

Introduction 1941

Hardening Conditions

The second year of Nazi Occupation is marked by a severe deterioration in living conditions, an intensification of repression and an increasingly demoralised populace. The winter is exceptionally bitter, the rationing is increasingly severe, the first major round-ups of Jews take place in the 10th district of Paris and prisoners, irrespective of their crime, are now hostages and are shot in retribution for Resistance activities. Closures of cafés and restaurants were becoming more frequent, as were early curfews. There was growing scepticism that the project of collaboration vaunted by the Vichy government was really a necessary interim. The Introduction to this section examines Madeleine's engagement with deteriorating conditions in both a practical and psychological sense. Her struggle with the cold and with hunger are thoroughly documented, as are the strategies she employs to cope with both. Despite her cautiousness about noting down too much about 'political matters' she notes down Resistance attacks and the nature of the Occupier's punishment of the population in response. There is a clear sense of growing alarm and anxiety about increasingly regular shootings and conspicuous threats in ubiquitous posters plastered over the walls of Paris. The final months of 1940 had not been especially onerous for Madeleine. She had felt sufficiently confident about her income to rent her own studio flat at 320 rue St Jacques and had been thrilled to move there on December 27th. However, the excitement about a new-found independence did not survive long into the New Year when living conditions began to rapidly deteriorate. Madeleine began to feel the impact of the first food and fuel penury in January 1941 and her diary entries betrayed an increasingly fragile morale.

Daily life became a harsh struggle to bear the bitter cold with no means of heating and very often with little to eat. In letters written towards the end of 1941 and which were intercepted by the Vichy authorities Antoine Lefébure describes a population for whom little other than getting food and keeping warm mattered (Lefébure, 1993: 93). The lack of heating was compounded by the lack of warm clothes which, like food, were rationed. Only certain categories of workers qualified for outdoor wear. Everyone else had to manage with the coats and shoes they already had. Queuing for food was a necessary daily chore. It was often the only way of having a chance to obtain food, even

though there was no certainty that there would be any food left to have once one arrived at the head of the queue. Hanna Diamond writes that queuing was a responsibility which women tended to have to shoulder. They often had to spend several hours before work queuing up. It was tiring and stressful, as was trying to manage the household budget to pay for goods, which were often extremely expensive. (Diamond, 1999: 53–54). Of course, Parisians had to find ways to cope with food, fuel and clothes shortages, and they did so with some vim and creativity. Lefebure describes how his letter writers substituted cuts of meat with all manner of alternatives and imitations, although even the giblets and beef dripping ran out eventually and they had to go back to the ubiquitously available and much maligned rutabaga swede (Lefebure, 1993: 94). People were also resourceful in respect of clothing. Again, the chore largely fell to women who commandeered all manner of scrap material and textiles to make, alter or to repair clothes. ‘Dresses and trousers were lengthened by adding of scraps of material. Curtains, tablecloths, everything possible was mobilized to be made into some item of clothing [. . .]’ (Diamond, 1999: 62–63). There were strategies to get hold of food as well. Queuing was unavoidable for most, but those who worked were able to develop practices of sharing and exchange through the workplace. The Black Market flourished and those who could afford it used it, and many travelled to the countryside where farmers were only too pleased to have a clientele because of the difficulties of taking their wares to Paris to sell (Diamond, 1999: 54–57). However, the strategies could only often only palliate hardships which got progressively worse as the Occupation wore on. All manner of ruses were being used to find enough to eat, but the challenge was a formidable one. By 1941 there wasn’t even any shoe leather to mend worn-out shoes. Only wooden soles or clogs were available (Diamond, 1999: 65).

Madeleine deploys all of this ingenuity and resourcefulness in her diary to manage an experience which resembles very closely indeed that described by Diamond and Lefebure. Food substitutes are experimented with – bran instead of oats for porridge, acorns instead of cocoa beans for coffee to name a few, but all too often rutabaga swede is the default menu item. The Black Market is expensive and a rare treat, but Madeleine uses it when she has no choice. She makes clothes out of curtains and seemingly spends hours darning and repairing garments which, one would suppose, might ordinarily have been thrown out. She also makes use of ‘supply’ networks at the Bibliothèque nationale where she works part-time, at the Sorbonne, the lending library and bookshop Shakespeare & Co and at home in the building where she rents her flat.

The general view of commentators that practical difficulties dominated the lives of Parisians rather than the political and military situation is to a great extent borne out by Madeleine’s diary. The weather and the availability of food become determiners of mood and morale and an obsession as Madeleine and Parisians struggled with the cold and as rationing became more severe and food became increasingly scarce and unaffordable. Madeleine’s diary shows the extent to which her daily life had to revolve around lack. The difficulty of coping

with the cold impacted on the routines and the rhythm of both day and night. Not only was the cold of winter miserable to endure, but the shortage of fuel often meant no light to read or to eat by and candles were almost impossible to find. She had to go to bed at nightfall wearing layers of ill-assorted garments, hats, blankets and stoles in order to keep warm. Sometimes, she was so desperate for warmth that she used the entire month's ration of electricity in a single night. On occasion she did not attend classes because the cold was such that she couldn't bear to get out of bed. Getting around Paris was fraught with difficulty. Fuel shortages meant public transport cuts and overcrowded underground and suburban trains. She often had to walk long distances across the city in the dark and the wet in wooden-soled shoes (there was no leather to be had, either).

The everyday struggle to survive the many hardships exacted a psychological toll on Parisians. Madeleine's diary gives us insight into the impact that the everyday grind had on the mental health of herself and others. Mental illness during the Occupation has been little written about, yet the first references to it appear in 1941 in Madeleine's diary, and her psychological fragility is echoed in other diaries and letters of the period. Pierre Laborie notes the fragility of fatigued French civilians in letters intercepted by the Vichy authorities. The struggle to negotiate material difficulties, financial hardship, separation from loved ones was wearing people down in both body and mind. By 1943, he writes that the atmosphere is 'heavy and anxious' and that people are 'disappointed, disillusioned, apathetic at the end of their tether and wanting peace at any price' (Laborie, 1990: 292–7). As early as the Phoney War, the fragile mental health of civilians in wartime had been identified. Gregory Thomas refers to the December 1939 meeting of the *Société medico-psychologique* where it was reported that cases of 'mania and melancholy' had increased over the period (Thomas, 2009: 74–75). By 1941, anxiety and depression, exacerbated in Madeleine's case by homesickness and loneliness, became a regular feature in her diary. Incidences of depression and bouts of anxiety were regularly noted down from 1941 onwards.⁴² In respect of physical health, malnutrition had brought about a public health crisis which imperilled people of all ages. Madeleine constantly yearned for the countryside and for her home and family in the UK – all the more so because prolonged mental and physical debilitation in Paris were causing people to die from conditions which were generally benign and treatable. The city was becoming a grim and unhealthy and dangerous environment where easily transmitted colds and 'flu could be lethal to a malnourished population. Tuberculosis was also rife in Paris because of poor public health. This scourge was still a major threat in the 1940s because the BCG antibiotic drug treatment was not yet widely available. Madeleine lived in constant fear

⁴² Madeleine's struggle with mental health is examined at length in Michallat's 2017 article, 'Mental Distress under Occupation: The Journal of Madeleine Blaess', *French Cultural Studies* 28 (2): 173–185.

of contracting it, which was understandable given that her cousin Yolande and Georges, the husband of Madeleine's best friend Dilys, both had it. George was so severely afflicted that he was dispatched to a sanatorium early on in the war.⁴³

This association of the urban with disease, death and deprivation causes Madeleine to turn her writing away from the bleakness of urban life and decor to lush and vibrant representations of the natural environment and countryside. Her entry for March 2 1941 is typical of this displacement. Objecting to Dilys's view that her consumptive husband Georges should remain in Paris, she ruefully notes, 'mind you, the air in Paris is hardly doctor's orders even without buses'. Madeleine then abandons grim descriptions of rationing for joyful evocations of a recent trip to the countryside. 'What a delight to be in the countryside once again. I lose contact with it living in the City which really upsets me. This year, for the first time in my life I did not "feel" Springtime.' The vitality of Madeleine's description of the countryside with which she ends her entry in March 2nd contrasts with the privation and disease that begin it: 'The fields are full of celandine, of speedwell, of chickweed. The juniper is going to flower. There are primroses everywhere. There are daffodils showing. What a sunny day with a mild breeze.'⁴⁴ It lifts Madeleine's spirits and inspires her to contemplate the future. 'Everyone was out in the fields turning the soil; the earth of France is so rich and so beautiful. I want to finish my degree this year (23 years old) and take my doctorate the year after (24 years old). Then, I will get married and stay in the countryside. I have had enough of Paris. If the war isn't over by then and if I have work I will try to live in the countryside anyway. Oh dear!⁴⁵

The climate, the weather, the seasons and the natural environment feature regularly in Madeleine's diary. Spring, especially, prompts vivid and joyful descriptions of the returning lushness of the trees and flowers in her favourite urban parks and gardens. Pastoral references, and particularly those related to the return of life in the Spring months, were subsumed into political rhetoric on both the side of the Resistance and the Vichy authorities with their irreconcilable common notion that spring represented national renewal and rejuvenation. Although Madeleine did not intend to convey a political message, it was certainly the case that there was an intensity – a collective rapture – about a season which marked the end of cold, dark winters.

For all this, though, 1941 is one of the most challenging and difficult years of the Occupation for Madeleine. She experiences severe material deprivation for the first time and begins a struggle with her mental health. At the same time, it is during 1941 that she begins to garner the experience and forge the resourcefulness which enable her to get through the subsequent years.

⁴³ See Jackson (2001), Vinen (2006) and Laborie (1990) and (2001) for general overview of the hardships of living conditions during the Occupation.

⁴⁴ March 2 1941.

⁴⁵ Ibid.

1941

Wednesday 1 January

Went to Villeparisis. Snow!!

Thursday 2 January

Here I am alone at last and here I am IN MY OWN HOME!!!!

I have been humming that since Saturday and since Saturday I've been wanting to write to you but it is virtually impossible because I haven't any electricity and only two candles. So, I go to bed early in the evening and in the morning I get up at day break. But what can I do!

The day before yesterday it poured down, Marcel came 'to help'. He was cold and so he put on my slippers, my dressing gown and his hat. He looked very handsome I can tell you. Yesterday, snow fell all day at Villeparisis and it was as deep as anything. Today, I have three millimetres, no, I am exaggerating, one millimetre at least of ice on the inside of the window panes! I am cold but I prefer to freeze and be in my own place. At around 5 o'clock I am going to go to Mrs Evans and stay for as long as I dare – it's just to keep warm and to be able to see. I would like to write more, much more but I have some notes to copy up for the exam. I've stained the floorboards walnut.

Brilliant!! Brilliant!! Voirin has just sent me two thousand francs. I'm saved!! No more potatoes in their jackets and bread for lunch and dinner and nothing else. Hooray!!⁴⁶

I've paid back Sylvia Beach her 1000 francs. Bought sausages. How extravagant!

⁴⁶ 'Hooray' written in English.

Friday 3 January

Sorbonne started up again. Electricity installed

Saturday 4 January

Victor Hugo was a liar when he said that he thought the Val-de-Grâce was horrible. Had he never seen the fabulous tints in the stone at sunrise and at sunset? Saw Gaël. A beautiful baby but with a few spots. Dilys is as skinny as anything. I really must study. All I want to do is housework. Isn't that strange. True though. I'm going to settle down to work anyway. It is snowing again.

Sunday 5 January

Have had a bad bout of depression since yesterday evening. Yesterday evening I was crying whilst I was eating. It was good to cry, tears falling into the soup or onto the jacket potatoes. Still felt terrible this morning and tonight. I can't get myself up before 10 in the morning, it is too cold. Then there's mass, queuing for carrots, lunch. I wrote New Year cards all afternoon when I have plenty of other things I'd be better off doing. But, I don't think that I have forgotten anyone. I should have gone to Cyla's yesterday but feeling too depressed I was worried about not being fun – and I think that she is attached to me because I don't ask her for free consultations and I am genuinely interested in her and in her work. Once, she never used to speak about the hospital, now she is more willing to tell me about the operations that have taken place – the day before yesterday there were two amputations and a stomach ulcer – there are lots of ulcers around at the moment. I would have liked to be a doctor. It is too late now, I am too old to be starting at 22½. If I can get my degree here and my doctorate then I will be happy – and if I qualify to teach in a French university . . .!!!! But, I don't want that because that will mean that the war will have lasted all that time. I want to get my degree this year, but everything is conspiring against me. Roll on the exam so I can soon be 'settling down'⁴⁷ to a normal routine. I keep having doubts all the time over the 'wisdom'⁴⁸ of taking on this apartment. I think that my big cold must have been the flu and that's why I am so depressed at the moment. It's ages since I've had such a long and acute period of depression and each time it is after illness or exhaustion. But fifteen months not seeing you – seven and a half months without any news. It is far too long. Do you remember how I couldn't bring myself to eat sugar? Now I can eat pure honey off the spoon without finding it too sweet!! I shouldn't open this pot. I should keep it for later because 'they' have told us that we will be eating what animals eat by

⁴⁷ 'settling down' written in English.

