

NOVELS / FICTION
3

① 'Vendetta'

'VENDETTA'

V E N D E T T A

by

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I.

When her plane touched down at Los Angeles airport and she was walking across the tarmac in the sudden sweltering air she noticed how pale some of the **other** London passengers were and felt thankful for her tan. **Her** five-day holiday on Crete had paid off. It helped the Cleopatra look.

She looked round for her agent and saw no one. Then when she was through the passport wicket wheeling a trolley full of suitcases a pale, bald-headed man in a blue seersucker suit hurried up behind her and said, "Hi Angela, nice trip? You are Angela Bourne?"

"Yes."

He took the trolley over and began steering her through the car park. The stationary cars sent out a massive afternoon heat that took the breath away. He looked rushed off his feet and his quick grey eyes always seemed to be searching the distance for some job that had to be done. She saw with disappointment that he was approaching a Volkswagen and not even a vintage one. She'd been dreaming of a black chauffeur-driven Buick at the least---and an agent at least six foot tall who looked, apart from actually being, the boss. Not some harrassed assistant from the TV department as this creature clearly was.

But as they drove away she told herself not to be childish. After all she wasn't being asked to play the lead. In fact she wasn't being asked to play anything yet. Just to interview for a part. In the old days it was ~~glamorous~~ ^{an actress went} and you went to Hollywood for a screen-test but now your agent circulated ^{clips of your TV} ~~work to the producers and your face and voice were already known to~~ Video

~~to the producers and your face and voice were already known to~~
~~to the producers and your face and voice were already known to~~
~~to the producers and your face and voice were already known to~~
and your actual physical arrival was all the ^{important} important. Now a whole lot less glamorous and she'd be

and a spectacle sort of clown the way
with giddy motion. People liked
at once - these the girls (love)

~~Belucky~~ ~~she~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~hotel~~ ~~room~~; ~~she~~ ~~remembered~~ ~~them~~. ~~to~~ ~~look~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~crusely~~ ~~hotel~~ ~~room~~. Still, she was here, →

In the back seat there were piles of ragged manuscripts and the ash tray was so full of butts, most of them coated with lipstick, they'd spilled all over the gearshift. She could see it all---the quick lays among the scripts.

She felt unaccountably nervous. Not because of the interview. She didn't really care if she got the part or not. 'I'm a stage actress', she always said. ~~TV work was a sideline but a necessary one because it brought in the money and above all it created a popular image which hopefully would attract theatre audiences.~~

Her agent kept glancing at her as he drove. ~~Her~~ ^{she} ~~black~~ ^{one-piece} ~~one-piece~~ with a low neck, cut close to the body, ~~set off her deep tan and helped~~ ~~the~~ ~~large~~ ~~sparkling~~ ~~eyes~~, ~~a~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~full~~ ~~and~~ ~~red~~ ~~and~~ ~~firm~~, ~~the~~ ~~cheeks~~ ~~slightly~~ ~~plump~~, ~~the~~ ~~neck~~ ~~long~~ ~~and~~ ~~like~~ ~~her~~ ~~ears~~ ~~unencumbered~~ ~~with~~ ~~jewellery~~. ~~Cleopatra's~~ ~~hair~~ ~~was~~ ~~short~~ ~~but~~ ~~thick~~, ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~astounding~~ ~~blackness~~ ~~that~~ ~~set~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~whites~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~eyes~~. ~~Altogether~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~dazzling~~ ~~and~~ ~~earned~~ ~~her~~ ~~drama~~ ~~school~~ ~~nickname~~. ~~And~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~age~~ ~~of~~ ~~twenty-five~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~strikingly~~ ~~vivid~~ ~~personality~~, ~~supported~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~

~~strong~~ ~~voice~~ ~~and~~ ~~unhesitating~~ ~~delivery~~, ~~almost~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~perfected~~ ~~it~~ ~~all~~ ~~at~~ ~~school~~. ~~Except~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~fitted~~ ~~her~~ ~~too~~.

'Brilliant character actress' was what they said. The directors liked her for ~~her~~ ^{the} ~~clear~~ ~~outlines~~---her crisp way of ~~working~~ ^{projecting} and her lithe figure ~~too~~. She didn't find it difficult to turn heads, either. She did find it difficult to find the kind of exceptional (and usually much older) man she knew was the only type to interest her. As for the agent's glances, they were no more than what she expected and got every day.

He was telling her his name---'Everard Hope'.

"You can take it easy till tomorrow Angela, so listen why don't we have dinner together tonight, I'll pick you up around eight?"

Suddenly she wasn't listening. ^{INSERT A} Her fingers were trembling violently and she couldn't take her eyes off a man not three feet from her in an open Bentley. They were waiting for the lights to change at Slausen Avenue. She stared into his dark eyes and it seemed he found it as difficult to shift his gaze as she did. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~attractive~~ ~~man~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~ever~~ ~~conceived~~ ~~let~~ ~~alone~~ ~~seen~~. They sat ~~gazing~~ ^{staring} at each other so ~~deeply~~ ^{deeply} that it made her giddy. Astonishment was written on both their faces. His eyes were so keen, so dark and

she knew she was attractive - beautiful & so on. She knew her eyes were full and red and his, the cheeks a little plump, the tones just of plumpness, and the neck on which the ~~called~~ ^{called} long and steady, and it loved to watch

→ 1 - face when a girl looks at her like she's the only one in the world. And she can spin around on her heels. It was a kind of attitude. And she was a bit of a show-off.

and
self-
aware
wells.

→ with all expenses paid, and she needed a job.
~~the retired~~

→ Then she retired the the nervous excitement.
She meant to win! But she didn't know how.
~~her hair down to her hip was going to happen but~~
~~she might be angry.~~ On their dinner she'd
the first acting part she'd obtained) crossing
the Atlantic one day — and returning in
back to Europe + an international reputation
made. Her intuition had been sudden,
unexpected. But, God, she'd worked for
it! Or should ~~she'd~~ ~~get~~ ~~the~~
be quite a rebel. ~~She~~ 'A wild girl',
My word, let the son of a bitch if you
did your homework. And she did. She
put it down as ~~sex~~, drink,
socialising. She loved it there, but still
the work the days in the back of her
mind. ~~And she'd been~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~of~~
attention, ~~in~~ ~~temptation~~. ~~So~~ ~~was~~ ~~she~~,
~~sexual~~ ~~actor~~, ~~needed~~ ~~to~~ ~~fall~~ ~~in~~ ~~love~~
~~with~~ ~~her~~ → He wrote her Taylor in the.
It was hard sometimes — ~~was~~ ~~love~~ ~~the~~
temptation, especially a man fell in love
with her a task as she met there. Of course
the flattered and pleased her. But at the
end of the day it was always the work that
made her feel peaceful and resolved
and strong.

^{He was the most beautiful man she had ever seen}
^{yes, 'Beautiful' on all the old times!}
~~fixed that they seemed to penetrate deep into her body, their~~
~~compulsion so strong that all control was gone, she felt in these~~
~~moments as if she had no direction over her life or even a right~~
~~to it. Her eyes were wide, their whites sharp against the darkness~~
~~of her skin and hair, and she sat rigid, her mouth slightly open,~~ ^{hoping} →
~~His face was smooth, the nose long and slim and sensitive, the cheeks~~
~~so soft and yet firm in line that she felt she wanted to touch them~~
~~lightly at once---no, more than that, she felt she had touched them~~ ^{him,}
~~already, she knew how that smooth, vibrant skin felt, and these~~
~~sensations registered deep in her middle, the very place where she'd~~
~~been feeling feathers of vague unease for the past two hours.~~

~~Some time the lights must change. Some time the agent must~~
~~make another remark. So many minutes seemed to pass and still they~~
^{gazed} ^{at each other.} ^{His black hair was slightly ruffled in the}
~~wind, thick round his ears. He wore a white suit with casual~~
~~elegance, its sleeves turned up to reveal an expensive blue shirt~~
~~underneath, and a gold chain. These eyes, too keen and steady to~~
~~be really bearable, ought to have made her blink with embarrassment~~ ^{yet she}
~~and turn away but they caused her no distress at all and during those~~
~~eternal seconds she realised why---they were in some disturbing way~~
~~her own eyes, in the sense of belonging to her, they'd figured in~~
~~her life before, she distinctly remembered them though she knew well~~
~~enough she'd never seen such beauty in a man before!~~ ^{yet those eyes} →
~~had figured in every moment of her life without her knowing it.~~
~~And her past life now seemed to her no more than a waiting,~~

~~Yet he wasn't a type she'd ever admired. He didn't look~~
~~all that exceptional, except in his beauty, nor was he much older than she.~~
~~He wasn't blond or tall. But he was the only man who had ever~~
~~interested her---without her knowing it. And she would never be~~
~~able to interest herself in another man unless he was identical---~~
~~unless he was this man!~~ ^{She was in such a whirl of feelings that}
~~she couldn't grasp for a moment where she was, in what city, on what~~
~~continent, or why she'd come. Her whole life was suddenly unbalanced,~~
~~sent tearing off on a tangent. It was something she could never~~
~~have guessed---that such a face could exist, or that there was one~~
~~face in the world that was hers alone to own. She judged him to~~
~~be about thirty-five. Yet in a giddily unreal way he didn't seem to~~
~~be a year older than she. She'd seen dark and beautiful men before~~
~~but it hadn't interested her. Smoothness of line hadn't interested~~

^{He wasn't the type. He wasn't tall or blond.}

→ the the light would be cheap to green.
She took it in his father - the mouth
the,

→ she didn't believe and a immediate physical
attraction. ~~she desired the beautiful~~ it took
her months, ~~several years~~ to start feeling
right to a man. She wanted to use to
get through the infatuation and jealousy
and presence of, and then, she had
control of, she ~~felt~~ began to ~~feel~~ the
care of the first time, and to feel safe
at home with him. She'd see so many
attractive men. As a woman of mind. And
one while it turned he heard it left
her and deep inside. But this was difficult.
she'd never known anything like this before.

rather thinking Mr. Jones, N.Y.

her. She preferred ~~the~~ ^{was} unkempt, intriguing look -- not this dark, smooth fixity. ~~But unless she could have this man and this man alone she didn't want to touch another man as long as she lived. And she would be looking for this face for the rest of her days. It was the most absurd, grotesque feeling she'd ever had. But it wouldn't go away.~~

The lights ~~had~~ changed. There was a loud blast of reminding horns behind them as her ~~agent~~ ^{car} sped forward and the cream Bentley ~~remained~~ ^{fell} behind. He was ~~soon~~ lost from sight. She turned round but behind ^{the} there was a massive Chevrolet and no coupe in sight. love

~~She clutched her bag so frantically her knuckles went white. She thought to ask him to stop but the emotion was too strong. She thought she might faint. It was a dizzy mixture of panic that she would never see him again and an excitement so ecstatic that it was almost beyond bearing. There was a sense of voluptuous ease all through her body, as if she was already with him---yet she was trembling too.~~ * * *

~~Her first thought as they drew up outside the hotel was that she'd never be in a state to prepare herself for dinner, let alone face an interview the day after. But the next thought was a calm one. It told her that she was going to see the face again. All of a sudden she knew it.~~

A porter lifted her bags out of the front boot, and Everard Hope was offering her his hand without getting out.

"He'll show you to your room," he said, "I'll have to rush, see you at eight."

To her astonishment as fast as her eyes
~~Only now did she realise that they'd been driving up Sunset~~

~~Boulevard and that her agent had deposited her at the end of the red carpet in front of the pink stuccoed entrance of the Beverley Hills hotel!~~ And surely

It was top star treatment--~~for~~ how could it be! would they give her an attic room three feet wide? She saw her bags disappearing beyond the glass doors. ~~And when they and she were in her room she looked round and saw it was a two-room suite, and there were roses everywhere.~~

And upstairs she was shown it

2.
~~It took her ten minutes flat over dinner~~ to realise that producers

→ 2g ~~hustling~~ ~~of~~ ~~vases~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~floor~~, ~~in~~
the floor, even = the bottom ~~for~~ ~~not~~
~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~hundred~~ ~~times~~ ~~at~~ ~~least~~! ~~the~~
air was heavy with the seat. ~~the~~ ~~he~~
ports left and she slumped down = ~~re~~
of the anchor, ~~he~~ ~~could~~ ~~believe~~ -
word of it.

INSERT A

How it was! She knew the routine so well
that she murmured "Fine" without feeling it. And
she knew she could manage the tightrope and of ~~not~~
~~having to~~ ~~hide~~ keeping his sexual interest
the same as an act to. On the professional side
he hated doing it, but no so fault could - the
men, or the women?

He went on telling the model the world
listening. His fingers were truly violet....

was flipped
play on this

didn't fly you to Hollywood and book you two-room suites unless they foresaw a good return on their money. She was here to work. As for Everard Hope's side-glances at her in the car, she knew now that he'd been appraising her professionally.

Also, far from being an assistant from the TV department, ~~Everard~~^{he} was boss of the whole agency, one of the most important in Hollywood. Its title, the Vera Hopp Syndicate, ~~had been formed out of his name~~ and people called it VHS for short, *just like the video cassettes!*

The series she'd been invited to interview for was a new bumper production of Guy de Maupassant's Bel Ami in six episodes. As the series was being shot ~~almost entirely~~^{mostly} in California, with a few location shots in Paris done by a number two crew and without actors, the producers wanted as many people on the set as possible who 'felt' French without actually being so. This ~~fitted~~^{was why} Angela ~~perfectly.~~^{had been under eye}

had been of number

Her Spotlight photo said 'Fluent French' underneath and it was even true. Her mother was French-born and had proudly kept her within earshot of good French throughout childhood.

over the top

"I'm not clear who they want you to play but it certainly isn't Madeleine," Everard told her. "I'm hoping for Clotilde, it's not the star role but it takes up a lot of footage."

