MidAmerica XXIV

The Yearbook of the Society
for the Study of Midwestern Literature

Edited by
DAVID D. ANDERSON

The Midwestern Press
The Center for the Study of
Midwestern Literature and Culture
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan
1997

In honor of
Paul W. Miller

PREFACE

The publication of *MidAmerica XXIV*, the yearbook of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature for 1997, marks another successful year in the Society's history. The twenty-sixth annual conference, the symposium "The Cultural Heritage of the Midwest" and the concurrent Midwest Poetry Festival, was large and diverse, and three outstanding contributions to that conference are included here: the prizewinning poem, "Planting Asparagus," by Rodney Phillips, the prizewinning essay, "Meridel Le Sueur, Earth Goddesses and Engel's Approach to the Woman Question," by Nora Ruth Roberts, and the prizewinning story, "Songs I'll Not Hear Again," by Jim Gorman. All three are representative of the many contributions members of the Society are making to the literature of our region as well as to its study.

Equally gratifying at the conference was the presentation of the Mark Twain Award for 1997 to two distinguished novelists, Toni Morrison and Jon Hassler. The MidAmerica Award for distinguished contributions to the study of Midwestern literature was presented to Paul Miller, distinguished contributor to our knowledge and understanding of the literature of the region and the nation. This issue of *MidAmerica* is suitably inscribed to him.

August, 1998

DAVID D. ANDERSON

CONTENTS

PLANTING ASPARAGUS

ROD PHILLIPS

This is not like growing radishes or leaf lettuce,
not a simple matter of sowing seed and mixing
oil and vinegar for a garden salad a month later.

This is an investment, a wager that you'll be here
in four years for the harvest of the first spears
a wish that your children will continue
to cut the new spears each May.

A trench two feet square must be excavated
and filled half full of horse manure and peat,
before laying down the gnarled roots,
sprawling like huge milky spiders
under knee-deep dark loam.

Once established, it may outlast all else you do in this life—
A bed Jefferson planted at Monticello still thrives there,
beside a crumbling garden wall
made of only stone.

Michigan State University

MERIDEL LE SUEUR, EARTH GODDESSES AND ENGELS'S APPROACH TO THE WOMAN QUESTION

NORA RUTH ROBERTS

[1]The recent death of Meridel Le Sueur (1900-1996) not only constitutes very nearly the end of an era but provides an opportunity to re-examine her relationship to the Communist Party's so-called proletarian writing of the 1930s as that has been presented and discussed by the new generation of left feminists (myself included). Basically what is at stake are two questions: first, a rethinking of the position of the communist movement on the problem of women and the origins of women's subjugation—especially as that was developed by Frederick Engels in *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State* (1884) and the relationship of that statement of traditional Marxism's view of the "woman question" to the shaping of Le Sueur's own feminist vision as she applied that to her commitment to Midwestern regionalism.

A tandem re-reading of Engels's *Origins of the Family* and Le Sueur's earliest fiction, framed in the ancient Demeter/Persephone myth, suggests a fundamental correspondence that we have all been overlooking. Among Le Sueur scholars, Elaine Hedges, in her introduction to *Ripening* (1982), has made the most cogent analysis of Le Sueur's early appropriation of the Demeter/Persephone myth as a deeply felt personal metaphor for the separation and rejection Le Sueur felt from her own mother, socialist activist Marion Wharton. However, extended study of Le Sueur's writings, interviews (including my own with her in 1991) and journals suggests the consideration that Le Sueur tends to personalize in a beguiling non-didactic way references to sources for her work that may derive as much from her early exposure to Marxism, which she tends to refuse to express in the kind of ideological statements she deliberately stayed clear of, than solely from a personal psychodynamic. Following the trace of

that myth into some of Le Sueur's last work "The Origin of Corn" would bear that out, and, as Hedges suggests, the Demeter/Persephone myth, in various guises, informed the better part of Le Sueur's early work.

Certainly, the Demeter/Persephone myth has been widely accessible, especially to forlorn young women who feel cut off from their mothers, and Hedges's analysis may well have some merit. However, by the evidence of such autobiographical essays as "'the Ancient People and the Newly Come" (1976), it is just as easy to assume that Le Sueur's early consciousness was strongly influenced by the standard texts and ideology of the early socialist movement in which her parents played significant parts, and which closely adhered to originary Marxist teachings. If the young Le Sueur was the favorite of Big Bill Haywood, Eugene V. Debs, and Emma Goldman, it does not seem far-fetched to assume that she was privy in perhaps a rudimentary way to discussions of official Marxist views. Maintaining these views as fundamental to her communist vision, even through the twists and turns of the policies of the CPUSA which she joined at the age of 24, could well have allowed Le Sueur to see herself not in opposition to traditional Marxism, but in some ways a lone voice maintaining the faith—at least on the woman question.

It is in that light that Le Sueur's lifelong development and association with the Demeter/Persephone myth invites re-examination. As Hedges suggests, Le Sueur's early Persephone story (1927) is a virtual intact transplant to Kansas of the ancient myth of the earth goddess that Edith Hamilton traces to early stages of Greek culture still, according not only to Engels, but to Marxist anthropologist Evelyn Reed, and, most recently, to classics scholar Jane Ellen Harrison, in the early stages of the struggle to replace the matriarchal gens with a patriarchal system that would replace communal relations with private property. The story, as Le Sueur tells it, is that Freda (Demeter) has come to Kansas with her fair young daughter, and the farm community is joyous because her very touch (like the mythic touch the ancients attributed to the goddess and to women in general) makes their crops grow, their fruit trees bear, and even their bread rise and bake to perfection. On the scene there arrives a bull-breeder, March (easily traceable to the switch from agriculture to animal husbandry that brought with it the pre-eminence of males over females in the production process). March abducts Freda's daughter, just as Pluto had abducted Persephone, and, as in the myth,

a gloom comes over the land and Freda herself, like her originary, hunts desperately and despondently for her daughter. She does find her, growth resumes, just as the myth has traditionally been seen as an explanation of the origin of the northern hemisphere's seasons in anthropomorphic terms.

Contemporary anthropological interpretations, including Reed's—which closely adheres to Engels's—and Harrison's discuss the breakdown, often violent disruption, of the matrilineal connection from mother to daughter as a struggle by the emerging forces of patriarchy to take control of the matrilineal tribe and gens system. As Engels—and Reed—make clear, the matriarchy discussed is not merely a reverse of the oppressive patriarchal system. Engels, basing his analyses on the anthropological work of the American Lewis Henry Morgan, who initiated his investigations with North American Native American tribes, starting with the Iroquois, and his own studies of classical Greek and German tribal accounts, developed a view that primitive society had been, although matrilineal, primarily communal. Eleanor Burke Leacock summarizes Engels's portrayal of this stage in her introduction to the 1972 International Publishers edition of Engels's treatise:

> The significant point for women's status is that the household was communal and the division of labor between the sexes reciprocal; the economy did not involve the dependence of the wife and children on the husband ... The children in a real sense belonged to the group as a whole; an orphaned child suffered a personal loss, but was never without a family. Women did not have to put up with personal injuries from men in outbursts of violent anger for fear of economic privation for themselves or their children. ... the distinction did not exist between a public world of men's work and a private world of women's household service. The large collective household was the community, and within it both sexes worked to produce the goods necessary for livelihood (33).

