



ALFRED HARDIN FREDERICK

You've Never Lived in Hollywood

CRITICAL READING EDITION

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

You've Never Lived in Hollywood

Alfred Hardin Frederick

20 March 1892 – after 1941

Critical reading edition

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

EDITORIAL AND RIGHTS NOTE

This critical reading edition resets all thirty-five poems in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. It is not a facsimile. The complete University of California / HathiTrust copy governs wording, order, lineation, stanza divisions, speaker labels, subtitles, capitalization, and indentation. The unlisted prose advertisement "The Spirit of Hollywood" is documented but not treated as a poem.

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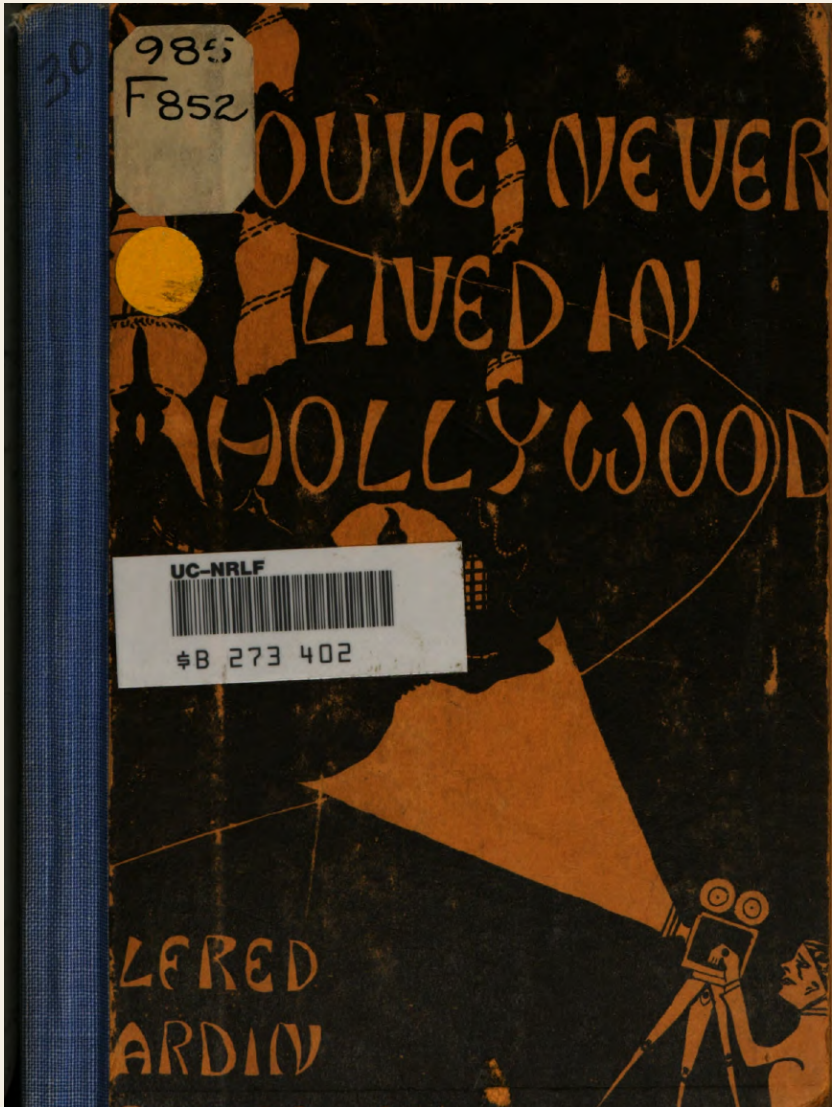
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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Four images from the surviving 1926 copy



*Edna Burke Frederick's original orange-and-black cover for *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*, with the University of California library labels preserved as part of the surviving object.*

To
The University
of California
With sincere best
wishes
Alfred Hardin Frederick

Frederick's presentation inscription to the University of California, signed "Alfred Hardin Frederick."



*To all who love Hollywood, as much for its
unlovable qualities as for its lovable
ones, and to one such in particular,
Edna, this book is dedicated.*

The book's dedication to Edna, with an original view of Hollywood beneath a radiant sky.



SCREEN MOTHERS

Prologue

O H ye who in ecstasy prattle
Of prizefights: "A Century's Battle,"
Of "Man-Killing Maulers,"
"Caparisoned Brawlers,"
Believe me, your talk is mere tattle.
For if a real fracas you'd see,
With gore flowing stintless and free,
Just hark to the lovey
Confab, sweet and dovey,
Of screen kiddies' mothers, e. g.:

Dramatis Personae

George Willie's Mother

Buster's Mother

B's Mother:—

I saw your George Willie last night
In a preview. I think he's quite bright.

G. W.'s Mother:—

Oh, I thank you. I'm glad.

B's Mother:—

Yes, he wasn't so bad.
It's a shame that his eyes are so light.

G. W.'s Mother:—

So light!—Why, they photograph dark!
"Bee-utiful," critics remark.
But tell me, dear Mabel,
Just how are you able

The opening page of "Screen Mothers," showing the book's studio banner, speaker labels, drop initial, and dramatic layout before reset.

INTRODUCTION

Hollywood from the crowded side of the gate

Alfred Hardin Frederick wrote about Hollywood from the crowded side of the studio gate. His book is full of extras waiting for work, stunt performers taking the risks while stars take the glory, child actors' mothers fencing over parts, publicity men inflating every salary, and broke hopefuls dining at Montmartre because appearances might be their last usable capital. The satire can be broad, but its details—casting calls, glycerine tears, Cooper-Hewitt lamps, seven-fifty day rates, the Boulevard, Poverty Row, and the backstage cafe—give the poems the quick recognition of someone who knew the machinery as well as the dream. Frederick's Hollywood is both liberating and predatory: a town where a life can change overnight, where talent is optional and publicity essential, and where the screen remains a "captive art" waiting for a braver use. The book is also a family collaboration. Frederick dedicated it to his wife, Edna Burke Frederick, who designed the vivid orange-and-black cover, and it appeared as their son Freddie was beginning a busy career as a child actor. This edition resets all thirty-five poems in the 1926 volume, preserving their songs, dialogue, stepped refrains, asterisms, dialect, and deliberate oddities while removing physical page wraps and recognition debris. It follows the poem-page title "My Kingdom-o'-Nights," records the different contents-page title, and leaves "Kleig Eyes" in Frederick's spelling. The unlisted prose advertisement "The Spirit of Hollywood" remains documented but is not treated as a poem.