He buried himself in the script.

"They want you to look at that speech where you start screaming at Georges Duroy that he's a shit for having divorced Madeleine in order to marry his millionaire boss's daughter, ~~so as to come into a fortune.~~ By the way," he added, "have you read the book?"

"Yes," Angela said. "I read it in the original French."

Giving her a flat glance that accused her of pretensions he went on, "Listen I hope it's Clotilde, I'm not saying it will be. You're not perfect casting ^{ever} for that role. I see her as plump and even a little bit dumpy, and you're certainly not that."

~~Then he broke some fantastic news which ought to have had her dancing on her chair.~~

"This film is one small part of a big package," he ~~said~~^{said}. ~~well~~^{well}. "Now ^{the} producers are going to spend millions on recreating ~~the~~ Paris of the 1880s ~~in an authentic way~~ and to justify that they want to make a whole load of films that take place around that period. Apart from Bel Ami they want two bel époque pictures, a series on Diaghilev and the Russian Ballet's first appearance in Paris, and I think a series on Dreyfuss. Now you can land principal roles in all of these because that's going to be their policy---to keep the same names and

→ It didn't sound too good,
and he heard a bit - little fluff &
disappointment.

INSERT B

They sat outside ~~the~~ to help as he and the
 she went up, looked, ~~the~~ ~~just~~ ~~del-~~ ~~leg~~ ~~suddenly~~ ~~he~~ ~~he~~. She
 tried to fix it, hoping that he was going to fix it.
 But it didn't help. He for me was not in the house.
 Ruzard said nothing more then. She went to see what
~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~matter~~. But she'd see him! He'd come back it
 a life! ~~He seemed to pray this if anyone did~~
~~the~~ ~~prayer~~ ~~it~~ ~~of~~ ~~him~~ ~~he~~ ~~suddenly~~ - she
 needed that as more! He was a friend, an acquaintance
 of Ruzard's! So she could make desire little
 enquiries. She felt a joy she was quite sure to
 be. It reminded her of childhood joys, the come
unaccountably and curious mysticism of ecstasy.
 When she then herself as he had she didn't know
 if she wanted to keep a eye, and deal with. Her
 kind eyes called these the 'actors networks'.
 Ruzard had less, like all last actors, was the
 to from the or and if it will. But then was in
corner. She didn't want after a either except
 to see and talk to and be use the was. ~~to~~
~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~corner~~. ~~At~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~corner~~ ~~was~~,
 in her clothes, with the bedside table.

~~the same faces before the public eye as a kind of trademark for the whole package. Now~~ ^{What do you think of that?} ~~You've got~~ ^{two years' guaranteed work ahead of you with rising fees and steady international publicity."}

Angela leaned forward ~~chin cupped in hands, gazing at him with wide, fascinated eyes--and she didn't feel a thing. And words just wouldn't come. She knew that the Clotilde speech she'd been given for tomorrow was going to be tough, with all that shouting, and back in London she would have nagged her agent until it was changed. But all she could do was sit there trying to look like an actress about to get the biggest break of her life.~~

~~The fact was that since the afternoon that face hadn't left her. And nothing else mattered. When she thought of him she caught her breath in a strange way, almost with shock. [All the excitement of finding herself in the Beverley Hills Hotel, with a snite and at least a hundred roses set out in vases had been lost. (She didn't~~ ^{in the room} ^{was} ^{with a} ^{at} ^{with a} ^{at} ^{least a hundred roses} ^{set out in vases} ^{had been lost,} ^{(She didn't} ^{hadn't} ^{even enquire} ^{about the roses,} ^{let alone thank} ^{Everard,} ^{who she} ^{presumed} ^{had} ^{provided} ^{them).}

All through dinner she kept glancing round to see if by some ^{miracle} ^{he might be} ^{gazing at her from another table,} ^{with that} ^{unbearable fixity of the eyes,} ^{so dark and absorbed as if he didn't} ^{know what it was to be flustered or distracted.} ^{But of course it} ^{couldn't happen.} ^{As Everard talked on a certain melancholy} ^{drifted} ^{down on her, as she became convinced that she would never see} ^{that} ^{face} ^{again.} ^{She just} ^{couldn't} ^{believe} ^{the} ^{life} ^{could} ^{be} ^{so}

~~They'd taken dinner in her hotel so that she could conveniently slip back to her room afterwards and sleep off the time-lag.~~

~~After coffee they walked through the Polo Lounge towards the terrace for a last drink and all at once she thought she would faint.~~

~~In a corner, deep in armchairs, four men sat together over drinks. And how~~ ^{And how}

~~"You OK?" Everard asked her, as she swayed slightly.~~ ^{no > the.}

~~They passed the sitting men. They were distant, say, six yards, enough to see them clearly. But her vision was blurred. (She dared not look closer. Her mouth was dry, and her heart seemed to leap into her throat.~~

~~She was aware of her agent calling out as they passed the men~~ ^{on the pass,}

~~"See you later!"~~

~~And that face nodded casually, as dark and steady as the night-sky over the terrace.~~

INSERT B



that
strange
could be

strange
strange
strange

in the Polo lounge

3.

Everard

The next day was busy. She met ~~her agent~~ again for ~~coffee~~ and he introduced her to the casting director, a woman of about forty called Jill Rapinsky who had enormous dark glasses and a pony tail. She was a bit frigid in manner but Angela ~~felt she liked her.~~ ^{just the same} Jill didn't know if the director would be available that afternoon as he was still in San Francisco with one of the producers. But perhaps ~~she'd like to meet Jamie Somerson who was playing Bel Ami himself?~~ ^{Maybe}

Jill kept looking at her across the table as if fitting her into future roles.

"Do you know Paris well?" ^{Jill} she asked ~~her~~.

"I sort of know it in my blood. My mother's French."

quite well

"Oh that's great!" Jill ^{paused}, then said, leaning ^{ed} forward a bit as if embarrassed, "This is going to sound screwy but you've read the book haven't you?"

"Yes!"

"And do you think you really fit Clotilde? OK," she said with a sudden laugh, ~~which at once banished the impression of frigidity,~~ "you don't have to answer, especially with your agent here! But I'd like ^{say this} want to ~~tell you something.~~ I saw your TV clips ^{of course}, and now I've seen you, and I don't know why ~~the hell~~ I thought of you for Clotilde! But I know you're the right girl! I've always seen Clotilde as ~~OK~~, fantastically pretty and sexy but not the dazzling Arabian nights type like you!"

Everard ~~Hope~~ ^{ed} was looking bored---he was there to clinch deals and ~~could do without the analysis.~~

Angela pressed her: "Do you mean you ~~cast me against the part?~~ ^{did you see in the film after all!}"

of course lol!

"No, I wasn't doing that either. I mean I didn't think a tall skinny blonde could have handled Clotilde. I wanted you. And I don't know why. I always know why usually." She laid her hand on Everard's arm: "She'll get the part honey, you don't have to worry." And she turned to Angela again: "I know it sounds crazy but the minute I saw your clips I put your name down and told my secretary to contact your agent. I didn't even think about it. In fact I hardly looked at the clips. You didn't feel like Clotilde, you didn't behave like her or look like her---so I must have been under a spell!"

"Yeah," Everard said, rising, "I do that to all the casting directors, how else would I stay in business?"

Jill picked her up from the hotel later in the afternoon and drove her to the studios in ~~the~~ Hollywood hills. Jamie, the lead,

Somerson

was tall and blond with a thick moustache already trimmed for the part. ~~He shook hands and had coffee with her in the canteen he didn't~~
 "Hi!" he said. "I hear you're interviewing for Clotilde, that's ^{my uncle, Jamie} great!" ~~He seemed a bit embarrassed because he didn't know if she~~
 They sat in the canteen together and didn't say much. Normally ^{in fact, because the film was.}
 Angela would have sassed the whole scene out in a few minutes---what the director was like, who was playing Madeleine and was she any good, were they allowing plenty of rehearsal time, was it being shot in video and in sequence. But she didn't. Again she couldn't muster the interest. She sat thinking about what Jill Rapinsky had told her. It seemed that the moment her plane had touched down a peculiar atmosphere had started and she hardly knew who she was. She'd forgotten to phone her mother and Louis her boyfriend (he was playing at the Edinburgh Festival).

She let Jill pilot her around, meeting the rest of the cast. There'd been a ^{read}readthrough the day before, with another girl substituting for Clotilde.

"Who really looked the part," Jill whispered to her with a conspiratorial smile.

This smile made Angela feel she'd got to LA on false pretences, or by the merest fluke. ^{funny} And people were being good about it and making it seem a normal professional event. She couldn't fathom it out.

The director of the series, ^{Max} Arthur Pennance, returned to LA just before dinner ^{and} drove her up to an ugly house on La Mirada where ^{an} there was an early evening party, ^{was going on.} She sat with ^{him} in one of the upstairs rooms and between phonecalls and people tapping on the door with messages she got through her part without a hitch. ^{Max}

^{Max} sat there rubbing his eyes and making them bloodshot. He had a smooth bronzed face, and nice lips, but harrassment ~~seemed to have~~ had caused taken its toll, and there were premature lines everywhere.

When she'd finished he looked at her with surprise: "Did you learn the lines already?"

Knowing she'd made a ^{an impression} triumph she said: "No, I only had time to read it through once, ^{at the place} last night."

"Wow!" he said. "I think we're in business. Have you met Jamie?"

"Yes."

"I think you two ought to discuss your scenes together---I encourage that kind of thing between actors. What say he takes you to dinner tomorrow ^{night} evening?"

General

the way

Max

→ She was to do a read-through of the part with
the director the evening. It all depended on that.

→ It was a low-rise ~~travel~~ ~~like~~ house with
wide airy rooms and a big gravel driveway
= front. On the sides were open, behind

and there seemed to be people
= way room,

"OK."

"I'll tie his hands behind his back, so ^{you} ~~there~~ won't ^{get a v/d} be ~~any~~ ~~monkey business.~~"

He dialled Jamie Somerson's agent and it was fixed for the following evening at Chasen's.

"What say we go downstairs and pick at the buffet?"

There was no music, just murmured talk. Some guests were drinking coffee.

But he
wants
there.

Angela, ^{with it} passing the kitchen, ~~which was a vast low ceilinged room~~ ^{ad} ~~with a~~ long refectory table in the middle ^{the} thought she saw ~~the~~ three ^{of the} men who'd been sitting in the corner of the Polo Lounge ~~with him~~ the evening before. She caught her breath, almost stumbled, then hurried on, keeping close to ^{Max} Arthur Pennance. He piled a plate high with ham and salad for her, then ~~he~~ wandered off. [She sat ~~at the window~~ gazing out at the gravel driveway and suddenly she noticed that the cream Bentley was there. ~~And was it her imagination those eyes were looking at her again, from somewhere! She forced herself to turn round but there was no one.~~ ^{wasn't like}

^{fall} A few minutes later a blonde girl in yellow trousers and a tight sleeveless jumper got in the Bentley and drove away.

~~The fact that there might be more than one cream Bentley in LA didn't trouble her. She knew it was his car. She felt she'd recognise anything of his.~~

She left the food untouched. Then ^{Max} Pennance came downstairs and said, "Sorry about that. ~~Let's get you back to your hotel.~~"

She ~~excused herself to go~~ ^{went} to the loo and looked all over the house but he was nowhere. The three men were still sitting in the kitchen, one of them hugging a briefcase like a baby, swaying to and fro. They took no notice of other guests, lost in a thick atmosphere of smoke and worry. ^{the} Max drove back to the hotel. ~~she~~ →

That evening she had a meal brought up ~~to her on a tray and sat among~~ her roses gazing out ^{side} at the ^{dusk} tropical trees as dusk came down. Before it was quite dark she ^{strolled} ~~went~~ downstairs to the Polo Lounge and walked ~~through it to the terrace as she'd done the evening before with Everard~~ ^{like the} but ^{law} no one was ~~sitting in the corner.~~ ^{and like the} There was a thick heat mist over the city and the swimming pool was empty. ~~Only at the bar were there a few people.~~ A strange air of desertion lay over everything.

Just as she got back to her room the phone rang and she rushed

She went to the terrace

→ noticed the the Beets are still there,

across to it. It was Everard.

