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Other books by VIRGINIA WOOLF
published by Alma Classics

Between the Acts

Flush

Jacob's Room

Monday or Tuesday

Mrs Dalloway

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A Room of One's Own

To the Lighthouse

The Waves

The Years

The Voyage Out

To L. W.*

CHAPTER I

AS THE STREETS that lead from the Strand to the Embankment are very narrow, it is better not to walk down them arm in arm. If you persist, lawyers' clerks will have to make flying leaps into the mud – young lady typists will have to fidget behind you. In the streets of London, where beauty goes unregarded, eccentricity must pay the penalty, and it is better not to be very tall, to wear a long blue cloak or to beat the air with your left hand.

One afternoon in the beginning of October, when the traffic was becoming brisk, a tall man strode along the edge of the pavement with a lady on his arm. Angry glances struck upon their backs. The small, agitated figures – for in comparison with this couple most people looked small – decorated with fountain pens and burdened with dispatch boxes, had appointments to keep and drew a weekly salary, so that there was some reason for the unfriendly stare which was bestowed upon Mr Ambrose's height and upon Mrs Ambrose's cloak. But some enchantment had put both man and woman beyond the reach of malice.* In his case one might guess from the moving lips that it was thought – and in hers, from the eyes fixed stonily straight in front of her at a level above the eyes of most, that it was sorrow. It was only by scorning all she met that she kept herself from tears, and the friction of people brushing past her was evidently painful. After watching the traffic on the Embankment for a minute or two with a stoical gaze, she twitched her husband's sleeve, and they crossed between the swift discharge of motor cars. When they were safe on the farther side, she gently withdrew her arm from his, allowing her mouth at the same time to relax, to tremble, then tears rolled down, and, leaning her elbows on the balustrade, she shielded her face from the curious. Mr Ambrose attempted consolation – he patted her shoulder – but she showed no signs of admitting him, and feeling it awkward to stand beside a grief that was greater than his, he crossed his arms behind him and took a turn along the pavement.

The embankment juts out in angles here and there, like pulpits – instead of preachers, however, small boys occupy them, dangling string, dropping pebbles or launching wads of paper for a cruise. With their sharp eye for eccentricity, they were inclined to think Mr Ambrose awful – but

the quickest-witted cried “Bluebeard!”* as he passed. In case they should proceed to tease his wife, Mr Ambrose flourished his stick at them, upon which they decided that he was grotesque merely, and four instead of one cried “Bluebeard!” in chorus.

Although Mrs Ambrose stood quite still, much longer than is natural, the little boys let her be. Someone is always looking into the river near Waterloo Bridge: a couple will stand there talking for half an hour on a fine afternoon; most people, walking for pleasure, contemplate for three minutes – when, having compared the occasion with other occasions or made some sentence, they pass on. Sometimes the flats and churches and hotels of Westminster are like the outlines of Constantinople in a mist – sometimes the river is an opulent purple, sometimes mud-coloured, sometimes sparkling blue like the sea. It is always worthwhile to look down and see what is happening. But this lady looked neither up nor down: the only thing she had seen, since she stood there, was a circular iridescent patch slowly floating past with a straw in the middle of it. The straw and the patch swam again and again behind the tremulous medium of a great welling tear, and the tear rose and fell and dropped into the river. Then there struck close upon her ears:

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine gods he swore...

and then more faintly, as if the speaker had passed her on his walk...

That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.*

Yes, she knew she must go back to all that, but at present she must weep. Screening her face, she sobbed more steadily than she had yet done, her shoulders rising and falling with great regularity. It was this figure that her husband saw when, having reached the polished sphinx,* having entangled himself with a man selling picture postcards, he turned – the stanza instantly stopped. He came up to her, laid his hand on her shoulder and said, “Dearest.” His voice was supplicating. But she shut her face away from him, as much as to say, “You can’t possibly understand.”