⁴⁸ 'wisdom' written in English.

March. It is starting to go that way. Ration cards for potatoes, rice, pulses, sugar, coffee, pasta, bread (even cakes), meat, butter (if one manages to find any), cheese, shoes. The only vegetable not included is swede and cauliflowers which are astronomically priced. Huge queues for carrots. The rue St Jacques is better for food than the Rue Mouffetard that everyone goes on about. I got some cold meat at lunchtime and I saw some cheese and some yoghurt that I'll buy when I have the money. I need to put the letters in envelopes and get studying – finally. God knows what I am going to do to keep warm. Yesterday evening I wrapped myself in a woollen blanket over my dressing gown with my pinny on my head to keep my head warm and even then I wasn't warm – because Georges hasn't yet fitted the socket in the ceiling so I've only got one socket so when I want light I can't have heat. I have the little fire bowl thing but it doesn't put out much heat. My feet are blocks of ice.

Monday 6 January

11 o'clock in the evening and – miracle, I haven't gone to bed – and that despite getting myself in bed at 8.30 pm nearly crying because of the cold. No, I still have no heat – I only have a scrap of a woollen from Madame Fastier on my head, two woollen jumpers, my dressing gown. I wrapped myself up in Dilys's big woollen bed cover and the eiderdown. I can make it through to about 2 o'clock in the morning like that but I will have to get up at 7 am tomorrow.

This morning – disgrace! I had my seminar paper to give at 9 am and I didn't get out of bed. It was too cold. It is snowing again now though so the temperature won't be so bad.

I had a letter from Voirin, full of moaning of course. I will reply tomorrow. I'll know better what to say once I have slept on it. There are sheets etc that Dad left. But how can I get them sent over?

Despite the dreadful expense I am going to start to have meals again at the student hostel. I need to eat well at least once a day. This morning, I felt dizzy and sick. I ate well at lunchtime and this evening too with the result that I am alert, happy and warm. I need to feel OK in order to study, to work and to deal with my money worries. Voirin says that he thinks that we'll have to leave Nancy. How awful but let's hope not – let's not go expecting that to happen.

Dropped by at Dilys's place. Gaël is pretty. "Auntie Madeleine" already loves this tiny little thing. She smiles but this afternoon she was crying, the poor thing. She has a very strong body but hardly any hips at all. She probably won't be able to have children.

I am making loads of plans for doing up my room which, in the main, consists in putting in as many shelves as I can (I can but dream) to put everything on. I'd like to have enough space for a beautiful big wardrobe, but alas, no way, the room is too small. I really need a single bed – this one takes up nearly all of the room and only leaves a little passage on the one side and in front of the window. I would like a bureau with drawers – it is so handy for tidying things

away and it wouldn't take up much more space than this table – I'd do better carrying on this dreaming in bed. I am practically falling asleep on the page.

Wednesday 8 January

Just dropping you a line to find some relief from Leroy's "The Knight Sir Thomas Browne", because my mind is beginning to wander. Yesterday I had class – I bought cod liver oil. I'm a good girl aren't I? But, God, how I hate it.

All the classes are disrupted because of the cold – the 9 and 10 o'clock classes will take place at lunchtime and the 11 o'clock classes at 1 pm. Can you imagine? What a mess up! We'd prefer to be cold and have classes at normal times than all this. Tomorrow I go without a break from midday to 5 o'clock!! So, I am going to have to have breakfast and lunch at 11 am. What a life! I'm doing my stomach no good at all already through not eating much let alone not eating regularly. I've bought some bread tickets for the refectory. I went today and I ate more in a single meal than I normally eat in an entire day. I'm going to do my best to go there as much as I can because with one good meal a day one can make do with whatever otherwise. Yesterday George came to fit the electricity socket – I am so happy to be able to study in the warm sat on the bed baking hot against the radiator. There is nothing worse than being cold. I would rather be warm and hungry than cold and not hungry. I know all about that. I feel a little happier today.

Got a letter from Zéau. Those kind folk are still upset that I couldn't get back home to you. They have been the first to reply to my New Year letters. Truth be told, I am not expecting any other replies, because I know how bad people are at writing. . . . Pierre and Félix are POWs. Pierre is a woodcutter in Germany, Félix is working on a farm in France. Thank God that they are not in the camps!! M and Mme Zéau, Yvonne and their two children, Laurence and the two little ones manage how they can at Lardy. I hope that M. Zéau will lend me his violin!!

I must write to Voirin. It is a letter I don't want to write because I need to ask for money up front. Counting the 60 francs for lessons I have just had, I have 88 francs to last me until when? And I owe 300 francs. I need to find some work. Given the disruption of classes the tutorships are not being offered – so that means bye bye to 60 francs a week!! This time I am really "up against it"⁴⁹ And what's more Miss B is talking about leaving for America. Mock is leaving and will take your address with him. Today it was sunny and tonight the wind is getting up which makes me happy. I start to think about flowers, about the pet bird I will get.

⁴⁹ "up against it" written in English.

Thursday 9 January

You'd never think that the days are getting longer – at 9 o'clock it is completely dark as if snow is on the way.

At 11 o'clock, we had a March sky. Pink and grey clouds racing over the soft blue. I had a hell of a battle getting off a layer of ice from the window to let the light and air through.

Wrote to Voirin. Praise the Lord! What a chore it is to have to ask for money. Twenty to midday – I really ought to get off to my lessons. I've eaten lots to enable me to 'last' until 6.

What a beautiful day, sunny. My bedroom is South South East facing and so I have the sun all morning until 12 noon, quarter past (so two hours, two and a quarter hours Europe time) and when the sun takes longer to move round I reckon that I will have it in the kitchen in the evening. Never in the bathroom because of the chimney that blocks it.

I heard an owl. Is it the one from the Luxembourg Gardens? Memories of the Captain.⁵⁰

Friday 10 January

Wonderfully sunny. Leant against my open window for a quarter of an hour enjoying the scenery and the Val-de-Grâce.

Card from Colette Brand – they are clearly delighted that I wrote to them. Letter from Madame Faure. So Madeleine Carroll's⁵¹ sister has been killed in a bombing. My only memory of her was of an overweight girl wearing too much make-up and who made a show of herself, with Gilberte, on the train to Whipsnade.

Change of date for the exams . . . but there won't be any exams. Vendryès announced it this morning.

He gave us some pamphlets that he had written. I was so proud. There is a 'new' young married man who seems really nice. We – and M. Lebel – are going to run the library together. Long conversation with M. Lebel about names of

⁵⁰ The owl reminds Madeleine of living in the Pension Les Marronniers opposite the Luxembourg gardens and of a naval captain she knew as the 'Commandant', who had rooms there.

⁵¹ Madeleine Carroll was a Hollywood actress born in West Bromwich, England. She is particularly famous for roles in several Hitchcock movies. She was half-French, had studied French at University and tutored French in Hove, East Sussex, whilst training to be an actress. Her sister Marguerite was killed in a bombing raid in London on October 7 1940. It is unclear where Madeleine met Marguerite, but it may have been through her sister's tutoring. See: <https://www.madeleinecarroll.com/biography/>

rivers. [. . .]. The Don, the Danube, the Dneiper – connection with the Danaïdes – Denmark and the Danaï (Greeks) as seafaring people. Very interesting it was. Oh I so love studying. I do want to get married but I would rather be a spinster than give up my studies. I must organise my days well because I'll need to do – degree, Anglo-Saxon, thesis, Welsh, the Celtic library and housework. I also need to earn a living giving lessons etc. The only way is to get myself up earlier. 9 o'clock isn't early enough but given that it is even colder and darker (they say that the days are getting shorter!!!). When the days get longer that will be better because then I will get up at daybreak provided I go to bed at 10 pm. That will save on electricity. I wonder whether the winter meridian is the same as the summer meridian because it seems that the sun lasts longer in my bedroom than I thought it would. 2 hours 25 minutes already!! I have to run to class. It's funny – I write lots on days when there isn't much happening but on days when there is lots to say I say nothing. December 5th is one example. It is true that it is better to keep quiet about political events. God, I write badly! A few writing lessons wouldn't do me any harm. Mind you, writing on my knees doesn't help!

Sunday 12 January

Yesterday Dilys was really poorly. She has an abscess on her breast and had an injection that caused such a reaction that I was asked to stay and look after her. – I stayed until half past seven. But, what a day!! Because of all the changes to the timetable no one knew whether the lesson would take place at 11 am, midday or at one in the afternoon. They took place at one but I was there at each of the times. Then, between times I was running around for milk for Dilys. The lessons lasted until three o'clock then I went to eat lunch at Dily's place – potatoes, chicken, honey.

Today I got up late at around 9 o'clock and I missed mass. Bought a puff pastry to take to Dédé's. Trying to decide whether or not to buy tobacco for Dédé as well as for Grandad. The thing is, I only have 14 francs to last me eleven days – and with the cost of getting there, tobacco etc I'd only be left with 8 francs.

I feel so down. I cried this morning. I so want to see you after having dreamt of you all night. I nearly burst into tears in the street so I bought myself a mimosa to console me. I know it's terribly extravagant but I am so low. It's the lack of food and news and being so far away from you.

Went to St Denis. They couldn't have been nicer to me. I stayed to dinner even though I didn't want to – they don't skimp on food there I can tell you. René is still away. He went to Brest and was there when it was bombed so heavily. He is a handsome young man and Colette is pretty. It's like living in the eaves at their place. I know that they would have never invited me if they hadn't known I had my own place because they sense and get upset by Aunt's contemptuous attitude. I think all this snobbery is stupid. Their home is full of colour; quite bohemian and I really like bohemian buildings. That's what I don't like about this room, a/ It has no character b/there is not enough wall to put the bedstead against.

Grandfather has been very ill. He says that when they sounded his chest they didn't find a heartbeat. That doesn't surprise me (apologies for the cattiness,⁵² but he is a stranger to me. He is a very intelligent chap but so, so arrogant. He claimed that the Larousse was wrong – he forgets that at his age his memory might not be able to recall such and such a principle in Physics). Dédé is in better health. He made a little electric stove which he gave to me as a present. The intensity of the love Aunt Marie bathes him in, brings out all her qualities in him. He is a handsome lad now and he has practically stopped trembling.

The Germans at St Denis are not as well disciplined as those in Paris. I can see why Dédé and Aunt Marie wanted to go with me to the station on the way back. Worked on notes until Monday at 4 am.

Monday 13 January

Depressed. 3 francs 90 left in my pocket. Mlle Martin didn't come for her lesson. Cyla came. Went for dinner at her place. She's a great kid. She lifted my depression. Chatted for two hours about my thesis to the young man with whom I am going to do the cataloguing of the Celtic collection. James Joyce died on Saturday (11th) at Geneva. What a blow for Miss Beach. I am becoming so very *parisienne* (nosey parker). I stayed for half an hour in the cold watching the fire brigade take down enormous icicles coming off a leaking gutter. Went to see Vendryès. What a fine chap. He offered me money. I didn't turn my nose up at it. I will have it on Monday.

Friday 17 January

Voirin sent 1000 francs.

Saturday 18 January

Joined Madame Monnier's⁵³ library.

⁵² 'cattiness' written in English.

⁵³ Adrienne Monnier (1892–1955) was Sylvia Beach's life partner. She, like Beach, was also a bookseller and ran La Maison des amis des livres opposite Beach's Shakespeare & Co at 7 rue de l'Odéon in the 6th arrondissement. When Beach's bookshop closed in 1941, much of Beach's stock was transferred to Monnier's bookshop and it continued to be loaned out. There are inventories of the stock transferred from Beach to Monnier in the Maurice Sallet archives held in the Carlton Lake Collection at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, Texas, United States.

Monday 20 January

Dédé came to put up some shelves.

Thursday 22 January

First lesson at the Vignet's (got paid)

Sunday 26 January

Went to Villeparisis.

Thursday 30 January

Lesson with Vignet. Got a card from Mother Ambroise.

Sunday 2 February

Went to a Chinese restaurant with Yolande. Then the cinema 'L'Héritier de mon désir'. Had dinner at Aunt's. Started with a cold.

Tuesday 4 February

As sick as a dog.

Wednesday 5 February

Cyla came over. Snowed.

