

Book

Here are My Lectures

Chapter Frenzied Fiction

Second Lecture

Love at One ^{Twenty Five} ~~fifty~~ a Throb

HA - 117

Frenzyed Fiction

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Second lecture

Love of One ~~Forty~~ Twenty Five a Thousand.



It is a very great pleasure to see before me such a large, brilliant and intellectual audience. I may add that I always open my lectures with that sentence ~~etc.~~ I have it here written, on the lecture desk, so as not to forget it.

Tonight I am to give the second in my lectures on Frenzyed Fiction. But¹ will describe it not ^{exactly} ~~so much~~² as a lecture but as a causerie. You know the difference. When a lecturer knows what he is talking about that's on he about, such as ancient

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about that's a lecture. When he does it,
he calls it a causerie. If I were to
speak tonight on solid ground like Ancient
Babylon, or the Cave Dwellers of the Colorado
Canyon, that would be a lecture: ~~but~~ ^{but} not
anythg so ~~light~~ light, so volatile, so
unseizable as Love, — though I ~~was~~ assume
you I ~~mean~~ propose to seize it.

I intend therefore in this and the
following lecture to trace out love ~~as~~ as
seen in ~~the~~ fiction from its simplest
and most innocent forms up to those wild
unrestrained outbursts of passion which will
~~mark the end~~ be dealt with. In the last
part of the second lecture, don't miss that

¶ But I must begin at the beginning, a hundred
 years ago, ^{In those days} ~~was~~ love was simple and
 idyllic. It was understood then, - at least
 in the better class of society, the only class
 I lecture of or to, - that the expression of
 love must be restrained, that the attitude
 of the lover must be that of a humble
 suppliant, of his mistress's feet. Indeed
 it was hardly proper for him to pay his
 court to her in direct form at all, - he
 had to get at her through her father &
 mother. To send an early rose to her
 mother, or a carnation to her father, ~~etc~~
 gave the first indication of his awakening
 feeling. But stop, I can illustrate it
 for you with great exactness by reading to you a

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Sample of a love letter of a hundred
years ago. I found it lying in an
old book, still faintly fragrant with the
dead rose leaves crushed between the pages

Here it is, a letter of the year 1837 sent
by messenger from Mr Ardent Heartful, The
Hall, Notts, England to
test
not

5

Do not
Lyn-

You will I am sure be glad to know that
Mr Heartful's suit was apparently successful. By a lucky
chance the answer that he received lay preserved in the
same book. It reads

Do
not
Lyn-

You see those days if you gave a fish to a girl and
her parents eat it, that meant marriage

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If I had was the background on which
people first began writing our love stories.
As a consequence there was brought forth
as the earliest type the beautiful old love
story, always laid in the country, always
in the spring time with the Hawthornes
in blossom in the lanes. In that story
as soon as the hero and heroine come
together you know that they are destined
for one another. Here you see the heroine
standing in front of her mother's cottage in
Glamorgan ~~shire~~ ^{shire} — The scene is the Welsh
border where every name is music. She is
standing there swinging her sun bonnet, and
carolling a song to herself. This shows
Glamorgan ~~shire~~ ^{shire}

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How simple she is, - probably the simplest
girl South of Aberystwyth, which is saying a
lot. And who is this ~~manly~~ manly
young figure ~~that~~ ~~is~~ in a Norfolk jacket
who, or which, comes striding down the
road? This, - this is young Lord Ronald
heir to the widest estates in Glamorgan^{orshire}
, - probably three hundred ^{acres} wide. And
just as soon as young Lord Ronald comes
to the cottage stops and asks the girl
for a drink, which she ^{brings} ~~brings~~ pure as crystal
from the well, - you know that they are
destined for one another. It doesn't matter
that he is of noble birth and that she is
lowly born: the fact that he has

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an upper berth and she has a
lower, makes no difference. No does it
matter even when Lord Ronalds uncle
the Guardian the Old Earl hears of it
+ says. "Boy! if you persist in this
insensate folly, I disinherit you." Young
Lord Ronald draws himself up, — by his
suspenders, — with all the pride of his
race and says. "If you do, I will
work." The reader always felt a terrible
~~thrill~~ thrill of shock at this and thought, — "Good
Heavens! he's going to work" In 1837
the notion that a young Lord Ronald might
actually work seems sacrilegious. In 1937
~~the~~, with millions of people on relief, ~~the~~

⑨

if you had Ronald said, "I will work,
the Old Earl would just say with a
nasty sneer, "At what!"

