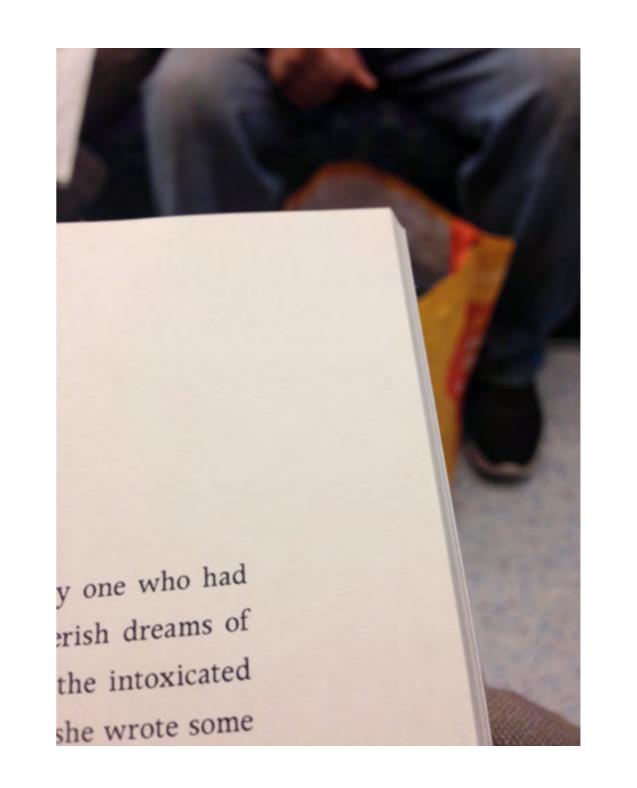




with a notnad some sort r at least mer at I was in. O n was a Holoo perience in Eu ica, and there slavery. Espec