Thursday 6 February

English literature exam. "The Power of the Imagination in Coleridge". 8.30 am–1.30 pm. Didn't have lunch. Lesson with Vignet. Went to the Red Cross. Snowed.

Friday 7 February

Went to see Berthe at Hôpital Necker. Snowed.

Saturday 8 February

Went to see Berthe at Hôpital Necker. Snowed. Colette came to dinner and to sleep over. Went to see 'Angèle'⁵⁴ at the cinema.

⁵⁴ Angèle (1934) was a comedy film directed by Marcel Pagnol starring the actor Fernandel.

Sunday 9 February

Went to Dédé's for the day. Went to see 'L'Intrigante'.

Monday 10 February

Met Andrée (the nurse who lives at number 3). I already know Madeleine (number 4). Their water is frozen up. They are coming to mine for it.

Tuesday 11 February

We can only have 150 grams of butter a month and 30 grams of margarine. 100 grams of cooking oil. Allowed through to the oral exam.

Thursday 13 February

Went to Gardiner's.⁵⁵ Asked for a job. Interview with a Scotsman. Got the job. 14 February will be the first lesson.

Saturday 15 February

Went to Dilys's.

Sunday 16 February

Studied at home.

Tuesday 18 February

Oral. Cazamian⁵⁶ was sweet. Delattre⁵⁷ was dreadful. Passed.

Wednesday 19 February

Visited St Séverin and St Julien le Pauvre (Orthodox Greek rite) with Paulette Trois-Gros. Hail. Received letter from Aunt with a letter from Dorothy Clarke enclosed.

⁵⁵ Gardiners was a private language school. Madeleine tutored English there.

⁵⁶ Louis Cazamian (1877–1965) was a professor of English literature at the Sorbonne.

⁵⁷ Floris Delattre (1880–1950) was a professor of English Civilisation at the Sorbonne, a poet and a writer.

Thursday 20 February

Lesson with Vignet (5 to pay for). Red Cross. Went to Lloyds Bank but my account is frozen.

Saturday 22 February

Michael took me to the cinema. "If you love me". He bought cakes and chocolate. I can't stand him. Godfather's birthday.

Sunday 23 February

Went to Villeparisis.

Monday 24 February

Snow. Did washing.

Tuesday 25 February

Read "Sido" by Colette.⁵⁸ Very good. It reminds me of mum. Read "Enchanter's Nightshade"⁵⁹. Bought full cream milk (half a litre).

Wednesday 26 February

Did washing. Sunshine. Michael confessed his love to me and asked me to marry him. I laughed in his face. He 'will wait for me'. Tut, tut. An eternal and undying love, etc etc. Wants me to allow him to love me at least. To have pity, etc etc. I think Michael is a complete idiot. I will have to draw up a timetable to make sure that I don't waste time. Went to see Babicka.⁶⁰ What a great girl.

Thursday 27 February

Mlle Vignet wasn't there so couldn't give the lesson. Went to hairdressers.

⁵⁸ Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette (1873–1954) was French novelist. *Sido*, based on her childhood and reminiscences about her mother was published in 1929.

⁵⁹ Ann Bridge's novel *Enchanter's Nightshade* was published in 1937.

⁶⁰ Cyla Babicka.

Friday 28 February

Michael declared his love for me once again and asked again for my hand in marriage. What an imbecile. Vendryès was very kind. He wants to look after me. Was paid 68 francs by the Ecole Gardiner today. That will have to do me the week. Read “Claudine à l'école” (Colette). I didn't like it. Read “The First Wife & Other Stories” (Pearl Buck). Good.

Saturday 1 March

Did the housework. Letter from Odette and from Granny. Saw Jacqueline Eichhorn. Went to Confession. Went to the baptism reception for Andrée – prior to which I did a tour of all the dairy shops to get some milk for his cream and his Béchamel sauce.

Menu: Excellent soup (green bits in it and cheese)

Rillettes⁶¹ on melba toast
 Vol-au-vent with Béchamel sauce.
 Chocolate cream (chocolate was my contribution)
 Bordeaux, from Madeleine (number 4)
 Tea and Vermouth from me.
 Music via the radio from Madeleine (number 4)

We had some laughs and good conversation. Went to bed at 1 am.

Sunday 2 March

Made a casserole (not bad, I like cooking and should find the time to make little dishes because if I do so at the moment it is at the expense of the housework). Met Dilys. She was in tears. She has just got over the ‘flu. Georges has TB!! The left lung is badly affected and nothing can be done about that but they hope to be able to save the right one by draining it. She is really upset. It is very sad. She's upset about money too but he will be paid for 5 months so she can stop worrying about that. She'd like to move to a little house that is for rent on the rue du Val-de-Grâce. She thinks that once Georges is there he won't need to go to the sanatorium nor to the countryside – mind you, the air in Paris is hardly doctor's orders even without buses. I'm so sad for Georges.

Mass.

I've been silly. Bought cake and cyclamen. I know it is stupid but it is the last day for cakes and given that it could be years until I see one again – it might not come to that – I thought I'd go out with a bang! It wasn't bad.

⁶¹ Rillettes are a type of potted meat; a cross between paté and meat dripping.

Will there be more restrictions. Already, we have:

Very little butter, 200 grams of cheese a month, 300 grams of bread a day (but soon to be 250 grams), 500 g of vegetables a month, 360 grams of meat a week, 1 kg of potatoes a month, 1 bar of soap (regulation soap) and 200g soap flakes per month. No cakes or confectionary. Not allowed to buy shoes, slippers, clothes (over and under garments), cloth, woolies, bed linen, curtains etc without a voucher. Silk and rayon can be bought without a ticket.

Went to Massy-Verrières to see Paulette Trois-Gros. What a delight to be in the countryside once again. I lose contact with it living in the City which really upsets me. This year, for the first time in my life I did not “feel” Springtime. The fields are full of celandine, of speedwell, of chickweed. The juniper is going to flower. There are primroses everywhere. There are daffodils showing. What a sunny day with a mild breeze. Everyone was out in the fields turning the soil; the earth of France is so rich and so beautiful. I want to finish my degree this year (23 years old) and take my doctorate the year after (24 years old). Then, I will get married and stay in the countryside. I have had enough of Paris. If the war isn't over by then and if I have work I will try to live in the countryside anyway. Oh dear!⁶² Went for a walk down the Avenue des Cambacérès and through the park and the woods behind. If I had money I would buy myself something at Verrières – some land or a house. It is an area which I like enormously. The Trois-Gros are very nice. She speaks slowly and softly. He loves taking photographs.

9 chickens hatched today, Brought back a bunch of primroses. Going to go to bed because tomorrow – Oh for resolutions – I am going to get up early etc.

The brook that passes under the viaduct next to the field where the ‘Man with the Old Horse’ worked is the Bièvre which flows from the Seine!

My primroses are in a mustard pot. I daren't take them out of the kitchen. They look so pretty against the white tiling with the green edge – I am going to open the windows for them so that they don't suffocate during the night. My cyclamen isn't going to last. It was madness buying it. A bud showed a petal – tomorrow it will be in full flower. I would have been better buying a hyacinth. Michael is an ass. He wants to give me money, a coat, buy me a house in the country and all sorts but the imbecile can't even manage to buy me a bunch of violets. Here's hoping that his love sickness abates so as not to have him hanging around me with his teary fried fish eyes begging for me to give him an afternoon – a few hours – and to have pity on him. Poo!

If I only knew if the war is going to last for a long time or not – I would be able to settle down. But I will not stay here. As soon as I get regular work I will move out for something bigger and in the countryside if poss. I am building my house in my head.

⁶² ‘Oh dear’ written in English.

It is over with Michael. Thank God!⁶³

6 March St Colette ⁶⁴

But sent nothing because I have no money.⁶⁵

Friday 7 March

Got news via the Red Cross from Mum!

Thursday 13 March

Went to Aunt's to see Berthe. Slept over.

Sunday 16 March

Went to Villeparisis. Went to St Julien-le-Pauvre for the Greek orthodox service. Colette slept over Saturday night.

Tuesday 18 March

Jacqueline Martin's last lesson with me. She is leaving clandestinely to get back with the one she loves – if she can't marry him then she is going to go to Algeria to be a doctor in the colonies. She will be 21 next month. I could never leave like her.

Saw Madeleine Lavelle's study room on the 8th floor with a balcony. It is exactly what I would have preferred instead of this place. If this big push results in nothing on either side then I will be looking for a place I like where I can settle because it will mean that the war is going to drag on – unless I manage to get home. For now, I have to work – I am 26 hours behind on my schedule so I won't be going to the hospital tomorrow. I will go Tuesday so I can have the whole day with my head down if I have to.

Georges has TB. Yolande has found out that she has it too. She was a bridesmaid at Roche's son's wedding. The white velvet dress suited her but was one for the day after a wedding. It wasn't the right outfit.

⁶³ 'Thank God' written in English.

⁶⁴ Saints day. Madeleine sent presents to friends and relatives on their saint's day. Colette was a cousin.

⁶⁵ Opposite this reference in the margin, Madeleine has added in brackets: '(Don't forget. [. . .] Quarteron, to write to Granny, also'. The 'also' refers to St Colette day, 6th March.

PS: Must write to Roche to give permission to take trees down.

Note. Write more often. I can't get back the time that passes by but I will be happy to recall later what I am feeling now.

.....goggling voiceless o's.....beautiful phrase, really expressive and the only thing that was good about "Tobit Transplanted" – other than – but she wasn't that good – the cold little Russian woman – she is like me. Like there is some of me in Philip Quarles in "Point Counterpoint" (Aldous Huxley).⁶⁶ I am too much of a loner. I am afraid of people.

Cyla is a great girl – helped me to put the mirror up; I could have done it on my own but she didn't think I could – going to have dinner over at her place tomorrow – great – super friend. Her and Margaret – but so different from each other. I must see Dilys, only I neither have the time or the desire to. It is fine and warm. I can hardly believe it. Jacqueline M – will she be happy? It's mad to leave like that; she has enough money for 10 months (10,000 francs?). I should have told her to stay but what would I have said? She would not have listened. I do so hope that she will be happy.

Better not show this book to my parents, perhaps I could to Mum if she wants to see it – if I had a room with a balcony I could have an animal or something. I've always wanted one. Perhaps that'll come. If there's no result in June I will look for something like that – easy if I have work. But, Lord – I so want to be back there. I am losing contact, I so want to get back. If only I hadn't destroyed Mum's letters; but during the *exode*⁶⁷ it was impossible to keep them, especially with Aunt Violette who would have read them. Unexpected reconciliation. She must feel better.

I've had enough of working and enough of the family. Dédé is pestering me – nice enough but I don't want to get tangled up with family. I don't like Colette just turning up to stay the night. It'll be easier when I've just got a sofa bed. It's not good for a kid to spend the night away from home like that. She sees too many films, bad for her but she is spoiled. When she is around I can't even do the cooking or anything else for that matter.

I am restless like a caged animal. Ooh, I am sleepy. 8 hours sleep. 8 hours work. It doesn't work out.⁶⁸ Sleep, no fun and little work. I don't stop and I don't have a minute to myself. Should read less. Lightheaded. Sleep.

⁶⁶ Aldous Huxley misspelt in the manuscript.

⁶⁷ The *exode* was the panicked flight of Parisians from Paris towards the south of the country in June 1940.

⁶⁸ 'Doesn't work out' written in English.

Wednesday 19 March

Did my 8 hours of work. . . . marvellous. But I didn't go to Tenon for my eye – I really need to summon up some courage. Swapped book at Sylvia's. No news about Ruth. They have been punished, apparently. I really need to write to her. Had dinner at Cyla's – great girl but I get the feeling that she wants to know what I am prepared to do⁶⁹ – it's annoying. I won't go there as often. Does race depend on ancestry – Damn, not French. Not good. Can't do anything about it. The Celts always built on hills, Romans in the valleys – I have always wanted a house on the top of a hill but now I do not know what I want.

Beautiful sunny day and warm too but there is a haze over Paris. Loads of planes prowling around in the night. One had its lights on red; a searchlight. When I was coming back midnight was ringing out from the churches. I should be careful because one of these nights I am going to get myself picked up by a patrol. I'd hardly been home when I heard vehicles go by. Luckily I was no longer in the street.

NB: Go tomorrow – or rather this morning to look up⁷⁰ J. Chamberlain in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Perhaps also go to the Institut Britannique. Start to return Miss Longhurst's⁷¹ things.

Thursday 20 March

Middle of Lent – and I hadn't even noticed. At Neuilly a few chestnut trees are starting to come into leaf. Plum trees are flowering. Red Cross.

Friday 21 March

Returned things to Miss Longhurst – except 2 sheets and one pillow case and a counterpane which are at the laundry.

Saturday 22 March

Went to see the Semaille⁷² family. Did nothing.