As he did not leave her, however, she had to wipe her eyes, and to raise them to the level of the factory chimneys on the other bank. She saw also the arches of Waterloo Bridge and the carts moving across them, like the line of animals in a shooting gallery.* They were seen blankly, but to see anything was of course to end her weeping and begin to walk.

“I would rather walk,” she said, her husband having hailed a cab already occupied by two city men.

The fixity of her mood was broken by the action of walking. The shooting motor cars, more like spiders in the moon than terrestrial objects, the thundering drays, the jingling hansoms and little black broughams made her think of the world she lived in. Somewhere up there, above the pinnacles where the smoke rose in a pointed hill, her children were now asking for her, and getting a soothing reply. As for the mass of streets, squares and public buildings which parted them, she only felt at this moment how little London had done to make her love it, although thirty of her forty years had been spent in a street. She knew how to read the people who were passing her: there were the rich, who were running to and from each other’s houses at this hour; there were the bigoted workers driving in a straight line to their offices; there were the poor, who were unhappy and rightly malignant. Already, though there was sunlight in the haze, tattered old men and women were nodding off to sleep upon the seats. When one gave up seeing the beauty that clothed things, this was the skeleton beneath.

A fine rain now made her still more dismal; vans with the odd names of those engaged in odd industries – Sprules, Manufacturer of Sawdust; Grabb, to whom no piece of waste paper comes amiss – fell flat as a bad joke; bold lovers, sheltered behind one cloak, seemed to her sordid, past their passion; the flower women, a contented company, whose talk is always worth hearing, were sodden hags; the red, yellow and blue flowers, whose heads were pressed together, would not blaze. Moreover, her husband, walking with a quick rhythmic stride, jerking his free hand occasionally, was either a Viking or a stricken Nelson* – the seagulls had changed his note.

“Ridley, shall we drive? Shall we drive, Ridley?”

Mrs Ambrose had to speak sharply – by this time he was far away.

The cab, by trotting steadily along the same road, soon withdrew them from the West End and plunged them into London. It appeared that this was a great manufacturing place, where the people were engaged in making things, as though the West End, with its electric lamps, its vast plate-glass windows all shining yellow, its carefully finished houses and tiny live figures trotting on the pavement or bowled along on wheels in the road, was the finished work. It appeared to her a very small bit of work for such an enormous factory to have made. For some reason it appeared to her as a small golden tassel on the edge of a vast black cloak.

Observing that they passed no other hansom cab, but only vans and wagons, and that not one of the thousand men and women she saw was

either a gentleman or a lady, Mrs Ambrose understood that after all it is the ordinary thing to be poor, and that London is the city of innumerable poor people. Startled by this discovery and seeing herself pacing a circle all the days of her life round Piccadilly Circus, she was greatly relieved to pass a building put up by the London County Council for Night Schools.*

“Lord, how gloomy it is!” her husband groaned. “Poor creatures!”

What with misery for her children, the poor and the rain, her mind was like a wound exposed to dry in the air.

At this point the cab stopped, for it was in danger of being crushed like an eggshell. The wide Embankment, which had had room for cannon balls and squadrons, had now shrunk to a cobbled lane steaming with smells of malt and oil and blocked by wagons. While her husband read the placards pasted on the brick announcing the hours at which certain ships would sail for Scotland, Mrs Ambrose did her best to find information. From a world exclusively occupied in feeding wagons with sacks, half obliterated too in a fine yellow fog, they got neither help nor attention. It seemed a miracle when an old man approached, guessed their condition and proposed to row them out to their ship in the little boat which he kept moored at the bottom of a flight of steps. With some hesitation they trusted themselves to his care,* took their places and were soon waving up and down upon the water, London having shrunk to two lines of buildings on either side of them, square buildings and oblong buildings placed in rows like a child’s avenue of bricks.