As Engels and then Reed develop the case, all this changed with the imposition of patriarchal culture and private property which was to bring about the subjugation of women. Reed's analysis of the Agammenon myth in which the wife Clytemnestra slays her husband in retribution for his sacrifice of their daughter Iphygenia and is in turn slain by her son suggests both that the mother-daughter tie was the primal tie and that overturning that tie to establish patrilinearity involved a good deal of bloodshed. Applying that idea to the Persephone myth shows that the early development of the mother-daughter tie was a fundamental aspect of mankind's development. By transposing this myth to modern-day Kansas and returning to it frequently in her work, Le Sueur certainly seems to be going beyond the psychodynamic of her own mother-daughter relationship to suggest a "rape of the land" as she puts it in "Corn Village" and the rapacious nature of patriarchal capitalist relations in an ongoing way that is very much in keeping with Marxist philosophy.

Toward the end of the "Persephone" story the narrator, accompanying Freda's daughter on a train ride to safety, sums up what seems a condition that extends beyond the author's own private gloom to suggest the entire state of woman since the fateful overthrow of communality that Engels delineated:

> What strange realms had thrust her forth to be born of her mother in the night, to put upon her the burden of endless movement through fields, upon the earth, through many days under the burden of shadowless nights, marked with the mark of strangeness to be usurped by an unfamiliar man, to walk through unfamiliar places, and to carry unfamiliar burdens (83).

The difficulty in trying to prove that this note of doom in Le Sueur's own statement has a basis in Engels's work as well as in her own psychological condition is that, as Hedges notes, she herself was not an ideologue. Hedges reports:

> What mattered to Le Sueur was not ideology. She has described her impatience with those at the American Writers Congresses who delivered "great theoretical ideological speeches," attempting to make a "bureaucratic intellectual, inhuman, non-human kind of thing of Marxism." (15)

Hedges, in her own interpretation, appears to be missing an essential point. Le Sueur, even in this statement, seems, by negation, to be championing, not so much a rejection of ideas as a humanization of Marxism, and that, more than an opposition to Marxism, seems to have been her primary mission. Even in her private journals, Le Sueur rarely discusses an ideological basis for her communist beliefs, although she does refer to attendance at several workers study schools. Her clearest private statement is culled from her 1935 journal:

> Communism of course wouldn't give people a subtle knowing just as such—but relieved again of the money value who can tell what would happen, surely it is a good adventurre ... a marvelous trying at least ... Remov[e] the money value which is mixed up with mentality mechanization, and the ideal all have produced each other and you could begin to know what 'human nature' is ... No one thinks that communism is a panacea. ... I think they are more realistic about it than prophets have ever been—but to be rid of the horrible smell of money—to be rid of the stench of the seller and the buyer—Oh Lord. ... [1935].

Hence, Le Sueur's revival of the ancient pre-private-property species myth of the interconnectedness of woman, land, and reproduction can more clearly be accepted as being in concordance with traditional Marxist views.

This continuity in her vision is borne out by a look at her late-life paean to fecundity, identified as a continuation of her fascination with the Persephone myth, which seems to uphold the conjecture that Le Sueur's work calls for analysis more in theoretical/ideological terms than in psychodynamics. To do less may be a denigration of the importance of her own presentation of the communist perspective as it remained a steadfast concern throughout her life. "The Origins of Corn" (1976) marks an important break in Le Sueur's ties to formal narrative structure at the same time that it develops a central celebration of the communal values bequeathed to humankind in the Native-American gift of corn. In this sense it bears some resemblance to Henry David Thoreau's last manuscript, *Faith in a Seed,* which was just published in 1993 for the first time. Like the Concord nature-worshippers, including Walt Whitman whom they influenced and who, in turn, was an important influence on the development of Le Sueur's early break from familial Puritanism and in her devising of non-traditional writing methods,[2] Le Sueur opposes the development of corn and native agriculture to rapacious capitalism. Near the opening, she offers a "Hosanna" to "the ancient women Gatherers, free wanderers [who] loved the tiny grass, tendered hand pollinated it, created the great crop of nutrition which cannot free itself without the hand of human" (254).

References abound to the Native-American gift of corn as "transmutation of communal love. ... thrown like a seed ball from people to people in twenty-five thousand years of a mothering congregation of protein, of corn nuptials, cohesions, solidarity. ...

Corn, fertility, thus, is a species trace memory that allows us to "lay underground with corn, hoarding the endosperm, preserving inside the shuck ancestral bridal arrayment, communal goodness. ..." (255).

To fully grasp the imagery of this seemingly overobvious piece, the reader does well to place it in the context of Le Sueur's total political and poetical life, and, thus, within the context, again, of Engels's vision as Le Sueur interpolated it. If we see Le Sueur's imagery of seeds and "endosperms" hoarded underground for centuries that can once again come to life given propitious circumstances as "communal goodness," and "transmutation of love," as a poetic suggestion that the communal goodness of pre-historic peoples in the earliest stages of matriarchal communal clans can once again be brought to life, the poem makes sense as an assertion of a restatement of faith in the communist future based on the primary notion of the "hoarding" of primary images of desire and communalism within the species itself.

To be sure, it is possible to trace Le Sueur's fascination with Native-American culture and Midwest agrarianism to sources more personally significant than Engels's theories about the ancient connection between agriculture and matriarchy. In "The Ancient People and the Newly Come," Le Sueur discusses the important influence on her childhood consciousness of a neighboring "Mandan Indian we called Zona," whom she describes as one of the three key matriarchal nurturing forces in her early life. Zona seems to be one of Morgan's Native-American informants come to life inculcating Le Seuer with a vision that will prepare her for her future communist commitment. As Le Sueur says: "She showed me that the earth was truly round, sacred, she said, so that no one could own it. The land is not for taking. ... She said that men and women were rooted, interpenetrating, turning to the center." From her association with Zona, Le Sueur learned:

> I knew the turning earth and woman would defend me. I saw the powerful strong women, and I was a small green girl with no breasts and hardly a bowel for anger, but gleaming among them, unused, naked as the land, learning anger, and turning to cauterize and protect the earth, to engender out of their rape and suffering a new race to teach the warriors not to tread the earth and women down. At their own peril! (45).

For all the twistings of the CP's relationship to regionalism or Browderite popular front Americanism, Le Sueur maintained a fairly consistent loyalty to her home area, which can perhaps be better understood as a connection to her agrarian mythos than to a specific defiance or acceptance of CP policy. As Douglas Wixson[3] so helpfully explains in his book on Le Sueur's long-time friend and ally, Jack Conroy, the CP itself was rather capricious in its attitude toward Midwestern regionalism and even toward its stable of lesser-known writers. During the early years of the establishment of the John Reed Clubs the emphasis was on developing new, raw, especially working class talent—as Mike Gold has rather famously or infamously directed. That effort drew together Le Sueur, Conroy, Nelson Algren, and the young Richard Wright into forming the basis for the publication of the Midwestern worker-writer journal *Anvil.* This was all well and good, and the working-class nature of *Anvil* was even utilized by the CP leadership in a strategic move against the pro-Trotskyist *Partisan Review* crowd of New York intellectuals. However, in an organization directed by a bureaucratic leadership whose primary mission is to maintain control of the organization and fend off all challenges—as I see the CP in that period—a squeeze-play can be used in two directions. In the pre-war Popular Front period, the CP switched tactics, attempting to get star-quality names like Hemingway to head up their lists of anti-fascist supporters, and let such lesser-known enclaves as the *Anvil* group go by the boards. Richard Wright's fury at this move is of course a matter of public record. As for Le Sueur, she undoubtedly felt betrayed as her 1935 Writers Congress speech indicates.[4] However, if she had looked to the CP or even to official Marxism, for support of her Midwestern loyalty, she was looking up the wrong row. Throughout its history, very nearly from its introduction in the mid nineteenth century, the question of regionalism vs. internationalism, or even the question of the specialness of a particular ethnicity, has vexed the best minds of the Marxist tradition. The official view that the working class, like the capitalist class, is fundamentally internationalist, and that ethnic and regional—and gender—loyalties are frequently divisive and contravene international working class solidarity, has clearly been a major source of disaster for the Marxist movement from the early tendencies toward anti-semitism, failures to understand the woman question in its realities, and, in our time, disasters in Afghanistan and Chechnya.

