

|||  
What were you two doing  
in there; one of the dames  
demanded.

Why just talking - like  
friends would, I suppose.  
Gosh, just a little  
fratilly interview,  
~~long~~

Yes, ~~it~~ ~~was~~ more  
a platonic friendship, I ventured.  
Me going along, Smith said,

Johnny him ever goit sayin',  
Sly, but you've got the most  
perfect Fanny in both Americas,

I promise you never wife.

The door rattled. In walked  
Mama and Annabelle. Mama  
carried a cane. I guess her  
arthritis was flaring.

The twelve English dancers.

Beth: "Who - What!"

I got 'em down in the car.

All twelve of 'em?"

Steve. Henry lets get going.  
Wait. Did you say you only had twelve? <sup>With</sup> I'll find  
girls appropriate enough for us." - Beth: That's all there are.

John ~~banged~~ clapped his modeller  
and ~~Jenny~~ <sup>Halla Consonant mutations!</sup> threw ~~Willa~~

across the room, after all, the constipation  
<sup>has wrought worse beatings.</sup> grants him with <sup>the</sup> ~~beaten~~ <sup>we want you to know that</sup>  
Sherwood <sup>in</sup> under heat from my  
splendor of yours we know this <sup>lies</sup> a  
part - I mean - a heart of gold.

John Henry, thumbs forlorn,

Getting into trousers. Wear, Sir, not message of  
the honor, the faith, the trust, this day  
<sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>us.</sup> When will we take him?

Mama and Miss Perkins went  
into the city this afternoon for treatments

Mama's arthritis. Would the apartment be all right."

Nov. 17, 1939.

The Twelve English Dances.

Freeman Backhouse Sherwood, III  
the American prototype of Reggie.

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Knock on door.

Smitty: "Whose there?"

No answer.

Johnny: "Just a sec."

Smitty; Rorky: "It's a bear."

"Let him in."

In walks freeman.

"Good evening, Mr. Bear."

"Ha Ha."

Where did you get the garment.  
Mama ~~just~~<sup>first</sup> gave it to me, today.

Don't you know that the last  
raccoon was ~~killed~~<sup>assassinated</sup> on this  
campus ten years ago? Think  
a hunting on him.

Mama said it'd keep me warm.

Ha Ha.

What was the occasion. Did you tell  
~~You must have told her that~~  
the farm E's you got at <sup>Horned</sup> your  
~~midterm~~ memory E elegant.

Aw, cut it out, <sup>Johnny</sup> I got one D.

What happened.

It was a true & false quiz. I tossed  
a coin & answered them all true,  
with negative results, I gather.

Aw, listen fellas -- They're  
waitin' down in the car.  
Who is they?

The ~~fitful~~  
The ~~fiendish, fitful~~, <sup>twisted</sup> snakelike, ~~spun the~~  
~~dried, dead leaves along the~~ <sup>frozen</sup> streets, the dried  
dead leaves rattling the skeleton of summer  
that was dead.

Ore-drag = engine puffing like a <sup>snort</sup> <sup>wounded</sup> ~~stabbed~~ ox

Gloriosolic fat man.

40 hrs. of savage enjoyment.

HAIRCUT  
dentist

"Fancy he married an ass,"  
Smitty whipped.

"What's that?" Truman  
"Smitty said you married  
the first Fanny in both  
Americas."

Bennie Gray 804

Mont Ward 11/27/39.

24.19

~~JOHN D. VOELKER~~  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, MARQUETTE COUNTY  
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN

Nov. 17, 1939.

*1st. draft.*

## The Twelve English Dances.

This is Ishmael.

During my senior year in law school Smitty and I became roommates, and I roomed together.

During my senior year in law school  
at Middlebury I crossed with <sup>a fellow student</sup> ~~and while both of us~~  
<sup>had solemnly decided</sup> to fraternize, we ~~had~~ <sup>so we</sup> did not live at our  
respective houses ~~but~~ had rented a flat <sup>being three rooms on the</sup>  
an apartment ~~on~~ <sup>in</sup> the second floor of a little  
bungalow owned by a widowed and poverty  
stricken picturetor in the engine school.

For Smitty and I had arrived at that state of sustained omnipotence and somewhat fatigued worldliness when the antics of fanny-paddling undergraduates bored us no end.