BIOGRAPHY

Army family, newspaper desk, and Hollywood satire

An Army family in the West

Alfred Hardin Frederick was born at Rock Springs, Wyoming, on 20 March 1892. His father, Daniel Alfred Frederick, was a career Army officer and an 1877 graduate of West Point; his mother, Martha “Patsy” Hardin Frederick, came from Kentucky. The family genealogy published in 1942 places Alfred inside a mobile military household whose postings stretched across the West and South. Daniel Frederick served on the frontier and later commanded the Twenty-Second Infantry from 1911 to 1914. That background helps explain the younger Frederick’s Wyoming birth, Washington education, military commission, and ease with geographic movement, though no surviving autobiographical account has yet connected those facts in his own words.

The family endured two early losses. Alfred’s brother Edward drowned at Fort Logan, Colorado, in 1896 at the age of ten. His older sister, Doris Adair Frederick, born at Fort Logan in 1890, married Army officer Gilbert Richard Cook and died in Washington, D.C., in 1936. Their father died in 1926, the same year *You’ve Never Lived in Hollywood* appeared; their mother died in 1931 according to the 1942 family history. Both parents were buried at Arlington National Cemetery. Frederick’s middle name joined him to his mother’s Hardin family and became the middle name of his son as well.

Washington, university, and wartime service

Frederick studied at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. A May 1913 issue of *The Record* of Sigma Alpha Epsilon lists him among the fraternity's Washington initiates and identifies him with the university's class of 1915. The listing establishes his place in the student community, although a commencement record confirming the degree itself has not yet been located. His later verse shows a practiced familiarity with journalism, popular rhyme, classical names, military phrasing, and the mock-scholarly vocabulary of educated newspaper humor.

The 1942 genealogy describes Frederick as a second lieutenant in the World War. The present research has not located his unit, commissioning date, or discharge record, so those details remain open rather than being inferred from his father's career. His service nevertheless formed part of the family's own near-contemporary account and is the strongest evidence currently available.

Edna Burke, San Francisco, and a child actor

Frederick married Edna Burke on 25 October 1919. Their only known child, Alfred Hardin Frederick Jr., was born in San Francisco on 13 January 1921 and worked on screen as Freddie Burke Frederick. The family history calls the boy by that professional name, and film records trace a career beginning in 1926 with *Fangs of Justice*. He went on to appear in *Smith's New Home*, King Vidor's *The Crowd*, and other silent and early sound pictures through the early 1930s. He died in Glendale in 1986.

Freddie's first screen work coincided with the publication of his father's Hollywood poems. That chronology does not prove that any single poem records a family incident, but it gives Frederick's attention to casting, screen mothers, child performers, studio wages, and publicity a close domestic setting. Edna was not merely the dedicatee: the title page credits her with the cover design. Its black figures, radiating searchlights, orange field, and compressed studio-city scene form one of the most accomplished parts of the original object. The book therefore preserves a small husband-and-wife collaboration made as their son entered the industry it satirizes.

Hollywood and the 1926 book

You've Never Lived in Hollywood was issued by the Hollywood Publishing Company at 1781 North Highland Avenue and priced at one dollar. The copyright page names A. H. Frederick as proprietor. No evidence of a wider corporate publishing list has been located, and the company may have been created for this book or for a small circle of local publications. The surviving University of California copy carries Frederick's presentation inscription to the university and a later typed letter apologizing for a delayed reply, providing rare examples of his hand and signature.

The collection contains thirty-five poems. Many are songs, dramatic monologues, dialogues, or comic ballads whose refrains depend on typography: "The Stunt Man" steps its call for Joe across the page; "The Extras" makes a descending chorus out of "Me"; "Aw, Say It With a Subtitle" turns the staggered repetitions of "Say it" into visual timing; and "Screen Mothers" assigns speech in a miniature stage scene. Other poems widen the critique. "Hollywood Speaks" makes the city boast of its greed and cruelty; "Speculative" asks whether the industry's moral fictions or the world outside constitute the real shadow land; "The Song of the Captive Art" imagines motion pictures waiting for a maker who will treat them as more than merchandise.

The humor also records a precise labor ecology. Extras wait for casting and fight for the background; a stunt crew absorbs bodily risk; a featured player takes credit; a yes man tends the producer; Poverty Row gambles shoestring budgets; and publicity manufactures artistic importance. Real sites and habits pass through the poems—the Boulevard, Montmartre, the Hollywood Bowl, San Juan Capistrano, the studio cafe, roadhouses, furnished rooms, and the Y. Frederick could be cruel toward women, migrants, physical difference, and working performers, and several poems depend on stereotypes now more conspicuous than their jokes. The edition preserves that evidence without endorsing it.

The *Los Angeles Examiner*

By 1941 Frederick was living at 5311 Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles and working as an assistant editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. The address and title appear in the Frederick family genealogy compiled close to the time, making them unusually strong evidence for a writer otherwise absent from literary reference works. The Hearst paper was one of the city's major mass-circulation dailies; an editorial position there fits the book's speed, topical knowledge, headline diction, and fascination with publicity. It also places Frederick within the wider print culture that helped manufacture Hollywood celebrity.

No signed run of Frederick's newspaper writing has yet been recovered. Searches under his full name and initials have not produced reliable bylines, and the broad range of uncredited or desk-written newspaper work makes attribution especially difficult. His title "assistant editor" should therefore not be converted into a more specific department or beat without additional evidence.

Later record and unresolved dates

The 1941 family record is the latest firmly dated notice of Alfred Hardin Frederick located in this research. His death date and place have not been established, nor has an obituary been found. Searches of major open bibliographic catalogues locate only *You've Never Lived in Hollywood* under his name. Open Library records a single edition and work; the Library of Congress control number is 27001495, and the surviving cataloguing also gives OCLC 18356086. No additional books or separately printed poems have been verified.

The scarcity of later records should not be mistaken for proof that Frederick stopped writing or left Los Angeles. Newspaper employment, unsigned editorial work, and variant initials can hide a substantial career. The strongest next research targets are the *Los Angeles Examiner* staff files and morgue, California voter registrations and city directories after 1941, George Washington University archives, First World War officer records, and family papers connected with Freddie Burke Frederick. Until those sources are checked, the responsible life span is 1892–after 1941 rather than a guessed death year.

YOU'VE NEVER LIVED IN HOLLYWOOD

Complete poetry text • 1926

All thirty-five poems follow in the order of the 1926 contents. Long lines broken only by the narrow printed page have been rejoined; true stanza spaces, dialogues, asterisms, and stepped refrains remain.

Introductory

Of Hollywood a verse I'll say,
But no sweet simpering roundelay;
Dynamic measures must be writ
To get the atmosphere of it.

Of Hollywood a song I'll sing,
But no slow-tempoed sweetish thing
With sighing reeds: no, rather rote
Of sounding brass in martial note.