Sunday 23 March

Mass. Went to St Denis. Saw the bedroom in the new apartment. Did nothing. Chatted to Madeleine and Andrée.

⁶⁹ This may be a reference to Resistance activity.

⁷⁰ 'to look up' written in English in the diary.

⁷¹ Miss Longhurst owned the flat at the rue Rollin which Madeleine shared with Ruth Camp in the autumn of 1940.

⁷² Family of Jean Semaille, who Madeleine was seeing at the time.

Monday 24 March

Wrote to Godfather and to Granny. Sent off permission for Roche to do some work on the land. Notice on the door of a tenant on the 7th floor: 'Knock very loudly and be very patient'.

Wednesday 26 March

Went to see Cyla. Returned double bed. The bed from next door.

Thursday 27 March

Went to see about another bed because Voirin can no longer send money.

Sunday 30 March

Went to Villeparisis. Wedding René Roche.

Monday 31 March

Snow.

Thursday 3 April

Get together at mine with Andrée and Madeleine. Singing.

Friday 4 April

Letter from Mum – took 5 months to get here.

Saturday 5 April

Holidays

Sunday 6 April

Went to Aunt's. Saw the 'Folle Etudiante' (Jenny Jugo)⁷³

I am losing track of dates, I should write them as I go along.

⁷³ This was a German-produced film which was first shown in France in January 1941.

Wednesday 9 April

Went to Cyla's. Wrote to Mum.

Friday 11 April

Aunt Violette's birthday

Saturday 12 April

Did shopping for Easter. Train ride to St Germain. 4 and a quarter hours on the footboard. Went through Poissy. The trees were pretty, all pink and white. Orgeval not in bloom. Went up to the Mill. Had dinner. Lost 100 francs.

Sunday 13 April

Easter day. Got up early. Had lunch at Mrs Fastier's. Pretty little cats. Went up to the Mill. Sang and danced. Took photos and had dinner.

Monday 14 April

Got up late. Little orphans came. Yolande announced that Jacques is going to get married in June (what a blow for her and Aunt). Announced also that she has something going on with Captain Magnier (she wants there to be more like). Moaned on to Madame Fastier just like she did to me when I was little. She has not changed and I admire her. Went up to the Mill. Got the train back. The lilies are starting to bud. Carpets of anemones. Feel all at sea in this milieu. Nasty carrying on and no shared interests. Would have preferred to go on solitary walks in the woods. Madame Fastier is a lovely woman. Slept over at Aunt's.

Tuesday 15 April

Paid for [. . .]. Gone up. Warm. Brilliant sunshine. Making the bed cover into a bed sheet. I must do 8 hours work a day. If I don't, then it is simply because I am lazy. Found some cress for 2 francs. Found the 50 francs that I was looking for three weeks ago. I hope that I'll find the 100 francs.

Wednesday 16 April

Sewed the sheet. Went to Gardiner's. Went to Cyla's.

Thursday 17 April

Sewed the sheet. Went to Monsieur Posniak's to give English lesson. He claims that he is Russian. Dull and uninteresting decor imitating luxury. His face isn't pitted by smallpox like I first thought but covered with red blemishes. On the way back from Posniak saw Michael and walked some of the way with him. I can't stand him.

Friday 18 April

Sewed the sheet. Gardiner's. Paid for the week. Thank God.

Saturday 19 April

Saw Dilys and Jacqueline. Was invited by Madeleine Lavelle to meet her niece. Not going, too shy.⁷⁴ Finished sheet. Went to Cyla's. Motus, 'Curlylocks' and Zorchka were there. Went to confession.

Sunday 20 April

Communion. Mass. Villeparisis. Had lunch at Roche's. We were sat at the table from midday until 7 o'clock in the evening. Phew! He's a little man who made us laugh. Small, funny face. Professionally "comic".⁷⁵ He must have an inferiority complex. Monsieur Roche "in his cups". Fantastic scenery. Apple trees, Pear trees, peaches, crab apple trees all in flower. Aunt gave me 3 eggs and 50 francs as an Easter present for me to buy a stole with. Aunt gave me a message from Mum from the English Red Cross and St John. It had been sent at the beginning of March. The message said: Quin, Aunt Margaret, friends, us, Gyp, well. Hoping Malzey can give helping hand. Is Yo with you? Keep smiling. Mummy.⁷⁶

Monday 21 April

Courses started again. Worked for 6 hours. Gardiner's.

Tuesday 22 April

Lesson with André and Mme Chevalier. Posniak. Warm. My foot hurts. Took shoes for repair. Worked 4 and a half hours. Went to Sonia's to eat chicken.

⁷⁴ 'too shy' written in English.

⁷⁵ 'Professionally "comic"' written in English.

⁷⁶ The entire message was written in English and transcribed by Madeleine.

There was Sonia, Rudi, Irma (painter), her sister, her brother, Gisèle, Guta, Laschmann, Lola, me. Lola is pretty, full of beans and ‘joie de vivre.’ talked about bullfighting with enthusiasm and passion. Not at all “self-conscious”.⁷⁷ Pretty black hair with a pretty shell comb in the shape of scallop behind her ear. Sang some boleros. Michael at midday. Pah!

Wednesday 23 April

Wrote to Voirin, Marie-Thérèse, Madame Déchlette, Dédé. Queued for 1½ hours for 3 eggs. Did some intensive reading. Sonia suggested that I make some cut backs to get me through the summer because, so it seems, there will not be any tuition to be had. I hope that I’ll still have Gardiner’s, Andrée and Posniak; but it would be good if I could put 2000 francs to one side just in case I have nothing for four months – and what about October’s rent? Oh so what. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof⁷⁸ and I may well get some lessons. Now I have to go for an outing with Dilys which I couldn’t care less about. Went to the shops. Dilys is such a bore to go out with. Gardiner’s.

Thursday 24 April

Went to Tenon for my eye. Dunkovitch is a great fellow. But Roche is better. The hospital has a sinister appearance. It reminds me of the ‘Grand Guignol’. Inside, it is quick and efficient.⁷⁹ The boss, Bollach, makes the diagnosis. He’s a great fellow. He looks like the Captain. I always have a bit of a weakness for men who look like the Captain. Sty painful swelling. Cocaine drops in the eye. Took off sty. Cauterised. Steeled myself for the worst which didn’t come. Injections – more cauterising. Not too bad but I played it up. Shaking like a leaf not from the pain but from getting so worked up. Got bandaging over the eye. Sinister. Makes me think of Captain Hook and of the boss of the café in “J’attendrais”. It feels strange only having one eye; I have the feeling that I am walking like a crab. ¾ of the world no longer exists to me; I am tripping around. I go off to the side when I try to pick up things. Pitying expressions, worried expressions on every friend’s face; first of all it was funny now it is just annoying. I am having a lie down for 2 hours. Had a lesson with Posniak (suitably impressed).⁸⁰

⁷⁷ ‘self-conscious’ written in English.

⁷⁸ In French, Madeleine writes: ‘à chaque jour suffit sa peine.’ It is a citation from the Christian bible, Book of Matthew.

⁷⁹ ‘quick and efficient’ written in English.

⁸⁰ ‘suitably impressed’ written in English.

Friday 25 April

Woke up early to prepare Welsh. Put patch back on. Welsh etc. SB gives me new address for English. Too many compliments. Detestable. Ruth getting out soon? Deep down I'm not pleased because of Cyla which is unfair and bad of me. Rationally I hope that Ruth gets out quickly. The problem is my affection for Cyla – it shouldn't make me jealous. Cyla probably considers me just like another friend and does not share the deep attachment that I have for her. It's stupid. I dare not go to her place without having been expressly invited – otherwise I would be there every evening. Gardiner's.

Saturday 26 April

Went to the Hospital Tenon without a dressing. Ointment. Sick with fright on the métro. Very calm at the hospital. I'll have to have an operation on 7 May – I've been written in on the big board. The boss is probably going to do it. On the way back I was accosted by a German in plain clothes who could speak only German. "The way to the Gare de L'Est?" Like a mug, I was obliging . . . ended up with an invite for coffee. "Nein, danke schön". When I go out, I'm thinking that I'm quite nice looking. Went to the shops in the afternoon to buy scarf with the 50 francs from Aunt. Letter to Voirin. I am sure he is doing me out of money. Should I get all the linen sent over? Went to bed early at 10 pm.

Sunday 27 April

Queued for an hour for 90 grams of mutton chops. Cold. Letter arrived asking for English lessons. Did SB or F recommend me? Great. Cold. Didn't go to mass.

Wednesday 7 May

Operated on for the second time at Tenon. Awful. Bled non-stop because the thermometer had dipped. The operation was pretty brutal. Ruth Camp came back from the camp.

Thursday 8 May

Went back to Tenon. I'll have to wear glasses all the time.

Friday 9 May

Found out about Ruth's return. Too worked up to be able to write. Typed thesis for Rudi for the 20th May.

Saturday 10 May

Gave a lesson to Miss Le Hartel. Colette came over. This child just does what she likes. Went to see “La Tour de Nesle”.⁸¹ Got rid of her the next day so that I could . . .

Sunday 11 May

. . . type. Phoned her mother who didn't know that Colette had spent the night at mine!

Monday 12 May

Typed, lessons, typed, Gardiner's. Typed from Monday at 11.15 at night through to Tuesday 13 March . . .

Tuesday 13 May

. . . five o'clock in the afternoon without stopping other than 4 times for half an hour in order to eat. Went to Posniak's. Came back. Typed for an hour to finish it up. Thank God.⁸² I am absolutely shattered. Rudi came over. We discussed domestic politics.⁸³

Saturday 17 May

Ruth came to see me. Took me to a semi-vegetarian restaurant. She had a terrible time. But she is not bitter as Dilys led me to believe. I think that Dilys only likes her friends for their usefulness to her. I'm all mixed up with my dates – no, perhaps I'm not (today is the 2nd June and I have not touched my diary since 27 April).⁸⁴

Saturday 24 May

Went to get shoes with Sonia.

⁸¹ The play written by Alexandre Dumas.

⁸² ‘Thank God’ written in English.

⁸³ Given that Rudi and Sonia are, we learn later, actively being sought by the Germans, it may mean Resistance activity. Madeleine has a number of contacts in the Resistance. Some of them like H el ene Barland and Georges Auclair are key figures but she never explicitly links them to Resistance activities.

⁸⁴ This discrepancy between the date in the diary and the date Madeleine says she is writing might suggest that she is writing up notes into neat here.

Sunday 25 May

Went to Villeparisis. Rain. Played little horses.⁸⁵ Maurice Roche only made a brief appearance because he had asked Yolande to marry him and had been turned down. I am wondering when Jacques Lefebvre is getting married and whether Yolande and Aunt will be invited. What a blow for Aunt Violette. Brought back white lilac and lilies.

Monday 26 May

Went to see Dilys. Wanted to stay 3 minutes just to find out about her mother who has been really ill – ended up staying 3 hours. Gaël is adorable. Georges is in Brives. He may not be able to work again. I am dead tired after the thesis typing.

Tuesday 27 May

Posniak. Lesson.

Wednesday 28 May

Lesson with Delavigne. I refuse to have the lessons in twos to split the cost. Miza.

Thursday 29 May

Lesson with Posniak. Went to the Red Cross. Lesson with Simone le Hartel.

Friday 30 May

Nothing special.

Saturday 31 May

Starting to wake up. Lesson with Delavigne.

Sunday 1 June

Pentecost. This is the second Sunday running that I haven't been to Mass. The shame of it. Spent 32 francs on a cake. 12 francs for tobacco. Gave Colette

⁸⁵ A French board game similar to Ludo.

9 francs = 52 francs.⁸⁶ That's a lot for a single day. Went to St Denis. Grandfather is feeling his years – walking with a stick. What a mad house!! Dédé and Marie were nice but the kids are spoilt and at that difficult age. Went to the garden. Dédé is loving setting about it. Spoke with an anti-English plane mechanic chap. Nice looking. His ideas are shared by a good majority. The rest of the population is fiercely pro-A,⁸⁷ because they don't like the G.⁸⁸ I fear for my folks given the success of the parachutists in Crete.⁸⁹ Colette supposedly went to the cinema but came back sunburnt. Aunt was furious. Colette confided in me that she had been boating on Lac Enghien⁹⁰ with a girlfriend and the brother and friend of the girlfriend. Wants me to cover for her by saying that she went to the cinema. Good Lord, at 14 years old!! I don't approve but it is not my place to preach at her. Aunt Marie wants her to take up an apprenticeship to be a sales assistant. Colette wants to come to see me. May the good Lord spare me from her visits! Dédé's nickname – the fruitcake. How awful. I thought that all that was done with. I put on my beautiful blue silk dress. Felt good.