Here we installed ourselves with the  
quiet dignity and taste of men who were only  
months away from being full-fledged lawyers.  
Some <sup>stammering</sup> more <sup>of course</sup> nudes adorned the walls,  
without benefit of pennants. We had reached  
the fifth - rack, stage smoking-jacket stage, and  
we kept a bottle or two of bootlegged whisky in a  
little <sup>carved</sup> <sup>oak</sup> <sup>expensive</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>books</sup> <sup>lakewood</sup> cabinet. Our bookcase held books  
and other little magazines, a copy of <sup>of</sup>  
copies of transition <sup>A</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>Urgen</sup>, The Well of  
Loneliness, Sons and Lovers <sup>and the</sup> <sup>(we belonged to the not lost nor found generation)</sup> and some Joyce  
and Stein and early Hemingway. Smithey's one  
concession to "college" was a flat - backed Gibson  
mandolin, which he played with <sup>skill</sup> ~~skill~~. The  
greatest of ease. Smithey was one of those <sup>class-like-a-for</sup> <sup>He would spend his time</sup> <sup>shortening pool,</sup>  
putting along <sup>and strumming on</sup> could go for weeks without studying <sup>cigar or bill,</sup>  
borrowing <sup>spending</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>weekends</sup> for  
a "treatment," he called it, getting <sup>mildly</sup> <sup>cutting classes,</sup>  
all game <sup>and strumming on</sup> tennis reading novels, <sup>and</sup> <sup>spend an hour or two</sup> <sup>occasionally</sup>  
Then, <sup>on the quiet</sup> <sup>spend an hour or two</sup> <sup>occasionally</sup>  
my <sup>class</sup> - <sup>privately sipping a light beer while</sup> reading over  
notes and go in the next day and bang  
off a better grade than I. It was <sup>now</sup> <sup>dismayed</sup>.

Everything was going along fine this way until February when the second semester had <sup>went</sup> ~~under way~~. Then, one night, <sup>Wednesday when the first was on the gospel,</sup> ~~when Smitty came back~~ <sup>Bill and</sup> returned from the law library with Smitty, having <sup>engaged</sup> picked him up at Mertz's pool room, I found a calling card under our door.

I read it and sank weakly into  
a chair. Smitty took the card and read:  
Freeman Backhouse Sherwood, III

*Freeman Backhouse Sherwood, III*

~~Smitten look at me.~~

Smitty looked at me. "Well the hell is that,"<sup>Johnny</sup> <sup>new</sup> "a ~~bottle-gger?~~ <sup>bac-tor</sup> collector?" Smitty demanded.

"Get me a drink," I gasped.  
Look, there's something <sup>written</sup> on the other  
side.

"Dear John:

Dear John:  
Iri left Howard - the ~~Wagners~~ <sup>decided</sup>  
for her arthritis. <sup>had settled in schools here and</sup>  
the climate is too raw. <sup>and</sup> We've taken an apartment  
~~and~~ Annabelle is <sup>visiting.</sup> Iri enrolled in school. Iri  
going to become a playwright. <sup>I found my home</sup> The theatre is so  
vital.

Please be my guest at the cinema  
tomorrow night. I'll call for you at 8:30.  
Freeman."

"The blower has fallen" I whispered.  
"Who's Annabelle - a <sup>lady</sup>?"  
"Marnie's companion." <sup>"Iggy"</sup> Played in the  
original Olympic games. She goes to  
the <sup>second</sup> <sup>British</sup> <sup>Empire</sup> <sup>Games</sup> in the  
UK.

"And whilst his Freeman."

• *Patricia, I reached over to the teakwood cabinet, grabbed her a bottle, and tilted out a quick one.*

"Gentlemen don't squiggle out of bottles,"

2nd. draft.  
Nov. 20, '39.

## The Twelve English Dancers.

During my senior year in law school at Midwest University with a fellow called Smitty Smitty and I roamed together. While both of us belonged to fraternities, we had turned our backs on all that and <sup>had</sup> rented a little flat <sup>wearily</sup> in a bungalow owned by a widowed and impoverished instructor in the engni school. For Smitty and I had arrived at that state of sustained omnipotence and somewhat fatigued worldliness where the curious antics of fanny-paddling undergraduates bored us no end.

