

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

MANUSCRIPTS VI

The Vegetable, Stories, and Articles

Part 3

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Crazy Sunday

by

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Those eerie bright nights with the dark very clear outside of all the windows and Stella ^{all} in rose-gold raging and crying around the room. Joel ~~does~~ ^{did not} admit quite believe in her grief, tho^{ugh} he had every reason to, perhaps it was because she was a picture actress and he ^{did not} ~~didn't~~ believe in picture actresses' grief. They ~~don't~~ ^{other diversions} have grief — they are beautiful rose-gold figures, blown full of life by writers and directors, and after ^{hours} ~~that~~ they sit around ~~washrooms~~ and talk in ~~unutterable~~ whispers and giggled innuendoes, and the ends of many adventures flow through them.

This was ^{near the end} ~~the last~~ of one of those nights; Stella had on riding clothes: ^{breches} slick ~~trowsers~~ with a matched set of legs in them, and Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown ^{chamois} ~~chamois~~ coat. ^{Joel} ~~For the life of him~~ Joel couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her. She hovered somewhere between the realest of realities and the most blatant ^{of} impersonations. ^{Actually,} ~~actually~~ she and Miles had been riding, ^{and} quarrelling fiercely on all the

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dirt roads back of Beverly Hills. ^{But} ~~So~~ because Joel's mother had been a beautiful and successful actress and he had spent his childhood between London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or anyhow to keep one guess ahead — he was more concerned with the riding habit than with her case against Miles.

^{Coles} "Joel was writing continuity." He was twenty-eight and very alive and not yet broken by Hollywood. He had had nice assignments since his arrival ^{a few} ~~four~~ months before and he submitted his scenes and sequences with refreshing enthusiasm. Modestly he ^{referred to} ~~called~~ himself ^{as} a hack but he didn't think of it that ^{way at} ~~was~~ all. He was ~~tall~~, ^{tall} handsome, well-mannered with the exact cow-brown eyes that had gazed out at Broadway audiences in 1913 ^{from his mother's face.}

Moreover he ~~he~~ was coming along . He stayed sober even on Sundays and took work home with him. Recently they had given him a Eugene O'Neill play ~~that was~~ destined for a very important lady indeed, Everything he had done so far had pleased Miles Calman and ^{Calman} ~~Miles~~ was the only director on the lot who refused flatly to work under a supervisor, got his own way and was responsible to the money men alone.

CALMAN

Everything had been simply great: if the movies were just an industry, Joel ^{was by God, going to} ~~would by God~~ make them an art before he got through. Everything had ^{to make} clicked into place ~~as~~ the most perfect episode of his career — until that other

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Sunday ^a ~~one~~ week before, when it had not seemed politic to refuse the Cōlman's invitation ("This is Mr. Cōlman's secretary. Will you come to tea from four to six Sunday ^{he lives} ~~time~~ in Beverly Hills, number ---")

He was flattered, not socially for he had been accustomed to meet the celebrities ^{of} in New York at his mother's house, but professionally ^{it} was a tribute to himself as a young man of promise. Miles Cōlman ^{was under no compulsion} ~~did not have~~ to ask him, since they had ^{Joel} ~~him~~ sold at the end of a stringy ^{long way} four hundred dollars ^a week. It would be a top-drawer Hollywood party— ~~and~~ the Marion Davies crowd, ~~and~~ the highchats ^{and} the big ^{currently} money numbers, and probably ~~some~~ ~~Shirley~~ ~~and~~ Dietrich and Garbo and the Marquise and people who didn't accept every invitation.

"I won't take anything to drink", Joel ^{assured} ~~said~~ himself. He had heard Cōlman say the other day -

"I'm tired of rummies — ^{it's} ~~it's~~ a pity that ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ profession we can't get along without them."

Joel ^{silently} ~~agreed~~ ^{agreed} with him, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ writers drank too much — ^{occasionally} ~~the~~ ~~quantity~~ he ^{did} ~~had~~ himself, but not this afternoon. He hoped Miles Cōlman would be within hearing when ~~some~~ ^{were} cocktails ~~was~~ passed and would hear his succinct but unobtrusive, "No, thank you."

The ceilings were tall — it was a house built for great receptions, or, when ~~it was~~ empty, for great emotional moments — ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ far silences of ~~the~~ ^{its}

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vistas ^{was} had an air of listening, like an audience. But this afternoon it was ^{throughed} filled, as though ~~the~~ people had ~~indeed~~ been "bidden" rather than asked. There was almost everyone he had expected to see, and ~~in addition~~ he noted with ~~a feeling of~~ triumph that only two other writers from the studio were there, Lord Chetwood, the English playwrite ^{at} and, rather to his surprise, Nat Keogh who had ^{evoked Calman's} ~~worked~~ ~~the~~ impatient comment about rummies the day before.

At this point he ^{became absorbed in} ~~discovered~~ something else — Stella Cqlman (Stella Walker of course) did not move on to other guests after she spoke to ^{Joel} ~~his~~ ~~party~~. She lingered— she looked at him with the sort of beautiful look that simply demands some sort of acknowledgement and Joel called quickly on the dramatic adequacy he had inherited from his mother, saying:

"Well you look about sixteen. Where's your kiddy car."

It pleased her, visibly. She lingered. He felt that he should say something more, something confident and ^{easy} ~~easy~~ after all he had ^{first} met her when she was struggling for bits in New York— and now suddenly there was a ^{tear} ~~tear~~ passing ~~tear~~ and almost before he knew it Stella had pressed the necessary cocktail into his hand.

"Everybody's afraid," ^{aren't they?} he heard ~~himself~~ ^{whispered} saying boldly, "Everybody ~~is~~ ^{Everybody} ~~is~~ ^{or else they} ~~they~~ ^{or else they} watches everybody else to see them make a blunder, and ~~they keep~~ ^{or else they} examining their own conscience to be sure ~~that~~ they're with people that'll do them

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credit. Of course that's not true here," he covered himself hastily, "but then ~~it's generally true of Hollywood.~~ ^{But then} ~~it's generally true of Hollywood.~~ ^{But it's generally true of Hollywood."}

She agreed with him. She lingered. She presented several people to him as if he were very important, and so since Miles was ^{Calman} very far away ^{at} on the other side of the room it seemed natural to have another cocktail.

"So you ^{have} had a baby," he said, "Well, that's ^{the} a time to beware. After a pretty woman has had her first child she's ^{very} vulnerable, ^{because} ~~that's because~~ she wants to be reassured of her own charm. It's almost necessary for her to have some man's unqualified devotion to prove to her she hasn't lost anything."

"I never get anyone's unqualified devotion," complained Stella. ~~"Nobody ever makes a success of me," said Stella sincerely.~~

"They're afraid of ^{your husband} Miles," ^{Joel} he assured her.

"Do you think that's it?" Evidently it was a new idea to her and her brow was puckered a little ^{as the conversation}

The conversation was interrupted, ^{Stuart} then at the precise moment he would

have chosen. ~~Certainly he did not want to mortgage his Hollywood future by even the faintest flirtation with ^{other} wife.~~

Joel ^{wondered.} ~~wondered.~~ He had ^{possessed} his ^{own} confidence now. Not for him to join safe

groups, to alink to refuge ^{acquaintances} under the wings of such ~~friends~~ as he saw about the room. He stood alone a moment, then he walked to the window and looked out toward

the far Pacific, ~~It~~ It was good here — the American Riviera and all that, if

^{wearing its most expensive sunset.}

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there was ever time to enjoy it. The handsome well-dressed people inside, the lovely girls, ~~you~~ and the—well, the lovely girls. You couldn't have everything.

"Well, Joel! The boy idealist. I thought you never came to these catfights."

With a ^{certain} touch of annoyance which he carefully concealed Joel turned to face Nat Keogh. Nat was large, gross, quick-witted and ~~like so many drinks~~ extraordinarily good-hearted. He was one of the ^{most highly} highest paid continuity writers and he drank ^{hard,} not ^{to the} with neglect of his work but ^{from} through a great excess of ~~physical~~ ~~and nervous~~ vitality. His real weakness was gambling.

~~This is the second one since I got here said Joel.~~

Joel ^a took another cocktail ^{with him} because he ^{was not} didn't feel in a mood of good-fellowship — immediately he wondered if Miles Colman would see him standing ^{beside} Nat with a drink in his hand. Then his ^{glance} eyes fell upon Stella passing about among her guests and ~~the sight of~~ her fresh boyish face with the tired eyelid that always drooped a little over one eye ^{moved} struck him suddenly. He wanted to sit with her and talk a long time and he looked ~~rather anxiously~~ to see if she paid anyone ^{paid} else as much attention as she had ~~given~~ given him.

It was Sunday. χ It was not a day — it was a gap between two other days, behind, for all of them, lay sets and ^{sequences} ~~sequences~~, the long struggle ^{rival} of ingenuities in the conference rooms, ^{the interminable} ~~of long~~ waits under the crane that swung the microphone,

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The ~~one~~ hundred miles a day ^{by} automobiles, ^{back and forth across a county,} ~~of~~ endless compromise, and the clashing

and strain^{ing} of many personalities fighting for their lives. And now Sunday, with individual life starting up again, with a bright warm glow ^{kindling} beginning in the eyes

that ^{had been} ~~were~~ glazed with monotony the afternoon before. Slowly as the hours waned

they were all coming awake like ^{puppies} ~~a~~ ~~supper~~ in a toy shop at the bewitched

expectant hour. ^{An admiration here, a whispered colloquy there, two lovers disappearing} ~~A love affair here, a~~ ~~leaving the big ropes~~ for a moment

^{to be} alone in the hall. And the sense of "Hurry, it's not to late, ^{but} ~~even now it's~~ ^{hurry,} ~~possible~~ before the blessed forty hours of ^{leisure are} ~~rest~~ over."

Joel stood by the built-in bar in the dining room. He knew he was rather

tight but with a persistent guile he ^{had} ~~was trying to~~ avoid falling under ^{ed} ~~Wiles~~

Colman's eye. Yet he ^{just} ~~had~~ been talking volubly with ^{Calman's} ~~Wiles'~~ mother.

"You son's getting to be a legend, Mrs. Colman. ^{He's looked upon as an} ~~everybody's~~ for him

^{oracle and a man} ^{of destiny.} ~~Wiles~~ Personally I'm against him but I'm in a terrible minority. What do you think of him? Are you impressed? Are you surprised at how far he's gone?"

"No, I'm not surprised, she said calmly, ^{"We} ~~Wiles was always a good boy.~~

~~We~~ always expected a lot from Wiles."

"Well now, that's odd," ^{remarked} said Joel ^{thinking}. "I always think all mothers

are like Napoleon's mother. ^{Mine} ~~My mother~~ resents even what mild success I've had — she

~~the business~~ she didn't want me to have anything to do with the entertainment

business. She wanted me to go to ^{West Point} ~~Annapolis~~ and be safe."

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"Well, I've always had every confidence in Wiles."

Afterwards he stood at the bar with Nat Keogh.

"--- I figured that I'd made a hundred thousand dollars ^{during the year} and I'd lost forty thousand of it gambling, so I've hired a manager."

"You mean an agent."