As I have indicated, Le Sueur was not one to engage in high-level theoretical debates on the international question. But neither was she about to abandon her fundamental agrarian vision and its ties to Midwestern history, development, and landscape just because the CP leadership or the Soviet policy-setters couldn't decide on a way to apply the various tendencies of Marxist thought to support an opportunistically advantageous position in that period. Le Sueur went on to write *North Star Country,* a patchwork of biographical sketches and historical snippets of the Midwest compiled for Erskine Caldwell's Folkways series, financed in the last days of the WPA. In this work, she focuses on the people, the settlers from all parts, mostly men oddly enough, but ordinary men, working men, men who built Jim Hill's railroads and suffered ever greater pressures to make a living on the land.

Finally, in her last writings, in "The Origin of Corn," "Winter Prairie Woman," and the unfinished snatches at the end of the *Ripening* edition, Le Sueur returns to the replenishing soil of her native Midwest. Here, combining Native American legend, the celebrations of all layers of womanhood, and the hope for the renewal of the land itself—in essence, the stuff of the Midwest mythos—Le Sueur reshapes the clay she has been molding all her life into an icon of the goddess of the reassertion of the life force that has been at the heart of her work all along and which now, at a new dark of the time, with forecasts of the end of history, would seem to serve to revive the faith of her followers in the essential goodness of the species, of the planet, that is at the basis of the originary Marxist teaching she seemed to adhere to right to the end.

New York City

NOTES

1. I am indebted to my good friend Edmond Kovacs for the encouragement and continued support that led me to take on this re-examination.
2. In her interview with me in August, 1991, Le Sueur discussed the early influence on her work of Walt Whitman, D. H. Lawrence, and the South African writer Olive Schreiner, to the extent that all of them allowed her to define for herself a sense of sexuality, sensuality, and a writer's identity free of the Puritanism that had been imbued in her by the women in her family—especially her grandmother.
3. See Douglas Wixson. *Worker-Writer in America: Jack Conroy and the Tradition of Midwestern Literary Radicalism, 1898-1900.* Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1994.
4. See James W. Boehnlein's discussion of Le Sueur's speech to the Writers Congress in "Midwestern Voices and the Marginal Canon: Reconsidering Proletarian Fiction." *MidAmerica XXII.* The Midwestern Press, 1995. 50-59.

SONGS I'LL NOT HEAR AGAIN

JIM GORMAN

"No, it's not a boat," Father says. "Here, look at it carefully, Annie. How could it be a boat?"

We have come up from his truck to the porch, laughing and hugging, and wrestling with the dog, and now we're sitting on the glider with this wooden thing that's not a boat lying across our laps. It's as long as a yardstick and no wider than your hand, and it comes to a point at both ends—just like a toy boat, like the one I've asked him to bring for the pond.

He taps it with his knuckles and says, "See, it's hollow, a hollow box."

I guess again. "Maybe it's a place for jewels, Daddy, a secret place?" I put my finger in one of the four holes on the top.

"No," he says. He is gruff now, showing his tiredness. He looks at me through narrowed eyes, rubs his cheeks. He's not shaved in a couple of days and there's a smell about him, tobacco and sweat. "No, it's not a secret place, Annie. Look—"

Mother has just appeared in the screen door, and she says, "Stop playing the schoolmaster with her, Ray. Just tell her what it is."

He glances back at her, his eyes narrow again. Then he looks at me. "It's for playing music, Ann," he says. "Remember the violin at school? It's an old kind of violin, I think. It's got to have strings—that's what's missing. You need to stretch strings right up through here." He runs his finger up the middle where a straight piece of wood is fixed on top. "This piece looks like a man's skinny necktie, with bars, like stripes, that run horizontally. At the top the piece goes beyond the wooden box and ends in a point. There's two pegs sticking out of it and a hole for a third."

He says, "You have to tighten the strings with these pegs. See how they turn. They tune the strings. The strings make the music, then it gets louder inside, then it comes back out through the holes."

He's talked himself back to smiling and holds the instrument out in front of him like something to be admired. Then he tucks one end under his chin and draws his arm back and forth like a violinist. But it's too long to be held that way, so he looks for other ways, between his legs, across one arm. Then he gives up, and lets it sit across our laps.

Mother says, "What did you pay for it?"

He smiles. "Only you would worry about that," he says. Then he turns to face her. "Not a dime. It was given to me. I found a widow in North Carolina with a whole barnful of junk—what she called junk, her husband's junk. Still two hundred dollars short on burying him, so she sold everything I had an interest in. But I got this for nothing. She said 'Take it, or I'll be burning it.'"

He stands up and leads us back down to the truck, dragging back the tarp and untying ropes—there's chests and tables and chairs, two tarnished brass beds that he scrapes at with his penknife, and boxes of picture frames.

Mother looks at some of the smaller things as he lifts them down to her. She says, "So you were in North Carolina, too."

"Clear to the other end of it. I drove straight through, all night."

"You could've called. Annie was worried. I was worried."

"We were all worried, weren't we," he says falsely.

Mother's lips part and I see her teeth set together. "Ray," she says in a voice that makes his head turn. For the first time he comes close to her. He takes a box from her hands, sets it back in the truck and puts his arms around her. She allows this, but is still set against him, her hands against his chest.

He says, "After the last tank of gas, I was down to two dollars, and I haven't eaten since that woman fed me yesterday morning."

Mother pushes back from him. "You didn't find all of this until yesterday morning?"

"No, I went back to her a second time, for directions. She'd told me about a man who could play the instrument, whatever it is, an old-timer."

"And you went looking for him?"

"Yes, I did. I got to the house where he lived. Got to his grave."

"No wonder you were down to two dollars."

Father reaches into his pocket and holds out two wrinkled bills.

Mother shakes her head at him, then she puts her finger on his arm. "I don't want those. I want you to call next time."

He doesn't seem to hear her. He puts the bills back in his pocket. "He lived in a house that was two miles from any road. You had to walk back through the awfulest jungle."

"That would appeal to you, Ray, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would."

"I was worried, Ray."

"All right, I'll call next time," he says harshly. "I will."

She moves closer to him and in a moment he raises his arm and she pulls it around her shoulder, though neither of them smiles.

I have been standing back in the shade by the porch, holding the instrument, watching them. When they come by me, Father reaches into his shirt pocket and gives me a peg that he's carved from new wood.

It fits into the third hole. The two pegs are gray, dried out like stone. This third one is yellow, a wood so soft you can mark it with your fingernail.

I follow them into the house, holding the instrument, shaking it. "Daddy, something's rattling inside. A jewel, maybe."

Mother says, "It's only a pebble, I'm sure, Annie. Now, go on upstairs and draw some water. Your father needs a bath."

Like his collection of strange tools, slipstones and pinchdogs, the saddler's clam, and so forth, the instrument is a riddle that Father presents to anyone who comes to the house. The man who owns the music store in town, Mr. Rivera, is not the first, but he is the first musician. He has heard about it from one of his guitar students, Billy Stempek, a boy whose initials I have inked into the covers of my notebooks—BS inside tiny guitars, inside the O in the word LOVE, a word Mother says is not for a girl my age.

It is a summer evening and I am sitting on the screened porch, reading, not a book of my choosing, but one from mother's list, two grade levels beyond me. She is getting me ready for high school, she says. The book goes slowly because I daydream, snitches of songs from the radio taking my mind here, there. Mother has spent the day cooking, but Father has eaten his meals elsewhere, going off once in a huff, once without her notice. But he has returned twice. He stays down at his workshop, but every so often he appears behind me, touching my chair. When he speaks you can tell that what he says is not what he's thinking, odd requests and questions, jabbing at me, friendly with me, but unwilling even to sit in the same room with her.