The river, which had a certain amount of troubled yellow light in it, ran with great force; bulky barges floated down swiftly escorted by tugs; police boats shot past everything; the wind went with the current. The open rowing boat in which they sat bobbed and curtsied across the line of traffic. In midstream the old man stayed his hands upon the oars and, as the water rushed past them, remarked that once he had taken many passengers across, where now he took scarcely any. He seemed to recall an age when his boat, moored among rushes, carried delicate feet across to lawns at Rotherhithe.

“They want bridges now,” he said, indicating the monstrous outline of the Tower Bridge. Mournfully Helen regarded him, who was putting water between her and her children. Mournfully she gazed at the ship they were approaching: anchored in the middle of the stream, they could dimly read her name – *Euphrosyne*.*

Very dimly in the falling dusk they could see the lines of the rigging, the masts and the dark flag which the breeze blew out squarely behind.

As the little boat sidled up to the steamer and the old man shipped his oars, he remarked, once more pointing above, that ships all the world over flew that flag the day they sailed. In the minds of both the passengers, the blue flag appeared a sinister token, and this the moment for presentiments, but nevertheless they rose, gathered their things together and climbed on deck.

Down in the saloon of her father's ship, Miss Rachel Vinrace, aged twenty-four, stood waiting her uncle and aunt nervously. To begin with, though nearly related, she scarcely remembered them; to go on with, they were elderly people; and finally, as her father's daughter, she must be in some sort prepared to entertain them. She looked forward to seeing them as civilized people generally look forward to the first sight of civilized people, as though they were of the nature of an approaching physical discomfort – a tight shoe or a draughty window. She was already unnaturally braced to receive them. As she occupied herself in laying forks severely straight by the side of knives, she heard a man's voice saying gloomily: "On a dark night one would fall down these stairs head foremost" – to which a woman's voice added, "And be killed."

As she spoke the last words, the woman stood in the doorway. Tall, large-eyed, draped in purple shawls, Mrs Ambrose was romantic and beautiful – not perhaps sympathetic, for her eyes looked straight and considered what they saw. Her face was much warmer than a Greek face – on the other hand, it was much bolder than the face of the usual pretty Englishwoman.

"Oh, Rachel, how d'you do," she said, shaking hands.

"How are you, dear," said Mr Ambrose, inclining his forehead to be kissed. His niece instinctively liked his thin angular body and the big head with its sweeping features and the acute, innocent eyes.

"Tell Mr Pepper," Rachel bade the servant. Husband and wife then sat down on one side of the table, with their niece opposite to them.

"My father told me to begin," she explained. "He is very busy with the men... You know Mr Pepper?"

A little man who was bent as some trees are by a gale on one side of them had slipped in. Nodding to Mr Ambrose, he shook hands with Helen.

"Draughts," he said, erecting the collar of his coat.

"You are still rheumatic?" asked Helen. Her voice was low and seductive, though she spoke absently enough, the sight of town and river being still present to her mind.

"Once rheumatic, always rheumatic, I fear," he replied. "To some extent it depends on the weather, though not so much as people are apt to think."

"One does not die of it, at any rate," said Helen.

"As a general rule, no," said Mr Pepper.

"Soup, Uncle Ridley?" asked Rachel.

"Thank you, dear," he said, and, as he held his plate out, sighed audibly, "Ah! She's not like her mother." Helen was just too late in thumping her tumbler on the table to prevent Rachel from hearing and from blushing scarlet with embarrassment.

"The way servants treat flowers!" she said hastily. She drew a green vase with a crinkled lip towards her and began pulling out the tight little chrysanthemums, which she laid on the tablecloth, arranging them fastidiously side by side.

There was a pause.

"You knew Jenkinson, didn't you, Ambrose?" asked Mr Pepper across the table.

"Jenkinson of Peterhouse?"*

"He's dead," said Mr Pepper.

"Ah, dear!... I knew him... ages ago," said Ridley. "He was the hero of the punt accident, you remember? A queer card. Married a young woman out of a tobacconist's, and lived in the Fens... Never heard what became of him."