"No, I've got that too. I mean a manager. I make over everything to my wife and then he and my wife get together and dole me out the money. I pay him five thousand a year to dole me out money."

"You mean your agent."

"No, I mean my manager. ^{And} I'm not the only one. A lot of other irresponsible people have him."

"Well, if ^{you're} irresponsible why are you responsible enough to ^{hire} have a manager?"

"^{irresponsible about} ~~I~~ just the gambling. Look here—"

There was music now. A ~~musical~~ comedian from Broadway was singing and Joel and Nat Keogh went forward with the others to listen. The singing reached Joel rather vaguely; he felt happy and friendly toward all the people gathered there, ~~all~~ people of a certain bravery and industry, superior to a middle class that now outdid them in ignorance and loose living, risen to a position of prominence and power in ^a the world that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained.

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He liked them - he loved them. Great waves of good feeling flowed through him.

As the actor finished his number, and as there was a general move toward the hostess to say good-bye, Joel had an idea. He would do his own little

number ~~for them~~, ^{It was} called "Building it up," ^{and} ~~It concerned the advice of Mr. Silverstein to a continuity writer as to the proper treatment of~~ ^{Stacy} ~~the~~.

~~It was good.~~ It was his only parlor trick, it had amused many people - it would amuse them. In the grip of his idea, with his blood, ~~usually modest and shy,~~ ^h ~~strobbling~~ suddenly with the ^{scarlet} ~~red~~ corpuscles of exhibitionism, he sought ~~and found~~ Stella Walker.

"Of course," she cried, "Please! Do you need anything?"

"Someone ought to be the secretary I'm dictating to."

"I'll be that."

There were already people in the hall putting on their coats, but as the word spread ~~that there was something more~~ they drifted back and Joel found himself suddenly ^{across} ~~under~~ the eyes of many strangers. They formed a large, Indian-like half circle around him, ^{He} ~~and Stella sat down with notepad and pencil in hand.~~ ^{on a chair beside him}

He had a dim foreboding, but it was very dim. He had ^{it} ~~the feeling~~ because he realized that the man who had ^{just} ~~performed before him~~ was a famous entertainer and he was not an entertainer at all. Then someone said "Sh!" and he was alone.

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S

Seated in ^a chair ^{with pencil and note-book} Stella ~~smiled~~ ^{Joel} smiled up at him expectantly. He ^{began.}

~~and taking a quick breath he began~~

His burlesque was based upon the cultural limitations and the extraordinary intonations of Mr. Dave Silverstien an independant producer. Mr Silverstien was presumed to be dictating a letter outlining a treatment of a story he had bought.

~~He~~ had made sure of course that Mr. Silverstien was not at the party.

~~He~~ ^H " a story of love, crime, divorce, the younger generaters and the foreign legion, " But we got to build it up, see." ^{he heard his voice saying,}

A sharp pang of doubt struck through him. The faces surrounding in the ^{gently molded} light were intent, curious, but there was no ghost of a smile anywhere; directly in front of him stood the ^J Great Lover of the screen glaring at him ^{with} all eyes as keen as the eyes of a potato. Only Stella Walker looked up at ^{Joel} him with a radiant, never faltering smile.

^{I we} " make him a Menjou type, then we got a sort of like Michael Arlen only with a sort of Honolulu atmosphere. We got to build it up, see?"

Still not a sound in front, but in the rear a rustling, a perceptible shift toward the left, toward the front door.

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"...then she says ^{she feels awful} ~~and so-and-so and so-and-so~~ and so-and-so and so-and-so and-so and-so, and then he says ^{go on shoot yourself} ~~that he looks his best~~ and so-and-so and so-and-so and so- and-so- "

^{At some point} ~~Somehow~~ he heard Nat ^{Keogh snicker} ~~Keogh laugh~~ and here and there were a few ^{encouraging} ~~cheerful~~ faces but as he finished he had the sickening realization that it was a ^{a fool} ~~staggering~~ failure, he had made ~~an idiot~~ of himself and in full view of a ^{large} ~~prominent~~ cross-section of the picture world upon whose favor depended his career.

For a moment he existed in the midst of ^{a confused silence.} ~~overwhelming confusion.~~ Then there was a general trek for the door, ~~the trek that his song had interrupted~~ and in ^{his} ~~his~~ sensitized state he felt the under ^{current} ~~tone~~ of derision that rolled through the gossip; and then — all this happened in the space of ten seconds — the Great Lover, his eyes hard and empty as the eyes of a needle, shouted "Boo! Boo! ", voicing in an overtone what he felt was the mood of the crowd. It was the resentment of the professional toward the presumptuous amateur, ^{the community} ~~of Hollywood~~ toward ^{presumptuous} ~~the~~ ^{it was} ~~the~~ ~~stranger~~ ~~caught-off-balance,~~ the ~~widow~~ thumbs-down of the clan.

And then suddenly he realized that ~~there was still~~ Stella Walker ^{was still} standing ^{near} ~~close~~ and ^{Thanking} ~~smiling~~ at him as if he had been an unparalleled success, as if ^{it} ~~she never dreamed~~ that anyone hadn't liked it. In all his confusion he ^{was yet} ~~found time~~ ^{struck by} ~~to wonder at~~ her ^{fine} ~~exquisite~~ courtesy and tact. Then, as Nat Keogh helped him into his overcoat, a great wave of self-disgust swept over him and he clung desperately

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(inferior)

to the rule of never betraying an inferior emotion until he no longer felt it.

"Well, I was a flop," he said lightly, ^{To Stella Walker,} "Never mind, it's a good number— just not appreciated. Thanks ^{you} for your cooperation."

She smiled, ^{rather} ~~as if~~ the smile had never left her face—he bowed and Nat Keogh drew him toward the door #

... ## He was awakened by the ^{arrival of his breakfast} ~~telephone call~~ ~~and~~ ~~thought~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~awakened~~ ~~into~~ ~~a~~ ~~broken~~ ~~and~~ ~~ruined~~ ~~world~~. Yesterday ^{he} ~~it~~ was himself, a point of fire against ^{an} ~~a~~ ~~great~~ industry, to-day he was pitted alone under an enormous disadvantage against ~~all~~ those faces, ^{against} ~~that~~ ~~stared~~ ~~at~~ ~~him~~, ~~the~~ individual contempt ~~and~~ ^{and} the collective sneer, Worse than that, to Miles Calman he was now one of those rummies, stripped of dignity whom ^{Calman} ~~he~~ so much regretted that he was compelled to use. And to ^{Stella Walker} ~~Miles~~ ~~wife~~, whom he had forced to such a martyrdom to preserve the ~~int~~ ~~egral~~ ~~courtesy~~ of her house— ^{whether opinion of him was} ~~but~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~really~~ ~~thought~~ ~~and~~ ~~what~~ ~~he~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~dare~~ ~~to~~ ~~guess~~. ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~reaction~~ ~~she~~ ~~thought~~ ~~now~~. His gastric juices ceased suddenly to flow and he set his poached eggs back on the telephone table.

Dear Miles (he wrote)

You can imagine my profound self-disgust. I confess to a taint of exhibitionism, but at six o'clock in the afternoon, in broad daylight! Good God!

My apologies to your wife,

Yours Ever

Joel Coles.

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So suspicious was his manner that one of the studio police asked to see his admission card.

During the morning ~~Joel~~ emerged from his office only to slink ~~ghostlike~~ ^{like a malefactor to the} ~~armed~~

~~the rest.~~ ^{brace story}

He decided to eat in the ~~drugstore~~ ^{pharmacy} outside the studio gate but on the way Nat Keogh, confident and cheerful as always, overlooked him.

What do you mean you're in permanent retirement? What if that Three Piece Suit did boo you? Whos's he anyhow?

"Why listen," he continued, drawing Joel into the studio restaurant.

^{of one his} The night of the premier ~~of "Coolie Off" at Grauman's Theatre~~ ^{at Grauman's Theatre} Joe Squires kicked him from behind just ~~with his foot~~ ^{as he was bowing} to the crowd. He

~~The crowd beyond the barrier were milling around trying to get a look at him~~

~~because he was the star~~ ^{throughout} ~~he dropped out of his~~

~~the announcer shouted out his name and~~ ^{he} ~~he stamped into~~

~~and took off his~~ ^{everybody} ~~hat to give the~~ ^{lost} ~~crowd the~~ ^{control} ~~best~~ ^{of himself}

~~Then he~~ ^{he} ~~stood~~ ^{he} ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~looked~~ ^{he} ~~back~~ ^{he} ~~at~~ ^{he} ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~crowd~~ ^{he} ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~dropped~~ ^{he} ~~his~~ ^{he} ~~hat~~ ^{he} ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~picked~~ ^{he} ~~it~~ ^{he}

~~up and turned on Joe and said you'll hear from me about this and went inside,~~ ^{he} ~~so~~ ^{he} ~~next~~ ^{he} ~~morning~~ ^{he} ~~about~~ ^{he} ~~eight~~ ^{he} ~~o'clock~~ ^{he} ~~Joe~~ ^{he} ~~called~~ ^{he} ~~him~~ ^{he} ~~up~~ ^{he} ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~said~~ ^{he} ~~I~~ ^{he} ~~thought~~ ^{he} ~~I~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{he} ~~going~~ ^{he} ~~to~~ ^{he} ~~hear~~ ^{he} ~~from~~ ^{he} ~~you,~~ ^{he} ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~guy~~ ^{he} ~~hung~~ ^{he} ~~up~~ ^{he} ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~phone.~~ ^{he}

The preposterous story cheered Joel. What was beginning to ^{emerge} ~~separately~~

out from the various aspects of ^{the matter} ~~his performance~~ was less what ^{Calman} ~~him~~ thought

of ~~him~~ but what Stella Walker thought, ~~of him~~. As for the rest, Nat was right

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that ~~they were a~~ ^{people were} lot of sheep. ~~Also he found a gloomy consolation in the~~
~~His glance wandered around the restaurant staring~~
^{staring} at the group ~~from~~ ^{at} the next table, the sad, lovely Siamese twins, the mean dwarfs, and
the proud tall man ^{all} from the circus picture, ~~then passed on~~ ^{But looking beyond at} the yellow-stained
~~pinked~~ ^{pretty &} faces of beautiful woman, their eyes all sad and startling with mascara,
their ball gowns garish in the full day, ~~These were someone who had been at Colman's~~
~~and catching Joella's eye he said something to the others at the table.~~
~~and he winced.~~
~~and catching Joella's eye he said something to the others at the table.~~

"Never again," ^{he} exclaimed Joel aloud, "absolutely my last social appearance
in Hollywood."

~~And he said exactly the same thing to Nat three days later when the~~
^{stuck to his point three days later}
~~letter~~ ^{Nat} phoned asking him to a tea ~~the following Sunday.~~
^{at his gold's house Sunday.}

^{baby,} "Now listen," said Nat, ^{are you going better on us?"} "You're absolutely absurd. Why ~~not~~
As he argued Joel opened with his free hand the telegram that had
just been delivered to him.

Beverly Hills, California

You were one of the most agreeable people at our tea.

Stella Walker Colman

He passed a feverish minute, ~~his blood rushing through~~ ^{the blood rushed fast through} his veins.