A picture of the town I'll paint,
But not in blending colors faint:
The brightest reds, the deepest blues,
High golds, and blacks are what I'll use.

A life I'll live in Hollywood,
But not in aphoristic mood
Of smugness drab; for such would be
A wanton incongruity.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 9.

Bohemia in Hollywood

Further north than stupified content,
Further south than zeal of fever heat,
Further west than pride, by victory lent,
Further east than despond of defeat
There lies Bohemia, Hollywood. But you
Will search in vain with compass and with chart
Unless you know the password of "Truth's true,"
Unless you bring Bohemia in your heart.
'Tis by its law you'll know it, and it gives it
Only thus: His life is his who lives it.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 10.

You've Never Lived in Hollywood

If you've never heard the palm trees
 Undulating in the night breeze,
Or never saw the cactus growing free;
If you've never felt the setting
 Burnished sun bid you "Forgetting
All else, come to romance cross the sea;"

If you've never cranked your flivver,
Bound for where? For "where so iver" —
Mexico, perhaps, or San Berdu;
Saw the padres' roadway slipping
'Neath your wheels as you went skipping
North, south or west—of no import to you;

If you've never felt the tonic
Air like wine dispel Byronic
Thoughts within you till you knew that life was good,
Felt it lift you to elation
By some subtle transmutation,
 Then you've never, no, you've never really
 lived in Hollywood.

* * *

If you've never, weak and fasting,
Tramped the streets in search of casting
While the others got the jobs for which you'd try;
Wondered how they'd always do it,
Rushed around to beat 'em to it,
And failing, wished to lord that you could die;

If you've never, after hoarding
For the mistress of your boarding,
Used the money for a suit of gorgeous flare;
Dined in luxury at Montmartre
While you wondered where you'd go start
A looking for tomorrow's bill-of-fare.

If you've never, though penurious
And each circumstance injurious

To your progress, felt a Will-To-Do which could
Mock at hardships, be undaunted
When by hunger, hindrance taunted,
 Then you've never, no, you've never really
 lived in Hollywood.

* * *

If your income has not grown
Overnight, from kernel sown
At mere random, to a figure past your dream,
While around the whole world named you
In its highest terms, proclaimed you
“Wow” and “riot”—the cum laude of the screen;

If you've never built a chalet
In the hills above the valley
Just to make your former rivals sip the gall
Of an envy keen, malicious,
Scandalmonging, quite delicious,
Which was why you built the costly place at all;

If you've never told a magnate
He could take his job and go straight
To the devil, for you hoped he understood
That you wouldn't work so cheaply
As five thousand dollars weekly,
 Then you've never, no, you've never really
 lived in Hollywood.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 11–12.

The Stunt Man

Did you ever hear tell of the Suicide crew
With no risk so great that they dread it,
Which will hazard its neck for a cash-in-hand check
Or a little extension of credit?
We dare venture not, for no share can it claim
Of fortune, or favor, or worship, or fame,
But whene'er the scene's wild and the hero is tame
It's "Hey, Joe,
Say, Joe,
For Gawd's sake send for the Stunt Man!"

Now the soft-cushioned chairs of the theater are safe
For a public which likes to be thrilled,—
Which will dare, if you please, with vicarial ease—
So that's why we go and get killed.
If the story proves vapid as it's being "shot,"
The actors insipid, the scenes bally rot,
Do they throw it away? No, by George, they do not!
It's "Hey, Joe,
Say, Joe,
For Gawd's sake send for the Stunt Man!"

Thus the pictures we've saved are a legion untold;
Through the air, earth and water we dash,
While the sheik of the story gets all of the glory
And also,—doggone 'em—the cash.
When the script calls for horses, or battles to fight,
Or a swim down the rapids, or aeroplane flight
And the thousand-per hero gets tremblingly white
It's "Hey, Joe,
Say, Joe,
For Gawd's sake send for the Stunt Man!"

They've yet got to test us in daring too great
For the Suicide Crew to eschew it;
For the coffers will fill at the beck of a thrill
And it's we are the fellows who do it.
It is seldom we fail, but if aught goes amiss
And we're called to our Heaven of perilous bliss,

As we pass to New Hazards, our requiem's this:

“Hey, Joe,

Say, Joe,

For Gawd's sake get a new Stunt Man!”

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 13–14.

Phantasmagoria

Hollywood Boulevard, pregnant with destiny,
Stretching from Sunset away toward the sea,
Mecca of dreamers, high road of schemers,
Long may you flourish in gay ecstasy.

Colors gay as life itself,
Sudden triumph, sudden wealth,
Shoestring ventures, hopeful born,
Bringing fame 'twixt dusk and morn;
Gay-garbed women, youth's elite,
Men flat broke but flashy neat
Living fully while they can,—
None so broke but has his PLAN.
Ideas great and ideas small,
Bohemia in the heart of all.

Broadway's intriguing and Chestnut is great,
Michigan Boulevard, Tremont and State,
The Champs Elysees with its fashion display,
The Strand and the Linden with romance may sate.

But in no town so upside down
A street; one so nervy, dash and verve-y;
Kaleidoscope of despond, hope.
Buildings tall and buildings small,
Every hue and freak shape too.
Hucksters riding, ignorance hiding
In affluent display; truant
Genius raggity, knees all baggity
Wonders WHY as life flows by
Nervy, verve-y, topsy turvy.

Now let us discern, if we can while they pass,
The people who form this cosmopolite mass:
Babbitts and farmers, flappers and charmers,
And types from all nations, each strata and class.

Ah, Jane DeFarr, the movie star,
Goes dashing by with Sheik Jack Frye,
Who'll be her mate (he's number eight).

Director Ramus, who made famous
God, wild play, decollete,
Is next in line with “yessers” nine.
Producer Bloss, prospecting cost;
Extra ladies dressed for Hades,
Villians, cowboys, vampires, ploughboys—
Ah, what a show this diverse flow.

Hollywood Boulevard, pregnant with destiny,
Stretching from Sunset away toward the sea,
Mecca of dreamers, high road of schemers,
Long may you flourish in gay ecstasy.

Publication. First published in *You’ve Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 15–16.

Workday

Eight-thirty, and our work day starts,
Or rather I should say, is s'posed to start
For almost always there is someone late
And we poor dubs wait shiv'ring in the cold for hours.
If it's a "bit" man, he'll be fired,
And even featured players, now and then.
But if the late one is a star, ah, "My mistake,"
The director says, "I should have said 'ten-thirty.'"

Then flare the kleigs, the Cooper-Hewitts, too,
With "spots" and "baby spots."
The orchestra of three strikes up to give us tears.
It does, but not its melody.
We weep for them.