"Drink... drugs," said Mr Pepper with sinister conciseness. "He left a commentary. Hopeless muddle, I'm told."

"The man had really great abilities," said Ridley.

"His introduction to Jellaby holds its own still," went on Mr Pepper, "which is surprising, seeing how textbooks change."

"There was a theory about the planets, wasn't there?" asked Ridley.

"A screw loose somewhere, no doubt of it," said Mr Pepper, shaking his head.

Now a tremor ran through the table, and a light outside swerved. At the same time an electric bell rang sharply again and again.

"We're off," said Ridley.

A slight but perceptible wave seemed to roll beneath the floor, then it sank, then another came, more perceptible. Lights slid right across the uncurtained window. The ship gave a loud, melancholy moan.

"We're off!" said Mr Pepper. Other ships, as sad as she, answered her outside on the river. The chuckling and hissing of water could be plainly heard, and the ship heaved so that the steward bringing plates had to balance himself as he drew the curtain. There was a pause.

"Jenkinson of Catz...* d'you still keep up with him?" asked Ambrose.

“As much as one ever does,” said Mr Pepper. “We meet annually. This year he has had the misfortune to lose his wife, which made it painful, of course.”

“Very painful,” Ridley agreed.

“There’s an unmarried daughter who keeps house for him, I believe, but it’s never the same – not at his age.”

Both gentlemen nodded sagely as they carved their apples.

“There was a book, wasn’t there?” Ridley enquired.

“There *was* a book, but there never *will* be a book,” said Mr Pepper, with such fierceness that both ladies looked up at him. “There never will be a book, because someone else has written it for him,” said Mr Pepper with considerable acidity. “That’s what comes of putting things off and collecting fossils and sticking Norman arches on one’s pigsties.”

“I confess I sympathize,” said Ridley with a melancholy sigh. “I have a weakness for people who can’t begin.”

“...The accumulations of a lifetime wasted,” continued Mr Pepper. “He had accumulations enough to fill a barn.”

“It’s a vice that some of us escape,” said Ridley. “Our friend Miles has another work out today.”

Mr Pepper gave an acid little laugh. “According to my calculations,” he said, “he has produced two volumes and a half annually – which, allowing for time spent in the cradle and so forth, shows a commendable industry.”

“Yes, the old Master’s saying of him has been pretty well realized,” said Ridley.

“A way they had,” said Mr Pepper. “You know the Bruce collection?... Not for publication, of course.”

“I should suppose not,” said Ridley significantly. “For a divine he was... remarkably free.”

“The Pump in Neville’s Row, for example?” enquired Mr Pepper.

“Precisely,” said Ambrose.

Each of the ladies, being after the fashion of their sex highly trained in promoting men’s talk without listening to it, could think – about the education of children, about the use of fog sirens in an opera – without betraying herself. Only it struck Helen that Rachel was perhaps too still for a hostess, and that she might have done something with her hands.

“Perhaps?...” she said at length, upon which they rose and left, vaguely to the surprise of the gentlemen, who had either thought them attentive or had forgotten their presence.

“Ah, one could tell strange stories of the old days,” they heard Ridley say, as he sank into his chair again. Glancing back at the doorway, they saw Mr Pepper as though he had suddenly loosened his clothes and had become a vivacious and malicious old ape.

Winding veils round their heads, the women walked on deck. They were now moving steadily down the river, passing the dark shapes of ships at anchor, and London was a swarm of lights with a pale-yellow canopy drooping above it. There were the lights of the great theatres, the lights of the long streets, lights that indicated huge squares of domestic comfort, lights that hung high in air. No darkness would ever settle upon those lamps, as no darkness had settled upon them for hundreds of years. It seemed dreadful that the town should blaze for ever in the same spot – dreadful at least to people going away to adventure upon the sea, and beholding it as a circumscribed mound, eternally burnt, eternally scarred. From the deck of the ship the great city appeared a crouched and cowardly figure, a sedentary miser.