"All right," he ~~shouted excitedly.~~ ^{said} "I'll be there, ~~Good-bye!~~"

He sprang to his feet and paced rapidly up and down his office, ^{reading}

telegram in his hand.
"well, if that ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't} the sweetest thing I ever heard of in my life!"

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II

~~And then~~ It was crazy Sunday again. Joel slept ^{gratefully} until eleven, then he read a huge ~~Sunday paper~~ ^{newspaper} ~~word for word~~ trying to catch up ^{with past} on the week's news, then ~~lunched in his room~~ ^{lunched in his room} on trout and ~~he had chops and avocado pear salad and a pint of California wine.~~ ^{dressed} Then he ~~began~~ to dress for the tea ~~in~~ a blue check suit, a pink shirt, an orange tie.

There were dark circles of fatigue under his eyes. In his second-hand car he drove to the Rivera apartments. ~~a little after his arrival Miles Colman and Stella~~

~~Walker came in in riding clothes, but not before he had been bowled over by a surprising bit of gossip.~~ ^{He had scarcely introduced himself to} ~~Walker came in dressed in riding clothes.~~ ^{Walker came in dressed in riding clothes.}

~~It seemed that Miles had been philandering for several years, for a period almost coinciding with their marriage - or rather he hadn't been philandering that wouldn't have been so bad - but had been consistently devoted to the young correspondent of a fan magazine who, moreover, was one of Stella's best friends. Stella had just found out. Joel was just digesting this surprising information when Stella and Miles walked in dressed in riding clothes.~~

^{Calman} Miles was tall, nervous, ^{oddly} handsome with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel had ever seen. He was an artist from the top of his ^{curiously} ~~oddy~~ shaped head to his niggerish feet. ^{Upon} ~~upon~~ these latter he stood firmly. ^{he} ~~he~~ had never made a bad picture though he had ^{sometimes} ~~paid~~ heavily for the luxury of ~~making some~~ ^{experimental pictures} ~~ones~~ which were financial ~~disasters~~ ^{flops}. He was excellent company but one ^{couldn't} ~~couldn't~~ be with him long

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without realizing that he was not a well man.

*moment of their entrance, Joel's
day wound itself up intricately with
them - due largely to*

from the ~~fact that~~ *the fact that*
~~Perhaps the rest of the day wouldn't have happened as it did unless some~~

Summary

~~one~~ had immediately blundered. *Just as* Joel joined the group around *them* *walker* just as Stella turned

away from it with an impatient little click ~~and a change of her shoulders~~ *of her tongue*, and he

was in time to hear Miles *Calman* say to the man next to him.

Go easy "Pace down on Eva Goebel. There's hell to pay in my house." He *saw*

Joel and looked at him with interest, "I'm sorry I missed you at the office

yesterday. I spent the afternoon at the analysts."

"You being psychoanalyzed?"
~~"A psychoanalyst"~~

have been "I ~~was~~ going for months. First I went for claustrophobia—I was
afraid of small spaces. Now I'm trying to get my whole life cleared up. They
say it'll take *over a* ~~a~~ whole year."

"There's nothing the matter with your life?" *said Joel sincerely*

Well "Oh, no? Stella seems to think so."

~~He looked terribly tired and drank the night~~ *by* Nat

Keogh arrived, tottering slightly and asked if he could take a bath. *Joel* helped

the hostess establish him in the bathroom where he assured *them* as he undressed on

the bath mat, that he'd be perfectly all right. *Joel* When he came back a girl had ~~was~~

perched on the arm of *Calman's* *so he* chair and Joel went over to Stella who stood disconsolately

by the fire across the room.

"Thank you for your telegram", he said, "It was ^{dare} ~~comp~~ sweet. I can't imagine anybody as good looking as you are being so good-humored."

She was ~~a beautiful very thing standing there~~ ^{just a little lovelier than he had ever seen her} and it must have been the absolutely unstinted admiration in his eyes that prompted her to unload on him. It took surprisingly little time.

"^{It} ~~and~~ ^{Miles has} ~~been~~ been carrying on this thing for two years, and I never knew. ^{Why,} ~~she~~ ^{she} was one of my best friends, ^{and out of} always in the house. Finally people came to me and ^{Miles admitted} ~~he had to admit it.~~"

^{She was sitting} ~~she sat~~ on the arm of Joel's chair and Miles sat far across the room ^{with the young lady.} Stella's ^{ruddy brushes} ~~brushes~~ were the color of the chair. She was so close ^{that} Joel saw ^{not} ~~that~~ her hair was ~~died~~ ^{died} but had some strands of red gold and some of pale gold, and that she had no make-up on. She was that good looking.

^{But she was still mixing with} ~~But after~~ the shock of her discovery ~~she suggested~~ ^{she suggested} ~~to go~~ ^{to go} ~~at this time~~ ^{and the sight of} ^{Miles} ~~him~~ perfectly innocently as it happened, establishing himself

^{talking to} beside a new girl was unbearable, so she ^{led} ^{into an adjoining} ^{seated} and Joel went ~~in a big~~ ^{into a big} bedroom, and set at either end of a big bed ^{they} ~~and she~~ went on talking.

People going into the washroom ~~over at this time there is always that~~ ^{at Joel and Stella} would glance in, and make cracks but Stella was so absorbed in her story that she ^{scarcely heeded them.} ~~hardly~~ noticed it. Finally Miles put his head in the door and said forcefully, ^{explain somewhat} "There's no use trying to tell Joel something in

in half ^{an} hour that I don't understand myself ^{and} that the psychoanalyst says will take ^{a whole} ~~at least~~ ^{understand} a year to clear up."

But Stella kept on trying to tell Joel for another twenty minutes.

She loved Miles — with numerous admirers and opportunities she had always been ^{partial} true to him. Her love for him ^{had} overlapped his first marriage.

~~_____~~ The psychologist told Miles that he had a

mother complex. ~~Now~~ In his first marriage he transferred his mother complex to his wife, you see — and then his ^{emotions} love turned to me. But later when ^{we} he married the ~~same~~ thing repeated itself — he transferred his mother complex to me and all his romantic side turned toward this woman."

Joel knew ~~this~~ ^{that} probably ^{this} wasn't gibberish and yet it sounded like the

most terrible gibberish, because the other girl was the more motherly type, older and probably wiser, ^{while} Stella was just a sweet, golden ~~baptish~~ ^{baptish} child. ~~Miles~~

came in presently and suggested that Joel come back with them for dinner so they drove out to the

~~After the dinner Sunday, Stella went on with them to the great~~

deserted-looking mansion in Beverly Hills, the mansion built for crowds, ^{Under the} ~~secret~~

high ceilings the situation took on more dignity, even tragedy. The setting was ~~to~~ tempting to Stella's sense of the dramatic and she went out to ~~the~~ ^{seclusion}

"And Miles ^{was} so jealous of me that he questions everything I do!" she ^{cried} scornfully, "when I

~~_____~~

~~_____~~ ^g ~~_____~~ in New York ~~she~~ wrote

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^{had} that ^{Ed} ~~she~~ been out with ^{Eddie Baker. Miles} ~~George Havers~~ ^{phoned me ten times in one day.} "I was wild." The analyst couldn't get any results for two days."

S Stella shook her head despairingly. ^{Ed} "I ~~wrote you~~ ^{Ed} been to the theater with an old friend. Did you expect me just to sit in the hotel for three weeks?"

"I don't expect anything. I simply ^{admit} ~~feel~~ ^{I'm} that ~~I~~ was jealous. I'm always jealous. I try not to be. I worked on that with Dr. Bridgebane, but it didn't do any good. ~~My~~ ~~to~~ ~~hesitate~~ I was jealous of Joel this afternoon when you sat on the arm of his chair."

"You were," she started up, ^{straight} ~~with rage,~~ ~~straight~~ as a rose on it's stem, "You were! ~~and~~ Wasn't Ester Sibly sitting on the arm of your chair? And did you ^{speak} ~~say~~ ^{two} ~~to~~ anybody else for ~~three~~ hours."

"We were talking about a picture she wants to do. While you were telling your troubles to Joel in the bedroom."

"About a picture. ~~and~~ I'm supposed to ^{believe} believe that? I did believe it all once. When ^{I think that} that woman " — She seemed ~~unwilling~~ ^{to think that to use of Eva} to acknowledge ~~Eva~~ Goebel's ^{name would be to acknowledge her reality — "used} ~~real~~ existence by the use of her ~~name~~ ^{to come here} "

"All right - all right, " said Miles wearily. "I've admitted everything and I feel as bad about it as you do, and it's all over."

^{To Joel} He turned sharply away ~~from~~ her and began talking to Joel about pictures. "Do you know," he demanded, "that ~~still the old system,~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~saying~~ ~~ten~~ ~~minutes~~ ~~ago,~~ ~~they~~ ~~know~~

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~~what they like and what other people like. All right when they're deciding to buy a story or deciding whether to release a picture. But they know about the the actual business of entertainment absolutely nothing. Do you know that films war Excellence sends every continuity east to be O. K'd by a board of stock-brokers?"~~

"I didn't know that," said Joel. ^{only} But ~~he~~ ^{he} knew that Stella was moving restlessly along the far away walls, her hands in her ^{white} ~~white~~ pockets. And now she came over suddenly and back into the conversation as if ^{they'd} ~~she'd~~ never discussed her personal affairs.

"They've treated Miles terribly," she said, "Dear, tell him about old Beltzer trying to change around ^{the last picture} ~~the picture~~." "

Oddly enough as she stood ~~there~~, hovering protectively over Miles, her eyes flashing with indignation in his behalf, that was ^{when} ~~the moment~~ Joel realized that he was in love with her. Suddenly stifled with ~~a burning~~ excitement he got up to say good-night.

Monday, ^{lumpy} with the rhythm of the week resumed: the ^{endless detail of} ~~the reality of the~~ ~~endless~~ script revision -- "we can ^{leave} ~~omit~~ her voice on ^{the} ~~the~~ sound track ^{and cut} to a medium shot of the taxi from Bell's angle or we can simply pull the camera back to include the station, hold it a minute and then pan to the row of taxis" -- ^{in sharp} ~~all this taking~~

^{contrast to} ~~place of~~ the theoretical discussions, the gossip and scandal of Sunday, until

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by Monday afternoon Joel had ^{again} forgotten that ~~there was any other system~~, that people whose business was to provide entertainment were ever privileged to be themselves entertained. ~~Late~~ ^{On the evening} ~~the~~ afternoon he phoned Miles' house. ~~She~~ ^{He asked for Miles but} ~~maid~~ called Stella

^{Came} to the phone.

"~~No, it's nothing,~~" she said, ^{Miles} "He felt tired ^{was} and this ~~is~~ his afternoon at the doctors."

"Do things seem better."

^{"Not particularly"}
~~"No, everything's the same."~~

"I'm sorry."

"What are you doing next Saturday evening?" she ^{asked} ~~said~~ unexpectedly.

"Nothing."

"The ^{Perrys} ~~are~~ ^{dinner and} giving a theatre party to see the Duncans ^{sisters, and} and then a

supper. Miles is flying to South Bend to see the Notre Dame-California game, and so

I thought you might ~~like~~ go with me in his place."