Our quarters reflected the quiet dignity and taste of ~~men~~ <sup>a couple of culture & fellows</sup> who were but months away from becoming full-fledged lawyers. ~~Men~~ A few etchings and a <sup>circumscript</sup> ~~reclining, boisterous~~ nude adorned our walls. ~~Paintings were of course Smitty's labor.~~ We had achieved the pipe-rack, smoking jacket stage, and we kept a bottle or two of whiskey in a little teakwood stand <sup>alongside our desk</sup>. Besides our plump law books, our bookcase held some back copies of transition and other little magazines; Jurgen, The Well of Loneliness, Sons and Lovers, Joyce and Stern and some early Hemingway.

For while Smitty and I were a little young to belong to the lost generation, there was the only shrine at which we could worship. I suppose we belonged to the neither <sup>folk who</sup> lost nor found generation. ~~Or perhaps we were merely mislaid. At any rate~~ <sup>one</sup> Our concession to "college" was Smitty's flat-backed mandolin, which he plucked <sup>and plunked</sup> with the greatest of ~~the~~ effort.

This Smitty was one of those odd, lazy-like-a-for fellows who could putter along for weeks without studying, spending endless hours shooting pool, crape or bill; getting mildly drunk; reading the dullest new literature; or cutting classes and going into the city for a "treatment," he called it. But on the night before an examination he would mix himself a tremendous highball and spend an hour or so casually reading over my class notes—and then go in the next day and bang out a better grade than I. It was really most dismaying.

Another devil habit of Smitty was ~~was~~<sup>had</sup> to bring ~~all manner of~~<sup>home</sup> ~~cliffs and all~~<sup>steep</sup> ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> queer ~~people~~<sup>faces</sup>. One ~~time~~<sup>turn</sup> he might turn up with ~~from the~~<sup>at the</sup> ~~edge of town~~<sup>edge</sup> a ~~broom~~<sup>lady</sup> and spend half the night talking with him, ~~tenderly~~<sup>feverishly</sup> fearing him whisky, and visiting ~~the~~<sup>his</sup> ~~assassin's~~<sup>note-book</sup> trying to find out what ~~there~~<sup>was the</sup> made him tick. ~~That~~<sup>night</sup> he ~~triumphantly~~<sup>triumphantly</sup> produced a ~~magician~~<sup>magician</sup> — and the next day ~~he~~<sup>he</sup> discovered a set of cuff-links and eleven dollars ~~were missing~~<sup>were gone</sup> as if by magic. But his favorite stunt was to fetch home a local justice of peace who he called Macbeth, a wily little Scot, who had a ~~scottish~~<sup>Scottish</sup> brogue as thick as ~~my tongue~~<sup>his tongue</sup> would be when he and Smitty parted in the wee hours. Smitty would spend hours drawing out this little man which was really no chore at all, listening to <sup>what Smitty called</sup> his remarkable theories of natural justice. Smitty really should have joined a circus.

Smitty and I went along <sup>in</sup> ~~this~~<sup>desperately</sup> way, February rolled around, the second semester got underway, and all was well. That is, until one Wednesday night when I ~~had~~<sup>returned</sup> from <sup>home</sup> ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> law library. I picked up Smitty at the poolroom, and we walked across the campus <sup>diagonal</sup> with nothing more <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ our minds than the prospect of ~~had~~<sup>had</sup> a mild highball when we got ~~home~~<sup>back</sup> to our rooms.

I found that

I unlocked the door to our quarters, and went in and switched on our study light.

"What's this?" Smitty had me <sup>an engraved</sup> ~~hand~~<sup>at the</sup> card.

"I found it under the doormat." I <sup>gave</sup> ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> card and sank into a chair. Smitty

took it <sup>the</sup> card and read: "Freeman Backhouse Sherwood III"

"Who the hell is that, Johnny, a bill collector?"

"Get me a drink," I gasped.

"Look, there's something on the other side — shall I read it?"

"Nothing matters now," I said.

"Dear John:

I've left Harvard — Mama decided the climate ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> too raw for her arthritis. I've enrolled in the university and we're taken an apartment. Annabelle is with us. I've decided to become a playwright. The modern theatre is so vital.

Please be my guest at the cinema tomorrow night. I'll call for you at 8:30.

Freeman."

"The blow has fallen," I whispered.

Smitty looked at me severely. "Johnny, you're <sup>really</sup> been leading a <sup>secret</sup> life. Who is this <sup>modest</sup> worshipper of the modern drama?"

"I wanna drink."

"And who's Annabelle — a babe?"

"Mama's companion," I muttered. "Played in the original Olympic games. Gives Freeman his Saturday night bath."