The doorbell rings and it is Mr. Rivera, in coat and tie, with two guitars in cases and with another black case filled with tools and equipment, strings, guitar picks, hooks, photographs, even letters from former students. A few years ago he was a Spanish teacher at the high school who gave guitar lessons to a few boys. Then, quite suddenly, with every boy in town wanting to be the next Elvis Presley, he's been able to leave the high school and open his store. His window says, Guitar Lessons All Styles, but Billy tells me there's only one style. Mr. Rivera won't hear of teaching any song that's on the radio. "For later, for later," Billy says, mimicking Mr. Rivera's thick accent.

Father brings him to the porch. Mother appears also, her face freshly powdered. She offers drinks and later she takes them away. She asks me to sit up straight, lifting the long mop of my blonde hair off my shoulders, gathering it into her hands like a bun, and then letting it go suddenly as she pretends not to know who Billy Stempek is when Mr. Rivera mentions him.

Mr. Rivera looks like a doctor, tiny and dark, with delicate fingers and manicured nails, and he holds Father's instrument gently as if it's been injured. He measures its length, from the end of the fret board up to each peg, and cuts three strings.

He says, "So you think it's a violin or a viola. I think it's more of a guitar. See." And he holds it in his lap, like a guitar, left hand near the pegs, right hand with a pick ready to strum. Then he tries to tune it, twisting the squeaky pegs as he plucks one string, then the next. But it won't tune according to a scale he knows. He counts the frets again and whistles up through the notes, do, re, mi, etc., looking for the right fret to start from. A reference book tells him there were ancient European instruments based on modal intervals, diatonic scales. He reads aloud and nods, then tries to tune the instrument to one of these. He tries one tune, then another, but neither will fit and he frowns.

Father smiles, enjoying Mr. Rivera's confusion. What he knows about the instrument from the book he keeps in the locked drawer in his workshop is still more than this man knows. I have opened this book more than once. The key to the drawer hangs behind the bed that Father's set up out there, where he sleeps sometimes, when it's hot, he says, but you can find him there other nights.

Mr. Rivera wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. He takes his own guitar from its case, tunes it quickly, then plays one of the tunes

he had tried before. "You see, right there. That note right there, fa. It doesn't sound right. And another one, here. That's not a scale I know, it's something I don't know."

Father says, "Is it American?"

"No, not American. It's something from longer ago. European."

"Then from where in Europe? What country?"

"Germany maybe. Or Yugoslavia. Who knows? But not Spanish. Spanish I know. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I don't know."

Then he puts the instrument down on the table between them as a bit of wind comes up, rattling Mother's wind chimes and blowing the pages of Mr. Rivera's books.

Mr. Rivera stands up and says, "Maybe it's one of those harps that the wind plays. What are they called?"

"An Aeolian harp," I say, sitting up very straight, pleasing them all.

The two men smile at me.

"Bright girl," says Mr. Rivera. "Yes, they're in the Bible everywhere. Played by angels."

Father picks up the instrument, puts his ear to it, smiling, but it is Mother who speaks. "Yes," she says, "our daughter, the angel, has an answer for every question."

I am home for another weekend because Father is back from the hospital, the end of his treatments. One way or another, he's not going back, he says, and we all know this to be true. Max has also gotten worse, we learn when we arrive. He's messed all over the floor twice this week and he keeps walking into the sliding glass door. He's in pain, I can see it in his eyes, and Mother is firm to put him under. "You don't have to deal with this everyday, the two of them now," she says. "But you decide, he's always been your dog."

The vet came this morning and I decided to put the grave back by the pond, as close to the sycamores as we can dig. Peter dug the hole. He's strong and he's looking for ways to impress both of them, and through them, I know, me. He found the spade in Daddy's workshop. He found some boards there too, has nailed them together into a box with a top that sets on.

Out there in the heat, next to the mound of yellow clay, the box already in the hole, Mother says, "I know you loved that dog, but you'll have to excuse me, Annie, this is too much. I suppose you'll be wanting to say prayers."

And then she and I sit out the late afternoon on the screened porch. Peter is off running, we think, and Father is asleep, we hope, his shot given to him a little earlier tonight, earlier than last night—earlier and earlier.

This is the second time Peter has come home with me. It's clear that Mother is anxious to know all about him. She'll come at the subject of Peter in any way that will disguise her direct interest in him. She already knows about as much as I know—he's two years older than I am, just through with his general exams and about to begin a dissertation, not in literature, but in linguistics. He has an interest in all things mechanical, is very good with cars, with fixing things, and he was born in Germany, in the East, a subject he won't talk about. Whenever I ask, about this or about anything personal, he quiets me and keeps on moving, doing, and, in return, I have learned to say less and less about myself.

Mother's already learned what she thinks is the worst about him, about us, while sorting my laundry at dawn today, a pair of his socks and some of his briefs in with everything that's mine. "These are Peter's, I trust," she said.

We talk about Peter, and we talk a little more about Father, and then we sit watching the ice in our empty glasses, until Mother says, "There's a lot I learned about your father a year or so into things. I wish we would have waited."

"Are you saying you wouldn't have married him?"

"No, I'm saying I would have made myself clearer to him. About what I would stand for. All of a sudden we were married."

She's talking about me and Peter too, of course, has already brought us further along than either of us would want to be brought. To stop her from going further, I shake the ice in my glass and stand up, but she says quickly, "Ann, you have no tolerance for separateness. Twenty-five years ago I wouldn't have thought that that was our condition, but it is."

"Mother, you sound like a philosophy book."

"If anything, Ann, I sound like a book you haven't read yet. Protect yourself."

All the day's heat comes up into my face. I am angry. "Protect myself from what, Mother?"

"From their pulling away," she says, more exhaustion, more bitterness in her voice than she's ever shown me.

She hands me her empty glass, dismissing me, and making me want to say more when I know I shouldn't. I should know to let this quarrel go, but my mind stumbles forward, searching for a response that covers both my true fears about Peter—for I have them, all the time I have them—and yet also answers her for what she's done to Father.

But before I can speak, we hear it, a kind of music, coming from the other end of the house, from the open window in Father's room, drifting toward the porch, a slow melody, like a violin but deeper, slacker, almost a droning, like a bass fiddle. And then above it, we hear Peter's voice, singing in German, or at least not in English, a clear tenor.

I go to the end of the porch, my ear to the screen, and then when the song ends I go upstairs and find him seated at the foot of Father's bed. In front of him is the instrument, lying across the sheets, and he is playing it by stroking the strings with a violin bow. He is playing a second song, or playing the first one again—I don't hear a difference. Father is awake. His head is back against the pillow, his jaw taut, braced against pain, but when he sees me he smiles and reaches for my hand. I come over quietly, but Peter sees me and stops.

"Peter found it in my workshop," Father says. "I wonder who put it out there?" And he glances beyond me, his eyes narrowing slyly and I know that Mother has come up also.

We are silent, then Peter speaks—he has found the rhythm of talk in our family, knows when a silence is meant to punish and tries to mediate. He says, "I went to town to buy the violin bow. My grandfather had one of these instruments. It was played in church. Always on a table, flat like this."

"Does it have a name, Peter?" I ask.

"It's called a zither."

"A what?"

"Zither. The same root as guitar, and as the Indian citar."

Father says, "Then it's a guitar."

"But it's played like a violin, with a bow," Peter says. "The zither we had was different in shape. It was longer, was just a straight box, no curves like this one, and not as deep. This one is louder and there's more resonance. And I think it could be louder yet if we had the right strings. I took the other ones off—they were for a guitar. These are violin strings, but not quite right either. We need even heavier strings, I think."

