MOTES

- J.L.C. Sismonde de Sismondi, <u>Histoire des républiques italiennes du</u> <u>Moyen Age</u> (Paris, 1809), Vol. 4, pp. 264-5.
 - (1305-6) However, Tolosato des Uberti and Agnello Guglielmini. rectors of the besieged town, beginning to run short of food. rectors of the besieged town, beginning to run short of food, forced the poor, the children, widows and almost all low class women to leave Pistola. It was a terrible sight for the citizens to see their womenfolk escorted to the gates of the town, left in the hands of the enemy and to see the gates closed behind them. (p. 264, my translation)
- Force of Circumstance, trans. Richard Moisard (London, 1968), p. 444. All further references will be to this edition.
- The Mandarins, trans. L.M. Firedman (Cleveland and New York, 1956), p. 212. All future references will be to this edition.
- 4. Ibid., p. 223.

5. Ibid., p. 436.

6. <u>Ibid.</u>, p. 353.

7. <u>Ibid.</u>, p. 80.

Ibid., p. 447.

- 9. Ibid., p. 86. 11. Ibid., p. 537.
- Ibid., p. 529.

12. Force of Circumstance, p. 291.

13. Ibid.

14. Ibid., p. 493.

- 15. The Woman Destroyed, trans. Patrick O'Brian (New York, 1969), p. 14.
 - In earlier days I never used to worry about old people: I looked upon them as the dead whose legs still kept moving. Now I see them--men and women: only a little older than myself.
- 16. Force of Circumstance, p. 672.
- 17. Ibid., p. 297.

18. Ibid., p. 480.

20.

- 19. <u>Ibid.</u>, pp.672-3. 21. Force of Circumstance,
- lbid., p. 673. 22. ibid., pp. 673-4.
- 24. fbld., p. 666.
- 23. Ibid., p. 444. 25. Ibid., p. 671.
- 26. Ibid., p. 85.
- 27. The Woman Destroyed, pp. 14-15.
- 28. Force of Circumstance, p. 666.

Despite this undertow of disenchantment, though all idea of duty, of mission, of salvation has collapsed, no longer sure for whom or for what I write, the activity is now more necessary to me than ever. I no longer believe it to be a "justification," but without it I should feel mortally unjustified.

DEAR DOUR

May I avenge Dear Dour In poverty? Would the winds of the last rebellion Muster the sea?

Shall I blow my steam in the air Till snow falls down hot? May I avenge Dear Dour? I may not.

Jean Hillabold