"Come now, who the hell is this Sherwood?"

<sup>grabbed</sup> Paled, I reached over to the teakwood stand, <sup>gaffed</sup> a bottle and tilted out a quid one.

"Gentlemen don't squiggle out of bottles," Smitty coldly observed.

~~Smith~~ <sup>coldly</sup> ~~screams~~

I was grammar calmer. I ~~told~~ tilted the bottle again. "Hutton Sensitive gentleman  
ain't visited with shocks aint got no  
business to be visited with shocks like this."

~~Smith~~ <sup>becoming</sup> ~~angry~~ ~~irate~~ ~~was getting~~ ~~red~~: "Listen, John,  
you tell me who this Truman bastard is  
or - Hell - I'll use someone else's notes  
after this."

"All right, Smith. Sit down. You  
want it in? I have a drink first."

"I don't mind if I do," <sup>"Smith tilted the bottle."</sup> ~~Smith~~ Ah!

"You want to <sup>return to a mind</sup> state of shock  
yourself," I coldly observed.

"Who's Ishwood, damn it," Smith  
persisted <sup>like</sup> ~~He sounds~~ out of a Victorian novel.

<sup>languidly</sup> <sup>I word</sup> "Brushnell, do you have <sup>one</sup> in your  
life a person who <sup>in your mind like no doubt who</sup> kind of wants you - that who  
shows up when you least expect it and claims  
you for <sup>and going to</sup> pal?"

"No, Donaldson," Smith replied. "nobody but you <sup>that is</sup> there."

"That's Ishwood," I said.

"Hell one more."

"Do you know an <sup>elderly</sup> ~~wealthy~~ widow,  
~~but~~ who suffers from arthritis and too much money and  
~~but~~ who has an only child - a handsome,  
slim-jived boy called Truman who has  
flunked out of the schools from coast to coast -  
a woman who flatters over him, cuddles him, dresses  
him, thinks for him, <sup>takes care of him.</sup> shelters him, and finally  
has made him into the most perfect ass  
in America?"

<sup>rather</sup> That's a broad statement, John.

"Do you?" I sternly demanded.

"The type <sup>you</sup> she sounds <sup>very</sup> firmish," Smith agreed.

"That Mama, I said.

"Oh, you do

"you must leave them over, Johnny."

"Yes, Smitty," I went on wearily, "this is  
the return of Isherwood. We are now college  
pals, all ~~that's~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~stunned with us~~ <sup>surprised with us</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>him</sup>. At Smitty, I can't help myself, I can't lose him.  
~~I can't afford him~~ <sup>I can't get rid of him</sup>, I can't help myself.  
It is fate.

Q  
Hm!

Smitty solemnly said, "It's long,  
Johnny. But you have me to think about."

"Yes, Smitty, Isherwood is the common  
prototypical without benefit of "Liquorland of Biggs' ~~saucepans~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~spoon~~ <sup>spoon</sup> look."

~~Don't you call him something else?~~  
Hasn't he a nickname.

"Just take a look, I ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> replied.  
Norman Backhouse

Smitty began with plucking the

~~What did you meet this glittering~~ <sup>ever</sup> ~~personality~~

of course Mama <sup>and Annabelle</sup> had a cottage nearby <sup>she was the only kid in camp who had a car — and</sup> up North, I made the mistake of getting him his first girl — a little blonde <sup>pink town</sup> who had lost her amateur standing, — ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> he has haunted me ever since. ~~For shame~~ <sup>Johnny!</sup> ~~For shame~~ <sup>nothing but a base procurer</sup>

Alas, Smitty, it is so. Here a dim.  
But it's the first <sup>mainly a tribute</sup> ~~hostile~~ <sup>affectionate</sup> ~~about~~ Isherwood. Isherwood. Don't they call him something else. Hasn't he a nickname?"

"Just Isherwood." I took another dim.  
"What else could you call 'im?"

Smitty began with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> plucking  
the ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup>

"Hm, Truman Backhouse Isherwood!"

## Ishy the Raccoon

Smithy wanted to toy with  
~~Smithy tried~~ plumbing  
He toyed with the possibility of  
his middle name, but finally  
that it was something that ~~shouldn't~~  
best stand unmalisted — after all, we  
are no longer <sup>little boys.</sup> ~~children.~~ So we  
settled for "Ishy the Raccoon."

We sat there quietly and had another drink.

"So this is Isherwood," Smithy said.

