

Introduction 1944

The Liberation

The D-Day landings of June 6 1944 marked the beginning of the protracted and bloody land campaign to liberate France that ravaged swathes of northern France throughout the summer of 1944. The intensive aerial bombardment over the preceding spring months had already exacted a huge toll in civilian lives. Now with the two modes of assault mobilised in the Allied push through the German lines, civilian deaths mounted. The military campaign to liberate France took the best part of three months to reach Paris. When the Allies did arrive, the newsreels and newspapers recorded the Liberation as a historic moment where triumph of victory met with civilian outpourings of relief and gratitude. In reality, the Liberation in Paris, like the Liberation elsewhere in France, was a much more complex experience for the civilian population. It was, in fact, a liberation which had been awaited for months, during which time living conditions had deteriorated markedly and the news of bloody combat and large numbers of civilian deaths made the Parisians extremely anxious. It was an anxiety exacerbated by the fact that there was, unsurprisingly, a dearth of reliable information about how this second Battle of France was progressing for the Allies. If the Parisians danced in the streets, paraded with and serenaded the liberators, then it may well have been because they were relieved to have survived. Relief, was certainly a dominant emotion.

In recent years, historians have challenged the popular, broadly accepted historical account of the event with narratives and testimonies which cannot be easily contained within the memory of the Liberation as an event which generated an unprecedented collective outpouring of joy.⁵⁵⁶ These 'official' narratives ignored the misery of families who had lost loved ones to the death camps, to forced labour, to illness and disease, to suicide, to a martyrdom in

⁵⁵⁶ See Azéma, J-P (1994) 'Les Libérations de la France: prologue', *French Cultural Studies*, 15.5, 223–226.

the Resistance and, in the provinces and coastal areas in northern France in particular, to Allied bombing and ground battles.⁵⁵⁷

In the spring and summer of 1944, Madeleine began to write about the war for the first time since the arrest of her flatmate Ruth Camp in December 1940. Then, she had resolved not to write further about 'political matters' fearful that she might be compromised if the diary was ever discovered by the authorities. Now, confident that Liberation was near, Madeleine cast caution aside and addressed the Liberation directly and exhaustively in an hour-by-hour account of the Resistance-led civilian insurrection, the arrival of Allies into Paris, street skirmishes and the first retributions of the 'épuration'. Madeleine's observations of what was happening in the streets interwoven with the rest of her everyday life have produced a unique testimony recording how the Liberation was lived and experienced as it was awaited as well as when it finally arrived. The detailed daily backdrop to the historic event, of the kind provided by Madeleine, has not had a great deal of exposure in narratives of the Liberation. The 'victory' narratives have tended to foreground the civilian insurgency and street combat led by Resistance forces and the Allies. The acute deterioration in living conditions of the population of Paris and greater widespread suffering as a result from the June D-Day landings onwards is less known about. The landings had been met with a flurry of German military activity and generalised civilian excitement and some panic as Parisians fearing an immediate military onslaught fled for Versailles and other outlying suburbs. Madeleine's diary registered the thrill of the landings and the expectant, nervous activity, but by the following day, there was a return to normal routine. People carried on as best they could with their lives even into the tumult of the final Liberation week and the Allied battle through northern France was barely mentioned until the liberators were at the gates of Paris.

Madeleine's record shows that the anxieties and difficulties experienced over the course of the Occupation intensified rather than lessened as the Liberation approached. People were frightened. The prospect of being in the front line of an assault by land and by air was terrifying. They had seen newsreels of bombing destruction in France, across Europe and in Russia. Many civilians had already had direct experience of the bombs. The Paris suburbs had been heavily bombed, resulting in high civilian casualties from 1943 through 1944, and the destruction of Caen in the summer of 1944 had made people very afraid of what would happen if the Germans were to put up fierce resistance in Paris. On August 2 1944, Madeleine herself was caught in the blast and bloody

⁵⁵⁷ For an account and analysis of Madeleine's experience of the Liberation, refer to the chapter by Michallat, W., 'An emotional history of a long liberation in the Occupation diary of Madeleine Blaess' in *Vichy France & Everyday Life: Confronting the Challenges of Wartime 1939–1945* ed. by Lindsey Dodd and David.

aftermath of a raid on the Paris suburb of Montreuil, which she described from start to finish in her diary.

The wait was made more anxious by the news of battlefield horrors carried to Paris by refugees from Normandy, and throughout the summer there was very little positive news to reassure that there would be a victorious outcome. Pro-Nazi propaganda dominated on the radio and in the newspapers. Worsening living conditions meant that attention quickly switched away from thoughts of freedom. Food and fuel shortages became more acute. A severely damaged transport infrastructure was being bombed continuously, and the risks of moving freight by road or rail were great. Parisians had restrictions placed on their movements, on mail deliveries and phone calls, which meant it was all the more difficult to find food and to maintain the strategies for obtaining food through networks of friends and acquaintances that had been so crucial to surviving the Occupation for so many.

Once it became clear in June that the Liberation was not imminent, Madeleine's diary reverted very quickly to the day-to-day struggle to survive. Any hope and excitement there had been on June 6th quickly dissipated. She was frightened and anxious and at times convinced that she would not survive to return home. Food shortages worsened to such a degree over the summer that in the final days before Liberation there was practically no food or water to be had. The arrival of the Allies thus followed months of civilian anxiety and paranoia. The patriotic and joyful crowds greeting the allies were relieved survivors. Madeleine's account of the Liberation is full of tales of the street fighting and word-of-mouth rumour about what had happened and was about to happen. When the tanks finally arrive, the diary described her ebullient celebrations with the liberators, but the exhilaration did not last much beyond the first day.

Civilian distrust of the Resistance has been well documented by historians. Vichy and Nazi propaganda painted them as criminals and terrorists of course but they were also perceived as thuggish and lawless by many French civilians. Earlier in the Occupation Madeleine, intolerant of violence of any kind, had described as puerile Resistance threats to harm colleagues it had accused of collaboration. Her account during the Liberation shows that this uneasiness did not abate when the Resistance began to appear openly on the streets. She was intolerant of brutality both towards the Germans and towards women suspected of collaboration who were brutalised by being stripped, daubed with swastikas and having their heads shaved. Some historians who have written about the *Épuration* and about the so-called 'tontes' where women were publicly shamed in this way tend to suggest that the public was broadly supportive of it. But Corran Laurens cites numerous testimonies of horrified and disgusted civilians. Georgette Elgey, then a teenager and later a historian wrote: 'I am horrified. The priest intervenes. I draw back. At the end of an hour the woman is taken away. I hated this scene. It spoils my happiness for a long time.' (Laurens, 1995: 157). In Madeleine's account there is a sense that she does not realise at first that the women she sees being dragged

through the streets are not in fact German military personnel but French civilian women. There is no ambiguity about her reaction, however. She found the spectacle repulsive, remarking on the terrible shame and suffering they must have been enduring.

The Liberation events soon disappeared from Madeleine's diary when she resumed her normal work and university routines within days of the Allies arriving in Paris. One month later, on September 18, the diary entries ceased completely and six months later she left for Britain.

1944

Saturday 1 January

Woke up early but didn't go to mass or to Communion because I didn't yet know whether I would be able to avoid staying at Aunt's tomorrow with the result that I got up late and had a mad dash for the train. In my haste I gave the New Year's gift to the Concierge saying 'Happy Birthday'(!!!) Decided to plead illness so that I could get home. I readied myself for it, looking mournful and not saying a word all evening. Nico is on the way, made me feel cold and gave me rings around the eyes. It was perfect. Jacques and Gerard Deschamps and Mme Dumont were there. The 4 Faure kids came. Stayed on a chair all afternoon like a misery while the others went for walks. I wasn't too fed up (got up from the lunch table at 4 pm and had dinner at 6 pm) and because of that Aunt wasn't difficult about me going. I don't feel at all ashamed of this deceit. She is so clingy the poor woman. She knows that Yo is fed up and she wants to avoid that by me being there but damn it! I am not her governess. Aunt gave me a beautiful pair of stockings and for tomorrow a tiny piece of meat, 3 apples, 4 cooked beetroot. I brought the wine ration for the week and a big cauliflower that I got with the November tickets. When I got home I ate 1 apple, 2 beetroot, 50 gr of bread because I was quite hungry. I had said no to meat which was pretty much the main thing in the meals and didn't have much of the rest of it. The country air makes me hungry. Tonight the searchlights were lighting up the sky and made it seem like day.

My New Year Resolutions?

- 1/ 8 hours work or studies a day
- 2/ 1 hour cleaning and 1 hour darning a day
- 3/ ¼ hour exercise each morning
- 4/ Do today what can be done today (ie: reply immediately to letters, mend little holes as soon as I see them, etc)
- 5/ Put myself first (for my free time etc)
- 6/ Buy myself at least two outings a month
- 7/ Be good.⁵⁵⁸

⁵⁵⁸ 'good' written in English in the manuscript.

What a bunch there! Will I keep to them all? I hope so, yes, if God gives me the strength. I think that I am right to want to put myself first because if I don't all my free time is taken up and the housework, studies go by the wayside. I need to be knitting or something when Mad. F comes to pay me one of her [. . .] visits.⁵⁵⁹ Also, this buying myself two outings. I don't ever go out. It's all work and sleep, housework and lessons. I am going to become stale.⁵⁶⁰ The most important thing is not to waste a minute. It's the odd minutes here and there which will be so difficult to get back. I had waited to see in the New Year at the open window. I do so love to hear all the bells ring in midnight. Someone fired 6 rifle shots and a strange beam shone on and off on the Ivry hill. It was a clear and cold night . . . Mad. F came in and laughed heartily at my ruses to feign illness today and thought that I looked tired. She gave me the love and happiness chain letter which I am going to continue just for laughs. It only costs 4 stamps and a little bit of time typing at the machine because I don't want my writing to be recognised. Everyone knows that I am not superstitious and so they don't burden me with things like that. . . but if they were to see that I'm doing it for once. . . !!

Sunday 2 January

C. Mass. Mrs Evans died peacefully in her sleep. They had gone to bed early. Mrs Evans said to Dilys "let's sleep in tomorrow". Dilys got up at 3 am and her mother was sleeping. She woke back up at 11.15, got dressed and went to kiss her mother who she thought was still asleep and she was cold. Poor kid. What a shock. She had expected it before Christmas but Mrs Evans had been so much better. The shock has made it all the more harder. She has been extremely brave. She has lots to do. Letters and pneus to send and telephone calls to make. There are no stamps to be had anywhere. Everyone is being very kind. They came straight away and everything. It's funny but when I am in pain I prefer to be alone, – and Dilys wants lots of people around her. Shared a bed with her. I could hear her breathing heavily and calling out. It made my blood freeze. Spoke until 4 am then slept until 8 am. Made dinner.

Monday 3 January

Spent the morning sending letters, telegrams etc. Made dinner and ran out for cigarettes for Dil. By 3 pm I was hating her profoundly. She enjoys⁵⁶¹ all the attention and the buzzing round her and she is relying on the money. She must be making around 1500 a week in lessons, that is why she can dress so chic. Was

⁵⁵⁹ Possibly 'ennuyeuses' – annoying/boring.

⁵⁶⁰ 'stale' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁶¹ 'enjoys' written in English in the manuscript and underlined twice.

with her all day yesterday and up against me all yesterday night (I think that she finds my body a comfort) and to have messed around⁵⁶² doing all the errands made me feel sick of her. But once I had an hour on my own in my room I felt much better. I must spend too much time on my own. Too many folk exasperate me. Yesterday I sent New Year wishes on a calling card and wrote to Granny and Aunt. Today Denise Pedron came with Guy to ask me about work we had been set. What is annoying is that I have barely been to the courses myself and who do I ask about what to do for Lantier? Not much to eat at Dilys's (in the evening 2 jacket potatoes, 1 baby slice of roast beef (3 centimetres [. . .]⁵⁶³ at 10.30 pm – this morning had 2 baby slices of meat, 3 spoonfuls⁵⁶⁴ of fried potatoes) Ate when I got back here. Dilys is surviving on cigarettes and endless cups of tea. Waited for Rochette's lesson. Went back to Dilys's to sleep. Didn't sleep. Card from Hélène Berr offering lesson.

Tuesday 4 January

Office – no heating so worked 10–12 and 2–4. Knitted for an hour in the post room and chatted with Gilberte Frey who is going to get married at the end of April. 1.30–2.30 Lesson with Beaugrand but the poor woman's heart is heavy because she has gone 3 years (on 18 May) with no news of her son. I stayed listening to her until 3.30. Warning of imminent alert. So tired so I stayed at home to eat without going to LeBreton's course (because at Dilys's I'm conking out with hunger). Lesson with Poussif who arrived 40 minutes late. His watch was half an hour slow and he didn't want to admit it. Mad. Fortan insisted that I go to have dinner at her place before going to Dilys's. She's great. Had a bit of a scare with a German patrol turning off just ahead of me before going to ring at 320 probably about the hall light they could see from outside. There must be something going on. I saw an armed bicycle patrol this afternoon. Jacqueline Eichhorn and Eileen Baron were at Dilys's. Jacqueline stayed in bed because she is very insensitive. I was wanting to go back to mine to sleep but Dilys didn't want that. That would have done me some good though. I felt as if I was drunk. It is the first time that this has happened to me. It must be tiredness. Slept better.

Wednesday 5 January

Dilys is really a poor hostess. She didn't even look to see whether Jacqueline had something to cover herself with for sleeping (she didn't and froze under her fur coat, my coat and her sleeping bag). It could be that Dilys's head is a bit all over at such a difficult time but given that she never wants to show it she shouldn't

⁵⁶² 'messed around' in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁶³ possibly 'eaten'. Unclear in the manuscript.

⁵⁶⁴ 'spoonfuls' written in English in the manuscript.

have slipped up over the blankets. Went to Père Lachaise by métro with Eileen Baron and Jacques Henri. The cemetery there is just so ugly. Arrived at the same time as the coffin. There were two male witnesses for the cremation, all of us were in the [. . .] chapel for the sermon where Miss Watson read the English funeral service. “I am the Resurrection and the Life”. It is very beautiful, I’d like to have that. The room wasn’t heated. It was like ice. People dispersed after the service and Mme Roussel (Tappy), Mme Beech,⁵⁶⁵ Miss Watson, Mme Busy, the concierge from 322, Dr Duheim and I waited the 1 hour 15 minutes until the end of the cremation. The little duck ponds were frozen. Sylvia’s mother was cremated here. Loie Fuller too. Went to see Epstein’s tomb for Oscar Wilde. You’d think it was an advertisement for an aviation company. It was good that Dilys didn’t come. What would she have done? Afterwards, we went down into the crypt of the columbarium where Mrs Evans is starting a whole new row with the number 13,645. Two men brought down a stretcher with the casket draped in black. The casket was made out of clay and a lot bigger than I had thought it would be. It was put in the hole and plastered in front of us. Poor Bessie – since her death I have been thinking of her as Bessie; when she was alive it was always Mrs Evans for me. She was virtually a saint. She died like one, in her sleep possibly. Her purgatory was on earth the poor woman.

At the end of the ceremony, there was an alert. We came back on foot. I went ahead with the concierge. We were stopped on the Place Voltaire. We had to do a huge detour. After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour (at 12.30) the alert ended. Took the bus to Bastille. Light lunch then lesson with Chabert who was upset because he’d had 2 suits, an overcoat and all his food supplies stolen. Didn’t go to Bachellery’s class because I was too tired. Bought a little seat. Lesson with Delplancq and afterwards read “The Wind Blows West”. Liked it. I

Thursday 6 January

Woke up at 12 am!! (slept 11 hours. It’s done me good). I need to go and get my nightshirt back from Dilys. She said that if she came back she would give me a knock but she hasn’t come. But I had a visit from Jacqueline Martin who would love to try out her medical knowledge on me. We are going to go to see “Le Soulier de Satin”⁵⁶⁶ a week tomorrow. She had come to get her Latin books which reminds me that I should get my notes back from Monique Vignet. Jacqueline M has filled out in the face a lot. Today I worked hard despite the lie-in. I made myself a carrot cake for Twelfth Night but it wasn’t cooked through. Didn’t go out. Rochette thinks I have a dreadful complexion. It is very

⁵⁶⁵ Misspells Beach (Sylvia Beach) in the manuscript.

⁵⁶⁶ A play by Paul Claudel (1868–1955). First performed on 27 November 1943 by the Comédie française. Produced by Jean-Louis Barrault (1910–1994). See entry in data.bnf.fr via the Bibliothèque nationale.

cold and I have a pain in the chest. I am very pleased with myself. I repaired the electric lamp all on my own.

Friday 7 January

During the night I was thinking it must be very cold. I wanted to look. This morning at 9 am (I am still having trouble getting up and feel like I have a knot in the middle of my chest) it was -4° outside and ice on the windows. 7° in here. Outside, it is white over with frost and there's ice wherever there is water. I'm going to have to hurry now for Vendryès. Lesson with Vendryès. 1 pm–1.30 alert. Arrived late for the lesson with Capon where it was horribly cold and so I felt horribly ill. On the way back I took the watch to be repaired. It needs a clean – 1 month and 110 frs!!! Dropped by at Dilys's to pick up my nightshirt – alas,⁵⁶⁷ Dilys wants me to sleep at her place. Margaret Lavenu came to see Dil. With Rémi Puissant who is terribly shy. Talked – at least, she talked. Slept badly. In her sleep, she mistook me for Georges and wrapped her arms around me and made a kissing sound. Alert.

Saturday 8 January

Got up late because they phoned yesterday to tell me not to go in to the office. Quite groggy⁵⁶⁸ with tiredness. Dilys had lunch here. Lesson with Chabert. Alert 1.45–2.20 pm. 2 parcels from Portugal (28 tins of sardines). Mme Brun is offering to sell them for me to get butter, etc. I'm not sure because they are talking about Allied invasion more and more. I've got plenty of beans and some flour, a small amount of pasta, 3 tins of vegetables – and my sardines, but no crackers, no sugar, no butter. And if the water, gas and electricity are cut off I think we'll need biscuits, crackers etc, things that we can eat without having to cook and that is why I am not sure about letting the sardines go. Poor Daddy and Mummy. They must be worrying so much about me. I would like to send waves of moral support but at the moment I am so tired that I can hardly stand upright. I am very cold and very hot. Gosh, I am so tired I've almost gone silly.⁵⁶⁹ The food poisoning – the dashing about for Dilys, not sleeping in my own bed and almost no sleep and Nico,⁵⁷⁰ which is very painful this time. I've had to take pills nearly every day and again yesterday I thought that I was cracking up at Capon's. Dilys wants me to sleep over again tomorrow evening. I hope that that is going to be the last evening because in truth it is becoming a habit and she is talking about coming for lunch here Monday etc, etc. I hope that she will be able

⁵⁶⁷ 'alas' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁶⁸ 'quite groggy' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁶⁹ 'silly' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁷⁰ 'Nicodème', Madeleine's term for menstrual cycle.

to go to Poitiers and that when she gets back I won't have to sleep over there. Oh, she does annoy me. It really suits her. I do the washing up etc, etc. Poor Dilys. I've been doing it gladly but now it is a week since her mother died. She has got to get her life back on track. Of course, it will be hard at the beginning but if she gets too used to living with me then it will be hard when I stop – so what!! Hell, my writing is abysmal.⁵⁷¹ I am so tired. I am going to go to bed early. I. Ground some flour and knitted. That calmed me down a lot. I'm not shaking any more. It is the usual time, 11 pm. I have decided that I need at least 3 kg of crackers and 2 kg of sugar stocked up. But where can I buy it and where can I put it? (I'll be able to find a spot once I have it). I am going to make bread with the flour from 1942 to save on ration tickets. I'd also like to have a pound of salted butter, but that is unlikely!! Midnight – I gave my hair a good brush and comb. It is beautifully soft and I plucked my eyebrows – I overdid it. Luckily, they will grow back. This was good for someone who wanted to go to bed early!! Jacques hasn't been over to put up my clothes rail yet. He said that he would see about it pulling a funny expression I thought or perhaps I am imagining that? He's been coming to put it up for 5 months. I am going to do it myself even though I can't say that I am keen. It is so hard putting holes in the wall.

Sunday 9 January

Mass. Made some bread rolls. Not a great success because I put the bran I had left in the dough but they are filling and not too bad. Bought 1 pound of crackers – but they use up 900 frs worth of tickets. It's staggering. Mad. F talked for a long time. She is starting with a lousy 'flu. The poor thing looks like she's been dug up. I won't be going to sleep over at Dilys's this evening. I am going to stay here to see whether Madeleine needs anything. Wrote New Year greetings letters to: Uncle Julien, Roger, Jeanne Semaille, Mme Blom, Zéau, Voirin (first letter was very catty⁵⁷² and I tore it up and sent a very nice but distant one), Mme Faure, Hélène Berr, Malot, Jourdan, and Aunt Violette. Should have liked to write to Cyla too but after this huge job felt like I'd been squeezed out like a lemon. I prefer sending calling cards (sent 20 and just oral responses from Kort and from Vendryès – card from Rochette, Simone Le Hartel, Zinzer). Today, it is mild and raining. So, it went dark at 5.30 pm instead of 6.15 pm as it did yesterday. The days are getting noticeably longer. I like my view when it rains. It is all grey and silver. But, when do I not like the view in truth? I want to finish my second sleeve today but I feel tired out after these letters. Damn. I will have to drop a line to Dick. No, I will phone tomorrow morning before my 9 am lesson. Didn't knit but wrote to Cyla. It was a sad letter but I sent it anyway. I've done something very bad. Dilys came to get me to sleep over but I said that I didn't want to leave Mad F. Miss Beach suggested that Dilys sleeps here. I said yes, yes straight away

⁵⁷¹ 'so what!! And 'Hell!' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁷² 'catty' written in English in the manuscript.

knowing full well that Dilys would not be keen on the too-small bed. She is going to go to Eileen Baron's but has announced that she is going to come here tomorrow evening. In my opinion, it is a week since her mother's death and she should be starting to manage on her own again. I am being hard perhaps but spending six nights with her has made me so sick of the human body that even shaking a hand makes me feel nauseous. I am afraid that I do not think that I could stand married life – only solution, twin beds. I don't think that Brussel sprouts get on with me that well either. Only solution – bed.⁵⁷³ And what bliss to be alone in a bed. And I don't want Dilys to come to live here. I have my life, my work, my lessons, my studies and because she has nothing to do for 10 days she thinks that everybody should be the same. I'm mean when it comes down to it.

Monday 10 January

Woke up with a start at 8 am!! Bad head. Made myself up. It suits me. Dashed off to Barrin's lecture. Phew. He's strict. Everyone files in like little lambs. Went to see him afterwards. I saw admiration in his eyes and I played up to it. On the way back I looked at myself in all the shop windows. I am indeed pretty with wavy chestnut hair around a pale oval face (sometimes with a rose tint in the wind or when feeling emotional about something). Two lines (my eyebrows are quite good after all) above two chestnut pools⁵⁷⁴ and a peony. It is a shame that I am so fat. Was feeling so, so, so joyful. Drizzle. Lesson with Le Breton, Levaillant,⁵⁷⁵ LeBègue⁵⁷⁶ (nearly fell asleep for the latter two). Lesson Rochette. Very tired. Not at all beautiful now. Waited for Dilys who invited herself to dinner. I made some mushroom pasta shells. Worked on the catalogue for the office. Waited until 10.15 but she didn't arrive and so ate. I think that she didn't come because she is madly jealous that I want to stay here for Madeleine Fortan. Tomorrow I will take her meat and eggs with an affectionate little letter hoping that she is OK. I don't think I will be seeing her until the next time she has need of me. Read "Mon Oncle et Mon Curé" (Jean de la Brète).⁵⁷⁷ It is wonderfully fresh. Obviously at 12 years old I couldn't appreciate its honesty

⁵⁷³ 'Only solution' is written in English twice in the manuscript.

⁵⁷⁴ 'pools' written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁷⁵ Probably Maurice Levaillant (1884–1961), lecturer in literature at the Sorbonne. See:
<https://www.idref.fr/>

⁵⁷⁶ Raymond Lèbègue (1895–1984). Lecturer in French literature at the Sorbonne from 1941 to 1965. See
<https://www.idref.fr/>

⁵⁷⁷ Jean de la Brète, pseudonym for Alice Cherbonnel (1858–1945). Winner of the Académie française's Prix Montyon. Full text available via the Bibliothèque nationale:
<http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k5786117c>

and natural egotism, all the adorable coquettishness of a child of 16. I really am terribly tired.

Tuesday 11 January

Kort telephoned because I should have been at the office yesterday. Returned the food to Dilys. Went to see Kort who was very nice. Lesson Beaugrand. Went to Red Cross to get the messages for Portugal. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle, Poussif. Lesson Beaugrand who gave me one egg, 100 g of butter.