"You got the part," he said. ~~"As if we didn't know it."~~

~~Nothing happened at the other end for some time, then he asked, almost appealingly, in a tired, flat voice, "Are you a little bit happy?"~~

~~"Oh yes, yes, Everard! I think I'm just tired that's all--- over-excited. You mustn't take any notice of that!"~~

~~"OK," Rehearsals start next Monday but you'll have readthroughs before that. You're having dinner with Jamie Somerson tomorrow?"~~

~~"That's right." *(Average of + a casual "Good night")*~~

~~"Before he rang off she asked him, "What's the director's name? Nobody told me."~~

~~"I told you sixteen times."~~

~~He rang off with a careless good-night.~~

~~"Oh God," she said to herself out loud, "I hope to Christ you don't blow this one Angela."~~

~~She lay on the bed, her face in the pillows, ^{and} wanting to cry but unable to.~~

~~She must have fallen asleep ^{because (held) (in her ear)} The phone-bleep sounded deafening, close to her ear, and at first she thought it was her huge psychedelic alarm clock in London.~~

sleepy
[dr] to be
~~It stopped ringing just as her hand got to the receiver. She slumped back and let herself sleep ^{for a few. She she undressed and sat at the dining table. Next morning} in her clothes until the following morning. ^{There were no appointments apart from the dinner date so} she had a long breakfast in bed **fingering** through the Bel Ami script and framing all her speeches in red pencil ~~as she always did. Later she would add brief notes inside little clouds that hung in the margins like balloons on strings, the strings leading into the text. She kept all her scripts after a production, ragged as they might be. They testified to the careful work she put in.~~~~

note
~~At about ten one of the hall-boys came up with a letter. It had been delivered by hand and was addressed simply to Ms Angela Bourne. It said, 'I phoned you last night but you weren't in. I'll call again just before lunch and we might have a drink. Dominic Latouche.'~~

~~She dressed carefully, choosing another skin-tight dress but this ^{one was} time in dashing primary colours that echoed her turquoise ear-rings. She had a special feeling for turquoise, perhaps because they reminded her of the Nile and Cleopatra stepping from her barge in the brilliant Egyptian light.~~

→ She played it again and again, trying to divine if it
was his handwriting or not. It seemed like it felt
like. She watched the note tremble slightly in her
hand. She knew this was the great turning point in
her life. But like the recent news didn't happen
when she was five. She was proud and happy. Her
name had written in his first note!

She put hardly any makeup on. Just a dab of red on her cheeks, rubbed in to give the tan a healthy ~~sub-ebaceous~~ glow. ~~And~~ No perfume. She ran her fingers through her hair after brushing it, to give ~~it~~ a careless effect. Like Cleopatra's it was 'black as a night without stars.' She was excited, kept knocking things over on the dressing table. ~~She knew the note was from him---but~~ a nervous thought came to her: suppose ~~it~~ ^{the note} was some actor Jill Rapinsky wanted her to meet? ~~She knew she'd burst into tears and run away if it was!~~

she didn't make her
 There was an odd coolness about her too. She noticed ~~there'd been~~ none of the usual feverish last-minute search for the right outfit--- no piles of dresses on the bed, ~~or odd skirts~~ ^{no} or shoes all over the floor, to trip up on.

At half-past twelve she sat down by the window and waited, ^{wasn't} glancing at herself in the mirror now and then, quite as if somebody else had dressed her according to their tastes rather than hers.

note
 When ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ twenty minutes past one she ~~was~~ ^{beginning} to conclude that ~~the~~ ^{it} was some crummy actor after all the phone rang.

It was the hall porter. "Mr Latouche is down here for you."

"I'm coming."

He wasn't in the entrance lobby. She walked through to the bar but he wasn't there either. ~~Then she went to~~ ^{She found} the Polo Lounge. He was sitting in the same corner as before, with ~~a~~ ^{the} young couple and ~~was with~~ ^{was with} Everard Hope.

[The phone rang.]

she
~~She suddenly wanted to run away. Her legs threatened to collapse under her.~~

Everard had seen ~~and~~ ^{her} and jumped up to escort her the last few yards, seeming to understand her distress.

"You made a hit with ~~Arthur Pennance~~ ^{Max}," he whispered. "He's thinking of you as the young Karsavina, can you do classical ballet?"

He
~~By then they'd reached the others and she couldn't reply.~~
 He got up, his gaze precisely as before, almost terrible in its dark fixity, staring deep into her so that little avalanches of desire gushed through her and she felt too weak to stand. His hand was cool, even cold at the fingertips. He held her for a few moments without ~~the slightest smile~~ ^{only} gazing at her, his eyes close to hers as he bowed slightly.

Everard was about to introduce them.

"That's OK," Latouche said as they all sat down again, "we've met. We've known each other a long time."

Everard laughed a little breathlessly, then turned to Angela with a

→ She noticed it all in fragments. She ~~could~~ hold
could see through his eyes - h! Big one so
steady, unswerving! It was the she felt weak.
She just knew the she'd never get away from those
eyes - lay on the bed, once she talked to her.
She wanted to run away. Mugs, always in the past
she'd felt in charge, ~~she'd been in charge~~ - he
relates + was. He was a girl? - sister she'd
felt then. But was all she knew on the beauty
of her heart and the fact she he was with her day,
rightly open, and she felt no whole after a word.
She felt so lonely & frightened by the ~~world like this~~
~~world~~

disbelieving look. She was just about to laugh too and deny any connection when Latouche added with cold finality, "We've known each other many years."

The couple were in publishing and ~~in fact not together.~~ The talk was ~~all~~ about paperback deals arising from the Diaghilev and Dreyfuss series. ^{There were like} history books dressed up as short and easy-to-read ^{historical} novels geared to the TV ^{series} publicity. Apparently the whole Paris-package idea had started in a publisher's office anyway.

She wondered how Latouche ~~had~~ ^{he} manoeuvred himself into a business conference ~~just~~ to meet her? ~~But suppose he really was mixed in her film?~~ ^{She would believe this. Sudden he involved if the flowers} →

While listening to the others he continued to gaze across at her. ~~Not for a second did his eyes waver.~~ She thought ^{12.47"} his hands were trembling. It happened when he raised a cigarette to his mouth. ~~She was amazed she didn't flinch from his gaze.~~ It was relentless, piercing to the point of impaling her. ~~Yet she felt~~ elegant, relaxed, protected.

~~They had martinis all round.~~ ^{Surprisingly} When the party was about to break up ~~Latouche~~ ^{he} leaned towards her and said, "Can you make dinner tonight? I'd like to take you to Ma Maison."

She nodded and didn't see the queer look her agent gave her.

"I'll be here around nine-thirty, I'm afraid it'll have to be that late as I shall be down in San Diego this afternoon."

Everard took her to the terrace for another drink when the others had gone. →

"What the hell was he on about? Do you two really know each other?"

"Of course we don't!" she said with an attempt to laugh. ~~Instantly she felt a sense of betrayal so deep that it was like a blow in the face. And with it was a tremor of fear, that in some way she'd disobeyed a strict command, though not exactly Latouche's.~~

It gave her a chance to ask some questions.

"Is Mr Latouche an actor?"

"Well," Everard said with his pale, sparing smile, "not all the time, but quite a bit of the time."

She looked puzzled and he went on, "As a matter of fact Dominic's a money man. He made so much money he retired at the age of thirty-six---last year."

"You don't like him?"

"Oh I like him. And you'd better like him too because he's half

→ His voice was exactly as he'd imagined it would be.
And, almost as if now, she felt he'd been listening to
it all his life. It seemed to come from childhood —
a voice that was an amalgam of all the male voices
he'd fallen in love with as a tiny girl, cousins and
uncles and grandfathers, listening male voices of a kind
he'd never really found in a man, especially one of his
own age.

→ were for his he ~~was~~ ^{the} ~~at~~ ^{question} because ~~that~~
~~not~~ ~~clipped~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~
~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~
pic = her own boy before he'd see to
~~Change A~~ in the traffic.

→ "Hurry up, were dining with Janie Smeaton-Tyler?"
"Oh Lord, so I am!"
"I'll call Dominic and tell he y' 'll take
a rain-check - Mc Martin. ~~At~~ ~~one~~
the hell can he - che...!"

the shoulder power behind the film you're in."

"He's in the film business?"

"Not exactly but he's moving in fast, it gives him something to do."

And that was that.

Back in her room, gazing at the ceiling, she realised she didn't care how ~~Latouche~~^{he} was seen by others or even how he was in himself. All she was ~~aware of~~^{was} ~~that~~^{his} steady gaze, ~~engulfing~~^{it} every cell in her body, and that nose she wanted to touch and caress, and the cheeks that formed such a sensitive line, and the hands that sent out a terrible electricity. She thought she was in love.

She lunch now downtown alone and

She ate sausages and sauerkraut squeezed up at a marble bar in a ~~downtown~~ deli with people yelling orders ~~behind~~^{all over} her.

When she got ~~back~~^{to the deli} there was a second note. It said, 'Pennance tells me you're dining with Jamie Somerson tonight, you'd better cancel that. Dominic.'

~~The imperiousness~~ didn't offend her a bit! She smiled. And she ~~found herself~~^{ed} grabbing the phone and calling ~~her agency~~^{Max}. Everard. He wasn't in but a secretary gave her Pennance's number, or rather six possibilities where he might be. She had no luck. So she called the agency again and asked for Jill Rapinsky's number. Finally she got through ^{to Jill} and said breathlessly, "I'm supposed to have dinner with Jamie Somerson tonight but I can't make it and I don't know his number."

"I'll talk to him," Jill said simply.

"You mean you'll be seeing him anyway?"

"I said I'll talk to him," Jill said and put the phone down without another word.

In the late afternoon she took a hot and cold shower and lay ~~down~~^{in the settle} in her dressing gown thinking out what to wear. She chose black, this time a divine two-piece, ~~its~~^{was} hip-clinging jacket, cut very low, almost to the navel, ~~It was~~ quite a shocker. She wore nothing round her neck, ~~no~~^{no} bra. She rejected earrings ~~too~~^{But}. She put a little lipstick on. ~~When she was ready and sat in front of the dressing table mirror she felt a quiet triumph.~~

It was just after eight. She had ~~over~~ an hour to kill.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door. Expecting

→ An the wanted you to touch his face, feel its texture
+ the tips of his fingers. And feel the table electric
the cause for his hands.

Now - like never knew it was like before.

→ before the knew she she can do it the

~~the Italy~~
igence and curiosity behind. It couldn't have been better for the part of Madeleine.

~~Angela kept fiddling with the hem of her skirt and tapping her foot. If your relations with the director aren't right the bottom's fallen out of your work, she kept thinking.~~

The other actor present was a pale bearded man who fitted the part of Madeleine's consumptive husband so well that you knew who he was without asking. He was a bit offhand with her, concentrating on the work.

The others started acting a bit, instead of just mumbling through the text in the tradition of first readthroughs, so she followed suit. She played one of her scenes coquettishly and Arthur Pennace ^{Max} ~~put~~ ^{slapped} his script down on his knees with a slap.

"We'd better establish right away that Clotilde isn't a slut," ^{trah} he said. "She's a member of the Parisian upper middle class no less than Madeleine, and perhaps more so."

He didn't look at ^{her} Angela while speaking ~~and, since her blood was rising, she didn't look at him either. Instead she slapped her script down on her knees precisely as he had done, and she went on doing it. The other actors froze a bit.~~

^{was he f} At one o'clock ^{he} Pennace looked at his watch and said, "OK, that's fine. Let's meet tomorrow at the same time."

Then he was gone.

She went straight up to Jamie.

"Listen I'm really sorry about last night," she said. "It was just that---"

"Oh come on, kid, you don't have to apologise," he said with a laugh. ~~Then he put his arm round her shoulder and walked her towards the canteen. "It was Arthur's idea anyway. Directors have always got some crap idea."~~

"Still," ^{was} he said, ~~you~~ "we missed a free meal at Chasen's. The company ~~was~~ were going to pay."

^{actin} The bearded man joined them for coffee and proved to be really nice. He talked quietly, biting the hairs on his lower lip or sucking his pipe. ~~In a few moments he'd sassed out her whole background.~~ He told her, "You don't have to worry about Patterson. On one film he told me to fuck off the set and twenty minutes later he was saying where the hell's Nick, why isn't he here?"

She hurried back to the hotel after getting the exact time of

"Is the Mr. Max is ~~anything~~? she asked
He shrugged. "I'll ask her!"

a hall-boy with a message from Everard or perhaps Jamie Somerson she called out casually, "Who is it?"

The door opened and he was there. Taller than she'd thought, ^{and even} slim ^{in person.} but ~~also remarkably firm, muscular.~~

"I didn't go to San Diego." He looked round without closing the door. "Nice room you have ~~here~~. Plenty of roses."

"Please come in. I'm ready."

He sat ~~on the settee, still without closing the door, as if to put her her at her ease -- no rape scenes to be expected.~~

He was wearing a smart narrow-sleeved dark blue suit with a white shirt open ^{down his solar plexus} to ~~below his chest~~, like an echo of her deep-cut jacket. He gazed at her ~~jacket~~ with a smile.

"That's pretty cool," he said, ^{wearing the jacket.}

His shirt collar was high and broad-winged, folded outside his jacket and making the darkness of his neck almost black in the shadows ~~of the room.~~

"Funny how we met," he went on.

"Yes."

Still his gaze dwelled on her. ~~His slight smile did nothing to make it less fixed -- unbearably sure of itself.~~

"I guessed you were an actress because you were with Everard. I called his office ^{the afternoon} ~~the same day~~ and asked one of the girls who the new arrival was. They're giving you Clotilde?"

"Yes."

"Oh you can do better than that. Much better."

~~And he said no more~~ * * *

It was her first visit to Ma Maison ~~but she didn't once turn round to see what world-famous stars had come in. At the slightest sound of his voice, husky but clear, she was all attention. His eyes, the movements of his lips and hands, his rare subdued chuckle, they pulled her blindly and dumbly into a warm luscious vortex of utter satisfaction which excluded everything else.~~

They ~~dined~~ ^{stilled} in the patio. Champagne was already on ice by the ~~table~~ when they arrived. You could tell the waiters knew him by the ^{way} a kind of intimacy with which they served, ^{and the way he seemed to be} ~~not looking at him directly but moving close to his shoulders while they gave most of their attention to her. But here too his eyes were in command, giving silent orders. He watched whatever was put in front of her, the glass she drank from.~~ He noticed ^{the} napkin ~~that had~~ ^{fallen} to the floor and ^{in a flash} with a nod had a fresh one ^{was} laid in her lap.

exit the dining table close to her, a little nervous.