After a long moment ^{Joel} he said. "Why - surely. ^{If there's a conference} ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~there~~ ~~might~~ ~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~conference~~ ~~but~~ ~~I~~ ~~could~~ ~~certainly~~ ~~get~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~supper~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~theatre~~"
^{can't make dinner but I can get to the theatre"}

"Then I'll call them. ~~But~~ I'm sure it'll be all right."

Joel walked up and down his office. Just what did the invitation ^{imply?}

~~mean, just what did it promise.~~ And would Miles be pleased, or did she intend that

Miles shouldn't know of it? That was out of the question - ^{didn't} Miles was ~~his boss~~.

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~~and~~ mention it Joel would. ^{But} ~~Nevertheless~~ it was a full hour before he could get down to work again.

He didn't ^{saw} see Miles alone until Wednesday, ~~after a long~~ ^{after} a hour ~~four story~~ wrangle in a long conference room crowded with great planets ^{and nebulae} of cigarette smoke.

Three men and a woman in turn ^{paced} ~~waddlingly or~~ ^{or persuasively,} sharply confidently or helplessly. At the end Joel lingered ~~on~~ to talk to Miles.

Miles was ~~very~~ tired—not with the exaltation of fatigue ~~from work~~, but life-tired, with his lids sagging and his beard prominent and blue shadows near his mouth.

"I hear you're flying to the Notre Dame game."

Miles looked beyond him and shook his head.

"I've given up the idea."

"Why?"

"On account of you—and Eddie Baker." Still he did not look at Joel.

"What the hell, Miles?"

"That's why I've given it up." He broke into a perfunctory laugh at himself. "I ~~can't tell~~ ^{can't tell} what Stella ~~would do~~ ^{would do} just ~~for~~ ^{out of} spite. ~~in the need she's in~~ ^{Already she's}

~~Here she~~ invited you to take her to Perry's when I'm away. And ~~then~~ ^{the} Eddie Baker ^{yesterday} ~~called~~ ^{called} her up. I'm not going—I wouldn't enjoy the game."

Suddenly Joel ^{felt} was terribly sorry for him. ^{That} ^{instinct} his fine ~~mind~~ that moved ~~so~~ swiftly and confidently on the set, that muddled ~~so~~ weakly ^{and} helplessly through his ~~tumultuous~~ personal life.

"Look here, Miles," ^{he} said Joel frowning, "~~Your~~ ~~aboard~~. I've never made any passes whatsoever at Stella. If you're really seriously cancelling your trip on account of me I won't go to the Perrys ^{with her}. I won't see ^{her} Stella. ^{You can} ^{trust me} ^{absolutely}."

Miles looked at him, carefully now.

"Maybe ~~your~~ ~~would~~," ~~he~~ ~~said~~, He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow there's Eddie Baker. I wouldn't have any fun."

"You ^{don't} seem to have much confidence in Stella. She told me she'd always been entirely straight with you."

"Maybe she ~~has~~," In the last few minutes several more muscles seemed to have sagged around ^{Miles'} ~~Gail's~~ mouth, "But how can I ask anything of ~~her~~ after what's happened. [?] How can I expect her — " He broke off and his face grew harder as he said, "I'll tell you one thing, right or wrong and no matter what I've done, if I ever had anything on her I'd divorce her. I can't have my pride hurt — that would be the last straw."

"Isn't she ^{getting over} ~~forgetting~~ ^{the Eva Gabel thing} the other thing?"

"No," ^{he} snuffled ^{sharply} ~~and~~, a habit he had in times of ~~conversation~~ and stress, "Neither am I."

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"I thought it was all over."

"~~Over~~ Of course it's over. I'm not going to see Eva again. But you know it isn't easy just to stop something like that. This isn't some girl I kissed last night in a taxi. The analyst says - "

"I know," Joel interrupted, "Stella told me." He was growing a little restless, ~~and a little ashamed for Miles, he stood up,~~ "Well, as far as I'm concerned you can go with complete tranquility, ^{and I won't see Stella.} And as far as Eddie Baker's concerned I'm sure Stella has nothing on her conscience."

"Maybe not," he said listlessly, "I wish you'd come to that party Saturday anyhow."

"You want me?"

"I've got to have somebody intelligent to talk to." He snuffled again pessimistically, "That's the trouble— I've influenced Stella ^{in everything. Especially I've influenced her} so that she likes all the men I like. ^{It's} very difficult."

"It must be," Joel agreed.

III
As he had foreseen

25

III

As he had expected Joel could not get to the dinner Saturday so he waited for the party ^{at the} in front of the Hollywood Theatre. Self-conscious in his silk hat which ~~seemed a sort of insult to the unemployed~~, he watched the evening parade girls, each modelled in type upon ^{particular} picture stars, ^a spavined men in polo coats and flapping trousers, a stomping ^{man} with the beard, gown and staff of an apostle, pairs of ^{chief} ~~Philippino~~ ^{collegiate clothes} in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~circles~~, a reminder that this corner of the republic opened out to ~~the orient~~ and the seven seas, and presently a long fantastic carnival of young shouting which ^{proved} ~~turned out~~ to be a fraternity initiation. The line split ^{to} and let a ^{smart limousine} car through and Joel's heart ^{jumped} ~~leaped~~ as it ^{stopped} ~~rolled up to~~ ^{at the curb.} ~~the theatre door.~~

There she was, in a dress that was like ice-water, made in a thousand pale blue pieces, with icicles at ^{the} ~~her~~ throat. He started forward.

"Do you like ^{my dress?} ~~it~~ It's called 'Nuit de Noel', by ~~Jean~~ Patou - "

Joel ~~stammered~~.

"But where's Miles?" ^{Joel} he asked.

"Miles flew to the game after all. He left yesterday morning and he just telephoned me from South Bend that he's starting back. I forgot—you and Eddie Baker don't know each other."

Joel shook hands with a tall, lounging young man with very blond hair,

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and the party of six moved into the theatre.

So Miles had gone after all. Was there any significance in the fact that he hadn't told Joel? Or had he simply reached such a craving for escape that what Stella did no longer seemed important?

But during ^{performance,} the ~~time~~ with Stella ^{only} ~~white hair, a profile~~ ^{under the line a rain of light hair,} next to him, he neither worried nor cared about Miles. All he wondered was whether he or Eddie Baker was Stella's escort. Once he turned and ^{looked} ~~glanced~~ at her and she looked back at him in turn, smiling and meeting his eyes for as long as he ^{wished} ~~wanted~~. He shook his head up and down enigmatically for ^{he} himself was a little baffled by the situation, a little uncertain as to what was expected of him.

^{Before the final curtain} ~~toward the end of the play~~ she turned and whispered to him.

"They're all going ~~on~~ to the opening of Jack ^{Johnson's} ~~Robinson's~~ night club. I don't want to go, do you?"

"No, I'm tired of colored floor shows. But - ^{what will they think?}"

~~But what?~~

~~Robinson's night club, he quoted.~~

"Who cares?"

Afterwards, saying goodnight at the curb, he saw a look of amusement ^{Stella's} on Eddie Baker's face, and then, as ^{her} car drove up, he was ~~amused~~ possessed for a moment by vanity as he saw the sensation ^{she} Stella was ^{involuntarily} ~~unconsciously~~

(27)

creating ~~forty~~ ^{forty} people had gathered before they slid off ~~down~~ ^{along} the golden, garrish thoroughfare.

There were Christmas trees already in the ~~shop~~ ^{shop} windows and the full moon over the boulevard was only a ~~prop~~ ^{scenic} as the giant boudoir lamps on the corners. Then into the comparative darkness of Beverly Hills past dark ~~background~~ foliage that was flaming ^e ~~acacia~~ ^{fucalypsus} by day. But Joel only saw the flash of a white face under his own, the corner of her shoulder. She pulled away suddenly and looked ~~glance~~ ^{glance} up at him.

"Your eyes ~~look~~ ^{are} like your mother's," she said, "I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her."

"Your eyes look like your own and not a bit like any other eyes."

The car turned ⁱⁿ at the great house and Joel got out first. ^{Something}

~~She tried to come in and have something to say to him. She asked.~~

~~He accepted her counter and headed her back one.~~

~~"Thanks, that's exactly what I would like."~~

^{look out}
Something made him turn his head out into the grounds as he went up the steps, half wondering if Miles had posted spies to watch Stella, ^{Inside she} ~~while he was~~ away. ~~Then he followed her inside.~~ He went straight to a telegram on the table, ^{a hall}

~~is the end~~

"Chicago, Illinois", she read aloud, "Home tomorrow night thinking of"

(28)

you love ~~him~~*Miles*

She threw the telegram back on the table, asked the butler for drinks and sandwiches and ran upstairs, while Joel walked into the empty reception rooms. Strolling about restlessly he found himself on the very spot next to the piano where he had stood two Sundays before.

"Then we could put over," he said half aloud, "a story of love, crime, divorce, the younger generation^e and the foreign legion."

Immediately ~~his~~ his memory jumped to another line ~~a line from a telegram.~~

"You were one of the most agreeable people at our party."

Stella Walker Calman"

~~and~~ ^{the telegram} a new thought struck him. ^{purely} If ~~it~~ had been ~~as simple~~

~~though the narrow~~ ^{a gesture of} courtesy then it was ~~more~~ likely that Miles had inspired it. ^{There} ~~was~~ ~~his~~ ~~thought~~ ~~and~~ ~~imagination~~ ~~involved~~ — probably Miles had said: ~~His imagination would have been more capable of thinking delicately and saying,~~

"Send him a wire - he's miserable - he thinks he's queered himself".

It fitted in with ^X "I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially

I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like." ^{I'd} ~~have the trouble~~

~~It~~ had been Stella's ~~unprompted~~ idea it probably ~~just~~ meant ^{merely that she liked} ~~she had a slight~~ ~~van~~

~~for~~ him and wasn't the large gesture he had thought. It was a thing a woman would

do because she felt sympathetic — only a man would do it because he felt responsible.

~~Suddenly when~~ ^{When Stella} ~~snapped down in his estimation~~ ~~just as~~ Stella came into the room ~~and~~

but (29)

~~When she came~~ up to him he took her in his arms, after a yielding moment

she broke away, saying:

~~What is the matter with you?~~

"You know, Stella," ^{he} said Joel, keeping hold of her hands, "I have the ~~the~~ a

strange feeling that ~~it's being used~~

~~that~~

~~That's~~ maybe I'm a sort of pawn in the spite game you're playing against

Miles."

suggested

"~~No, I like you,~~ she said, ~~earnestly.~~ "Help yourself to a drink," ~~she said~~

The telephone rang and ^{Stella} she answered it in a disguised voice that might

have been a maid.

coming back

"Another wire from Miles," she announced, "He dropped it from the

aeroplane ^{at} ~~from~~ Kansas City!"

"I suppose he asked to be remembered to Eddie Baker and me."

"No, he just said he loved me," ~~she looked thoughtful,~~ "I think he

does. I don't believe he's seen that woman for ten days. He's just so weak."

~~She looked at him earnestly, and then she said,~~ "Come here and sit

beside me." *Joel* *waged* *her*

"All right but don't go to extremes. I'm in a conservative mood."

It was early ^{a few} it was still ^a minutes short of midnight ^{half} and

hour later when Joel, standing on the cold hearth, said rather tersely.

