

Eveline

BY

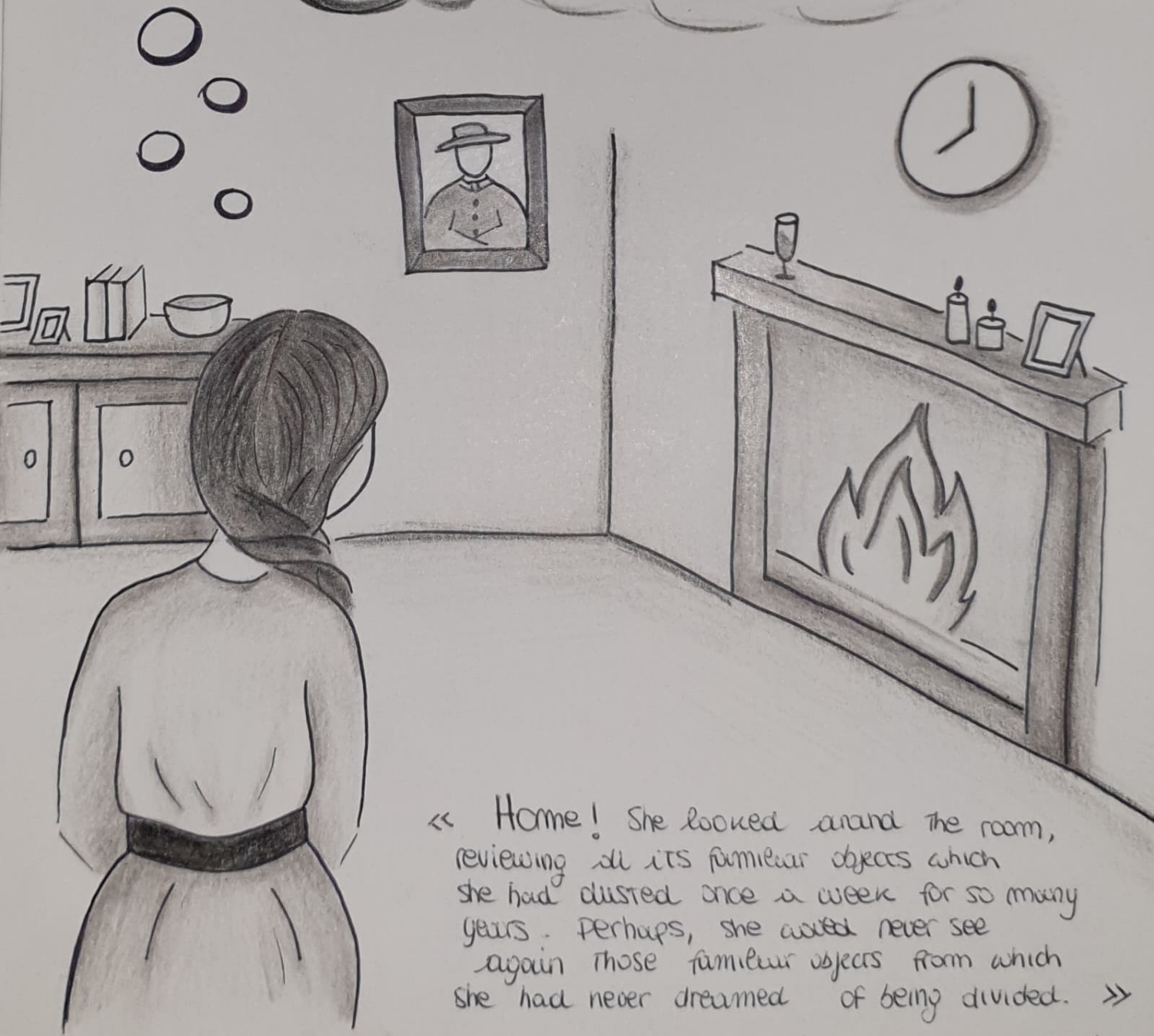