We extra people crowd and shove
And fight to get our faces on the screen,
"Hog in" with hope to win a bit of praise,—
Crush in with hope that some director will—
But, hell, they never do.

The director shouts
And all the little people run about
Like puppets on his strings.

"Camera. Action!—AC-SHUN!!
Your husband's dead, now cry.
Pretend it's someone else's husband if it helps,
BUT CRY!!"

"Oh, rotten! Cut. N. G.!
Will someone get the lady glycerine tears?
And all you people in the background there,
 you atmosphere,
Don't be—What's that? What's that you say?

Lunch time already?
An hour off; be back at one o'clock.”
And thus our workday goes.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 17–18.

A Posteriori

Sing a song of Shadowland
Pockets full of dough,
Four and twenty extra girls
Waiting in a row;
When the casting office opened
They all began to throng,
A little blondy got the job—
Now did that girl do wrong?
I'LL SAY SHE DID.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 18.

The Rise of Manon Lascaux

Oh, Manon Lascaux de la Barts
Was a Frenchman of scholarly parts
Whom destiny slated
To be celebrated
At writing and similar arts.
(And it should be stated also
That this Frenchman, this Manon Lascaux,
Was a pet in Paree
For his abili-tee
To perform with his merry mad toe,
Yes, his terpsichoristical toe.)

Like incipient geniuses should,
He went to the town Hollywood
To peddle his arts
And his scholarly parts
(Which I think I have stated, were good).
But he found, to his utter dismay,
In Hollywood genius won't pay;
So he starved for a year
In a back attic drear.
Then he met Benny Fishbaum one day—
Yes, the mighty producer one day.

Or rather, to get it just right,
He met Mrs. B. F. one night,
For B. F. amounted
To one franc discounted
When she was in hearing or sight.
This lady had many neurosis,
A virulent praecox psychosis,
Flat feet and hair-lip,
Gray hair and the pip,
And a vigorous, hm'm, halitosis—
(Excuse me, it WAS halitosis).

But this Frenchman, this Manon Lascaux,
Paid court to the old virago,
Extolling her grace

And—God help him!—her face;
And he danced with his merry mad toe.
Now B. F. was well satisfied
His wife should be thus occupied
With the young man from France,
For it gave him a chance
To play round a bit on the side—
Yes, more than a bit on the side.

The ascent of our Manon was fast,—
With the greatest directors he's classed
And turning out jewels
Such as "Are Women Fools?"
"Her Error" and "Nell's Lurid Past."
Also "Is Your Husband a Blight?"
And again "Should a Woman Go Right?"
And "Lovers Who Lie"
And "Girls Who Step High"
And one "Should All Married Folk Fight?"
(Another "Why Married Folk Fight")

I am sure you have heard of de Barts,
The director of scholarly parts,
Who is famous and noted
(As those I have quoted
Will prove) in the high realm of arts,
And yet there are folk mean and low
Who will whisper concerning Lascaux
That his greatest creations,
Of widespread laudations,
Were writ with his merry mad toe,
Yes, his terpsichoristical toe.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 19–20.

Hollywood Speaks

I am Hollywood, graciously tender,
Calling my loves to me, sweet in surrender,
 Offering my wealth untold,
 All joys that life can hold,
Paying an homage no other could render.

I am Hollywood, proud and disdainful,
Scorning in arrogance all but the gainful,
 Lashing the craven ones
 Out from among my sons,
Saving the heart of me for the attainful.

I am Hollywood, laving in cruelty,
Laughingly boasting my wrongs past credulity;
 Blasting in ghoulish glee
 Those who have faith in me,
Mocking in joy their low moaning droolity.

I am Hollywood, bargaining souls for me,
Tempting the strength of men if they'll adore me,
 From my high mountain peak
 Showing the gloss they seek,
Offering the world—as did Belial before me.

I am Hollywood, killer of youth,
Twisting the shape of it as I twist truth.
 Never did minotaur
 Basking on Cretan shore
Swallow his tribute with maw so uncouth.

I, then, am Hollywood, continence no part of me—
Faith, love and honor for sale in the mart of me;
 All of the creed of me
 Found in the greed of me—
I am Hollywood, wanton the heart of me.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 21–22.

A Studio Cafe

A Bolshevik jostles a high Persian lord,
A Prussian comes clanking in helmet and sword;
A bathing girl enters and smilingly goes
To dine with a man dressed for tempest and snows.
A stubbly-faced pirate, begrimed to the ears,
Is the life of a party of ribboned courtiers.
Way down in a corner two Quaker maids shy
Are "peddling the scandal" with tongues they make fly.
There's Cæsar the mighty, a weazened old chap,
In a toga of white and a Sears-Roebuck cap.
Napoleon and Lincoln and Helen of Troy
Are feasting on cabbage with Peck's naughty boy.
There are generals and privates of all the world's nations,
And poor girls and girls in most gorgeous creations.
There are brigands and sheriffs and criminals and police,
And rich men and poor men and beggars and thieves.
There are wild girls and mild girls and girls of each hue,
And sweet girls, petite girls and ugly girls, too.
And stunt men courageous with deep scars they show
From risks they have taken to make the films "go."
And director men, too, burnt the color of brass,
Hold court for their sub-chiefs, who mostly say, "yes."
A producer or two in a circle of men
Who never, no, never, say, "I knew you when—"
And stars here and there who will pass out their nods
With a careful selection, like gifts from the Gods.
—Yes, poor men and rich men and rich maids and poor
Come streaming and gleaming alike through the door.
Some have costly mansions, while others when rent
Becomes due win respite on a meager per cent.
Some travel by Royces and others by Ford,
While the next meal of many depends on the Lord.
But don't be too sure which is which, for the town
Is topsy and turvy and oft upside down;

And the man who this week comes to borrow a ten-spot
Next week starts for Europe on his private yacht.
—So, broke or in fortune, you'll find them all gay
And chock full of dreams, in the studio cafe.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 23–24.

Sine Qua Non

A capable actor named Black
Once came to the movie metrop,
And golly, how that man could act!—
With never a gesture de trop.
—(It's "dehr trow" but we'll call it "dee trop").

Then he took all his capable traits
(Which I've said were of excellent tone)
Around to the studio gates,
But he found he lacked sine qua non.
—(It is "non" but we'll call it "qua no-on").

They said: "You are wasting our time.
"Your chances? You have not a bit.
"To give you a job as a mime
"Would spoil cinematic esprit."
—(It's "espre" but they called it "esprit").

"You have never been starred on gridiron
"While raking in shekels apace;
"Won fame with a crafty midiron,
"Or given Jack D. coup de grace."
—(It's "dehr grahs" but they called it "de grace").