Wednesday 12 January

Office. “Washington Irving” (Wurmer), “The Scarlet Letter” (Hawthorn) “Mari, une ville perdue” (Parrot).⁵⁷⁸ Very good. “Irlande et cavernes anglaises” (Martel).⁵⁷⁹ Went to see the gas company because got notice that I was going to be cut off and have been sending payment since the beginning of the year. Waited in vain for Delplancq, her pneu arrived afterwards. Letters to Aunt, Mme Roche, card Odette. Rain. Lesson with Bachellery. Fed up.

Thursday 13 January

Office. Moved the archives. Tired out. Lesson with Chabert. Malot came before his letter did. I didn’t know who it was but gave a lesson anyway. Lesson Rochette, Poussif. Letter from Malot.

Friday 14 January

Irish, Welsh with Vendryès. He is sweet. Very happy. Lesson with Capon. His mother is an artist. She painted all the pictures (which are not very easy to understand). 2.50–4.20 alert. Came back on foot too late for the lesson with Boyelle. Had a note from Jacqueline Martin moving “Soulie de Satin” to Monday. I would like to go but I have a lesson with Rochette? Charming letter from Georges Le C. I am dizzy with tiredness. I wanted to go to bed at 9 pm but Mad. F. came and then curlylocks and Ruth Camp came. It is 11.15 and I am still shattered. Read “Mari, Une ville perdue” in one go. Very interesting. I want to buy it. Another alert from 7.05 to 8.30 pm.

⁵⁷⁸ André Parrot (1901–1980). See contemporaneous review of the archaeologist Parrot’s account of the excavation of Mari here:
http://www.persee.fr/doc/rscir_0035-2217_1937_num_17_2_1728_t1_0243_0000_3

⁵⁷⁹ Edouard-Alfred Martel (1859–1958). Published in 1897, a reference listing of caves and caverns in Ireland and Derbyshire, England.

Saturday 15 January

Woke up at 10 am. What a disgrace although when one is tired out yet hears it striking midnight before falling asleep, it is pretty understandable. I feel so lazy which means I don't want to wash, iron, do the housework, etc. But on Monday I really must get down to work intellectually and physically. What a nuisance that I have to go to Villeparisis tomorrow. But I hope that it is going to be the last time for a long time. Catalogued and filed. Everything is finished for today but I am absolutely shattered. I am cataloguing in the stacks at the rate of 116 an hour. It's great but it is killing me. Letter from Yvonne (who sends ration tickets for bread) and from Jourdain who is of course having a lesson on Monday and Thursday. I am going to have to telephone. Went for tea at Françoise Boësse's. She is nice but I really am stuck for words. In 15 days I have spent nearly 2000 fr!! It's crazy. But January with the rent, the present buying etc, is a tough month. All the more because I bought a pound of butter on the black market. All the same, I am going to have to go carefully. It is 11.30 again and I am still not in bed. I have one of those stomach aches. For 2, 3 days now even the thought of eating makes me feel sick. I force myself. It must be tiredness and this constant headache, Anyway, time for sleepy byes because tomorrow at Villeparisis there won't be an opportunity to lie in. The family really does get on my nerves.

Sunday 16 January

Went to mass of course. Villeparisis. It is cold. Marcel flirting a lot. Everybody is very indulgent because at the back of their minds they are thinking about marriage. If M. larks around with me he gets a frown but with Yo he gets docile smiles. Enjoyed myself a bit and then got fed up. Marcel got melancholic suddenly around evening time. To think that this kid will be 21 on 1st March!! I can't get over it. I remember him being tiny as if it was yesterday – a real pest and a half but cuddlesome. It was St Marcel's day and Yo gave him a tie. I didn't give him anything. I'm going to have to for his 21st. Wrote a Red Cross message. OCA, 10 rue de Lorete,⁵⁸⁰ Lisbonne sending thanks for the parcel. Wrote to Mummy too. "Got message from August. One little and two big parcels. Huge thanks. Uncle Julien was operated on for a hernia. Dilys's mother died. Send me news about how you are health wise straightaway. Hugs". If I tell them about Bessie dying even though they don't know her it's because the message will go quicker. Wrote to Marguerite Delplancq, Washed salmon pink pullover and gloves. Feel pretty fed up. I always do after a day at Villeparisis.

⁵⁸⁰ No such street name in Paris. Possibly a street in Lisbon or a misspelling in the manuscript.

Monday 17 January

Telephoned Jourdain and Rochette to put off the lessons. Office. Very cold. Kort has a bad cold. Lesson with Lantier. Dropped in at Dilys's. Changed and went to the Comédie française where I waited for a quarter of an hour and then eventually saw Jacqueline Martin and her friends Mlle Bras, Seneque and Henri. "Soulier du Satin" (Claudel) music by Honegger. Fantastic. Didn't understand all of it but it was really wonderful, scenery, lighting. J. Louis Barrault was marvellous. Madeleine Renaud was too. Marie Bell was a bit stiff but loosened up. I was very taken with Don Camillo, especially at Mogador in the first part with his sombrero off his shoulder.

Tuesday 18 January

Lesson with Jourdain, Beaugrand, Boyelle, Poussif, Rochette. Lesson with LeBreton. Didn't have the time to have lunch or to have dinner. Worked on the catalogue. Sent a message Portugal.

Wednesday 19 January

Gave the bedroom a thorough clean and did half of the kitchen. Copied up notes to pass on to Mlle Le Hir. Welsh with Bachellery was such a terrible drag. Lesson with Delplancq. Had dinner with Marcel (Titi) and Mad. F. Good scoff at mine but Titi had brought everything (except the mackerel in oil and the beans which I put in). Letters from Voirin and Blum. Card from Giselle de Mesnil. Catalogued until 3.30 am.

Thursday 20 January

Tired out. Have a tooth abscess which hurts. Office. Kort has Mlle Gueler and Mme Fouché to relieve us. Booked place for Saturday's concert. Took coat to be turned up. Had tea at Maggy's but we don't have anything to talk about. Lesson with Poussif. It is pouring down. Gave some money for flowers for Mrs Evans. Sylvia gave me the change back. Note from Vendryès saying that he has flu and not to come tomorrow. He sends me his regards!!! Sent a message to Giselle du Mesnil turning down dinner this evening. I am dead tired. Returned the linen to Dilys. Have not written my diary since Sunday evening but I have too much to do. Writing is impossible. Too tired.

Friday 21 January

9.10 Lesson with Malot. Saw Chabert. Dropped in at Cécile Pêchegut's. She died last Friday and she was buried on Monday!! Her brother died the Tuesday before. She found out Thursday, collapsed, took to her bed and died the following evening. Poor Cécile. The end of a wretched life. What happiness did this poor girl have

other than eating. She must have adored her brother. I do feel a little sorry that I wasn't always as kind to her as I could have been. Françoise Boësse came by. I've decided. I am going to take Egyptology. The sun is fabulous today. There'll be an alert for sure. 1–2.30 alert. 2.10. Lesson with Capon in his father's garret. I don't like the way he paints particularly – it is too “earthy” but the garret is really nice. Signed up to the Egyptology group. 5.15 lesson with Boyelle who is on the list to be interned when the landings happen. 7 am lesson with Rochette who has lent me an inept Protestant book about marriage. I prefer the Catholic view a 1000 times over.

Saturday 22 January

Woke up late. I can't shake off my tiredness. 11 am had a lesson with Jourdain. “Edfu”, great paper by _____⁵⁸¹ on the architecture of old Egyptian towns. Beautiful photographs. Went with Françoise Boësse. 5.30 concert. Jean de Rohozinski. I don't like Schumann at all but the “Nuits dans les Jardins d'Espagne” by de Falla⁵⁸² is magnificent. The “Fêtes” by Debussy are beautiful too. But why do they play so little of the harp? I would like to learn the harp. Got to go to bed. I am just so exhausted again. I nearly don't want to go out at all tomorrow so not go to mass though I already have a missed service on my conscience. Mad. F. says to me: ‘You have got your miserable face on, the one you have when you are tired.’ Three times in 2 days I've been told that I am miserable.

Sunday 23 January

Got up at 10 am. Didn't go to mass. Did a bit of washing. Worked on the catalogue. Ironed brown coat. Darned. Very restful.⁵⁸³ Rain coming with the gusts, very windy. Woke up several times in the night thinking that the wind had wrenched off my window box.

Monday 24 January

9–12 at the office. Kort poured out all his woes. His wife has water on the lung. Mme Félix is a rich woman now as a result of not having trodden the virtuous path. She no longer has to come to work etc, etc. Lesson with Lantier. Then, I catalogued and copied up notes here. Lesson with Rochette who came out with a grand speech about religion. It poured down with rain this afternoon and I was very pleased because this morning I'd seen a red sky – a morning sky rare

⁵⁸¹ Gap left by Madeleine in the text.

⁵⁸² Manuel de Falla (1876–1946) was a Spanish composer. For more on the piece referred to by Madeleine and on his life and other works see: <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Manuel-de-Falla>

⁵⁸³ ‘restful’ in English in the manuscript.

in its beauty. Rows of little angel wings all close together, greyish white first of all and then shades of green, mauve, pink like the neck of a pigeon or the underside of a wonderful fish before burning up in the crimson sun. And it disappears so, so quickly!

The Paris I see from my window is always grey – the grey of the dull sky, the shiny grey of the roofs of the Val-de-Grâce. Is there anything more beautiful than a brief shower and a pale sun that makes these grey roofs twinkle silver? I do so love my view and in the distance the grey sky draped over the grey of trees far away. I worked a lot today. I'm not finding much time to write my diary. Slightly depressed all day. I'm dreaming of getting back there, a thousand arrival scenarios, what is said, what isn't said, the looks, the expressions. I hug these dreams so, so close. God – let it happen soon!! As I was going to bed I noticed that I had forgotten to copy down something important and I did it. Got to bed at 1.30 am.

Tuesday 25 January

Woke up at 9 am!! I am so exhausted. I really must try to get to bed earlier. I can't find the notes I borrowed on American Civilisation. Very worried about it. Lesson with Beaugrand. Kept me back half an hour to talk to me about the immorality of the English whilst staring at me lasciviously. God, all this sex stuff really irritates me. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle. Lesson with Poussif. Very cold wind. No Philosophy lesson, already 11 am. I'm still building my house. I've just abandoned a 9 room house with outbuildings for a cottage with 4 rooms. Still depressed. I can't find crackers anywhere in Paris because people fear the invasion is coming. I really must get at least a kilo to have at home.

Wednesday 26 January

Slept in again and haven't done anything. 10.30 had lesson with Jourdain. 1.30 Lesson with Chabert. 3–5 lesson with Bachellery (he bores me to death). Took the black shopping bag to be repaired. Went to the seamstress to try on the brown coat she has turned up. Mad. F. talked a lot. I feel depressed. Finally finished a plan for the cottage which I am pleased with (just about, except for the kitchenette which has two badly sited doors one opposite the other . . .!).

Thursday 27 January

9–12 Office. "Death comes for the Archbishop" (Cather).⁵⁸⁴ "A Short History of the United States" (Bassett). Telephoned Capon. Read "Death etc". Missionary

⁵⁸⁴ See Mary Duenwald's 2007 *New York Times* article 'Entering the World of Willa Cather's Archbishop' for more on Cather and the background to the novel: <http://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/26/travel/26Footsteps.html?mcubz=1>

story. Not bad, boring at times. 5–7 lesson with Delplancq. 7–8 lesson with Poussif. Spoke with Mad F for a long time. Letter from Aunt Violette who has had a parcel from Portugal. Saw Denise Pedron who told me that Dédé had been over.

Friday 28 January

8.45–9.45 lesson with Malot. I am always cold on the “sit-upons”⁵⁸⁵ on the terrasse of the Ecole de médecine but she is so frightened about being overheard. 10–12.15 lesson with Vendryès. 11–11.20 alert. 1.15 to 2.15 lesson with Capon (was not paid). 2.45–3.15 paid. Went to see Dédé who was very pleased to see me. Marie gave me butter, coffee and a sandwich. Colette talks too much. She has a vivid imagination – a little too much so. What an odd life Dédé must have. 5.15–6.15. Lesson with Boyelle. 7–8.15. Lesson with Rochette. Georges came over. We talked for a long time (Dilys must be green with jealousy). I promised that I would go there tomorrow to look after Gaël – and I have just remembered that I was supposed to be going to Giselle’s for dinner tomorrow!! I will have to pop round quickly to Dilys’s tomorrow. Georges is a nice fellow. Wrote Aunt a little letter saying that I was poorly and that I won’t be going on Sunday. She is going to be furious. As if I care!! I really must get up early tomorrow to do my washing. Did the cataloguing. Can’t get any matches again!!

Saturday 29 January

Did the washing between 4 am and 9 am. Housework. Didn’t go to lesson with Chabert. 1.45 to 2.45 “Dendvrala”⁵⁸⁶ [Mlle Labouette] 3.15 – 7.30!!! Françoise came over for tea. I talked for most of the time and it didn’t seem to bore her because it seemed that she would never go even when I offered her a second round of tea at 6 pm. She accepted and stayed!! When she left, I went to Giselle du Mesnil’s who had nearly given up waiting for me. Had a nice evening. Again, I talked for most of the time but Mme Le Dreux finds that I am cheerful and that I have a calming presence. In the morning, I went to the market and dropped in at Dilys’s to tell her that I had made a mistake and that I couldn’t come that evening.

Sunday 30 January

Mass. Cleaned the gas stove and blacked it – got it on my hands too unfortunately and can’t get them clean. Luckily, I had done the ironing in the morning. Looked after Gaël who is very spoilt. First, she was furious that I had not

⁵⁸⁵ ‘Sit-upons’ is written in English in the manuscript. ‘Sit-upons’ are simple waterproof cushions – a popular craft in the Girl Guides and Brownies. Madeleine refers here to the type of seats they sit on in the café.

⁵⁸⁶ Spelling unclear in manuscript.

come yesterday – “not nice”. Her parents were very embarrassed. They went out. I had dinner. Gaël calls me. I tell her that Daddy had gone to get tickets for champagne – oh! Then, the afterthought⁵⁸⁷ “And Dilys?” Darned. I think that Dilys thinks, as does Aunt, that I am here for her personal use and that what she wants should come before my arrangements. Slight error!⁵⁸⁸

Monday 31 January

9–12 at the office. 2–3 lesson with Lantier. Cold. Very cold. Housework. Met up with Dilys who was terrified by a telephone call telling her that they were going to arrest her tomorrow? [. . .].⁵⁸⁹ Lesson with Rochette. Went to see Ruth.

Tuesday 1 February

André came – when I kissed him I tried to forget that he was my uncle so that I could remember that he shares the same blood with my mother, the closest to my mother that it is possible to kiss here. It was mother by proxy I kissed. Feel so depressed. Poor Dédé didn’t understand. I felt that in him. He was saying ‘Poor Madeleine, poor Madeleine’ without understanding. That made me feel terribly depressed. Went for lunch at his place. Lesson with Beaugrand who gave me butter and cheese. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle. Saw Ruth. Copied up notes in a hurry to lend out. Returned “Lost Lady” (Cather), “The Irrepressible Conflict” (B.O. Flower).⁵⁹⁰

Wednesday 2 February

Hairdressers but went out in the rain before hair was dry and cooled down – with disastrous results. Lesson with Jourdain. Lesson with Chabert. Bought

⁵⁸⁷ ‘afterthought’ written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁸⁸ ‘Slight error’ written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁸⁹ Several words scribbled over in the manuscript.

⁵⁹⁰ B. O. Flower (1858–1918). American reformer, populist and anti-Catholic. More on his life and work can be read in Jean-Louis Marin-Lamellet’s article ‘What’s the matter with Benjamin O. Flower’, published in the Spring 2013 number of the *European Journal of American Studies*:

<http://ejas.revues.org/10086>.

The book *Madeleine* was reading was published by the Free Press Defence League in 1915. Full title: ‘The patriot’s manual, dealing with the irrepressible conflict between two mutually exclusive world theories of government: a compendium of facts, historical data, reasons and present-day chronicles, showing why every friend of fundamental democracy must oppose politico-ecclesiastical Romanism in its un-American campaign to make America “dominantly Catholic.”’

snowdrops and violets at last. Went to confession finally. I hadn't managed it for 10 days. Sobbed in the Confessional. So, so, so depressed. I've been fighting it for 36 hours. Went to try on the coat but it wasn't ready. Cried again. The dressmaker was lovely all the more so because my fit of despair reminded her of her beloved daughter who is now in a convent. Horribly unhappy. And what can I do about it? What can I do? What can I do? Skived off Bachellery's lesson. He'd have driven me mad. Ate something to feel better. That helps a bit.⁵⁹¹ Wrote to Aunt and told her, two months late, that I have calcification in the right lung. Invited her and Yolande for Sunday. I hope that they go to Verrières. Not nice of me but that is the way it is. The family makes my depression worse at the moment especially because they do not understand anything about this dreadful despair I feel after 5 years of separation. They don't understand that the wound is still raw and one only has to brush against it – "Good grief. Your nose is cold!" said André when I kissed him. Which is what sweet mummy would have said. There's an intonation in the voice, I don't know, a gesture. It was her and not her. And so on and on it bleeds and bleeds. It is frightening that I can no longer hide my tears in front of people – in front of Mad. F, the priest, the dressmaker. Tiredness must be causing it. I am still holding up but between the knee and the thigh something feels like it is flexing. There is always this horrible sensation that it is going to bend or break. And I still feel sick and cold, so cold although today there is no excuse. The temperature has climbed back up from 2° to 15°. I need to go to bed earlier and do less thinking. 1.50–2.25 alert, I mustn't forget to go to collect Mad. F. at Vavin métro station at 21.20. She is frightened of coming back alone at night. Went to get Mad. F.

Thursday 3 February

9–12 at the office. Had lunch with Françoise Boësse. Her parents are very nice but very snobby and they are proud of it. Raced off to Maggy's to get "Mari" back to be able to swap it at the library. She wasn't there at first. I waited for her and then we chatted for a long time. It was like it was before (lately we have grown apart a little). Got back terrified that Marguerite Delplancq would be standing outside the door but got a pneu from her saying that she was going out or something like that. Great. Lesson with Poussif. Worked until 3 am translating Welsh. C. Mass. (St Blaise). Wrote to Aunt.

Friday 4 February

8.45–9.45 lesson with Malot. But given that she insists on sitting on the terrasse in the open air I freeze to death. Her oral is poor. 10–12 Vendryès – and didn't do Welsh. It was well worth me killing myself to get to. 2–3 lesson with

⁵⁹¹ Not clear but looks like 'soigné par nourriture' in the manuscript.

Capon. Went to change a book at the Bibliothèque municipale. “Initiation à la Préhistoire” (S.Blanc), “Au temps du Pharaon”. Beautiful photos but the writing wasn’t good. 5–6 lesson with Boyelle. He doesn’t work and makes no progress. 7–8 lesson with Rochette. Went to get the bacon I had ordered but it was a cold joint of pork??!! Nice letter from Aunt.

Saturday 5 February

Took the pork back for 1 kg of salted pork – very thin and expensive. M.Bxxx confides in me that his family is useless in business. Was late for lesson with Chabert. Didn’t give it. Went for a lesson with Jourdain who was in bed. She has a beautiful bedroom. 10.45 to 12.40 alert. I came back in spite of the alert, bombs and flak. Saw a lot of planes. It is irritating walking during an alert. You are pushed from one shelter to another and you never know who is going to stop you. Was back in half an hour from Chabert. Lecture on “Saggarah”. Interesting but the lecturer, an architect, very “dumb” and quite painful.⁵⁹² 2.15–2.50 alert. Went down into a shelter in the Sorbonne. It was like going into a pyramid. Huge walls and very hot. Bought crackers. Worked on the catalogue.

Sunday 6 February

Got up late. 9.45 to 10.30–11.55 alert. Went to the butcher’s and didn’t go to Mass. Saw Dilys who insisted that I have changed a lot, look unwell etc and that I will have to go to stay at her place so that she can look after me etc, etc. And that I should go there for lunch. I didn’t want to but we were speaking English and she was raising her voice and I didn’t want to create a scene but it made me want to cry. Dilys doesn’t care about my health but she feels lonely. Georges left yesterday. 12.25–2 alert. Had lunch at Dilys’s. Ruth came. She had gone by mine to leave me a little pot of honey to thank me for yesterday. Got back 3.30. Catalogued. 4 until 4.30, third alert. Went to bed at 5 pm. Slept until 7 pm. Had dinner. Read until 9 pm. Tossed and turned⁵⁹³ until 2 am.

Monday 7 February

9–12 at the office. Lesson with Lantier (boring). Came back. Catalogued. Lesson with Rochette and I kept him until 9 pm. Dilys went mad. She had insisted that I go there for dinner at 8.30, she who has me waiting around so often, was furious that I . . .⁵⁹⁴ I can’t directly stand up to her but I trust in my “Passive Resistance” to succeed. I didn’t do anything at her place (no washing up, no

⁵⁹² “dumb” and ‘painful’ written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁹³ ‘Tossed and turned’ written in English in manuscript.

⁵⁹⁴ Left blank in the manuscript.

nothing unlike the usual). Moaned. She was being very mystical at the beginning. Slept over and she wanted to “put me to sleep”, fingers over eyes, over forehead etc. After a few minutes, she fell on her side and fell fast asleep, I was wide awake – and very amused.

Tuesday 8 February

Had breakfast in bed. Dilys “rather disgusted”⁵⁹⁵ From “living together” she now thinks that “we could have dinner together a few times a week”. Meanwhile, she is going to come here to eat this evening. Waited for Dédé who didn’t come but finished the cataloguing. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle. Poussif. Dilys came to eat here, very excited, talked a lot about herself, insisted that I go to sleep over. I took some notes to copy up. Dilys was writing and I was mindful not to ask what. Annoyed, after a while, she closed her book and “talked at”⁵⁹⁶ me a lot – about the friends who are hurt because their friend doesn’t go see them etc etc. She really doesn’t know me well.

Wednesday 9 February

I made breakfast and Dilys said “Goodbye. Come to see me now and again”. In other words, I’ve won through the power of passivity. Lesson with Jourdain. Lesson with Chabert. Went to the doctor then office. So, I am very tired. I need to sleep a lot and eat a lot etc, etc. I have some phials to take and some injections for Nico which I don’t want – and this evening when I got home Nico arrived. You’d think he was frightened of Dr Duret. Went to the dressmaker and went to collect the watch. Bought myself a pretty navy blue leather box calf strap. Lesson with Rochette. Ruth came for a catch up. Very nice. 9.30–10 am. Alert. Wrote to Aunt. I.⁵⁹⁷

Thursday 10 February +

8–12 office. Denise came. Lesson with Beaugrand. Lent the night light. Catalogued. Lessons with Delplancq and Poussif. Snowed in the evening.

Friday 11 February

Lesson with Malot. Went to Vendryès lesson but he was ill. Found letter from him when I got back. 10.15–10.50 alert. 2 pm lesson Capon and lesson Boyelle.

⁵⁹⁵ “rather disgusted” written in English in the manuscript.

⁵⁹⁶ ‘talked at’ written in inverted commas and English in the manuscript.

⁵⁹⁷ Inserted over the first line of this entry is a reference to an air raid alert: ‘10.45–11.30 alert.’

Went to a Beethoven concert with Françoise B. Alfred Cortot was conducting. He conducts very abruptly and they say that he drinks. Better looking from the back than from the front. Roland Charnay violinist was good. In the evening I went down to métro Vavin to collect Mad. F who is frightened to come home alone. Mad F. was so horrid when I first met her, so snobbish, so stony – she is so lovely and understanding on a one-to-one.

Saturday 12 February

10.25–11.10 alert. So, no lesson with Jourdain. Furious because I need the money. “Abydos”. Not bad. The paper giver was very young. Came back straight away because felt poorly. Went to bed. Went to “Eaux basses”. Very topical but good too. Some of it was fair and well said but it is a play which won’t succeed because it picks out the sore spots and attacks the weak. Got a letter from Aunt which enraged me. I shouldn’t be enraged though because number 1 it is a given that I am not allowed to be ill and number 2 each time I go to the doctor’s, I go to the most useless one in Paris.

Sunday 13 February

Mass. C. I prayed for patience with my Aunt and got it. Cold day. Fed up. Darned Yolande’s tights. Helped to patch Marcel’s trousers. Such trivia! And Aunt is surprised that I run away from her (she has been pretty charming apart from a few barbs). She has promised to take me to the cinema for a big outing on Sunday. I couldn’t give a fig⁵⁹⁸ about her cinema! Poor Granny. She said as I was leaving “It’s not the body but the mind that’ll go. My Violette doesn’t want me here. I can’t get it out of my head and the thought will finish me off”. Poor woman. Heating is off.

Monday 14 February

Was late to the office because wasn’t able to get out of bed –3° in my bedroom and ice on the inside of the windows. Kort was angry. Gilberte Frey is getting married on 22 April. She is as pleased as punch. I can understand that. Renewed “The Irrepressible Conflict” by Byron⁵⁹⁹ and took out “Tales without Women”. There are some stories about the other war. What child’s play that other war was. I know that there was death and, worse, dismemberment but when compared to the technical advances of the modern age – and what is in store 50 years from now – but to read that they thought flying over enemy

⁵⁹⁸ Underlined twice in the manuscript.