#

#

had dinner

→

"I mean - the traffic like that."

"Myze!"

→ and some people called it the 'rubber-neck
vortaux' because if you always turn and to
see what stars had come in. de diele turn and
see.

It was everything she disliked when ^{dining} ~~dining~~ out, ~~too fussy and~~ formal, ^{as if we} almost burlesque, and it certainly didn't go with the raucous noise coming from the other tables and the laughter ~~all round them~~ ^{and rolling} as the bottles began to pop. Also she didn't like a man to be too well dressed. ^{He} Latouche was so carelessly elegant he stood out a mile. ^{As} ~~The women turned to him like sunflowers to the sun. They couldn't help it.~~ On every part of his person there was something to look at. The gold wristband was just visible below his gleaming shirt-cuffs. There was the glitter of his wristwatch. His jacket-cuffs were turned back one button, his hair was thick, carefully ruffled, his tan so natural and unforced ~~that~~ you couldn't believe he wasn't born that way.

It was all too much, ~~too moneyed.~~ But still approval gushed out of her ~~silently.~~ She wanted to laugh, cry, hug him. ~~Useless for her to dislike the vulgar wristband. It was him, not an over chunky gold object as it would have been by itself. It breathed, radiated him. And so it was with everything he wore---or said or did. It established an almost frightening authority.~~

The champagne warmed her and they touched glasses several times.

"You told Everard we'd never met," he said. "Just after I'd told him we had."

"But we haven't met!"

"That's where you're mistaken." His gaze was very serious.

"You must never tell people that we've never met before because it isn't true." He paused. "Do you know what I mean?" ^{what!}

She shook her head, ~~almost crying because she was suddenly so happy.~~ ^{ad he gave her a wistful pat on the head.}

After dinner they went to his apartment two blocks down from ~~the Beverly~~ ^{Hills} hotel. Music was ~~already~~ coming from the hi-fi, lights were ~~already~~ set low in every room. The ~~soft~~ music followed them everywhere.

At a guess, Haydn. The floor was expensively marbled ~~throughout,~~ ^{here there} and rugs and carpets had been flung ~~everywhere~~ to prevent a chill effect. ~~The ceilings like the furniture were low. She disliked it~~ ^{it was as}

^{vulgar as his mistress} ~~all but it gave her a feeling of extraordinary safety and well-being.~~ ^{warm,} The books in the shelves were neat, perfectly groomed as he was.

~~In the kitchen there was an open tin of peaches and a jug of cold coffee the only unrehearsed effect.~~

~~The square armchairs looked awful but were soft and comfortable. The wall-length window in the lounge gave out on to other apartment blocks but made everything outside seem remote. In fact that was the effect of the whole place.~~

in the
12th

The canned ~~classical~~ music, the ~~absurdly extravagant~~ portuguese marble floor with its subtle veins of red, the sunken bath, ~~it made~~ she her want to laugh but at the same time she felt at home as never before in her life. ^{it is like home to her.}

the

He called her into the lounge and they drank a brandy. Half lying in armchairs they got on to Clotilde again and she started telling him why she preferred the stage. Bel Ami

He cut her short. "You needn't explain anything about yourself. I know it already. That preference for the stage was already clear in childhood---the way you used to dress up, remember?"

She stared at him.

"Have you seen my French books?" he asked her, jumping up, as if he'd suddenly remembered the French atmosphere of her childhood.

The bookshelves were close to the window, taking up one wall. There were several hundred paperbound French editions, including the works of de Maupassant. She could feel him close to her, their sleeves touching.

and how the love went.

"Do you read a lot of French?" she asked him.

"I don't read any French," he said.

"Then what on earth are you doing with all these books?"

He shrugged. "Nostalgia. Well, my ~~mother and father~~ ^{the parents} spoke French so I rejected it, you know how kids are."

"Were they French?"

"Yes."

He turned and looked at her fully. "Then you know they're both dead?"

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes, you did," he insisted. "You did know."

He took down one of the de Maupassant volumes. It was A Woman's Life.

"You ^{could} play the heroine, ^{Clotilde} Jeanne," he said. "You'd be in every frame."

She laughed. "But I don't want to be in every frame! That isn't the test of a good part!" "Why---are they doing A Woman's Life as well?" "as another of the series?"

"It's not a bad idea is it?"

"You mean you're one of the producers?" ^{have you say it!} she asked.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said softly. "You already know who I am," ^{she had said so.}

And, standing in the corner of the room among the books, he



He said hardly anything. He
 He filled the place a second time, and returned
 to his place opposite her. He continued staring
 at her and ~~she didn't feel~~ ~~but it~~ ~~was~~ still
 she felt happy and relaxed.

He got up and said "I'd better leave
 a city girl. I give her a city cell phone."
 He, she looked to her now and kissed her

head.

+

+

+

smiled at her openly for the first time, so that his eyes became warm and yielding. In that moment she trusted him more than she'd ever trusted a human being.

Only back at the hotel did she realise ~~what uncanny coincidences~~ ^{she realised in it work.} had begun to pervade her life. Her mother was French, both his parents had been French. The series she was to play ⁱⁿ was French, the package project of which her film was a small part was French. It was like a plot, a plan, an ambush.

He saw her to the door of her room and kissed her not on her lips or cheek but her hand. That too was peculiarly French in its charm, without him perhaps knowing it.

He said nothing about their next meeting. She watched him walking down the corridor to the lift and suddenly wondered if he was a lonely man.

How was it?

She was woken early by a call from Everard. It was hardly eight o'clock.

"Get your arse over to CBS Television City by ten for a readthrough Angela."

The schedule had been speeded up. He spoke roughly.

"You'll have to find yourself a taxi." Then he rang off abruptly.

Humbled by the call she drank her coffee on the terrace and again fingered through her part, saying the words over to herself. ~~It was a mechanical exercise. She just couldn't get meaning out of the text and her eyes kept wandering.~~ It was a superb day. The trees were swollen with warm yellow light like floating things and blinding rays darted up from the swimming pool. ~~The sweltering air of the previous days, heavy with pollution, had given way to a gentle breeze from the seaboard.~~ She walked down Sunset Boulevard and then down Fairfax.

She was ten minutes late because she couldn't find the right studio but luckily everybody was still standing round. Finally they all went to a small sound studio and sat round a table with a microphone in the middle. ~~Max~~ Pennace didn't even say hullo to her.

Jamie Somerson said his usual "Hi!"

Sonya Steele, who was playing Madeleine couldn't have been nicer. She'd ~~once~~ ^{the} played with RSC in London and kept asking Angela questions. She had a rather flatly pretty face, smooth and non-committal, but the moment she smiled her eyes flashed into play, and you could see intell-

(The actress who is playing the lead, Sonya Steele,

Reviews
The phone - she called

tomorrow's call but no note was waiting for her. ~~That evening, all alone, she could really have done with a meal at Chasen's. Instead she had a tray in her room.~~

~~She became restless to see him. Her mind filled with all sorts of doubts. She tried to work on the script but the old fire had gone. Usually she barricaded herself in her room and took the phone off the hook until she'd broken the back of a part. But now she just sat quivering over her script, rather frightened. Her agent hadn't called all day. I missed her.~~

~~All of a sudden she woke up to the fact that no contract had so far been mentioned. Yet she'd been given the part. An unsigned contract did exist. It had been shown her in London, conditional on a successful interview. But Everard hadn't said a word about this.~~

~~Tomorrow's call was for nine o'clock and would go on for the whole day. She decided to go to bed early but couldn't sleep. Coffee often had an obverse effect on her, making her drowsy, so she ordered a cup. It made her more tense. She tossed and turned, then at two o'clock she fell into a light troubled doze.~~

phone call. ~~At three or so there was a knock on the door. She woke at once, staring at the ceiling. "Who is it?"~~ *It was for doctar's.*

~~The door of the outer room opened and heard Latouche say, "It's me." He tiptoed through the outer room and into her bedroom. She could see him dimly, in the same suit as the evening before. She was dumb with astonishment. There wasn't a sound from the rest of the hotel. It was hot. The sea breeze had dropped.~~

He sat on the edge of the bed.

"You OK?" he whispered. ~~She could see~~ *How was she? She sat with* *dark blue*

~~She smiled at him in the dark. He took her shoulders and then leaned down to kiss her. She shuddered with excitement as his face drew close to hers and that dark gaze, bordered by the darkness of the night, began penetrating her again so that she became in a moment vibrant, expectant, tensed for him. They kissed urgently, almost crying, unable to let go of each other---indeed clinging to each other for dear life.~~ *actually* *and ed on the lips.* *She shuddered with excitement as his face drew close to hers and that dark gaze, bordered by the darkness of the night, began penetrating her again so that she became in a moment vibrant, expectant, tensed for him. They kissed urgently, almost crying, unable to let go of each other---indeed clinging to each other for dear life.* *ad she found his arms going round her neck in the*

~~He put kisses everywhere on her face, her neck and shoulders, and the feeling was so familiar and natural that it seemed impossible that they hadn't been together many times before. His touch and smell, the very texture of his lips were known to her. When he gently pulled the~~

He wondered if he could kiss her hand again. But

→ "I'm on my way up." he said just.
She didn't know if she should then -
downing you or a walk. She hurried to the door
and left it open. In she returned to bed.
She didn't put the light. It wasn't the
she particularly wanted it this way. But she
knew he did. It was - cordillo, she could
feel her wishes. Like he was.

→ a perhaps back shirt, and looked to relaxed
elbow the she felt - not a feeling at the
thought the ~~to be a~~ ~~downed~~ he'd ~~downed~~
like the to other been with steers all we up.

→ most natural, unprompted that movement she'd we made.

bedclothes aside and she felt his whole ^{bel' up} body pressed against hers ^{he'd had to} for the first time it was like a repetition of an earlier experience. she recognised his soft yet muscular touch, she knew the way he would embrace her while being simultaneously aware of it as an ecstatic surprise.

~~He began touching every part of her as if making sure that she was the creature he'd supposed her to be. They impatiently made themselves naked and when they once more clung to each other it was almost more than they could bear---the relief, the disbelieving gratitude as if they'd been starved of each other all these years and only now knew what deprivation they'd been through. They cried, whispered things that weren't words, made delighted crooning noises, became lost in each other's touch and kisses. She was open to him as she'd never been for any man, and as she'd never hitherto conceived it possible to be. There were sensations between them which their bodies had never guessed at. She was different, she had another body. She'd never made love before. She'd never really and truly yielded, her body was now an animal apart from her, it abandoned itself in such a way that she was like a spectator of it, she was dragged dumbly along, her eyes closed, almost crying for it to stop, her smile meaning both ecstasy and pain. And whatever part of her he touched or kissed she felt his eyes like a dark electrifying beam burning deep into her, awakening her nerves, her bowels. At the end, in the climax, they made shocked, awful cries---a sound that neither of them had made before or ever heard. They lay still, exhausted, half asleep in the silence of the hotel.~~

Dawn was appearing, a ~~thin~~ ^{beyond the window} furry glow beyond the tropical trees. They gazed at each other in the dusky light, and began kissing ^{ed it} quietly again. ^{light, only}

He was whispering something to her. ~~She didn't understand at first.~~

It was this: "You still don't know who I am, do you?"

~~"But darling we've hardly talked, we---"~~ ^{And suddenly he} He put his hands over her lips. "I'll set your alarm for eight," he

She said: "You've got three hours' sleep."

When he was dressed she asked him sleepily, "How do you know I've got to be up at eight?"

"Because you've got a call at nine."

~~Then he was gone.~~ She continued to lie in the soft cocoon his love had made, as the light gradually ^{filled} flooded the room, announcing

(She heard he close the sitting-room door. Light....)

→ — and all these years she'd been waiting, kind of —
 but of course she was almost — yet the feeling remained,
 the thing'd found and she was left with longing, ~~long~~ and bitter
 separation. ~~She seemed to know the his type onto~~
 the tongue already knew what his felt like. His
 head was fantastic. There was no rhythm between
 the breath, this. His lips, she was felt the,
 not himself, his hair, his spine, ~~that~~ ^{over} all)
~~belonged to the most exciting experience she'd ever~~
~~had — life, over the years this was however ^{and}~~
~~she ^{had} had to help the this was ^{fantastic}.~~ ^{well, she expected} X
 And because the way — ~~that we know~~ ^{and} she
 felt a excitement ^{so unbearable the she could} ~~was~~ ^{the}
~~she'd ever known. hardly take breath.~~

→ we would be.
~~stood be.~~ ~~How the work~~ she could speak, cry out,
^{at once,} ~~by~~ clinaxed ~~parade~~, ^{simultaneously,} and of a moment
 there was the illusion that they had the same way.
~~She should be one of a certain relief, under~~
~~to find the~~ ~~fe~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~shudder~~ ~~of~~ ~~open~~
 old was end. It gasped, made faint crying noises.
 It was like discovering a new life. It went — experience,
 cut — whole new existence.
 (Dam was appearing....)

another fresh, brilliant day. In her half sleep she ^{type} felt the sea breeze ^{was} to be his work, he was blowing it gently towards her. ^{away still}

When the alarm went she felt alert, dazed with happiness, a smile on her lips from three hours before.