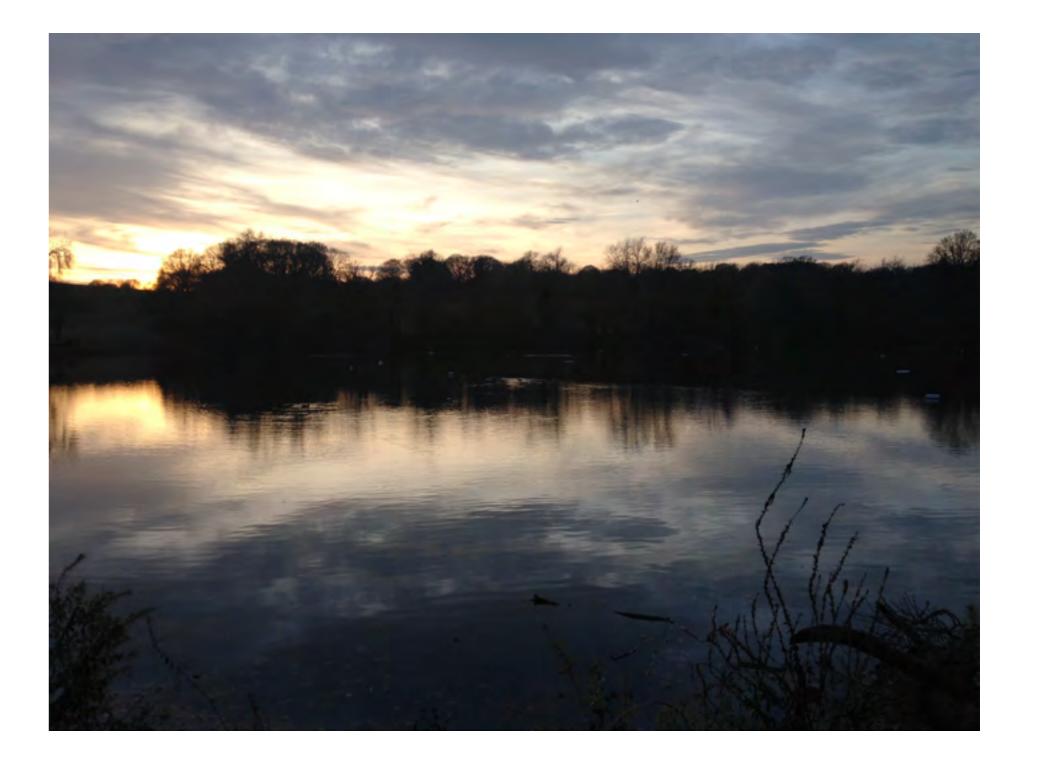


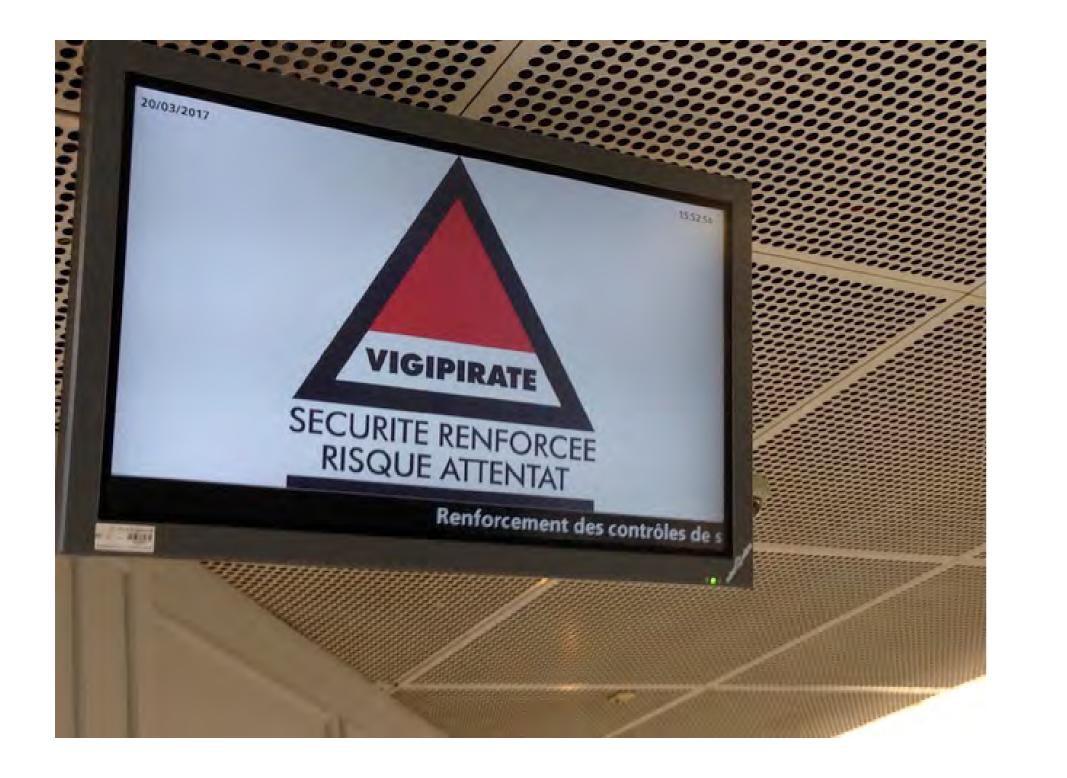




The pension was both Russian and nasty. It was chiefly nasty because all day long and much of the night the trains of the Stadtbahn could be heard, creating the impression that the whole building was slowly on the move. The hall, where there hung a bleary mirror with a ledge for gloves, and where stood an oak chest so placed that people naturally barked their shins on it. narrowed into a bare and very cramped passage. Along each side were three rooms, numbered with large black figures stuck onto the doors. These were simply leave torn off a year-old calendar - the first six days of April 1923. April 1 - the first door on the left - was Alfyorov room, the next was Ganin's, while the third belonger