"No alienation turmoils
"Have made you of prof^table class
"With Long Island home as the spoils
"And a wife as your moral faux pas."
—(It's "foe pa" but they called it "fawx pass").

"You've not turpituded your way
"Into print, midst a storm of rebukes,
"While newspaper owners turned gray
"In exposing your amours de luxe."
—(It's "dehr lux" but they called it "dee lukes.")

"There is no need more qua nons to call

“When it’s plain there is never a fact
“Which would make you an actor at all,—
“My God, all that you do is act.”
—(Believe this or not, it’s a fact).

Publication. First published in *You’ve Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 25–26.

Molly Wouldn't But Holly Would

Now Holly and Molly were two little maidens
Who lived where the tall corn grows;
Far, far from harm, on an Ioway farm,
Simple little maidens full of simple little charm,
But they went to the picture shows.
And Holly and Molly both thought they'd like, by golly,
To be stars, so to Hollywood they went;
But they never even got on a motion picture lot,
No, they never even got on a motion picture lot,
And their money too soon was spent.
And then they met one day a rich producer gay,
Who asked them out to supper, just a little harmless supper,
At a roadhouse out a way.

Sol was such a nice old man that I can't understand—why:
Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
My, oh gracious me!
A cafe, oh! And a joyride, no!
How awful that would be!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, no, no, no, no,
It must be understood
That Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
But Holly,
Holly would.

Now Holly in her folly when she said goodbye
Went out where the bright lights shone;
But Molly so shy went alone to the "Y,"
Took along her knitting just to make the hours fly,
And at nine thirty-five went home.
But Holly and Solly were out till one, by golly,
And the wicked old magnate ventured
Just to grab a little kiss from the pretty little miss—
Which the pretty little miss didn't very much resist—
And the rest of the story's censored.
But this I'm free to state: Sol was a rich magnate
And Holly's now a queenie, yes a motion picture queenie,
While her pal's outside the gate.

Sol was such a nice old man that I can't understand—why:
Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
My, oh gracious me!
A cafe, oh! And a joyride, no!
How awful that would be!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, no, no, no, no,
It must be understood
That Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
But Holly,
Holly would.

Now Holly rides around in a handsome limousine,
Has made her fame and fortune upon the silver screen,
Gets her clothes from Paris, gets her hats from Spain,
Gets her jewels from never mind she gets 'em just the same,
Gets divorces now and then, she's now had quite a few—
Plans to go to Europe just to wed a duke or two;
Has castles on the Rhine and Rhone and villas close to Rome,
And yachts and cars and everything and sends her salary home,
While Molly's slinging hash and doesn't believe in Santa Claus
On eighteen sixty-five a week and all, you see, because:

Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
My, a bad cafe!
A magnate, oh! And a roadhouse, no,
That's not like Ioway.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, no, no, no, no,
It must be understood
That Molly wouldn't, said she couldn't,
But Holly,
Holly would.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 27–29.

The Extras

You could read about the stars for a half year
And scarcely make a dent in fandom's shelves—
Which isn't fair, because you rarely hear
About the extra folk—I mean ourselves.
And yet, as you can see,
It's Me,
 And Me,
 And Me,
Who add the touch of splendor
To the movie industree.
So the magnates on the hillsides,
The stars in castled homes
Should admit the credit due
To Privates Smith and Brown and Jones,
Of the Extras.

Now old Rome may tremble but it couldn't fall
Without us there expressing consternation;
A pictured "triumph" wouldn't "click" at all
Without our crowd (Expression: Approbation).
So after all, you see,
It's Me,
 And Me,
 And Me,
Who bring the fifty centses
(For a seven-fifty fee);
And though you scarcely see us
In the focus-blurred background,
You'll admit the credit due
To Privates Smith and Jones and Brown,
Of the Extras.

You can sing your lauding anthems of the stars,
About the Featured Players make a fuss,
Respectfully salaam to potentates,
But don't forget a word or two of us.
For after all, you see,
It's Me,

And Me,
And Me,
Who send the stars to glory
(For a seven-fifty fee).
So when you sing your praises
Be sure they're mingled with
A little of the credit due
To Brown and Jones and Smith,
Of the Extras.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 30–31.

Screen Mothers

Prologue

Oh ye who in ecstasy prattle
Of prizefights: "A Century's Battle,"
Of "Man-Killing Maulers,"
"Caparisoned Brawlers,"
Believe me, your talk is mere tattle.
For if a real fracas you'd see,
With gore flowing stintless and free,
Just hark to the lovey
Confab, sweet and dovey,
Of screen kiddies' mothers, e. g.:

Dramatis Personae

George Willie's Mother
Buster's Mother

B's Mother:—

I saw your George Willie last night
In a preview. I think he's quite bright.

G. W.'s Mother:—

Oh, I thank you. I'm glad.

B's Mother:—

Yes, he wasn't so bad.
It's a shame that his eyes are so light.

G. W.'s Mother:—

So light!—Why, they photograph dark!
"Bee-utiful," critics remark.
But tell me, dear Mabel,
Just how are you able
To cover that horrible mark
On your Buster's nose?

B's Mother:—

What mark, dear,
Do you mean? Not this tiny mark here!
But tell ME, sweetheart,
Why you lost that good part

You expected in “What Women Fear?”

G. W.’s Mother:—

That part? Why, the salary was small,
Not in my Willie’s class. Not at all.
Far below him, oh my,
But why don’t you try
With your Buster? He might get a call
For a bit.

B’s Mother:—

For a bit! What a scream!
Oh how little, dear heart, do you dream
Of the offers that I
Have right now. Bye and bye
If I hear of some parts that I deem
Your Willie can do, I will throw
Them your way. Well, dear, I must go.

G. W.’s Mother:—

Oh you MUST hurry off?
I suppose Buster’s cough
Is a worry. He’s frail, dear, I know,
Come again. Here’s your hat.

B’s Mother:—

I’ve enjoyed our fine chat. (Exit)

G. W.’s Mother:—

What a hussy, the cat!

B’s Mother: (offstage)

What a hellion, the cat!

Both:

And her boy, oh, my Gawd, what a terrible brat!

Publication. First published in *You’ve Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 32–33.

D'Amour

Days made all of blue and gold,
 Somnambulantlly flowing;
Nights as sweet as low-crooned songs
 In ceaseless cadence going;
Big round moon seen through the palms,
 A jasmine scent pervading,
With all things murm'ring lovers' hymns
 In endless serenading.
 —Is there a heart so cold it could
 Not learn to love in Hollywood?

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 34.

