

12/4/34.

1st. draft

For I Have Lived

The Lonely Heart.

Bedroom scene:

I could hear her ^{my wife} fumbling with the front door lock, and giggling, and talking. I could hear the front door ^{and close,} open, creaking with frost. Then I couldn't hear ^{nothing} ~~anything~~ for several minutes: only the ticking of the ^{musical} ~~clock~~ ^{the clock} on her dressing table; the clock he had given her. ^{Swiss family clock} Then I could hear him kiss her goodnight; the door squeaked again; ^{an auto} ~~she~~ drove away; and I could hear her coming up the stairs, in the dark, humming to herself in the dark, that way.

She stood in the bedroom door for a long time before she ^{entered} ~~came in~~. She stood there and hummed ever so faintly, so contentedly, ^{I thought,} to herself. I breathed ~~but~~ ^{standing there} could see her in the blue light - Chottee blue light - reflected from the snow outside. I breathed deeply and regularly. She ^{snapped a switch} ~~switched on the lights~~ and all her little red lamps lighted up ^{habitually,} at once. I stirred restlessly, managed a guttural snort, and relapsed into ~~the~~ ^{the} rhythmic oblivion. I knew she was watching me. I could feel her drawing near. I could hear her as she allowed her fur coat - ^{I could smell its dampness.} ~~smell its dampness~~ - fall from her ^{and} ~~second~~ shoulders ^{into its electric snap.} onto the floor. ^{She} ~~she~~ sat on the bed. I started and opened my eyes, startled frightened eyes, ^{always so} bewildered with sleep.

She leaned over me, swelling her breasts at me, her wet eyes half closed. "How is my ^{big} little Boy?" she said. ~~She said~~ She kissed me on the mouth. She smelled of ^{champagne} ~~her~~, mixed with the odor of her warm body. I lay there watchfully blinking my eyes, not get awake, ^{half-alarmed,} half-resentful, ~~half~~. Then I smiled at her.

"Hello, Conny"

"Darling"

"Did you have a good time?"

"Darling. It was so dull without you. Why

must you give so much time to your work?"

Must have the manuscript in Eric's hands by Monday old publisher.

"I am sure Eric would give you more time."

I am a little tired. I smile.

"Ms. Ann dear, I must keep my promise."

Keep my promise. Keep my promise.

Keep my promise.

is breathing
Ann breathes regularly now. She ~~is~~ ^{looks} so strong and so weak, lying there, her hair that way. Her ^{beautiful} ~~building~~ body breathing so alive. "Eric's song."

The little clock is wound. I release the ^{catch} latch. Tinkle, tinkle. Minature falls. Sadly, rhythmically, bravely it plays ^{Tschaknowsky's "None but a Lonely Heart"} ~~because~~ ^{It is winding running down. Painfully: A lonely heart.} A lonely heart..... heart.

I stand there in the dark. She stirs a little. Then regularly breathing again. She is ^{looking} ~~longer~~ than usual tonight. No ---- she is stirring..... There..... there, so

"I love you. I am so lonely dear. ^{for you, dear.}"

I love you, Eric."

"Current Aspects of the New Deal."

Creative writing - for I have lived.

No, my name is not Eric. He gave her the clock.

She kissed me - again and again. Fiercely,
savagely, tenderly - many times. "Go to sleep,
"Close your eyes, my little one. Go to sleep." I
closed my eyes.

~~###~~

I have been ^{*}standing ^{*}watching ^{*}her for a long while.
She is deep in sleep, now. She looks so
strong and so weak, lying there, her hair that way,
her beautiful arms folded over her head. I have been
~~watching her for a long while~~
^{standing} In the dark I find her musical clock. I wind it and
release the catch. Tinkle, tinkle. Dripping, liquid rush of
tiny music. Tchaikowsky's "None But a Lonely Heart."
It is running down. Painfully: A lonely heart. A
lonely heart. . . . heart.

I stand there in the dark. Now. She is stirring
a little. ^{She is talking in a low, muffled, monotone. Very slowly.} There. So.

~~"I love you, my Eric."~~ "I love you so much.
I am so lonely for you, dear. I love you, Eric."
Eric!!

I walk quickly down stairs and go to
my study. ^{Fervently I write.} I light a pipe and after that I work on the
manuscript of "Some Aspects of the New Deal."

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and this hurt his vanity.

Poetic Doc was getting bald, right on top. But he let his ^{wavy} hair grow long, and then combed it over the spot. This shift was highly successful except when he played the piano. ^{at such times} He had a habit of throwing back his head and shutting his eyes, and much of the ^{calculated} effect was lost, though he did not know it, by the apple-ruddy reflection of his red lights on his ^{held up} head. ~~the~~

He did most of his preliminary wooing by the piano. He played well, and with great feeling. He had played himself into two wives, ~~and~~ but at times when he was out of the mood he used to absent-mindedly beat them, and this ^{finally} drove them to divorce.

~~But his practice more than provided for~~
Doc lived ^{in a large flat} over the A & P store, on the corner of Main and High. His offices were in the front. He was the most successful abortionist in the whole district, and his income more than paid ^{for} his rent, his whiskey, and the alimony - "accrued alimony" he called it - of his former wives. He lived well. He read a lot, not only medical works - though even in this field he got books ^{on his work} from Vienna, reading them in the original German. I think he was German.