"Yeah," I said with Isherwood. "I suppose."

"And tomorrow night you and he attend  
the movies - I mean the ~~cinemas~~ <sup>the cinemas</sup>? Do you <sup>do your make-up</sup> put on the <sup>make-up</sup> tails, and do you  
"you go to Hell, Smithy. I'm going to bed."

The next night Smithy fled right after dinner. I pretended went back to our rooms and sat and stared sightlessly out Goodrich's <sup>Cards</sup> "Taxation without representation" I thought. "Fifty-four forty or fight" "Down with capital. ~~We want Isherwood!~~"

I slammed the porch shut and tripped into Dorothy's bedroom, where I could peek into the hall. No Isherwood. The howl was on.

I had just about concluded to paste a small-pox sign on the door and bolt when someone knocked and in walked Isherwood.

He was dressed in a fawn colored camel hair coat, a pearl grey hat, and wore the only pair of spots I'd ever seen on the campus. ~~that too~~

"Johnny, how are you, I'm glad to see you." He grabbed my hand warmly.

"Why, Truman - this is a surprise - How's your Mother? - and Annabelle?"

Hans, I am, getting. Mama's arthritis is as bad as ever. Hans,

The next evening <sup>after dinner</sup> I returned alone to our rooms to wait for Isherwood. Smitty had fled from the dinnertable when I had suggested <sup>that</sup> he join us at the "cinema."

I sat staring sightlessly at Lorenzini's Cases on Conflicts. Eight-thirty arrived and no Isherwood. I smoked a pipe. Tin of mine and no Isherwood. My ~~hope~~ <sup>spirit</sup> mounted.

"Hi, Johnny."

<sup>He was chewing gum.</sup>

It was Isherwood. He came in, glanced casually at me - I had not seen him in over <sup>two</sup> years - and walked over and stared at the nude on our wall. I gazed at his broad back, fascinated.

He wore a black bowler hat, a light tan camel-hair coat and, rare phenomenon on the campus, pearl grey slacks. <sup>The young old Isherwood</sup> And he was as handsome and carried and well-shaven as ever.

Still looking at the nude. "Hell, I got lots of pictures better than this - some real lulus." <sup>photographs</sup>

"How's your mother? And Annabelle?"

"I spoke this lots of fast babes on the campus, eh Johnny. Spose you could line <sup>up</sup> some ~~up~~ for me? I got a new Packard, you know. Sports touring. It's a lulu."

I looked at the time.

"I think we'll have to be ~~young~~ moving, Freeman, if we're going to the movies."

Airily. "Movie lousy, Johnny. The girls don't come on till ten."

What girls? In the flesh - and I don't mean maybe. Ha.

"Why the ~~Twelve~~ <sup>Twelve</sup> English Dancers." Chewing his gum. "Vaudville act. ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> them three times already this week. They're certainly lulus."

"A - Freeman, if you'll come away from the wall I'll mix you a drink."

Green not, Johnny. Mamie's <sup>the</sup> drama was accounted for. Her voice much better in her arthritis. Ha.

You wouldn't mind  
My hand firmly around the neck of  
a bottle. "You wouldn't object if I took one —  
would you, Freeman? Now would you —"

Freeman was into ~~the~~ books now.  
"Go ahead, Johnny. Ha. You got some hot books  
here, eh, Johnny. Wait'll I show you some of mine.  
They don't mind ~~any~~ <sup>the</sup> words. I'll bring 'em  
over tomorrow night — along with my  
pictures. What's <sup>the</sup> matter, Johnny?"

"<sup>Ah</sup> — just choked over my drinks, Freeman.  
Guess I can't take it. Let's go out — I need <sup>a little</sup> some air."

Sure. <sup>I'll</sup> show you the new Packard. ~~It~~  
It <sup>is</sup> sure <sup>in</sup> a pippin.

"I bet it's a lulu," I said, switching out  
the lights.

Space.



~~It was not that~~ Sherwood was merely an American type of Reggi, sans monade. As a matter of fact ~~he~~ talked very little <sup>as a matter of fact, and</sup> his preoccupation with girls and the prospect of a roll in the hay was not ~~as expected~~ confined to ~~hirsute~~ <sup>from one thing,</sup> healthy young men of my age. A national phenomenon confined to ~~him alone~~.