My Kingdom-o'-Nights

Whatever I am in the daytime,
Whatever my troubles and woe,
The night brings me measure
Of true regal pleasure,—
I'm king for an hour or so
In a kingdom of music and laughter,
A domain of tempting cafe,
Where go the elite
Of the world's silver sheet
To laugh off the trials of the day.

It's not on the Boulevard
Nor in the town's pother
Where tourists foregather
To stare at each other;
You must turn to the left,
You must turn to the right,
To find the real rendezvous
Kingdom-o'-Night.

I'll give you the new Coliseum,
My part of the City Hall, too,
And yours for the wishing
My share in the Mission
San Juan; and I'll gladly give you
The Bowl and the tours on the busses,
In fact all the rest of the sights,
But not for the wealth
Of a John D. himself
Would I give you my Kingdom-o'-Nights.

'Tis there one may play
In a gorgeous array
Of Beauty and Talent
Released from the day
And all of its worries,
And sip the sweet brew
Of being a king

For an hour or two.

Yes, yours for the asking the rest of the sights
And perhaps a wee bit of my Kingdom-o'-Nights.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 35–36. The source contents gives the variant title “My Kingdom-o’-Delight”; the poem heading and refrain read “My Kingdom-o’-Nights.”

Different

Whenever I err,
Dear gentlemen, ladies,
It's always found out
And I'm sure to catch Hades.

A director who errs,
Does he take it to heart?
Not a bit. He just calls it
A new form of art.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 36.

A Hollywood Recipe

Take a pinch of Stars and Stripes,
Stir it well with cheers,
Add a gross of mushiness,
Salt it down with tears;
Crack the Ten Commandments next,
(Seven is the best),
Mix them in with Is-Is-Right,
Add some Edgar Guest.
Lavish furnishings come next
(Use “The Housemaid’s Dream”):
Bathing girls will season if
Flat, and lacking gleam.
Stir till sizzling, then add one
Sheik, one doll, one churl—
There is your scenario.
Ready for the world.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 37.

Interviewing a Star

The worst of this life—and it's awful, oh my!—
Is the way we are kept in the public's keen eye.
If we marry, or battle, or cut any capers
It's certain to come out in full in the papers.
Now, just as a favor, I'd like my name kept
Clear out of the pape—Oh, lest I forget:
I was raided last night and my liquor all seized
(That oughtta be good for a column at least)
And I've sent clear to Paris to get my next hat
(Now, couldn't you give me an item on that?);
I'm reported engaged—which report I'll rebut
Or not, as you chose (with a two-column cut);
There are other things, too, I forget right off hand.
Can you wait while I 'phone my public'ty man?
No? No? What a shame! Well, it's awful, oh my!
The way we are kept in the public's keen eye.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 38.

Aw, Say It With a Subtitle

Sadie O'Grady, a hash-slingin' lady,
Lives down wit' d' gang by d' tracks;
She's nutty 'bout Griffio, d' neighborhood biffio
Wot's harder 'n tougher 'n tacks;
An' each night dey'd go to a t'rill movie show
'Till one night he said: "Kid, you're mine,
I'll get d'hymn shouter, we'll splice, how about 'er?"
But Sadie come back wit' dis line:

Aw—
Say it with a subtitle,
Pretty little subtitle,
Fulla woids like 'I love you,'
Like them movie heroes do;
Call me queen and say you'd die
For such a buxom lass as I,—
You don't have t' mean it
An' I ain't gonna queen it,
But say it,
Say it,
Say it,
Anyhow."

Now, Griffio got wise t' dem screen hero guys an'
He t'rew out a line sweet an' sof',
"Came dawn," he would tell 'er, "an' here is yer feller
Wot loves yu, now laugh dat one off.
Your glove may I wear, please, right next to my B. V.'s
Because you has kayoed me dead."
An' dis high soundin' spielin' had Sadie a-reelin'
An' gaspin': "I'm glad dat I said:

Aw—
Say it with a subtitle,
Pretty little subtitle,
Fulla woids all palpitady
Like 'I'll save yez, darlin' Sadie,
From d' fell an' treacherous grip
O' Boigler Harry alias Gyp'—

You don't gotta do it
Cause there ain't nothin' to it,
But say it,
 Say it,
 Say it,
 Anyhow."

Sadie, d' lady, fell hard for d' cagey
Screen talk of her Grippo d' biffs,
Dey went honeymoonin' w'ere dey did dare spoonin'
Each day in t'ree eight hour shifts.
D' neighbors was laid out and ripe fer a fadeout
From hearin' his landwich so swell
Like "Fair little doven, come clinch fer d' love scene,"
An' so dey all started to yell:

 "Aw—
 Say it with a subtitle,
 Pretty little subtitle,
 Where d'yuh get dat 'kiss me' stuff, bo?
 Down by d' tracks we treats 'em rough, so
 Kiddo, can dat big league grammar,
 Believe us, you ain't silent drammar,
 She ain't Greta Garbo
 An' f'you t'ink you'r Navarro
 Don't say it,
 Say it,
 Say it,
 Anyhow."

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 39–41.

Arcadic

I know a sheltered patio
Where palm trees ponder, row on row,
And jasmine stars and lillies grow,
And in the midst a bubbling fountain
Sometimes high and sometimes low.

* * *

I wish my life, like it, could go
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
But always with a steady flow
Inside a sheltered patio.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 42.

Speculative

Outside the studios where we achieve
Our tales of Never Was and make-believe,
Clang loud the blasts of internecine war
And Cain's red hands in costly jewels deceive.

There Virtue waits an Andromachean fate
Chained to her own ideals; in helpless state,
While Vice, free-handed, robs her of her all,
Binding her tighter with his fulsome prate.

There rescues fail, and schemes of high intent
Are doomed at birth by contours innocent.
There Evil triumphs and, in wanton pride,
Makes of his deeds a layman's sacrament.

There true love fails in poverty and grime,
And vows of faith are broken, while, in time,
A finis sad is written to the tale
And no unmasking comes to sated crime.

Not so the destiny that guides our tales
Wherein the man of virtue never fails;
Nor can red Vice for long enjoy his course
When right and wrong are balanced in our scales.

They say of us "unreal," our plays a strand
Of fiction woven by evasive hand;—
And yet, compare the two, what would you say,
Which is the real and which the shadow land?

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 43.

The Publicity Man

The publicity man, with thesaurial phrases,
Websterially unafraid,

His duty conceives and most firmly believes

In calling a spade a mysterious and soul
thrilling implement of unparalleled cost, which grips the heart
and turns tears to sunshine.

The publicity man, of syllabic habit,

His clauses a thundering clan,

No matter his fate will not deviate

From calling a man a sheik whose potent charm
has swept him to the very crest of popular favor and made
him a nation's darling.

