

Book Here are lectures

Chapter

Frenzied Fiction

Third Lecture

Passion at Twenty Five Cents a Gasp

#

Frenzied Fiction

①

Third Lecture

Passion at Twenty Five Cents a Gas

The lecture that I am to give tonight is practically a continuation of the one given last night on Love as a matter of fact its the same lecture & I hadn't finished & I paused a moment to think of what to say next and the audience rose on me and left.

¶ But in any case there is a natural change of topic at the point we had reached & we change from love to passion & the distinction between the two is what I propose to make clear

to you on tonight. The first big, broad ⁽²⁾
difference is that love, being sold by
the bookful, costs a dollar a time like a
a volume, or, if combined with murder,
comes as high as two fifty ⁰ Passim
which is sold in monthly instalments
is much cheaper, costs as a rule
only twenty two cents an instalment. On
the other hand if you buy ~~true~~ love you
~~still have the book~~ spend your money
on a book of love, you always have at
least the book. Passim in paper
cover ^{by} the month ~~great~~ is thrown away
and forgotten. There is such a depth
& meaning in that comparison that

(3)

Some of the older people here won't get it. But all the young people see it in a flash.

Let me further explain the difference between love and passion in the literary sense, that is the difference in the art of presentation that conveys the one or the other no 9

see p 4

(4)

no 9
Passion, as distinct from love, demands
a new vocabulary, — more intense, more
colourful, — crude and glaring as the
Sun in the African desert, with great
splashes of yellow ochre and black shadow —
It must be strung to a tense key, to
the breaking point. ^{no shaw} In fact, — well let
me illustrate it from a brief scene of
a novel of exotic passion

His voice ~~scattered down and grassed~~
she said "yes"

moonbeams

pp 163 - 164

(5)

Another distinction is that the novel of passion, as ~~distinct from the novel~~ ^{opposed to} ~~the novel~~ ^{lovestory}, is not afraid of plain speaking, of straight-out physiological details which the earlier novels dared not introduce. After all, why not be frank about everything? If human beings are after all just animals, or in a sense even just chemical and physical machines, why not be bold enough to describe things as they are? Let me quote an illustration an extra from a story which I wrote in collaboration with the late Emilio Zola, and with a certain assistance to each of us from Huxley's Elements of Physiology and Sadler's Diseases of the Dog.

①

The passage describes the meeting
of two lovers, - what used to be called
in old fashioned language a lovers
'tryst'. The modern term is "get-together".

Philip Heatthead, - or let us just
call him physiological ~~Phil~~ Philip, -
as he

see text p 197 - 8 - 9 - 10

as marked : put in little
dots where indicated

all ~~text~~ in
italics

but in ^{text}
Physiological Philip

Just let me give you one more
technical illustration of the difference
between the language of love and that
of passion. You will recall from a
preceding ~~let~~ Take the case of love
letters. You will ~~recall~~ recall from
a preceding ^{lecture} letter the form and
fashion of the ^{love} letters sent ^{a hundred years ago} by Mr Ardent
Heartful to Miss Angela Blushamborn.
Compare it now with this passionate
communication as sent today by
Professor Albertus Dignus, senior professor
of rhetoric to Miss Maisie Beatit - -

See text Short Circuits to the
words
the pages
in 294 as marked

After which we may imagine that the professor, the

Just ~~of~~ passion spent, turns back (see left ... Africa) ⑦

I with this preliminary explanation of the nature and language of passion, you are now equipped to undertake the scientific examination of a story of passion. I propose to build it up for you bit by bit as if we were writing it together for contributions to a magazine.

~~First of all~~ Let me indicate certain general ~~conditions~~ principles that govern such a composition. First of all, there must be no long-winded introduction ~~of~~ description, no description of the Welsh Hills by moonlight ~~of~~ which filled up the first four pages of the story of Lord Ronald: no long general

(8)

ical tree going back for generations. We don't
want any of that. The characters don't even
need names. In all the pulp class
magazine stories the hero is simply called
The Man & you will find that at least
fifty per cent of the stories begin
with those words, the man: and the
other fifty per cent begin the woman

Another point: don't lay the scene of
the story out ~~down~~ doors, or down
a ~~to~~ summer lane among the hemlocks
. Bring it inside. Put it into some sumptuous
place full of luxury, like the ^{palm room} ~~restaurant~~ of
modern hotel, or the foyer of a theatre
(I don't know just what a foyer is,
but it sounds good), or, best of all,

the herb's descent /

- is a true going back to "Edward the
Professor

(9)

put it into that alluringly wicked place called a 'midnight cabaret'. That's the spot, a midnight cabaret, among the rubber trees. Believe me, those ~~not~~ rubber trees see more of love in one night than the old Hawthorne does in all its hundred years existence.