Mother has come in by the bed and she says, "The songs are quite interesting, lovely, Peter." And when Peter bows his head, part shyness, part fear, she goes on quickly. "They sound like hymns. Are they Lutheran or Catholic?"

Peter's eyes flash at me. "Neither," he says crisply.

Mother goes one note further. She says, "Jewish, then?"

I see his lip quiver. "No," he says. But then his voice evens out. "That's all I know, two hymns quite the same. I learned them as a boy learning by rote."

Peter looks at mother, at me, and then all of us look back at father, whose grip on my fingers has lightened. He has drifted to sleep. I look at his hairless skull, at the greyish sheen of his skin, and I think, "If you died tonight, I could be free of her," and I bite myself, the inside of my lip first, then my tongue, hating myself for this thought, but knowing also that I have no power to stop it, his death or such thoughts. He will die, in three days, four days, and for him, the sooner the better. When the hurt in my tongue subsides, I see clearly for a moment: from his death only good can come, release, for him, for me. I let go of his fingers.

I move down the bed to Peter and touch his shoulder. "The hymns are beautiful. This is beautiful, what you've done," and I risk kissing him in front of Mother, and he allows it, his lips open, holding mine. Then I feel his fingers move along my arm, back and forth, the same slow rhythm as the hymn. I hear Mother's words again, *Protect yourself,* but I won't, I know I won't, and I have no desire to.

It's the first letter from Peter in a month, and I read it and put it away, but the man mentioned in it telephones that same afternoon. He wants to come out and see it. It's a long way, he says, but it's very important to him, to the book he's writing, to everything he's ever lived for. Please, he says.

I don't want him to come, I'm halfway through clearing things out, halfway moved, but finally I give in, and three days later, at the end of a hot afternoon, he pulls his van into the driveway and parks near the pond.

The parlor is gloomy and mostly filled with packed boxes, but the big table is clear so I take him and the instrument in there. I snap on the lights and the overhead fan comes on too. It rattles and tinkles, but it moves the air a little. I tug at the strap of my dress and say,

"Whew, I wished you would have called before you got here. I would've showered."

"Sorry," he says, but he isn't looking at me. He's looking at the black case I'm carrying. He smiles nervously, a taut wire of a man, baldheaded, with a forehead that comes out at you like a rock and a beard that is black around his face but extends out in wisps of yellow and white, a wizard's beard—a young man with an old man's beard. His eyes keep moving and I realize he's one of those people who's never bothered by heat or cold, wouldn't hear a baby screaming in the next room.

I feel sorry for him, and then I envy him this passion, and then I take the instrument out of the case Peter had made for it years ago.

He looks at it for a long time, turning it over, shaking his head, his lips moving through a litany of half-whispered praises. Finally he goes back to his van and brings in cases that hold two similar looking instruments. He lays the three instruments on the table, mine in the middle.

He says, "You don't know what you have here, do you?" He sits down at the table, plucks one of the strings. He takes out a pocket knife and says, "May I?"

I nod, and he cuts off the strings, taking new ones from one of the cases.

"You say your father found this in North Carolina? What year was it?"

"1957. July, I think, or August. I was eight."

"I know exactly where he found it. Boone County, North Carolina. The man he was looking for was Alton McQuain, born 1884, died 1957. He died in March.
Your father never met him."

"That's right."

"Look at it," he says. "Peter was certainly fooled, wasn't he?" He picks up the instrument to the left, a long straight box, painted black and gold. "Here's a zither, Austrian, 1835. See, it's straight, strings very close to the body. This is what Peter played when he was a kid. I showed him this one and he agreed."

He picks up my instrument. "Yours is curved, not quite like the dulcimer here—that's because it's 30 years older, damn it."

"How old?"

"1840s."

"Then Alton McQuain didn't build it?"

"No. Alton might've known the man, that's his importance. But we'll never know because no one talked to him about dulcimers. Everyone knows he played them and collected them but no one talked to him. I was 14 years old when he died, for Christ's sake. And living on Long Island listening to Pat Boone on the radio." He smiles, a wince of irony, the first trace of anything other than anxiety.

Then he begins tightening the strings he's put on my instrument. They are made of steel and he tightens them until they ping.

He says, "You have something beautiful here, very valuable. It's as old as the ones in the Smithsonian, maybe older. The shape is more primitive certainly. The man who made it knew about zithers, but he wanted something else, something more like a fiddle, but easier to play. See, the sound box is curved like a fiddle and much larger and deeper than a zither. And it's got the raised fretboard—that's the real sign. That's all the Scotch-Irish did, really—made the zither bigger and raised the fretboard so they could strum hell out of it. Not hymns, but dance music. That's what they wanted."

He has the strings tuned and begins playing them, raking back and forth with a long pick held in his right hand. In a moment, tipping his head back, his jaw thrust upward, he sings in a high-pitched, nasally voice: "There once was an old woman with a pig, oink, oink, oink."

He laughs, then he says, "The tone's not bad, but you've got to take better care of it, you must. You've got to keep it cool, for one thing."

I pull at my dress. "I'd like to keep myself cool."

He looks up at me, looking at me for the first time really, his eyes darting from my face to my dress. "Well, you're certainly more resilient than it is. And younger. This is 130 years old. It needs to be oiled, it needs to be protected from humidity."

He begins unbuttoning his shirt cuffs, and then he says, "Would you mind?" I nod and he rolls up his shirt sleeves. Then he looks at me again and says, "If there's something I could drink. Just water or anything."

"Yes," I say, then after a moment of watching him, I ask, "A beer?"

He smiles. Then he must sit watching me walk the length of the hallway because I've turned into the kitchen before he begins playing again. He starts playing a quick melody, strumming swiftly, but softly. I find the beer, but then I stand in the kitchen with my hands

around the cool bottle. I stand, listening to the light, sweet music fill up this mostly empty house, this house that became mine when Mother died, mine and Peter's briefly, now sold—I sold it. "Peter," I whisper out of habit, an impulse brief as a dream, but then I push myself forward, trying to remember this other man's name. George, I remember. George something, a man who's made me think about Peter when I shouldn't have to.

After I have fed him, an omelette and later some ice cream, and after he's taken photographs and several pages of notes, and had me sign a half dozen permission forms for the publisher of his book, he packs up his cases to leave.

He says, "I'd love to take it to Washington, see what the cynics at the Smithsonian would say. Just no room for surprises like this in that world."

"You could do that. Take it, really. Just bring it back."

"No, I couldn't. We'd have to have insurance. It's too risky, all that way."

"It's no safer right here. And I'll be moving in a week anyhow."

"I know. You really ought to think about a museum. I mean, if you're not going to devote yourself to it, it'll be ruined, it will."

I tell him I'll think about it, but not right now, and he gives me numbers to call, and then out by his van in the dark—after he has started the motor once, turned it off, opened his door, closed it, opened it again—he says, "I don't know if I should say this, Ann, but I'll say it. Peter was a fool not to find out more about this instrument, but that was just the beginning of his foolishness. He—"

I stand back from his van and he says, "I'm sorry. I've offended you."

"No," I say. "But you don't know. You don't," and I stand back further.

It is early and I am sleeping, caught in dreams. At first, the rapping at the door seems anything but real, but it continues as I come awake.

I am sleeping on the couch, rumpled up in a t-shirt and cut-offs, the TV left on, a screen of snow blaring at me. I find the remote and snap the TV off, then I open the blinds and see an old car down at the end of the driveway in the half light of dawn. Then I hear them rap at the door again, and then the one talking to the other, the man's voice, something like, "She ain't in there."

I open the door to them. He is tall, wears a hat with a bill, tiny round sunglasses, a ring in his nostril, skinny man dressed in black. The woman is older, faded hair, lined face, sunglasses too so that I can't read her eyes either, older, shorter, heavy, with a bright orange scarf tied round her neck.