"Meaning that you ^{haven't} ~~don't have curiosity about Eddie Baker but you haven't~~ get any curiosity about me."

"Not at all. You attract me enormously. ^{The point} ~~is that Eddie Baker~~

~~"Wait a minute. You see the point is I really~~ ^{that} ~~love Niles."~~ ^{do}

^{Obviously} ~~"I think~~ you do."

He really wasn't angry, ~~not disappointed~~ — his vanity was ^{wounded} ~~little hurt~~

~~because of Eddie Baker~~ but really it was wisest in his position to avoid any

entanglements. Still as he watched her there on the sofa, ~~relaxed~~ ^{relaxed} until the very

coldness of her blue costume took on some of her own warmth and softness, he ^{knew} ~~thought~~

that ^{this was one of the things he would always regret.} ~~she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen~~

"I've got to go," he said suddenly. "I'll phone a taxi."

"Nonsense - there's always a chauffeur on duty."

He winced at her readiness to see him go. When ^{passing near} ~~she passed close to~~

him she caught his ^{shoulder} ~~arm~~ and pressed close to him he was unresponsive. And then

suddenly three things happened: ~~he~~ ^{he} took down his drink at a gulp, the phone rang

loud through the house and a clock in the hall struck twelve in triumphant trumpet

notes. Eight- nine- ten- eleven- twelve -

(31)

Suddenly Joel

Crazy Sunday'. Again it was crazy Sunday. He realized that he had come to the theatre ~~at~~ ^{evening} this ~~evening~~ with the work of the week still hanging about him like ~~cerements~~ ^{cerements}. He had gone about pleasing Stella not with a ~~charming~~ ^{lulling} indirection but ~~rather~~ with the same ~~firmness~~ ^{forthrightness} with which he might attack a ~~technical~~ ^{problem}, some ~~last~~ matter to be cleaned up rather hurriedly and roughly before the day's ~~end~~ ^{This was Sunday} end. But ~~Sunday~~ ^{that was different} the lovely, lazy perspective of the next twenty-four hours unrolled before him — every minute was something to be approached with ~~exquisite~~ ^{loving} care, every moment held the germ of innumerable ~~other~~ moments and possibilities. Nothing was ~~over~~ ^{impossible} — everything was ~~just~~ ^{just} beginning. He poured himself another drink, and then at a sound turned sharply toward the telephone in the hall.

Stella had given a little moan and slipped forward inertly until only the telephone table kept her from slumping to the floor. Joel picked her up ~~badly~~ ^a and put her on the sofa, ~~next to it~~ ^{poured soda water on a handkerchief and slipped} it on her face. The telephone mouthpiece was still groaning and he put it ~~quickly~~ to his ear.

"— the plane fell just this side of Kansas City. The body of Miles Colman has been identified and —"

~~Stella~~ ^{out,} he cried, and hung up the receiver, ~~he poured soda water~~ ^{Plants just as} Stella opened her eyes and said "Oh-h-h-h!" in an ~~agitated~~ ^{agitated} voice. "Lie still," he said ~~stalling~~ ^{stalling}. "Oh, what's happened." "Oh, call she whispered

call them back. *Oh, what's happened to Miles,* (32)

"I'll call them right away. What's your doctor's name?"

"~~Oh, what's up~~ I'm all right." She ^{to sit} started up and then fell back again. "Did they say Miles was dead?"

"Lie quiet - is there a maid still up?"

"Hold me - I'm frightened."

He put his arm around her.

~~Joel~~

"I want the name of your doctor," he said *quietly*. "It may be a mistake but I want somebody here."

"It's doctor - oh, God, is Miles dead?"

He left her for a minute *and ran* ^{where he} ~~to run~~ upstairs ~~to~~ hunt through strange medicine cabinets for spirits of ammonia. When he came down again she was at the phone again

"—well, find out — wire back — *oh hurry —* ~~but immediately~~"

Joel took the phone and dictated a telegram. Then he said.

"I want to get hold of some close friends, ~~somebody~~ You can't stay here alone tonight."

"Oh, no," she cried, "I can't see anybody. You stay. I haven't got any friend. ~~Your nearest friends~~ Now at last a torrent of grief ^{welled} welled up in her.

(33)

"Oh — Miles ^{was} my only friend, ~~the only friend I ever had.~~ He's not dead — he can't be dead." She got up, tears streaming down her face, "I'm going there right away. Get a train. You'll have to come with me."

"You can't. There's nothing to do tonight. I want you to tell me the name of some woman I can call: ~~Joan? Carmel?~~ ^{Lois?} Joan? Carmel? Isn't there somebody."

She stared at him ^{blindly} ~~unseeingly~~.

"Eva Goebel was my best friend."

^{And now} ~~At the same~~ Joel thought ^{for the first time} of Miles ^{sad and} ~~for the first time~~, his desperate

~~and~~ face in the office two days before. In the awful silence of his death all

^{clear} was plain about him. He was the only American born director ^{with both an interesting} ~~with the ghost of~~

temperament, ^{and meshed} ~~meshed~~ in an industry he had paid ~~the price~~ with his ruined nerves of

for having no resilience, no healthy cynicism, no refuge, ^{— only a rorded and pitiful} ~~no escape.~~

~~American price of not knowing the simple things that the inspired and the un-~~
~~inspired~~

Joel went to the phone and called a dozen people but it was ^{still} early and

^{he could find} ~~no~~ one was home. When he abandoned the search Stella had exhausted her first ^{at}

paroxysm of grief; and he gave her a second drink.

"You'll stay here," she whispered, ^{as though she were} ~~like a person~~ half asleep, "You won't go away. Miles liked you — he said you —" She shivered violently, "Oh,

and an artistic conscience

(34)

my God, you don't know how alone I feel." Her eyes closed, "Put your arms around me. Hold me close... Miles had a suit like that," She started bolt upright. ~~Get~~ ^T Think of what he must have felt. He was afraid of almost everything anyhow."

She shook her head back and forth. Suddenly she seized Joel's face and held it close to hers.

"You won't go. You like me—you love me, don't you? Don't call up anybody. Tomorrow's time enough. You can stay here with me tonight. I'm alone now — Miles is dead, Miles is gone."

Joel held her— every once in awhile she ^{took} ~~gave~~ a long sobbing inhalation of breath. After half an hour he went resolutely to the phone and again called a doctor.

oh, don't!
"Don't," Stella cried, ~~oh, don't!~~ "Come back here and put your arm's around me."

"Is this Doctor ^{Bales in?} ~~Salmonson~~?"

"Joel" Stella cried, ~~"Don't you love me. I thought you loved me. I thought I could count on you. Miles liked you. He was jealous of you — Joel —"~~ ^{come here!}

" — has just had a very severe shock. Can you come at once, ~~x~~ and get hold of a nurse?"

"Joell "

who would be right over,

(35)

Before the doctor came he had ~~succeeded in getting hold of~~ ^{found} two of Stella's friends and ~~waking~~ ^{wakened} some servants, ~~and almost immediately~~ ^{shortly} the doorbell and the telephone began to ring intermittently.

"But you're not going," ~~she said,~~ ^{Stella begged him} "You're going to stay, aren't you - after all the others go."

"No," he answered, "But I'll be back."

He would be back. ~~Half-hour later~~ ^{standing} on the steps, with the house now humming and ~~palpitating~~ ^{palpitating} with the life that flutters around death like concealing leaves, he began to sob a little in his throat.

"Everything he touched he did that to, something magical", he thought, "He even brought that poor little ~~dead~~ ^{gamin} alive and made her a sort of masterpiece."

And then:

"What a hell of a hole he leaves in things - already."

And then with bitterness that ground his teeth together.

"Oh, yes, I'll be back - I'll be back."

CRAZY SUNDAY

by
F. Scott Fitzgerald

It was Sunday. It was not a day -- it was a gap between two other days. Behind, for all of them, lay sets and sequences, the long struggles of rival ingenuities in the conference rooms, the interminable waits under the cranes that swung the microphone, the hundred miles a day by automobiles back and forth across ^{Hollywood} a county, the endless compromise, the clashing and straining of many personalities fighting for their lives. And now Sunday, with individual life starting up again, with a bright glow kindling in the eyes that had been glazed with monotony the afternoon before. Slowly as the hours waned they were all coming awake like puppenfees in a toy shop at the expectant hour. An admiration here, a whispered colloquy there, two lovers disappearing for a moment to be alone in the hall. And the sense of "Hurry, it's not too late, but hurry, before the blessed forty hours of leisure are over".

~~Joel Gale's mother had been a beautiful and successful actress, he had spent his childhood between London and~~

2.

Coel's mother had been a ~~com~~ beautiful and successful actress; he had spent his childhood between London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or anyhow to keep one guess ahead of their interchangeability.

^{Coles}
Joel was "writing continuity". He was twenty-

eight and very alive and not yet broken into Hollywood. He had had nice assignments since his arrival a few months before and he submitted his scenes and sequences with refreshing enthusiasm. Modestly he referred to himself as a hack

but he didn't think of it that way at all. He was handsome,

tall, well-mannered with the exact cow-brown eyes that had

gazed out at Broadway audiences in 1913 from his mother's face.

When the big invitation ^{for Sunday} came he was sure he was
Moreover he was coming along. Everything ~~clicked~~
coming along. Ordinarily he didn't go out *but stayed sober*
~~into place. He stayed sober even on Sundays~~ and took work

home with him.
~~home with him.~~ Recently they had given him a Eugene O'Neill

play destined for a very important lady indeed. Everything

he had done so far had pleased Miles Calman, and Calman was

the only director on the lot who refused flatly to work under

a supervisor, got his own way and was responsible to the money

men alone. *Everything was clicking*

~~Everything~~ *clicked* into place to make the most

3.

perfect episode of his ^{short} career. ("This is Mr. Calman's secretary. Will you come to tea from four to six Sunday -- he lives in Beverly Hills, number ---")

He was flattered. It would be a party out of the top-drawer. It was a tribute to himself as a young man of promise. Miles Calman was under no compulsion to ask him, since he held Joel at the end of a ^{string of} four hundred dollars a week string. The Marion Davies crowd, the High-hats and the big currency numbers, ^{and} maybe even Dietrich and Garbe and the Marquise and people who didn't accept every invitation, ^{probably} impressed Joel. ~~would~~ ^{would all} be there.

"I won't take anything to drink", he assured himself. Calman ~~had said he~~ was tired of rummies -- ^{he had remarked} that it was a pity the profession couldn't get along without them.

Joel privately agreed with him. Writers drank too much -- he did himself, but not this afternoon. He hoped Miles Calman would be within hearing when the cocktails were passed ^{and his} the succinct but unobtrusive, "No, thank you", ~~he planned.~~

4.

Calman's was a house built for great emotional moments -- it had an air of listening, as if the far silences of its vistas hid an audience. ^{But} This afternoon it was thronged ~~with a~~ ^{with} as though people had been "bidden" rather than asked. He noted with triumph that only two other writers from the studio were in the crowd, a ~~young~~ ^{well} English playwright and, rather to his surprise, Nat Keogh who had evoked Calman's impatient comment on rummies.