And remember, don't have people in the story who are going to get ^{happily} married at the end of the book. That's all stale. Have people that can't get married at the end of the book because they're ~~with~~ married at the beginning of the book, — both married to somebody else, do you see? That gives us ^{to} ~~do~~ the heroine the fascinating ^{line} of being

" #

labelled "The wife of the other man."

Personally I don't quite see where the fascination comes in. I know lots of ~~others & other~~ wives of other men that I wouldn't walk round this hall for; and others again, I admit, that I would. But at any rate I can see nothing at all in the "husband of the other woman".

Those however are the people you need. And you bring them into the story, suddenly about it, - just throw them in. Here's how the man is brought in

"The man lifted his head

— left in Further Footstep

p 10 line 14 she gasped

(11)

Now, you see, from these descriptions the
Gained will recognise exactly who
these people are what they are doing.
The Man? Don't you see he must be
the "husband of other women"? Else why
would he be out at night. And he's
come to that cabaret because he wants
to forget, he wants not to think.

When he knocks that cigar to pieces &
I says "Is it worth it," you feel like
stopping him and saying, "No, it's not
worth it: it's twenty cents every
time you do it."

And the woman! Ah, yes, she's
the "wife of the other man." And what is
she doing in that hotel? She's doing

what is called 'working out her own
 salvation'. My woman, too rich to
 have any other work goes somewhere
 works out her own salvation. She comes
 to that hotel because she wants to
 be alone, she wants to think. She went
 to the desk and said "I want to think", and
 they said, give her a room on the
 tenth floor and let her think. She's
 up there now, trying to, and she can't
 notice the interesting psychological contrast
~~with~~ between the man and the woman,
 always a big feature in stories of passion.
 The man can think alright, but ~~he~~ he can't
 stop thinking: and the woman can't get

started. Once she does, — well, just let them stay in that position and hold it a little because this is exactly the point where a trained writer would work in subtle touches of description for both of them. We need these so that when things get started the man and the woman will seem more real to us.

text.

*

The man is always described as if he were a horse

h "

after the words crooked legs line 24 insert (I am referring here only to my men friends)

Then go on to end of h " ~~go on to 12~~

down to "from behind" l. 14 ~~change snookopathic to snooking-looking~~

* word wrong in the book

Ah, yes, another important thing, after you've
 got his legs straight and got him well
 - tubbed, shave him. He simply has to be
 clean shaven. This enables him to appear
 on the magazine cover as "beating his
 clean-shaven face close, close to
 lens", - to her clean-shaven face, that
 means. You see, if he had whiskers
 he couldn't get so close, he'd lose at
 least a quarter of an inch.

& ~~it's~~ ^{it's} a pity in a way that we are
 thus compelled to drop whiskers out
 of literature. I wish that before it is too
 late a movement might be started

for the restoration of whiskey as an ~~adject~~
 adjunct to literature. I do not wish to
 say too much about it as I am to deliver
 an address on the subject at one of our
 greatest universities, presently the whiskey in
 return for an honorary degree. But a word
 or two may be dropped here in anticipation.
 Think what whiskey once meant in our
 poetry. You recall Gray's ^{Welsh} Bard, standing
 up on a rock to curse at King Edward
 'Loose his beard, his hoary hair
streamed like a meteor to the troubled
wind! Can't you just see the sparks
 flying off him! Or take Longfellow's
Crangeline with its matchless description

d the great leeches covered with
 snow like beads that rest on their backs,
 "This," he says, "is the forest plover"
 . He's right. It is.