Leaning over the rail, side by side, Helen said, “Won’t you be cold?” Rachel replied, “No... How beautiful!” she added a moment later. Very little was visible – a few masts, a shadow of land here, a line of brilliant windows there. They tried to make head against the wind.

“It blows – it blows!” gasped Rachel, the words rammed down her throat. Struggling by her side, Helen was suddenly overcome by the spirit of movement, and pushed along with her skirts wrapping themselves round her knees and both arms to her hair. But slowly the intoxication of movement died down, and the wind became rough and chilly. They looked through a chink in the blind and saw that long cigars were being smoked in the dining room – they saw Mr Ambrose throw himself violently against the back of his chair, while Mr Pepper crinkled his cheeks as though they had been cut in wood. The ghost of a roar of laughter came out to them, and was drowned at once in the wind. In the dry, yellow-lighted room Mr Pepper and Mr Ambrose were oblivious of all tumult: they were in Cambridge, and it was probably about the year 1875.

“They’re old friends,” said Helen, smiling at the sight. “Now, is there a room for us to sit in?”

Rachel opened a door.

“It’s more like a landing than a room,” she said. Indeed it had nothing of the shut, stationary character of a room on shore. A table was rooted in the middle, and seats were stuck to the sides. Happily the tropical suns had bleached the tapestries to a faded blue-green colour – and the mirror, with its frame of shells, the work of the steward’s love when the time hung

heavy in the southern seas, was quaint rather than ugly. Twisted shells with red lips like unicorn's horns ornamented the mantelpiece, which was draped by a pall of purple plush from which depended a certain number of balls. Two windows opened onto the deck, and the light beating through them when the ship was roasted on the Amazons had turned the prints on the opposite wall to a faint yellow colour, so that *The Coliseum* was scarcely to be distinguished from *Queen Alexandra Playing with her Spaniels*. A pair of wicker armchairs by the fireside invited one to warm one's hands at a grate full of gilt shavings; a great lamp swung above the table – the kind of lamp which makes the light of civilization across dark fields to one walking in the country.

"It's odd that everyone should be an old friend of Mr Pepper's," Rachel started nervously, for the situation was difficult, the room cold, and Helen curiously silent.

"I suppose you take him for granted?" said her aunt.

"He's like this," said Rachel, lighting on a fossilized fish in a basin, and displaying it.

"I expect you're too severe," Helen remarked.

Rachel immediately tried to qualify what she had said against her belief.

"I don't really know him," she said, and took refuge in facts, believing that elderly people really like them better than feelings. She produced what she knew of William Pepper. She told Helen that he always called on Sundays when they were at home; he knew about a great many things – about mathematics, history, Greek, zoology, economics and the Icelandic sagas. He had turned Persian poetry into English prose, and English prose into Greek iambs; he was an authority upon coins and... one other thing... oh yes, she thought it was vehicular traffic.

He was here either to get things out of the sea or to write upon the probable course of Odysseus,* for Greek after all was his hobby.

"I've got all his pamphlets," she said. "Little pamphlets. Little yellow books." It did not appear that she had read them.

"Has he ever been in love?" asked Helen, who had chosen a seat.

This was unexpectedly to the point.

"His heart's a piece of old shoe leather," Rachel declared, dropping the fish. But when questioned, she had to own that she had never asked him.

"I shall ask him," said Helen.

"The last time I saw you, you were buying a piano," she continued. "Do you remember – the piano, the room in the attic and the great plants with the prickles?"

“Yes, and my aunts said the piano would come through the floor, but at their age one wouldn’t mind being killed in the night?” she enquired.

“I heard from Aunt Bessie not long ago,” Helen stated. “She is afraid that you will spoil your arms if you insist upon so much practising.”

“The muscles of the forearm – and then one won’t marry?”

“She didn’t put it quite like that,” replied Mrs Ambrose.