She left for the studios in good time. She almost danced down the Boulevard. Then she remembered that the call was for Universal studios, not the CBS, and this meant getting to the other side of the Hollywood Freeway. She found a taxi just in time and rushed into the entrance lobby at a minute to nine. But she still had to find the stage they were to meet on. ^{Max} Arthur Pennance was already tapping his foot. Once again he didn't greet her.

(-p. 11)

She murmured "Sorry I'm late" and lowered her head to her script.

"Actually there's no great hurry," Pennance said to no one in particular. "Shooting might be postponed. Yesterday the schedule was being hurried up, and today there's talk of postponement."

~~Sonya looked across at her. There was a peculiar atmosphere this morning, as if she'd incurred all their blame.~~

The readthrough went OK until they got to the scene where Clotilde urges Georges Duroy to take her to 'low' spots in Montmartre where the whores gathered. ~~She dresses in what she thinks are simple working clothes but keeps her fabulous jewellery on. The rough company round her at the Folies Bergères frightens and excites her and she clings to Georges for protection. It was a scene where Angela could lay the outlines of Clotilde's character for the subsequent sequences. Really the scene was her shopwindow.~~

(This Montmartre)

When they were half way through it Pennance ^{added} interrupted with, "Listen, I think I'm going to cut that scene, it doesn't add anything to the story."

She looked up.

"So let's get on to where Georges snubs the whore at the Folies Bergères," he added.

"You're going to cut the whole scene?" she ^{added} quietly.

"Well didn't you hear?"

"What, just like that? It's my most important scene!"

"But it's not the most important for ^{the} film and we're not all sitting here just for you!"


"Is this because I was late?"

"It's because I'm cutting a scene Angela, now do you mind if we push on?"

He felt a lightning bolt of anger, ~~over the solid wood~~ ^{the hard wood table} ~~and~~ 


"You can push on without me!" ~~And you can stuff your lousy script!"~~


Suddenly she was on her feet, ~~the old fighting~~ Angela, her cheeks flushed, ~~and~~ a fierce glitter in her eyes. ^{And} She flung her script at him. ~~It caught his cup of coffee and sent it splashing over his shirt and trousers.~~ actual

~~Then she shouted, "I haven't even got a contract yet!" and she she led - flounced out the talent expired to a hotel as it did (by) the door. And~~ 

She found herself in another studio ^{troubled, not knowing she had} ~~which didn't seem to have an exit.~~ She hit her leg on a chair and then collapsed crying into it. ~~Blowing her nose~~ She heard their voices next door. Pennance was saying with an uneasy laugh, "She dines with Mr Hustler and doesn't have a contract?"

She left the building thinking about that ^{have} 'Mr Hustler'.

She walked to Fairfax Boulevard, meaning to return to the hotel, but suddenly she felt in a holiday mood and strolled down to Little Tokyo.  On First Street she took an early lunch of fish tempura and three cups of hot saki, realising how ravenous she was. The heat was gathering and she enjoyed weaving her way through the crowds on Olvera Street, among the Mexican candles and handicraft.

~~She needed Dominic so badly she looked for him in the crowd.~~ ^{Saki} The meal made her feel drowsy and she decided to ^{return to the hotel at} sleep the afternoon away. ~~(When she got back to the hotel he was waiting at the Loggia for her, dressed in a casual beach shirt and sipping a long fruit fizz.)~~ 

"I walked out," she said. "He cut a whole scene of mine so I threw ^{the} script at him!"

He ~~gazed at her with a slight smile,~~ ^{laughed.}

"You having one of these?" he asked her, pulling at his straw.

She nodded and he waved to the waiter.

"Who's Mr Hustler?" she asked him. ^{Max} "Arthur Pennance said I'd been dining with Mr Hustler."

He made an easy, boyish laugh. ^{That} "He means me. ~~He thinks I'm a hustler and~~ He's damn right." ^{By the way,} he added, "you

~~But what's it got to do with him who I have dinner with?"~~ ^{you're}

~~"Forget Pennance. Listen, your agent called me."~~ ^{a word with you.}

At that ^{moment} her fruit fizz came ~~and~~ she said, "Can I have a black coffee instead?"

~~She also could quite different the~~

→ She got the idea of stream = rehearsal, let work with the rest of feelings inside.

→ as predicted he was surprised. She found herself in another studio

→ She did it all with the same voice = 100%

→ Her voice is unique at the end of the first sitting at the table ~~during~~ sitting a long time
figs.

~~He~~ "I'll see you damned first," he ~~said~~ ^{answered}. ~~He~~

~~They laughed.~~ He pulled her fizz towards him and drank from both straws. They laughed ~~again~~ and he pulled her on to his knee. They couldn't stop laughing.

They went up to her room and forgot about her ~~agent~~ ^{Edward Hope}.

2 *A.* 27

That

That evening, after a snack at Schwabs on Sunset Strip, he took her to some night spots. First they tried the Roxy Theater but she wanted nostalgia music so they went on to F. Scott's where Roy Fox favourites were ~~being played~~ ^{on the bill}. They sat at a corner table with a candle between them. He was dressed in white ^{and} and looked less neat than before, his jacket collar turned up carelessly, his hair still tussled from their ~~hours of~~ ^{hours of} lovemaking. He'd insisted on her wearing the low-cut jacket again.

~~Smiling at him in the candlelight she said, "You keep asking me if I know who you are, so who are you?"~~

~~He didn't smile back as she expected. Nor did he answer her question~~ ^{directly.}

~~"I've been looking for you for two years," he said under his breath. "You didn't know that did you?"~~

~~"No;"~~

~~"I looked for you everywhere. I thought I might have to travel all over the world to find you but I guess that was silly, the meeting had already been arranged."~~

~~"But who arranged it Dominic?"~~

~~He leaned back, staring across the club. "You know, I think that's what made me pile up so much bread. I was into every deal going. I didn't care if it was clean or dirty so long as it made money. I hustled, I was into everything, real estate, currency speculation, pocket computers. I thought I've got to be right at the top when she comes."~~

~~"How did you know what I'd look like?"~~

~~"I almost knew your name. I couldn't quite get ^{it}. I thought it might be Anne. And I knew your surname started with B. Yes, I knew your face---"~~

~~"But how?"~~

~~"I knew the way your body felt, what clothes you liked. And the funny thing was you didn't fit my type at all. When I turned round that day and saw you in Everard's car I realised, she's here, she's come. I followed him to your hotel, then, just as I told you,~~

He told her
affinities
I called his office. When they said 'Angela Bourne' I knew I was right. It was you. Listen," he said, "don't worry if you don't understand, let's get back to my place and I'll try and explain."

In the car he said, "I'm going to give you a set of keys to my apartment so you can come when you like."

She dug ^{him} playfully in the arm. "Suppose *you disturb* *to ask* you've got a girl with you?"

"I'll never sleep with anybody else as long as I live," he said simply, looking straight ahead at the road. ~~It was a surprise~~

"The thing is," he went on when they were in his lounge sitting side by side, "I don't know who you were. I know who you are but not who you were!" He put his arm round her and she laughed, beginning to think that he had a zany, half-mystical way of talking which meant little on the surface.

"You see Angela," he said, "you and I were together in previous lives. We met many, many times. We were always affinities. Only in our last life together did we realise it. Then something went wrong, I don't know what."

She noticed that he'd become nervous though this was difficult to see under the firm lines of his face and the powerful gaze that never flickered.

"You know what I mean by affinities?" he asked.

"We were close together?"

"We were souls that belonged to each other and we spent all our lifetimes looking for each other. And in the last life we recognised each other for the first time." He added in a troubled voice, "It worries me that you haven't been looking for me. I looked for you but not you for me. And there must be some explanation."

"But Dominic," she said softly, "how do you know all this?"

He got up and wandered about the room, looked out of the window. Then he returned to her. "The fact that you ask that shows how unaware of me you've been this lifetime. You've never thought about me, yearned to be with me---!"

"But you didn't start thinking about me until two years ago," she said. "When you were my age now you didn't have me in your thoughts at all!"

"That's true. But it isn't quite what I'm saying. Try and understand me darling. I started looking for you because our meeting had already been arranged. You see, I needed to become aware of you and keep my eyes open for you---otherwise I wouldn't have recognised you!"

→ ~~at this remark~~ and looked at her to see if he was
serious. He was ~~holding~~ staring straight ahead
at the road, ~~at~~ his teeth clenched tight.

INSERT (X)

.... thinking about Lin. He said so little -
but she he said seemed so pensive, was
she it had no importance. She'd always
visited a hotel in home - she loved
William Pickens - striking journalist.
He had the personality, the - look
fairly negative. Sometimes we
his closeness and he snuggled - not
of with physical excitement but a
sort of foreboding she could not resist.
By her words it is clear that -
hardly spoke - fact - had left
to get us more than twice - and
get it was so close it needed us
constant
conversations - it was just - or other
that'll not excitement the effort
by her words seemed examined +
intend, he wanted it - clearly

a die - a distance, during city
the Boulevard, looking in - the window -
managed to see the most
important things we had ever done.
He could see the explosion but - they
- the fire - the water!
But to her eyes? The old life
seemed so remote. And he
knew me a total unknown, a
chem starting - that he
the world be full of brilliant
events in physics - the
detail was to think about the
future.

But he did. ~~She thought~~
~~she thought~~ because he seemed
to see it so clearly. He thought of
himself - "I'll never stop &
with you." It had been so that,
so final and decided, delivered
in a quiet moment, in eyes
of light seemed to be the
cigarette & the
it & the candle.

Later that evening, after a snack at Schwabs on Sunset Strip, he took her to some night spots. First they tried the Roxy Theater but she wanted nostalgia music so they went on to F. Scott's where Roy Fox favourites were on the bill. They sat at a corner table with a candle between them. She was in a daze. ~~It was all~~ ^{like had become} like a dress rehearsal---excitement, expectation, nerves, alarm, not knowing what was going to happen to her, ~~it~~ ^{critical} to her career. Sometimes when she looked into his eyes she went giddy. It wasn't really one face she saw but endless faces each one of which had a different exciting mystery, captivating but so impossible to capture that she gasped and whispered a question to herself, 'Who is he? where did he come from?' It was as if ~~she was~~ ^{she was} seeing in each other all the people ~~she'd~~ ^{she'd} known and loved and somehow forgotten.

He told her, "I'm going to give you a set of keys to my apartment so you can come when you like."

She dug him playfully in the arm: "Suppose I find you with another girl?"

"I'm never going to sleep with another ^{girl} woman as long as I live," he said, ^{critical} ~~the~~ ^{trace} ~~to~~ ^{me} ~~sure~~.

~~She looked at him to see if he was joking but he was gazing straight ahead.~~

He drove her back to the hotel at about three in the morning. She lay in bed thinking about ~~what he'd said~~ ^{things he'd said} ~~it~~ ^{had} sounded so final, so sure, ~~He was never going to touch another woman.~~ INSERT X

and he'd see the future clear. ~~at~~
 how could he? I'd hardly been ~~and~~

After, yet he sounded so definite that
= it. He was definite - very angry he
said - that he said little enforced to
work me. ~~I'd never~~ I'd had
had - just cover the side of me.
And she demanded not take in
the way! she had influenced the?
And he spoke as if they had a
whole lifetime together before then -
Did yet she find no objection
to this - lovely. That's saw
the tight - eyes - married -
not. She would see children -
but they'd always be together. I'd
of course by secretly of a
the, of all!

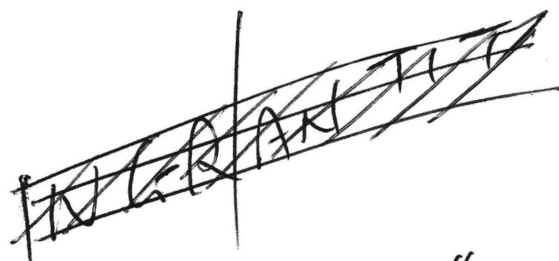
To give a total fidelity
let - by father he + naturally
house - Ep was - I saw [C]

INSERT C

Because it meant losing the freedom, committing herself to care
 to one person. For the past three years she'd been moving
 away from affairs as far as she provoked them. She'd
 been getting more and more attracted, he knew she, and
 she made the response to an attraction more by time as
 the time that she wanted a relationship, she wanted
 to share worries and pleasure with a man, she really
 did, with all this heavy love-stuff ~~that~~ made her
 feel suffocated and then she wanted to stop and she
 had to run away just like the man type it was going
 fine. He had a ~~steady~~ 'steady' wife now
 a young actor called Louis. She'd tolerated that
 because he was ^{pleasing} = handsome, she = handsome.
 So they'd married maybe one week in 2
 months together. It had suited her to the point
 that she adored him, the years of the best of
 living with him and telling the truth, he was with
 her, all these things. The man she needed -
 A man, someone she could rely on he
 would not compete with her like someone
 young. But Louis was OK. He was a ~~man~~
 wonderful actor, post-war, upright, tense
 and thoughtful - she liked a man like that. But
 so far when he'd suggested going down to work
 of - worked she'd made an excuse, lied,
 he just had to have the freedom. She had to



She'd always let him know that she needed
 the full energies of her career. The nonsense
 she was. ~~But she'd let him know~~ + he
 & every other man ^{she'd know} had been there. She
 could tell he had been there the ~~time~~ ^{could} ~~she~~
 she handle love, she needed the
 attention and company the rest of it // but
 the thing that made her feel shudder,
~~After all (the same man had said) she~~
~~of had a tiny supply of oxygen to~~
~~the~~ ~~like~~ ~~she~~ ~~sharpening~~
 a tiny supply of air & love in
 - fetal, smothered, squealed over!
 That was where an older man came in.



