



dame whom the Balchams had given down to the  
cellar of her house, borrowing her book to be read  
with Pinny into the drawing room and saying with  
exquisite, archaic French: "Adieu, adieu, adieu."  
need not despair. Something can be done with me,  
think. Yes, something can be done with me,  
Pinny who every night, ignoring the grumblings of the  
Parisian maid, had herself administered the three  
shoufflés, the French shop in the Nevsky . . .

to cut my hair?  
One last memory rose before her: not of Russia,  
not of her childhood. A recent one . . . by the lake  
at Mersham . . . of herself standing in the water  
desperately shaking out her damp locks so as to  
cover her naked shoulders, her breasts . . .  
And with this image came courage and determi-  
nation. She lifted her head.  
"I am ready, monsieur," said Anna  
begin."

Anna was not the only person from  
Lens Over on the Wednesday  
who had business  
to do with  
another over  
in the