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The fair starts . . .

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The fair starts just after the wing of the building bearing the sign *Public Baths:* it threads along the quayside, the shooting-galleries on the right with rifles and bunches of feathers, and on the left a few roundabouts, and not a cry coming from them. Arabs in their Sunday best stand apart, meditating, and on the benches between the booths retired couples doze off. The fairground people themselves stand with their backs to the deserted esplanade. In an aluminum fog over the newly-built factories on the outskirts, in the gardens where people stand looking at the smoke from heaps of grass that were scythed the day before, the daylight goes on and on fading. There is so much space around the place that it is better to stand still, or to go round in circles like the wooden horses with no music.

Translated from the French
by **Mark Treharne**