village, pêcheur, vent Les, woile, marin, jeté, filet, pêche, me



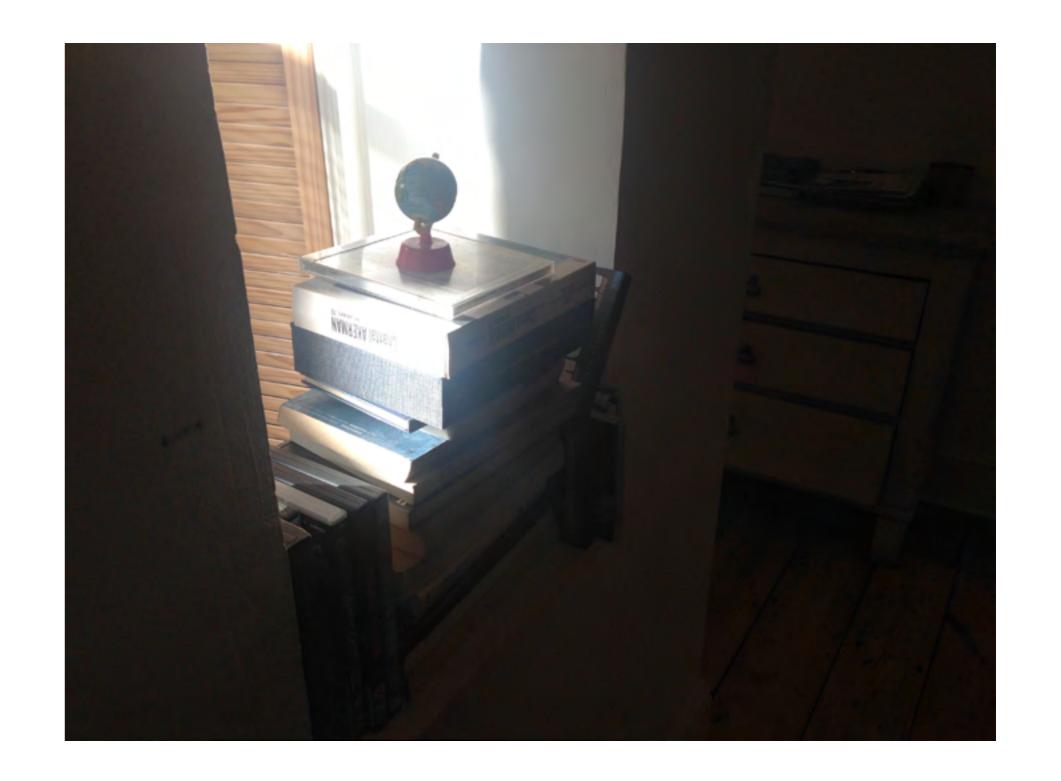


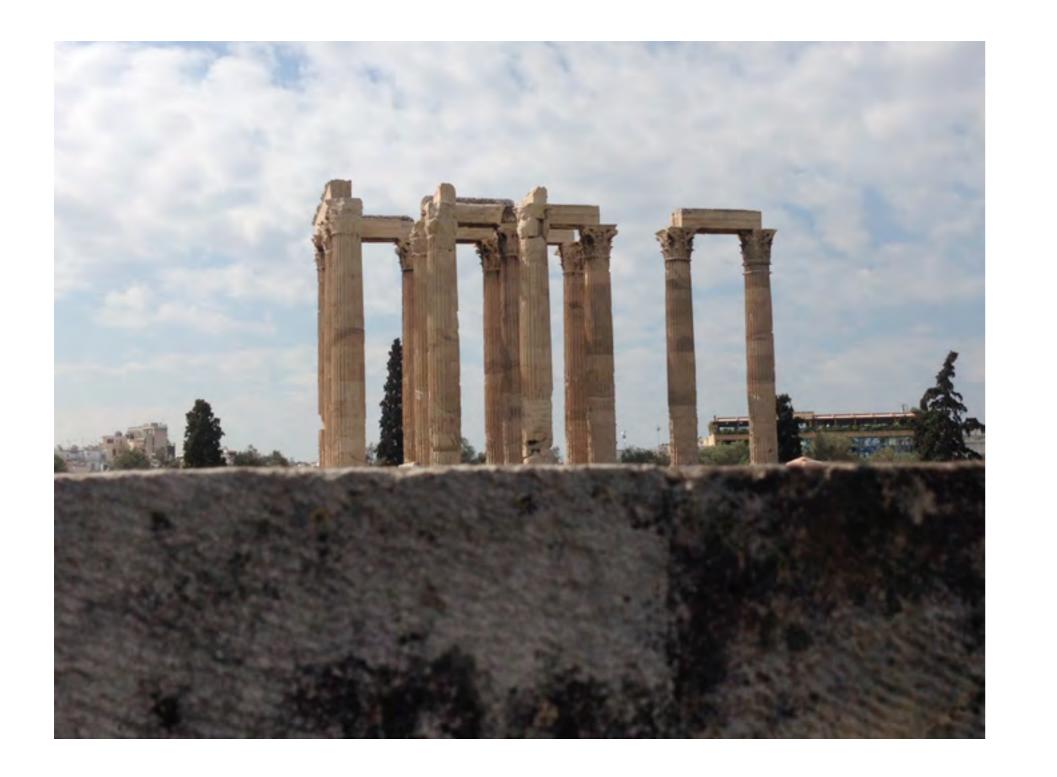




Barthes in which Barthes describes how the subject who utters the phrase "I love you" is like "the Argonaut renewing his ship during its voyage without changing its name." Just as the Argo's parts may be replaced over time but the boat is still called the Argo, whenever the lover utters the phrase "I love you," its meaning must be renewed by each use, as "the very task of love and of language is to give to one and the same phrase inflections which will be forever new."