“Oh, no – of course she wouldn’t,” said Rachel with a sigh.

Helen looked at her. Her face was weak rather than decided, saved from insipidity by the large enquiring eyes – denied beauty, now that she was sheltered indoors, by the lack of colour and definite outline. Moreover, a hesitation in speaking, or rather a tendency to use the wrong words, made her seem more than normally incompetent for her years. Mrs Ambrose, who had been speaking much at random, now reflected that she certainly did not look forward to the intimacy of three or four weeks on board ship which was threatened. Women of her own age usually boring her, she supposed that girls would be worse. She glanced at Rachel again. Yes! How clear it was that she would be vacillating, emotional – and when you said something to her, it would make no more lasting impression than the stroke of a stick upon water. There was nothing to take hold of in girls – nothing hard, permanent, satisfactory. Did Willoughby say three weeks, or did he say four? She tried to remember.

At this point, however, the door opened and a tall, burly man entered the room, came forward and shook Helen’s hand with an emotional kind of heartiness – Willoughby himself, Rachel’s father, Helen’s brother-in-law. As a great deal of flesh would have been needed to make a fat man of him, his frame being so large, he was not fat; his face was a large framework too, looking, by the smallness of the features and the glow in the hollow of the cheek, more fitted to withstand assaults of the weather than to express sentiments and emotions, or to respond to them in others.

“It is a great pleasure that you have come,” he said. “For both of us.”

Rachel murmured in obedience to her father’s glance.

“We’ll do our best to make you comfortable. And Ridley. We think it an honour to have charge of him. Pepper’ll have someone to contradict him – which I daren’t do. You find this child grown, don’t you? A young woman, eh?”

Still holding Helen’s hand, he drew his arm round Rachel’s shoulder, thus making them come uncomfortably close, but Helen forbore to look.

“You think she does us credit?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” said Helen.

“Because we expect great things of her,” he continued, squeezing his daughter’s arm and releasing her. “But about you now.” They sat down side by side on the little sofa. “Did you leave the children well? They’ll be ready for school, I suppose. Do they take after you or Ambrose? They’ve got good heads on their shoulders, I’ll be bound?”

At this Helen immediately brightened more than she had yet done, and explained that her son was six and her daughter ten. Everybody said that her boy was like her and her girl like Ridley. As for brains, they were quick brats, she thought, and modestly she ventured on a little story about her son – how left alone for a minute he had taken the pat of butter in his fingers, run across the room with it and put it on the fire, merely for the fun of the thing, a feeling which she could understand.

“And you had to show the young rascal that these tricks wouldn’t do, eh?”

“A child of six? I don’t think they matter.”

“I’m an old-fashioned father.”

“Nonsense, Willoughby – Rachel knows better.”

Much as Willoughby would doubtless have liked his daughter to praise him, she did not: her eyes were unreflecting as water, her fingers still toying with the fossilized fish, her mind absent. The elder people went on to speak of arrangements that could be made for Ridley’s comfort – a table placed where he couldn’t help looking at the sea, far from boilers, at the same time sheltered from the view of people passing. Unless he made this a holiday, when his books were all packed, he would have no holiday whatever – for out at Santa Marina Helen knew, by experience, that he would work all day: his boxes, she said, were packed with books.

“Leave it to me – leave it to me!” said Willoughby, obviously intending to do much more than she asked of him. But Ridley and Mr Pepper were heard fumbling at the door.

“How are you, Vinrace?” said Ridley, extending a limp hand as he came in, as though the meeting were melancholy to both, but on the whole more so to him.

Willoughby preserved his heartiness, tempered by respect. For the moment nothing was said.

“We looked in and saw you laughing,” Helen remarked. “Mr Pepper had just told a very good story.”

“Pish. None of the stories were good,” said her husband peevishly.

“Still a severe judge, Ridley?” enquired Mr Vinrace.