Monday 2 June

Monday of Pentecost. Washed my hair. Not as warm as yesterday but it is drying well nonetheless. Exams on the 16th and 20th of June. When are the Orals? I'm going to have to swot up.

Saturday 7 June

Sing-song⁹¹ over at Dilys's.

Sunday 8 June

Aunts. Saw "Cora Terry"⁹² Good. Also parachutists in Crete. Hell!⁹³

⁸⁶ A rare adding-up error.

⁸⁷ Allies.

⁸⁸ Germans.

⁸⁹ The German invasion of Crete between 20th May and 1 June 1941 was principally an airborne operation involving the parachuting in of troops. Madeleine fears that the same strategy may be repeated in England.

⁹⁰ Lake and beauty spot in the northern suburbs of Paris.

⁹¹ 'Sing-song' written in English.

⁹² German film 'Kora Terry' released in November 1940 directed by Georg Jacoby.

⁹³ This sentence – 'Also parachutists in Crete. Hell!' – is one of the rare sentences written in English in the diary.

Sunday 15 June

Villeparisis. Saw Deschamps. Note from Marie-Thérèse.

Monday 16 June

7.30–11.30 Philology (translation).⁹⁴ Foul.⁹⁵ Hot.

Thursday 19 June

Dying in the heat. Not a single vegetable left in Paris.

Friday 20 June

7.30–11.30. Etudes Pratiques (translation into French).⁹⁶ Foul.

Saturday 21 June

The heat is killing me. Nudity at home. Confession. Went to Dilys's place. Went to the Closerie des Lilas⁹⁷ with the 2 Jacquelines, Dilys and Gaël.

Sunday 22 June

Mass. No vegetables. Nudity. Went to See Dilys and Anka (me the proof-reader). War between Russia and Germany. Will I never see my parents again then? I hope to get a letter. 9 pm was at Dilys's. Closerie des Lilas Luxembourg. Breeze. Saw Cyla.

Monday 23 June

Wrote to Aunt Violette and Marie-Thérèse. Breeze.

Tuesday 24 June

Cooler. Message from Mummy written in April: 'Was glad to get your news. Carry on the way you are and don't worry. Everything is fine. Can Uncle Voirin help? Love to all. Mummy'. Last lesson with Posniak.

⁹⁴ In the manuscript this is 'thème' which means translation into the foreign language. It is not clear which foreign language this is.

⁹⁵ The word 'foul' written in English here and in the entry of 20 June.

⁹⁶ In the manuscript this is 'version' – translation into the mother tongue. Here this would be French.

⁹⁷ Café-bar situated at 171 Boulevard du Montparnasse. La Closerie des lilas was a popular meeting place for writers and artists.

Wednesday 25 June

Huge storm. Replied to Mum's message.

Sunday 29 June

Went out with Dilys. Mass. Saw Cyla at the Closerie (Cyla jealous that I was with Dilys).

Wednesday 2 July

Went to Cyla's. Ruth was there.

Thursday 3 July

Mlle Le Hartel told me about a job.

Friday 4 July

Results. Philology 13. Etudes Pratiques 12½.

Saturday 5 July

Knocked out.⁹⁸ Starting with a migraine. Went to see Dilys.

Sunday 6 July

Mass. Went out with Dilys to see "Ariane jeune fille russe"⁹⁹ but there was a power cut. I got home to find Sonia G in a state pursued by G.¹⁰⁰ Ruth came to get food supplies.

Monday 7 July

Orals for 'Etudes pratiques' with Simon (Compare and contrast the universities of Oxford and London, but I've substituted Leeds for London). Am mad. Met Jean Peignot.

⁹⁸ 'Knocked out' written in English.

⁹⁹ *Ariane jeune fille russe* (1931) was a French-German film production starring French film actress Gaby Morlay (1893–1964).

¹⁰⁰ G means Germans here – possibly Gestapo.

Tuesday 8 July

Bought a hat. Went for an interview with Monsieur du Retail.¹⁰¹ Went to St Denis to take back the shopping bags to Dédé so that he doesn't come when Sonia is here. Bought "Werther" for the German exam.

Wednesday 9 July

German exam with Jolivet. It was OK. Interview rue Henner. Saw Jolivet. "Not brilliant mademoiselle but given the general uselessness . . ." Looking pretty in blue silk dress and hat. Had *soirée* at André's.

Thursday 10 July

Letter via the Red Cross from Mummy. "Received the news about the exam. Well done. Here, everything is fine. Tony now has a little sister called Anne. Chickens for Jeanne. Toutou is still being wicked. Mummy. [. . .] "But why was it addressed to rue Rollin? Went to look after Mrs Evans. Dil. told me the risks I am taking for S. Went to Vendryès. Went to Mlle Le Hartel who says that same as Dil. I am beside myself with fright. I told S to go. S. was not happy.

Friday 11 July

S. leaves. Nicodème¹⁰² has arrived. Went to Dil's. I am so relieved. Spent the afternoon and the evening at André's who has rheumatic pain in her ankles. Got a letter from Aunt.

Saturday 12 July

Went to the convent for notes. Sat in the Luxembourg Gardens to admire the green of the lawns and deep greens of the trees. Watched a snail leaving a trail like a tractor in the dust. Lost lace gloves. Slept in the afternoon. Met up with Jean in the evening. Amazing storm. Went to St Cloud. Had dinner on the terrace looking out over the Seine. Walked around St Cloud. Flirted a bit.

¹⁰¹ This was an interview with Armand Boutellier du Retail (1882–1943), curator and director of the Centre de Documentation at the Bibliothèque nationale (BN) where Madeleine was applying for work. See the bibliographic entry on the BN's catalogue:
http://data.bnf.fr/12329432/armand_boutillier_du_retail/

¹⁰² Nicodème is a code word Madeleine uses for menstruation. Nicodemus was the first disciple of Jesus and is a Roman Catholic saint but Madeleine's use of the name may owe more to the evolution in meaning of the name to mean someone (or something) idiotic, facile or imbecilic.

Sunday 13 July

Bought flowers and vegetables for Aunt. Went to Villeparisis. Played with Marcel and Yolande. Marcel and Pataud went for a swim.

Monday 14 July

Slept over at Villeparisis. Poorly because of Nico.¹⁰³ The Fortier cousins came over. Picked some lime blossom. Told Aunt that I had found work. Aunt immediately changed the conversation (I was extremely satisfied by that). Rained.

Tuesday 15 July

Started work. Went to the Centre de Documentation.¹⁰⁴ In the morning I was introduced to the staff and shown around the building. Read "Marie-Claire". Ate sandwich. In the afternoon I had to file reports from the Chambre des Députés. I was on my own in the offices in the 7th arrondissement. Got back home exhausted. The housework hasn't been done now for two weeks. What a disgrace. Got through the Etudes Pratiques. Got a merit. Happy. I'm going to go to bed early so that I can get up early to do the housework before going out.

I'd like to buy myself: an art deco wardrobe; table; chair; wool blanket; quilt; an iron; little lamp; radio; electric radiator; vases, etc but what with? I really must get a pair of glasses and the art deco wardrobe. As for the rest . . . well, we'll see.

Wednesday 16 July

Work.

Thursday 17 July

Went with Jean to "Rallye". Then went to the cinema. Slightly flirty again. "Hommes nouveaux"¹⁰⁵ (Harry Bu..). Jean gave me a necklace made out of Venetian glass.

¹⁰³ Nicodème. See note above.

¹⁰⁴ Centre de documentation at the Bibliothèque nationale. Madeleine begins part-time work here on July 15th 1941.

¹⁰⁵ *Les Hommes nouveaux* (1936) was a French film directed by Marcel L'Herbier, It starred Harry Baur. Baur was arrested and imprisoned during the Occupation and died shortly after his release in 1943. Madeleine refers to Baur's imprisonment and death in her entry of April 12th 1943.

Friday 18 July

Finished at Gardiner's [Gardiner's 14 February–18 July]. Saw Jean.

Saturday 19 July

Had lunch with Gabriel Chrétien who is blind. Took him out in the evening.

Sunday 20 July

Spent the morning with Dédé. Went with Aunt V. to see "Le Cid" at the Palais de Chaillot. Appallingly acted.

Monday 21 July

Went to see Cyla.

Tuesday 22 July

Took Gabriel Chrétien out.

Wednesday 23 July

Michael took me to see "Voleur de Femmes". Good. Michael a bore.¹⁰⁶

Thursday 24 July

Went with Jean to the "Rallye". We then went to the Bois. Gave Jean the boot forever.

Friday 25 July

Went to Dilys's

Saturday 26 July

Worked. Colette came in the afternoon. Went to see "Une Femme sans passé"

Sunday 27 July

Went to see Dédé and Aunt Marie. Garden. Brought back butter and vegetables.

¹⁰⁶ 'Michael a bore' written in English.

Monday 28 July

Spent at home.

Tuesday 29 July

Spent at home.

Wednesday 30 July

Went to see whether there were any seats for the opera with Yolande. There weren't any. Walked and talked.

Thursday 31 July

Spent today at home.

Friday 1 August

Letter from the Red Cross from Mum! Her writing!!! Took out Gabriel Chrétien.

Saturday 2 August

Opera. "Chevalier et la Demoiselle", "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune", "Le Festin de l'Araignée". Bowled over by it! Serge Lifar¹⁰⁷ and Solange Schwartz¹⁰⁸ were absolutely fantastic.

Sunday 3 August

Went to Aunt's who is in a terrible sulk with me because I am working. (Good, I am happy about that. What a cow I am).

Monday 4 August

Had dinner at Cyla's. Ruth opened the door.

¹⁰⁷ Serge Lifar (1905–1986) was a French ballet dancer and choreographer.

¹⁰⁸ Solange Schwartz (1910–2000) was a French star of the opera and ballet. She performed in several of choreographer Serge Lifar's creations during the Occupation.

Tuesday 5 August

Waited for Cyla but she didn't come. Michael is annoying me to the point where I can't stand it anymore.

Wednesday 6 August

Rain. Cold. Opera. "Demoiselle au jardin". "Entre Deux Rondes". "Sylvie".

+ Thursday 7 August¹⁰⁹

Rain. English lesson with Simone Le Hartel?

+Friday 8 August

Storm. Took Slav newspapers to Cyla's. Learnt how to play chess with Gabriel Chrétien.

+ Saturday 9 August

Went "Coppélia" and "Giselle" (hair all up. Absolutely wonderful)

+Sunday 10 August

Villeparisis.

+ Monday 11 August

Went to see Cyla.

Tuesday 12 August

Michael asked me to marry him again. He annoys me. Was less than polite with him. If ever he annoys me like that again I shall slap him in public (8th marriage proposal from him I think)

Wednesday 12 August

Went to Cyla's.

¹⁰⁹ The + sign against the date of the entry possibly refers to menstruation (Nicodème).

Thursday 13 August

Left for Orgeval.

Friday 15 August

Mass at Orgeval

Saturday 16 August

Orgeval. Went with Madame Fastier to the market. Altered the mauve work blouse given to me by Madame Kerjean. Grandson of Mme X . . . (Baronne de Bel-Air) mistreated by her. Yolande protected the kid (Doudou) same name as the horrible novel. I burst into tears.

Sunday 17 August

Orgeval. Came back to Paris. St Germain-Pereire-St G. en Laye in a car (in the afternoon Germans at Mme F's)

Monday 18 August

I am 23. Work. Found a letter from Soeur Ghislaine¹¹⁰ about the exercise book.

Tuesday 19 August

I am officially 23. Revised for exams.

Wednesday 20 August

Went to Cyla's. Ruth has moved in. Card from Jean Peignot.

¹¹⁰ This is a reference to Soeur Ghislaine, a Roman Catholic nun in the Paris order of Notre Dame de Sion, 61 bis rue Notre-Dame des Champs, in the 6th arrondissement of Paris. From the early years of the war, the nuns were active in helping Jewish children escape arrest and deportation. Madeleine Conte wrote a history of the Order's activities during the Occupation. Madeleine Conte (2001) *Sauvetages et Baptêmes: Les religieuses de Notre-Dame de Sion face à la persécution des Juifs en France (1940-1944)*. Paris: Editions L'Harmattan.

Thursday 21 August

Work. Tired out. Birthday card from Aunt. Depressed.

Friday 22 August

Work. Went to Chrétien's to play chess. Dad's birthday.

Saturday 23 August

Spoke to Madeleine Bloch. Spent the entire day shopping. Bought an electric iron. Went to Cyla's.

Sunday 24 August

Went to Villeparisis. Picked blackberries. Aunt and Yolande gave me a reading lamp.