⁵⁹⁹ In fact, *Irrepressible Conflict* is by Chandler Tedholm. The lead character is called Byron Giles.

lines at 50 km an hour was amazing!! Denise came for a few minutes. Lesson with Rochette. Dilys came to get me. She is bored. It's the first time that she has experienced solitude and dearie me, she doesn't like it at all and so she does everything she can to escape it. She is horribly selfish. She mustn't suffer at any cost so she doesn't mind at all about bothering others. I didn't feel right and I wanted to go to bed early but she was so insistent that I went and for a moment she looked as if she was going to cry if I didn't. Rochette came late. Dilys stayed until she arrived sure that there wouldn't be a lesson. She had come on Sunday even though I had told her that I was going to Aunt's. Ruth dropped off the honey. Had a conversation with the concierge. She wants to ban the lessons!!

Tuesday 15 February

Did the cataloguing. 4 degrees in my bedroom. To keep out the cold I put on 2 cardigans, one long sleeved jumper, a nightgown, a blanket wrapped around my legs, a coat and a blanket over my feet, gloves. It's not funny being unable to move in such low temperatures, especially when I haven't slept well. I never sleep well at Dilys's place. Sunshine. Now it is 7° in the bedroom. Passable. Went to the Red Cross. Sent a telegram to my parents. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Poussif. Went for dinner and to sleep over at Dilys's. Copied out notes again. Jean Boyelle. Went to give the sardines to Vendryès.

Wednesday 16 February

Lesson with Jourdain. Lesson with Chabert. Lesson Bachellery who was very flirtatious. Went to bed early because very cold.

Thursday 17 February

Office. Lesson with Beaugrand. "The Tomb of Tut-ankh-armon" (Carter). Splendid. "La Lorraine" (Bertrand).⁶⁰⁰ "Des Peintres Maudits" (Coquiote).⁶⁰¹ Pneu from Françoise B saying that she isn't coming for afternoon tea. It is too cold. Got the medicine I need. Wrote to Godfather and Aunt.

⁶⁰⁰ Possibly Bertrand Auerbach (1856–1942), specialist in the geography of Lorraine where Madeleine was born in 1918. For more on Auerbach and his work see the 1974 article by Numa Broc in *Revue Géographique de l'Est* (3): http://www.persee.fr/doc/rgest_0035-3213_1974_num_14_3_1299

⁶⁰¹ Gustave Coquiote (1865–1926). French art critic. Certain of his works, including *Des Peintres maudits* have been digitised by the Bibliothèque nationale: http://data.bnf.fr/12391219/gustave_coquiote/

Saw H el ene Berr yesterday. She looks very well but she is a bit disorganised with her work, a bit like everyone I would guess. Collected the brown coat which I had taken to be turned up and it suits me well but I have lost a lot of weight even since the last time I went to try it on. I'll have to move the button. +2 In my room in the morning (−2 outside) +5  in the evening after 2 hours with the heating on for lessons with Poussif and Delplanq. Filled with enthusiasm about Tut-ankh-amen. He is so handsome, like a young God. The statue of him at 12 is fantastic. I want to cuddle⁶⁰² it. I have fallen straight in love with him I think. Wildly excited by more photos coming out showing the discoveries. And 2 showing his real death mask made my heart jump. I'm mad about it all.

Friday 18 January⁶⁰³

Mummy's 52nd birthday. Went to the Sorbonne. Vendry es is still ill. Worked. _____⁶⁰⁴ showed us his book and his fine quality white wool fishing coat – [. . .]⁶⁰⁵ – it's quite like an Arab cape. Lessons with Malot, Capon, Boyelle, Rochette. Telephoned Aunt Marie and the office. Jacques Texier died this morning – at 18!! His poor father. Admired the photos of Tutankamen⁶⁰⁶ again.

Saturday 19 January

Snow. How awful: −4  outside and +1 here. It is pretty though, all white, but I don't like it. From time to time, there's a 'flip-flop' sound – it is someone falling over. Lesson with Jourdain. Oh what it is to be in love. I feel full of vitality and all electric. I feel very attractive. Lesson on Deir el-Medina . Good, some nice slides but nothing as beautiful as when he went back to my little Egyptian king. He only told us about the village. Interesting – but oh – the lamp with the three lotus flowers. Fran oise went on too much about me having tea at her place. I showed her my handsome little king. I read "Prayer for my Son" (Walpole).⁶⁰⁷ Not bad. Went to sleep. My foot was shaking. The hot water bottle had completely gone cold after having been in the bed for 3 hours!! I got up at midnight

⁶⁰² Madeleine makes 'cuddle' into a French 'verb': 'cuddler'.

⁶⁰³ From the 18th to the 20th of the month Madeleine mistakenly writes January instead of February.

⁶⁰⁴ Gap left in manuscript.

⁶⁰⁵ Looks like 'c'hap gwen' in the manuscript which may be an incorrectly spelt Breton fishing/seafaring garment.

⁶⁰⁶ Tutankhamen spelt incorrectly in the manuscript.

⁶⁰⁷ Hugh Walpole (1884–1941). *A Prayer for my Son* was first published in 1936.

to put 2 coats on the bed and do re-do the hot water bottle. Letter from Aunt wanting me to go tomorrow.

Sunday 20 January

Mass. Didn't go to Aunt's. I said that I wouldn't be going. Her skin is thicker than rhinoceros hide. Darned whilst reading Tutankhamen. Finished the 1st volume. It is fascinating beyond and despite the narrator if I can say that. Temperature is about 15°. Had the heat on a bit but well wrapped up and with a hot water bottle at my feet it is very manageable. The doorbell goes. There's a gentleman looking for a teacher for his son. I must have looked like a Zulu with a cardigan wrapped around my waist, a hood on my head but I wasn't at all bothered and I knew that he thought I looked charming. Oh my sweet, dear little Egyptian God. I am blushing with excitement about the discovery of his tomb – and here I am off on an archaeological expedition – !! What a fruitcake I am but he is adorable with his long mannered hands – and the four goddesses watching over his sarcophagus. What delicacy, what style, what crazy charm. And now, dear child, beddy byes. Sent a card to Godfather.

Monday 21 February⁶⁰⁸

Office. Very cold. 0° in my bedroom. –6° outside. Kort was talking about mussels being “bissextiles”. Lantier. Studied. Lesson with Rochette. Wrote a little note to Dilys about being depressed and that I will not be coming. Not true, but she irritates me. I was sent a slice of beef and 4 eggs. It was nice. I wonder how much I owe her for the eggs. Mme Beaugrand made me take some beef to the office. Met up with Maggy Desportes. Talked about her [. . .], Egyptian Gods and Georges.

Tuesday 22 February

Catalogued. Waited for Marguerite Delplancq. Le Breton. Lesson with Boyelle who suggested letter. Great. Lesson with Poussif. Ice on all the panes. Shrove Tuesday.

Wednesday 23 February

Ash. And I'm in half-light. It is still 0 in the mornings. Lesson with Delplancq, Jourdain, Chabert. Lesson with Bachellery. He has acquired the habit of escorting me onto the rue Gay Lussac every Wednesday. Went to bed at 8 pm. 4° in the bedroom. It is impossible to study. Ruth dropped a line to thank me for

⁶⁰⁸ Madeleine returns to correct date order.

the birthday presents. It is a new moon tomorrow. Let's hope that it brings an improvement in temperature.

Thursday 24 February

Went to the office but it was closed. Went to the post office and wrote to Yvonne, Aunt, Cyla. Sent card to Granny. Lesson with Beaugrand who gave me some pork paté, jam and 1 egg. She is so lovely. Saw Denise. DCA. Nice weather. -5° in the morning (8 am) $+4^{\circ}$ 6 pm. Beautiful sunshine. I think that we've survived. And, what's more, it is 22 h 15 and I am still working. Telegram from Mlle Kerjean telling me not to come – a little late!! Lesson with Poussif. Waited pointlessly for Dick. It's a bit much he never comes when he promises he will. I always have to be chasing after him and it annoys me. Worked for 9 hours – and worked well.

Friday 25 February

Lesson with Malot. Lesson with Vendryès. Poor thing. His pleasure at the present I bought him is so touching. I think that he was very happy to have it. 11.40–12.20 alert. Lessons Capon, Rochette. Gave the crockery back to Dilys and the flowers to make up for the breakages. Wrote to Dad and Mum. Worked. What beautiful weather. I think that Spring is here. Beautiful blue sky and beautiful sun. The nights are very cold.

Saturday 26 February

Got up late. Lesson with Jourdain. Looked for the food ration card. Saw Ruth. Went to lecture on Byblos by Mortet who was like a Cockney. Worked. Had a turn and I fell down the entire flight of stairs at the Hautes Études. I'm all bashed up. It's going to look quite something tomorrow. Lesson with Boyelle who has just buried his father-in-law. Mad F is in a bad mood. Very cold. Damp. Saw the new moon looking like a fingernail in the sky. Homesick. Now, we have a power-cut two hours a day. What fun.

Sunday 27 February

C. Mass. Went to Villeparisis. Aunt missed her train. All Granny lives for is her daughter's visits. She is bored to death. But she never wants to come back to Paris probably because she has realised that it is completely impossible to live with Aunt who, if one doesn't do exactly what she wants, sulks and gets nasty. Three birthday celebrations. M. Labère came. I played with his dog, just like with Sammy. Cold. Snow. Got back irritated and annoyed after a day around Aunt Violette.

Monday 28 February

Office. No heating. Cold. “Herman Melville” (Lewis Mumford).⁶⁰⁹ Lesson Lantier. Cleaning. Lesson with Rochette. Full of cold. Paid the electricity. I’ve already gone over my February and March allowance but they are going too far with their cuts – 15 kw for February. 12 kw for March and 6 for the other months. I can manage at a temperature of 8°. I can work in 3° but lower than that I am very sorry but no. Didn’t go to Dilys’s. Sent a message to Mum and a card to Marcel.

Tuesday 29 February

Got up late. Dilys came to bring the eggs and wants me to sleep over on Friday (what a pain). Missed hairdresser. Got paid and exchanged book for Rochette. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle and Poussif. Darned sheet. Alert 8.50–9.20 pm. Snow.

Wednesday 1 March

Lesson with Jourdain. I want to get up early. I’ve woken up but it so cold that I’ll wait another 5 minutes. . . . If what Granny said is true and if Roche has only put in 2 fruit trees and not the 4 then that is annoying because I don’t want to go back there for a month by which time it will be too late for planting. If I have made a mess of this land then it’s my fault for having been so well brought up and for having given way to family pressure when I should have said to them: “Hang on, I want to cultivate this land myself. I am keeping it”. When there were still trees there they swore blind that we’d have to pay someone to take up the tree and give them the tree as well. Now, they are coming out with astronomical figures for each tree sold (and which the purchaser has had to chop down). There was no peace until I lent or gave up land to Roche – (for Yolande’s marriage which never happened). I’ve let myself be done. I wouldn’t care but for:

- a/ It is my parents’ land – and what would they have to say about it.
- b/ They think I am a little baby who shouldn’t be holding such things. Take them off her quick so that we can make use them to our advantage. But I know that if I had objected, the trees would have been chopped to bits (nobody would have noticed anything) or if I had planted the land, everything would have been stolen (nobody ditto). Strangely, I am not angry with the two old men but Aunt gets my back up and makes me hopping mad.

⁶⁰⁹ Lewis Mumford (1895–1990). Biographer of Melville.

Everything about her is staid. I can see that Marcel gets annoyed when he's around her and every day I praise the Lord that I left. If I hadn't been so stupid as to listen to her in 1940 and go back to her place I could have been with my parents now. At home, they taught me to respect and to obey my Aunt too much – and, oh but I could kick myself now – but all of that is over and done with now. Does Aunt sense it? She couldn't be kinder to me etc, etc. Sometimes I think that I love her but in truth I think that I hate her. I am as distant and as indifferent to Yolande as I would be with a passer-by in the street. It is 3 o'clock. Enough of this ranting and off to Bachellery's lesson. I am going to be late but I don't care. Let's hope I don't sleep through it. Cold, cold, cold. The thick snow which fell yesterday is still around and is now frozen hard. Reading back over other years on the same date: warm sun, daffodils nearly out etc. Gave a hollow laugh. . . . Mind you it is the 5th arrondissement and the wind has changed direction from N to SW. It is very mild outside. Felt gay.⁶¹⁰ Lesson with Bachellery – 3.30 and he went at 4 pm. Was sat next to _____⁶¹¹ – an economist. Uncouth. Vendryès called me to give me two tickets for the Prisoners' Gala, in the stalls my dear!! Overwhelmed.⁶¹² He is so kind. Ran off to Maggy's to give her the other tickets but she has bronchopneumonia. Lesson with Chabert. There was another fellow there who wanted a lesson. Feel grand.⁶¹³ The only thing that is missing is a letter from my parents. If I get this new lesson I will buy the thing made out of birch second-hand for 500 francs. It is ugly but it is better than nothing. I'll invite Mad. F to the concert and if she can't go I will ask Françoise. If she can't go – then Dilys? It'll have to be someone who will make the effort. Mad. F. would be best. Madeleine Fortan can't come. I will invite Dilys. The lake in the Luxembourg is frozen.

Thursday 2 March

Office. Lesson Beaugrand. Ordered "Aero". Bought and wore perfume for Colette's birthday who came over. She wants to live with me, for me to guide her etc, etc. I would supervise her studies!! "Teach me everything you know" – Very touching, but – ! That doesn't fit with the café to be shared by Aunt and René etc. I could see that coming. Lesson with Poussif. Dilys does want to come to the concert. Telephoned Capon to put the lesson off until Saturday. Pneu from Delplancq.

⁶¹⁰ 'felt gay' written in English in the manuscript.

⁶¹¹ Gap left in manuscript.

⁶¹² 'overwhelmed' written in English in the manuscript.

⁶¹³ 'grand' written in English and underlined in the manuscript.

Friday 3 March

Lesson Malot. 9.40–10.30. Alert. Lesson with Vendryès. Bachellery is trying to flirt with me. He's very jealous that the tickets were given to me and not to him. Lesson with Boyelle. Rochette. Slept over at Dilys's (irritating).

Saturday 4 March

Lesson with Jourdain. Egyptology lesson. Gala de Paris. The orchestra had a very young conductor. The cellist was so-so. "Les 4 Compagnons de route" very good. Lola Bobesco⁶¹⁴ amazing. Left at the interval because of Capon's lesson. I'd worn my hat. I looked very attractive. Dilys was convinced that I had a date. Lesson Capon. Saw Françoise coming back in the métro.

Sunday 5 March

Got up very late. Didn't go to mass. Pottered about.⁶¹⁵ Concert [...] at the Palais de Chaillot with Françoise, Anne and their mother. "Ouverture d'Euryanthe" (Weber).⁶¹⁶ "Concerto en [...]" (Beethoven). Pianist Jean Hubeau – a young composer.⁶¹⁷ He plays well. "Symphonie du Nouveau-Monde" (Dvorak).⁶¹⁸ Very good. Very fresh. Thrilled to bits with it. Cold.

Monday 6 March

9–12 office. Housework. Lesson Poublan. Delplancq. Rochette.

Tuesday 7 March

Lesson with the Rumanian. Very shy. I don't know his name. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle. Poussif. Because I ate 2 crackers and honey last Tuesday I'm not being given any tea this week. Will that be it from now on? Bought furniture unit and cleaned.

⁶¹⁴ Lola Bobesco (1921–2013) was a Belgian violinist.

⁶¹⁵ 'Pottered about' written in English in the manuscript.

⁶¹⁶ German opera by Carl Maria Von Weber (1786–1826).

⁶¹⁷ Jean Hubeau (1917–1992). French composer and pianist.

⁶¹⁸ Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904). Czech composer. Informative entry on Dvořák and his work at:

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Antonin-Dvorak>

Wednesday 8 March

Lesson Jourdain. It's the penultimate one. She is going to the mountains. Annoyed. It's my best lesson. Lesson Chabert. Lesson Bachellery [. . .]. "L'art anglais" (.).⁶¹⁹ "Carnets intimes" (Sarmain).⁶²⁰ Painted furniture.

Thursday 9 March

9–12 Office. "Mystères du Thibet". Good. A very traditional Thibet but good all the same. The film was also great on dragonflies. Queued for an hour! Went to see Maggy Desportes. I went on Tuesday but couldn't get her to hear me. Found Denise and Guy at the door. I didn't let them in because the housework hadn't been done. Lesson with Poussif. Wrote to Aunt.

Friday 10 March

Lesson with Malot. Lesson with Vendryès. Lesson Capon. Boyelle (who made tea and I made sure that I only had one cracker). Rochette. She started talking to me about her love life. It was a bit like me and Jean but she was more gullible and the poor woman has suffered more. Stayed 2 and a half hours!! Message from Dilys insisting that I go. I didn't want to and then I did. I am pleased that I did. She was upset by the death of the fellow below. It reminded her of her mother. She had nightmares. What a night. Between her nightmares and falling back to sleep I had to go chasing the sheets. Bought daffodils and violets.

Saturday 11 March

Went to Jourdain. Didn't give a lesson but got paid. My violets overflowed onto the furniture. I had to redo the walnut stain. Waxed it. Egyptology lesson with M. Robichon who is Egyptian despite the French name. He showed a film – natives and more natives. Interesting but not archaeology. Confession. Pneu from Valeix.

Sunday 12 March

C. Mass. Beautiful crisp weather. Sun. There are buds everywhere. Up top the trees are lighter, redder. Went to lunch at André's who completely forgot. The poor little love isn't happy there. He has applied for the SNCF. Played the

⁶¹⁹ Left blank in manuscript.

⁶²⁰ Albert Samain (1858–1900). French Symbolist poet. See the on-line entry at French National Archives:
<https://francearchives.fr/commemo/recueil-2008/39248>

barmaid etc. ‘Got off’⁶²¹ with a customer. 3 pm. Lunch. Went with Colette to the Lutetia swimming pool to look at the legs. I prefer to swim than watch people swim. Colette has such a pleasant disposition!! She is furious that I am not taking an interest in her career outlook. The relationship is on the rocks on the rue du Cherche-Midi. Got back with a nasty cold. An awful pain in my chest.

Monday 13 March

Lost voice completely!! That’s handy for lessons! 9–12 office. 10–10.25 alert. Mlle Poublan has invited me to [. . .]. It is tempting for the horses and the boating but I haven’t got the clothes for it. Lesson Delplancq, Rochette. Constantly using inhaler. “Katherine Mansfield, Journal” “My Antonia” Willa Cather.⁶²² I

Tuesday 14 March

+ Got up late. Lesson with Roumain. Pottered about.⁶²³ Read. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle. Poussif. Pneu from Valeix. I

Wednesday 15 March

+ Got up late. Lesson with Chabert. Didn’t go to Bachellery’s lesson because I was still feeling too poorly. André came to put the clothes rail back together. He got in at the SNCF near Orléans. He looks a lot better since the poor love. I do love him. It’s mad. He doesn’t look like my mother though. It’s about 12 years since he last saw her!! Françoise Boësse came in the evening to bring me a slice of pork, a little cream and butter. She is very nice. I think that she is extremely fond of me. She opens up like a flower and confides silly but touching little things in me. Letter from Cyla who is very down about being so far from Paris. I think it is less about Paris itself than it is about the place where she was happy. This area is always loved. Paris means nothing to me but I would miss my view, always so silvery grey. 3.30–4.10 alert. In the evening there was lots of artillery fire. Mended my net stockings. I

⁶²¹ ‘Barmaid’ and ‘got off’ written in English in the original manuscript. Uncertain what is meant by this incongruous phrase. Perhaps Madeleine cleared a drink or brought one to a table and flirted with a customer?

⁶²² Willa Cather (1873–1947). American novelist. For more on Cather and her work, see The Willa Cather Foundation:
<https://www.willacather.org/>

⁶²³ ‘Pottered about’ in English in the manuscript.

Thursday 16 March

9–12. Office. 10.25. 11. Alert. Denise came to the office. She is really sweet. Poor Gilberte Frey doesn't have any luck. Three weeks before her marriage her father is paralysed, her grand-mother is crippled and her fiancé Jean's parents haven't sent any news since the bombing of St Etienne!! Everyone in Paris is talking about the crimes of Dr Petiot,⁶²⁴ the new Landru.⁶²⁵ Folk are like vultures around this. The 15th March came and went and no landings. Jean-Hérol Paquis is very happy about that. I am too. At all costs I don't want the landings to happen in France. We have suffered enough. You have to have a pass to walk in front of the Sénat on the rue de Vaugirard between the post office and the rue Guynemer. There's loads of works going on in front of the Sénat. They say that they are installing grills to block access to the sewers. I haven't written my diary since the 3rd of March. I really mustn't leave it so long. Lesson with Beaugrand – he gave me an egg. Lesson with Valeix a little 17 year old kid – he thought he'd be coming to see an old lady!! 4.40–5. Alert. Lesson with Poussif. Got a parcel from my parents. Very happy. Sardines!! Mid lent. Made myself some pancakes. Saw Dilys who was so, so charming – hope not to have to sleep over at her place tomorrow – thanks to my cold. Looked for my rent receipts to enable me to get a coal card on Monday. I need to go to bed early. We only get 6 kw a month and it is already the 15th – I've gone over by 4!! Surely they will cut me off. Where is it all heading!! 50 gr of butter a month!! Not a single vegetable left in Paris. Oh well. Spring is on the way.

Friday 17 March

8.45–9.45. Lesson Malot. 10–12.15 Vendryès. Jolivet was there. During the lesson we could hear the medical students making a row “In a lecture theatre . . .” with a “Oh, we're sick of being here” – Vendryès lifts his head “Isn't that the Germans singing?” 2–3 Lesson with Capon. 2.30–3.30 alert. Came back on foot to Montmartre with Mlle Capon. Shattered. Bought daffodils and primroses. The daffodils were wrapped any old how. The bulbs were at the bottom and the shoots were all bent over etc. It's a disgrace making flowers suffer so horribly. 5.15 lesson with Boyelle. 7 pm lesson with Rochette. 9 pm. Went to bed because dead tired. There are new electricity restrictions.

⁶²⁴ Marcel Pétiot (1897–1946). In March 1944, human remains were found at 21 rue de Sueur, Paris home of Dr Marcel Pétiot. Pétiot escaped, joined the Resistance and was captured at the Liberation. He was charged with multiple murders and executed in 1946. For more on Pétiot and the case, read: https://www.herodote.net/18_mars_1946-evenement-19460318.php

⁶²⁵ Henri Landru (1869–1922). French serial killer.

25 underground stations are shut including Notre Dame des champs. I had to run all the way to Voirin and I wasn't early – What's more, the trains start half an hour later in the morning (6 instead of 5.30) and the last one leaves at 10.45 in the evening. The cafés are closed 2 days a week. The cinemas have had to reduce their showings by 40%, they have 2 a day now instead of 3 except on Sunday when they have 3 instead of 4. Word has it that they are putting security grills in the sewers. There are no vegetables in the whole of Paris. To make up for it we've had a pound of pasta and 250 g of jam. Happily I have some potatoes and I bought some Brussels sprouts opposite – gone up – 30 francs a kilo!! And I still haven't had my egg for December. Creil has been bombed. Getting news is going to become more and more of a rarity.

Saturday 18 March

Went to market. They only had parsley, flowers and haberdashery. Saw Dilys wearing her smartest togs on the way to see the Dean of Sciences for something for Georges. She wants me to come over this evening. I won't be going even for half a dozen eggs. This desire of hers for physical closeness annoys me. 12.5–12.40 alert. 3.40–4.40 alert. Catalogued. Worked hard. Didn't go to the Egyptology seminar because had a very bad headache. Françoise came to see what was up. She is very kind. Washed stockings etc. I've only got 6 matches left and I can't get any. Pneu from Aunt telling me not to come tomorrow because there's lots of bother – but health wise all ok. It's bad but my joy about not to have to lie about tomorrow (because going to a concert) outweighs any anxiety about her worries. Mad. F pointed out that I am not nice when I attribute mean motives to people who haven't got them. I was pretty annoyed but she's right. I think that Aunt has damaged me. I'll have to keep that in check. Got a note from Ruth with the photograph of her portrait – which looks like her, with a very gentle expression which I don't associate with her at all. Even not being mean minded I find all that very American – very new money. I would like to see her portrait. Worked. Spoke a lot with Mad. F. I don't think that she's easy to live with which doesn't mean that she isn't a great girl. Went to bed at 10 pm because of the electricity ration. Resolved to go to bed early and to get up early. But, I only work well after 9 pm. In the morning it is so cold. Splendid sunset, red flame – mauve on blue burning fiercer and fiercer.