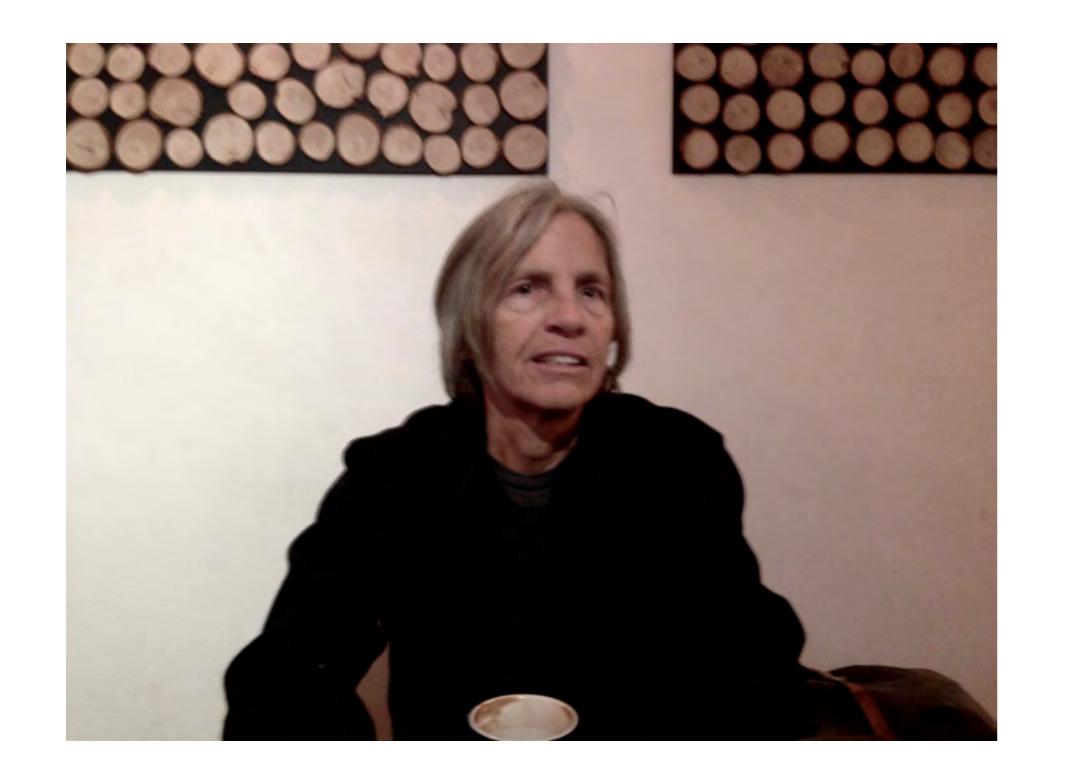






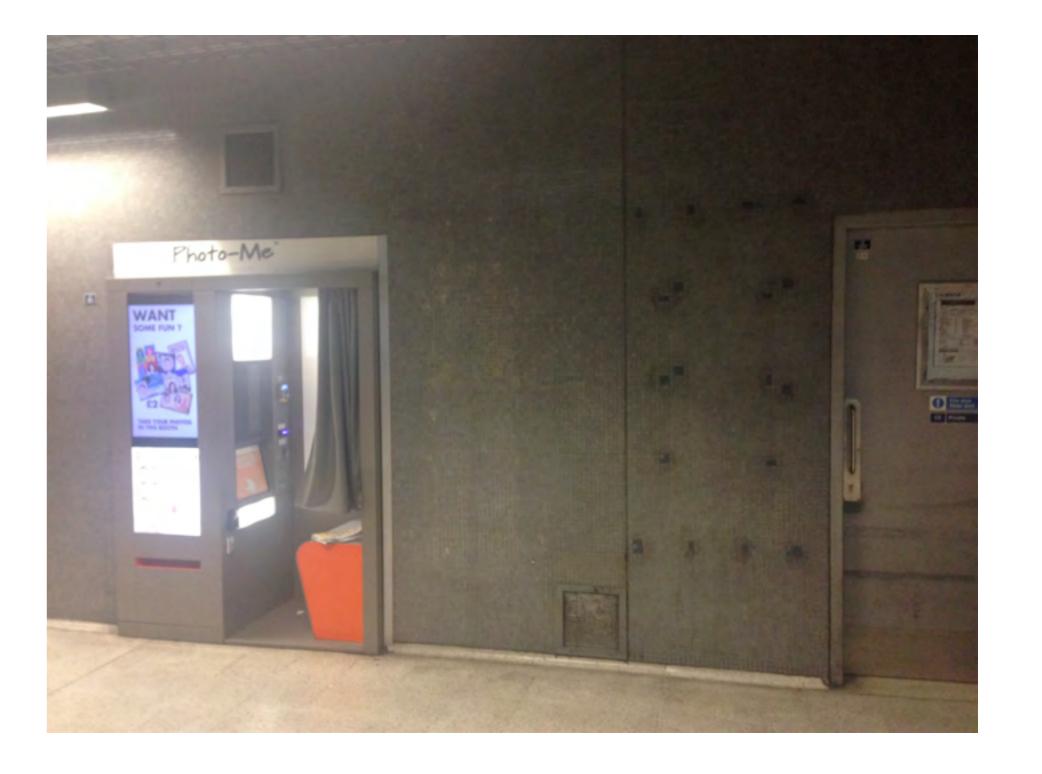








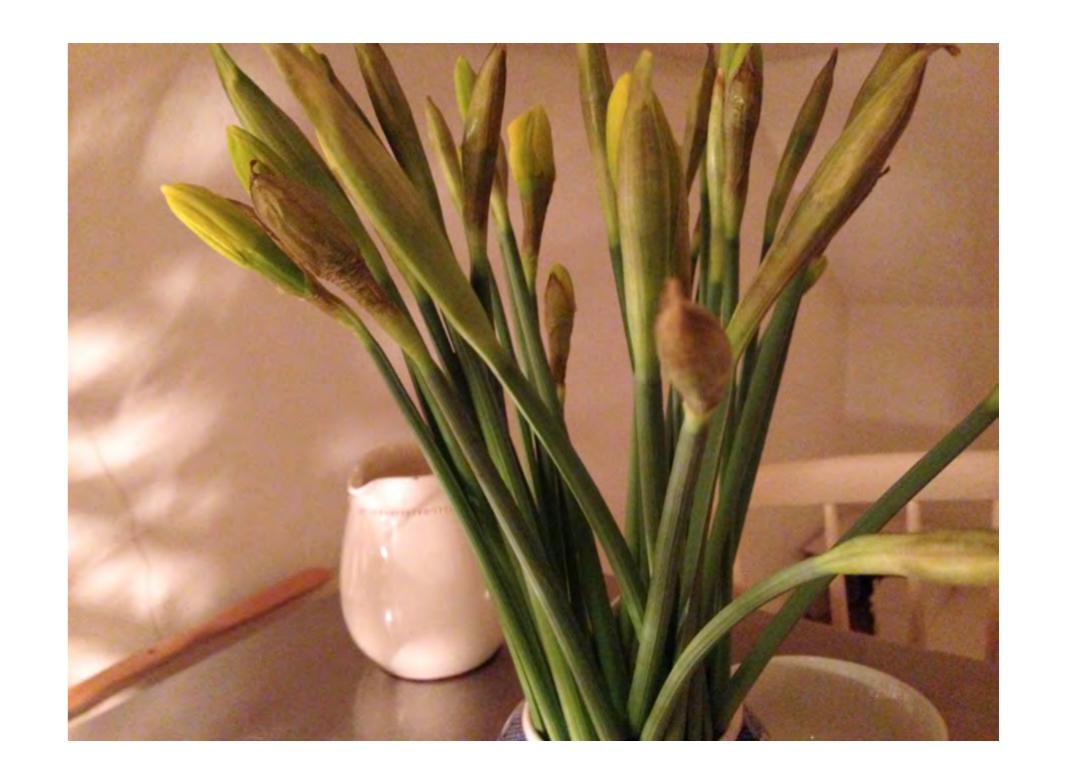


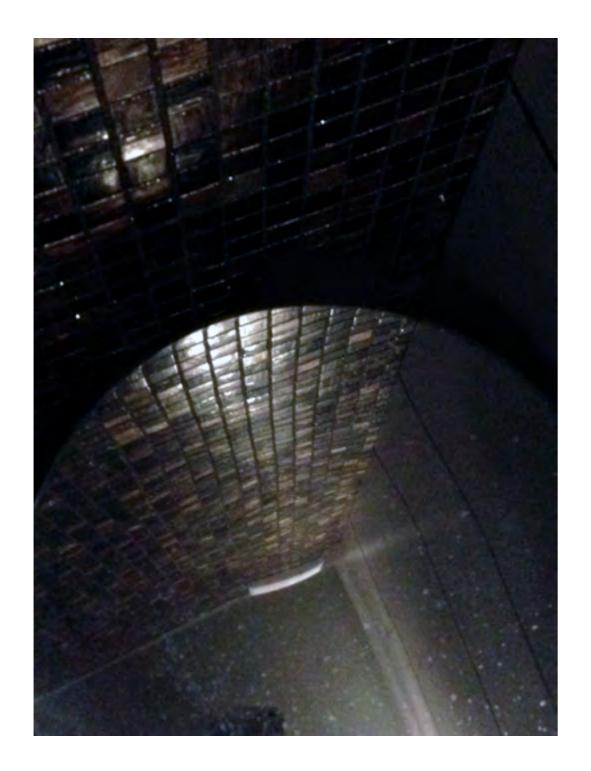




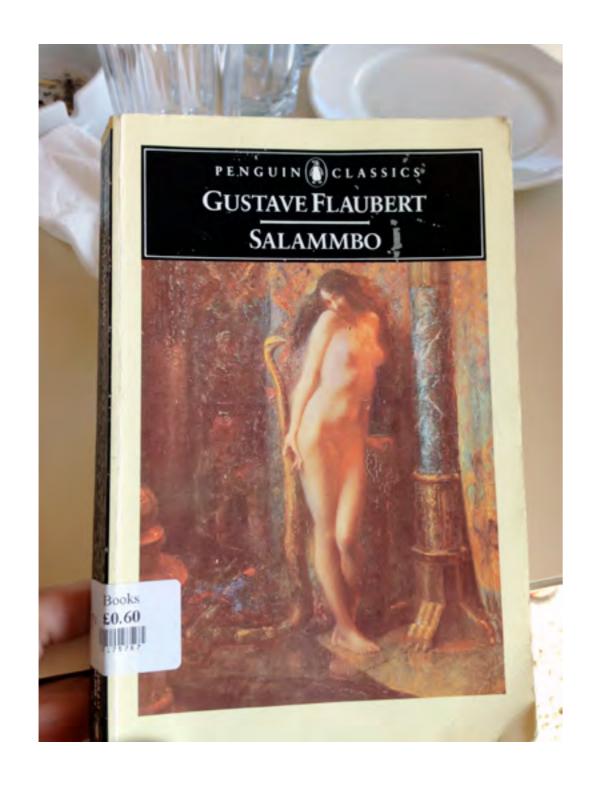












I'm fucking angry and I don't want this to kill me and I don't want it to make me go kill me and I want to survive and I want to be happy.