He didn't press down on you the time. He
 didn't need you so badly. In fact, he
 ideal was a man who didn't need her
 at all. Did she feel that + ~~Drum~~ →

Was he ^{so} strong, so collected and was
living the way that he found he
like no one else in earth he could
still do it if he had to?
Was it ^{the} as a volunteer
the beloved work?


When the full energies available of the case, or I could
 then on the the full body. The time it would really
 live. The truth on the the whole handle love,
 just is he on a plate, just like the ^{the state of the - destiny} the needs
 the excitement and the attention and the company
 the work with love but the this step would be
~~work to me the mile. - the of - until it~~
~~on a of the system. So, all the of the, the~~

● Applied ^{control} of sex - with soulful nice. ~~Just~~
~~went by to the 'steep'!~~ ~~Let the best~~
 And self she didn't enjoy ^{it control}, ~~the sex~~, not
 all the much, ^{that} the ^{did} enjoying ^{sex} ~~at~~ - the the
 'steep'! ~~but~~! Oh, life was a puzzle,
 and so when she solved it by looking herself
 in the mirror and enjoying it - she to her.

● Truthfully, the of sex she enjoyed was
 she she abandoned herself to her. And she of
 did the she he on exciting eyes - no like
 very - Ad eyes not to separate her with the
 love - accounts. She thought the ideal love would
 be with a ~~the~~ relief - someone ~~to~~ ~~change~~
~~of the the old excessive destiny to, she~~

- a position to desert for at of time, and
 and constant temptation to do so. ~~to~~ ~~to~~
 And she fell in love so fast. She
 needed to go through so many experiences (^{and} ~~the~~ the
 information - phone was on) before she self

gave the full attitude to someone, and felt safe + his.
 And now she'd heard a man fall in
 the to die's ritual sleeping + another come as by
 on he lived and the helix stretched. No wonder,
 suggestion. In fact she'd have suffered with all
 right if he'd said the opposite. No thoughts

of even ~~she wanted to~~ ^{with the} ~~as by~~ 

~~he was there. She could not find it in~~
 her. A of freedom, she could have none
 with her. Oh, with her, she could have
 no body, no happiness, no doors open! So
 she took what she had? She knew she had to

give her whole life to this man, to create
 even, and she could suffer or enjoy the
 consequence later. It was, let her had to do

it. Had her 'wishes' been ^{it's} a simple reaction
 of desire to know my would be, by
 before she'd met him! Had she been

destined to meet him, and stay with him,
 and sacrifice up to him? In the
 two days he just had disappeared down

a black hole. He was gone. She had left
 him in the bus. The plane had
 left never arrived. The closest distance
 knew she was - as was!

At the same time. She was - ecstasy.

→ He'd use them to his -parted keys -
Security no wld ever hear I'd say what
was! He'd slipped them in the bag with
a key. ~~Enter it~~

She lay there - the warmth, letting the ⁴ ~~last~~ ^{warm} night
air ~~in~~ for the sun to invade the air conditioner
while she lay at the ceiling, her vague light
played, and heard a band in the distance,
and the sound of tapping the lights. All she
felt, well, on him. He had had some of
received the imprint of his touches. She'd
stayed like constant electricity all over her
body. She needed it so badly. He should have
all these years with her no other father
out. She was only relaxed ^{now}. She felt so
beautiful. Her limbs were different. She was so
happy to be alive. Anything can be a nice
experience - even looking to keep it throwing
coffee on the director. No headaches, no
fatigue, no little shakes or worries haunting
the mind. The tired is still heard that she'd
only fall in love like nothing of other but it
wasn't true. She'd come back to her she'd
also know - she'd been while he ~~and~~ ~~there~~
all his life. It was like turning away of
the first time very late in life. He was when
it felt like. She was - little - the
~~other~~ darkness - with gratitude. And then
she slept.

Somebody pulled me into a Far Memory class. You know these classes where you try and remember your previous lives under hypnosis? Well, I bumped into a girl at a party and she pulled me into one of them. I didn't go for the kicks. I knew I had to go. I knew it was something I was waiting for but I didn't know if it was a girl or a new life-style or what. And after about six sessions you started appearing. In fact you featured in just about every life I could remember. Not always as a woman. Sometimes a brother or a father. But you were always there. And then the last time round, I think it was some centuries ago, when you were a woman and I was a man, we fell in love and realised for the first time that we were affinities. Now that last life has never been clear to me. It was always blocked. And there must be a reason for that." He kissed her and gave her one of his rare little smiles which made his eyes warm. "Honey, I don't want to get you worried. I mean we're together and that's all that counts. But for things to be perfect you should have started looking for me about two years ago as well."

"But I did recognise you---in the car I knew you were closer to me than anybody ever had been---I knew we'd meet again!"

"Yes, yes!" What she said seemed to calm him. He jumped up: "To hell with it, let's have a drink!"

~~"Make some coffee."~~

~~He laughed: "You're the incarnation of a coffee bean!"~~

~~In the kitchen, as he ground the coffee, he murmured almost to himself, "You'd better go easy on this stuff, Angela, black coffee hits the liver real hard. You see, I know all about you. I know about the liver weakness like it was my own." He nodded to her earnestly, "It's a fact."~~

~~They decided to sleep separately that night and he drove her back to her hotel. She lay thinking ^{she felt} over what he'd said. It wasn't that she felt like questioning reincarnation. She'd always half accepted it. But now she accepted it fully because of the way he'd spoken. She found herself treating it as a fact, no longer an idea, a doctrine. It sent a tiny shiver of alarm along her skin. If he believed in reincarnation, then she had to too. Was it because they were really one being? Was this what he'd been saying? It all fitted in so well with her feelings about him. It explained so much---why she'd 'recognised' him that first day, why her body seemed to know his,~~

~~why she seemed to have been waiting for him all her life. And with this thought she fell asleep.~~

At two o'clock her phone rang. It was her London agent, Barbara Gleeson.

"What's going on Angela?" she asked. "You walked out of a rehearsal?"

"I did, yes. He cut my best scene. It was pure spite!"

"Everard's been phoning you all day, he thought you'd flown back to England. ~~And he says you're up half the night.~~

indications

~~"That's balls, I've never had so many early nights in my life."~~

"Well I hope you can ride this one Angela, you'll never get another chance like it. I mean there's ^{at} two years work here, and the publicity---

"I know but I can't work with a director who hates my guts."

They left it at that.

Barbara Gleeson at once called Everard Hope despite the hour. He was watching a William Powell-Myrna Loy movie on an all-night channel. Barbara urged him to heal the rift. He didn't explain that the rift was out of his hands---and not entirely of ^{Max} Arthur Pennance's making.

Then he came out with it: "Listen Barbara she's having it off with one of the producers."

"Oh Jesus Christ!"

"The bastard can lay his hands on more money than two oil tycoons so we're all shit scared to get rough with her."

"Then why did Pennance cut the scene?"

"Because he's a dumb son of a bitch. He'll be out of work for the next millenium."

She was up early because she sensed it was going to be a heavy day. Also she ~~happened to be~~ ^{was} bursting with energy.

There was a ~~bit of a~~ fog between the trees while the sun was gathering strength. ~~Someone was diving into the pool. She found~~ she was ravenously hungry ~~again~~ and after a cold shower ordered ham and eggs in her room.

At eight there was a call from the desk saying Everard Hope was downstairs. She told him to come up.

She let a second or two go by after his gentle tap on the door.

She was sitting in her dressing gown by the window, her breakfast on a low table at her side.

~~Then she said, "Come in."~~

He had ^a ~~the~~ contract in his hand.

She jumped up: "How are you Everard? Take a seat!" ~~She was surprised at her bland, mature tone. She felt Dominic inside her, urging her not to behave subordinately.~~ "Would you like some coffee?"

"Coffee'd be great," he said, sliding into one of the armchairs with an exhausted sigh. "I heard from your agent in the middle of the night."

"Me too."

While she was ordering another breakfast he put the contract on her tray.

"I didn't think you'd do this to me Angela. I had Pennance screaming down the line at me yesterday that you hadn't been signed up yet. It's been sitting on my desk for two whole days, signed and witnessed. You don't think I'd let an hour go by without clinching a contract once it's been approved do you?" He craned round in his chair to look at her. "I mean, OK you can walk out of a rehearsal ~~and throw a cup of coffee over your director~~ but don't for Christ sake make your ~~own~~ agent out to be a fraud."

She laughed and ~~full of confidence~~ kissed his balding head ^{In behind (the confidence took her ~~off~~ by surprise).}

"Oh I was just blinding off!"

"The schedule's been changed again on Bel Ami," he told her.

"We might not start shooting for a couple of months."

"A couple of months?"

"Oh they'll have you on a retainer, it's in the contract."

"I wasn't thinking of that."

"It's the producers' decision," he said in his flat way.

"There are four producers and they come to four different decisions every day."

"And what's the real reason?" she asked him, watching him steadily.

"Listen, I've fixed up for you and ^{Max} ~~Arthur~~ Pennance to meet ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{alone}. He'll be at Chasen's at one today. Can you make it? He can ~~maybe~~ explain things better than I can."

"OK."

"Maybe all this is my fault Angela. I should have told you when I picked you up at the airport that the producers wanted to give ^{you} the star treatment and this aroused a lot of resentment on the set. I mean this is a television series, you're great but nobody knows your

name and here you are with a suite at the Beverley Hills and more roses than Callas ever got."

Silence soaked into the room. The fog was muffling everything, thick and low because the sun was drying it up. ~~She couldn't speak.~~ She felt so cold her teeth almost chattered.

"Which of the producers wanted it?" she managed to ask.

"I guess all four."

"Which one Everard?"

"It was Dominic, kid. You know that."

"But he didn't know me!" she ~~said~~ ^{said}, ~~feeling a quick stab of betrayal again, as if Dominic had hit her.~~ "He didn't even know my name before I arrived!"

"Angela, I hate to tell you this but ~~also I hate to see you messing up~~ ^{at the same time I'd love to screw} a great career. Latouche saw the TV clips your agent sent over months ago. He wanted you over here at any price."

"He saw the clips..." She was so dazed she forgot he was in the room ~~for a few moments.~~

"Was that why I was offered the interview, ~~in the first place?~~" she asked.

"~~That's right.~~ ^{Sure! I see,} So everybody--the director, the casting ~~lady,~~ ^{ad agent ad} the actors--feel you've been imposed on them. And it just happens you're really good. It's a crazy situation!"

She jumped up to hide her tears. ~~She felt like calling Barbara Gleeson right away and saying she was taking the next plane back, but~~ ^{wanted to take} instead she found herself turning to ~~Everard~~ and saying, "So now I'd better show 'em I'm here to stay hadn't I?"

On her way to Chasen's she stopped to phone Dominic but he wasn't at home. It wasn't anger she felt, just ~~mortal professional disappointment, a death-blow to all her years as an actress, the daily effort and strain to be good and then better and then great.~~ But deeper down

was a sense of horror ~~that it was Dominic who had mocked her,~~ ^{at having been} Arthur Pennance was already at the table and ~~he~~ jumped up to give her a hug and a kiss. ^{And all those night-thoughts were a gift to the true real love of a life!}

"I still haven't got those coffee stains out," he said ~~with a smile as they sat down.~~ ^{with a} He put the menu in front of her. "Can I recommend the chili con carne?"

"OK!" He ~~gripped~~ ^{opting for her} he had across the table and she smiled. ^{vacantly} In the course of the lunch she began to realise what a nice man

When was she going to learn? Again and again she'd gone through it with men - the ~~ecstasy~~ ^{ecstasy} and hope and then the let-down. But this time -! She could never have believed it.

and
not say
with
word

Max

opting for her
vacantly

~~that~~ ~~reset~~ ~~your~~ ~~Dominic~~ ~~built~~ ~~up~~ ~~there~~
The ~~lot~~ of the window ~~until~~ ~~noon~~, the ~~benches~~ ~~and~~ ~~quills~~, ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~remembered~~. She took the ~~life~~ ~~down~~ ~~stairs~~ ~~and~~ ~~walked~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~street~~ ~~but~~ ~~couldn't~~ ~~remember~~ ~~do~~ ~~so~~ ~~often~~.

→ "Where are you trying to go?" she asked him, sitting down suddenly, purposing to a shock. "Didn't you put these roses in my room?"

"Me?" He smiled warmly. "I was buying flowers at the market, buy. My girl likes the - the."

"I know it!"

"The same guy who ^{worked} ~~was~~ ~~at~~ the Berg Hills!"

"And the one the?"

"My Dominic's ~~brother~~ of course!
Didn't you realize the? Oh come a ~~right~~!"

→ "So this is what you do," Oswald said. "To stick it up. I've ~~got~~ ~~got~~ ~~got~~ Hollywood, however my kid behind you, and me. ~~For~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~time~~. If you stick ^{at} it, and work like a maniac they'll ~~come~~ ~~soon~~ ~~enough~~."