Stella Calman (that is, Stella Walker, of course) did not move on to other guests after she spoke to Joel. She lingered -- she looked at him with the sort of beautiful look that simply demands some sort of acknowledgment. Joel called quickly on the dramatic adequacy he had inherited from his mother, saying:

"Well, you look about sixteen! Where's your kiddy car?"

She was visibly pleased; she lingered. He felt that he should say something more, something confident and

5.

easy -- after all, he had first met her when she was struggling for bits in New York. Suddenly a tray was passing and almost before he knew it, Stella had pressed ^a ~~the delectating~~ ~~(r)~~ cocktail into his hand.

"Everybody's afraid, aren't they?" he whispered boldly, "Everybody watches for everybody else's blunders, or tries to make sure they're with the people that'll do them the most credit. Of course that's not true at your place", he covered himself hastily. "I just meant generally in Hollywood".

Stella agreed. She presented many people as if he were very important. Reassuring himself that Miles was at the other side of the room, accepted another cocktail.

"So you have a baby", he said. "That's the time to beware. After a pretty woman has had her first child, she's very vulnerable, because she wants to be reassured of her own charm. It's almost necessary for her to have some man's unqualified devotion to prove to her she hasn't lost anything".

"I never get anyone's unqualified devotion",
said Stella, intrigued.

"They're afraid of your husband," Joel assured her.

"Do you think that's it"? She puckered her brow

over the new idea; the conversation was interrupted at
the precise moment he would have chosen.

"Well, Joel! The boy idealist. I thought you
never came to ostriches".

With a certain annoyance Joel turned to face Nat
Hoogh. Nat was large, gross, quick-witted and extraordi-
narily good-hearted. He was one of the highest paid con-
tinuity writers in Hollywood. He drank hard from a great
excess of vitality; his real weakness was gambling.

Stella's attention had given ^{him} Joel confidence.

Not for him to join safe groups, to slink to refuge under
the wings of such acquaintances as he saw about the room.

He walked to the window and looked out toward the far
Pacific, wearing its most expensive sunset. It was good

here -- the American Riviera and all that, if there was
ever time to enjoy it. The handsome well-dressed people

7.

inside, the lovely girls, and the -- well, the lovely girls.

You couldn't have everything.

He saw Stella ~~passing~~, her fresh boyish face with the tired eyelid that always drooped a little over one eye, ~~passing~~ ^{seemingly to say:} about among her guests, "Have a little of my beauty", she

~~seemed to say.~~ He wanted to sit with her and talk a long

^{as if she were a girl instead of a star.} time; he followed her to see if she paid anyone as much

attention as she had paid himself. ^{He took another cocktail now -- not because he needed confidence but because ~~he had~~ ^{she had given} ~~him~~ so much.} Then

~~Jeel stood by the built-in bar in the dining room.~~

~~He knew he was getting tight but with a persistent guile he~~

~~had avoided falling under Calman's eye. He couldn't avoid~~

^{he sat down beside} ~~talking volubly~~ with the director's mother.

"Your son's getting to be a legend, Mrs. Calman.

He's looked upon as an oracle and a man of destiny. Per-

sonally, I'm against him but I'm in a terrible minority.

What do you think of him? Are you impressed? Are you sur-

prised at how far he's gone?"

"No, I'm not surprised", she said calmly. "We always expected a lot from Miles".

8.

"Well now, that's odd", remarked Joel, "I always think all mothers are like Napoleon's mother. Mine resents even what mild success I've had -- she didn't want me to have anything to do with the entertainment business. She wanted me to go to West Point and be safe".

heavy
 "Well, I've always had every confidence in Miles".
hard
~~He stood by the built up bar of the dining room with~~
~~Nat Keogh came to save him.~~
~~the large, good humored, highly paid, hard drinking and such gambling Nat Keogh's.~~

"--- I figured that I'd made a hundred thousand dollars during the year and I'd lost forty thousand of it gambling, so I've hired a manager".

"You mean an agent" *suggested Joel finishing another cocktail*

"No, I've got that too. I mean a manager. I make over everything to my wife and then he and my wife get together and dole me out the money. I pay him five thousand a year to dole me out money".

"You mean your agent".

"No, I mean my manager, and I'm not the only one -- a lot of other irresponsible people have him".

9.

"Well, if you're irresponsible why are you responsible enough to hire a manager"?

"I'm just irresponsible about gambling. Look here--"

A Broadway comedian began to sing; Joel and Nat went forward with the others to listen.

The singing reached Joel rather vaguely; he felt happy and friendly toward all the people gathered there, people of bravery and industry, superior to a middle class that outdid them in ignorance and loose living, risen to a position of prominence in a ^{nation} world that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained. He liked them -- he loved them. Great waves of good feeling flowed through him.

The actor finished his number, and as there was a general move toward the hostess to say good-bye, Joel had an idea. He would do "Building it up", his own composition. It was his only parlor trick, it had amused many people -- it would amuse Stella. In the grip of the idea, his blood throbbing suddenly with the scarlet corpuscles of exhibitionism, he sought Stella Walker.

10.

"Of course", she cried. "Please! Do you need anything"?

"Someone ought to be the secretary I'm supposed to be dictating to".

"I'll be that".

As the word spread, the people in the hall, already putting on their coats to leave, drifted back and Joel found himself facing the eyes of many strangers. He had a dim foreboding, realizing that the man who had just performed was a famous entertainer and he was not an actor. Then someone said "Shi" and he was alone with Stella, the center of a large Indian-like half-circle.

Stella smiled up at Joel expectantly. He began.

The burlesque was based upon the cultural limitations of Mr. Dave Silverstien, an independent producer; Mr. Silverstien was presumed to be dictating a letter outlining a treatment of a story he had bought.

"-- a story of divorce, the younger generators and the foreign legion", he heard his voice saying, in the extra-

11.

ordinary intonations of Mr. Silverstien. "But we got to build it up, see"?

A sharp pang of doubt struck through him. The faces surrounding in the gentle molded light were intent, curious, but there was no ghost of a smile anywhere; directly in front the Great Lover of the screen glared at him with an eye as keen as the eye of a potato. Only Stella Walker looked up at Joel with a radiant, never faltering smile.

"If we make him a Menjou type, then we get a sort of Michael Arlen only with a sort of Honolulu atmosphere. We got to build it up, see"?

Still not a ripple in front, but in the rear a rustling, a perceptible shift toward the left, toward the front door.

"--- then she says she feels ^{contempt} ~~awful~~ ^{thin} and so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so --, and then he says ~~go~~ on shoot yourself'and so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so --"

He heard Nat Keogh snicker and here and there a few encouraging faces but as he finished he had the sickening

realization that it was a failure, he had made a fool of himself in full view of a large cross-section of the picture world upon whose favor depended his career. They were loyal to each other subtly banded against the intruder.

For a moment he resisted in the
~~who dare criticize and so-and-so~~

then there was
~~In the~~ midst of a confused silence, a general trek for the door, ~~down~~. He felt the undercurrent of derision that rolled through the gossip; then in the space of ten seconds, *his eye hard and empty as the eye of a needle, shouldered "Boo! Boo!" vociferously*, the Great Lover, ~~voiced~~ in an overtone what he felt was the mood of the crowd, "~~Boo-Boo!~~" It was the resentment of the professional toward the amateur, of the community toward the presumptuous stranger, it was the thumbs-down of the clan.

Only Stella Walker was still standing near and thanking him as if he had been an unparalleled success, as if it had never occurred to her that anyone hadn't liked it. As Nat Keogh helped him into his overcoat, a great wave of self-disgust swept over him and he swung desperately to his rule of never betraying an ^{inferior} emotion until he no longer felt it.

"I was a flop", he said lightly, to Stella, ~~(she)~~

13.

"Never mind, it's a good number -- just not appreciated.

Thank you for your cooperation".

The smile had never left her face -- he bowed and Nat Keogh drew him toward the door...*fff*

The arrival of his breakfast awakened him to a broken and ruined world. Yesterday he was himself, a point of fire against an industry, today ^{he felt that} he was pitted alone under an enormous disadvantage, against those faces, against individual contempt and collective sneer, ~~he thought~~. Worse than that, to Miles Calman he was become one of the rummies, stripped of dignity, whom Calman so much regretted he was compelled to use. To Stella Walker, on whom he had forced a martyrdom to preserve the courtesy of her house -- what her opinion was he did not dare to guess. His gastric juices ceased suddenly to flow; he set his poached eggs back on the telephone table.

Dear Miles (he wrote)

You can imagine my profound self-disgust. I confess to a taint of exhibitionism, but at six o'clock in the after-

14.

noon, in broad daylight! Good God! My apologies to your
wife.

Yours ever

Joel Coles.

Joel emerged from his ^{office on the lot only to} hotel slinking like a
malefactor to ^{the tobacco store.} ~~his office.~~ So suspicious was his manner
that one of the studio police asked to see his admission
card. He had decided to eat his lunch outside the gate
as Nat Keogh, confident and cheerful, overtook him.

"What do you mean you're in permanent retire-
ment? What if that Three Piece Suit did boo you? Who's
he anyhow?"

"Why listen", he continued, drawing Joel into
the studio restaurant. "The night of one of his premiers
at Grauman's, Joe Squires kicked him ^{from behind} ~~in the pate~~ as he
bowed to the crowd. The ham said Joe'd hear from him
later but when Joe called him up at eight o'clock next
day and said, ' I thought I was going to hear from you'
he hung up the phone".

15.

The preposterous story cheered Joel. Nat was right: that people were sheep. He found a gloomy consolation in staring at the group at the next table, the sad, lovely Siamese twins, the mean dwarfs, and the proud giant from the circus picture. But looking beyond at the yellow-stained faces of pretty women, their eyes all melancholy and startling with mascara, their ball gowns garish in full day, he saw a group who had been at Calman's and he winced.

"Never again", he exclaimed aloud, "absolutely my last social appearance in Hollywood!"

The following morning a telegram was waiting for him at his office
~~And he stuck to his point when Nat phoned asking him to a tea at his girl's house Sunday.~~

~~"Now listen, baby", said Nat, "Are you going bitter on us?"~~

~~As he argued Joel opened with his free hand the telegram that had just been delivered to him.~~

16.

Beverly Hills, California

You were one of the most agreeable people at

our party. Expect you at my ~~old~~ sister Carmen's ~~tea~~ buffet
supper next Sunday

Stella Walker Calman

The blood rushed fast through his veins for a
feverish minute. ^{Incredulously, he} ~~he~~ read the telegram over

~~"All right," he said. "I'll be there, Nat."~~

~~He sprang to his feet and paced rapidly up and~~
~~down his room, reading the telegram in his hand.~~

"Well, that's the sweetest thing I ever heard of
in my life!" ~~he breathed.~~

II.

