

CHAPTER 1

Sun and Shadow

Thirty years ago, Marseilles lay burning in the sun, one day.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:42 PM

Comment: Weird syntax. "One day thirty years ago, Marseilles lay burning in the sun."(?)

A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France then, than at any other time before or since. Everything in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:42 PM

Comment: You want to reuse "sun" right away?

Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:43 PM

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Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:43 PM

Comment: Cool line/image.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:44 PM

Comment: Getting a little repetitive?

There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbour, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarcation between the two colours, black and blue, showed the point the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled, night or day, for months. Hindoos, Russians, Chinese, Spaniards, Portuguese, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Genoese, Neapolitans, Venetians, Greeks, Turks, descendants from all the builders of Babel, come to trade at Marseilles, sought the shade alike—taking refuge in any hiding-place from a sea too intensely blue to be looked at, and a sky of purple, set with one great flaming jewel of fire.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:44 PM

Comment: Your US publisher will probably insist on US-standard spellings: harbor, color (below).

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:44 PM

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Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:45 PM

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Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:53 PM

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The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea, but it softened nowhere else. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hill-side, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts,

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:45 PM

Comment: That is gorgeous.

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:46 PM

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Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:46 PM

Comment: Hillside? (one word?)

Jess Taylor 5/31/09 2:53 PM

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Jess Taylor 5/31/09 3:13 PM

Comment: Maybe it's time to get some characters in here?