The dancing faun

Farr Florence
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THE DANCING FAUN
The Dancing Faun

by

Florence Farr

London
Elkin Mathews and John Lane
Roberts Brothers
Boston
1894
Prefatory Note

Owing to circumstances which have arisen since this story was written in the summer of 1893, it seems necessary to state that it is purely a work of the imagination, and that none of the characters or events are taken from real life.

Florence Farr.
'YES, Lady Geraldine, the only beauty in modern life is its falsehood. Its reality is ridiculous.'

'Truth always was undignified, Mr. Travers.'

'Just so; that is why the art of life consists in not realising the truth,' replied the man, with charming languor.

'You are the first person I have met who has dared put these things into words,' murmured the woman.

'Your life has been a dream hitherto.'

'According to you, I had better not awake.'

'One wants experience to give a wider scope to one's dreams,' said he paternally.
'A woman's imagination has no such needs.'
'That depends. What are your favourite books?'
'I dislike reading. In novels, people always do what you expect. The only tolerable people are those who do what you do not expect.'
'And this is your first season!'
'I have four elder sisters.'
'Ah!—' he paused, then he added, 'one never realises how much women tell each other.'
'No, in men's eyes, women are always at daggers drawn, fighting for the exclusive possession of a masculine heart.'
'Geraldine,' cried her mother, from the other end of the drawing-room, 'come and sing to us, my dear. Mr. Clausen has not heard your voice since your return from Paris.'
'Have you made a serious study of singing, Lady Geraldine?' asked Travers.