"Who are you," she says and raises phlegm into her throat, a rattling cough.

"Who am I," I say. "My name's on the mailbox. I'm Ann Thomson."

"I told you," the man says. "It's her." He snaps open a metal lighter and bends to light a cigarette.

"You didn't tell me anything," the woman says. Then to me, she says, "Looks like you've been sleeping, honey." And then she laughs.

"It's the middle of the night," I say.

The woman says, "We would have got here sooner, but we're working folks. Had a show down near Cincinnati last night, a roadhouse, two shows actually, and then a drink of whiskey, and then we're in the car looking for your place. It was a long drive. All his idea. "Doesn't Ann, George's Ann, live over here in this state, Ohio, he says. He likes a lark every once in a while." She lifts her head back toward the man, who has given her the cigarette to smoke.

When I don't move or speak further, the woman goes on, saying, "We have something for you, dear."

The man turns back to the porch steps. It's the instrument they have, or at least the old black case Peter had made for it.

The woman says, "George Thomson says this is yours," but when I don't move, she coughs again and says, "Honey, you owe me a meal, or at least coffee. I fed your husband breakfast many times, and I've been holding his hand for the past six months. I'm Rita. We've talked on the phone a couple of times. Can we hug now, finally? I smell like booze and cigarettes, but I'd like a hug." She takes off her sunglasses and I see a bit of moisture at the ends of her eyes.

I open the screen door to them and I say, "I smell like horse manure, Rita. I've been gardening for two days. I haven't showered."

"Oh hug me, sweetie," she says, "we'll both smell better in some other life."

Her insistence has drawn a smile from me, and her hug is accompanied by a sigh that makes me feel for her too. I feel what she's been through, with George, with others, but certainly with some man.

The man with her seems to expect a hug too, but I stand back from him. In a moment, he and Rita are in the parlor, seated at the table. I have found a plastic bowl that they can use as an ashtray. It's too big, I think, until I get a feel for the pace of their smoking. Next I busy myself making coffee.

Rita says loudly, her voice carrying into the kitchen, "I really came by to meet your girl, your daughter. What's her name again?"

"Lina," I say.

"That's right," Rita says. "Angel. Angel - ina. George has shown me pictures."

"She's asleep out on the back porch," I say. "She really doesn't do well with being disturbed, so we should wait until later."

We sip at the coffee. The man has taken his glasses off. His eyes are lidded, fatigued, though his face looks younger than I would have guessed, still in his 20s. He takes his cap off too, his hair is close-cropped.

"This is my music partner, honey. His name is Gene. Genie, I call him. He plays fiddle, bass, piano, anything electric. It's what he does with women, too, electrifies them, electrocutes them, isn't that right, Genie?" Rita laughs again and picks a shred of tobacco from her tongue.

Gene says, "Liar," but then laughs and looks at me wantonly.

In the silence that follows, Rita says, "Can I peek at the little girl?"

I point back through the hallway and she makes a production out of tiptoeing. She's wearing clogs, I notice, clogs with big heels, 20 years old.

I am left with a half mug of lukewarm coffee and the fiddler named Gene, who says, "Sometimes she tries to mother me, but she's all right too. Could really sing once upon a time, so they say." He flicks ash from his cigarette and then goes on in his ingratiating tone: "George said you were beautiful, but I thought he was exaggerating. George can do that. But in this case, he wasn't, was he?"

I put my finger on this man's hand and I say, "I am beautiful, or was once, so they say, but I am broken now. I need to be left alone, Gene."

"Poor darling," he says. "You going to think like that for the next 30 years?"

"Probably through your life time at least, if I could be so lucky."

He stubs out his cigarette and then he begins unbuckling the dulcimer case. "I want to show you what we've done. You see, we've drilled a little hole right here and we've wired it—"

"You've what?"

"George said you wouldn't care, and since the museum said it really wasn't as old as George thought, wasn't the holy fucking grail of dulcimers—"

"You drilled a hole in it?"

"Yeah, lady, we drilled a hole in it. Me and George. I mean, since you left it. You didn't even want it apparently. We've wired the goddamn thing and I've got people wanting to interview me about it, both here in the states and over there too, France and Italy. Don't tell me these original dulcimer makers wouldn't use electric if they had it back then. That's what they wanted—the more sound, the better. We just drilled a little hole in it. Right down here. See? No one will see it here."

He shows me the hole, down near the lower point, small with a silver insert. He reaches across the room and plugs a cord in at the baseboard. Then he slips the pointed jack up into the hole, screwing as he does, and with one twang he raises sound through the whole hundred-year-old house.

"You drilled a hole in my father's dulcimer," I say very loudly, pulling at the t-shirt that I have worn all night, suddenly very hot.

Rita is back with us and she says, "I told you we shouldn't have brought it, Genie."

Gene sticks his face close to mine and whispers, "Look, lady, it's not like we gave it a fucking lobotomy."

Rita steps in between us and says, "Gene, I think Ann here is upset." And then to me she says, "Anyway, Ann, that girl of yours, she even looks like an angel, doesn't she?" She touches my arm and says, "Excuse Gene, he's young." I can see that she is trying very hard to calm me. Then her eyes dart back over my shoulder and she says, "Oh, there she is."

The one loud twang from the dulcimer has woken Lina. She stands in her nightshirt rubbing her eyes, small, dark-headed girl, her foreign looks still a surprise to me. She says, "Mommy, is this Gramma?" and I say, "I don"t think so," and then I see her face fall. Quickly I say, "No, it's not Gramma, but it's someone else who is special."

Rita laughs and says, "Liar, liar, pants on fire." Then she opens her arms to Lina. "Oh, come here, girlie. Call me Auntie Rita. Let's go out on that porch. I want to meet all those dollies."

The man I'm left with says, "Someone who is special. Sounds like we watch Mr. Rogers over here."

I say, "You can leave right now, Gene."

"Oh, calm down, lady," he says. "I'm not a fascist. I'm probably something worse." And then he laughs, setting the dulcimer aside. "What's funny about this moment, you know, is that you're going to really like me in a year or two. I've got that feeling."

I leave him there and go back to the porch to find Lina and Rita sitting on the floor surrounded by dollies and doll furniture.

Lina turns her face up to me and says, "Rita knows Daddy. She says I can visit her when I visit Daddy. But I don't want to visit Daddy."

"Oh, but you might some day, Lina," I say glancing at Rita, who gives me a helpless look, having learned quickly about Lina's disarming questions. I take Lina by the shoulders and walk her into the kitchen table. She chooses Lucky Charms. She picks out a few of the marshmallow pieces, chews them, and then drowns the rest in milk. I stand behind her, plaiting strands of her hair into a braid. Each time she begins to speak, I shush her, until she gently pushes the back of her head into my stomach, letting me know that she has gotten my point, that she should leave me alone right now. I say, "Ride your bike down to Meghan's house. And if she's not there, then go into town and buy yourself some hot chocolate at the restaurant. Take one of your books. I'll come get you after a while." I slip a crinkled $5 bill into her hand. "Wash up before you go. And put on something decent."

From the kitchen, I hear Rita speaking to Gene, who has found his way to the back porch. Back and forth they quarrel in low tones, and then I hear the screen door slam and Gene's boots going along the gravel driveway. When I see him again, he is looking over the pond, smoking.

Too nervous to sit idle, Rita straightens up the back porch, folding Lina's bedding into her cot and piling the dolls on top. She gives one of them a love tap when she sees that I have caught her.

"You're acting like a gramma, Rita."

"The girl's a doll," Rita says, "but older than I thought, smart."

"If you'd been through what she has, you'd be smart. She's just turned nine. She was six when she came. Took her a year to get adjusted, then another year to get really fearful."