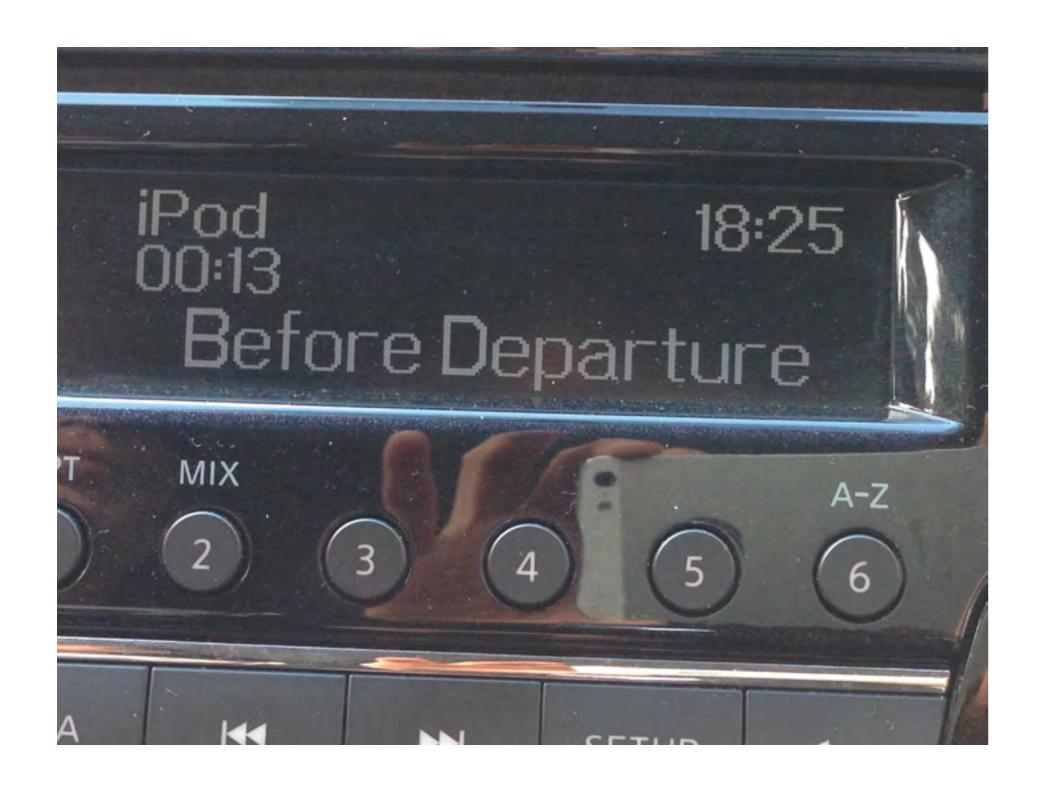
I'm fucking angry and I don't want this to kill me and I don't want it to terrorize me, I want to survive and I want to be happy.