Monday 25th August

Tired. Did washing. Returned the book to Soeur Ghislaine. Wrote to Dad through the Red Cross. I really should note down what I am thinking from day to day. I never remember. I had already forgotten how Ruth liked to control things by making her "helpful suggestions".¹¹¹ At that time, then, I was too polite to put her in her place but Cyla tells her straight. "She needs to be trained" says Cyla and how I agree with that! Ruth's main quality is that she is clean*.¹¹² Her bedroom would never be a mess like mine is. But she has everything she needs to tidy stuff away and I haven't. I will have to make a serious effort to buy what I need and keep everything neat. Ruth: clean, generous, good hearted and full of enthusiasm and does not think about sex**¹¹³ can't conceive of the notion that anyone thinks differently to her, she loves pills, injections and vitamins. I can't imagine that her living with Cyla will work. Cyla has a bossy side which has surprised me. But what Slav charm. Yolande and Aunt strongly disapprove of her being my friend – the room is entirely in shadow other than the pool of light cast from the table lamp. There are daisies in the broken stoneware pot and two divine smelling roses. The geranium is on the chair. I am on the half-made bed. I can hear the muffled sound of Madeleine Fortan's radio – Oh! I would love to have a radio!!!

¹¹¹ 'helpful suggestions' written in English.

¹¹² Adds alongside in the margins: *clean – physically but not morally (note made 28 May 1943).

¹¹³ Adds alongside: ** Good God (!!)

That is all she thinks about (note made 28 May 1943).

No vegetables in Paris. Our movements have been restricted. Germans have been killed. Trains have been blown up. For a week now there's been poster after poster. . . . a million reward to anyone ready to denounce those blowing up the tracks. . . . two men have been shot. . . . white posters, red posters. . . . the Communist Party has been dissolved. . . . warning to the population. . . . prisoners are to be considered hostages. . . . posters – posters.

Found a tract in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday but I didn't keep it. The English promise not to touch our colonies. Saturday at Orgeval, Achères¹¹⁴ station bombed.

10 pm!! The plane is doing its rounds to check on the blackout. I can set my watch by it. We need ration tickets for everything! On Saturday I went to look – just to look mind – for curtains etc. If I want curtains without tickets then I'd have to buy tulle and I'm not keen on that. Thicker netting is 1 to 5 ration points a metre!! Silk is 5 points a metre!! It's mad. If only I had money. But I don't want to ask for any from Voirin. I didn't reply to him and didn't get him to send the linen. I wouldn't have known where to put it. I will have to send for it before winter. I'll have to go to the flea market to see whether I can get hold of some cheap furniture. I dream of having a little house in the country . . . a dream that I will finish in bed. I am tired out.

People in my office: (in my Section)

Simone Le Hartel

Masson. 20 years old. Good worker.

Bernard Olivier 19 years old. Wild. Lazy.

Nathalie Kerjean – former professional singer

Antoinette Rousselet. 20 years old. Ex-P.E teacher.

I've been looking back over the old rationing lists. Now – ha!

Bread – per day 275 grams, Fat products 600 gr, wine 1 litre per week, meat 930 grams a month. Potatoes 2 kg a month, sugar 1 pound a month. 1 bar of soap. Coffee 125 grams a month (60% ersatz). Cheese 200 grams a month. Chocolate, cakes, wheat, oats, rice, pasta, pulses – nothing.

On sale without tickets: wood, ironmongery, sanitary products, tulle, lace, lamé, angora wool, pillow cases, mattresses.

Difficult but fun to imagine making a home. Can't be bothered studying. Couldn't care less about anything. I'm mentally drained.

Tuesday 26 August

Wrote to Madame Fastier.

¹¹⁴ Achères is a small town to the north of Paris.

Wednesday 27 August

Paul Colette¹¹⁵ wounded Laval and Déat.

Thursday 28 August

Letter from Madeleine Lavelle. She's going to the Free Zone. Listened to the radio with Andrée. Masson left.

Friday 29 August

Wrote to Hélène Berr with news for Dad and Mum.¹¹⁶ Wrote to Madeleine Lavelle with news for Dad and Mum. Left for Orgeval. Interesting conversation with a Chinese prince at the 'Accueil de Midi'.

Saturday 30 August

Rain, rain, rain. Started socks. Roger Leclerc. What an ace!

Sunday 31 August

Quite nice weather. Going back in the evening. Went to the Mill. Learnt a skit on 'Lorsque descend le crépuscule'. Slept at Aunt's. Quilt and curtains.

Monday 1 Sept

Came back from Aunt's. Tidied up before cleaning. A very delayed letter from Sonia about writing to my parents. National insurance.

Tuesday 2 Sept

Cleaned the toilets. Went to the document store from 1–6.30. Received a note from Dilys.

¹¹⁵ Paul Collette (1920–1995) attempted to assassinate Pierre Laval. His death sentence was commuted to a life sentence of hard labour. He was deported to German concentration camp Mauthausen in 1944 but survived the war.

¹¹⁶ This is the first reference to Hélène Berr in Madeleine's diary. It is unclear why Madeleine sends news for her mother and father via Hélène. It could be that Hélène is staying in the free zone and may be able to get messages out a little more easily than in the occupied zone. Or else she may have been able to avail of contacts within the engineering firm Etablissements Kuhlmann where her father, Raymond Berr, was a director.

Wednesday 3 Sept

Dead tired. Went to Dilys's. Went out with Dilys.

Thursday 4 Sept

Went to the shops. Scrubbed with steel wool. It is so hot! Looked after Mrs Evans. Had lunch at mine: melon, veal chop, sauted potatoes, grapes, coffee (ersatz).

Friday 5 Sept

Went to the shops to buy stuff – but bought nothing. Relaxed. Tired. Tidied room. Went to see Sylvia Beach. Went to see Gabriel Chrétien but he wasn't there. Got a pneu from him when I got home.

Saturday 6 Sept

Feeling awful. Went to sort out the change of electricity meter and tariff. Slept. Went to see "Nanette" with Jenny Jugo playing Nanette. Not bad.

Sunday 7 Sept

Villeparisis. What a pain it was. Roland was there. Yolande refuses to believe that I have a job in the civil service.

Monday 8 September

Went back to work. Madame le Hartel found the original manuscript of *Chambres de Commerce* in the provinces dating from 1700?

Tuesday 9 Sept

Went to see Gabriel Chrétien.

Wednesday 10 Sept

Received news from Mum from the Red Cross: "Health is good, Do you receive our letters regularly? Whether you do or you don't, don't worry."

Thursday 11 Sept

Lesson with Simone Le Hartel.

Friday 12 Sept

Letter from Madeleine Lavelle who quotes the telegram of 2 September from Mummy. "Health is fine, don't you worry". Card from Cyla. Letter from Mme Faure.

Saturday 13 Sept

CPDE. Contract. Went in to sort out contract. Worked a little.

Sunday 14 Sept

Worked a little. Knitted. Cold.

Monday 15 Sept

Had lunch at the Women's Hostel. Looked for Madeleine Lavelle's notes. Card from Hélène Berr giving news from Mummy.

Tuesday 16 Sept

S. Le Hartel bought me tea on the Champs-Élysées. Les "Jeunes Filles" (Monthérlant).

Wednesday 17 Sept

Went to see Cyla.

Thursday 18 Sept

German officer killed. Lesson with S. Le Hartel.

Friday 19 Sept

Paris punished. Curfew is at 9 pm. Wrote to Aunt.

Saturday 20 Sept

Paris punished. Bought electric radiator. Curfew at 9 pm.

Sunday 21 Sept

Curfew at 9 pm.

Monday 22 September

Curfew at 9 pm.

Tuesday 23 Sept

Went to Gabriel Chrétien's but he wasn't there.

Thursday 25 Sept

Lesson S. Le Hartel.

Friday 26 Sept

Went to the première of "Vétir ceux qui sont nus" (Pirandello) at *L'Atelier*.¹¹⁷

Saturday 27 Sept

Confession. Washed hair. Letter from Aunt with a ticket for *Arlésienne*. Today was the première at *L'Atelier*. Went with Madeleine Fortan (Number 4) who is the fiancée of the cousin of André Barsacq (Head of *L'Atelier*). Since I have been going out so infrequently I've been getting worked up about going out. *L'Atelier*¹¹⁸ is really tiny and very plain. The walls are cream, there are crystal coat hooks fixed up between electric light bulbs. A little disappointed by the lack of grandeur; they say that it gives it an "intimate" feel, – I find it looks more provincial than anything, and out-in-the-sticks provincial at that were it not for that intangible atmosphere that can only be Paris. A small bar – the Green Room is the leafy square out front. What can be more delightful than going out into the mild air on a starry night and, by the light of the door that opens and closes as the spectators drift in and out, seeing dark perfumed silhouettes, a flash of blond hair, the sparkle of a ring picked out by the light, and all that despite the D.P?¹¹⁹

¹¹⁷ Pirandello's play, adapted by André Barsacq (1909–1973), ran for 49 performances at the Théâtre de l'Atelier in 1941. More information about the director, cast and venue can be found here:

http://www.regietheatrale.com/index/index/base_donnees/dossiers/rep.php?id=2804

¹¹⁸ Barsacq took over the Théâtre de l'Atelier in 1940. He premiered plays by many new dramatists including Jean Anouilh, Marcel Aymé and Françoise Sagan. See Edward Forman (2010) *Historical Dictionary of French Theater*. Lanham: Scarecrow Press.

¹¹⁹ 'D.P' means 'défense passive' – the black-out.

The première was a very informal, family affair. I had imagined that there would be cosmopolitan people, like at the premières I've seen at the cinema or read about in the newspapers. Not a bit of it! It is wartime to be fair. Most of those there were family – Annie (Mad F's fiancé's cousin), her parents (her step-father Nicholas; "I don't like plays with talking in them"). There must have been journalists there but didn't see any. There was Mila (Madame Barsacq). After the play we went backstage but lost one another and Nicholas was getting impatient and so we left. I had put on my beautiful black shoes (killed my feet). For the office I'll "talk it up" a bit. I'm the only one to have been to a première and the others will be jealous much to my satisfaction. Especially Simone Le Hartel who goes on about functions at the Academy. She likes authors like Proust, Gide etc. I read Lawrence's "Phenix" and liked it – what a vibrant, alive yet unfussy writing. I served up some just criticism to S. le H making out that it was of my own confection: "These writers (Proust etc) have a scent of flowers under which one can make out the smell of decomposing flesh." Lawrence wrote it but how appropriate for French writers (I am thinking of Proust, Gide, Montherlant, – even Flaubert) She wasn't happy. She is very nice but she wants to be a fixture in my life – another one!! Why want to be indispensable when nearly no one is – except Mum and I plod along without her. Each day without her I am steadier on my feet. Nearly two years!! – What matters is showing a "grown-up"¹²⁰ adult exterior and remaining a child as long as I want inside myself. What I feel inside is no one else's business and I think modern novels are horrible. It is no one's business what I feel and think. I don't want anyone's pity. As soon as they find out that I am alone in Paris they drown me in pity – why, why? I'd be more in need of their pity if I was still living at 6 rue de l'Orme but then I wouldn't get an ounce of pity. Does being "alone" frighten so many people so much?

This week coming I will go to see Cyla. It has been a fortnight since I last saw her. I mustn't go too much. If only I could see her without Ruth, but how? There too they call me "La Petite". Everywhere it's the same: Kiddy or The Kid, Le P'tiote, Babykin and now "La Petite"!! Cyla was deeply shocked that I had read the dreadful "Jeunes Filles" by Montherlant. She'd be quite happy giving me a doll to play with I think. Tomorrow I am going to have to do the housework and work as well. I haven't got much enthusiasm for my studies. Nothing, nothing, nothing – why? It isn't that I am working too much at the office. I am going to knit a little before I go to bed. The priest was really nice at Confession. There are evenings where I want to write, write but I don't do anything wanting to work instead. And this evening, I am lacking in inspiration. I am going to knit and go to bed. There are a lot of grapes around [3 francs 50 a pound].

Sunday 28th Sept

Mass. Knitted. Madeleine Fortan had a violent nosebleed.

¹²⁰ 'grown-up' written in English.

Monday 29 Sept

Worked

Tuesday 30 Sept

Andrée Corneil came back. Brought cream, 1 egg, 1 tomato, Café crème. Went to SB's to take back "And so came Victoria" Took out "The Call of the Wild" (Jack London)

Wednesday 1 October

Worked a half shift. Nice weather. Fresh, lovely sun. The weather was like back home. The Luxembourg was autumnal. The chestnut trees, gold and green. Masses of red dahlias on the green lawns "flecked" with golden leaves. The dahlias around the ornamental lake smell of Autumn. It is cold and misty in the morning, bright later. The shifting of these two hours¹²¹ have done much to change the atmosphere. Colette Brand came over with a friend – totally uninhibited. Rummages through everything to see what there is. I didn't invite her to stay for dinner even though there was whipped cream. She was wearing a dirty blouse.