"Of George?"

"Yes."

"He just couldn't slow down enough for a child?"

"No, it wasn't that innocent, Rita. I'm sure you've heard his version. Now, you're wanting mine. He never quite hit her, but all the tension between him and me—it went in Lina's direction. And this after it was his idea to adopt her. I could take his ways maybe, the way he controlled me, even when he wasn't here. But she couldn't. She had so little stability in her life before this that I hesitated to push him away, but already she's forgetting him, or at least forgetting his ways."

Rita looks defeated and her tone changes. She says, "She survived the war down there—where is she from again?"

"Honduras. Her parents were killed. That's how the adoption started. George was on tour. He had the best of intentions, but he's just not good with people up close."

"I think he's seeing somebody about that now, Ann, a therapist, I mean."

"I'm sure he is, Rita. he'll learn some things. He might be better some day, but I have one thing clearly fixed now. I'm going to live over here. I bought this house back. It's a familiar place. And I'm going to live here with Lina, no more surprises for me."

Rita opens her mouth, then pauses, then starts again, saying, "You're still holding a torch for that first man. I can feel its heat."

"My first husband, Peter?"

"You expect him to return."

"I expected him never to leave. But I'm sure if he returned I wouldn't know him. And he probably wouldn't know me. You know it's foolish, the tricks your mind plays, but when I opened the door this morning, I thought, what a ridiculous thought, but Peter was tall and thin, like this Gene of yours. My heart leapt up for a second. That was the anger you heard from me, getting over that mistaken surprise.

"I'm sorry, Ann, but you know I would never have gotten here to see you if it wasn't for Genie. Gene's got a stick in his pants, they all do. But that's what got us here. All the way licking his chops over the thought of seeing you."

"Why don't you slap him, Rita? Why do you put up with him?"

"He's a hell of a musician, Ann. And when your voice is gone like mine, you can't be choosy."

Rita stubs out her cigarette. That bowl of an ashtray is filled. She turns her grey eyes toward me and pulls at the orange kerchief covering her throat. Then she says, "I'm getting tired suddenly. Can you point us to a motel right close here? We could get some sleep and then maybe we could come back so I could play with that girl of yours. I'd really like to see Angel one more time, if you'll allow it. You sent her off, didn't you, down the road on her bike."

"Call her Lina, Rita. Angel is what her parents called her, and we're trying to stay away from that." I smile and put out my hand to her. "Come this way. You can sleep in the room in the back. It was my mother's so it's air conditioned."

Rita smiles and says, "You can send Genie to a motel, then."

"And what if he won't go?"

"Threaten to call the police, Ann. Mention the police and that boy will snap to real quickly. Genie's on parole over in Maryland, shouldn't be out of state at all, or certainly shouldn't be traveling the back roads at night with the likes of me." Rita laughs.

"You're kidding me, of course."

"I *am,* Ann. Something in you brings out the liar in me. You're so—"

"Fearful," I say. "I find it hard not to be."

"Oh, relax, sweetie." She pats my hand and says, "If it's protection you're wanting, you got more to worry about from me than you do from that boy. Genie's gay, really. We think that's the truth about him. He's been to acting school so many times, though. He does have a stick in his pants, but he wouldn't touch you with it, I don't think, even if you begged him. He just wanted to meet the person who made his friend George so miserable."

We are in the bedroom by then. The blinds are open, but when Rita puts her hand up against the brightness, I pull them closed. Her clogs drop against the wooden floor. She lies down on the bed, pulling at her orange scarf until it comes off. I click on the air conditioner, but she says, "No, sweetie, that'll spoil me." She is asleep in an instant, and then the house is silent for a while, until Gene, back inside, and with the instrument unplugged this time, begins to play the sweetest music.

I stand listening, but then I go out and put my finger across the strings. I hold us there in silence until Gene touches my hand, a question, I think, more than any attempt to possess me. But still I shake my head at him, *No.* Then I leave the house and walk down the lawn. I am aware of having slept fitfully—my body feels stiff, but it feels light too, and I feel separate from it. A wind plays through my hair. I stand still and enjoy that feeling. I look down the road for Lena and her bike, but the longer I don't see her the more I enjoy the feeling of the wind and the silence from having shook my head *No.*

Otterbein College

HARDLY FLYOVER COUNTRY: RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN MIDWESTERN STUDIES

EDWARD WATTS

This essay grew out of conversations I have had with other members of the Society after our papers had been given at various conferences. Inevitably, we end up telling each other about sources we had found which might be useful to anyone else in the field. There is a new generation of regional studies which often goes overlooked in our papers, and I offer this discussion of the exciting new work being done on the Midwest across the disciplines, merely a somewhat formalized version of those conversations. I will be offering my ideas about what are the most useful new texts in the field, which will necessarily be a very limited view, and I encourage you to extend this list when I have finished my comments.

A comprehensive update on recent Midwestern Studies would take hours. Therefore, I will not be discussing specific author-studies or mentioning many studies that are specific to individual states. For example, while B. Bradford Burns' *Kinship with the Land* is useful, it is fairly specific to Iowa and so will be omitted; on the other hand, studies such as Susan Grey's *The Yankee West* extrapolates its observations beyond Kalamazoo County, Michigan, to larger regional and national concerns, and so will take up a section of my discussion. Likewise, Joseph Urgo's *Willa Cather and The Myth of American Migration* will be addressed for its broader contextualization, but Jim Hutchesson's excellent new biography of Sinclair Lewis will not on account of its specificity.

For purposes of organization, I have divided this essay into a chronological sequence. Starting with the eighteenth century, I will move forward to the present and conclude with a discussion of more comprehensive studies.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Five very good books detailing the complex history of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Great Lakes basins from the late seventeenth through the early nineteenth century are of note:

Richard White's *The Middle Ground: Indians, Empires, and Republics in the Great Lakes Region. 1650-1815* (1991) provides the most important work ever on this time and place. A detailed history of the interrelationships of different native American tribes and different European presences, White proposes a multicultured and complex land of immigrants which defies generations of historians who found the Midwest in 1800 to be a "frontier." White alternatively defines the pre-American Midwest as a very full land of motion and interaction; an oddly harmonious land disrupted by American monoculturalism.

Michael N. McConnell in *A Country Between: The Upper Ohio Valley and Its Peoples, 1724-1774* (1992) and, more recently, Eric Hinderaker in *Elusive Empires: Constructing Colonialism in the Ohio Valley, 1673-1800* (1997) continue White's redefinition of the frontier, focussing on the entanglement of native and European cultures in the region. Each uses models of colonial contact which acknowledge how exchange and trade undermine notions of cultural integrity and homogeneity, resulting in a more complicated formulation of the region's heterogeneity. I would add their work to that of Nicholas Thomas and others who are redefining, on an international scale, the processes of cultural contact.

Hinderaker's book is especially enlightening. He breaks from White in his view of post-1790 settlement from the American settlement on the East coast. While White argues that American immigration corrupted the balance of a functional and relatively peaceful community, Hinderaker applies Commager's notion of the American Empire of Liberty. Hinderaker acknowledges that Americans introduced a more destructive politics of race and removal, but favors the more republican model of the Northwest Ordinance as opposed to what he and White view as the benignly neglectful paternalism of British and French Imperial models. Hinderaker suggests this as a model for genuine liberty, as opposed to the more stratified British and French models.

American Imperial policy (or the lack thereof) is ultimately the subject of John Seelye's *Beautiful Machine: Rivers and the Republican Plan, 1755-1825* (1991). Seelye takes a mostly literary

approach to telling the story about how Easterners imagined the Midwest. The variety of visions imposed on the region, supposedly, generated the ability to extend notions of republican hierarchy across the mountains. I consider this one the best, and perhaps most overlooked, study in the foundation of Midwestern culture. By the end, Seelye has projected the Midwest correctly as conflicted between regional and national identities and demands, the source of much of the difficulty and strength of our regional literature. Just as early Americanists have found the study of European conceptions of America useful, so too should Midwesterners study Eastern versions of the Midwest.