Or take if you like the peculiar psychology
 that goes with ^{a beard} ~~workmen~~. I'll give you an
 example. There was a forgotten writer
 called Louise de la Roche, who
 signed her stories as 'Quida'. The
 stories were all laid in the aristocratic
 class. no one under a baronet got it,
 as there was always a Duke, the
 Duke of Strath-something. As the Duke
 of Strath always had what ^{was} ~~was~~ called
 a 'luxuriant beard'. What for? Why, to

(17)

think with. Thus how he did it. ⁹ JK

Duke remained buried in thought his
hands idly passing through his
luxuriant beard

Now if the Duke didn't have that beard
it would read:—

If the Duke remained buried in
thought, his hands waving idly in the
air about eighteen inches from his
face.

see p 18

Or consider what opportunity whiskers afforded to the illustrators of books. Those of you who remember the old fashioned stories will recall pictures of the heroine seated at the piano, and her lover bending over her to turn the music while his long side-weepers sweep right down to the page. Long before he would dare touch her with his hand he could feel her out with his whiskers.

It's a great loss. But I must not linger on it. I turn to the description of the woman.

She is always said to be "beautifully groomed"
 Who these grooms are that do it, and how
 you get a job at it, I don't know.

It is peculiar about

then follow text

Further Foolishness

fr 12 ^{and} ~~at~~ 13 down to

I never wear one (line 13)

So now when these two characters are fully developed like that, all we have to do is to bring them suddenly and unexpectedly together, and the story will make itself. And look how easy & natural the construction is once we have a proper beginning. Here is the woman, sitting in the hotel trying ~~not~~ to think, — and the man is in a cabaret a few blocks away, trying not to think. But the point is that he is staying at the same hotel, too, only she doesn't know that he is there and he doesn't

(21)

know that she is there so that ^{neither} ~~both~~ of them
~~don't~~ knows that ~~either~~ both of them are
there. Do you see it? or shall I say
it again? all right, I won't. Well now
we simply have to get the ^{man} train back
to the hotel and the thing is done. all
good stories, you know, write themselves.
Plot is nothing, character is everything. As
far as plot goes, the life of each of us,
if any us, is plot enough, if you can
put it over. Once make the characters
stand out in vital reality, and whatever
they do is plot.

¶ So in this case.

(Fabius) # He rose unseemly from where
he sat (start him always from there)

not later. (He staggered forth, don't think it means
that these other fellows had staggered first), — (22)

and staggered forth into the night
air, the fumes of what he had
drunk still in his brain. (Some
magazines hate all references to liquor,
so if you ~~can~~ like you can avoid
it by not giving him any fumes
and saying, "the orange phosphate
still gurgling within him".

¶ But whichever it is, fumes or phosphates
he comes staggering along the ^{street} street
& staggers in the hotel, and when
along the corridor, and opening a door
by mistake (the wrong door, I mean)
he comes upon the woman seated there
— and he stands there 'fronting her full'

It's doesn't mean that he was full
 when she fronted her, it only means that
 he was ^{start} full in front of her. That doesn't
 seem to get it either, but you see what
 I mean

Of how of course in real life a
 mistake of this sort is nothing. Any
 person of proper savoir faire, and
 sufficient patience, would meet it
 with a polite apology and retire. As
 a matter of fact this very thing happened
 to me in a hotel only the other day.
 I walked right into a ladies ^{room} ~~man~~
 as then she was seated in front
 of the looking glass. But I merely bowed

(24)

and said, "Oh pardon me, I see your room in 541 and mine is 543, excuse me" And when she didn't ~~stop~~ turn or answer, I said, "They certainly make these figures in a very indiscreet way. In fact hotels are pretty queer places anyway." And ~~she~~ ~~so~~ the woman said, without turning round, "If you don't get out of this room, I'll ring for the porter". So the affair ended with complete understanding.

¶ But the people in the Hassim story can't do this. If they could, there'd be no story. Look what happens to ^{the} man.

He stood there, rooted to the threshold

If you notice that as soon as the situation gets exciting he starts to root.

His veins simply surged, his brain beat against his face and his breath came in quick short pants of note than quick short pants; one might perhaps simply say "shorts"

And the woman:—

(Ch 17 lines 11 to 17)

... she panted

Notice now the dialogue that ensues at this climax of a passion story. It almost takes a special kind of language to fulfil it, & observe particularly the sort of verbs that have to be used

All of 18 as in Text but ^{omit word} snoosholathic ⁽²⁶⁾
The bottom of page 18 of text and condensation
will read

... .. opening of the doorway,
his arms half folded, across half
his chest, and a half smile playing
across half his face.