Thursday 2 Oct

Wrote to Aunt and Mme Faure. Went to get meal tickets but there weren't any tickets for potatoes and so didn't get any. Upset but stupid about it, (extra sensitive because of Nico.) Went to the Sorbonne and saw that I am late registering for the exam. I will have to write to Vendryès. Still upset later and so bought "Diderot, l'Homme et l'Oeuvre" to console me. Studied it all afternoon. Now I am restless. I don't want to do anything. Bored, fed up and have had enough of everything. Going to knit a little and go to bed even though I haven't done my 8 hours of study. I'll have a go at a Latin translation. Why do I get the writing bug in the middle of studying or at meal times and never in my free time. "Children of the Frost" (Jack London) and "Pavements at Anderby" by Winifred Holtby.¹²² She's the one who wrote "South Riding" – I love it because she speaks of Yorkshire, the place I know and love. It is there I will return to, there with its magnificent

¹²¹ The Germans were two hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time in June 1940. This is the two hours Madeleine refers to and not the one hour roll forward the Germans imposed in occupied France, which became known as 'l'heure allemande'.

¹²² Winifred Holtby (1898–1935) was born in Rudston in East Yorkshire. She studied at Somerville College, University of Oxford, and became a journalist and novelist before her premature death at the age of 37.

sunsets, green pastures¹²³, grey skies – windy ridges and grey stone walls. Cold, sharp coldness but joy. Lambs wagging their tails at their mother’s teat. The wind and the spray at Robin. The smell of baking, and the sight of the steps edged with white or ochre. Choosing a sheltered spot for the lilac, the lupins and the laburnum. Weeding in an old red mac and pulling up the clover meandering round and wandering after its roots and tendrils. Miss M like a rose in her white satin blouse. A good coal fire and the smell of toast. Leeds University. French House. The tennis courts dripping drip, drip under the splash of the wet autumnal leaves. Women’s room, in the draughty bay-window, curled up in my green coat and the fur warm against my cheek and laying in tiny damp wisps on my lower lip, tickling as my breath comes and goes, as I read some magazine story. Mary Pickett, thin and gaunt, – not gaunt – but slight is too lovely for her. Her large feet splayed, specs, small plait – rather twist of hair round head. “Ah Noble, dear Noble” – I have forgotten the names of the lecturers already – who was it, big brown hairy hands, grey hair, nice man? Why do names go and appearances remain? Bibby -Bibby. How could I forget? And he of the purple shirts and white, brown-spotted butterfly bows? I can’t have forgotten his name after having made him tear his hair so at my Latin. And the lean sarcastic Communist, translating Plautus into American slang, now in S. Africa somewhere? Whereupon I promptly shut up this book to do a Latin unseen – and no more souvenirs – for when I get back home my *vie de bohême*¹²⁴ will appear as sweet as honey. I shall have forgotten the scarce dinners, the tiredness, the boredom at the “bureau”, the homesickness, the blankness of incipient mental breakdown to remember the sights, the thrills, the evenings with Cyla, the days alone. And now to work! Hell, isn’t my writing foul?

Friday 3 Oct

Studied.

Saturday 4 Oct

Studied – Went to see “Michel Strogoff”¹²⁵

Sunday 5 Oct

Villeparisis. Took cakes with me. Huguette was there. Went up the woods.

¹²³ From ‘green pastures’ Madeleine writes the rest of the entry in English.

¹²⁴ ‘Vie de bohême’ written in French in an October 2nd entry otherwise written mostly in English.

¹²⁵ Michel Strogoff was adapted for the theatre by Jules Verne and Adolphe d’Ennery from Verne’s 1876 novel of the same name.

Monday 6 Oct

Sweet message from Cyla.

Tuesday 7 Oct

Went to Cyla's but she wasn't there. Chatted with Ruth. Brought the TSF back. Played with it until 2 am.

Wednesday 8 Oct

Played with TSF. Letter from Sister Ghislaine.

Thursday 9 Oct

Went to Cyla's, not there but waited despite Ruth. Saw Cyla. She's just had the flu. Sonia came over. Bitterly cold. Brrr!! . . . But letters from Dad Mum. Such happiness!

Friday 10 October 1941

Letter from Fauchier de la Vigne. All property owned by French people living abroad must be declared. I think that we will lose Nancy. I will have to do everything I can to provide a home¹²⁶ for my parents. I feel sad. It's just a feeling I have. I hope that it isn't true. I don't care about Nancy.¹²⁷ But it matters for my parents! Such a disappointment after so many sacrifices. Hope to be able to get all the linen. Madeleine Lavelle came over – sweet. She wanted to bring news from my parents but there was nothing. She is kind. Andrée Corneille is moving. She is going to be a clinical tutor at the Salpêtrière. What a shame. She is so nice.

Read "The Lonely Plough" by Constance Holme.¹²⁸ Good.

Wrote Vendryès, godfather, granny, Aunt Violette, Sister Ghislaine, Dédé. Scribbled note for Voirin. Let's hope that he is not too late to get the linen. I am going to furnish this place. If we lose Nancy and if something happens back home at least I will have something to offer them here. It doesn't fill me with joy exactly – what I mean is that I am thinking about how unhappy my parents will be if they lose everything they have worked so hard for. What crimes must my

¹²⁶ 'home' written in English.

¹²⁷ Madeleine's parents owned property in Nancy in the East of France.

¹²⁸ Edith Constance Holme (1880–1955). British romantic novelist and playwright. Contemporary review of the novel available online at: <http://archive.spectator.co.uk/article/18th-july-1914/24/the-lonely-plough-by-constance-holme-mills-and-boo>

grandparents have committed for my parents to have had so much to endure? All this spoils the joy of receiving letters. But it doesn't worry me. I'll quite happily fight for others, so that the other isn't hurt by the loss of what she or he has made sacrifices to acquire for me.

I must study – but I couldn't care less about what will happen. Mentally I am at cracking-point.¹²⁹ I will give my mind a month off after the exams. Then – plough on! Forgot to say that on Wednesday I found Michael at the door. He must have been waiting for several days. He thinks that he is undefeatable and that his tenacity will overcome my aversion for him. Once again, I had to destroy his illusions – he's mentally ill.

Sunday 11 Oct

Mass. Lesson Fauchier-Delavigne.

Tuesday 14 Oct 1941

I can't be examined in Etudes Litt. Classiques because I can only register for 3 things.

Thursday 16 Oct

Saw Cazamian. Decided to do a diploma. Went for tea at Françoise Boësse's place.

Saturday 18 Oct

Went to see about the lesson but "off".¹³⁰

Sunday 19 Oct

Mass. Beautiful walk along the quais and the Île (not the Cité – but St Louis)
Saw Sonia.

Monday 20 Oct

Classes started – joy!!! Mysterious telegram from a "Jannings"

Tuesday 21 Oct

Classes still. So happy. Posniak.

¹²⁹ 'cracking-point' written in English.

¹³⁰ 'off' written in English.

Wednesday 22 Oct

Classes. Telephoned “Jannings”. Still none the wiser.

Thursday 23 Oct

Classes. Dilys came over with George. Letter Voirin, Wrote off for birth certificate.

Friday 24 Oct

Dilys’s birthday. Bought her some roses. Posniak. Looked after Mrs Evans. 9–12 pm.

Saturday 25 Oct

Letter from Fauchier-Delavigne. Telephoned. Work between 9 am and 12. Lesson at 2 pm. Frosty.

Sunday 26 Oct

Mass. Did washing. Ironed. Darned. Lesson at 2 pm with Delavigne. Not as cold.

Monday 27 Oct

Worked. No lecture because Pauphilet¹³¹ and Levailant are not here. Helped Miss Beach with books from 3 to 6.30 pm. Parcel of linen sent by Voirin. Cold. Stomach ache. Ill all over.¹³²

Tuesday 28 Oct

Copy of birth certificate. Frosty. Couldn’t work. Met up with Ruth. She passed her diploma. What a surprise that is given that her French is atrocious. I hope that I am not being overly catty in supposing that either the exam was very

¹³¹ Albert Pauphilet (1884–1948) was a specialist of Medieval French. He was arrested for pro-Resistance sympathies during the Occupation. His son Bernard Pauphilet (1918–2015) was active in the Resistance network Combat. Madeleine Pauphilet (possibly Albert’s wife) also taught at the Sorbonne and is mentioned in Madeleine’s diary. Madeleine Pauphilet was active in the Resistance network Turma Vengeance.

¹³² ‘Ill all over’ written in English.

easy or they let her pass it because she's been in a concentration camp. I should watch out with RC. My first instinct is always to be "catty" about her but with a bit of an effort sweet and friendly. She is not the sort of person – as charming, dependable and as loyal as she is (note the effort I am making) who I would have chosen as a friend.

Wednesday 29 Oct

Feel ill. Hail – but so light and fine that you'd think it was snow. What will we get later if we're getting snow already. I'll be going to a new department in the CDBN – with the Polish fellow, document retrieval. Mlle Kerjean gave me a sweater and some knee socks. I hate charity. I haven't asked for it and if there is one thing in this world that I don't understand it is why people insist on giving out charity when one doesn't want it. Mlle Kerjean has a heart of gold. Her greatest pleasure is giving. But, Christ almighty, I wish she would choose people who don't mind charity. I do like people – so far but no further¹³³ – I think that it would be easier to invite people over if I had two rooms. One would be for them etc and one would be for me with all the things I love in it. My home¹³⁴ is my castle, very feudal, the drawbridge always up. Will I get a wage rise? Oh what I would do with a bit more money! Letter from Monique Vignet asking to start up lessons again.

Thursday 30 Oct.

Cut classes.¹³⁵ Up at 10 am. Feel ill.

Friday 31 Oct

Got up at 10 am. Ill.

Saturday 1 Nov

All Souls. Mass. Washed woollies.

Sunday 2 Nov +

All Souls Day. Mass. Went to the flea market, but got nothing. Hail, snow. Olivier came to tell me that there is no work tomorrow.

¹³³ 'so far but no further' written in English.

¹³⁴ 'My home' written in English.

¹³⁵ 'Cut' written in English in the manuscript.

Monday 3 Nov +

Did a load of washing. Electrician came to do the socket. 100 dead in an accident at Austerlitz.¹³⁶

Tuesday 4 Nov +

Work. With Monsieur Kopelojpai (?) [Korbelecky]. Nice. Interesting work. He's a bit of a one for tidying. Snowy everywhere. Snow on the autumn leaves still on the trees. It is a strange sight. It is snowing. Bought an electric lamp. Sorted out the English and the German marking. St Charles.

Wednesday 5 Nov +

Ice and then a thaw. Saw Ruth at "Emaux et Camées" (Pommier's seminar). Was invited for tea with Dilys and Gaël. Replaced the lamp that I had broken. Saw Cyla. Great. Message from André Corneil. Wrote to Voirin. Guy Fawkes.

At the Ciceron lecture: Tiberonius did not want to take part in the invasion of Britain with César because he did not know how to swim!!

Spent more money than I thought I would. If only Voirin would take the hint and send some. Lessons are also needed.

Thursday 6 Nov

Stayed in bed. Lesson with Monique. Went to Salpêtrière with Andrée Corneil. Beautiful spacious and warm room. Had dinner. The midwifery assistants were very nice.

Friday 7 Nov

Went to the Commissariat for identity card. Vendryès's course started again. Bachellery invited me to lunch. Decided to drop the diploma and concentrate solely on the doctorate if I can.

On the way back from Posniak's I was stopped for not having my pocket torch covered over. I have to fetch it on Monday from the Mairie in the 6th arrondissement and pay a fine of 15 francs. I don't think that I have enough money to get me to the end of the week.

¹³⁶ On November 2nd, an empty goods train hit a packed passenger train heading into Austerlitz station from Orléans. Twenty passengers died and 100 were injured. *Le Figaro*, 6 November 1941, via Wikipedia.

Saturday 8 Nov

Office. Did washing and ironing. Tired and starving. Ate nearly a half pound of bread and butter. What an extravagance – but I was so hungry. There are no vegetables other than a few turnips. Queue for carrots. What I brought back will have to last the week. I can't see it. It'll be OK if I don't have to pay the Sorbonne straight away – otherwise I will have to borrow money. If only it would occur to Voirin to send me some or if I could get myself another lesson. If that happened I wouldn't get any black marks. Got a parcel from Mme Kerjean containing torn stockings and a warm cardigan. Wrote to Aunt, Mme Kerjean.

Sunday 9 Nov

Mass. Worked. Darned.

Monday 10 Nov

Went to get the torch from the Mairie in the 6th. Went to meet someone about lessons.