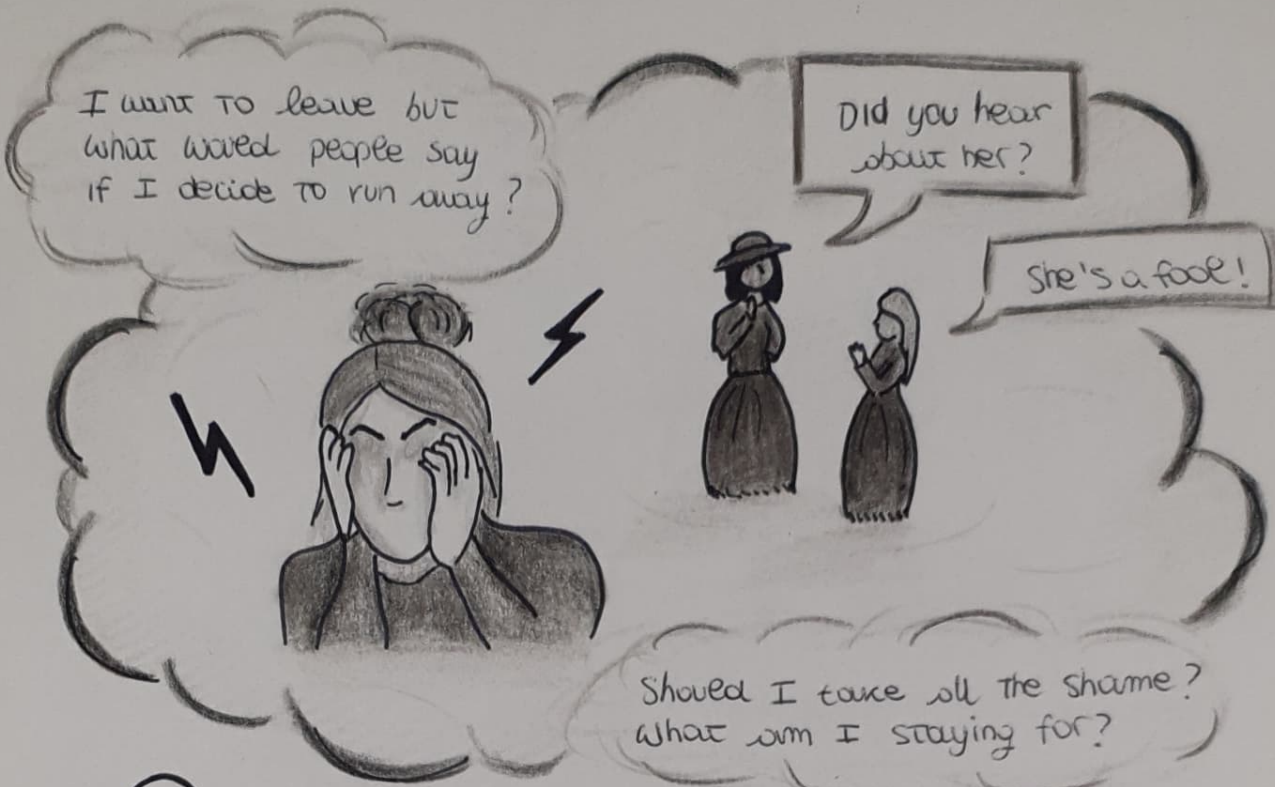
James