The publicity man, unless you can stop him

When first he commences to soar,

Will prove to a fraction and your satisfaction

That two and two always makes one of the most
sensational salaries ever paid a luminary in the entire history
of Hollywood's stardom.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 44. The source's intentionally elongated publicity phrases are preserved as stepped lines.

The Featured Player

Oh, I am the film Featured Player,
I'm always the hit of the show,
I'm modest, retiring,
And never aspiring
To talk of myself—goodness, no!
And though it is I whom the public
Adores, yet I always agree
The stars add their quota—
(A tiny iota)—
To set off the genius of Me.

I never request of producers
A penny beyond what I'm worth,
At some sacrifice, I
Will work at a price nigh
A million a day plus the earth;
And if my name's not on the billboards
I really don't care half a groat,
I smile just the same smile
At him who's to blame, while
I'm carelessly cutting his throat.

Or if, in production a picture
Is flopping, then I cheerfully
Will tell them just how they
Can make it a wow—say
By using more close-ups of Me.
And if when the picture is finished
My part's on the cutting room floor,
Maintaining severely
My hauteur, I merely
Impulsively lave in their gore.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 45.

The Royal Road

If a brilliant brain you've got,

Publicize;

If you're just an idiot,

Publicize.

If your name broadcast you scatter

Through the press, with blare and chatter,

Talent really doesn't matter,

You will rise.

Now old Noah pulled a "wow,"

You'll admit.

And the high jump of the cow

Was a hit.

Cleopatra's sweet caresses,

Solomon's unrivaled dresses—

Say, I bet they had the presses

In a fit.

So just take the tip that they

Handed out.

They're still talked about today

All about,

For they knew the way to jar 'em

Till the papers couldn't bar 'em—

If we had 'em here we'd star 'em,

Not a doubt.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 46.

Poverty Row

'Tis somewhere 'twixt nothing and Shadowland fame
Lies Poverty Row;
A neat little huddle of stucco and frame
Is Poverty Row;
And there the producer whose pictures are made
With thrill, bang, and smash for the cheap "jitney trade,"
Rubs shoulders with genius still held to the shade
Of Poverty Row.

There pictures are made on a shoestring or less,
In Poverty Row;
There failure is sudden, and so is success,
In Poverty Row;
Ambitions bought dearly by long sacrifice
And often with hunger or death as the price
Are gambled with fate on a turn of the dice
In Poverty Row.

'Tis somewhere twixt fame and oblivion grim
Lies Poverty Row;
A last brief oasis for stars growing dim
Is Poverty Row;
There stars-yet-to-be, with their ardor alight,
Meet stars who can gaze only back to the height—
The pathway divides into midday and night
At Poverty Row.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 47.

Altered Cases

Demure Nellie Gray, of Mud Flat, Ioway,
Announced she would go to the city
To carve out a niche in the industry which
Is the Flickering Film. What a pity!

Now the folk of Mud Flat, barring none, agreed that
She was headed most straight for the bow-wows,
And decided a ban was the town's proper stand,
At a series of virulent pow-wows.

A committee then strode down the city's main road
To fair Nellie's house all in a column,
Where they grouped in sad gloom in her little front room
And proceeded in accents most solemn:

"If you once leave Mud Flat you must understand that
You are going forever and ever;
You cannot re-appear to contaminate here
Our young folk." And the echoes: "No, never!"

"We have heard nothing good of that town Hollywood—
Most direct from Gomorrah descended—
Where the women all paint just to be what they ain't—
Not at all what the Good Lord intended.

"And other things too that would shock even you.
Oh Nellie, you'd best reconsider."
But their pleadings she spurned, so in going they turned
A last final edict to bid her:

"Oh, our duty is clear and if we ever hear
You're returning, expecting impunity,
Our whole population will be at the station
To eject you from out our community!"

And 'twas thus Nellie Gray in disgrace went away,
All their warnings most utterly spurning;
While the subsequent years gave allay to their fears
She'd corrupt them by sudden returning.

Then one day rumor wide stirred the whole countryside

To a pitch summed in one exclamation:
“Have you heard the news that Nell’s en route to Mud Flat?
Yes, indeed, we’ll be down at the station!”

And so true to their vow of the long ago, now
All awaiting quite patient for hours,
To the depot they went, a full hundred per cent—
—But with music, hurraing and flowers!

Then they changed the chief way from “Main Street” to “Nell Gray,”
And gave other honors quite far from
The things they had stressed—now, of course you have guessed
The reason: Sweet Nell had reached stardom.

* * *

The moral—if moral there must be—
In Nellie’s case is plain to see:
 It’s not if you will, it’s not if you won’t
 It’s whether you do or whether you don’t
That makes futurity.

Publication. First published in *You’ve Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, pp. 48–50.

Etiquettessence

A wedding gift that's proper
In the movie industree
Is a paid round trip to Paris
And a blank divorce decree.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 50.

Screen Kiddies

You precocious children astounding,
Your capable talents confounding
The Holtish restrictions
And other predictions
With which somber folk are abounding.

You scamper and skittle and frolic,
Have measles and b-ache and colic;
You romp and you tear
But when the kleigs flare
You're Thespis's own apostolic.

'Tis a sight, I can tell you, surpasses
Descriptive conceits of Parnassus
To find the place filled
At your Screen Kiddies' Guild
With genius on such tiny chassis.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 51.

Sic Transit

Oh, Captain Kidd he came, he did,
To Hollywood on duty,
Sent by the shades in Stygian glades
To grab some booty.

Oh, Captain Kidd went back, he did—
(He'd come in fine apparel)—
A sadder man, a madder man,
And in a barrel.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 52.

Kleig Eyes

John Starr has gone to bed
 With the kleig eyes.
He has got an awful head
 From the kleig eyes
And the smell of alcohol
Hangs about him like a pall
But it may be, after all,
 Just kleig eyes.

He is seeing purple snakes
 With his kleig eyes,
And feeling shakes and quakes
 From his kleig eyes;
But I cannot guess the source
Of his conversation's course
Which is all about remorse,
 And not kleig eyes.

He came to work last night
 Without kleig eyes;
He seemed perfectly all right
 And no kleig eyes,—
But the doctors often state
That a symptom indicate
Is a pocket (hip) inflate,
 Of the kleig eyes.

If you should hear that John
 Hasn't kleig eyes
Just pass the story on
 He has kleig eyes,
Or the gushy girls might stop
Loving John—oh, what a flop!—
And the quarters wouldn't drop—
 HE'S GOT KLEIG EYES!!!

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 53. The source consistently spells the lamp name “kleig”; this edition preserves that spelling.