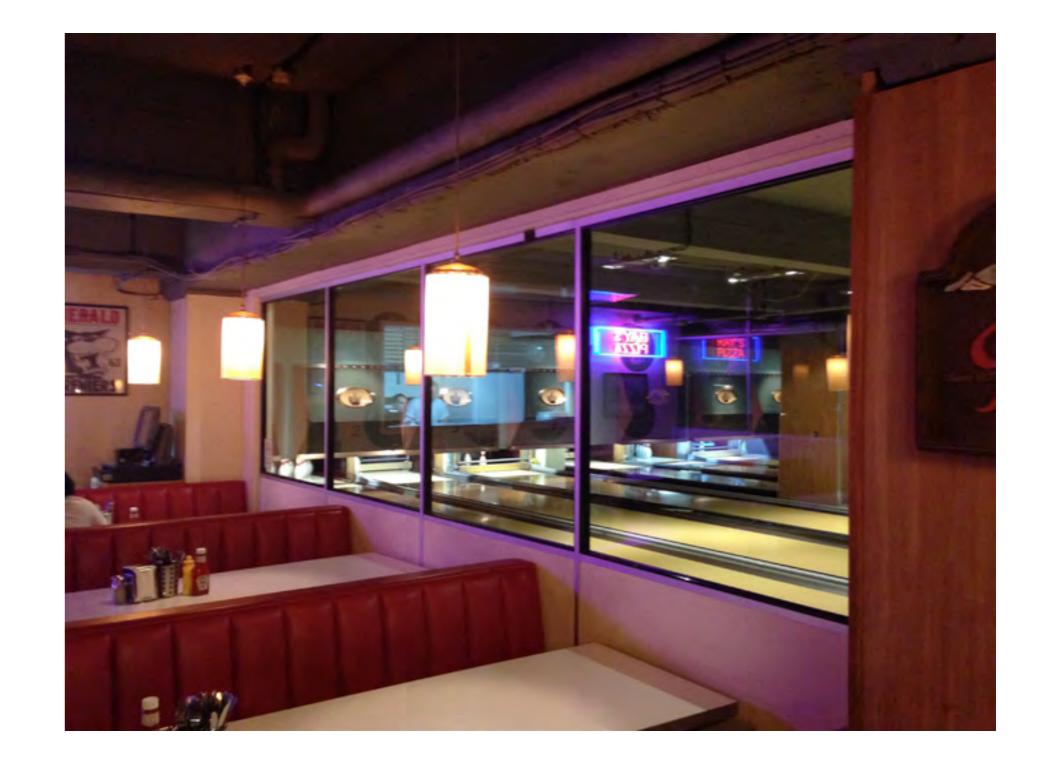


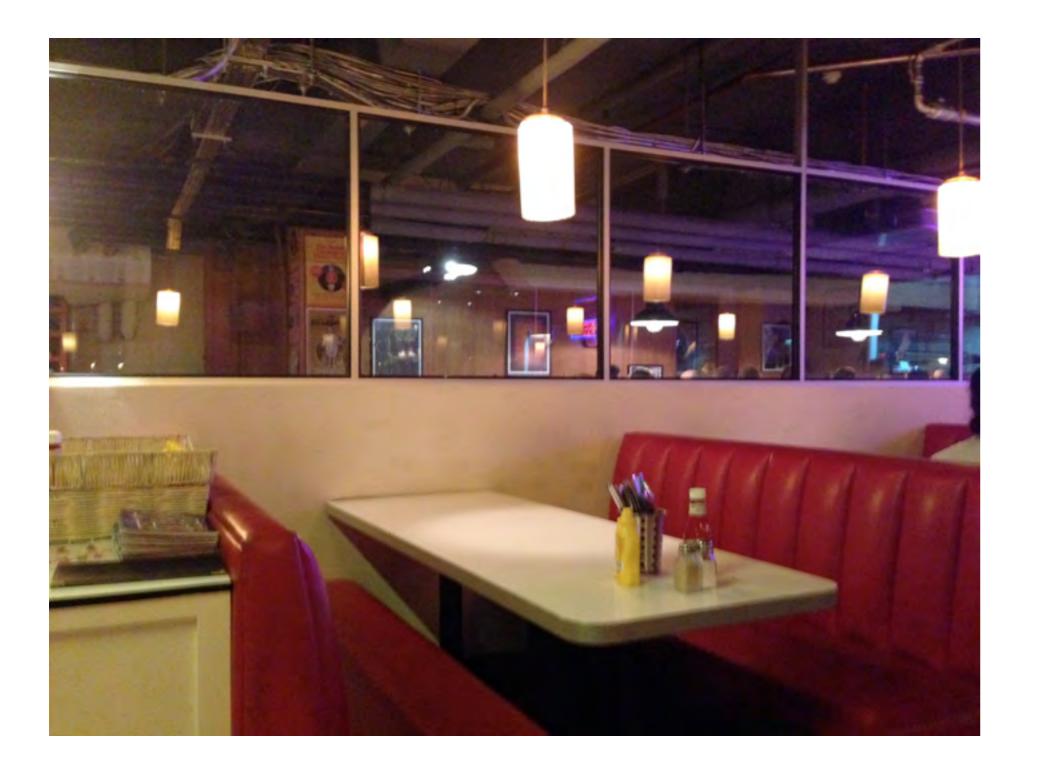


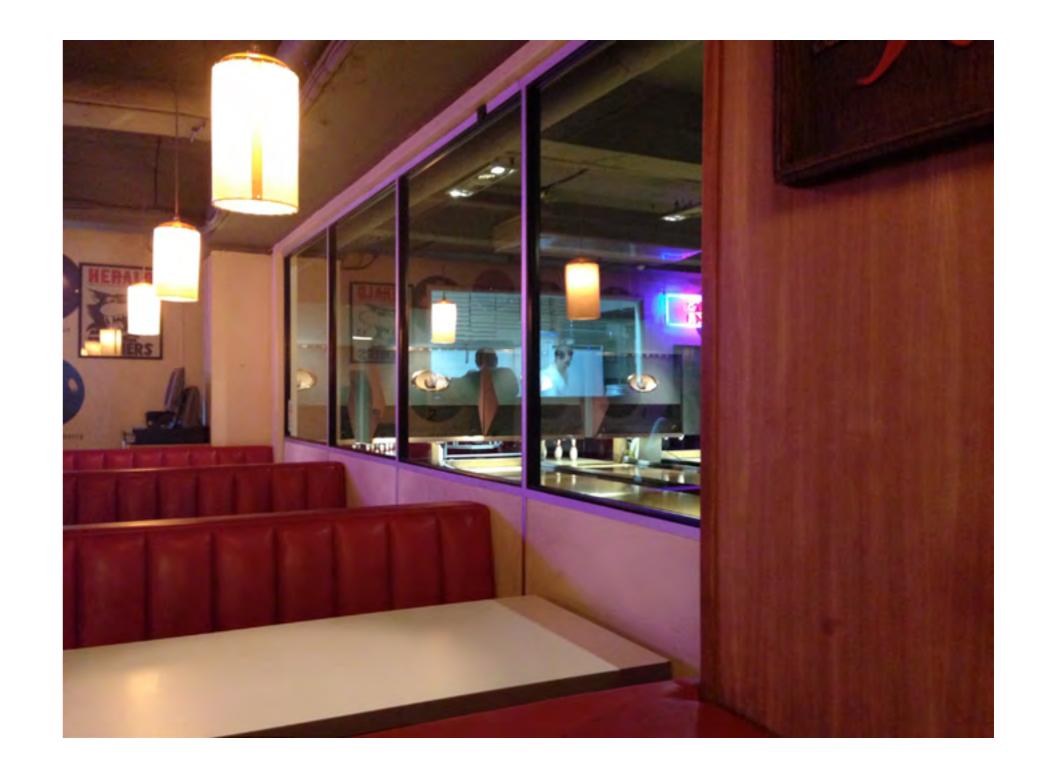


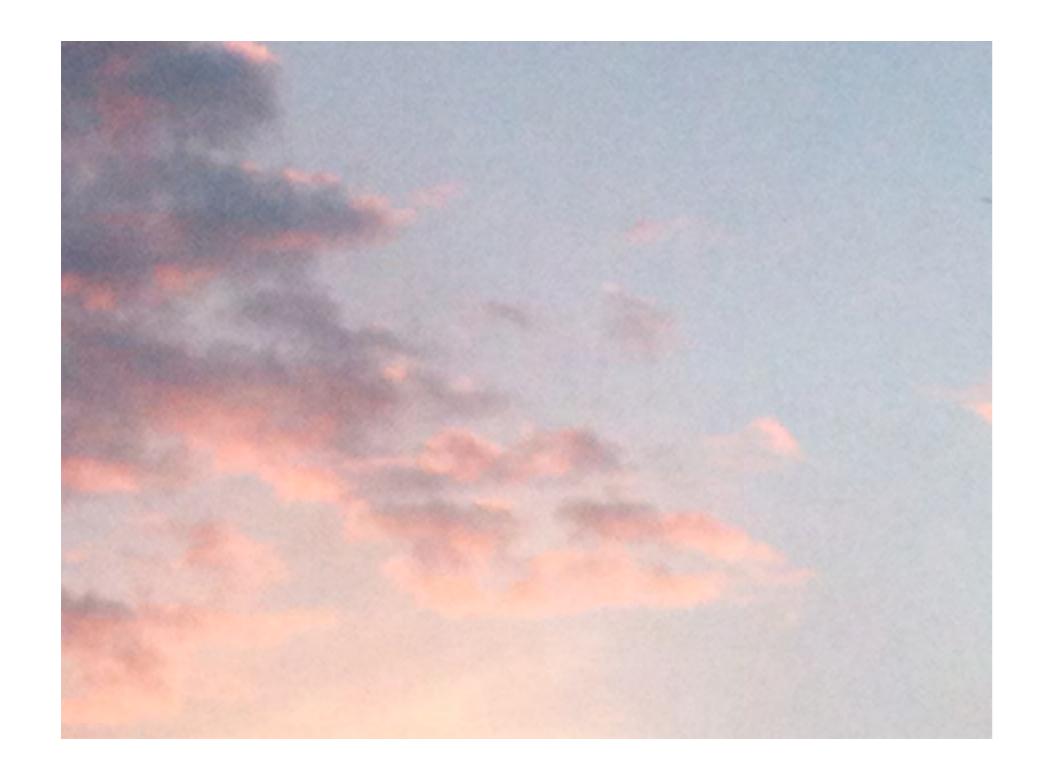






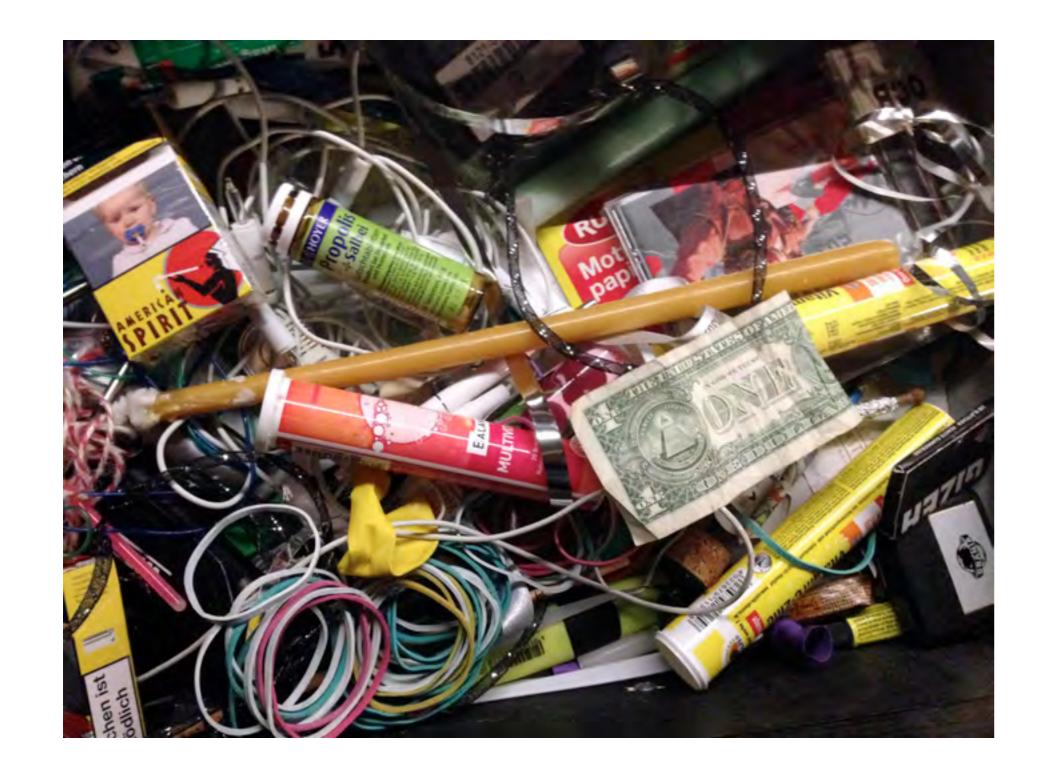






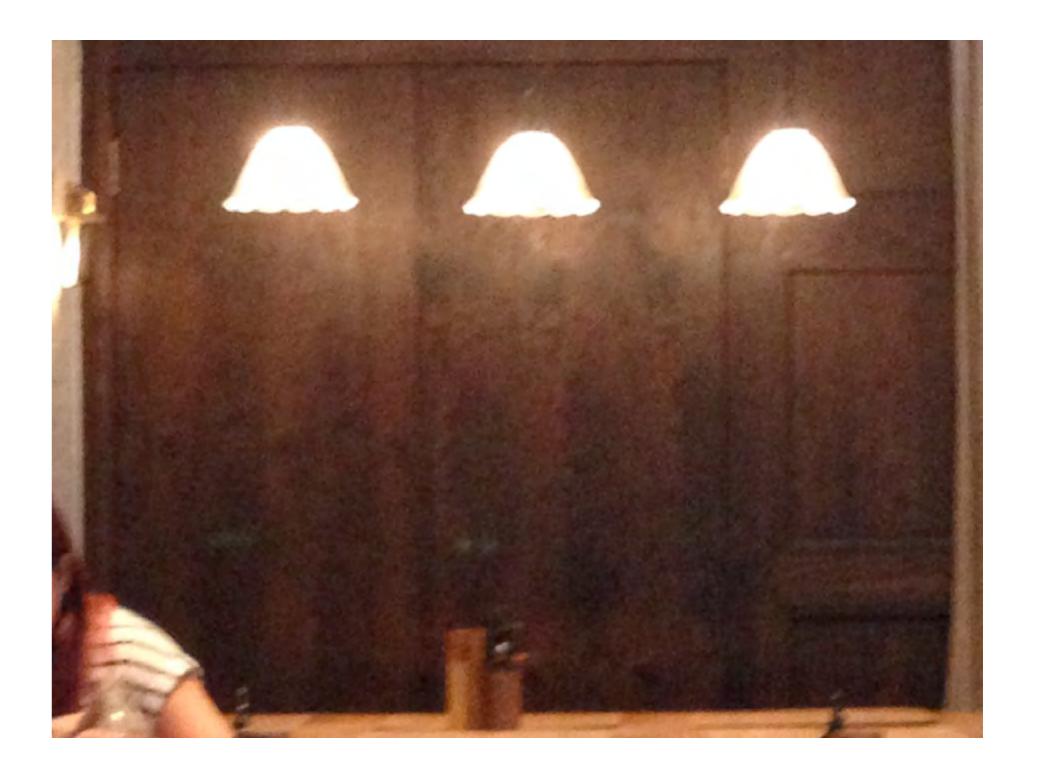
















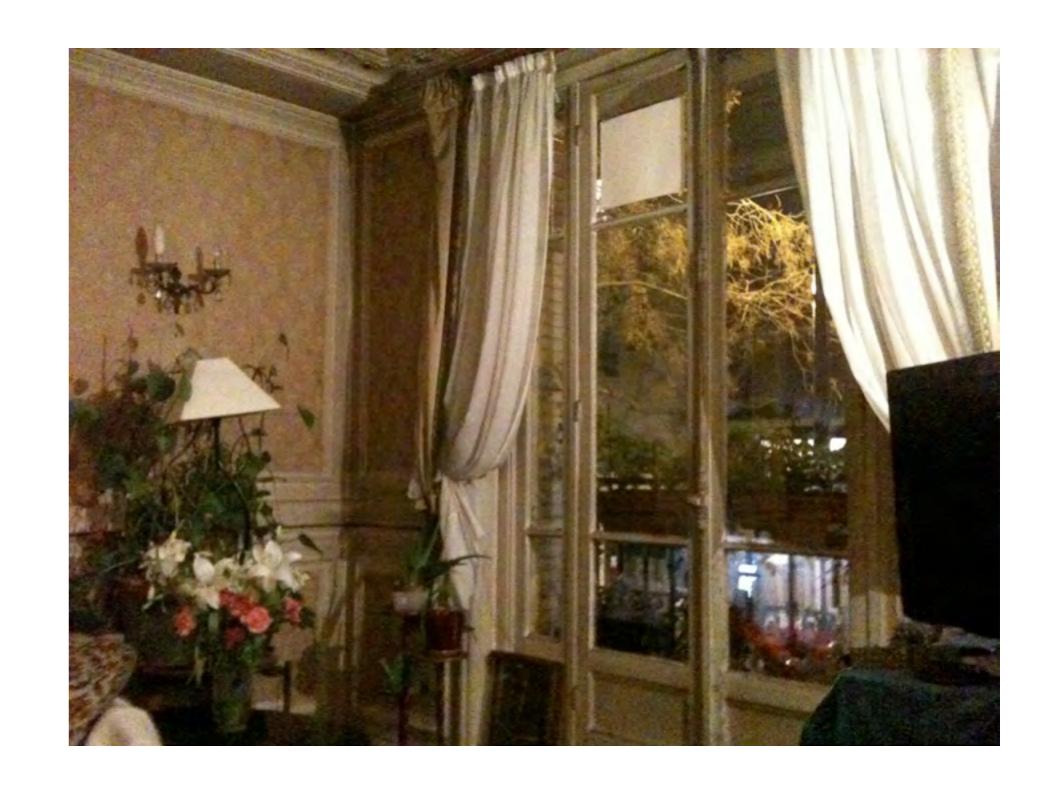


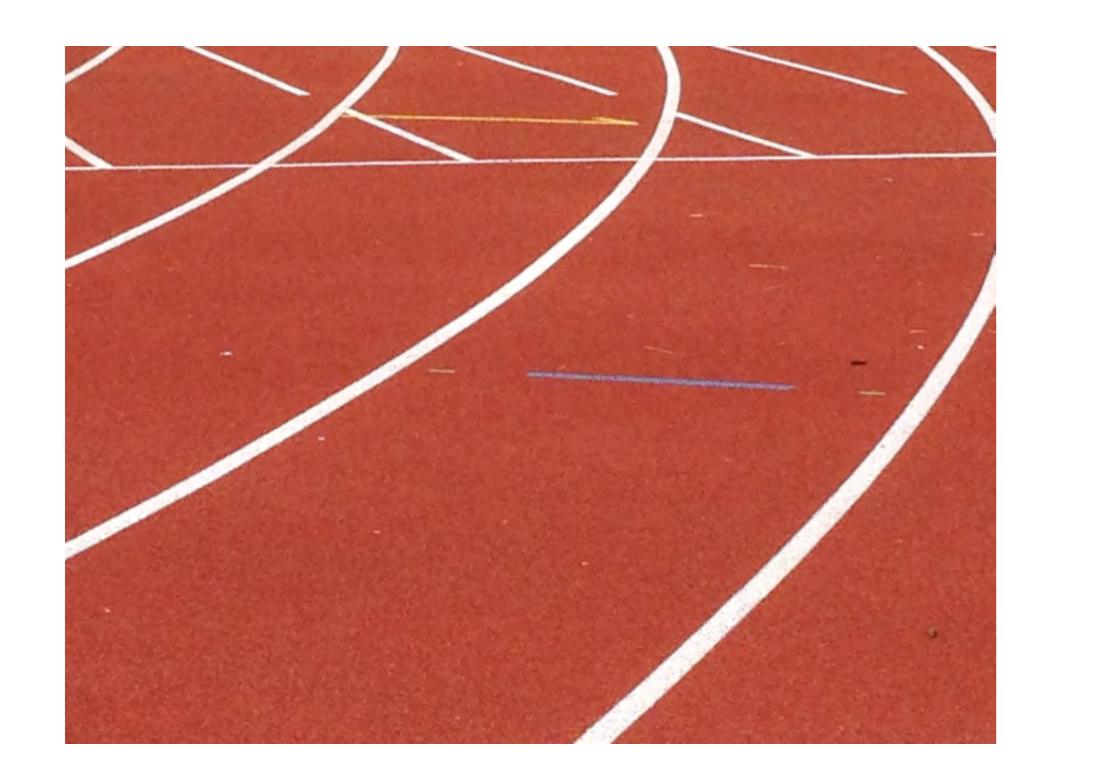






Elle voulait me sauver. Je le sentais bien. Oui, elle le voulait au début et même à la fin. Ma nièce m'avait dit elle est mignonne mais est-ce qu'elle n'est pas un peu jeune pour toi. Sans doute. J'avais haussé les épaules. Il faisait très noir dans le restaurant. On avait beaucoup bu. Je n'ai pas dit à C. ce que m'avait dit ma nièce, je sais bien ce qu'elle m'aurait dit je ne suis pas si jeune que ça et puis quelle importance. Je m'en souviens comme d'un bon moment même si déjà on avait commencé à se disputer. Tout ça parce que L. avait téléphoné plusieurs fois. On avait commencé à se disputer et c'était la première fois. En fait c'était la deuxième mais j'avais déjà oublié la première. Je ne l'avais pas prise au sérieux cette dispute-là, j'aurais dû. Cette première fois avait été le prélude d'une longue série de disputes. Et dans cette première fois il y avait déjà tout.







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