Tuesday 11 Nov

Minute's silence. Lesson with Posniak. Saw Ruth.

Wednesday 12 Nov

Received linen from Voirin. Started lessons on Racine. Welsh. Breton.

Thursday 13 Nov

Lesson with Monique. Saw Dilys.

Friday 14 Nov

Letter from Hélène Berr with news of Charles and Gaby. Saw Dilys. Welsh. Lesson with Posniak.

Saturday 15 Nov

Letter from Aunt Violette. Saw Dilys rue R.¹³⁷

¹³⁷ 'rue R' is possibly rue Richelieu in the 2nd arrondissement, then the main site of the Bibliothèque nationale where Madeleine worked part-time in the Centre de Documentation.

Sunday 16 Nov

Villeparisis. Took a cake. Rain. Played little horses. Brought back sorrel.

Monday 17 Nov

Tidied up. Darned.

Tuesday 18 Nov

Letter from Sister Marie Ghislaine about lesson. Housework. Lesson with Posniak.

Wednesday 19 Nov

Office. Welsh. Breton. Rue R. Dilys gave a lesson in my bedroom. Went over to Dilys. Found out that she has had her radio taken off her and she is no longer allowed to phone nor to go out after the blackout nor use any transport other than métro or bus.

Thursday 20 Nov

Slept in until 10 am. So tired. Wrote to Voirin, Hélène Berr. Cold. Saw Françoise Boësse. Monique. Concierge's son went into her bedroom. Hungry, hungry, hungry. Worked until 12 pm.

Friday 21 Nov

Vendryès didn't give his class. Spoke with Mme Desjardins (?) [Desportes] who is doing a diploma on Celtic Ethnology; married with a little girl 2½ years old. Paid registration. Rain. Work. Office. Windows of a rive gauche bookshop blown out. Lesson with Posniak.

Saturday 22 Nov

Pneu from Aunt saying not going to the countryside. Groceries. Office. Swot.¹³⁸
Rue R. St Cécile

Sunday 23 Nov

Swot. Rain.

¹³⁸ 'Swot' written in English throughout the manuscript.

Monday 24 Nov

Office. Swot. Went to ND de Sion but didn't see Sister Jeanne Ghislaine. Returned notes to Françoise Boësse.

Tuesday 25 Nov

St Catherine but didn't see any Catherinettes. Office. Swotted. Lesson from Posniak who asked me to 'catalogue' his library. Madeleine Fortan came over. Stayed very late.

Wednesday 26 Nov

Office. Welsh. Breton. Rue R. Swot. Pneu from Monique inviting me for lunch. Swotted. Went to bed at midnight.

Thursday 27 Nov

Got up at 4 am. Swotted until 9 am. Exam. Delattre 11 am. Pons 12.30 am. Pons knows Jean. Pneu to Monique declining offer of lunch. Monique. Saw Madeleine Lavelle. The restaurants in St Michel are shut in the evening for 10 days.¹³⁹ Dilys came over 8–12 pm. Heart affairs.¹⁴⁰ Went to SB's.¹⁴¹ "Have his Carcase" (D.L. Sayers) and "Uncanny Stories" (May Sinclair).¹⁴² Letter from Voirin.

Friday 28 Nov

Read until 4 am. Slept until 9 am. Welsh. Office. Met Paulette T and invited her for tea on Tuesday. Wrote to Aunt and sent a card to Yolande. Lesson with Posniak but only for half an hour – so I owe him an hour. Passed the exam.

Saturday 29 Nov

Card to André. Office but didn't work, listened to Monsieur Korbelecki. Very keen on being clean and tidy. Ran to get Yo's book. Rue R. Chat¹⁴³ with Jacqueline P. . . . (?) (No 5) who spent the evening at my place. Nice, young.

¹³⁹ The authorities regularly imposed curfews and/or shut restaurants and cafés to punish citizens for Resistance attacks.

¹⁴⁰ 'heart affairs' written in English in the manuscript.

¹⁴¹ 'SB' is Sylvia Beach.

¹⁴² Novels borrowed from Shakespeare & Co.

¹⁴³ 'Chat' written in English in the manuscript.

Talks passionately about love. Attack at Montmartre. 2 Germans killed in a brothel. Curfew after 6 pm in the XVIII.

Sunday 30 Nov

Villeparisis. St André. Yolande is 23. Gave her the “Vie de Jesus” by Renan which she had asked for. Marcel left at 4 pm because of the curfew. We had a fright because the Gare du Nord is in the 18th but the way was clear between the Gare du Nord and the Gare de l’Est. Aunt was charming. Brought back apples. Godfather had a fall, huge lump on his forehead.

Monday 1 December

Office. Was pulled up because late. Ran in after Mlle Guillaume who has a beautiful apartment. Housework. Dil came to pass on a lesson to me. – and also because she can’t go out after the blackout.¹⁴⁴ Talks and smokes. I listen. Went shopping but fed up because everything is so dear. No cloth to make underwear – nothing at all. No furniture in Scots pine – a table was 190 francs a year ago and now going for 345 francs for the same size. Want a doll. Am going to buy myself a goldfish. Hoarfrost.

Tuesday 2 Dec

Office. Babysat Gaël. Did the cleaning. Put on the blue jumper given to me by Mlle Kerjean. Tea for Paulette Trois-Gros (walk in Luxembourg before) and Ruth. Had buttered rusks and the biscuits from Dil. Ruth brought crêpes. It was nice. Lesson with Posniak. 3 pm. Hoarfrost still there in the shade in Luxembourg Gardens. Cold.

Wednesday 3 Dec

Winter. Fog. Morning -7° . 1pm (11 am in the sun) 0° in full sun on the Boul’ Mich’. Office. Welsh and Breton in an overheated room. Rue R. 10th and 13th arrondissements have to stay indoors? Madeleine F. came over. Darned.

Thursday 4 Dec

Ice on the inside of the kitchen window panes. Dil passed on Mlle Koch for a lesson. Stayed in bed until 10 am. Saw Dil. Georges was there. Second pneumo. Got

¹⁴⁴ As a British citizen, Dilys Evans was subject to restrictions of movement. She was subject to a curfew and was not allowed to own a bike. Had she not been married to a Frenchman, she would have been interned.

tickets for René Desprès. Had to run. Took back “Le Feu et la Forêt” (unread). Took out “Un cirque en Voyage” (Paul Eippner) Eiper). Returned pillowcases to Françoise Bernheim with flowers. Took out “Murder Must Advertise” (Dorothy L. Sayers) and “A Century of Detective Stories”. Quite high-brow, must relax though.¹⁴⁵ Saw Dil again. Only the 10th arrondissement is affected because of the German medical officer killed between 2–3 Dec. If those who did it are not found before 10 Dec – reprisals. Will make sure I have enough in to eat before the 10th because you never know. Cold. Monique paid. Saw Lake Boulogne for the first time. Pretty with sharp pointy pine trees and mist and ducks. Dead leaves everywhere with, in parts, the lighter yellows of leaves which have come down recently.

Friday 5 Dec

Welsh. Lunch. Office. Walked to Posniak’s. It took $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Lesson. 6th arrondissement lock-down? No.

Saturday 6 Dec

Office. Waited for Deschamps. He didn’t show. Rue R. 6 arrondissement lock-down? No. But Luxembourg shut and all the roads around Odéon are shut off. Goering is at the Sénat.

Sunday 7 Dec

Went to Aunt’s. Roger brought some blue fabric. Aunt and Yo. gave presents: teapot, cream jug, lamp-shade. Went to see “La Folle Imposture”.¹⁴⁶ Daft. Fellow in the métro said that tomorrow the curfew is from 6pm.

Monday 8 Dec

Curfew 6 pm. Until when? Another officer killed. Office. Did washing. Got a cold. 6 pm. Looked down onto road. Sudden silence. Two fellows arguing with a revolver out. German patrol (3) then nothing. Number 4 and number 5 at the window with me. Pneu from Mourgeon and Posniak.

Tuesday 9 Dec

As ill as Hell.¹⁴⁷ Office. 2 pm . In bed. Slept on and off until

¹⁴⁵ ‘Quite high-brow, must relax’ written in English in the manuscript.

¹⁴⁶ *La Folle imposture* (1937) was a German comedy film directed by Wolfgang Liebeneiner.

¹⁴⁷ ‘As ill as Hell’ written in English in the manuscript.

Wednesday 10 Dec

7 am. Better. Office. Saw the Vigots. Will only have a single one hour lesson on Saturday. Letter from Jacqueline. Pneu from Deschamps. Went to Miss Beach's. Took out "Prince Charlie" (C. McKenzie) and Wells "The Invisible Man". Welsh. Saw Dil. Had tea with Dil. Climbed over rails¹⁴⁸ into the courtyard. Read. Ironed. Korbelecky spent night at the station. Rumours: boulangeries closed for two days. Blockage¹⁴⁹ 3 days. [grandfather Louis fell and has broken 3 ribs]

Thurs 11 Dec

Mlle Koch. Monique. America in the war. Mourgeon.

Friday 12 Dec

Welsh. Office. Pneu from Posniak. Françoise B's father arrested.¹⁵⁰

Saturday 13 Dec

Office. Posniak. Rue R. Saw Dil. Slept over at Dil's. Shakespeare & Co has shut down. Pneu from Dédé. Bought presents for Yolande. Roger.

Sunday 14 Dec

Went to Aunt's. Saw "Narcisse". Stupid but funny. Curfew lifted.

Monday 15 Dec

Office. Went to St Denis. Grandfather is very ill. Dying. Doc came. Let Aunt V. know. Lesson with Mourgeon. Went back to St Denis. Had dinner at Aunt Marie's.

Tuesday 16th Dec

Office. Went back to St Denis with Aunt V. and Yolande. Shops.

¹⁴⁸ 'climbed over rails' written in English.

¹⁴⁹ 'Blockage' written in English in the manuscript. It may refer to an interruption of food supplies.

¹⁵⁰ This is likely to be Françoise Bernheim's father, André Bernheim. André Bernheim survived the war.

Wednesday 17 Dec

St. Yolande. Roger's 42nd birthday. No office. Welsh. Bachellery invited me, Dil and Gaël for tea. Rue R. Cyla.

Thursday 18 Dec

No Monique. Shops. Went to St Denis with Aunt V and Yo. Mlle Koch.

Friday 19 Dec

Gaël Lecolleter is 1 today. Welsh. Office. 11 am. Grandfather Louis died. Went to St Denis at 6 pm because I had a feeling. Saw Grandfather L. Stayed for dinner. Funeral arrangements (2500 francs)

Saturday 20 Dec

No office. Waited for Deschamps but didn't come. Rue R. Cyla.

Sunday 21 Dec

Lunch at Aunt V's. St Denis. Dinner at Aunt V's.

Monday 22 Dec

Dressed in black (stockings Jacqueline: coat, gloves Dil; hat Aunt) Office. Had lunch with Aunt. Burial at 2.30 pm. Mourgeon. Read til 5 am.

Tuesday 23 Dec

No office. Ill. shopping.

Wednesday 24 Dec

Office. Shopping. Handing out of presents. Got a flannel glove from Mrs Evans. Cup from Dilys. Sweets from SB. Went to Dil's – and Cyla's (but she wasn't there). Discussed 'social conditions' with Curlylocks. Went out with Ruth. Rue R but Myriam Vigot has got mumps.

Thursday 25 Dec

Christmas at Villeparisis

Friday 26 Dec 1941

Mlle Koch. Mlle Koch gave me a superb scarf. Monique. Went to Dilys's.

Saturday 27 Dec

Telegram from Bachellery inviting Dil, Gaël and me for lunch. Dil back out.¹⁵¹
Send telegram to Bachellery. Cold. Ice. Mme Louvel rented violin.

Sunday 28 Dec

Went to Versailles. Lunch. Tea. Dinner with M. Mme Bachellery. Visited Parc Versailles, small and large Trianons. Sweet.¹⁵² Cold. Icy. Ornamental ponds frozen.

Monday 29 Dec

Went to office to get paid. New Year's gift from the Maréchal – 500 francs!!
Mourgeon.

Tuesday 30 Dec

Rested. Darned.

Wednesday 31 December

Washed. Rue R. Last day of the year. Sorted out old letters – so felt depressed. I hope that Hogmanay 1942 is spent at home with Dad and Mum!! What a New Year's Eve with no heating, sat alone in the middle of old letters, old memories. Another year has passed by – ruined. Everything is ruined. So far from Mummy. And what about my thesis?

Grand resolutions for 1942:

Wash the linen as I go along – don't let it build up
At least 2 hours of violin practice per week
At least 5 hours thesis a week
Reply to letters straight away
Don't read too much.

¹⁵¹ 'back out' written in English in the manuscript.

¹⁵² 'Sweet' written in English in the manuscript.