~~On the breakfast he said~~ ~~always~~ ~~is~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~left~~ ~~after~~ ~~breakfast~~ ~~the~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~gone~~ ~~there~~
This ~~Before~~ he left he reminded her "Don't forget lunch at Chase's."
Oswald ~~nodded~~ ~~and~~

He started telling her.

he was. ~~He'd been~~ ¹⁶⁰ married twice. He had two children by his first wife, ^{she'd} who had died suddenly in her twenties. He'd made two feature films so far, both moderate box office successes. A television series called The New Yorkers, about an Italian immigrant family, had established him. ~~But he~~ was aching to get back in the theatre. ~~The moment he said~~ ^{he} ~~said that they were friends.~~ ~~He~~ ^{he} felt a ~~catch~~ ^{catch} ~~in his~~ ^{in his} ~~breast~~ ^{breast} and ~~shook~~ ^{shook} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~head~~ ^{head} →

"You know," he told her, "Bel Ami is the first bit of real bad luck I've ever struck." ~~I guess it must be some bad karma catching up with me.~~

"Am I the bad luck, Arthur?" ^{he} ~~said, "Just"~~

He smiled and ~~reached~~ ^{he} ~~for~~ ^{he} ~~her~~ ^{he} ~~hand~~ ^{he} ~~briefly.~~ ~~"Do you want me to come clean?"~~

"If it's about why I was offered the part in the first place I know already. ~~Everard told me this morning.~~"

~~"He did, he dared to do that?"~~ ^{he} ~~Pennance~~ ^{he} ~~asked~~ ^{he} ~~quietly.~~ "You see, honey, ~~I guess~~ ^{they} we're all a ~~little~~ ^{little} bit scared of ~~Latouche,~~ ^{Domini} ~~not~~ ^{it's} just the money he can call up but the influence he has ^{mean} on people. It seems all he has to do with the other producers is look at them." ^{he} ~~Yes, know~~

"Did you cut my scene as a sort of revenge on him?"

"Yes and no. ~~Sure~~ it was a kind of childish rebellion. ~~But~~ also I'm hard up for time and really you know Clotilde doesn't add much to the action." He gazed at her with a sudden charming candour. "The truth is I saw you as bad news the minute your plane touched down."

"But you liked my interview so much! Don't tell me ~~that~~ wasn't sincere!"

"No. I could see you were brilliant. You know, Barbara Gleeson has one of the best stables in England---we all know that."

"So why can't we just get the work done and forget the rest?"

"That's what I'd like," he told her. ~~"But~~ there's talk of shelving Bel Ami."

"Shelving it?"

"Well, they can't unwind it all that fast---there are God knows how many contracts to pay off, and the studio space hired, the advance publicity, all that." →

~~Before they separated he said, "Listen, you could add your bit of weight with Latouche, though I hate to use you as a decoy."~~

~~"I was going to speak to him anyway. But do you really think it was his decision? Why on earth would he want Bel Ami shelved?"~~

~~"It beats me too." He turned to her again after they'd shaken~~

~~hands~~ ^{you} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~add~~ ^{add} ~~you~~ ^{you}

→ watch the back playing in London, where
the trusts were so terrible - or so sudden.

→ nice
"But that was Dominic's influence,
"he said, a strongly left-pitched
~~He passed out there~~
He stayed. "I don't know who else's
it would be!"

Before he ~~could~~ ^{he} ~~said~~ ^{said},
hands. "Angela, can I ask you something? You don't have to answer but how deep are you with Latouche?"

She looked at him ~~without speaking~~ for a moment, her eyes ^{very} still. "Deeper than with anybody ever."

"Is that so?" he asked her gently. "Is that really so?"

She thought she heard concern in his voice. ~~Then the thought was gone.~~ He kissed her ^{a little} ~~with~~ ^{cheek,} ~~very~~ ^{softly.} ~~And then he walked away.~~ ^{He did indeed feel very much like a child.}

4 6. 6

She decided to use the keys Dominic had given her and almost ran to his apartment. He wasn't ^{at home} there. The canned music was on, ^{there were} ~~two~~ ^{sign the} and two people had taken a quick breakfast in the lounge. The curtains in his bedroom hadn't been drawn. She stood there absorbing his atmosphere. There was a rather crude tapestry on the wall, and in the corner a nice low antique chest. She pulled the curtains and made ^{his} the bed. She took the breakfast tray to the kitchen and cleaned up. ~~Her conversation with Pennance seemed ages ago—but, more than that, it seemed irrelevant to her life in every way.~~

Turned every

She heard the lift hum outside and there were hurrying footsteps along the corridor. She knew it was him, ^{because} ~~from~~ a growing excitement inside her. He came in ^{wasn't} ~~breathless~~, dressed in a loose beach shirt and jeans. He clasped her round the waist ^{at last} from behind and ^{the} kissing the back of her neck said at once, "What's the matter? You're blaming me for something!"

She felt she'd cry if she ^{found how it} ~~said anything~~ so she just shook her head dumbly.

heavy

"I was down at Long Beach with Pauline," he said, "and you were flashing ^{me} this blame ^{me} on me so I drove back---what the hell's wrong?"

INSERT
A D E

They went to the lounge and she asked him, "Was it you who got me the suite at the Beverley Hills and fooled me with all that star treatment?"

the pitiful

"Oh!" he said with a relieved smile. "Somebody's been talking! And you've been believing them haven't you?"

"Yes."

"We're affinities yet you take the truth about me from other people!"

"But is it true or not?"

"I didn't fool anybody. I gave you star treatment because you

They were
to the
imagine
she found it very secret.

She walked back to the hotel and kept peeing. She says a taxi had been to buy things down. She was trying to help. That was not of her eyes. Reporter kept saying "Oh, what Miss Brown does it? What did she do? Any or only tonight? Do he know! Oh, please - over Miss Brown!"

And she would say a word, and she would be head of side to side, he was pulling of her air ticket. He didn't know what she was saying. A bank account had been opened for her and she would be to the bank for the bank - for travel's degree. But the name that the taxi was "Airport".

→ She did these things quite automatically. She had nothing to do + the house she felt inside. One thing had become fun in her mind; she would go to run away. ~~She'd made up her mind that this faithful for life, she'd give to her keys, and she was saying to stand for her and because of her actions, she was to do the things - kids. At least, not until she'd said every she would to say.~~

He took the control word and all of a sudden, when they came - with of the airport, the part he had - he was to pull out the is ticket and find Dominic's keys instead. And he knew it being defrauded turned to anger. She opened to have! She said to the taxi man, "Turn back and please." **INSERT D**
~~She was to go back to the hotel.~~

are a star! I couldn't ~~have given~~ you less than that ^{because} I'd have hated ^{and} despised myself!"

~~His gaze was so piercingly sincere, with a touch of hurt innocence like a child's, that she gasped.~~

"But ~~damn~~ I'm not a star! Professionally I'm ~~not~~ Don't you see that treating me like one creates a lot of resentment and this makes it impossible for me to work?"

"Listen, do you think ~~Arthur Pennance~~ ^{Max} would have taken just any actress to Chasen's today?"

"So you know that too!"

"Of course I know Angela! ~~Everard begged me to keep out of the way so I went to Long Beach.~~ Resentment's natural Angela, ~~it's~~ part of success, it happens when you start making a dynamic impression on people!"

"But that's just what I'm not doing," she said. ~~"I'm not working! The film's not being shot! So I'm not making any impression at all except as the producer's mistress! Can't you understand that?"~~

~~"You can't understand," he said quietly. "But you will soon. The fact is that Everard Hope and Arthur Pennance and everybody else on this film got the message that you're something very special. And the message came from me---and I'm going to drive it home until everybody in the whole damn world knows it, every director and producer in the world! For me you're a star not just because you're an actress but you glitter like a real star in the sky and people are going to see that! They're going to see that powerful glitter all round you wherever you go---and for God's sake don't try and stop me because I've spent the last five years of my life building up a fortune so that I can handle this!"~~

The phone interrupted him and ~~it~~ ^{the} didn't stop ringing ~~all evening.~~ ^{for an hour.} ~~The other producers were trying to persuade him to set the wheels going again on Bel Ami but all he would say, in his quiet, rather steely way, was, "We'll see."~~ ^{she} ~~Angela~~ was amazed at his determination, dealing with one call after another. ~~She gathered that he alone among the producers could raise or block the money, such was his influence among the financial people behind. One of the calls was from Everard Hope and she wanted to run to the phone and speak to him in a kind of fever of nostalgia for familiar things.~~

In a pause between the calls ~~Dominic~~ ^{he} put his arm round her and

But she left the bag and took it to his bedroom, closing the door. She didn't like the secrecy. It showed how false he really was!

→ I'd never have come on here if I'd
known it was a trick!

"A trick?"

"I'm on the clips. Bernard

had me. And you never said - word to me
about this. I wonder how that will meet
in the traffic jam! But you know what
was!"

"I'm always here when you are!"

I knew the you were before I saw the clips!
I recognized you - the traffic jam before -
for before the clips!

can't see you tell me what?

admitted that it
could be done.

said softly, "Be patient honey. I know you want everything the old way, climbing from a good part to a better one, up the rungs of the ladder, with guys like ^{Max} Arthur Pennance offering you their arses to kiss, but we're not having that any more. You're at the top now Angela! And you may as well get used to it!"

~~The~~ The calls started ~~coming in~~ again. He ~~began to show little signs of harrassment.~~ There were ~~tiny beads of sweat on his upper lip.~~ But not for a moment did his ~~outer calm~~ leave him. It sounded as if dozens of propositions were being offered to him but he didn't budge. ~~Angela sat slumped in an armchair, helpless, knowing that all this was for her, while not wanting it.~~ Sometimes a tear crept down her face and she wiped it quickly away. *She was always a bit tenacious*

a tall blonde Then ~~there was~~ ^{was} someone at the door. It was Pauline Stromheim, the girl he'd been ^{to} at the beach with. ~~The minute she saw Angela she gave her a hug as if they were old friends and said, "At last!"~~

Angela recognised her ~~at once as the blonde girl who'd driven the Bentley away from the party on La Mirada.~~ ^{had} Pauline ~~was tall and striking, with a high forehead and wide-set, rather Eastern eyes.~~ When she smiled, frowned or showed strong emotion her face broke into many lines that put twenty years on her ~~age, though she was possibly younger than Angela.~~ She ~~had~~ a swift athletic way of moving about, as if not to waste a second. ^{Pauline} She went straight to the kitchen and fixed herself a milk shake. The apartment was clearly a second home for her.

*Believe with Pauline
Be the same
looked at
a kindly
way
style
white
with
2.*

"I help Dominic with his past," she told Angela while he was still at the phone.

"His past?"

"His past lives."

"Oh!"

^{"Look! How"} "Therefore I know you," Pauline added. "He's seen you in lots

of trips!" *My, he's been telling me for 10 years!*

(Chalky, my name) Pauline Stromheim Dominic told me all this!

~~Dominic came through to the kitchen and said to Pauline, "You've come just in time. We've got a real crisis on."~~ *"he's saying that"*

~~They all went to the lounge.~~ *"My?"*

~~"Maybe this is all my fault," Dominic went on. "I should have told Angela we saw her TV clips and that was where I recognised her first. But you see I didn't think we were going to meet in a traffic jam! I thought I'd show myself to her slowly. After all why is it so~~



"She left the hotel," he said.

"Why?" Palmer asked.

"On some crap. Ressed Hope that she."

"It was crap," Doyle said quietly. "It looks like the truth. It's a professional actress and I've been used. I came on her to be interviewed for a small part and I was given star treatment and I felt flattened! Like a girl, I thought it was because of my eyes - had had with me up a my clips were good! And instead of because of my face - face is the real thing happened to her somehow - it's perfect!"

"What's not true," Palmer said.

"Come on, kid, shake this ~~shit~~ out of you and let's talk facts."

Doyle went to the lounge and Palmer beckoned, "He had a way of telling the truth Doyle."

"What's the truth?"

"Well, for ~~over~~ and ~~for~~ he was tight - with the life."

Doyle jayed at her, then at Dominic's

do let's talk about night and ~~that~~ "I repeat, I came on to play - with. Did you hear

wrong for a producer to provide an actress with a two-room suite and shower her with roses?"

"All I know is the film's being cancelled because of some silly row between you and Arthur Pennance," Angela said in a small voice. "And for all I know he's great director!"

"Listen, honey, he cut your best scene so that makes him not a great director for Miss Angela Bourne, and she's all I'm concerned about!"

"He cut the scene because I'm getting star treatment and I shouldn't be!"

"That's right! He wanted to screw you so he screwed the whole film! He took out a scene Bel Ami can't do without! So what kind of great director is that?"

"OK hang on you two," Pauline said quietly. "I saw your clips too. And believe me we both recognised you! That evening I put him through a Far Memory regression and there you were as plain as you are now---you were clearly the girl in the clips. You were telling him all about your French mother and your boyfriend who's in some cold area now, he's an actor, and how you once had an affair with a man much older than you who sort of straightened out your personality for you."

"That's right," Angela said with awe.

"All that came through. And we checked the French background on your CV. So it's no good looking at it like all these other people are looking at it. You've got to admit something weird's going on, on a different level from theirs." Pauline laughed and at once her face broke into a thousand wrinkles. "I mean, Everard Hope and that anti-Christ Jill Rapinsky think that randypants Dominic just took a shine to you when he saw those clips! And they're all being very ironical and wise and resentful about it and they know shit-all! Listen Angela, your karmic level is so high---do you want to spend this life going down to their level?"

"But I'm scared Pauline," Angela said. "I've lived all my life as an actress, I've never thought of myself as anything else, it's the air I breathe and I can't suddenly switch off like this! I came to LA to work and suddenly there isn't a film and my agent's ringing me from London as if it's all my fault---!"

"OK," Pauline said, seeing that she was close to tears, "we're

There isn't even a postcard!

"The girl's name said. 'At the moment, the
time.'

"Delayed the cause!"

"Not yet. It's the cause."

"Is it? But why? Why are we using the stars,
then? Why not a postcard at all? Why just play it
to me, and you realize that?"