Now that's very hard to do, that
half smile. Try it, - on either side
of your face that you like and you'll
see how hard it is

[Now follow text of page 19 - see
note of h. (27) of MIS]

put in
On page 19 of Text

as a page - /
below (27)

after the words "it was you" line 4
insert as follows.

The man hung his head. He
answered nothing found no answer

// You see he can't answer. He doesn't
know whether to say "It was I", or "It
was we". Of course he could say "I
was it", and no doubt he is it. But
just now ~~the other starts to say nothing~~
and the other man goes on moving round

see h 28 of MS

28

28

the room, just quietly, not doing anything in particular

Follow the text of page 19 down to line 15 - then go ahead as follows

He walked over to the window and
stared looking for a moment into the
darkness without @ Without what, I don't know. Anyway he hadn't got any, or couldn't buy it in the hotel

~~I bought~~ He picked up again the light overcoat that had thrown on the table "I bought this coat in St Louis,"

(29)

he said, "The year that we were
married

Ah, there, for the first time you get a
note of something like emotion, — "The
year that we were married" his voice
trembles in his nose as he says
it. You see what it means! He loves
the woman still. Else why did he
keep the coat ten years

And then, just when the reader fancies
it's all going to end quietly, then the
shooty begins. All these people of course
are armed & they begin shooty one another
up. It does not matter much which shooty
first

or whether they shoot in rounds, or in volleys. It's done in all sorts of ways

Sometimes the woman shoots the Man, or shoots the Other Man, - or misses both of them

But what they really ought to do, is for one of them to open the window (they are ten stories up) & say to the others, "Let's all jump out & rid fiction of some of the silliest stuff that ever got into it"

.

love, fierce and passionate as life itself,
~~growing~~ springing out of it,.....

I for such a scene as this ~~there~~ is
 for such combination of ~~strong~~ strenuous endeavor
 & passionate love, there is nothing like a
 a desert island. ~~So~~ Shipwreck a
 man and a woman on a desert island
 as the thing is done.

I have here with me a little specimen
 story of the sort called Broken
Barricade or Red Love on a
Blue Island, & which I will
 outline for you the opening part.

The ~~best~~ Man and the Woman are
 to be shipwrecked. How do we do it?

no 91

Quite simple. We start with the
 hero of ~~the story~~, Mr Harold
 Borus and let him tell the story, then
 he can blow about himself just
 like the Open Air man on the Pampas
 that we talked about before...

Off he goes to a job start :-

Little did I think as I stepped on
B. board of the Megalomania at Southampton
on a bright August afternoon that within
two weeks I should be swamped on one
of the Dry Tortugas, & still less did
I think, -

As the reader says, "no you poor wret
 you can't think. Cut it out."

But Mr Borus goes on saying all the

things he didn't think

I distinctly recall, ^{he continues:} remarking to the Captain that I had never in all my numerous sea-farings, seen the sea of a more limpid blue. He agreed with me so completely that he didn't even trouble to answer.

The next thing is to start a storm and shipwreck Mr Bous. In the old time sea-stories of Fenimore Cooper and Clark Russell, a storm of sea was carried out with a range of technical terms that rattled like loose blocks in ~~a~~ ^{the wind} storm. Thus way :-

The gale had now reached its peak height. The ~~top~~ top royal had

carried away into the lee-
 all attempts to lash it with baskets
 to the taffrail had proved unavailing. The
 jib boom was gone. The jolly boat was
 in splinters. The bosun mate was
 overboard, as the captain whose speaking
 trumpet still dominated the howling of
 the gale called for all hands to
 cut the anchor and splice the
 main brace."

But that's not in the least the way
 that ship wreck of Mr Borne is
 carried out

Here is his:-

type

Statis

We had hardly entered the waters of the Caribbean when a storm of unprecedented violence broke upon us. Even the Captain had never, so he said, seen anything to compare with it. For two days and nights we encountered and endured the full fury of the sea. Our soup plates were secured with racks and covered with lids. In the smoking-room our glasses had to be set in brackets, and as our steward came and went, we were from moment to moment in imminent danger of seeing him washed overboard.

It's all right to wash a steward overboard, as long as you ~~don't~~ wash steward or to wash the steering passageway, overboard or any other way; but not just clean passengers

On the third morning just after daybreak the ship collided with something, probably either a floating rock or one of the dry Tortugas. She blew out her four funnels, the bowsprit

dropped out of its place, and the propeller came right off. The Captain, after a brief consultation, decided to abandon her. The boats were lowered, and, the sea being now quite calm, the passengers were emptied into them.