Sunday 19 March

C. Mass. At the moment I can barely pray. I am very much a morning person. Got up at 6.30. Went to 7 am mass. Put out the [. . .] for the birds. Today they are happily eating it as soon as I put it out. Yesterday they hardly touched it – why? Perhaps the new flowers were scaring them or perhaps it's because it's market day or just spring. Or perhaps they didn't know what it was. It's well and truly spring since the day before yesterday. But although it has been cold the buds are

puffing out. The ___?⁶²⁶ is in flower. How stupid not being able to remember its name. The Ouse next to St Mary's Abbey gardens was lined with them and in the evening coming back, especially Saturdays back then, Mummy and I would spend ages looking at the colourless little flowers which looked like buds from a distance. Darned tights. Went to a Beethoven and Wagner concert at the Palais de Chaillot. Leonore's overture de "Leonore" (Beethoven), "Concerto in [. . .]" (Beethoven). Monique de la Bruchollerie⁶²⁷ was playing – a bit hammed up but what exquisite playing. She has an incredible Pianissimo. Her white dress, very full, big sleeves turned up at the wrist was extremely pretty. The juniper is flowering at Denfert Rochereau but shyly. Raining. Françoise is always very happy to see me. I like to see, at the Palais de Chaillot, the human torrent flowing down and winding round the columns. It's even more striking when it climbs; the river running backwards.

Monday 20 March

Beautiful day but struggled to get out of bed at 6.30. By 7 am I was up but didn't have the time to do the housework and everything else before having to leave. Went shopping 9–10.15 there was an air raid warning. 10.20–11 there was another alert and then again at 12.20 but thankfully I was in the underground at Châtelet. I didn't get out quickly enough to cross the Seine, police cordon, forced to go behind N. Dame by the side streets. I love the huge and heavy oak doors studded with nails. The willow tree at the tip of the Île-de-Paris looked as if it was draped in a green veil, thin and light. By the time the alert ended I had done a huge detour to avoid the Panthéon where one usually gets fined for something. Waited half an hour for a ration card for coal. Got some for Mad. F – forgot to declare that she had an electric cooker. I will have to go back and get that changed. Finished letter to Cyla. Letter from Poublan – couldn't come. His sister is ill. Wrote to Poublan. Sent a card to Marguerite. Marguerite came for her lesson. Brought all her presents to show me. Hugged me with great affection for the earrings (I'd only worn them once). It isn't good to give them as a gift but I have no money. Dilys came because I didn't go there. I don't care. Her face is becoming more "coarse".⁶²⁸ Found a little box of matches. Thank the Lord for that. Saw Jews being moved off. The Germans were organising the whole thing. These seizures are happening a lot. There are also lots of arrests. Mrs Ravelliotti was sent to the Kommandantur this morning and she hasn't returned. Letter from Rochette. Still nothing from my parents. I don't want to worry. I've heard that there is a cold snap in York. Will we get it? Hope not. I am sure that I am losing weight.

⁶²⁶ Gap left in manuscript.

⁶²⁷ Monique de la Bruchollerie (1915–1972) was a French classical pianist.

⁶²⁸ "coarse" written in English in the manuscript.

Tuesday 21 March

Spring. Marguerite Delplancq 18 years old. Furious. I only got up at 8.30 am – and had woken up at 6.30. I should be ashamed of myself. It is raining. The little Malot girl came over for me to lend her the book on English painting. Lesson with the Rumanian. I get the feeling that he is looking for anything to show that I am wrong. Did some good work. Rumania has been invaded. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boyelle to whom I gave a litre of wine. The boulangeries are going to be closed 2 days a week. Until now, food shops were exempt from this measure. It's starting. Lesson with Poussif. It is raining and it is colder.

Wednesday 22 March

Got up at 8.30 am again instead of 6.30. But I feel so tired. I had a really nice dream. I had, quickly and painlessly, a pretty baby which I called Elizabeth. The following morning I had got up and I was going on at the office to tell my mother. I woke up when they told me that the line was down. Daddy was with me. Worked. Did the cataloguing for the office. Looked for the income tax sheet. Lesson with Bachellery. He went over time by 15–20 minutes as per usual – and his wife was waiting for him without him knowing!!! He was asking me very nicely whether he could go to the rue Gay-Lussac with me when he saw her – what a face he pulled!! They took the métro to Odéon. Letter from Aunt who is making mountains out of molehills⁶²⁹ over Marcel. She thinks that all I am waiting for is her invite to go over on Sunday. If she knew that I have a ticket for a concert she'd be hopping mad. I sent her a reply straight away – a new resolution. Had December's egg. Better late than never. I am waiting for Mad. F and her friend Marcel. Cooked some beans. All students have been registered for the STO. I think that it could be lecturers too – Bache looks very worried. It's Bache's son's birthday on the 27th or 28th of March. Mustn't forget to send a card. Have I already said that on Monday I saw this year's first buds opening – a privet. The willow tree in the garden of the Institut Curie is all green, much further on than the one next to Notre-Dame. Very cloudy. Everything is dry. We need some rain. The days are getting longer. 7.10 pm and not put the light on.

⁶²⁹ 'molehills' written in English in the manuscript.

Wednesday 23 March⁶³⁰

Went to the Town Hall to change the coal ration card for Mad. F. Couldn't. Lesson with Bachellery. His wife was waiting for him on the way out – should've seen his face.

Thursday 23 March

Office. Lesson with Beaugrand. Valeix. Poussif.

Friday 24 March

Lesson with Malot. Lesson Vendryès. Lesson Capon. Bought red striped material for gloves. Didn't have lesson with Boyelle. The concierge didn't pass on the message. Lesson Rochette.

Saturday 25 March

10 am. Chabert. Lesson on Egyptology. Went over to see Dilys who sold me 4 eggs. Had tea with her. I gave her a tin of sardines.

Sunday 26 March

Mass. Communion. Went to Villeparisis. The first fine day. Stayed outside all day in the sun. Roger was there. Yo and Marcel came over Saturday afternoon. Marcel chopped a tree down. Yo is very possessive about him. She wants to be the only one to darn his socks etc. In the afternoon collected pussy-willows with Roger and Aunt. Yo and Marcel were sat together on the bank – !! Yo has a new hairdo combed back off her forehead which makes her look hard-faced. I told her and told the others too. A few minutes afterwards "You really have put on weight Madeleine. Another illness like the last and we won't be able to see your eyes". And that is all Yo and I said to one another this Sunday. I feel as if I am in a frigidaire – and then they are surprised that I don't rush over there every Sunday!! Went to see René Roche's twins who were born on Friday. They are terribly tiny – called Bobby and Sammy – but they have very long hands and big feet and are not "chubby". They are ugly. They weigh 3 pounds together. Spring is marching on. There aren't a lot of pussy willows but the flowers on the fruit bushes all came out within

⁶³⁰ Madeleine muddles the dates of her entries from 22nd March to the 26th. Both Wednesday and Thursday are marked as the 23rd and Friday, Saturday, Sunday follow on with corrected dates.

a day. There are some anemones in the wood. We got the train in the evening because a lot of trains were cancelled. On the way, while Yo was sleeping on Marcel's shoulder, Aunt said to me, "Do you know what? I am very angry. If I had known I would not have invited such misbehaviour home, Marcel wants to marry Yolande". After having done all she could to get them together (they have breakfast together in the same bed), she is "taken aback". Marcel hasn't got a good job but he is elegant. Yolande has turned down so many chances to get away – the years are passing by. Marcel was smiling awkward smiles. To my mind, she is making a mistake. Yo is 4 and a half years older than Marcel. He doesn't have the same level of education. But on the other hand, I'd love to see her married off. I'd give a sigh of relief when she is "Madame". 'Nuff said.⁶³¹ I am all excited about it. "Why don't you get married?" Roger asks me. "I can't find a handsome boy!" "You are too fussy" (Aunt pulls a face). Gosh I will be so very happy if Yolande gets married quick, quick, quickly.

Monday 27 March

Office. It's the Move. Poublan didn't come. Lesson with Delplancq. Rochette.

Tuesday 28 March

Waited for Rumanian for nothing. Then the Concierge brought the note up. Given what is going on he can't come. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson Boyelle. Poussif.

Wednesday 29 March

André is 39 years old. I haven't wished him Happy Birthday yet – don't have a packet of cigarettes yet. Lesson with Bachellery. Went to Mme Bourgeois to arrange a lesson.

Thursday 30 March

Office. Got paid. Saw Denise. Lesson Beaugrand, Vaieix, Poussif. Sent a pneu to Aunt.

⁶³¹ 'Nuff said' written in English in the manuscript.

Friday 31 March⁶³²

Lesson with Malot. Lesson with Vendryès who is very worried about what happened yesterday – 5 young people arrived at the Secretariat at around 4.30 pm with revolvers and took away all the registration files. He is frightened that the Sorbonne will be closed or he will be arrested. Poor blighter. A. handed round his notes on the book. “I am sorry to have little more of interest to offer but you have arrived late in my life”. Fleeting, during the lecture, caught his eye, shining and blue like a stream in the sunlight. My heart flipped. I love JV. I hope that nothing happens to him. Aunt is furious with me. Got a pneu from her yesterday evening inviting me to the theatre Gaité-Lyrique this evening for 6.30. But I couldn’t care less about the G.L and I don’t particularly want to see Aunt. So, I telephoned this morning apologising that a dinner arrangement this evening was stopping me. She was furious. Her voice sounded as if she was fatally wounded. It doesn’t occur to her that I might have a private life and she is furious that I don’t rush over to see her when she clicks her fingers. Lesson Capon, Boyelle. Rochette. Bought Fernand Aubry lipstick. Drank orange juice cocktail at “Oldo”. Bought some sheets of franked paper for the exam. Went to sleep over at Dily’s. Lost my second and most recent umbrella.

1 April Saturday

Bought an Easter egg for Izou and some [. . .] to make some pants because I’d never be able to buy all the linen. Lesson with Chabert. No Egyptology lesson.

2 April Sunday

Palm Sunday. Mass at the Val-de-Grâce. I found the handing out of the palms by the chaplain very moving. English Double Summer Time.⁶³³ Darned. Worked at office.

Monday 3 April

Office. The weather is summery. Métro and bus prices have gone up to 15 francs. This morning the Luxembourg gardens looked as if it was in the middle of a green snowfall. The snowflakes fixed in the air momentarily. Near

⁶³² Written in the margin against the entry of 31st March: ‘Wrote Red Cross: A thousand thanks for the parcel. Urge you to send news. André is working for the SNCF. Aunt Violette’s marriage plans are succeeding. Cousin Marcel has asked Yolande to marry him!!! Family is in good health. Love’. Nb: Cousin in the original French may mean cousin in English or a more distant relation.

⁶³³ ‘English Double Summer Time’ written in English in the manuscript.

Invalides there is an almond tree which is completely pink – gorgeous. “Teeftallow” (Stribling).⁶³⁴ It filled me with rage about human stupidity. America looks modern but it is living in the middle ages. Lesson with Bourgeois. She is very proud about having L’infant de l’Espagne, Prince de Bourbon in her clinic. Lesson with Rochette. Lesson Delplancq. Heavy rain storms.

Tuesday 4 April

Copied notes. Lesson Lebreton. Haven’t yet signed up for the exam because at 2.10 pm there was a queue right the way into the courtyard. Didn’t have a lesson with Boyelle. Lesson with Poussif who could stop staring at me. Stomach ache.

Wednesday 5 April

8.50 am was at the Sorbonne. There was a queue of 60 people. Signed in at 10.30. Vendryès has been sacked. The poor love. Since Saturday only two doors at the Sorbonne have been open and are heavily guarded by the Police. No lesson from Bachellery (Praise be God⁶³⁵). Lesson Chabert who wanted to kiss me. He is mad. Lesson with Bourgeois. Luxembourg; a blizzard of green. Dilys brought [. . .].

Thursday 6 April

Office. Still moving things out. Even though Kort is on holiday he was there. He invited me and Denise to have a hot chocolate with him. So, I sent a pneu to Denise. Lesson with Beaugrand, Valeix. Beaugrand gave me some jam and 90 g of meat. I gave him a tin of sardines. All the leaves are out in the Luxembourg. Resolution: write a diary entry every night.

The latest:

Meat for the month of March	–	120 g
Fat	“	“ – 50 g
Pasta	“	“ – 500 g
Jam	“	“ 200 g And that’s all.

Electricity is cut between 9–11-and 2–6 (but it’s only the lift that doesn’t work)
Round ups all the time (especially in cafés)

⁶³⁴ T. S. Stribling (1881–1965). See a 1926 review snippet from the archive of *The Spectator*:

<http://archive.spectator.co.uk/article/3rd-july-1926/28/teeftallow-by-t-s-stribling-nisbet-7s-tkl-netreade>

⁶³⁵ ‘Praise be God’ written in English in the manuscript.

Sorbonne heavily guarded – as is the Quartier Latin.
Underground and bus travel prices have increased.
Nearly no milk for children.
No matches.
Electricity 6 kw a month.
29 metro stations shut down. Factories working part-time as no electricity.
Radios confiscated in the North.

Tall stories (or maybe not?).

All dogs measuring more than 40 cm have been requisitioned by the Germans:
a/ to be made into sausages b/ to carry explosives to the Russian lines.

Métro closed a/ 9–11, 2–5
b/ Saturdays and Sundays

All girls have to go on compulsory work service to Germany.
Railway strike imminent.
Freed POWs in Seine & Oise made to register for compulsory work service.

That is all I can remember for now. Shall I wear the hairnet that Dilys gave me to go to Aunt's tomorrow? I'm going to go to bed early (9.30 pm). I am putting on weight again. I hate it. It's because I have been eating potatoes non-stop for two weeks. I'm fed up with it.

Friday 7 April

Good Friday. Had lesson with Malot here. Lesson Capon. On the way back I bought some lovely red earrings, dangly ones. Bought [. . .] for Aunt's birthday. Went to Maggy's to take Easter presents for the little ones. She wasn't there so left them with the concierge. Had an ice cream. Lesson with Boyelle. Mad. F. doesn't like my earrings at all, at all. I do though they make a sound when I turn my head. She thinks they make me look cheap.

Saturday 8 April

Got shopping. Showed the earrings to Dilys who doesn't like them either. Damn. They are so cute though.

Sunday 9 April

Easter Day. Woke early but didn't go to mass because I was tired. Arrived at the train station at 10. Got sat down but five minutes later there were people standing all the way out to the steps up. When the train left it was mad. Crowds

of people pushing against the doors. I had a lovely little girl sitting on my lap. At Villeparisis Aunt flew into a rage when she saw me all dressed up with my hair up in the hairnet. She was so angry that I knew that I looked great (despite “the hard face and looking old” etc). Marcel told me that I looked good. Did a bit of hoeing and then darned some socks. Went to see Roche’s twin girls who are getting prettier and prettier. Left – the official reason being that I was going to Bachellery’s. Forgive the lie but it’s “self-defence”. Brought back some stocks.

Monday 10 April

Darned. Blissful, quiet and good day. Showed Mad. F how to darn her stockings. Gorgeous sun. Is it the calm before the storm? Happy nonetheless. I forget to say that after coming back from Villeparisis I pottered around until midnight when – air raid alert. It looked fabulous from my window (the first time). Fires. Red and green flares, explosions, flames which were red against the pale velvet night with its full moon. Once huge flames leapt kilometres high. And to think how something so beautiful could bring about death and destruction!! It was at Villeneuve St Georges. Another alert at 10 am. Inevitable.

Tuesday 11 April

So many letters: Denise, Mme Korbelecky, Margaret Lavenu, Maggie. Telephoned Boyelle. Pneus Mme. K. Maggie. Bought 1 kilo of jam and 1 pound of butter. Got shouted at by Mad F because I had said to B that she could have some and she hasn’t got any money. Later, she came to make peace with a sweet. Lesson with Boyelle, Poussif. Lesson with LeBreton. Aunt’s birthday. Air raid alert in the night. Wrote to Bachellery.

Wednesday 12 April

Sent Aunt a card. Lesson with Chabert who asked me to marry him indirectly – little runt (my hairdo must indeed be pretty). Tea with Françoise. We talked about lots of things. We were in agreement on a lot – marriage in particular etc. I also realised that I can no longer take things in easily. Sad. Chabert lent me “The Mystery Book”. Read it until 3 am. That’s bad. Went to Dilys’s who was tired out. I

Thursday 13 April

Lesson with Bourgeois. He ran after me as I was leaving to introduce me to Dr Class who wants lessons. I am scared stiff. He looks like an animal. Lesson Valeix who didn’t come. Lesson Delplancq and Poussif. Went (pouring with sweat) to Dil. Not there. Was paid and came back. Read until 1 am. I

Friday 14 April

Lesson with Malot. Lesson with Vendryès. He didn't say anything and we didn't either but we shook his hand and squeezed it as hard as we could. He kept his fingers closed tightly around his thumb. Love!! Went to see Capon – not there. He is at Dreux and there is only one train a week. Went for afternoon tea at Maggy's who is extremely annoyed with Camille who has inoculated himself with a monkey larva and is very poorly. A hero for science – but with a wife and two children. . . !! She sent a painting to the Salon. It's very original. Maggy insists that she wants to paint me with my hair up in two buns with hairnet, from ¾ on with the light on the hair and just my big dark eyes. I'd be pretty happy to do that. I could give it to Mummy. Izou and Katy are adorable. Telephoned Boyelle. He really has missed so many lessons. I

Saturday 15 April

Chabert (½ an hour) Bourgeois who told me a lot about C. His mother is Greek. His father's mother is Rumanian and his paternal grandfather's mother comes from Central Europe. As far as 'pure breed' goes, there's better. He came himself to apologise, all pale and pink and embarrassed. I'm not scared any more. Denise came to have lunch. She was very late, as usual. The poor little flower had one of her colds. Mad. F came for coffee and I couldn't get rid of her. Got to Kort's at 5.15. Drank some real hot chocolate. It was a very pleasant afternoon. His wife was lovely. Went to sleep over at Denise's parents who were annoyed with us because we arrived at 8.15 but things improved later. Poured down. Denise thinks that Mad. F has gone terribly old looking and vice-versa. There's only me who . . . ? I'm told that I look very young! What [. . .]. Very nice day. I. Card from Dick!!

Sunday 16 April

Still haven't been to mass. Are you not ashamed of yourself? But at the moment I don't feel at all religious. I don't pray. But I am very happy. Very peaceful. It feels like the calm before the storm – and I am making the most of it. Did the washing up and the cleaning before going to Aunt's who was lovely. I don't understand her. When we're alone just the two of us she makes out she is horrified about this marriage. She doesn't know what she can do to prevent it – but she encourages Marcel and Yolande as much as she can. She pays for everything. I'm not going to get involved. I'd write 50 pages on it. She does her best to make sure I go every Sunday. I can't do anything about that. Went to watch 'Un Seul Amour'⁶³⁶ at the cinema (Pierre Blanchar⁶³⁷ and Micheline

⁶³⁶ *Un Seul amour* (1943) directed by Pierre Blanchar.

⁶³⁷ Pierre Blanchar (1892–1963), French film actor and director. For more on Blanchar's life and career, see:

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0087018/>

Presle⁶³⁸). Was OK. Marcel is angry with me because I'm insisting that my husband will earn enough to enable me not to work. "You read too much" he moans at me. What he means is that I have compared life here with life over there and made my choice. Got off the métro at Châtelet and walked home. I love the night. The clouds hanging heavily over the blackness of the Seine. I

Monday 17th April

Darned. Studied. Lesson with Rochette. Pneu from Delplancq. Got up at 10 am – terrible. Washed tights. Madeleine Rochette is very nice but she has religion on the "brain"⁶³⁹ – ¾ hour after the end of the lesson she was still talking to me. She must be insecure in herself? Jacqueline Piatier had a little boy called Jacques just over a month ago. I saw her husband on Saturday. The huge red moon rising behind the Panthéon 10 days ago. . . . The coolness of the so very green trees. When I am happy I never write my diary. Nothing when I have just 'done' 10 days. Do writers write because they are happy? They say: 'A happy people does not have a history'. 10.50–11.15 air raid alert sounded. The night is so black that when I looked outside I near enough had a fit of panic thinking I had suddenly gone blind. Marcel has good taste. Aunt told me that he doesn't want to go out with them because he thinks that they don't dress well. I need to write down the M.a.Y thing. I am fat. How can I lose weight? I have spent so much this month.

Tuesday 18th April

Dreamt that a man from the Beaux-arts – I don't know his name – who has been on the ticket kiosk with me was at the Brotherton and gave me one of his books on Greek sculpture. I left him and whilst going across the Hall I thought that I'd look in at the French Bay. Margaret Bennett was there and Teddy Baker; I was very surprised to see him. He wasn't. I thought that it had been arranged in advance. I thought 'I mustn't show him that I love him' then I said to him 'Can I talk to you for a little bit'. He had a very delicate nose with very prominent nostrils and I thought; Goodness, I didn't know that he was Jewish. We left together, went along a dark "cobbled"⁶⁴⁰ street which went upwards and I found myself at the top of a house in a little cold bedroom in the eaves. I got into the bed and Cyla was there with a lot of people she had invited. There was an ethan-ol lamp and a sinister woman arrived and murmured to Cyla 'It's for ___' and everyone looked at me. I went very cold. Went to Bourgeois. C let me in with

⁶³⁸ Micheline Presle (1922–). French film actress. For more on Presle's life and career see:

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0696163/>

⁶³⁹ 'brain' written in English in the manuscript.

⁶⁴⁰ 'cobbled' written in English in the manuscript.

Madeleine. I was making lunch when Dilys came to suggest we ate together. I took my potatoes over to hers and we had lunch together. She is very restless and on edge. Wrote to Margaret Lavenu, Marguerite Delplancq. It is very cold. 9° outside. The latest rumours: the invasion will take place in two days. There will be an uprising on the 25 April. Paris will be bombed. ps: If Teddy B really did have a dainty nose instead of the red blob he has then we would have never fallen out. Lesson with LeBreton. Afterwards I asked him for a reading list for Willa Cather. He didn't say anything special to me – but when I said to him "I can't come Tuesday morning you know", he said slightly awkwardly "yes, yes, I know". I am so happy. Lesson with Boyelle. Poussif. So, they are saying that the landings are a certainty. I will need to get some food supplies together – but with what, good God (I don't want to touch the 2000 francs I've put to one side – Goodness knows when I'll need it. I need another delivery of sardines quick! (I'm so ungrateful).

I am so, so, so happy. I could explode with joy. Why though? It is surely a good sign (perhaps seeing Daddy and Mummy again soon?) I could sing and dance all day long (to tell the honest truth, I feel very admired at the moment especially with my hair like this. I have always been playing catch up to my feelings. That's why I think I will live to see old age). My God, let's hope this joyfulness lasts.

Went to bed at 10.30. Round about 11 o'clock there was an air raid alert. Very bright light in my room. I got up in a hurry. To the South, it was as bright as day with hundreds of flares slowly falling, Shells exploding with blinding flashes. Saw a plane flying straight across like a beautiful shooting star then it made a graceful arc – and a terrible explosion when it hit the ground and burst into flames. Almost immediately afterwards, dark again except for a huge cone of beams pointing and criss-crossing the sky up through to the stars. Then, over to the N.E. Flares and red and green "showers"⁶⁴¹ like fireworks. Vast tracts of reddening earth quickly masked by smoke. Explosions. 3 spheres of light coming down slowly – then falling rapidly – 4 planes brought down tonight. At one point noise was coming from everywhere all at once. Explosions and fire to the south and straight ahead a huge green explosion. Everywhere shells bursting bright like air bubbles in mineral water. Everything was thundering, humming away, juddering, flak falling like hail. Very cold but only noticed it later. Finished around 12.25.

Wednesday 19th April

They are saying that it is Pantin Châtenay?? Had a terrible dream. Was stood in a strange kitchen with Dad and Maurice Baud. We were waiting and watching the stairway. Then I rushed into my bedroom with them and the Val-de-Grâce

⁶⁴¹ 'showers' written in English in the manuscript.

was on fire and against the windows we could see silhouettes of men hung up by the feet in two rows and they were shooting men in the courtyard. Then iron bars went up in front of the windows 'to protect me'. It was night but in the morning we could see sick people laid out on mattresses placed on the ground in the blackened ruins. Food was being prepared for their lunch.

Sunny. Got a new blanket for my bed. It's disgraceful. I have one to turn and 3 to darn and they have been sat there for months. Mad. F is landing me in it. She gave me the money to pay her electricity which is in André's name. The collector asks me to tot up the charges on the back of the bill. I say to him "No, here is the paper you need. We're not paying together". "Oh really?" It's hilarious. They think I am the mistress of a boy I have never met – and he has probably never even heard of me!

Thursday 20 April

Office. Lesson with Beaugrand. Valeix. Delplancq. Poussif. We are very cold. Around midnight there was heavy bombing in the north of Paris, Porte de la Chapelle, St Ouen. All the sky was lit up. It was a dreadful noise. Just for a moment, out there on the landing I was a bit frightened. I saw a parachutist who had jumped just above my head. Horrifying. A Hellish vision. Such intense light, noise and so much smoke.