¶ But of course in the early love story
Lord Ronald doesn't really get to work.

Something else happens, some lucky change. His
guardian, for example, is killed in the
hunting field, an aristocratic death that
leaves no trace as you Lord Ronald
succeeds to the estate as Lord Glamour
Glamour and the two ~~are~~ lovers are
married. And it turns out that after all
she too is of high birth, Welsh but high.
She is a descendant of Ap Yaf Morgan

Yaf Tudor ~~the~~ who murdered Edward the Second
So they are married in the little church
and of a long line of murders on her mother's side

down the lane and the bells ring & Lord Ronald gives the ringers ten cents each, and the villagers shout and dance, and each got an orange and a beef sandwich, — in short one of those grand old pride-of-Eylan feudal weddings of the aristocracy.

That's the good old story. We have read it for generations and some of us are reading it still. But many people, after the same story had been written and read about fifty years began to find it just a little, — how shall I say, — tame. The hero & heroine seemed a little too sloppy.

So then came in, — in the days when such

people as Rider Haggard ⁽¹¹⁾ & Marion Crawford ⁽¹¹⁾ and Archibald Gunter were writing a new kind of hero. This was the out-of-door man, all boots and courage riding around in the pampas among the pumas, or shooting through the Sumaks of the savannas. In short he was found anywhere under what he called 'God's Sky', which included New York, Chicago, and Paris.

¶ This open-air hero had his counterpart in an open-air heroine, - a girl in a short kilt-effect with a sombrero hat and a pistol ^{in her belt, a foot long} as long as ¶ These two had wild adventures together, which

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were always related to the hero so
that he would blow hard about himself
Here they are on a typical scene:

(Lakis) "We are on the Summit of the
Rocky Mountain, Miss Middleton and I."

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Now you might think that a rather improper
er place for them to be, — in 1887, — without

any chaperone within a hundred miles

But if there is any irregularity it is
made alright by the chivalrous way in
which the hero always acts towards the girl.

For instance, although we get to know that
her name is Kate, he always calls her
scrupulously "Miss Middleton". Any man who will
call a girl "Miss Middleton" on the summit
of the Rocky mountains is certainly a man
of restraint. So that's all right

We are on the summit of the Rocky
mountains, Miss Middleton and I,

"Each night," he says. "I buckled the dear girl into the little leather tent we carried, "Good night, Min Middleton" I said.

Then he goes out & sleeps on a ^{cl} clump of cactus

¶ So that's all right; the propriety.

¶ "We are on the summit of the Rocky mountains, Min Middleton & I. [We are being pursued by a band of Apache Indians]....

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We are being pursued by a band of Apache Indians, we can hear their ferocious yells as they gallop furiously after us. In front of us ^{falls} is a precipitous cliff, ~~a~~ ^{two} hundred feet down to the plain below. Our only responsibility of safety - can I get Min Middleton down that cliff?

(Can he do it? Just watch him)

With my eye I measure the fearsome descent

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(You observe that. He's a man of resource. He had no tape or string to measure it, so he just took it by his eye + held it taut.)

Then hastily I unwound from my body three ^{two} hundred feet of buckskin line that I carried about me.

(You observe that? Apparently he's been carrying that line wound round him under his chemise ever since they left ~~over~~ Omaha.)

"Holt fast to the line, Miss Middleton I said, "as I said by foot against a projecting rock."