By what accident I was left behind I cannot tell. I had been talking to the second mate and telling him of a rather similar experience of mine in the China Sea, and holding him by the coat as I did so, when quite suddenly he took me by the shoulders, and rushing me into the deserted smoking-room said, "Sit there, Mr. Borus, till I come back for you." The fellow spoke in such a menacing way that I thought it wiser to comply.

When I came out they were all gone.

Realising

that the ship must soon founder, I hastily made a raft out of a few steel beams that lay on the deck.

Hurriedly loaded it with ~~at~~ such supplies as came to hand, I launched it and leaped upon it. The Megalomania sank just the moment of my leap

continues Mr Borus

On my second morning on my raft I was sitting quietly polishing my boots and talking to myself when I became aware of an object

floats upon the sea. I drew it towards
 me with a hook. Judge my surprise
 when it proved to be the inanimate
 body of a girl floats upon the
 waters of the Caribbean sea.

He need not have been surprised, not if
 was not to date in fiction. The Caribbean
 sea is full of inanimate girls: you
 can hook them in anywhere.

Mr. Bous ~~is~~ drags the girl into
 the raft and removes her boots so as
 to rub her feet. His idea was, at
 least partly, to restore her circulation.

I was just

see text on next page

Statis

I was just considering what to remove next, when the girl opened her eyes. "Stop rubbing my feet," she said.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "you mistake me."

I rose, with a sense of pique

not Statis
(He had read her name on her garter)

// Pique is apparently the thing they

not
9 kids

get in these circumstances: just what it is

& how human: anyway Mr Brown got it

... "with a sense of pique which

I did not trouble --- (see text below)

9 kids

which I did not trouble to conceal, and walked to the other end of the raft. I turned my back upon the girl and stood looking out upon the leaden waters of the Caribbean Sea. The ocean was now calm. There was nothing in sight.

I was still searching the horizon when I heard a soft footstep on the raft behind me, and a light hand was laid upon my shoulder. "Forgive me," said the girl's voice.

I turned about. Miss Croyden was standing behind me. She had, so I argued, removed her stockings and was standing in her bare feet. ~~There is something, I am free to confess, about a woman in her bare feet which hits me where I live. With instinctive feminine taste the girl had twined a piece of seaweed in her hair. Seaweed, as a rule, gets me every time. But I checked myself.~~

not itatis

(you know the way the Caribbean sea heaves at and down under you when you stand on the end of a raft, it almost make you sea sick just to read it)

If in all these stories there is supposed to be something about a woman in her bare feet, flip-flopping about a raft that drives men crazy

The girl had trained a piece of sea weed about her hair

That's another truth! Sea weed! What a little detail about a girl and a man turns into cave-man at the sight of her

"Miss Croyn den!" I said "There is nothing to forgive

~~How brave you are!~~ she exclaimed

"How chivalrous you are!" she exclaimed

"Not at all," I said, "It comes natural to me"

So there they are alone on the raft; now is the time for Mr Bonus to show

what a man of resource he is. With the
 aid of bent pin on a ^{long} stick he finds
 out their longitude. ~~All day he will~~
~~multiphis his care and attention~~

with the help of
 a long line he lowers himself deep
 down into the sea to find out the latitude

When I came up the note again
 the girl was waiting for me

follow text
 Broken Barrier
 p 151 to bottom

All day Mr Borus multiplies his attention for the comfort of Miss Crayden, and always with the greatest chivalry.

All day, yes, — but wait, etc?

With the approach of night, he says, —

Ha! Ha! That's what the readers have been waiting for, — The approach of night, what about that, Mr Borus?

With the approach of night I realised

follow text of p 152

in the bottom... all of 153

and p 154 to the words

occurred to my line

But for all the rest of the story I trust
and of how Mr Borne's wife, and Edith
Croyden's husband land on the island
~~and what happens. I must not~~

and ~~of how~~ for the terrific fight between
Harold Borne and Croyden as cave
men, — dressed in skins on purpose

for it, — for that I must refer you
to the original book itself. It does not cost

much, so buy it. But all that I have

quoted from here is just in a scientific
way to illustrate a literary key. That's all

the lecture. Those still here had better go
soon as the light will be put out. You can

find some other place to sit just as warm. Good night
900 d. 1342.