

THE SCARLET LETTER

| Look here,

| 'I have breakfast and drive to my | poorhouse
| in New York, where I work until four. Then I lay off,
and if it's summer I hurry out here for nine holes of golf, or
if it's winter I play squash for an hour at my club. Then a
good snappy game of bridge until dinner. Dinner is liable to
have something to do with business, but in a pleasant way.

| Thomas Hudson was serving the cold, marinated potato salad
covered with rough-ground black pepper. He had shown Eddy
how to make it the way they used to make it at the Brasserie
Lipp in Paris and it was one of the best things Eddy made on
the boat.

| I believe in a balanced life.

| Gretchen enthusiastically said | 'Well' | she hesitated – 'probably
you shouldn't.'

| 'What's that?' demanded Roger.

| Perhaps I've just finished a house for some customer, and he
wants me to be on hand for his first party to see that the
lighting is soft enough and all that sort of thing. Or maybe I
sit down with a good book of poetry and spend the evening
alone. At any rate, I do something every night to get me out
of myself.'

| I wish we lived like that.' | Gretchen looked at him

| 'OK,' I mean is that | the best way to tell me | Roger said.

| 'People aren't supposed to say that,

| 'I know. I didn't mean it like that.' | Gretchen said

| 'What's the matter?' broke out Roger



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"I'm sorry," said Gretchen

"Gretchen," said Roger sharply, "if you'll just believe in me
as hard as you can for six weeks more we'll be rich!"

"Well, what's the matter?" she broke out finally.

"Gretch—" "I don't want no change."

"I know," interrupted Gretchen resentfully; "and now
instead of getting six hundred a month sure, we're living on
a risky five hundred."

"Never mind," Roger told him. "You'll get it later."

Her eyes were wide, startled; she sat quiet as a mouse.

Her fawn's eyes apologized mutely
"But now I feel selfish and guilty," Roger said.

"When you've got time to listen, I might be interested in discussing
with me."

I turned it over to you when I had no right to. It isn't anything
to delegate," said Gretchen, crying.

"It was my fault," Roger said.

"Do you think I like this?" Gretchen said.

"Have a cocktail and cheer up," urged Roger.

"No, thanks," told Gretchen.

"Have one."

"Let's drink"

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'Come on,' 'Gretchen -' Again he broke off.
'All right. I'll take a *Mademoiselle de Maupin* Or *droit de seigneur*
'Do you like one better than the other?
'I like them both.' They're both fine,'
'All right,' Roger said.
'Haven't you eaten anything?' Please eat,' he said Roger.
I thank you
I'll be right down.'

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The other episode parallel to my current situation took place after the war, when I had again over-extended my flank. It was one of those tragic loves doomed for lack of money, and one day the girl closed it out on the basis of common sense. During a long summer of despair I wrote a novel instead of letters, so it came out all right, but it came out all right for a different person.

Since that day I have not been able to fire a bad servant, and I am astonished and impressed by people who can. Some old desire for personal dominance was broken and gone. Life around me was a solemn dream, and I lived on the letters I wrote to a girl in another city.

| last spring;

| March afternoon that I had lost every single thing I care about.
| During this time I had plenty of the usual moods of suicidal gloom
| A man does not recover from such jolts - because of the harsh and bitter
| failure with that old oblivion that happened my morale never sank
| below the level but

| 'Fuck oblivion,'
| really

| That is the real end of this story.

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I have now at last become a writer only.

It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon.

WALKING in the shadow of a dream, as it were,
The ocean was flat and empty where the water had been broken
and is blue too,

I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted
and knew I would never be so happy again.

I'm skipping, dancing, and frisking through every portal,
like a creature

I tried to reconstruct the sequence of events which led up to
strange doors into strange apartments from nothingness to nothingness

I figured in and took part in a whole epoch in painting and in
literature and if I had to I could write my memoirs right now

And now, through the chamber fantastically among the hillocks
of the dead people,

through Central Park at dark towards where the façade of
59th Street thrusts its lights through the trees. There again
was my lost city, wrapped cool in its mystery and promise.

Now it was a herd of diabolic shapes,
now a group of shining angels, who
grinned and mocked
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The point of these paragraphs is that,
dramatized himself ironically
and he wanted to write a whole story:

A writer need have no such ideals unless he makes
obvious that he felt his work
in fact is terrible!

a comic strip based on truth and question of the fact.

I adore the truth.

absence of existing in the literary world

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After a brief pause, I began wondering about
an infantile dream - a cracked plate's further history.

'We've got steaks on the run-boat.
Real sirloin steak. You ought to see her. I figured to have it
with mashed potatoes and gravy and some lima beans. We got
that cabbage lettuce and fresh grapefruit for a salad. The boys
would like a pie and we got canned loganberries makes a hell
of a pie. We got ice cream from the run-boat to put on top of
it.

the apple pure AND natural
rich and sweet,

In spite of his
dug up roots
and plucked off twigs
they were alive,

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/to be authentic,

something unsolved, new and unsaid.

to some inadequacy in one's self;

| This purpose once effected, new interests would immediately spring up, and likewise a new purpose; dark, it is true, if not guilty,

| a new expression 'Oh yeah?' summed up all the enthusiasm evoked by the world of bitterness.