"The noble girl seized the knotted end of the buckskin line. 'All right, Mr. Smith,' she said with quiet confidence.
"I braced myself for the effort. My muscles like tempered steel responded to the strain. I lowered a hundred fathoms of the line. I could already hear the voice of Kate far down the cliff.
"Don't let go the line, Miss Middleton,' I called."

Plates

like
feet

~~Now wasn't~~

Now wasn't that an admirable piece of
admir. To a girl ~~fifty feet~~ down a
hundred feet down from the top of a
cliff and still a hundred to go to get
to the bottom, — "Don't let go the line!" No
I guess, not.

The girl's clear voice came floating up
from below, "All right, Mr. Smith, I won't."

So Miss Middleton is safely lowered to the
foot of the cliff

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Hastily I threw after her the tent, the
pois and the pans and, kicked the horses
over & then plunged down on the Indians
with yells of baffled rage (That's their
other set of yells), ride off in retreat. (They
won't jump two hundred feet those Indians
;- about 190 is their limit

Then follows, after they are saved, the long
ride, day after day, over the prairies
on their journey back to civilization, at the
end of which they must part as as they
ride thus over the whispering grass, - and
Jordan knows what it whispers, not a
word of love escaped his lips, - not a

word. You know that if you can't love her,
 - she's there was something in the way he
 held her over that cliff that showed @ there
 are two ways of holding a girl on a rope
 over a cliff, - if you don't love her, you
 just let her dangle, ~~while~~ you hitch
 the rope round a rock and take your breath, ^{slight a cigarette}

But if you love her, she can't tell it
 of your pants: she can hear them
 all the way down @ So if you can't love
 her but you just won't say so. That was
 felt to mean great strength in 1887 @

"Each night," he says: "I buckle the
 dear girl into the little leather tent as
 tenderly as had she been my sister"
 If you know the tender way you buckle you

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sister with a tent, - with a couple of
quick hitches.

So they ride on like this day
& day and he never speaks till
the reader gets worried about and
thinks, Is he going to take that
girl all the way back to Omaha and
never say a word?

Not till right at the end: They have
reached the little railway depot at the
railhead where their sweet companionship
must end. Then at last he speaks: -

C. O. to 199 as marked

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But ^{somehow} ~~something~~ that type of story,
the other air Hero & Heroine, were just
as thin as young Laurel & Ronald & the
Cottage Girl & it was found, — about
the time when this present century
was young, — that for a real
love story two people are not
enough. You need three.

A love story, confined to two people
is too slow, and runs inevitably to a
Raboy ending. But get in a third
person, — and then you start something

I can illustrate it further by giving you some extracts from a story I ~~to~~ once wrote developing this theme of the eternal triangle. I may without modesty say that this story was written for the ten thousand dollar Pulitzer prize offered that year. It didn't get it.

The hero is a young Englishman of high family, Vere de Vere, who conceals his identity & travels under the assumed name of Nancy de Vere. The story opens in mid-Atlantic on board the Steamship Gloritania on which de Vere is travelling to America, his purpose being to write a book on the United States, dealing especially with the psychology of millionaires. On the boat he has met a girl of marvellous beauty and mystery

Here the story can speak for itself

type in 4 as marked
(old lettered text

or see red copy in
big room

5.6. + 7 as marked
in the good text

x x ~ * " -

Devere lands in New York and
 loses track, in the Customs House, of the
 mysterious girl. In vain he searches
 every face he sees, — about a million
 a day. He has, in his intense interest,
 almost lost track of the purpose of his
 visit, to meet a typical American millionaire
 and ~~rather~~ study him psychologically, as
 forms his money. There . . .

p 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 +
 2 lines of 17 as marked

If of course that kind of thing could
 only have one ending. Carried further
 as further in their love before an
~~another~~ end by eloping today. as
 a final idea they take Mr Overgold
 with them so that he can go
 on signing the cheques

A little before midnight - - -

see text
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Thus they passed out and the night
 swallowed them up
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