Crazy Sunday again! Joel slept gratefully until
eleven, then he read the ~~exaggerated~~ newspaper trying to
catch up with the past week. He lunched in his room on
trout and avocado salad and a pint of California wine.
Dressing for the tea, he selected the dim nuances of a
pin-check suit, a ~~pink~~ ^{blue} shirt, a burnt orange tie. ^{There were} ~~dark~~

17.

circles of fatigue ^{under} ~~crossed~~ his eyes. In his second-hand car

he drove to the Riviera apartments. He had scarcely intro-

duced himself to ~~Katie's~~ ^{Stella's sister} ~~girl~~ when Miles Calman and Stella

Walker arrived in riding clothes. ^{They had been ~~quarreling~~ quarrelling} ~~Gossip said they quarrelled~~

percealy most of the afternoon on all the dirt roads back of Beverly hills
~~all over the Beverly hills on their Sunday rides.~~

Miles Calman, tall, nervous, oddly handsome with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel had ever seen, was an artist from the top of his curiously shaped head to his niggerish feet. Upon these last he stood firmly -- he had never made a bad picture though he had sometimes paid heavily for the luxury of making experimental fleps. In spite of his excellent company, one couldn't be with him long without realizing that he was not a well man.

From the moment of their entrance Joel's day bound itself up inextricably with theirs. Just as Joel joined the group around them Stella Walker turned away from it with an impatient little click of her tongue -- somebody had blundered. He heard Miles Calman whisper to the man next to him;

"Go easy on Eva Goebel. There's hell to pay about

18.

her at home". Miles turned to Joel with relief, "I'm sorry I missed you at the office yesterday. I spent the afternoon at the analysts".

"You being psychoanalyzed"?

"I have been for months. First I went for claustrophobia, now I'm trying to get my whole life cleared up. They say it'll take over a year".

"There's nothing the matter with your life", said Joel sincerely.

"Oh, no? Well, Stella seems to think so. ~~ask~~ anybody. ~~They~~ They can all tell you about it", he said bitterly.

~~Joel felt unexpectedly resentful.~~

A girl perched herself precipitately on the arm of ^{Miles} Galman's chair; ^{Joel} he crossed to Stella who stood disconsolately by the fire opposite.

"Thank you for your telegram", he said. "It was darn sweet. I can't imagine anybody as good looking as you are being so good-humored".

She was just a little lovelier than he had ever seen

19. r 20.

her and it must have been the unstinted admiration in his eyes that prompted her to unload on him; that and the fact that he was one of the few strangers that she knew. It took surprisingly little time; she was obviously at the emotional bursting point.

"--- and Miles has been carrying on this thing for two years, and I never knew. Why, she was one of my best friends, always in and out of the house. Finally when people began to come to me, Miles had to admit it".

She sat down vehemently on the arm of Joel's chair. Stella's riding breeches were the color of the chair. She was so close that Joel saw the mass of her hair was made up of some strands of red gold and some of pale gold, so that it couldn't have been dyed, and that she had no make-up on. She was that good looking -----

Still quivering with the shock of her discovery, the sight of Miles with a new girl hovering over him was unbearable. She led Joel into an adjoining bedroom, and seated at either end of a big bed they went on talking.

21.

People on their way to the washroom glanced in at ~~Joel and Stella~~ ^{them} and made wisecracks, but Stella was so absorbed in her story that she scarcely heeded them. Finally it was Miles who stuck his head in the door and said forcefully, "There's no use trying to explain something ^{in half an hour} to Joel that I don't understand myself and the psychoanalyst says will take a whole year to understand". ^{Yet they} They didn't seem to mind that everybody knew. ^{Their private} ~~Joel supposed their private~~ affairs had become like a cinema to them, ~~they seemed to stage everything.~~

~~For another twenty minutes she unburdened herself.~~
 She loved Miles, ^{she said -} through many admirers and flirtations she had always been faithful to him. She had loved him before his first divorce.

"The psychoanalyst told Miles that he had a mother complex. ~~He had~~ In his first marriage he transferred his mother complex to his wife, you see -- and then his emotions turned to me. But when we married the thing repeated itself -- he transferred his mother complex to me

and all his romantic side turned toward this other woman".

Joel knew that this probably wasn't gibberish and
~~yet it sounded like some nonsense.~~ *didn't sound right.* He had met Eva Goebel; she
 was a motherly person, older and probably wiser than Stella *who was*
 a sweet, golden child. Miles suggested impatiently that Joel
 come back with them for dinner if Stella had so much to say
 to him, so they drove out to the pompous mansion in Beverly
 Hills. Under the ceilings built for crowds the situation
 appeared more dignified, even tragic. ~~Stella's dramatic~~
~~sense led her into a scene.~~ * *insert next page here.*

"Miles is so jealous of me that he questions every-
 thing I do", she cried scornfully. "When I was in New York
 I wrote him that I'd been to the theatre with *Eddie Baker*
 an old beau.
 Miles *he* phoned me ten times in one day *he* was so jealous".

"I was wild", Miles admitted, *he snuffled sharply,* "The
 analyst couldn't get any results for *a week* ~~two days~~".

Stella shook her head despairingly. "Did you ex-
 pect me just to sit in the hotel for three weeks?"

"I don't expect anything. I admit that I'm jealous.

a habit he had in times of stress.

Insert for Page (22)



afterwards

Joel remembered ~~that~~ ^{that}

These eerie bright nights with the dark very clear outside of all the windows and Stella all rose-gold raging and crying around the room. Joel did not quite believe in her grief, though he had every reason to—perhaps it was because she was a picture actress and ^{he} did not believe in picture actresses' grief. They have other diversions—they are beautiful rose-gold figures blown full of life by writers and directors, and after hours they sit around and talk in whispers and giggled innuendoes, and the ends of many adventures flow through them. ^{Sometimes he only pretended to listen and looked simply} ~~This was near the end of one of these nights, Stella~~ ^{how well she was gotten up—} ~~had on riding clothes: slick breeches with a matched set of legs in them, an Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown chamois coat.~~ ^{He} Joel couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her. She hovered somewhere between the realiest of realities and the most blatant of impersonations. ~~Actually she and Miles had been riding and quarrelling fitfully on all the dirt roads back of Beverly Hills. But because Joel's mother had been a beautiful and successful actress and he had spent his childhood between London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or anyhow to keep one guess~~

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23.

I try not to be. I worked on that with Dr. Bridgebane, but it didn't do any good. I was jealous of Joel this afternoon when you sat on the arm of his chair".

"You were"? she started up. "You were! Wasn't there somebody on the arm of your chair? And did you speak to me for two hours"?

"You were telling your troubles to Joel in the bedroom".

"When I think that that woman" — She seemed to believe that to ^{omit} ~~use~~ Eva Gobel's name would be to ^{lessen} ~~acknowledge~~ her reality — "used to come here —"

"All right -- all right", said Miles wearily. "I've admitted everything and I feel as bad about it as you do".

Turning sharply to Joel he began talking about pictures.

Stella moved restlessly along the far walls, her hands in her breeches pockets.

"They've treated Miles terribly", she said, coming suddenly back into the conversation as if they'd never dis-

24.

cussed her personal affairs. "Dear, tell him about old Beltzer trying to change your last picture".

As she stood hovering protectively over Miles, her eyes flashing with indignation in his behalf, Joel ^{suddenly} realized that he was in love with her, ~~suddenly~~. Stifled with excitement he got up to say good-night.

Monday ^{workaday} the week resumed its rhythm in sharp contrast to the theoretical discussions, the gossip and scandal of Sunday: the endless detail of script revision -- "Instead of a lousy dissolve, we can leave her voice on the sound track and cut to a medium shot of the taxi from Bell's angle or we can simply pull the camera back to include the station, hold it a minute and then pan to the row of taxis" -- by Monday afternoon Joel had again forgotten that people whose business was to provide entertainment were ever privileged to be entertained. In the evening he phoned Miles' house. He asked for Miles but Stella came to the phone, *saying that it was* ~~This~~ was Miles' ^{with} afternoon at the doctor's.

"Do things seem better?"

25.

"Not particularly".

"I'm sorry".

"What are you doing next Saturday evening?" she asked expectantly.

"Nothing".

"The Perrys are giving a dinner and theatre party and Miles won't be here. He's flying to South Bend to see the Notre Dame-California game, so I thought you might ^{go with} ~~take~~ me in his place".

After a long moment Joel said, "Why - surely. If there's a conference I can't make dinner but I can get to the theatre".

"Then I'll say we can come ---"

Joel walked up and down his office. In view of the strained relations of the Calman's would Miles be pleased, or did she intend that Miles shouldn't know of it? That was out of the question - if Miles didn't mention it Joel would. But it was a full hour before he could get down to work again.

Wednesday he saw Miles, after a four hour wrangle in

26.

a conference room crowded with planets and nebulae of cigarette smoke. Three men and a woman paced the carpet in turn, suggesting or condemning, speaking sharply or persuasively, confidently or helplessly. At the end Joel lingered to talk to Miles.

The man was tired - not with the exaltation of fatigue but life-tired, with his lids sagging and his beard prominent over the blue shadows near his mouth.

"I hear you're flying to the Notre Dame Game".

Miles looked beyond him and shook his head.

"I've given up the idea".

"Why"?

"On account of you". Still he did not look at Joel.

"What the hell, Miles"?

"That's why I've given it up". He broke into a perfunctory laugh at himself, "I can't tell what Stella might do just out of spite -- she's invited you to take her to the Perrys, hasn't she? I'm not going - I wouldn't enjoy the game".

That fine instinct that moved swiftly and confidently on the set, muddling weakly and helplessly through his personal

27.

life made Joel sorry for him.

"Look, Miles", he said frowning. "I've never made any misses whatsoever at Stella. If you're really seriously cancelling your trip on account of me, I won't go to the Perrys with her. I won't see her. You can trust me absolutely".

Miles looked at him, carefully now.

"Maybe". He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow there'd just be somebody else. I wouldn't have any fun".

"You don't seem to have much confidence in Stella. She told me she'd always been straight with you".

"Maybe she has". In the last few minutes several more muscles seemed to have sagged around Miles' mouth, "But how can I ask anything of her after what's happened? How can I expect her --" He broke off and his face grew harder as he said, "I'll tell you one thing, right or wrong and no matter what I've done, if I ever had anything on her I'd divorce her. I can't have my pride hurt -- that would be the last straw".

28.

His tone made Joel angry, but he said:

"Hasn't she calmed down about the Eva Goebel thing"?

"No". He snuffled ~~sharply, a habit he had in~~ *permanently,* "I ~~times of stress.~~" "I can't get over it either".

"I thought it was finished".

"I'm never going to see Eva again, but you know it isn't easy just to drop something like that -- this isn't some girl I kissed last night in a taxi! The analyst says--"

"I know", Joel interrupted. "Stella told me".

This was depressing; Miles made him restless. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, you can go to the game -- I won't see Stella. And ~~as far as that's concerned,~~ I'm sure Stella has nothing on her conscience about anybody".

"Maybe not", he repeated listlessly. "Anyway I'll stay and take her to the party. Say", he said suddenly, "I wish you'd come too. I've got to have somebody sympathetic to talk to." ~~He snuffled pessimistically.~~ "That's the trouble -- I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like --"

29.

it's very difficult".

"It must be", Joel agreed.

III.

Joel found he could not get to the dinner. He waited for the others in front of the Hollywood Theatre. Self-conscious in his silk hat against the unemployment, he watched the evening parade: obscure replicas of bright particular picture stars, spavined men in polo coats, a *stomping* mystic dervish with the beard and staff of an apostle, a pair of chic Filipinos in collegiate clothes, reminder that this corner of the republic opened to the seven seas, a long fantastic carnival of young shouts which proved to be a fraternity initiation. The line split to pass a smart limousine. Joel's heart jumped as it stopped at the curb.