The Tone Dominant

What themes for nature's bards surround us here! All dressed
The fields in colors that astound. The mountains loom
In peace, rebuking fretfulness. The gaudy bloom
Of twisty desert things is close. Or one may rest

Down by the sea, where folk of movieland will slip
Away to meditate when cares lay on the heart.
They find a lesson in the main, untamed as art
Itself; or else know kindred in the tethered ship.

This, then, for nature lovers. I prefer the strife,
The bang, the roar, the rattle of the town. Its thrum
Is music, too. The screech of ambulance, the hum
Of traffic, newsies' shouts, are forte tones of life.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 54.

The Yes Man

My title's assistant to something or other,
My pay's several hundred or so,
I dress without hat and I wear knicker panties,
My duties I'm damned if I know.
I come to the lot at some time in the morning,
I leave about sundown, I guess,
I stick near my master where I can work faster
At saying "yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

I carry a chair in the rear of Jehovah,
I brush off his coat and his shoen;
I dust off his desk and I bring him fresh flowers
And clean out the royal spittoon.
And though I know nothing of pictures or drama
And little of art, I confess,
Advancement will be very fast, I can see,
For I can say "yes, yes, yes, yes."

My friends are predicting for me a great future
With power and fortune and fame;
And master believes that I have the right talent
To win in the cinema game.
If this should prove true and at last I am chosen
To be the Big Boss of the show,
Though the Heavens shall fall, I'll stand right up and call
—I will, yes I will!—a big "NO."

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 55. The unusual source word "shoen" is retained.

Mourners' Bench Lament

It ain't no fun,
By thunder,
This sitting by the hour in the mourners' pew
Waiting for jobs you never get, and when you do.
They only pay a pittance,
Seven-fifty by the day.
How do we live?
I wonder.
It ain't no fun.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 56.

The Song of the Captive Art

(The Pictures Speak)

Let not your tongues make mock at this my state
Of Liliputia's captive, for the fate
Of nations yet to be is in my breast.
I'm Providence, but must await

A master hand allied with soul that dares
To lift me from the realm of bartered wares
Into my destiny: a world-wide voice,
A light, a flame that sears and flares.

And such a valiant heart when it arrives
Will find me drum and trumpet to the lives
Of men now deaf and blind, I shall exalt
Them—or perhaps weld fresher gyves.

One such there was of vision who could dream
My future hemmed by no bookkeeper's scheme,
And him they crucified, but first
Besmirched with gloss his every theme.

And you who rule me now, are you so frail
You falter in your trust? If so, bewail
Your heritage, for yours the chance, my lords,
And yours the guilt if you shall fail.

Publication. First published in *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926, p. 57.

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You've Never Lived in Hollywood. Cover design by Edna Burke Frederick. Hollywood: Hollywood Publishing Company, 1926. 57 numbered pages. LCCN 27001495; OCLC 18356086; Open Library OL6697830M.

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TEXTUAL NOTE

Witness, lineation, typography, and exclusions

The copy-text is the complete University of California copy of *You've Never Lived in Hollywood*, digitized by Google and distributed through HathiTrust under handle 2027/uc1.\$b273402. The title page names the Hollywood Publishing Company, 1781 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood; the copyright page gives 1926 and A. H. Frederick. The original pagination runs from 9 through 57 after the preliminary matter.

All thirty-five poems are reset as live text. Every poem begins on a new page. Source lines broken only by the narrow printed measure have been rejoined; if one of those lines wraps again in the six-by-nine frame, its continuation returns to the poem margin rather than receiving a false hanging indent. True stepped structures remain, especially in "The Stunt Man," "The Extras," "Aw, Say It With a Subtitle," and the elongated publicity phrases of "The Publicity Man."

Stanza divisions follow the visible source spacing, not OCR blank lines, page boundaries, or ornamental gaps. "Screen Mothers" retains its prologue, italic speaker labels, dramatis personae, stage directions, and dialogue blocks. The asterisms in "You've Never Lived in Hollywood," "Arcadic," and "Altered Cases" are authorial section breaks and remain. Decorative drop initials have been normalized into ordinary sentence openings without converting whole opening words to capitals.

The contents page calls one poem "My Kingdom-o'-Delight," while the poem heading, its refrain, and its final line read "My Kingdom-o'-Nights." This edition follows the poem itself and records the contents variant in the publication note. "Kleig Eyes" and the repeated lower-case "kleig" are also retained, although the lighting name is usually spelled *Klieg*. Other legible oddities retained include "stupified," "ecstasy," "raggity," "Villians," "lillies," "despond," "droolity," "vicarial," "shoen," "attainful," "prof table," "turpituded," "landwich," and "you'r Navarro."

Recognition errors and scan intrusions have been removed by comparison with all forty-nine poetry pages. Among the repairs are *fishbaum* restored to *Fishbaum*, *Bolshevik* from a broken all-cap drop opening, numeral 1 restored to pronoun *I*, *flaring* and *flare* distinguished, dialogue dashes and quotation marks recovered, and the broken physical wraps in "A Studio Cafe," "The Tone Dominant," "The Yes Man," and "The Song of the Captive Art" rejoined. Running folios, HathiTrust side legends, Google watermarks, decorative banners, library numbers, and scan debris are not poem text.

The prose advertisement “The Spirit of Hollywood,” printed below “Sic Transit” on page 52, is not listed in the contents and reads as a classified joke offering scenarios, a second-hand Rolls-Royce, and a wardrobe. It is documented here but excluded from the poetry sequence. The source’s illustrations remain visible in the archived scan; a selective group appears at the front, while the poems themselves are typographically reset rather than reproduced as facsimiles.

Publication notes after every poem identify *You've Never Lived in Hollywood* and its printed page span. No earlier periodical appearances were located, so the wording “first published” refers to the 1926 collection as the earliest verified publication, not to a claim that no unlocated newspaper printing existed. Editorial prose italicizes all book and periodical titles.

COLOPHON

Production record

Designed and edited in Los Angeles in 2026 for *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. Six by nine inches; mirrored 66/48-point margins; EB Garamond; cream page field; live-text Green cover system.

The cover uses newly generated unlettered artwork in the manner of a hand-painted 1920s silent-comedy lithograph, preserved separately from the live EB Garamond title system. A stunt performer hangs from a biplane while controlling a runaway horse above a studio river, collapsing bridge, and controlled explosion; the leading man and director remain safely below. The composition is fitted to the standard 432-by-437-point art panel. The historical Edna Burke Frederick cover appears only in the archival section.

The source scan, proofed structured text, research downloads, catalogue records, documentary images, clean cover art, final lettered cover, fonts, build code, source manifest, research change log, checksums, and full-page QA renders are preserved in the poet's completed folder.