“We bored you so that you left,” said Ridley, speaking directly to his wife.

As this was quite true, Helen did not attempt to deny it, and her next remark – “But didn’t they improve after we’d gone?” – was unfortunate, for her husband answered, with a droop of his shoulders, “If possible they got worse.”

The situation was now one of considerable discomfort for everyone concerned, as was proved by a long interval of constraint and silence. Mr Pepper, indeed, created a diversion of a kind by leaping onto his seat, both feet tucked under him, with the action of a spinster who detects a mouse, as the draught struck at his ankles. Drawn up there, sucking at his cigar, with his arms encircling his knees, he looked like the image of Buddha, and from this elevation began a discourse, addressed to nobody, for nobody had called for it, upon the unplumbed depths of ocean. He professed himself surprised to learn that although Mr Vinrace possessed ten ships regularly plying between London and Buenos Aires, not one of them was bidden to investigate the great white monsters of the lower waters.

“No, no,” laughed Willoughby, “the monsters of the earth are too many for me!”

Rachel was heard to sigh, “Poor little goats!”*

“If it weren’t for the goats, there’d be no music, my dear: music depends upon goats,” said her father rather sharply, and Mr Pepper went on to describe the white, hairless, blind monsters lying curled on the ridges of sand at the bottom of the sea – which would explode if you brought them to the surface, their sides bursting asunder and scattering entrails to the winds when released from pressure – with considerable detail and with such show of knowledge that Ridley was disgusted, and begged him to stop.

From all this Helen drew her own conclusions, which were gloomy enough. Pepper was a bore – Rachel was an unlicked* girl, no doubt prolific of confidences, the very first of which would be: “You see, I don’t get on with my father.” Willoughby, as usual, loved his business and built his empire, and between them all she would be considerably bored. Being a woman of action, however, she rose, and said that for her part she was going to bed. At the door she glanced back instinctively at Rachel, expecting that as two of the same sex they would leave the room together. Rachel rose, looked vaguely into Helen’s face and remarked with her slight stammer, “I’m going out to t-t-triumph in the wind.”

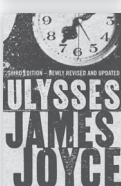
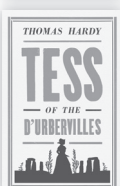
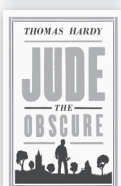
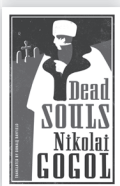
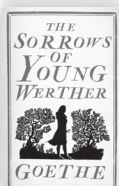
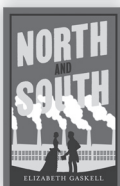
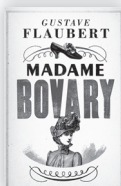
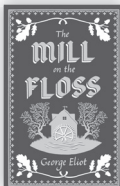
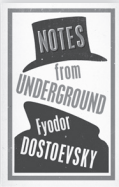
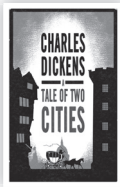
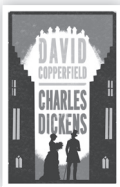
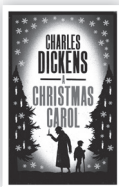
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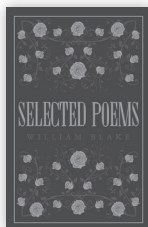
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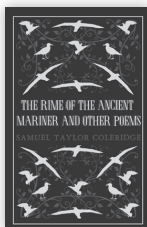


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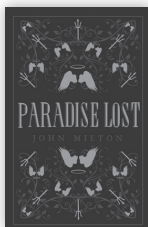
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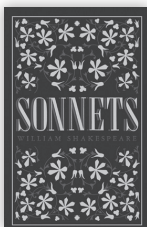
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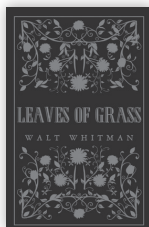
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