Friday 21 April

Went to Barbès to see Aunt. The crowd was very dense. Impossible to get by. In the end, managed to get round through the side streets. They were passing me with hand carts full of bundles of clothes and frightened kids. Aunt was beside herself. Levitan opposite had been transformed into a chapel of rest and there was a queue worse than at the cinema to identify the dead. I saw coffin number 71 being taken away. Sacré-Coeur was hit as well apparently. Several streets in Montmartre. The Flea Market no longer exists. St Ouen doesn't either. The barracks have been obliterated. All the goods yards to the north have been battered. It will take 5 years just to level it they are saying.

Saturday 22 April

Lesson with Bourgeois. Chabert. Went to Maggy's. Mlle Boué and Cioran came for lessons.

Sunday 23 April

Mass. C. Telephoned Peggy David to agree to type her dissertation. Spent the day at Françoise's place. Very nice. Dug over her garden. Came back with an enormous bundle of mauve lilac. Gave some to Madeleine F.

Monday 24 April

Office. Got a pneu from Delplancq. Not coming. Lesson with Rochette.

Tuesday 25 April

Went to market. Bought some pinks. Lesson with LeBreton. Lesson with Boué. Boyelle. Poussif.

Wednesday 26 April

Lesson with Bourgeois, Ciorann, Chabert. Lesson with Bachellery. Note from Yvonne Disnar inviting me to dinner.

Thursday 27 April

Office. Lesson Beaugrand. Valeix-Class (very friendly). Went to Yvonne's to tell her that I couldn't come. Elizabeth is a beautiful baby. She looks so much like Pierre side-on it's unbelievable. Nicole is very pretty. Italian look.

Friday 28 April

Lesson with Malot. Capon. Boyelle. Lesson with Vendryès. Cancelled Rochette. Had dinner with Yvonne.

Saturday 29 April

Telephoned office to find out whether Monday is a holiday day. Sent a message to my parents. Lesson with Bourgeois. Chabert. Egyptology lesson. Went to Mme Faure's (what an old fossil she is!). She speculates horribly on how Gilberte died. I really don't want to see this silly old trout again. Alert (there is one every day). Joly brought his diploma to type up.

Sunday 30 April

Mass. Went to André's. Went to "Tragédie de l'amour" at the Vieux-Colombie.⁶⁴² So-so.

⁶⁴² Written by Gunnar Heiberg (1857–1929) and performed for the first time at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier on 22 December 1943. See: http://data.bnf.fr/39459357/la_tragedie_de_l_amour_spectacle_1943/

Monday 1 May

Holiday. Typed the diploma. Lesson with Rochette.

Tuesday 2 May

Lesson with Bourgeois. Poussif. Lesson with LeBreton. Pneu from Boyelle cancelling.

Wednesday 3 May

Lesson with Boué. Chabert. Lesson with Bachellery. Typed the diploma.

Thursday 4 May

Office. Lesson Beaugrand. Valeix-Class. Poussif. Pneu from Delplancq saying she's not coming.

Friday 5 May

Lesson with Vendryès. Lesson Malot. Capon. Boyelle. Rochette. Pneu from Bourgeois who is cancelling his lessons.

Saturday 6 May

Lesson with Chabert. Finished diploma for Joly. Still got a few pages left of Peggy David's but she's not brought it. Went to Dilys's.

Sunday 7 May

Mass but air raid alert after the gospel readings. Went to see Marguerite Delplancq. Alert at midday. Went to Croix de Berny to see the cyclists. Fun but a biting wind. Another alert.

Monday 8 May

Office. Lesson with Delplancq. Rochette. Finished David's diploma.

Tuesday 9 May

Lesson with Boyelle. Poussif didn't come. Let's hope that he hasn't got himself arrested. Wrote to the Red Cross. "Yvonne has a little girl called Elizabeth. Friends and family are all in excellent health and are thinking of you. Don't go worrying about me but do send food supplies if you can. Thinking of you all. With love"

Wednesday 10 May

Went to have fortune read at Mrs Brun's. She told Madeleine F: "You are very honest. If you want to say 'Go to Hell' then you will say it. You have had 2 men in your life, one with blond hair, one with brown. The one who loves you is far away and you will have a letter from him by Sunday. You work in an office and you don't like it there. You will leave it after the war to start a business. You will spend the rest of your life abroad. You will have two children. Your husband will marry you for your personality. You won't have any money." To me she says: "You aren't from here, you. Your parents are across the sea and you will see them soon. You have a man in your life. He's a worthless cheat. Be careful. He'll be coming to see you before the end of the month. You don't like the men here. You won't marry a Parisian. You will marry a brown-haired man and you will have 3 children, 1 boy and 2 girls who you will love with all your heart. You are a good little girl, very honest but too good (translation: a mug). You'll go through a lot of changes before the month is out and you will have news from your parents. You'll be married for you and not for your money because you haven't got any. Someone in your family has been ill for a while and you are going to be poorly soon unless you have been ill recently that is. There is a woman in your family who means you ill." Well, well! All I have to do is wait for the letter, the changes and for the young man with brown hair!!

Thursday 11 May

Office. Alert at 10 am. 1.30 exam. American Civilisation. "The Definition of [. . .] in both Hawthorn and Poe". Think I did alright. LeBreton was charming. (I love him). Went to Valeix-Class's place. Not there. Wrote to Aunt.

Friday 12 May

Letter from Poussif's sister. Lesson with Malot, Capon. Rochette, Boué. Didn't get back in time for Valeix. Boyelle cancelled. Denise came over to get potatoes.

Saturday 13 May

Bought a Billy can for soup kitchens because according to rumours:

- 1/ Invasion by sea before 15 May
- 2/ Soup kitchens
- 3 Electricity off between 7 in the morning and 11 in the evening
- 4/ Gas only on for an hour a day
- 5/ No underground trains (25 stations have shut)
- 6/ No bread
- 7/ No wine
- 8/ All men sent to Germany and all women sent to work in factories.

Sunday 14 May

Mass. Was supposed to go to Aunt's but she's at Villeparisis and I just don't have the energy to take the métro to Porte de la Chapelle, wait hours for a bus to Bourget and then get a train – and at what time? Did some darning.

Monday 15 May +

The gas is only on between 5 and 8, from 11 to 12, from 19 to 20 h. This means that there'll be a supply of gas between these hours but the meter spins like crazy!! Did washing. Washed sheets. Very cold. Worried that I might have stopped Nicodème. Office. Lesson with Rochette. The laundry is shut. They're no longer taking in washing. The electricity is cut off here between 13 h and 18 h. Elsewhere, though, it's off between 8 and 12 and 13 h and 20 h. Luckily the Val-de-Grâce protects us from these draconian measures. I

Tuesday 16 May

Sent pneus Beaugrand. Class-Veleix. Lesson with Boyelle. I

Wednesday 17 May

Lesson with Chabert. Malot. Bachellery cancelled. His house in S. and O has been invaded by refugees. I wrote to Aunt to invite her over.

Thursday 18 May

Ascension. Mass. Darned. I

Friday 19 May

Lesson with Vendryès. Lesson Capon. Boyelle. Rochette. Boué. Went to Beaugrand's but he didn't answer. Went to the American Library. "My Mortal Enemy" (W.Cather). "The Sketch Book" (Irving). I. Letter from Aunt inviting me over.

Saturday 20 May

Lesson with Chabert. Valeix. Telephoned Aunt to find out who is coming. I am going. Julien Goussin invited me to cover for him at a school.

Sunday 21 May

Mass. C. Alert, so didn't go to see Julien Goussin (alert at 11.30 and the meet up was at 11.30 but, as is always the case when I am in a hurry, Mad. F held me

up for hours. Mother's Day. Bought Lily of the Valley for Mum and two roses for Aunt. Everybody had a good time. Nearly no cattiness. Went to the Flea Market and then "Vautrin" (with Michel Simon and Madeleine Sologne). Utter rubbish. Got a pneu from Mlle Gommès.

Monday 22 May

Office. Boyelle cancelled. Last lesson with Delplancq. Lesson with Rochette. Pneu from Mme G.

Tuesday 23 May

Telegram from Mlle Gommès. Went to her place. Not there. Went to the water-colour salon. Better quality than usual. Maggy's picture was badly positioned in the gloom. Her colours are luscious. Her shapes are not so luscious. Went to urbanism. They are rebuilding full of mistakes. Furious. Tired out. Migraine. Pneu from Beaugrand.

Wednesday 24 May

Lesson with Chabert. Malot, Lesson with Bachellery. Pneu from Beaugrand. Went to Mlle Gommès.

Thursday 25 May

Office. Got parcel from Portugal. Denise came with potatoes. Lesson with Beaugrand. 2 hours with Valeix.

Saturday 27 May

Went to St Joseph. Taught English to a class of second years. Very nervous but went OK. Alert. Came back on foot. Lesson with Chabert until 2.30 pm. Had lunch at 3 pm. Maisons Lafitte bombed. Dilys is allowed to leave.

Sunday 28 May⁶⁴³

Mass. Went to Villeparisis. Métro to Porte de la Chapelle. Walked [...] to Plaine St Denis. 2 hour wait for the train. Everybody charming but I was a little catty having put on my best blue silk dress which suits me so well. Came back via the Gare du Nord. The damage is worse than any war photographs I have seen; rails winding round carriages thrown up into the air and on top of one another,

⁶⁴³ 'Pentecost hot' written in the margins opposite the entry of 28th May.

wrapping round mangled engines. Huge craters, everything so, so horrible. What must it be like the morning after a bombing? 6 alerts.

Monday 29 May⁶⁴⁴

Went to André's. Young, blond haired man very taken with me. His family and mine had been to see "Vautrin" (again!!). Very bourgeois matrimonial overtures. Ye Gods! He's blond and an artist. Dilys left.

Tuesday 30 May

Lesson with Boyelle. Studied. Hot. 40° at midday. Mme Leberry and Cis-maresco came.

Wednesday 31 May

Lesson with Chabert. Malot. Got results of the written exam. Got a 'bien'. Passed with a 14.

Thursday 1 June

Office. Lesson Beaugrand. Paid. Saw Denise. Have the feeling that Denise is distancing herself from me. Swotted. I want to make a good impression on LeBreton (who I am madly in love with. I think about him all day but don't dream of him at night. I think that this is a sign). "O Pioneers" (W Cather) "A History of USA" (Hart). I know everything even all the presidents and their dates. I'm very frightened.

Friday 2 June

Oral exam for American Civilisation. "Art in 'Lost Lady' by W. Cather" and "Transport in the United States before 1850". Was so intimidated that my French was worse than terrible. The words just wouldn't come. Spoke in pidgin French. Wanted to cry out of fright and wounded pride. He made fun of me but at the same time was nice. I love him. Lesson with Vendryès who was very sweet. Lesson with Capon Boyelle, Rochette. Alert so Boué didn't come. Saw a shot down plane.

Saturday 3 June

St Joseph to teach the second year class. They are lovely. 11–11.10 alert. Lesson with Chabert. 1.30–1.45–2.15–3.30. 8–8.50 alerts. Got a 'mention assez bien'

⁶⁴⁴ '38° here 8pm' written in the margins opposite the entry of 29th May.

and am furious about it because the person who I was joint first with on the written got a “bien”. That wretched panic at the oral. I’d like me and LeBreton to be stuck behind a wall for five hours during an air raid alert and then I would speak French to him like I normally do without breaking off. Grr!!! Tired and very down. Pneu to and from Aunt who is expecting me tomorrow. I won’t be going. “Tom Brown’s Schooldays” (Hughes).⁶⁴⁵ “La Discorde” (A. Hermant).⁶⁴⁶ Got “Paradise for Sale and other Novels” (Philip Gibbs).⁶⁴⁷

Sunday 4 June

Mass. C. Worked at the Office. Have written up diary from the 20 April. I mustn’t let the days go by like that especially given that so much is happening at the moment. But, what with the exam, the two dissertations to type up and all the rest there is hardly the time. 11.40–12.15, 1.30–1.50. Alert. Beautiful sun. Tired of writing. Don’t want to work. Going to read a little. 7.15–7.35; 7.45–8.40. Alerts. This time it’s the big [. . .] in the south which is getting it. Loads of smoke like cumulus clouds. Jacqueline came over for a bit. She bores me. Plane shot down over towards Villeneuve St Georges. What a day!! Alert was over by 8.40. Saw an 8 plane formation in the sky this morning. That’ll probably mean 8 alerts today (we’re on the 5th). 9.02 end of the alert.

Monday 5 June

9.12. Office. 11.45–12.20 alert. “The Techniques of Marriage” (Mary Borden) “Our Village” (Miss Mitford) Read “Holy Dreadlock” (E.P Herbert). Sociological study on the inept divorce legislation in England. Lesson with Rochette. Various alerts (5 in total I think).

Tuesday 6 June

‘They’ have landed!!!!!!! A 1.30 am. They are at Carenton (near Cherbourg). They are at the mouth of the Rivers Orne and Vire and at the Seine, Le Havre. Parachutists landing in Caen. 10–11 St Joseph (3°). Sweet. 11–12 (2°).⁶⁴⁸ Fair bit of noise. Went to see Madame Gommès at the hospital. Jacqueline is sticking to me like

⁶⁴⁵ Thomas Hughes (1822–1896). *Tom Brown’s Schooldays* was published in 1857.

⁶⁴⁶ Abel Hermant (1862–1950). French novelist. See Bibliothèque nationale entry for more information about his life and works:
http://data.bnf.fr/12090487/abel_hermant/

⁶⁴⁷ Philip Gibbs (1877–1962). British novelist.

⁶⁴⁸ ‘St Joseph’ and ‘sweet’ are references to English lessons Madeleine is giving at a school in Paris.

glue to listen to the radio and getting on my nerves. Went to Dilys's. Waited for a student to arrive. Read on and off. 7.10–8.20; 10–10.15; 11–11.10; 12.30–12.45; 12.50–1.10; 4.20–5.10; 6–6.25; 8.25–8.45. Air raid alerts (complete silence during the alerts and as soon as the all clear signal sounds bombs start to fall).

Wednesday 7 June

2.10–2.50 am alert. 9–10 St Joseph (3°) 10–11 (2°). Hellish but almost funny too. Lesson with Chabert who is frightened about reprisals because he worked at the German Institute. 1.40–2.45 alert. Telephoned Aunt about Colette but given what is happening!! Lesson with Bachellery who was nearly bombed out (at Versailles one landed 100 metres from his house). They're saying that the Secret Police were asking for papers from all the men. At the Sorbonne they were appealing for students to help distribute food by pulling carts. There's a mass exodus towards Versailles. Paris remains calm – but lots of furniture for sale. 5.20–6.10 air raid alert. There's no bread anywhere. I am dead tired, going to go to bed early. Wrote Red Cross. 'A thousand thanks for the parcel. I got my degree. Family, friends are in good health and send you tender thoughts. Whatever happens try not to worry about me. I am in excellent health. With love.' Wrote to Aunt and Poussif. Pneu from Beaugrand cancelling tomorrow. Cold and raining.

Thursday 8 June

Bayeux has fallen. Radio P says that Bayeux is in ruins, Caen is in flames, more landings etc. The situation remains confused. Apparently lots of planes went over last night. Fighting around Falaise (and around Jacqueline Piatier). 7.50–8.25 10–10.20; 12.05–12.35. Sirens. 9–12 office. On the way back along the Albert 1 quay I could see lots of 'Tiger' tanks (the gun turrets are khaki with green and blue markings). The tanks run on gas but are impressive. Lorries and tanks covered in twigs and leaves. Heard on Radio Paris: "The Germans are carrying out a stalling offensive which the Allies haven't been able to stop". "At Falaise, the German troops are pushing the English troops towards the South" (?!). Letter from Aunt (curt, untrue and vulgar. She disgusts me). Darned tights. Mended blanket. Did I say that they have called out the Milice?⁶⁴⁹ No bread, not a single vegetable in Paris. No lettuce, nothing. My cactus are growing amazingly well. Finished 'Discorde' by Abel Hermant.⁶⁵⁰ Horrid – and boring. And to say he is an academic – yeah, it's true!

⁶⁴⁹ French Paramilitary force which was set up in 1943 to combat the Resistance.

⁶⁵⁰ Abel Hermant (1862–1950). Writer and playwright. For more on Hermant's life and work:

<http://www.abelhermant.com/Association.html>

Friday 9 June

10–12 Vendryès. Bye bye diploma with LeBreton then! V. was charming but determined that I do the diploma with him and that I present it as a second thesis for the doctorat ès lettres (that annoys me a bit because I want the doctorat de l'université and have done with it). 12.10–40 alert. Went to Capon for lesson. Boyelle. Rochette (who brought me 6 roses for my degree results – really nice). Boué. Went to see Mad. F for her birthday. 11 pm Jacqueline Eichhorn came over and stayed until 1 am. She never knows when to leave. 12 pm–1.30 am. Alert. Bombing raid over Paliseau. Jacqueline had one of her panic attacks!! But nothing was really blasting away over this side.

Saturday 10 June⁶⁵¹

8.45–9.25; 9.45–10.30. Alerts. Arrived at St Joseph at 11 am. Essay work so no classes. On the way back went to the market at Auteuil. There was absolutely nothing other than parsley and flowers. That's it. There's been no vegetables, nothing in Paris for a fair while. There's a ban on sending telegrams or making telephone calls (both local and long distance). There's talk of water being rationed. Darned stockings. Françoise came at 5.30 until 9 pm. She's very nice but if only she knew when to go too. Numerous alerts, 5 in all I think. There was one during the night which I didn't hear.

Sunday 11 June

6.50–8.20; alert. Went to mass at 8.30. Sign of the times that at Communion I only had half a wafer. 9.05–9.35 alert, mass continued regardless. 10.20–11 alert. Got up. Darned stockings again. Turned the blanket but still got a patch to put on.⁶⁵² Had a nice dream about the house I'll have after the war. 8–10.30 Mad F is [. . .] What is the matter with all these people that they have to be like that?

Monday 12 June

Alert. Heavy bombing at Palaiseau. 1.40 end of the alert. 8.45–9.15; 9.20–9.50; 12.10–12.40 alert. Office. Walked from Palais-Royal. The Tuileries are lovely early in the morning, the sky, the trees, the smell of the grass. American Library shut between 12 and 1.30. What a pain. Sat in the Parc Montsouris with the

⁶⁵¹ Written alongside entry of 10 June: '2pm. Lesson Chesnier du Chesne – think that I give better lessons than Dilys'.

⁶⁵² Turning the blanket ('retourner' le drap) meant cutting a worn blanket in half and sewing it back together turning it so that the outer, less worn sides were in the middle and the worn sides were on the outer edges.

smell of freshly cut grass. Fine weather. June, but with the scent of summer. Roses everywhere. “Brave New World” (A. Huxley)⁶⁵³ left me feeling a bit uneasy. But, well, I feel that anyway. Ill. More alerts; several.

Tuesday 13 June

8.10–9. Alert. St Joseph. Slept ½ hr. Lesson in the 3rd. Waited for exam scripts. 12.30 alert. Went on foot to Motte Piquet Grenelle. Tired out. My foot is hurting a lot. Went to Maggy’s. Lovely afternoon. Forgot the time and only gave a half hour to Boyelle. Mlle Poussif came. Letter from Dilys. She left with Mad. F. Alerts. I

Wednesday 14 June

7.30–9.15. Alert. Assessed students and put down comments (on pupils I hardly know) 12.30–1. Alert. Bought plants for my garden. Lesson with Chabert. Read Mary Williamson’s thesis – very limited and without any zip and Vendryès wanted me to do one like that. I wouldn’t be able to. At the moment, my brain shuns any effort. It’s like it’s a house brick. Lesson with Bachellery – who is very charming. It would seem that I got a parcel of sardines when no one else did and that it is shameful etc that some people (ie, me) get parcels from home when everyone is dying of hunger etc, etc. I didn’t even see a parcel and I am going to make enquiries about it. I am pretty “ruffled” – I hate bother. I’ve had enough. I must have anaemia to feel so rotten. I thought that writing it down might help it pass but no. Oh, for God’s sake. I am going to do the office work and turn my 2nd blanket and tomorrow make enquiries. If I find it then I’ve thought wrong. Told Mad. F about it and feel better.⁶⁵⁴ I

Thursday 15 June

Office. Had lunch with Denise. Went to the customs depot at Bercy where after looking numerous times I discovered that the last packet was delivered on the 25 May. Was it stolen? Looked back at the diary proves that no it wasn’t. Joy. Two hour queue for cherries half of which were rotten but when they are washed the remaining half are just about presentable. There is nothing to eat. I

⁶⁵³ Huxley (1894–1963). Science-fiction dystopia *Brave New World* was published in 1932.

⁶⁵⁴ ‘Feel better’ written in English in the manuscript.

Friday 16 June

+ Vendryès. Lesson with Capon. Went with her to the American Library for her to register. “Dark Island” (Vita Sackville-West).⁶⁵⁵ “Heroes and Hero-Worship” (Carlyle). Terribly thirsty because it is so hot. Lesson with Boyelle. Bought ‘How to Play Tarot’ and spent the whole evening doing it. Fun. Lesson with Rochette.

Saturday 17 June

Feel so very poorly. Read “The Dark Island”.⁶⁵⁶ Really fabulous. I really need to buy it. It’s good. I really do like V. Sackville-West a lot. Went to Françoise’s place where we moaned and groaned together. Not a great success. Got a pneu from Aunt. Letter from Aunt. Ill, ill, ill.⁶⁵⁷ + Lesson Chesnier du Chesne.

Sunday 18 June

Mass. Communion. Have I already said that we only get half a wafer? Finished turning the 2nd blanket. Started patch for the third one now. Mad. F settled in at mine for a long conversation. Ill.

Monday 19 June

Office. Lesson with Capon. Rochette. “There hasn’t been an alert for a few days now. That’s the lot” Madeleine F tells me and ten minutes later, alert 11 pm. Jacqueline came. What a pain. I wasn’t very welcoming. Wrote to Aunt.

Tuesday 20 June

Got the tobacco which finishes off Dilys’s card. Finished the patch for the blanket. Washed silk underwear and stockings. Lesson with Poussif. Boyelle. Poussif’s little boy is brittle⁶⁵⁸, as fragile as glass and very edgy. He’s frightened of being hurt.

Wednesday 21 June

Wrote to Dilys. Letter from Cyla. Letter from Aunt who is very anxious about me – but I just see all that as a facade. It may well be sincere but she and the

⁶⁵⁵ Vita Sackville-West (1892–1962). Novelist, poet, gardener. Lover of Violet Trefusis and Virginia Woolf. Husband of diplomat Harold Nicolson. Creator of Sissinghurst’s famous gardens.

⁶⁵⁶ *The Dark Island* was first published in 1934.

⁶⁵⁷ ‘Ill, ill, ill’ written in English here and in entry of 18 June.

⁶⁵⁸ ‘brittle’ written in English in the manuscript.

family no longer exist for me. Washed woollens. Lesson with Chabert. Bachelery. Mme Bachellery came over. He doesn't even look at her. I think that she annoys him intensely – And, her, the poor woman, I knew that she was unhappy and now she looks it [. . .] ? “L’Inde contre les Anglais” (A. Viollis).⁶⁵⁹ “Dessins à 3 Crayons”

Thursday 22 June

Office. ‘Time was’ (W. Graham. Robertson)⁶⁶⁰ ‘Strong Prison’⁶⁶¹ Dorothy Sayers. Took back the Carlyle without having read it. Went to Mrs Boissin; I am as sure as she is that I have appendicitis, but we didn’t speak about it. Operations at the moment are totally impossible. There are no more bandages, no anaesthetic, no medicine. On the way back I saw a lovely pitcher – 225 frs. I didn’t have enough on me and came out with a little rustic jug, plain and very sweet which Mad. F doesn’t like. She treats this apartment as her own so much because she will have it when I leave and she gets annoyed whenever I spend money which does not improve it. She gave me some climbing roses⁶⁶² probably to thank me for the gas she uses when she is here. She can’t manage the electricity restrictions. She doesn’t adapt very easily. Today she is all shaken up and with good reason. Air raid alert this evening and Gennevilliers is well alight, the smoke is blocking out the sun. It’s all pounding away. Yesterday she went up the Boulevard Montparnasse almost right up to the Closerie de Lilas. She got frightened and took shelter under an archway and almost right next to her a flak shell fell, exploded and killed two people and injured others. Madeleine F was very shaken up by all the screaming and the blood. Françoise has just brought me some butter and some meat because her father was in Normandy. He’s had a nightmare journey back. The Germans are going to battle in everything they can find, even French cars and so the English are machine gunning everything. The milk lorry behind [. . .] was machine gunned. The teeth of a person in it were found incrustated in

⁶⁵⁹ Andrée Viollis (1870–1950). French writer, journalist and feminist. See Anne Renoult’s 2004 biography published by the Presses universitaires de Rennes for more on her life and career. *L’Inde contre les Anglais* was published in 1930.

⁶⁶⁰ Walford Graham Robertson (1866–1948) was a British writer, painter and illustrator. See Avis Berman’s 2001 article about him at: <http://www.nytimes.com/2001/09/23/arts/art-architecture-not-just-another-pale-victorian-aesthete.html>.