"I'm delaying the till until Max
Permanence see sense. But you all will have to
cutty' make sense at just because they be
you. And, a matter of fact, that you
should be playing the card. And then I'd like
to. I've also told my people. The card
will reply. It tells you. Because to be
that pretty and if you don't have it, I do —
and on if I don't have it, I can't see
could. Is that all, Police?"

Police nodded.

My Auntie just said he had exhausted.
The men! And the girl's name — the
wants you get 20x mixed up + cover you've
= trouble? Then a ~~table~~ principle should
be some since the 7 of 16. And two should

going to solve this one. We just need time."

Angela said to Dominic, "I know you've done everything for me---what you thought best for me---but you've cut off my light and air! Acting means sunlight for me---I can't just stop from one day to the next and start living a jet-set life I hate anyway!"

"It's only the beginning that's hard," Pauline told her. "Dominic found it hard too when he realised he had to change his whole life."

"Yes, I know, I know," Angela said, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. "He changed everything for ^{me}, I know that and I'm happy and I never want to be away from him but it's like dying too---!"

"Yes, it's like dying," Dominic agreed quietly. "After my first Far Memory session I lost my parents, my girlfriends started walking away, I wondered what had hit me. I guess I just had to clear the scene for you."

"Angela," Pauline said, "do you mind if I put a question to you? I know it's worrying Dominic too."

"OK."

"Would you like to escape from this affinity?"

"You mean from Dominic?"

"Not exactly. I mean from the whole goddam responsibility. Like you say, your career's in a mess, I bet you can't even concentrate when you do try to work---"

"No I can't."

"And that's a hell of a responsibility, turning your life upside down for something that maybe's been going on for millenia."

"Of course I want to stay with him---"

"But if you know we're affinities," Dominic said, "why is it necessary to talk to people like Everard Hope and Pennance about me? Why go to them for the truth---the roses and the two-room suite? And why is it you can't understand these things without asking anybody, even me?"

"OK, OK," Pauline cried, "don't go so fast! You see, Angela, he's always getting blocked when he remembers your last life together, and he wonders what went wrong, whether there was some weakness in your attitude which had been carried over into this lifetime, in other words old karma we should be getting rid of."

jumped

falls into the trap either a moment's delay!

Paulie looked a scratched head of
welders and the set entry in the floor in the
kitchen. He on account of the exact the
fell it by close (2), at being his voice,
to be he tried to ripen it. He ~~steal~~ any
he felt ~~it~~ very painful. He like
about it, still she wanted to do well!

"All right," Paulie answered.

"Only come to Jack's kitchen? or can tell
his on quilt. He's cutting his hair & a
for days. I can answer of that."

He stopped. "OK"

"I will take you by the door, and start

with me. He headed a head of car keys to
Paulie and said, "help take the Buick
and we)"

"But I don't know what you mean," Angela said, the tears still in her eyes. "I just want to live, stay with Dominic---"

"Can't you just try to remember something of your past?" Pauline asked her.

"But my past is what happened this lifetime! How can I talk about all these things if I don't know them?"

"It's because you two would never have met otherwise," Pauline went on. "It isn't just another love affair, you know that. So if anything's wrong it's got to be cleared up."

"But nothing is wrong," Angela said, exhausted.

"It's wrong if you don't see what I'm trying to do," Dominic said. "You seem to prefer going on with the old life, not pick up with the new, I'm offering you the new way and it worries me you don't seem to recognise it, you---!"

"Leave me alone," Angela said with a dangerous control.

He came across the room and touched her---"Angela!"

"Leave me alone!" She was on her feet, screaming. "Let me go! I'm going away!"

She dashed out of the room and down the corridor, with Dominic after her. She began screaming "Don't touch me! Don't come near me!"

~~Pauline came after him.~~

Angela rushed into the bathroom and tried to lock herself in. He got there in time, pleading with her. Then she pulled up the lavatory seat and began vomiting violently, crying at the same time, half choking, and trying to form the words, "Let me alone, please let me alone!"

Dominic shouted at Pauline urgently, "Get the big car---we're going to Santa Catalina!"

Pauline rushed out of the apartment while he held Angela's head. She continued to retch into the lavatory. She was trying to say something to him. Gradually he drew her up, drying her sweat with a towel, drawing her gently towards him.

He made out the words "I love you" in what she was mumbling half to herself and helped her slowly towards his bedroom. There he laid her down on the bed and covered her with a blanket. He got some ice and put it inside a face cloth, and put it on her brow. He whispered to her and gradually she began looking at

INSERT F

390
450
19500

~~20,000~~

They were across the bay in ten the a hour. He had a small launch waiting to take her to the beach. It stopped the wave as it raced along in the darkness and for a moment it was the most unusual journey she'd ever take - from water to water! She could see nothing all round her except the spray and the dense leader waves. The lights of Catalina Island came up.

There on a man with a electric trolley to meet her. He loaded the bags on and they all walked behind him uphill, to Dominic's house. At least, she presumed it was his house. She would so have loved to be leaning - his arm and feeling excitement at this first night together with the ocean all round them and the silence that of a island he in the dead night. He didn't seem to have to take to him. In fact, he didn't seem to have a way in the world. He wobbled himself to the Parline way round then, and it seemed to her the Parline was some kind of a housewife. She nodded and kept saying "OK."

Her house was so nice she almost burst out with spontaneous remark. He seemed to her with a little smile. It was a quite successful Spanish house

with a pink wif.

"Well," ^{he} Dominic said, "how do you like it?"
"It's lovely! In it years!"

He nodded and took it to the porch. The car
delighted, with its fountain and ^{from} neck gets ready with
a dusty lane.

Pauline took her upstairs to a bedroom
overlooking the sea. She didn't get the light on.
A moon had come up and the silver reflection on the
sea was eye light in the room of the trees.

"Listen, I think I'll go to my bed,"
Angela told her.

"I would like to see it."

"No thanks."

"OK."

To her surprise Pauline looked and
kissed her on the cheek. "If I were you I'd
close your eyes a bit before you sleep. It's just
damp, and there in the morning."

She went out downstairs.

She undressed and got into bed.

On the sea the silence on the sea-air she fell
asleep, as soon as her head touched the pillow. He
last thought was the night and Dominic was asleep,
clean, ~~the night~~ thought-out. ~~Had he thought~~

F

And it seemed he'd thought at the time, is LA, way aspect
of us. Well, the way is to show to the he will have been
and the houses like the he didn't see him being!

~~At least three - he morning~~

At least two later she was taken by the manner
of series. ~~At first~~ she gazed at the ceiling above the metallic
light

him again and smiling palely.

He put a finger over her eyes to make her close them again, and she seemed to doze in his arms. There was the sound of the lift outside and Pauline was back.

"OK the car's downstairs," she said.

"Come on Angela," he whispered. "We're going somewhere peaceful. We'll get you right out of this scene for a couple of days."

The two of them helped her to the lift. Pauline brought along a sort of first aid pack. She thought of everything. There was a brown Buick waiting at the entrance and they made for the coast, with Pauline at the wheel. It was a moonlit night. As they came down to San Pedro bay they saw the sea sparkling a deep iron blue, utterly calm. In the back of the car Angela lay in Dominic's arms. Every now and then they looked at each other, smiling softly, and put their cheeks together.

They were down the bay in less than an hour. He had a small launch moored near Long Beach and they reached the island in under an hour. The sea revived Angela. The boat slapped the waves as it sped along and she felt that she was taking a journey into the sky and would never return to the world. Already the events of recent days were remote.

His house was on the island's west coast, a white stuccoed Spanish house with a pink roof, and a simply delightful patio with a fountain and a black iron gate leading into the dusty roadway. They took her upstairs to a bedroom that looked down on the sea. There was no need to put the light on. She undressed and got into bed by the light of the moon. He stayed with her until she was asleep.

Then he joined Pauline on the balcony to one side of the bedroom. By that time the moon was down and the first faint glow of dawn was visible instead.

Not long after she fell asleep Angela woke to the sound of murmuring voices. At first she had the sleepy impression that they were coming from the sea and in some way connected with the growing light. She gazed at the ceiling where the metallic light cast by the moon had been replaced by the dim yellowish grey of dawn. She thought she heard his voice but it wasn't the same as usual. She became concerned, wondered if he was in pain---or was he

When it is, Dominic told her. It had...

She fell
He had
excited
the big
side of
and did
all she
with the
steps in
the dial
so looking
and there
have!

→ unwell James should ever take -
for whether it is to show! It will
see with all and the except the
spray and the leader waves. The
the lights of Calcutta should come
up.

~~It had to take a taxi~~

It was a ^{man} + a electric
fully know the. His feet looked
the way in and he called behind,
up hill, It is small the state -
successed again.....

She strained to listen,

Pauline's

rather malle - of - face and wide-

crying, perhaps. ~~And she heard a woman's voice, but this was wide awake, though soft.~~ *She got up silently and tiptoed to the door which had been left ajar. She walked down the narrow whitewashed corridor to the next room and looked in. No one was there. It was a simple room with a few wickerwork chairs and a low drinks cabinet. Beyond there was a balcony overlooking the sea. Dimly she saw Pauline's silhouette against the grey of the dawn. She was sitting on a swing-seat under a canopy. And then she saw that Dominic was lying on the ground with a thin mattress under him. He was ~~indeed~~ sobbing, ^{and} while trying to talk ^{through the sobs.} His voice was higher and softer than usual, and a little singsong, ~~as if he were in a trance. Pauline was straining to hear every word.~~*

He was saying, "Yes we're in love. Quite madly, unreasonably. But we aren't married. We want to get married but it won't happen."

silent

And there he stopped, his head turning from side to side as if avoiding something painful. ~~He was crying silently.~~ She couldn't actually see his face. ~~She wanted to run forward and stop the crying because it hurt her as well, almost as if she were causing it.~~

~~It was only the sound of Pauline's voice, composed and comforting, that made his tears abate sufficiently for him to be able to speak again.~~

heard Pauline ask.

"What nationality are you?" ~~she was asking.~~

"I think I'm French. Yes I'm sure. I think I have a large estate near Rouen. She's looking at me now but her eyes aren't happy. She's done something terrible, I'm sure of it. Oh!" He caught his breath, almost hissed.

"Can you tell me what it is she's done?"

He paused for a long time. The light grew so that Pauline's face became clear under the canopy. ~~She seemed uncannily pale, almost asleep.~~

Then Dominic answered her question: "No. ~~It's some betrayal. I don't know who she's betrayed. It might be me.~~ It just blocks out every time."

"Can you say what her name is?"

"Yes. It's Caterina. Caterina Foss---. No I can't get the surname. Something like Foss."

"Then she isn't French?"

"No, Italian." And he went on, "I keep hearing violins. The sound of violins. A whining and screaming---not the beautiful sound you expect from violins."

"Where are you?"

"In Venice. Yes, it's Venice!"



~~END OF PART ONE.~~

~~FURTHER PLOT RESUME OVERLEAF.~~

She wanted to know at length what the
sanction she felt a shiver down her spine.
Because she knew they had been
before and by age. She knew that
now. But she would go to the
she is. He would go to let her
Charlie day of the back of the
from with you! How can life
and love love - love!

Bel Ami is gradually wound down, costing many thousands of dollars. Dominic could only achieve its destruction by secretly financing another production of the same novel and claiming to his money people that there couldn't be two on the market. Angela only finds this out later. She 'escapes' to London. She is told by Everard Hope and Sonya Steele (once Dominic's girlfriend) that he has been under many shrinks and was twice in psychotherapeutic care in clinics.

But nothing in London works for Angela---the theatre, her boyfriend, even her feeling for her mother. She only sees Dominic's face, his deep-set eyes. She yearns for him, she has no eyes for other men.

Meanwhile Dominic is researching with Pauline's help for the Diaghilev series, and wishes to concentrate on the dancer Karsavina, who is going to be played by Angela. He is especially interested in Karsavina's 'artistic initiation' by Diaghilev in Venice. It requires a visit to Venice. He writes to Angela to meet him at the Gritti Palace Residence where he has booked a suite for them, and he encloses an air ticket.

Angela discovers in herself an extraordinary attachment to Venice, almost a pre-knowledge.

'Caterina Foss' turns out to be, on further regression trips, Caterina Foscari, daughter of one of the most prominent Venetian families under the Republic. It was always the firm tradition during the Republic that no Venetian should under any circumstances entertain a foreigner in his own home. The only chance he or she had of being at close quarters with a foreigner was at the foreigner's embassy, at one of the ridotti or card-playing houses during carnival, or over chocolate in the front parlour of one of the convents, where noblemen flirted with the fashionable inmates. It was at her convent that Caterina first met the Comte de Ligeaux.

Ligeaux became one of the three hundred Frenchmen in the famous conspiracy to overturn the Republic (we are speaking of the turn of the seventeenth century). Caterina learns of the conspiracy and the Venetian's inborn patriotism makes it impossible for her to sit back and witness the destruction of the beloved Serenissima. She betrays the secret. That night three hundred Frenchmen are murdered or drowned in the canals without trace. The Comte de Ligeaux as one of the leaders was taken to the Ducal Palace and strangled with a bowstring from behind. Caterina bribed one of the gaolers to smuggle his body out to a rowing boat moored near the Bridge of Sighs. She rowed far out into the Lagoon and was never seen again.

It is all this that Dominic finds out while in Venice---and why he one night meets Angela at a bridge near the deserted Gardens with a newly-bought rowing boat he has just rowed from the Giudecca, and a bowstring in his pocket.