

# **THE STORY OF A LOVER**

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The story of a lover by Hutchins Hapgood

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**HUTCHINS HAPGOOD**

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*The Story of a Lover*

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*{ Hapgood, Hutchins }*



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# THE STORY OF A LOVER

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## *Chapter One*

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WAS thirty years old when I saw her for the first time. We did not speak, we were not introduced, but I knew that I must meet her; I knew that love which had hitherto been gnawing in my imagination and my senses, had found an object. I fell in love at first sight. She did not see me—and I sometimes think she has never seen me since, although we are married and have lived together for fifteen years.

Life had prepared me to love. I was born sensitive and passionate, and had acquired more emotion than I was endowed with. I had ac-

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quired it partly through ill-health and ignorance as a lad, and partly through an intense sex-  
imagination to which I habitually and gladly  
yielded. My boyhood was filled with brood-  
ing, warm dreams, and partial experiences, al-  
ways unsatisfied, and leaving a nature more and  
more stirred, (more and more demanding the  
great adventure.)

Then, in youth and early manhood,—as a  
student, a traveler,—experiences came rich  
enough in number. The mysterious beauty  
and terrible attraction that woman has for the  
adolescent was not even relatively satisfied by  
my many adventures. Each left me more un-  
satisfied than before. My hunger for profound  
relationship grew so strong that all my ideas of  
beauty, in art, in life and in nature, seemed to  
be a mere comment, a partial explanation, of  
that which was a flame in my soul.

This explanation, this comment derived from  
art, while the ultimate result was greater in-

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flammation, so to speak, yet often temporarily soothed. (This was especially true of philosophy and reflective poetry.) I had no interest in metaphysics as such, but when, in the university, the magnificent generalizations of philosophy first came to me, I thought for a time that I had found rest.

Dear Wordsworth! How he cooled my fevered senses and soothed my heart and mind; how he pleasingly introduced into every strong sensation an hygienic element of thought which made the whole into warm reflection rather than disturbing impulse! And dear Philosophy! Who, when taught to see things from the viewpoint of eternity, could be intensely unhappy about his own small Self and its imperfections? In Plato, in Spinoza, in Hegel, Fichte, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, I felt (the individual temperament struggling to free itself, as I had been struggling to free myself, from too great an interest in Self through the contemplation of

*the higher Self (Absolute) is captured [9]*