There she was, in a dress like ice-water, made in a thousand pale blue pieces, icicles trickling at the throat. He started forward.

"So you like my dress? It's christened tonight,

30.

'Nuit de Noel', pride of Jean Patou --"

"But where's Miles"? Joel ~~inquired~~

Her face changed.

"He flew to the game after all. ~~He~~ left yesterday morning, at least I think --" She broke off. "I ^{got a} just telegraphed from South Bend ^{saying} that he's starting back. I forgot -- you know all these people?"

The party of six moved into the theatre.

Miles had gone after all, ^{and} Joel wondered if he should have come. ^{But} ~~but how could he have known that Miles wasn't to be there?~~

^{During} ~~During~~ the performance, with Stella only a profile under the pure grain of light hair, he ~~neither~~ ^{no} worried ~~nor~~ ^{more} cared about Miles. Once he turned and looked at her and she looked back at him ~~in~~ ^{and} ~~turn,~~ smiling/meeting his eyes for as long as he wanted. Between the acts they smoked in the lobby and Stella [✓] whispered ~~to him:~~

"They're all going to the opening of Jack Johnson's night club --- I don't want to go. Do you?"

31.

"Do we have to "?

"I suppose not". She hesitated, "I'd like to talk to you. I suppose we could go to our house if I were only sure —"

Again she hesitated and Joel asked:

"Sure of what"?

"Sure that — oh, it's silly I know, but how can I really be sure that Miles went to the game?"

"You mean you think he's with Eva Goebel"?

"No, I ~~don't~~^{not} think that — but supposing he was here watching everything I do. You know Miles does odd things sometimes. Once he wanted a ^{long} man with a beard to drink beer with him and he sent down to the casting agency for one, and drank beer with him all afternoon".

Joel laughed.

"That's different. ^{He sent you} You ~~got~~^{got} a wire from South Bend — ^{that} ~~didn't you~~ — it proves he's at the game".

After the play they said good night at the curb and Joel saw the look of amusement on the faces of the others. ^{When}

32.

Stella's car drove up and he was moved to vanity by the sensation she involuntarily created. They slid off the golden garfish thoroughfare through the crowd that had gathered around her.

"You see he could arrange the telegrams", Stella said, "very easily".

That was true. And with the idea that perhaps *her* ~~Stella's~~ uneasiness was justified, Joel grew angry. If Miles had a camera trained on them — as if they were a *pair* couple of characters in a picture, then he felt no obligations toward Miles. But aloud he said:

"That's nonsense, Stella".

There were Christmas trees already in the shop windows and the full moon over the boulevard was only a prop, as scenic as the giant boudoir lamps on the corners. Then on into the dark foliage of Beverly Hills that flamed as eucalyptus by day. Joel saw only the flash of a white face under his own, the arc of her shoulder. She pulled away suddenly and looked up at him.

33.

"Your eyes are like your mother's", she said. "I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her".

"Your eyes are like your own and not a bit like any other eyes", he answered.

Something made Joel look out into the grounds as ~~he~~ ^{they} went ~~up the steps of~~ ^{into} the house, as if Miles were lurking in the shrubbery. ~~Inside~~ ^{Inside} a telegram waited on the hall table.

"Chicago, Illinois", she read aloud, "Home tomorrow night. Thinking of you. Love

Miles"

"You see", she said, Xthrowing the slip back on the table. "He could easily have faked that". She asked the butler for drinks and sandwiches and ran upstairs, while Joel walked into the empty reception rooms. Strolling about he wandered to the piano where he had stood in disgrace two Sundays before.

"Then we could put over", he said aloud, "a story of divorce, the younger generators and the foreign legion".

His thoughts jumped to another telegram.

34.

"You were one of the most agreeable people at our party --

An idea flashed through his head. If Stella's telegram had been purely a gesture of courtesy then it was likely that Miles had inspired it, for it was Miles who had invited him. Probably Miles had said:

"Send him a wire — he's miserable — he thinks he's queered himself".

It fitted in with "I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like". A woman would do a thing like that because she felt sympathetic -- only a man would do it because he felt responsible.

When Stella came back into the room he took both her hands, ~~and looked into her eyes.~~

~~"You know, Stella", he said,~~ "I have a strange feeling that I'm a sort of pawn in a spite game you're playing against Miles", *he said.*

"Help yourself to a drink", ~~she said.~~

35.

"And the ^{odd} funny thing is that I'm in love with you anyhow".

The telephone rang and she freed herself to answer it.

"Another wire from Miles", she announced, coming back.

"He dropped it or it says he dropped it, from the aeroplane at Kansas City".

"I suppose he asked to be remembered to me".

"No, he just said he loved me. I believe he does.

He's just weak".

"Come sit beside me", Joel urged her.

It was early. ~~And~~ it was still a few minutes short of midnight, half hour later when Joel, standing on the cold hearth, said tersely.

"Meaning that you haven't any curiosity about me"?

"Not at all. You attract me a lot and you know you do. The point is that I suppose I really do love Miles".

"Obviously".

"And tonight I feel uneasy about everything".

He wasn't angry -- he was even faintly relieved that a possible entanglement was avoided. Still as he watched her

36.

there on the sofa, the warmth and softness of her body thawing her cold blue costume, he knew she was one of the things he would always regret.

"I've got to go", he said suddenly. "I'll phone a taxi!"

"Nonsense - there's a chauffeur on duty".

He winced at her readiness to have him go, and seeing this she kissed him lightly and said, "You're a sweet boy, Joel". Then suddenly three things happened: he took down his drink at a gulp, the phone rang loud through the house and a clock in the hall struck twelve in triumphant trumpet notes. Eight - nine - ten - eleven - twelve --

It was Sunday again! Joel realized that he had come to the theatre this evening with the work of the week still hanging about him like cements. He had ~~gone about making~~^{made} love to Stella ^{as he} ~~with the same forthrightness with which he~~ might attack some matter to be cleaned up rather hurriedly and ~~roughly~~ before the day's end. But this was Sunday -- the lovely, lazy perspective of the next twenty-four hours un-

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rolled before him -- every minute was something to be approached with lulling indirection, every moment held the germ of innumerable possibilities. Nothing was impossible -- everything was just beginning. He poured himself another drink.

With a sharp moan, Stella slipped forward inertly by the telephone. Joel picked her up and lay her on the sofa. He squirted soda-water on a handkerchief and slapped it over her face. The telephone mouthpiece was still grinding and he put it to his ear.

"--- the plane fell just this side of Kansas City. The body of Miles Calman has been identified and ---"

He hung up the receiver.

"Lie still", he said, stalling, as Stella opened her eyes.

"Oh, what's happened?" she whispered. "Call them back. Oh, what's happened to Miles?"

"I'll call them right away. What's your doctor's name?"

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"Did they say Miles was dead"?

"Lie quiet - is there a ^{servant} ~~maid~~ still up"?

"Hold me -- I'm frightened".

He put his arm around her.

"I want the name of your doctor", he said sternly.

"It may be a mistake but I want someone here".

"It's doctor-- Oh, God, is Miles dead"?

Joel ran upstairs and searched through strange medicine cabinets for spirits of ammonia. When he came down Stella cried:

"He isn't dead -- I know he isn't. This is part of his scheme. He's torturing me. I know he's alive. I can feel he's alive".

"I want to get hold of some close friends of yours, Stella. You can't stay here alone tonight".

"Oh, no", she cried. "I can't see anybody. You stay. I haven't got any friend". She got up, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, Miles is my only friend. He's not dead -- he can't be dead. I'm going there right away and see. Get a

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train. You'll have to come with me".

"You can't. There's nothing to do tonight. I want you to tell me the name of some woman I can call: Lois? Joan? Carmel? Isn't there somebody?"

Stella stared at him blindly.

"Eva Goebel was my best friend", she said.

Joel thought of Miles, his sad and desperate face in the office two days before. In the awful silence of his death all was clear about him. He was the only American-born director with both an interesting temperament and an artistic conscience. Meshed in an industry he had paid with his ruined nerves for having no resilience, no healthy cynicism, no refuge — only a ~~small~~ ^{and precarious} and pitiful escape in Eva Goebel.

There was a sound at the outer door -- it opened suddenly, and there were footsteps in the hall.

"Miles!" Stella screamed. "Is it you, Miles? Oh, it's Miles".

A telegraph boy appeared in the doorway.

"I couldn't find the bell, ~~but~~ I heard you *talking*

inside".

The telegram was a duplicate of ^{the one that} what had already

Stella been phoned. As/read it over and over, ~~incredulously~~, as if

it were a black lie, Joel telephoned ~~half a dozen people~~. It

was still/^{early} and he had difficulty ~~locating~~ ^{finding} anyone; ^{when finally} ~~when~~ he

succeeded ~~finally~~ ^{in finally} ~~finding~~ ^{informing} some friends of Miles he made

Stella take a stiff drink.

"You'll stay here, Joel", she whispered, as though she were half asleep. "You won't go away. Miles liked you -- he said you --" She shivered violently, "Oh, my God, you don't know how alone I feel". Her eyes closed, "Put your arms around me. Miles had a suit like that". She started bolt upright. "Think of what he must have felt. He was afraid of almost everything, anyhow".

She shook her head dazedly back and forth. Suddenly she seized Joel's face and held it close to hers.

"You won't go. You like me -- you love me, don't you?" ^{Don't}

41.

destraught and

~~Don't~~ call up anybody. Tomorrow's time enough. You stay here *near* ~~near~~ me tonight".

He stared at her, *at first* incredulously, and then with *understanding* dawning realization. In *her dark groping Stella* a ~~groping mystic way~~ she was trying to keep Miles alive by *sustaininng* ~~prolonging~~ a situation in which he *had* figured — as if Miles' mind could not die so long as the *that had so worried him still* possibilities existed, ~~that so worried him.~~ *It*

~~It was a~~ *was a tortured* ~~despairing~~ effort to stave off the ~~realization.~~ *that he was dead through the* ~~realization. Giving him reason for his jealousy would some-~~ *coming right* ~~how keep his jealousy, and hence himself, alive through another~~ night.

~~Joel went~~ *Joel went* Resolutely to the phone and called a doctor.

"Don't, oh, don't call anybody"! Stella cried, "Come back here and put your arms around me".

"Is Doctor Bales in"?

"Joel", Stella cried. "I thought I could count on you. Miles liked you. He was jealous of you -- Joel come here".

Then —
Ah, if she betrayed Miles she would be keeping him *really* alive, because if he were dead how could he be betrayed?

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"--- has just had a very severe shock. Can you come at once, and get hold of a nurse?"

"Joel";

Now the doerbell and the telephone began to ring intermittently, and automobiles were stopping in front of the door.

"But you're not going", Stella begged him. "You're going to stay, aren't you?"

"No", he answered. "But I'll be back, if you need me".

Standing on the steps with the house now humming and palpitating with the life that flutters around death like protective leaves, he began to sob a little in his throat.

"Everything he touched he did something magical to", he thought. "He even brought that little gamin alive and made her a sort of masterpiece".

And then:

"What a hell of a hole he leaves in this damn wilderness -- already".

And then with a certain bitterness, "Oh, yes, I'll be back -- I'll be back".