John Singer Sargent’s 1894 portrait of Roberson hangs in the Tate in London: <http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/sargent-w-graham-robertson-n05066>

⁶⁶¹ *Strong Poison*, one of the Lord Peter Wimsey series of crime novels, was published in 1930.

⁶⁶² ‘climbing roses’ written in English in the manuscript.

the dashboard. It was impossible to get them out. They had a white flag and a look-out on top of the lorry but it is sometimes impossible to avoid accidents.

Friday 23 June

Wrote to Aunt. Letter from Dilys. Last confession. Vendryès. Lesson Capon. Rochette. Pneu from Boyelle cancelling the lesson. Walked to St Denis to see Dr Duheim and to get the tobacco for Dilys. Went to visit Grandfather's grave. Exhausted. It is cold. 14°. At the Gare Montparnasse I saw a woman who had come from Normandy with her dog and two little suitcases. There was a huge crowd around her and she was answering questions. She was hard, fiery and tough, lots of bravado. One could feel her quivering and sense her tension from the struggle to get out. 10.30 pm Jacqueline came. Was welcoming because I had been so awful the last time. But she has a skin as thick as that of a rhinoceros. She is a real [. . .]⁶⁶³ – no soul. What a difference to Françoise who is so sickly fragile and who closes up like a sea anemone at the slightest thing. We have one of these dark blue night skies again. I love this colour. It's like living in an underwater city. The city of Is. When I was going by the Seine on Thursday the sun was making 'stars' in the arc of the ripples. Water always holds mystery. I'm going to have trouble with Nicole Capon. She doesn't work – hates making any effort. Mad. F. when she noticed this diary (she had never read it) said that she was disappointed that I only seemed to write about domestic trivia. I told her that I didn't dare write about how I feel. At the start – in 1940-41 – that was true. Now, it isn't but I don't find myself interesting. Why write what I am feeling when it bores me – it's like saying it all twice. I want to write things down about others – and about things. My character is changing. I am stronger and stand by my decisions – people rely more on me. I say 'oh you need to do this or that', they sigh with relief and go off and obey. It is so much easier to let other people make decisions – and what delight in disobeying!!! Shrapnel bombs don't leave many traces just one smashed cobble on the road, slight cracks in the kerb, a few broken panes of glass. Another one fell on Buffon. I saw the smoke from my window. Mad. F ranted about working Saturday morning. Vitriolic she was about it. I don't have any sympathy for her. If she doesn't like it she only has to go find something else. And she always treats you like an idiot if you don't agree with everything she says. Afterwards, she was sorry and came to heat some water off the gas and smoke a cigarette. I never sulk with her. I'd rather she explodes from time to time rather than being a lifeless blob. She's much more bearable afterwards. Several alerts today.

⁶⁶³ Looks like 'ordure' in the text which would mean 'bitch', 'wretch', but the script is unclear and it is out of character for Madeleine to use abusive terms.

Saturday 24 June

Got up at 9.30 am. Cold (11°). Ill. The market yesterday tired me out. Lesson with Chesnier du Chesne⁶⁶⁴ who like me adores Colette. Worked at the office. From the 1st July I'll seriously start working hard, until then I'll let the time drift by. I am going to play at cards a bit. Really fed up. Mad. F can't stand my little pitcher. As soon as I buy something like flowers she is always saying "You don't half buy a lot of useless stuff. You'd be better off going to get your hair styled or buying a piece of furniture. . . . or getting the locksmith to come out. . . . 8 or 9 alerts.

Sunday 25 June

Woke up at 3 am with an aching wisdom tooth. It was a grey dawn. 7.30–8.25 air raid alert. Mass at 8 am and communion at the Val de G. 11–11.30 air raid alert. Jacqueline Eichorn came to take me to Sceaux but I didn't want to go out. Washed hair and darned underwear, 5 pairs of tights and washed coloureds. Very pleased with myself. 7.20–9 pm. Air raid alert. A really big alert. Saw 3 planes come down in flames near Orly and now (8.30) smoke is sweeping over us from the South-West. It has got to be Gennevilliers where 20.000 litres of petrol and stocks of rubber have been set alight. Still got pain in my wisdom tooth in my lower right jaw but better than yesterday.

Monday 26 June

Office. Denise came over because she got her exam with a 'mention bien'. She is going on real odysseys to get food. 6 am she was at St Germain where they refused to sell anything to Parisians. She got back on the train and went to Chatou. She walked across fields and queued for 2 hours for 10 kg of carrots (100 frs). Went to Montesson on foot, nothing, and got back to Paris at 2 pm. I think that's all a bit mad. Once the tops are taken off there's only 5 kg left – for 100 frs. And she got back ravenous. I'm not being critical but she would pay less buying on the black market and she wouldn't waste time like that. Lesson with Capon, Rochette. André and Aunt Marie came to see me. They admired the apartment. They took me for dinner to the 'Nègre de Toulouse' – soup, braised beef with lettuce and cucumber, a peach (30 frs), biscuit, wine, coffee – 300 frs!!! Was wide awake until 1 am and because I have decided not to do any work until July 1st I was a bit bored. I'm fed up with falling asleep at 1 am only to wake up at 6 am – and if I fall asleep again I have unsettling dreams.

⁶⁶⁴ More likely to be Chesnier Duchesne.

Tuesday 27 June

Went to the Gare de Lyon to get information about Poitiers. Impossible. Went to the manicurist. Worked at the office. Lesson Poussif and Boyelle. Wrote to Bachellery. Mad. F very depressed. She's always having depressions and she does not try to control them. I sometimes feel like getting cross with her but I perk her up. She was singing by the time I left. I've given in. I have started to work. Copied out notes until 1.30 am. I feel better for it. Several alerts but no danger. The news-reels are worth watching apparently with the English flotilla arriving on the 6th June. Cherbourg has fallen.

Wednesday 28 June

Alert 7.30–9 am. Wrote to Cyla and to Aunt Violette. Dilys. My tooth is still hurting. I think that I could write something about Aunt Violette which I would call 'Mrs Stain' or "Mrs Task", depending on whether I put a circumflex accent.⁶⁶⁵ Lesson Chabert. Went to do some studying at the Hautes Etudes. Saw Maggy. In the evening I went for dinner at Jacqueline's. We went to Dilys's apartment to tinkle on the piano and to sing. She plays the piano very badly. She annoys me.

29 June Thursday

Office. Got paid. Saw Denise. Went to the cinema with Jacqueline Eichorn. "Croisières (ou Trafic?) au Large"⁶⁶⁶ German film. Smugglers v Customs Officers. Custom Officer killed, his brother swears that he will avenge him, leaves the police under a cloud, joins the rebels but uncovers their game, dramatic chase, vindicated and restored in the end (health and job) and finishes up in the arms of a blonde fiancée. Very KKK. Banal but alright enough. Want to watch a film on the landings – saw the Japanese – and also very pretty (but alas very old of the type "rain" and "darkness") documentary about Japan. I think that I horrify Jacq. with what I say. She thinks I'm St Anne material.⁶⁶⁷ If only she knew that it is only for self-protection saying such things and especially things that are empty of meaning.

Friday 30 June

Lesson Capon. Boyelle. Rochette. I don't remember anything about this day.

⁶⁶⁵ tâche means task or chore whereas tache, without the circumflex accent, means stain or mark.

⁶⁶⁶ *Trafic au large* was a 1939 German film directed by Ernst H. Albrecht (1906–1982).

⁶⁶⁷ Reference to Sainte-Anne psychiatric hospital in the 14th arrondissement of Paris.

Saturday 1 July

Bought the syllabus for the Licence⁶⁶⁸. I know 3. Poésie française (René Lalou). Littérature anglaise (same) and Vie au moyen âge (). Read 'Life'. Lesson with Chesnier du Chesne. Françoise came over. I'm going to take a course at the Red Cross.

Sunday 2 July

Went to St Denis with Dédé and Marie. They bought me a horrible bra. Had a good lunch, Went to Villeneuve-La-Garenne to see the English fellow. He was in a camp for 13 months. He is very nice but not in the slightest bit "intellectual" like they had said he was. He adores novelettes. His wife made a disgusting cake (didn't thin out her saccharine) and it practically took the surface of our tongues off. She did the cards.⁶⁶⁹ "A great success. Big journey soon. Illness. News of a pregnancy. News about someone by letter. Everything will come right. There will be a few problems. A few job changes. Beware a brunette friend and a widow. A young man with fair hair is thinking about me. I'll get married a little earlier than I think, in 7 weeks or else 7 months. I have someone watching over me who only wants good things for me." She read the lines in my hand. "2 loves and probably more likely 2 marriages than just the one. Very ill but I hang on in there. I think too much. I would be much happier if I did less thinking. Long life. From 70 years of age there will be a few little ailments. Will never be rich but will be well off and will never want for anything. 2 children, son and daughter and one which will miscarry. Look after eyesight!" Well indeed! Let's hope that my lovers coincide with my marriages.

Monday 3 July

Powerful storm which lasted until 4 am. Hail. Never seen a storm so near and so long lasting (but in the Vosges it was even more terrifying). Read "The Wind in the Willows (Kenneth Grahame)⁶⁷⁰ and "100 familles gouvernent l'Empire". The English fellow lent me "PSmith Journalist" and "Leave it to PSmith" (Wodehouse).⁶⁷¹ I don't find them funny ha ha except perhaps 3 episodes in

⁶⁶⁸ Undergraduate degree.

⁶⁶⁹ Tarot cards.

⁶⁷⁰ Kenneth Grahame (1859–1932). Rosemary Hill describes the social context for Grahame's 1908 children's novel *Wind in the Willows* in her 2009 *Guardian* article:

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2009/jun/13/wind-in-the-willows-review>

⁶⁷¹ Pelham Grenville Wodehouse (1881–1975). British comic author. For more on Wodehouse, bibliography and reference materials, see:

<http://www.pgwodehousesociety.org.uk/>

and

<http://www.wodehouse.org/>

“Leave it to PSmith”. Office. Lesson Capon. Waited in vain for Rochette. Jacqueline rang the bell at 11 pm but I didn’t answer.

Tuesday 4 July

2 am alert. Went to the Red Cross to sign up for courses. I’ve already missed 3. Put down that I was French. Pneu from Rochette. Telephoned Boyelle about the prisoner who is not coming. Went to the First Aid course. Very funny.

Wednesday 5 July

Went to the Parc des Sceaux with Jacqueline and one of her friends. I could have ripped off both their heads they were so showy, pretentious and ‘notice-box’.⁶⁷² Really enjoyed rowing although only did it until 11 am thanks to two alerts. Came back to Paris. Lesson with Chabert and hadn’t had lunch. Witnessed a scurrilous deed Simone Laberrie → Schneider. Headache. Had lunch (S.L gave me an egg) Went to the First Aid course. The young intern is a sweetie. Saw Madeleine Lavelle and her sister.

Thursday 6 July

Office. (Alert 7.30–9.10. 11.10–11.30). Other than Kort, was the only one in the Department. He was furious. Saw Denise and went out looking for bread for an hour but unsuccessfully. There’s a bread panic again and the bakers are under siege. They are saying that they might make people go on a list for it. Since the métro cuts (Tuesday) I’ve gone on it 10 times. Auteuil – Austerlitz is off. Railway station stops are off and Nation, Place de l’Italie are off. You can’t imagine the number of people. Took a book back to the American Library. Went on foot to rue Bonaparte to get a book on first aid. Pajès⁶⁷³ is a religious bookshop!!! Telephoned Boyelle. Went over to Françoise’s to practice bandaging etc, etc for 5 hours. “Les Cosaques” (Tolstoi). Got some butter (½ a pound for 200 francs), some rolls and some lettuce, peaches – but at astronomical cost!! Tired. Read “Cold Comfort Farm,” (Stella Gibbon).⁶⁷⁴ It is hilarious – and there’s Jacqueline saying that she “didn’t think that it was a satire” (Ye gods!!⁶⁷⁵ Where is this child’s sense of humour?).

⁶⁷² ‘notice-box’ is written in English in the manuscript.

⁶⁷³ Pajès or Pagès. Unclear.

⁶⁷⁴ Stella Gibbons (1902–1989). *Cold Comfort Farm* was published in 1932. For more on the novel and Stella Gibbons, see Robert McCrum’s review in *The Guardian*’s best novel series:

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2014/oct/20/100-best-novels-cold-comfort-farm-stella-gibbons>

⁶⁷⁵ ‘Ye Gods’ written in English in the manuscript.

Friday 7 July

Rain battering down all morning. Lesson Capon. Telephoned Rochette. Lesson Rochette. First Aid. Bought “La Gerbe” for Philippe Henriot’s poem.⁶⁷⁶ Read “La Porte Etroite” which is very good. Went to the Gare du Nord to find out the times of the trains. In the week there is nothing between 9.15 and 5 pm.

Saturday 8 July

Telephoned Aunt. Alert 2 am (very loud but hardly heard anything) and again 6–9.30. Bought the sugar for July/August. Next week they will be giving us the ration for September/October. There aren’t any cubes. Wrote Bachellery (I went to see Madame Jacob on Tuesday). Lesson with Chesnier. First Aid – particularly the practical side. They did a “Bombing”. Hilarious. The victims looked healthy enough sat on chairs, tables and stools. The boys took off a door to make a stretcher. I love these First Aid courses. Jacqueline came over and stayed 2 hours. Made good progress on the glove. Read “Impossible People” (Mrs George Wemyss).⁶⁷⁷ It is a terribly sad book despite seeming jolly on the surface. And, read “The Lady of Ascot” (Edgar Wallace).⁶⁷⁸ Read in the evening. The [. . .] took 1 hour to read. I looked at the time 12.50. I didn’t think I would be able to finish it by 2 am. When I finished it I put out the light and opened the window. It was daybreak in the East. Nights [. . .]. A pale green like a dull emerald and the rising sun behind the Val, a dark blue, the full moon on the wane and a star towards the south. I wanted to run in the wet grass. Everywhere 5 am was ringing out and my clock was silent. . . .

Sunday 9 July

. . . .struggled to get back to sleep. Mass. Communion. Queued afterwards. Just after Communion was thinking that an alert was due and lo and behold but there was an alert. Started “Une ténébreuse affaire” by Balzac.⁶⁷⁹ Slept. Got a pneu from Aunt which had been sent again (when will our concierges turn up?) I got a letter yesterday evening. There are no deliveries on a Sunday.

⁶⁷⁶ Philippe Henriot (1889–1944). Vichy politician and poet, anti-Semite and fascist sympathiser, assassinated by the Resistance in June 1944. *La Gerbe* was a weekly newspaper of the extreme-right.

⁶⁷⁷ Published 1918.

⁶⁷⁸ Edgar Wallace was a British writer of thrillers and crime novels. *The Lady of Ascot* was published in 1933.

⁶⁷⁹ Honoré Balzac (1799–1850). *Une ténébreuse affaire*, published in 1841, was one of the volumes of *La Comédie humaine*.

Notes: Write this diary every day (I did it fine before. Why this sudden laziness). Avoid seeing Mad. F. She is starting to take me for granted. When I brought back some peas she said bitterly that I could have brought some back for her to spare her the queue. She would have done it for me. (I know from experience that this is not true. Also, when I buy for her without asking she doesn't want what I buy). When I say something she always makes caustic remarks wrongly contradicting me. When I come back at her sharply, she softens a little. I'd prefer it if we didn't bite off our noses to spite our faces even if we are friends. Avoid Jacqueline. She is conceited. I disconcert her I think. Let's hope so. I've been wanting to work from 3 July. I have done nothing. I should get down to it. The little Lakener woman got married at Malzéville. She used to live on the rue de l'Orme!!!

Enormous queues for bread. No vegetables except on the Black Market. 50 gr of butter this month. No trains – not on a Sunday. In the week not between 9 am and 5 pm. Rumours: Only 4 métro lines running and those are off at the end of the month (trains only run every 15 minutes already). No gas or electricity next week. The Gestapo has moved to Nancy. Slept because I didn't sleep last night. Washed dress, blouse, apron and girdle. Ground 3 coffee grinders worth of wheat. That is a job and a half and I finished up out of breath. Finished the index finger on the glove. This evening, the sky was black. A wave of rain-clouds coming over and brief snaps of yellow sun. I love the evening. The yellow sun comes from the back, illuminating everything. The trees are green-yellow. The dome of the Val goes a faded red or flesh colour. One can see for a long, long way and even the air seems golden, Mad F came back early because [. . .], André's cousin has an abscess in her breast. Mad F is going into a depression. She feels really alone but it is nothing like the solitude that I've experienced. I know well enough that one is alone from birth for the whole of one's life and that other than one's mother no one gives a damn other than the pets one has. I am not alone. I have the feeling that I have something in me. What though? A plan, a house, a garden, a book, the children I will have? I don't know. But I hold them gently and secretly close to my heart. And I don't know what they are quite. Let's hope that the fruit and the flower are as beautiful and as satisfying as this unknown soft bud.

Monday 10 July

6–7.30 alert. Couldn't they do it 2 hours later maybe!! Did some ironing. Office. Kort is annoying me. He creates work. And there is nothing I hate more than work which is pointless. Mlle Kerjean has invited herself for afternoon tea on Thursday. That means a thorough clean-up. About time too. Wrote to Mlle Nicolas and Aunt. I need to see Ruth this evening. I'm feeling very "book-keeperish". I have calculated that with the pound at 200 frs I am making about £4 per week. Not bad. And I have £25 put to one side. I feel as proud as Artaban. I have determined that I shall go back with £100 in savings – that's if the £25

I have to pay back is taken out. I shall have, when all's said and done, £15 in the bank. If they give me the grant for the two years that will make £150 + £15 = £165. And if I bring in £100 that will make £265. So, I could, if I have to, live for 2 years without working, which is not what I want, because I have to go back after the war, perhaps buy a little house. I can see it clearly, near Knapton, a little garden out the front (flowers, trees). A lawn round the back, a vegetable garden, an orchard. I will have to get married. That could be trickier. My husband might not want to live right in the countryside. So many plans I have – and these when I might not even get out of the storm alive. (£100 = 20,000 frs even if I put 1000 to one side I won't have it until next August. Who knows, maybe I will manage to get it before?). Work and save. . . . lesson with Capon (2 pm) who had just started his lunch!! My first First Aid case. A woman slipped when going up to Pigalle and cut her leg open. I leapt in to help and insisted that I bandage her up but faced with her tears and refusal I forced myself not to knock her out so that I could dress her knee. I took her to a chemists. Went to swap food card at the school on Monge. The children are terribly pale with rings around their eyes. On the way back I saw a German truck. The Germans were selling butter. Lesson with Rochette. Mad. F came over and we chatted the three of us together. Mad. F is cold and hungry. I gave her some peas. Went to Ruth's. Her portrait is very good and very well painted. She hasn't changed much and she feels very lonely I think. She got me to read two stories that she had written. Very immature but her style is simple. She writes by way of images. I stayed until 12.30. She made me a hot chocolate.

Tuesday 11 July

A grey day. Drizzle. Waited for Françoise at the Gare du Luxembourg to go boating at Sceaux. Either she thought the weather was too bad or else she had gone to wait for me at Denfert. So, went to collect Mlle Kerjean's hat from a dreadful building. There really are people who live in such hovels, filthy, damp, airless. I didn't find it at first and went up to the garrets on the 2nd floor. I would have liked to have seen one although if the toilets, the corridors and the beams I saw are anything to go by! (the beams were fascinating, like the inside of a flour mill). Saw the hat workshop which is no longer open because there is not enough gas for the shaping machines. Got bread without having to queue. Cleaned the toilets. Threw away old shoes (the leather came away when I pulled my finger across it). Tomorrow I will do the cooking and the washing. Last lesson with Poussif who is going to Chantilly. Lesson with Boyelle. Got the pound of potatoes for June and Mme Braun gave me a full account of what Mad. F had said about the potatoes. (She had seen the sacks arrive on Friday evening and on Saturday she had kicked up a stink accusing Mme B. of keeping the potatoes for the black market. I believe what Mme B says, that they were peas. She already kept back some of what was handed out for the black market but there were too many sacks and the potatoes arrived today). This evening Mad. F. said that

no one has said anything to her. I'd be surprised by that. She looked oddly pale when she came out of there tonight. She doesn't know that I saw her. What a gossip monger I am but I really find that she lacks self-control. She yells and rages without even caring whether she is right or not. She likes to say exactly what she is thinking which is good, obviously, but it is better to have ones facts straight and rage then. Mlle Nicolas came to get the notes. It was her I had seen before on the rue de l'École de Médecine with a white fleck in one eye and the iris floating around in the other. She has a very beautiful longhand, delicate and small which is something for someone who can't see much. She seems very nice. Copied out the Red Cross course. It is very chilly but I feel full of energy. (I think a healthy mind dictates everything. Healthy mind, lots of energy). I think that my geranium cuttings are going to take. A little sun wouldn't do them any harm. The cactus bit which had fallen has perked up and grown. It looks like a snail because it fell on its side. (My drawing looks a bit like a chicken floating on water).

Wednesday 12 July

Wanted to get up early but exhausted. Got up at 8 am. Cleaned the kitchen from top to bottom and did the washing. Tired out. Lesson with Chabert. He offered me lamp ethanol for 100 fr a litre. Impossible. Got a box of matches even though it is not distribution Wednesday today. It is going to be fine. The linen I washed at 5 pm was dry by 7 pm. Ruth invited herself to dinner – when I had finished – ate with Mad. Read Tarot. She is very lonely and Mad. F was very sympathetic. Alerts. 8–8.37; 2–2.20; 6.50–7; 7.50–8.10. I am exhausted. 11 pm. Ironed.

Thursday 14 July

It's the day of national celebration. Lesson with Boyelle who had decorated everything with flags and rosettes. Half an hour before I arrived a huge procession went up to Place Maubert with flags and placards. 'Vive la Libération' and distributed badges and flags. The Milice was at Louis-le-Grand. They were seen at 2.30 am. A group of people went by as drunk as skunks yelling out the Marseillaise. They couldn't have been more out of tune. Two coaches pulled up. 'Get in the back men' 'to La Santé'. Who are they going to arrest? No, it's the Milice going as reinforcements to quell a riot by civilian prisoners who have been bribed by Francistes to get Bucard out who is in there for theft. They've set light to the place and rioted. There are 50 dead.

Saturday 15 July

Letter from Aunt which starts off nicely and then finishes "You seem as if you are relying on us coming; I am sorry if my refusing will upset you but it is not do-able!" etc etc. In other words, you put us out but we will come anyway, as

you insist, what a chore. I got hold of some paper (with the help of Mad. F) and I sent a pneu to tell her not to come and that I would phone in a few days “for a catch up”. Covered my books – not a small job. There are sixty of them. Lesson with Chesnier du Chesne. Someone knocked but I didn’t open the door. Got a parcel from Yvonne Disnar. “Evening at the Grove.”

Sunday 16 July

Mass. C. Opened the door to no one (no one came). Made two pairs of shorts out of a nice quality sheet that I had. They are sweet though a bit of a boarding house look to them.

Monday 17 July

9–12. Office. Lesson with Capon. Didn’t find any bread but got a few [. . .]. Got a pound of vegetables for the week – peas. Rochette didn’t come. Visit from Delplancq. Jacqueline Eichhorn. Visited Françoise. Not there. Barricades. Françoise came over.

Tuesday 18 July

Bought some blue rayon to do my dress. Lesson with Boyelle.

Wednesday 19 July

Pneu from Rochette 30 hours late. Telephoned Blanc. Went to Blanc’s to arrange a lesson. Went to Villeparisis to wish happy birthday to Granny who gave me a potatoes and rhubarb compote. Arrived at 3 pm at the Gare du Nord. 4.25 for the train. 5.30 arrived Villys. 7 arrived station. 8.15 train. 10 pm arrived Paris because there were two air raid warnings. Waited for the métro until 10.40. Took Pantin Place d’Italie. No connection. Walked back from Austerlitz at 11.30. Had dinner at 12.30!!! Lesson with Delplancq, Chabert.

Thursday 20 July

St Marguerite. 9–12 Office. Went to Françoise’s to revise the Red Cross stuff. Got carrots and salad from the kiosk. Barricades still up at La Santé. Lesson Capon. Blanc. [Attack on Hitler – or yesterday?]

Friday 21 July

Got up late – and Maggy came over early. Bought flowers for her birthday as well as for Mad. F and Rochette. Written exam for the Red Cross. Telephoned Rochette.

Saturday 22 July

St Madeleine. Letter from Granny. Lesson Ch. de Ch. Bought sugar. Françoise came. Revised bandages. 17 h. Written exam Red Cross. Practical $3\frac{3}{4}$ o. Oral $1\frac{18}{20}$ (you've got to get 50% to get through, I'll get a merit). Went to dinner at Marie and André's who gave me a something to wear for the party. (Dédé came yesterday with the meat). Telegram from mummy. "Parents well. Ask for news".⁶⁸⁰ 7.6.44

Sunday 23 July

No mass. Message to Marie about lunch. Don't come because of the milice yesterday evening. Marie and André had a fall out. Aunt Violette had also told her that I had also said that I had left her house for a lover!! (and before her marriage told her that she didn't know what she was doing marrying André, that she had been very unhappy with Henri). [. . .]. Went to bed.

