young Leaves He would return home not knowing even if he had tasted the fragrance of the young leaves, or if the moon had been shining.

Your Heart "Why," she wrote, "did you not forget your heart also?"

Zone of Evaporation When I saw any external object, my consciousness that I was seeing it would remain between me and it, enclosing it in a slender, incorporeal outline which prevented me from ever coming directly in contact with the material form; for it would volatilize itself in some way before I could touch it, just as an incandescent body which is moved towards something wet never actually touches moisture, since it is always

preceded, itself, by a zone of evaporation.

Zone of Heat A cave of warmth dug out of the heart of the room itself, a zone of heat whose boundaries were constantly shifting and altering in temperature as gusts of air ran across them to strike freshly upon my face, from the corners of the room, or from parts near the window or far from the fireplace which had therefore remained cold.

Zone of Melancholy The zone of melancholy which I then entered was totally distinct from that other zone, in which I had been bounding for joy a moment earlier, just as sometimes in the sky a band of pink is separated, as though by a line invisibly ruled, from a band of green or black.

Zone of Pure Air So it came to me, uttered across the heads of the stocks and jasmines, pungent and cool as the drops which fell from the green watering-pipe; impregnating and irradiating the zone of pure air through which it had

passed, which it set apart and isolated from all other air, with the mystery of the life of her.

Zone of Sunlight And when she gazed on it, when her eyes followed the gentle tension, the fervent inclination of its stony slopes which drew together as they rose, like hands joined in prayer, she would absorb herself so utterly in the outpouring of the spire that her gaze seemed to leap upwards with it; her lips at the same time curving in a friendly smile for the worn

old stones of which the setting sun now illumined no more than the topmost pinnacles, which, at the point where they entered that zone of sunlight and were softened and sweetened by it, seemed to have mounted suddenly far higher, to have become truly remote, like a song whose singer breaks into falsetto, an octave above the accompanying air.

A Field Guide to Lost Things reconfigures every single image of a natural object in CKS Moncrieff's 1922 English translation of Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way*—the first three novels of *In Search of Lost Time*. The guide includes images of nature encountered by Proust's characters in rural landscapes, cities, towns and parks, as well as in the bodies of other characters.

Other titles available from *if p then q*

Tim Atkins. **1000 Sonnets**. 136p. £8.00

David Berridge. **Bring the Thing**. 80p. £8.00

Lucy Harvest Clarke. **Silveronda**. 88p. £8.00

Derek Henderson. **Thus &**. 88p. £8.00

Geof Huth. **ntst**. 120p. £8.00

P. Inman. **Ad Finitum**. 114p. £8.00

P. Inman. **Written 1976-2013**. 728p. £20.00

Tom Jenks. **A Priori**. 80p. £8.00

Tom Jenks. *. 72p. £8.00

Tom Jenks. **Items**. 134p. £8.00

Holly Pester. **Hoofs**. 80p. £8.00

seekers of lice. **Encyclops**. 40p. £4.00

Philip Terry. **Advanced Immorality**. 72p. £8.00

Nathan Walker. **Action Score Generator**. 624p. £15.00

Chrissy Williams. **Epigraphs**. 32p. £4.00

Joy as Tiresome Vandalism. **aRb (aR)**. 27p. £10.00

Joy as Tiresome Vandalism. **aRb (Rb)**. 17p. £4.00