Joyce

This comic strip is about the life of
Eveline, a 19-year-old girl who has
the opportunity to leave her country and to
change her life.



« She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue.
Her head was leaned against the window curtains,
and the odour of dusty cretonne was in her nostrils.
She was tired. »

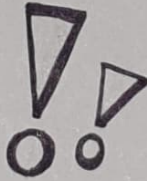


« Home! She looked around the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years. Perhaps, she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. »



<< She had to work hard to keep the house together and to cure *obata* the two children who had been left to her charge . >>

you have to take the role of your mother now that she's dead!



I don't want to be treated like my mother...
... I need to start a new life



« She was about to explore another life with

Frank

Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her... »



“ How well she remembered the first time she had seen him. ”



« He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the name of the different services. »

Of course, the father had found out the affair and he had forbidden her to have anything to say to him. »

« She continued to be sit by the window.
Down far in the avenue she could hear
a street organ playing. She knew the air
strange that it should come that very
night to remind her of the promise
to her mother ...



... her promise to
keep the home
together as
long as she could.

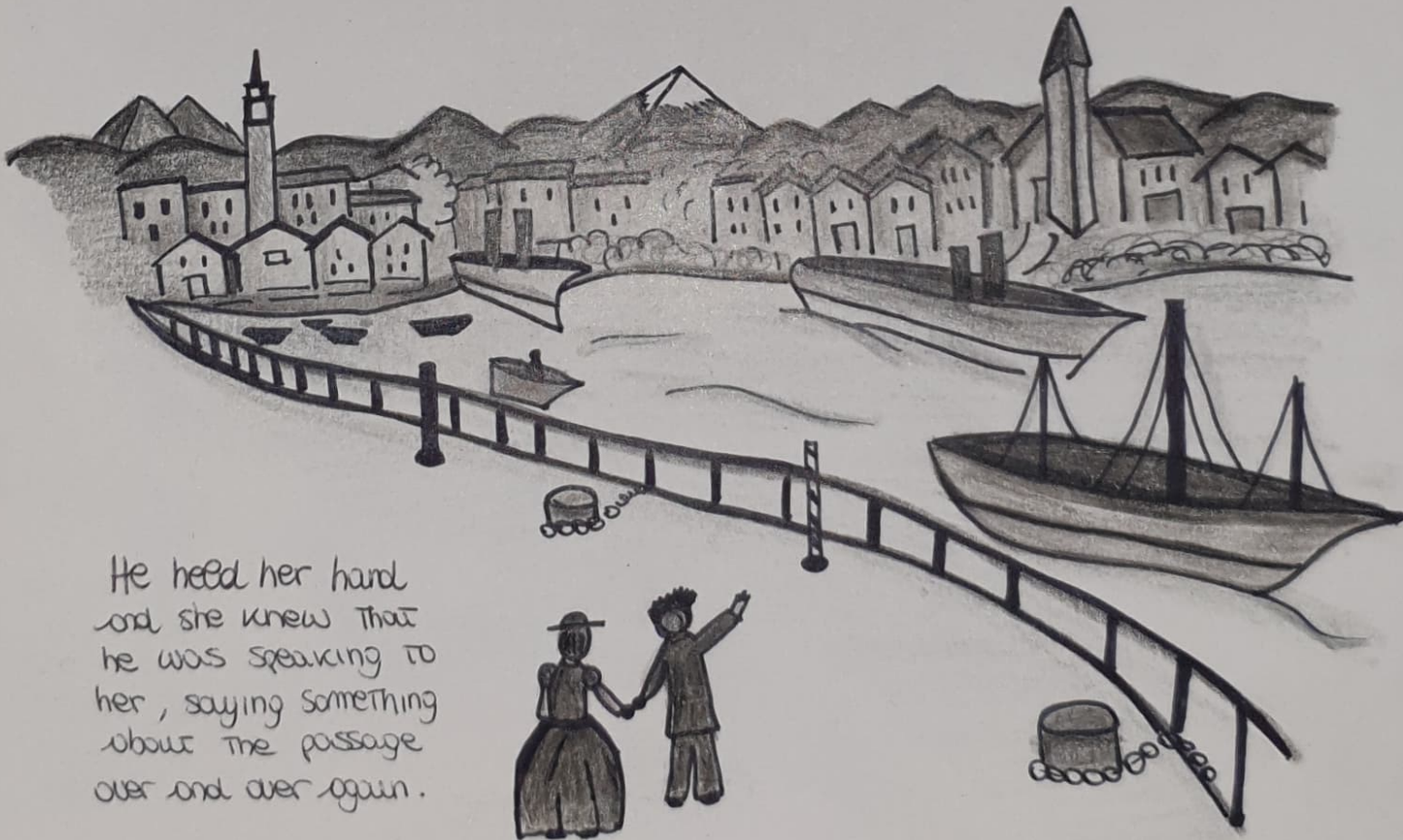
She remembered
the last night
of her mother's
illness

She trembled as
she heard again
her mother's voice
saying constantly
with foolish insistence
"Derevavn Seravn"

Why should I be unhappy?
I had a right to happiness.
Frank would save me ..

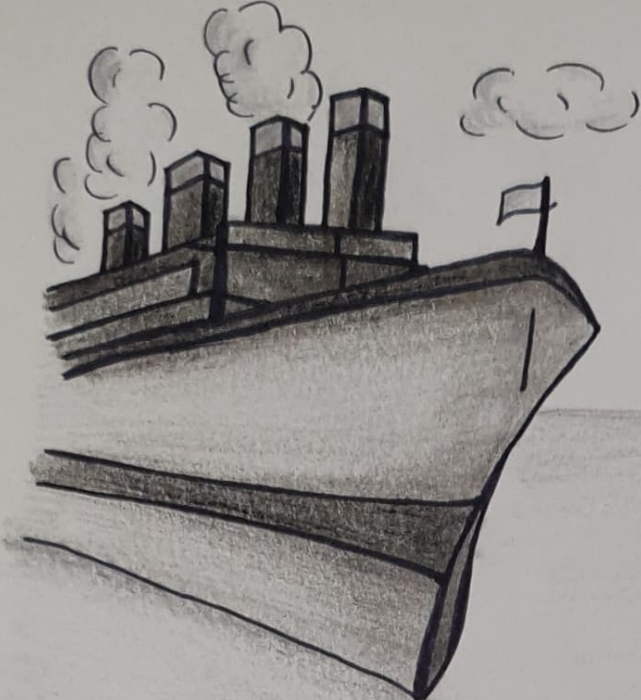


« She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. BUT she wanted to live. »



He held her hand
and she knew that
he was speaking to
her, saying something
about the passage
over and over again.

She caught a glimpse of the black mass
of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall.
She answered nothing.



All the seas of the world
tumbled about her heart.
He was drawing her into them:
he would drown her. She gripped
with both hands at the iron railing.

Eveane! Envy!
COME !!

Could I still
draw back after
all he had done for me?

No! No! No!
It's impossible



<< Her eyes gave him no sign of love
or farewell or recognition,
passive like a helpless animal. >>