Monday 24 July

There are only a few métro lines working. Vincennes – Neuilly, Porte d'Orléans – Clignancourt, St Lazare – La Fourche; Maire D'Ivry – Montparnasse; Lilas – Levallois, Pantin – Place d'Italie; Pont de Sèvres – Havre Caumartin; Balard – Opéra; Charenton – Reuilly; Sceaux; these are big cuts!!! Left $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour earlier. 8 h 20 was on the platform at Clignancourt – Châtelet. 9 am on the platform Marboeuf⁶⁸¹ to Châtelet. I've never been crushed like that ever and that is saying something. My coat was soaked through. I'll have to send it to the dry cleaner. Didn't have a lesson with Capon. Got flowers from Denise, Mad. F and Maggy for birthday. Mlle Kerjean gave me a box of sweets and Ruth gave me "L'Annonce faite à Marie" by Paul Claudel.⁶⁸² Paid Maggy a visit. She is great. Lesson with Blanc. Rochette. Letter Mlle Faure.

Tuesday 25 July

Did the housework. Wrote to Ruth and Mme Faure, Yvonne, Granny. Wrote diary. I really must write it every day. The days are too long. I only put in the 'husk'⁶⁸³ of days. Yesterday I went to the Public Library. "Ce Quatre Voix"

⁶⁸⁰ Telegram written in English.

⁶⁸¹ Marbeuf.

⁶⁸² Paul Claudel (1868–1955). During the Occupation, Louis Jouvet took the play on tour to Brazil where it was performed in June 1942.

⁶⁸³ 'husk' written in English in the manuscript.

(Tagore).⁶⁸⁴ Lesson Chabert. Telephoned René. Went to get the outfit. Lesson Delplancq. Boyelle. Rested [. . .] because I had come back from the office on foot at midday and from Blanc in the evening. Electricity was off between 5 am and 11 pm – except us.

Wednesday 26 July⁶⁸⁵

Suzanne was lovely. Had dinner at René and Suzanne's.

Thursday 27 July

9.12 at the office. Left on foot with Mad. F. Beautiful fresh morning. She annoys me when she speaks so loudly. Showers. Didn't have an umbrella, and had my new jacket on. Lesson with Capon – at least I waited for him for ½ an hour and then left. Got paid. Had a permanent wave. Lesson with Blanc.

Friday 28 July

Went to have my hair done. Bought perfume and a comb [. . .]. Sleepiness hit me like a blow from a club. Slept in the afternoon. Bought a book for Madeleine Rochette – and “Patrick” for me. What a disgrace Spent 400 frs today – 350 yesterday. I don't dare do my accounts this evening. Read “Claude” until 1 am. I like these tales of the countryside even if they are a bit sentimental. But they have everything I want. Marie phoned the concierge with the message that Dédé is in hospital – nothing serious. I have to telephone. I have the feeling that this peace I have been enjoying is coming to an end. Lately, I've been full of the joys, of burgeoning energy, of memories making me so happy. I have the feeling that there will now be a price to pay and I fear unhappiness. But, I had two beautiful days. Did nothing, but pleased with myself. Am going to put perfume on before I go to bed – It is 2 o'clock in the morning and in 4 and a half hours I'll be going into battle. The month of August is going to be a month of miserliness.

Saturday 29 July

Telephoned Marie. André is going to have to have an operation this morning. “Stomach pains” Appendicitis? Duodenitis? I'll know by this afternoon. Went to fetch my skirt – 50 frs for the dry cleaning!!! Full of aches and pains.

⁶⁸⁴ Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941). The novel won the Nobel prize for Literature in 1913. See Ezra Pound's 1913 review of Tagore's poetry in *The Fortnightly Review*:

<http://fortnightlyreview.co.uk/2013/04/rabindranath-tagore/>

⁶⁸⁵ Madeleine arrows this entry to the previous day.

Have I already said that the Métro lines are back on from yesterday? Maire d'Issy. Porte Chapelle. Porte d'Ivry – St Genn-Villette. Nation-Etoile. Pont de Sèvres-St Cloud. Went to the clinic on the rue de [. . .] to see Dédé who was operated on this morning for appendicitis. They took out some adhesions and shortened his intestine which was badly infected and then sewed it up. He has got TB in the gut and stomach. Awful to see him in such pain when the student was tapping his stomach, it wrenches my insides out and makes me feel like fainting. It is the first time that I have seen someone I love suffering (I was too young to see my father's lumbago and my mother's migraines). Goodness, I will suffer when my children are ill. The poor mother of the little boy next to André who was groaning "Mummy, I am thirsty", "I know you're thirsty my darling" "Mummy give me something to drink" "I'm not allowed to my precious" "That doesn't matter" "Mummy I am thirsty" etc etc. I have loved André since the age of 12. Went to Confession. There was only Abbé des Graviers there who I don't like because of his "Do you think troubling thoughts about chastity?" Obviously I do. Still a virgin at 26 it would be surprising if I didn't have inappropriate dreams. I was fine before my gland started to work OK. I said that I said nasty things about Aunt V because I had argued with her. He wanted to know more about it which annoyed me. I flew off the handle. In the end, after having showered me with compliments and nice words, he absolved me, whining "Make an effort to control your pride and above all be a little clearer when you confess". Then he set about reading his Bible where I would find guidance about how to atone for having become the "beautiful sinner" that I am (all made-up and perfumed, the blue scarf that suits me so well draped across me like that of the Madonna – I had dressed up because I was going to see André). This evening there was a beautiful sky, grey-blue, a big frothy cloud lit up by the sun and the green, green trees above the roof near the Val glistening in the rain shower.

A few nights ago I had a dream. I was in a port swimming in a stormy sea, I arrived in "Normandie", shaped like a boat, bigger under the sea like an iceberg. Because of this I could walk on it (in the sea) leaning up against the side of it. A porthole was open and I went inside. They wanted to catch me, I ran through corridors and up stairs chased by negroes and officers. Then I went down some fire escapes, down, down and ended up with sailors. One of them said I was his sweetheart to hide me. After this the "Normandie" left for the high seas through a canal. I watched grey stone houses covered with roses pass by and I leaned out of the porthole and could see the back end of the "Normandie" which was winding round a bend just like the back of a train. Yesterday I had a dream but I can't remember the end of it. There were some fish in water tanks in the purest water and I was catching them and putting them in other tanks. I also went to see George Washington's widow who had barricaded herself in against the maquis. I dream every night but some dreams stay with me for a long time. It has been a week since I had the "Normandie" dream. Went to bed early at 9.30.

Sunday 30 July

Mass. C. Fed up. Tired. Weather unsettled. Did I say that I had been spoilt for my birthday. News from my parents. Roses from Mad. F, Denise, Maggy. Box of sweets from Mlle Kerjean, a little decorative glass beehive from Marguerite Delplancq, an outfit from André? My leg hurts. Will I be sleeping or working this afternoon? I am dead tired (and very worried about André). Opened a box of sardines. Went to bed at 12.30 and slept like a log until 5 am. I really needed it I think. I have a pain in my side. I hope that I don't have another attack of appendicitis (6th or 7th). I'll wait until the end of the war for the operation. Alert.

Monday 31 July

Did myself up nicely and everyone complimented me. 9.12 Office. 12.30 Capon. Went to see André. He has lost so much weight (but not as much as he had when he came back from Germany). Stayed $\frac{1}{4}$ hour with one hour to get there and one hour back ($\frac{1}{2}$ hour on foot each time). I've got staying-power. 4 to 6 pm lesson with Blanc. Very nice. Gave me 40 frs extra. Lesson with Rochette. The little Nicholas girl dropped by to return the American Civilisation book. She is very sweet the poor thing with her bowing and curtsying. But how awful not to be able to look beyond that. She brought me 3 beautiful peaches. I am bursting with energy. Has the moon gone full? Worked at the office. Evening, went to bed at 11.30 but waited until midnight for the news. I should avoid this waiting in the dark because my head fills with everything; my argument with Aunt. The longer it goes on the more difficult it is going to be to repair it. Am I right to get frustrated? She treats me like a doormat too much. I've had enough of her hints and her digs. An open argument is what is needed or nothing at all. Anyway, I have been polite and well-behaved that's all I care about when there has been a big row. Thought about André a lot – his weeping foot has taken a whole month to heal over . . . analogy . . . I get a knot in my stomach when I think about it. I shouldn't think about it. Letter from Mlle Troublon about the lesson.

Tuesday 1 August

Did the lesson. 10. Lesson with Delplancq. I will have to leave early at around 12.30 to see André, stay $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour and then go again. A trip of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours for lesson. I really do have staying power. It is cold (15°) and grey. It is real September weather. Put some perfume on. Bingo. Saw André who was no longer in pain (thanks to two injections) and who was jolly. I am worried. He is all swollen and his wound is weeping a lot and he is speaking very badly as if he doesn't have teeth. I am exhausted. 40 minutes to get to Porte de Clignancourt and the same back. I really am walking a lot. And at 3.10 there was an alert. Good that the

méto carries on regardless now unless there's firing.⁶⁸⁶ Lesson. Boyelle. Bought potatoes on the black market. 40 frs a kilo. Got myself some carrots on the street from a peddler. Went to try outfit on. Mlle des Allées is a bit of a slouch and she doesn't half talk. Mad. F. introduced me to Elie Rabourdin. Washed socks etc and ironed. Tired out, especially because the weather is very close.

Wednesday 2 August

Lesson with Chabert. Bought a building blocks game for little Rémi. Put it in my room or André's? André is better. They put him a drain in. He is still a bit swollen. They X-rayed him. There's nothing on the lung. Round about 5 o'clock I was planning on leaving. The anti-aircraft guns were firing. Aunt told me to stay. Then, there was a terrible crash, like thunder and crashing planes at the same time. Impossible to describe. Everything black. A huge flame. The window jumped out of its frame and went back in again letting the smoke and dust in etc, terrible noise, glass falling, everything shaking. Then our thoughts turned to André who was next to the window but all he was bothered about was protecting René's head and telling him not to be frightened. We pulled the beds to the end of the room and pulled down the blind. We heard other bombs but they were in the distance. The electricity went off and we could hear screaming. After a bit we pulled up the blind and all around seemed to be in flames. Aunt said that it was the surgery. Several houses had been hit, some were burning, a school had been flattened. They took away the injured from the street and those injured in the courtyard of the surgery which was in flames. André was remarkably calm. I treated a woman who was in a state of shock (her lips were burnt) Then they sent me to the convent. It was difficult to walk in the road, glass, telephone lines down, shutters, bricks etc. Lots of dust and rubble. Lots of houses on fire. The emergency services were trying to rescue as many people as possible. There was no water. The policeman didn't let me through because I didn't have an armband. Helped to evacuate a burning house but a tile fell on my head and I didn't have a helmet on. I had to get out. Very hot. Dazed people stared. A little girl was stumbling around holding her doll 'I want to go Mummy, I want to go. I am frightened, I want to go' No one knew who she was or where her mummy was. There was a tall man. Blood running down from his nose and ears his right arm limp, didn't want to be helped. He wanted to see his wife. His friend was killed right next to him. Went back to the stretcher bearers. Piles of rubble in the road. Difficult to walk in wooden shoes. My heel got caught in a shutter. We requisitioned a coal truck, whistles were blowing, detour because the road was flooded. No water. Carrefour Pleyal. No more injured. A lot of ambulances. We have something to drink, requisition an empty coal lorry and off we go again.

⁶⁸⁶ Presumably the firing is the firing of flak during air-raids.

The young male stretcher bearer gave me his arm band. We went to the convent. The policeman wanted to stop me. He recognized me but I had an arm band. They didn't want to let us in but we break down the door. Luckily our team leader is brilliant. It is 6 o'clock. 40 little girls and 5 nuns have been killed in the trench shelter. The firemen were super but they had to come up every 5 minutes. They brought out the corpses or limbs in sheets putting them down on stretchers to be identified. There were 2 bundles of flesh pieces or two bodies per stretcher. They take away a man from the DP who has just identified his little girl. It took time to clear a way through, to get back up putting in beams for support at the same time. Finally, at 7.30 I was in front of the hole with my stretcher. There had been three women on the site not including the nuns. Now there was only me. The men sent us away. They took my arm band off me but I kept hold of my stretcher. I wanted to do something. In the end, I had two little girls on the stretcher. Took them to the ambulance. Came home. Very tired. Madeleine F was lovely, she made dinner etc. I don't think I shall ever cry again.

Thursday 3 August

9–12 Office. Lesson with Capon. Blanc. Dinner at Delplancq's and wore my skirt. Deaf in right ear.

Friday 4 August

Lesson Boyelle. Rochette. Off today. Telephoned Aunt Marie. Mlle Taron.

Saturday 5 August

Lesson Chesnier du Chesne. Tired out. I haven't slept since Wednesday but caught up. Slept after the lesson and through the night.

Sunday 6 August

Mass. C. Slept all afternoon. All night. My right ear still hurts. A lot of alerts at the moment. Tired out. Mad. Lavelle and Jacqueline E.

Monday 7 August

Métros – 6–11; 15–22 h. Went to the office to reimburse “Mlle Rivière” for the jam. Stayed for an hour. Went to Capon for lesson. Had telephoned for me not to come. Waited. Gave lesson from 2 til 3. Alert. Bombing at St Ouen? Worried about André. Went to the Rescue Office to offer my services with Françoise. Lesson with Rochette who gave me a cactus and gingerbread for birthday. She is going on holiday.

Tuesday 8 August

Lesson with Delplancq, [. . .]. Boyelle. Went to get identity card photo done. It is hot. Only have one hour's worth of gas (one evening in the week and lunch-time on Sunday). Read "Les attitudes face à la vie" (Saisset).⁶⁸⁷ Not bad. Chapter on courage the best. "The Scarlet Sin" (Mrs Victor Pickard) [. . .] stupid. "Le mystère du train bleu" (Agatha Christie).⁶⁸⁸ So-so. 33° in the shade. André was operated on without an anaesthetic. First time.

Wednesday 9 August

Went to St Denis in mauve dress. Went to see André. Went to see the tarot reader. "Dad is poorly and needs looking after. André is ill and is going to die. Me, I am in great peril in a bombing raid but I get out. Work ends. In 1½ to 2 months I'll be changing job – good money wise. An old woman dies. My parents move house. Mum will go out to work. A young foreign man with brown hair will come end November, beginning of December. In a hurry to get married. I'll meet another young man with a good job at work who also wants to get married. I will be very hesitant about getting married. I will get married at the beginning (or the end?) of next year. I'll have a little boy straight away, a little girl some years later. Will succeed with my studies. Fun. Outings with friends". Bought a red belt.

Thursday 10 August

Lesson with Capon. Telephoned Tenon. Had tea with Mlle Faure. Went to First Aid meeting.

Friday 11 August

+ Went to the photo booth. I am as bonny as anything. Very pleased with these photos. Tired out and ill with Nico. Letter from Jacqueline Malot, Yvonne Zéau. Chesnier du Chesne (who doesn't want a lesson Saturday – great). No métro tomorrow from Saturday 13 h until Tuesday 15 August 18 h. Then working between 18 and 22 h. Next weekend working 6–10; 16–22. What a carry on. The English are making headway. Lesson with Courtelier. Boyelle. "They"⁶⁸⁹

⁶⁸⁷ Frédéric Saisset (1873–1953). See bibliography of works:
http://data.bnf.fr/12749484/frederic_saisset/

⁶⁸⁸ Agatha Christie (1890–1976). *The Mystery of the Blue Train* was published in 1928.

⁶⁸⁹ "They" being the Allies.

are at Rambouillet apparently. Go to Chabert's who wants to bathe with me. Cioran came for a lesson. Put him off until Wednesday. Read "Hatter's Castle" (Cronin)⁶⁹⁰ until 4am. I. Very hot. Changed my 1000 fr notes.

Saturday 12 August

+ Watched shooting stars. Slept 5–9 am. I think that we can hear the guns. Didn't have a lesson with Chesnier du Chesne. Didn't go out. Exhausted +

Sunday 13 August

+ Mass. C. Yesterday evening I signed up for the night time rescue crew, from 21 h to 8 h in the morning. They didn't give me a pass for the combat zone. Went to see "our" godson with Françoise (who brought me potatoes). He is called Ben Hassar and is really young and as handsome as a prince (apart from his lips which are a bit thin). He's got TB. He was very frightened of us at first and then it was better. He can hardly speak French. Françoise was very good but I hardly opened my mouth. Read "Le Rideux d'arbres" (Elie Rabourdin).⁶⁹¹ Very soppy. "A Long Time Ago" (Margaret Kennedy)⁶⁹² So-So. "Twelve Men (Theodore Dreisner).⁶⁹³ I don't like American men. I can hear the guns firing. German planes are flying over Paris very, very low. I.

Monday 14 August

+ Birthday Marie Blot and Mad F (39 years old). Lesson Taron. Luxembourg Gardens have been shut for a few days now. They are building barricades on the Boulevard St Michel. The métro which should have been back on is suspended until further notice. Electricity is only on between 22 h 30 and 24 h. The gas is going to be cut off.

⁶⁹⁰ A. J. Cronin (1896–1981). *Hatter's Castle* was published in 1931.

⁶⁹¹ Information on Rabourdin scarce. She published several novels with Gallimard. *Le Rideau d'arbres* was published in 1941. She forged a career as a fashion writer in the post-war.

⁶⁹² Margaret Kennedy (1896–1967). Somerville graduate of History and prolific and commercially successful novelist. See the Penguin books biographical entry for more on Kennedy and her career:
<https://www.penguin.co.uk/authors/margaret-kennedy/1018961/>

⁶⁹³ Theodore Dreiser (1871–1945). American novelist. *Twelve Men* was published in 1919.

Tuesday 15 August

Mass. St Marie. (Blot) Sent a card. The German general in overall charge of Paris said that food supplies would come through if terrorist attacks stop. Tickets for bread aren't being accepted. We're going to have a shortage. For several days now I have been filling what I can with water. I can't be short of it. It isn't as hot. Thank God. I am so tired. I have no appetite. I feel sick all of a sudden and if I walk any way my legs start to tremble. I don't think we have enough to eat. The post offices are only open in the afternoon from 1 pm. I heard about troop landings in the south of France which happened at 7 am this morning which explains the planes that are prowling around here. Oh let it be over soon! 3.30 pm. Oh no! No water!! I hope that we get it back. All the police are on strike. The GMR⁶⁹⁴ are stationed in the primary school on the rue des Feuillantes. Chabert came to change the day. It is raining. Storm. Midnight. Water still isn't back on. And I want to do the washing tomorrow while there is still some gas. The pillbox on the Boulevard St Michel has been finished.

Wednesday 16 August

9 hrs. Dziuta Pavilanaité-Padalskis. Still no water. Post offices shut. De Gaulle's call to arms posted up everywhere. Queued one and a half hours for bread. No lorries or anything else safe to carry bread now (so we won't have any more). They are moving everything from the Senate building (there was a cow there. They killed it and sold it off at 100 fr a kg). They have dug trenches on the rue de Chartres. The gas will be going off, tomorrow probably, at the latest on Sunday. I had got it into my head to do some washing. It is soaped but how am I going to rinse it!! I have already brought a pail of water up to the 8th floor. Mad. F is driving me mad.!!! I don't like this, I can't eat that. She asks me to buy her something and then it isn't right. It may well be feminine but one of these days I am going to lose my temper. Basically, she's a nice girl but she has a tendency to speak in such an unpleasant hectoring way so "I am right, you idiot, always putting your two penneth in". I do have some self-control⁶⁹⁵ but I am pretty annoyed and my head and my eyes ache. Rain. 3.30. Water came back on. Did the washing despite having cold sweats, headache etc. I think that it's just being shattered rather than TB. Felix came to bring me potatoes. Nice. Didn't give me to [. . .] I have to telephone. Made a rice cake. Tomorrow I will sign up for the kitchen-on-wheels (registration starts tomorrow). The undertakers are on strike. Fine time for it! Let's see where we are with the dead in a few days. Didn't sleep. Nice has been captured. The Germans have announced that there

⁶⁹⁴ GMR – groupe mobile de réserve. Paramilitary units working for the Vichy government.

⁶⁹⁵ 'self-control' written in English in the manuscript.

is fighting on the road between Dreux and Chartres. Guns firing all night. At South-South-East there was a continuous glow in the sky and a very intense glow all night. I dreamt that I returned home but it was strange. A night terror – I won't ever see my parents again etc. Packed suitcase and wrote a goodbye letter etc. Fell asleep at dawn.

Thursday 17 August

I still have a little gas left but it takes $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to boil $\frac{1}{2}$ a litre of water. I think I shall pack a suitcase anyway. 19 degrees. The weather is cold. No water. Went to get food coupons for the food wagons. They are cutting off the gas everywhere. Started to tidy bedroom. Madame Beyer said that Paris is an open city and that the Germans will have to leave by midnight at the latest. There are lots of Germans in the rue St Jacques. There are two tanks on the Boul'Mich. Went to François's. No police on the barricades. Just paramilitaries in front of the prison. Went to see Ben Nassar. I find him less attractive than I did the time before. Very tired. Took him some honey. The Americans have encircled Rambouillet apparently. The explosion I heard wasn't guns but Villacoublay which the Germans had blown up. Explosions all afternoon [. . .] in front (Ormeson?) then Orly and Ivry. Explosion after explosion this evening. The sky is flame red, at Versailles too (seen from Mlle Jullian's). Lots of explosions and gunshots 9 pm. 'They' are at Dreux, Chartres, Orléans and have gone further than Chartres. 10 pm. They are on the outskirts of Paris. Mademoiselle Julian swears blind that they advancing on Versailles. We can hear gun shots. It is worrying. Everybody is restless and anxious. They are saying that the Germans have blown up the power stations, the bridges, the hotels where they have been staying, the Senate building. Meanwhile, the suburbs are well alight. The water came back on this evening. There is a little gas but it takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to sauté potatoes. Explosions, one after the other and one which set the building rocking but I don't know where that one was. Fires near Villeneuve St George.

Friday 18 August

I am 26 today. Couldn't get off to sleep yesterday even though I was tired because with all these explosions I thought that my rescue unit might come to get me. I was all set at 6 am. Woken by a doorbell. Rushed up but it was an alarm clock. Wide awake. Still nothing new on the radio. Explosions still. Have they gone? Very excited.⁶⁹⁶ I would like to be 'liberated' for my 26th birthday. 6. 30 am and already a queue of 20 or so in front of the bread shop which opens at 8 am. It is cold. Going to finish cleaning. There are still Germans around. Lorries and other vehicles are going past very quickly. We can hear them. We

⁶⁹⁶ 'excited' written in English in the diary.

rush to the windows but they are already gone. 8 am. Nearly finished cleaning. Just some dusting left to do. Vichy isn't giving out any more news. Radio Paris and Information Permanente⁶⁹⁷ have been off-air since yesterday. There is fighting at St Arnoult, that is 42 km from Paris. They must be closer. Lesson Coutilier. They say that the English are at Corbeil. C. very pessimistic. Fears trouble ahead. On the way saw Nasar⁶⁹⁸ and Bilgassion. They were very nice and asked lots of questions. Lesson with Chabert and I translated the manifesto for the Democratic Party of Rumania. Lesson with Taron. Ciorann. Boyelle. Saw Cismaresco who was injured in the leg yesterday in the uprisings on the Boul'Mich – one lasted 15 minutes and then another 20 minutes. The summer displays in the stores on the Boul'Mich and especially the cinema 'Le Latin' were riddled with bullets. They are moving all the [. . .]⁶⁹⁹ next to the American hostel. Rue Auguste Comte, some '75, the Germans scrutinising all the lorries. Saw Ruth. Mad. F is constantly complaining. Curfew from 21 h to 6 am. I think that the Germans will be out by this evening. Gott sei dank!! But won't Paris be strange without them. They were part of the scenery. Explosions still, now also to the north of Paris. People are behaving in a dignified way. It's only the rabble who went out to laugh at the Germans moving out of the "Trianon". During the curfew, everyone was standing at the doors and at the windows. Alert and we raced inside and closed the door, shutters, window – and a harmless lorry went by. Explosions all night. Mad. F. gave me some roses for my 26th birthday.

Saturday 19th August⁷⁰⁰

What a day!!! No lesson with LeBreton because she has not slept for two nights. She's been helping her friends get out of Paris. Went up to the Rue Marbeuf on foot to get to work. Saw a number of cars, lorries and injured people as well. At Alexandre III bridge they were loading lorries on to barges – a tank too. Gunshots and machine gun fire near to the Grand-Palais. Very anxious. Could hear bullets whizz by [. . .] It's a battleground rue Royale, Place de la Concorde, Chambre des Députés. Went to work – had a bar of chocolate. Drank some dry Dubonnet. Came back but Alex. III now guarded by the Germans. Still some isolated bursts of gunfire. Germans sat on the front bumpers of cars ready to shoot and to machine gun. A large gathering on the rue St Jacques – Le Val-de-Grâce has fallen to the Liberators. They hoisted the flag in the main courtyard to the strains of 'Aux couleurs' and the 'Marseillaise'. It was very moving. A van full of Resistance passed and told us to go home. All afternoon I was dashing

⁶⁹⁷ German propaganda station broadcasting from the Eiffel Tower.