P. I guess one of the things that made him appear so unutterably asinine to me was a sense of disappointment, a feeling of envy that this big, blonde, blue-eyed <sup>a failing of envy</sup> ~~gentle~~ <sup>hulk</sup> apparently had the mind of a ~~genie~~; that his handsome framework ~~of~~ was just that and nothing more, wasted, while such a brilliant intellect as mine was obliged to dwell in such an unimposing shell...

The twelve English Dances were lulus, indeed.

The next night, Friday, I bolted from the dinner table like a wounded deer.

"Where you going, Johnny," Smithy shouted after me, following me into the hall.

"I'm gonna get drunk — and stay out all night. You can look at Isherwood's <sup>dirty</sup> pictures.

I should be delighted.

I slammed the door.

I went over to the law library and tried to study ~~the~~ constitutional law. But it was no go. The constitution, that sturdy instrument, would have to take another beating. I then went over to Smithy's <sup>and fought a bit,</sup> <sup>the place was practically empty,</sup> <sup>as lively as</sup> <sup>dead,</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>to me</sup> <sup>trudged</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>cushions seemed</sup> <sup>like yellowed and</sup> <sup>corruptive</sup> <sup>Isherwood.</sup> I next <sup>trudged</sup> <sup>soon</sup> <sup>drone</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>myself.</sup> I went up to my fraternity house, where my young brethren were <sup>all</sup> in a dither preparing for a house dance that evening. Their juvenile enthusiasm <sup>soon</sup> drove me from the place, <sup>membriling to</sup> myself. One of the older boys followed me to the door. "Aint you dancing tonight, Johnny? What's the matter, you look sort of pale."

"I'm afraid I'm suffering from Isherwood's disease, I said.

"Oh, that's too bad. Have you had a doctor?"

"Alas, it is incurable," I said, walking sadly away.

I wandered around the campus like the ghost of an old grad. Several times I thought I saw Isherwood approaching, and I hid behind trees. Ten o'clock found me <sup>somewhat</sup> <sup>there</sup> in front of the Majestic, the temporary home of the twelve English dancers. Like a man in a trance I paid my money and went in, and like a man <sup>rapidly</sup> <sup>coming</sup> <sup>out</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>trance</sup>, found my way to the front row. The curtain was <sup>very</sup> <sup>beautiful</sup> <sup>hanging</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>twelve</sup> <sup>English</sup> <sup>dancers.</sup>

I had <sup>always</sup> ~~also~~ had an obscure notion that all English girls were horse-faced <sup>and</sup> either ham-legged or knock-kneed, and as <sup>bright and</sup> ~~clumsy~~ <sup>as</sup> a chorus of female impersonators. These girls were really honeys, and they could dance beautifully. They had some attractive solo numbers, <sup>ensemble dancing</sup> did very little ~~solo dancing~~, but their <sup>perfect</sup> ~~were too~~ was a revelation of rhythm and precision — and youthful grace and ~~bratty~~ enthusiasm.

When the curtain went down I <sup>concluded</sup> ~~sighed~~ that I might live.

When I <sup>nearly</sup> ~~got~~ home I stalked the place to see if Sherwood's car was about. No car. Nevertheless I crept down our <sup>creaking</sup> corridor and listened at <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ door. Horrors. I heard voices. I was about to turn and flee when Smitty flung open the door. There sat Macbeth, the Scot, his honor, the master of peace.

"What are you standing there for? Why didn't you ~~walk~~ come in?" ~~just now.~~

I was looking for my key, ~~that~~ I mumbled.

"You lie, Varlet! You were listening  
for Silverwood. Well, he hasn't been here—yet!"

I entered, greeted Scotty, locked the door, put the study lamp on the floor to clean the light, and leaped into Smitty's bed.

"Nives," I said to Smitty, "bring me the  
biggest drink in the house."

'Tis a place, my lord. At once, sir.

"Scotty, did you ever have any English girls? How are they?" I said

*Scotops* broods ~~debris~~ reproduction.

"Lots of them, lad." Next to the Scotch

girls gets they're the best.

Smitty looked at me accusingly as he

brought my drink. "You've been to see the twelve English dancars again. Don't lie. So my proud intellectual is succumbing to the fleshpots. I'll have to take you into the city with me next week." He put his hand on my head. "Guess will have to operate, Scotty. The lads <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>going</sup> frenzied."

I took a long drink and lay staring at the ceiling. "They're lovely, Smitty — perfectly beautiful. I — I guess I've been studying too hard.