⁶⁹⁸ Usually spelt 'Nassar' but 'Nasar' here.

⁶⁹⁹ Looks like 'telephones' in the manuscript but unclear.

⁷⁰⁰ The date for this entry is underlined in red crayon and a cross marked beneath. It is unclear when this addition was made.

between the bed and the window. They are fighting at the Hôtel de Ville which has changed hands 2 or 3 times. Machine guns, gunshots, grenades everywhere. Lots and lots of injured being brought to Cochin and to the Val-de-Grâce. Went to Mlle Desallés. M Lexenaire came. The Préfecture is surrounded. 500 men inside. Nearly out of ammunition. They fear being bombed. Huge fires, the Hotel de Ville and the Préfecture we think. Later, the Gare de l'Est and Nord. And these God-forsaken allies who don't come. Flags being hung everywhere – then taken down because the Germans are shooting at decorated windows. They are evacuating their injured, piled up in open wagons in the full glare of the sun without bothering. Jacqueline came. She is so tense. Good Lord, if only we know something, were able to know. No lesson with Corneau. Too dangerous outside just here in this district. Stormy weather. Listened to the radio. Not a single word about Paris. The Resistance uprising has been premature. And these fellows who are walking around without a care with machine guns tucked under their arms or grenades in their hands as if they were holding an umbrella or a walking stick. They are still killing. Good Lord, when will it end. I was frightened of the bullets this morning. We don't know where they come from. Lexenaire was horrified looking at the fire, thinking that it was the Préfecture. There are 500 people inside and friends. I'm very worked up. Mesdames Brun and Desgroux, Desallées and her sister Madame Charrère climbed up to see what they could see and Madame Jullian needed reassurance. We can hear tanks – German? American? What a day.

Sunday 20 August

Went to mass. Saw some Free French Resistance members with revolvers in their hands going to execute people. They went, apparently, to 72 Bd Port-Royal. Went to LeBreton's lesson but not there. Came back. The shoot-outs are still going on. They are attacking the Colonial on the Boulevard Port-Royal. It wasn't the Prefecture that was on fire yesterday. All sorts of rumours are going round about huge lorries full of petrol on the square in front of N. Dame or on the Bd' Mich. Went to the Val to see Ben Nassar. He is calming down, I think that he is happy to see us. There are still a lot of injured in the Val (from the street fighting). Saw German cars with huge letters FFI stuck on them. Everyone was clapping. Saw a prisoner who they were bringing in with his left hand behind his neck, his right wrist was being held behind his back and there was a revolver stuck into his waist. He looked wretched. Françoise jumping for joy at the window because she can't see anything from her place. The little injured German (16–17 years old) that they brought to the Val yesterday was holding a grenade in each hand and didn't want to let go. The FFI arrested a hairdresser opposite Mancion and interrogated him. There are still shoot-outs. Phoned Aunt at St Denis. André is doing fine – as well as can be expected. The fighting at St Denis has stopped. The Germans have requested an Armistice in order to retreat. The Americans are at Porte de Vanves she says. There was a

rumour going around, and they've since said it is true that it is true, that the SS don't want to surrender and they are cornered in the Bois de Boulogne. Radio-Nationale is appealing to the population to stop attacking public buildings and to let the Germans leave. This was at 20.00. At 22.00 the 'General' commanding the German forces in Paris announced that the Parisians' uprising will be crushed and, if needs be, crushed mercilessly and issued the decree:

1. Curfew from 9 pm to 7 am.
2. All windows to be closed. No one to stand at the windows.
3. All main and side doors to buildings have to be kept open even during the night.
4. All cinemas, theatres, cafes and other going out places are to be closed (a bit late there).
5. Gatherings of more than 3 people are banned.
6. Certain zones are off-limits to civilians who will be shot on sight.
7. Anyone giving information to the enemy will be treated as a spy.

Mad. F and I can only think that it is the SS laying down the law. Spoke for a while with Mme Julien, Mad. F sulked and then got over it. We went for a walk together along the rue de Val and Boulevard St Michel, Boulevard Port Royal, rue St Jacques. We saw a lorry full of Germans with machine guns on the top. Perhaps these are the last Germans we will see. It feels strange thinking about it. They are bringing injured or those who look dead to the Val, sometimes on a stretcher with a Red Cross flag at the top. Around 9 in the evening there was lots of shooting near the Closerie de Lilas. One hour later Jacques arrived in a complete state. He and two friends were the ones being fired at and they had managed to hide in an apartment block where they stayed for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Jacques swears he is going to get the Germans. He'd had such a fright. Started work for Doré Ogrizek.⁷⁰¹ It is painstaking. Went to bed at 2 am. Large bursts of light in the distance towards Vincennes and lots of gunshots probably fired into lit up windows because almost no one is keeping to the curfew. Had a note from Mademoiselle Nicolas but I wasn't around.

Monday 21 August

There's a new "Nation Française" radio programme. The English are saying that there 'must be something happening in Paris'!!! Chabert came by to tell me to come only when he gives the word because it is much too dangerous where he is. There was an all-out battle on the corner of the Boulevard St Michel and the rue de l'École de Médecine between a German tank and Resistance fighters.

⁷⁰¹ Madeleine and Marguerite Bigot translated Doré Ogrizek's *France: Paris and The Provinces* published in 1944 by Clifford, London.

I have been up since 7 am and it is now 11 am and I have done nothing, nothing, jumping up at the window every three minutes. The Free French⁷⁰² must be using the building as a muster point, their vehicles (German painted with letters) are coming here to be repaired. The concierge is being very friendly and giving them information (well, well). Gosh it rained so heavily last night!! I haven't had any gas since yesterday. From today Madeleine F is cooking grub for the both of us. The undertakers are back at work. The windows are starting to rattle again. The big gun is banging away constantly. They signalled the end of an air raid alert (why?). Shots ring out from time to time. Madeleine F went out. She can't stay in one place very long. Apparently, the Germans have called up heavy reinforcements. It was the mills at Pantin that were burning and not the Préfecture. Got a Liberation newspaper. Worked well on my adaptation. Had lunch and supper with Madeleine F. She is making the grub. We are putting what we have together. Luckily she has electricity because the gas is off. This evening the Resistance came by blowing whistles. 'The water storage tanks have been blown up, stock up'. There's a mad dash to get water. I had some already but brought up three bucketfuls and a Billy can. Fancy blowing up the water supply like they did at Florence – the bastards. English radio is saying that the Resistance is fighting in Paris – my parents must be so worried. Tomorrow it is Dad's birthday. No water, no gas, no food supplies, no transport – I only have electricity left. I'm wondering who the young man was saying 'bonjour, bonjour' after me in the street this morning. It wasn't Ben Nasar. I don't want him to come up here. Damn it. I haven't done my report for the Red Cross. It is half past midnight and I am not remotely tired.

Tuesday 22 August

Dad is 55 years of age. Went to see Coutelier who is part of the resistance at the Town Hall in the fifth arrondissement. It was attacked by two big guns. They fired but the doors held firm – and prisoners – including German soldiers and officers were evacuated out of the back. I haven't done much work at all. I am always looking out of the window. There are gunshots and bursts of machine gun fire etc. When I was queuing for bread I saw German lorries but no one fired. I took my report to the Red Cross this afternoon and volunteered but it is useless. They don't want women – they only want men for the barricades, to drive and to courier. I am furious. Made it through to the Panthéon where there was a battle this morning. It is impossible to get through onto the rue Soufflot.

⁷⁰² Resistance forces. The *Forces françaises de l'intérieur* (FFI).

They have stuck flags on the barricades. The Town Hall is knocked about and the houses around it have great chunks knocked out of the stonework. I wanted to go to the Place Maubert but I had to take shelter on the Rue Valette because there was an all-out battle on the Boulevard St Germain and there was non-stop firing. Read all of the tracts that had been posted up and the various proclamations. Jacqueline Eichhorn came over. I want to throttle her. She is such a scaredy-cat and feeble. When will the allies get here? They are making everyone wait. Very depressed, – then, just like that at 8.30 am on Radio de la Nation Française they called for the people of Paris to rise up and join the barricades. Then they played the Marseillaise. Madeleine F. and I were almost in tears. It was just magnificent. We went to fetch Mademoiselle Julien and we all toasted it. Saw some soldiers and right next to them a big gun and machine guns. The barricades are being lifted says Jacques, on the Boulevard Port-Royal, rue Claude Bernard etc. Seven Free French who were having problems dropped in here for shelter and to get their bearings. They are saying that tonight there will be one almighty fight, the German tanks are intending to attack the Resistance strongholds. There is a magnificent spirit. Volunteers are sawing wood for the boulangeries for bread for the FFI. They have been coming round from door to door collecting sheets, bandages, safety pins etc. There isn't enough to go round the wounded. I gave my towel and sponge and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an old sheet that I was keeping to cut up for rags. Tonight has been a magnificent evening despite



a few gun blasts that were a little too close for comfort. It is good to hear the radio talking about the Paris Resistance but poor mum and dad they must be beside themselves with worry. It is our arrondissement, the 5th, that has fought the most fiercely. The Préfecture is also magnificent.

Wednesday 23 August

Round about 3 am, woke up with a start because everything was shaking and there was a muffled clanking noise of metal like a bomb falling but much fainter and going overhead. Huge flash bursts in the direction of the Porte d'Italie – because the Americans are at Malesherbes. Dreamt of Mum but she looked like someone else because she had to camouflage herself. Mademoiselle Kerjean tried to hypnotise me. English radio has said not a single word about Paris. That really makes me cross. They are taking the City backwards – battle at Mantes, [...], Étampes. I went to have a walk around. I went to see Ruth who wasn't there. Then I went to the rue Soufflot where there are barricades and we saw barricades (three) that go all the way down to the Seine. In the afternoon, there was an alert in the street. 2 German caterpillar trucks were passing and they stopped in front of the building (they had seen Jacques running with a baguette and thought that it was a gun. Jacques nearly dropped dead with fright but doesn't want anyone to know that). Went out with Madeleine F up to the Gare Montparnasse. We saw 3 German tanks and 1 German car go past and then they turned round in front of the barricades on the Boulevard Port Royal. I wanted to take the rue Soufflot back but there was a sniper in the bell tower at St-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas making a target of passers-by. I had a huge salad. Telephoned the office, Mlle Kerjean, and Doré-Ogrizek twice. The garage opposite Mlle Kerjean's has been taken over and her windows have been knocked out. Jacqueline Eichhorn came by this morning, such a pathetic frightened weak mess. Mlle Julien is being better than I expected. Around 18.00 a huge volley was fired from two big tanks (guns are 72 calibre) and a small Renault tank. They tried to destroy the barricade. The noise is terrible because they are firing at the corner of the street. They advance and advance a bit more, alas, and then they turn round. Hooray. All of a sudden the street is full of people repairing the barricade. On the radio they are telling us that Paris is 'liberated'. That really makes us hopping mad because fighting is still going on. In the evening we hear 'Paris-Paris-Paris'. Rumania has signed an armistice with the Allies. Huge storm this evening. Slept well.

Thursday 24 August

Went round the barricades to see the damage. Beautiful barricade up at the Panthéon. On the rue d'Ulm I nearly got myself killed by one of the militia on the roof next to the École normale. I sheltered in a porch for 10 minutes. There are barricades on all the streets. Those on the rue Bertholet and the Boulevard Port-Royal are fantastic with overturned lorries and everything! Quite a lot of damage because of yesterday – no windows left, trees knocked down, cornices and stonework

around doorways gone. There are bullet marks on the front of buildings. I'm very worked up and tense. Since Monday when we started to cook together Madeleine F has done nothing but complain and if I say anything she sulks and yells – result, I get cross which shocks her and gets her back up. I'm going to find myself a portable stove I can't cope any more with hearing her complaining about the 'filthy' quartier, the Communists, my personality, etc, etc, that she is not suited to this way of life etc, etc. At 10 pm there was an alert, well the Resistance went by telling us to take shelter because the Sénat was going to go up. In a rush (10 minutes) I packed a case and went downstairs with my typewriter and my travel blanket. We stayed in the lobby. Then I got fed up of it and we came back up. There are fires everywhere. Huge strange flashes. Rockets and tracer bullets. Exhausted I get undressed without bothering to sort my hair out and I lie down until 2 am. I don't want to sleep.

Friday 25 August

Around 6 am I hear lots of noise. It's the Free French forces going south armed to the teeth. I fall back to sleep. Around 7 am there's shouting and clapping. It's Leclerc's tanks. I scream and wave out of the window then with Madeleine F and Mademoiselle Josephine we all go down in our dressing gowns. Leclerc's tank division, colonial soldiers, Americans, Canadians. We clap, yell and shake hands. We got fired on from the rooftops and the column returned machine gun fire. We took shelter momentarily and then surrounded the vehicles again. I talked to an American and then to a little Canadian from Ontario, Melville. I gave him a little note I've hurriedly written for my parents. I am on the newsreels – but properly dressed because earlier an American had shouted 'Half past eight and not dressed yet!!' Everyone laughed and I came back up and got dressed and made myself up. In the afternoon we went to up to the rue Denfert. There were some really nice chaps in the tank called 'Mesnil-la-Saulaie'. They had been at York three months ago. The town hasn't had it bad. Saw a 'pressman' from Leeds who took down in shorthand a long message for my parents. The Sénat was fired on. On the way back, the Sénat fired back with its heavy gun causing the branches of the trees above us to break off. There were two blasts. We went in. Madeleine F was scared stiff. She had to bandage herself because she threw herself down on the ground too quickly scraping her knee and her arm. To be fair to her, today she hasn't gone on too much. Tried to telephone from everywhere. There is no reply from St Denis. Tried phoning from one of the Leclerc tanks but no response either. Mme Galle is very chic. Tea. She lent me some espadrilles because my wooden shoes have had it and I can't wear the other shoes in the summer. Went to see Ben Nasar with Madeleine F. He wasn't there.

Saturday 26 August

Telephoned St Denis. Lots of damage and plenty of dead. Went to Boulevard [. . .]. Much destruction and a lot of barricades have been taken down now.

There are a lot of tanks. A colonial soldier comes up to me and says 'I hope that you are happy now' and kisses me noisily on both cheeks. In front of the Lycée Montaigne a German lorry full of paper is still burning. Five women go by, their heads have been completely shaved and a swastika stuck on them. They are wearing a Nazi flag around their necks and are making the Nazi salute holding a Nazi flag. They are ashen with hatred and with rage. The crowd just goes 'ha ha' but doesn't do anything else. They have put the soldiers from the Sénat building into the colonial barracks. I saw a lorry come by with prisoners in it. The crowd was whistling and yelling. The buildings at the corner of the avenue de l'Observatoire, rue Auguste Comte are badly damaged. The École des mines is too. In the afternoon I went out with Madeleine F. On the corner we saw another woman, bare feet, hair shaved off, a red cross on her head, left to make her way through a crowd of people heckling her. She looked to be suffering terribly with the shame of it all. People who seemed as if they knew her said that she deserved it. I worry that she will be so terribly poorly after that. I saw a portrait of Hitler hung from a lamppost. Buildings everywhere are damaged. They are still firing from the rooftops. Me and Madeleine F [. . .].⁷⁰³ All the quartier has been on the Champs Elysées to see De Gaulle. There was shooting. They even fired at him in Notre Dame. How shameful. I can understand hunting, if that's the right word, outside but not in a church. They arrested two in the rue Pierre-Nicole. It's mostly militia. There is a rumour that lots of Japanese are doing it. Went to bed. Around midnight was woken by a bright light – it's always an unusual light that wakes me and not noise. Huge fires at Villeneuve, St Georges, Vincennes etc and on rue Monge. And then came the blast and I could hear windows breaking. I raced to Madeleine F's to tell her to go down but her bed was empty and cold. I was very frightened and went down. There was a heck of a noise going on. Madeleine F says that I am too stubborn and don't want to go down. Quite simply, she was too scared to give a thought to me and she had forgotten to take her key. Went to give first aid but they only need stretcher bearers. They're only bringing out the dead – rue Monge was hit, [. . .]⁷⁰⁴ Jardin des Plantes, Vincennes, St Denis etc, etc.

Sunday 27 August

1 am. Alert. I go down. But there's nothing. Mass. The bell tower of St-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas is badly damaged. They fired into it because they said that there was a sniper inside. Very close weather. Went to the Val to see Ben Nasar. Not there but visited Mme Charrier's office. There's an Englishman there in a bad way. He only understands "thirsty". Nothing else gets through. He has an abscess on the brain. During the whole time, the German next to him, lying on his

⁷⁰³ Illegible. Possibly snap at one another.

⁷⁰⁴ Possibly les Halles.

stomach, was watching with his single blue eye boring into me. He didn't blink once. I found that very unpleasant. Slept. Did the housework. The weather is very close.

Monday 28 August

Wanted to get up at 6 am to go to the office but woke up at 8.30. Telephoned office. I'll go tomorrow. There is no answer from St Denis. I am very worried. It has been heavily bombed. Telephoned the BNCI. Aunt is on holiday. I am going to write a letter. That is a pain. Finished housework. Dzinta came for exchange of English and German lessons. Mad. F lent me her electric hob. Thank God for that. I know that I annoy her. She criticises my vanity [. . .]. That's not to say that she isn't a really lovely girl. I don't know how to write lying on my front on the bed like this, looking at what I am writing with one eye it looks like the lines on the page are stretching away like telephone wires. I really want to sleep, to catch up. Wrote to Aunt Violette. Don't know what sort of reply she will send. Looked for bread and vegetables but didn't find any. Soldier threw me a cigarette. Was accosted in the street. Bought wooden shoes. They are ugly but I won't have to wear Mme Galliot's espadrilles. What's more, everything is shut on Monday and tomorrow I leave at 7.30. Colette came to get André's certificate. Saw Jacqueline Eichhorn who seemed furious with me (because of the little Canadian. I find it amusing). Very tired. I hope that there won't be alerts or snipers. To think that these bastards are firing on firemen and the Red Cross. Alert round about midnight. Went down in all the kit. People always think that I look as if I am going to go on a cruise liner with my travelling rugs. If we go down it's because we think that we won't be going up again and so it is best to take as much as possible. Nothing. Went down the Catacombes.⁷⁰⁵ Impressive but horribly cold and damp, a yellowish mud on the ground and gooey drip-drops falling from the ceiling. Afterwards, went into the cellar of 320 but not easy being stood up like that. Slept like a log afterwards. The gun fired through the night apparently.

Tuesday 29 August

Was up at 6 am. 7.30 I was on my way to work in the drizzle and in new shoes. They don't hurt me as much I had feared they would but they hurt enough. Furious with Kort. There is nothing to do at the office but he makes me come in on purpose and I will have to come in tomorrow afternoon for my pay and Thursday as usual. It is clear that he does not have to make the journey in. He bought a second-hand bicycle [. . .]. He wants to leave the office and work with me. I told him that I would prefer to return home and he said that he will do

⁷⁰⁵ Ossuaries under the city of Paris.
<http://www.catacombes.paris.fr/>

all he can for that to happen. Telephoned Courtelier. Doré Ogrizek, Boyelle. The Allies are just about everywhere and have set up little tents on the lawns and sleep – it’s a funny sight. The Ministry of the Interior is badly fire damaged. Worked on the ODE. Mad. F queuing for food tickets and moaned on that my shoes made a lot of noise this morning. I know but she should realise that I go past as quietly as possible. I replied in the same tone and shut the door in her face. She is still horrified I think. She has gone to sleep over at her Aunt’s this evening. I hope that it’ll put her in a better mood because for 15 days or more (but particularly for 15 days) every time she has opened her mouth she has complained. I’ve had enough of it now. Lesson Boyelle. He lived through 10 days of terror with the gun in front of his house getting it wrong from time to time and firing on them. His balustrade has been destroyed and there are 6 bullets in the wall. The Concierge told me that [C..] came for a lesson. The gun has been firing away from 7 pm (it is now 11 pm). I’m afraid that the night will not be a peaceful one. Today I am not going to go down (unless something serious happens in which case it will be too late to go down). The thing which bothers me the most is the lack of water. Usually it comes back a little in the night but I have now gone 48 hours “without”. Washed my feet in a litre of water!!! Happily this evening a bit came back. There’s been no bread for a few days now – or queues of 200 to 300 people. The Germans burned down the mills at Pantin. But I saw flour sacks arriving – in the 8th and there is some white bread. Very, very tired. “Les Héros du Sahara” (Howe)⁷⁰⁶ “La Ville Perdue” (Jouglet).⁷⁰⁷ I got myself a ticket for shoes without having to queue. – 18 months since my last one. Let’s hope nothing goes on this evening. Since the bombing of St Ouen my heart gives a little twinge when I hear something – but God willing. As Mme Desgroux says I am in a state of grace and I would fly up to heaven (but surely not in a straight line given my foul mood).

Wednesday 30 August

Got up late. Went to the Office for pay but didn’t get it. Furious. Tired and it is a long way. “As Much as I Dare” (Faith Compton Mackenzie). Ordinary autobiography. “The Mystery of Dr Fu Manchu (Sax Rohmer). These ‘horrors’ don’t impress me one bit but they are relaxing. When I got back I found a note from Dick!!! Doré Ogrizek and Chesnier du Chesne.

⁷⁰⁶ Sonia E. Howe. *Les Héros du Sahara* was published in 1931. See persée.fr & *Revue de l’histoire des colonies françaises* for a contemporaneous review of the work:

http://www.persee.fr/doc/outr_0399-1377_1931_num_19_84_1080_t1_0657_0000_2

⁷⁰⁷ René Jouglet (1884–1961).

Thursday 31 August

I don't remember what I did. I read and worked. Telephoned Doré-Ogrizek. Went to have tea with Françoise Boësse. Everyone is very happy about the Americans.

Friday 1 September

Started up English/German lessons again. Dzinta. Office, got pay. Tired. Telephoned Boyelle. There is no answer from St Denis. Went to Kort's this evening. Nice get-together. Saw roof snipers arrested. On the way back gave directions to 3 Americans. Very nice. They don't like England or the English because too snooty. The girls are awkward lumps who don't know how to dress or make themselves up and they don't paint their legs etc, etc. They really like French girls and Paris is beyond their wildest dreams. They brought me back in a car and Ken (from Illinois) kissed me. Date at the Lion on Sunday at 7 pm if they haven't gone by then. Lovely moonlight. Went to Doré's and he gave me an advance of 2000!!

Saturday 2 September

Registration. Went to the Val to see Williams the Englishman. In a bad way. Left with Mme Charrisse – her Michel is only 26!! Worked.

Sunday 3 September

Mass. Went to see another patient. Didn't go to see Ben Nassar – he asked where Madeleine was (!!)

Quite flattered. Worked. Got all dressed up to go to the Lion with Mad F (who was extra dressed up). No Ken. They must have had their 'marching orders'.⁷⁰⁸ At quarter past I wanted to go but Mad. F. insisted that we stay until half past. I saw several and asked them whether they were Ken (they all said that they were) and none of them like the 'Limeys'. Mad. F went into one of her sulks with me. It's hardly my fault if they aren't there. I saw her in a new light. She is like a bitch on heat. She was counting on it obviously. It embarrassed me.

Monday 4 September

Office. Took the work over to Doré, Waited at Parc Monceau for the American Library to open. Weather fine.

Tuesday 5 September

Lesson with Dzinta. Ciorann, Boyelle

⁷⁰⁸ 'Marching orders' written in English.



Inside 320 rue St Jacques (present day). Copyright Delphine Biechler, licensed under CC BY-NC 4.0.

Wednesday 6 Sept

Worked ODE. Val-de-Grâce

Thursday 7 Sept

Office.

Friday 8 Sept

Lesson with Boyelle

Saturday 9 Sept

Lesson Chesnier

Sunday 10 Sept

Mass. Telephoned Aunt Marie. Worked ODE. M and Mme Faure came over.

Monday 11 Sept

Office. Worked ODE.

Tuesday 12 Sept

Lesson Ciorann. Lesson Boyelle. Travail ODE.

Wednesday 13 Sept

Worked ODE.

Thursday 14 Sept

Office.

Friday 15 Sept

Took the ODE work. Got 10,000 fr. Went to the hairdressers. Had a shampoo and set. Lesson with Boyelle.

Saturday 16 Sept

Went to hairdressers. Bought powder compact for Denise's birthday. Val de G.

Sunday 17 Sept

Mass. Bought red dahlias. Saw Françoise.

Monday 18 Sept

[Madeleine's diary is blank on this day. Her entries ceased and within six months she had returned to Britain.]