Ohio was the first area where the East began the tremendously complex process of self-extension—the first site for testing the implicit Manifest Destiny favored by the Continental Congress. R. Douglas Hunt's *The Ohio Frontier: Crucible of the Old Northwest. 1720-1830* (1996) nicely counterbalances Seelye's literary analysis with agricultural and military history. Taken together, the two provide an essential foregrounding to understanding the complexities of nineteenth-century Midwestern history. These last two complete the revisionary process begun by White, although the chronology of the publication dates of these works detracts from my representation of this process as linear. What you get, though, from White's opening with the emigration of the Algonquins from the East and ending with Hunt's view of republican Ohio, is a narrative of a very complicated 250 years, forcing us to revise our notion that the American society that flourished in the Midwest by 1840 had grown autonomously from the howling wilderness: the frontier was never as clean a place as Eastern Americans might have liked it to be.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

This is the most fruitful period of analysis in recent years, and my comments here are by no means complete. A body of work has emerged that frames the deep ambiguity of Midwestern experience. At once, white Midwesterners were given the rights of American citizenship and yet were constantly reminded of their own cultural marginality and misrepresentation in the national culture. If Hamlin Garland could end the century saying that 1860 marked the end of the nation's colonial period, I would argue that the nineteenth century marks the period of the Midwest's identity as an American colony.

Let me start with a very brief overview of historical scholarship before 1990. Andrew Cayton's and Peter Onuf's *The Midwest, and the Nation* (1990) is a brief book — only 126 pages — but with invaluable notes. Their argument is that the Midwest was made to be as it is: a place where the middle class dominates and order and security provide for such a community to replicate itself. For them, *petit bourgois* capitalism was positioned as the highest form of American liberty and so was the model of American settlement of the region. Here it might be noted that Australian historians studying the work of British Colonial theorist Edward Gibbon Wakefield find in South Australia and New Zealand nearly identical settlement models which privileged the consolidation of a middle class during the exact same decades. Perhaps the greatest testimony to the validity of these claims is the writers born into these communities, who often found the subsequent materialism and conformity stifling.

Cayton's and Onuf's work has more recently been superceded by Jon Gjerde's staggering *The Minds of the West: Enthnocultural Evolution in the Rural Midwest. 1830-1917* (1997). Gjerde's encyclopedic history of the multiethnicity of the Midwest and the suspicion such plurality caused in the East will frame generations of Midwestern scholarship. Gjerde defines the Midwestern village so often embraced and abandoned by regional writers from E. W. Howe to Sherwood Anderson to Sinclair Lewis and Jon Hassler. The notes and sources Gjerde has uncovered make this an essential resource for all scholars of the region.

Nicole Etcheson's *The Emerging Midwest: Upland Southerners and the Political Culture of the Old Northwest. 1787-1861* (1996) and Susan B. Grey's *The Yankee West: Community Life on the Michigan Frontier* (1996) complicate this story a little. They both observe that Southern and other white ethnicities complicated the more purely Yankee culture of the Seven Ranges of the Ohio Reserve. Each argues that a hybrid culture emerged and that the East had not entirely replicated itself in the Midwest. Concurring with Gjerde's central thesis, both Etcheson and Grey suggest, however, that a class structure emerged which assured the economic and cultural dominance of Eastern Americans in new community, with the multiethnic plurality—as well as the remnants of the Middle Ground—*submerged* but still present. What rose to the surface among the transplanted Yankee gentry, however, was an inevitably tragic mimickry of Eastern versions of community and class that were inappropriate to the region

and so doomed to the stagnancy documented by novelists from Howe to Lewis to Smiley.

Steven Olson's *The Prairie in Nineteenth-Century American Poetry* (1994) and James Hurt's *Writing Illinois: The Prairie, Lincoln, and Chicago* (1992) explore the literary aspects of these developments. Olson's chapter on the evolution of William Cullen Bryant's "The Prairies" provides a wonderful literary analog to Grey's vision of the Yankee West: the Easterner imposes a national fantasy on the region and disregards local difference for the sake of finding the Midwest in the universalizing "westward runs the course of empire" fantasy. Hurt begins an effort at reversing this trend, of trying to demythologize the version of the Midwest available in the national media. While Hurt's book addresses many twentieth-century texts, its primary focus is the myths of the region established in the nineteenth century and their legacy in later periods.

That is, Hurt finds the contemporary Midwest still held captive to an identity which, after about 1860, was no longer even vaguely reflective of its history or current conditions. Further, Midwestern writing about itself, which particularly flourished around the turn of the century could not combat the false image of the region as pastoral heartland/frontier generated in the East. Fortunately, two recent books addressing the turn of the century help to rehabilitate Midwestern writing of the period.

First, Ronald Weber's *The Midwestern Ascendency in American Writing* (1992) should be on all of our bookshelves. Although I disagree with many of his readings, this is the most important text for setting forth the terms of our discussion and in the stabilization—for better or worse—of our regional canon. At the same time, Weber argues that the rise of such figures as Garland, Dreiser, Cather, Fitzgerald, and others was a strictly national phenomenon and often disregards the historical or regional contexts of the writing. That is, he downplays regional difference to place the Midwest in a national context, a strategy which, ironically, retains the Eastern centrality in the American nation so many of the writers worked to combat.

Second, David Marion Holman's *A Certain Slant of Light: Regionalism and the Form of Southern and Midwestern Fiction* (1995) does much more in less space to understand Midwestern regional identity. Holman identifies the "romantic primitivism" of Eastern myths about the Midwest and discusses how their intrinsic

imperialist agendas subverted the settler's hopes for reclaiming the democratic ideals lost in the all-too-aristocratic East. Writers like the Kirklands or Garland, Holman writes, are particularly disappointed in the loss of "democratic principles" as the region was brought into the homogenizing nation. Unfortunately, Holman's book was still a work in progress when he died at age 37 in 1988. *A Certain Slant of Light* was assembled by Louis Rubin, the noted scholar of Southern regionalism.

I'll conclude this section by mentioning a little-noticed book that complements Holman's and Rubin's comparative work. David M. Jordan's *New World Regionalism: Literature in the Americas* (1994) not only discusses Midwestern writers such as Garland and Howells in conjunction with the South, but also with Brazilian literature. Jordan employs postcolonial theory to examine how regional literatures are in fact border literatures, negotiating the local need for identity and autonomous self-definition with the role of the region in the nation or empire of which it was a part. I think we can continue this discussion of comparative regionalisms as we look around the decolonized world.

This section has passed beyond the nineteenth century, but begging your pardon, if we use the long nineteenth century, until 1917, I think we can see this as a period in which much has been done and much still needs to be done.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

In the Industrial and post-Industrial ages, the concept of regionalism has taken a beating. Transnational capitalism, World Wars, Cable TV, and the like discourage regional self- identification. Nonetheless, the image of the Midwest has only gotten stronger in this century: whenever the national and international media need a representation of innocence, a Midwesterner appears, or the documentary team arrives in some small town, shocked to find guns and drugs where they had expected only wheat. As scholars of colonial writing such as David Spurr and Mary Louise Pratt have observed, such deliberate misrepresentation serves the needs of the metropolis, not the local community. A few recent books have examined this trend and searched for its sources.

The linguist Timothy C. Frazer's collection, *Heartland English: Variation and Tradition in the American Midwest* (1993), taken with Barbara Johnston's study of Fort Wayne ten years ago,

provides a fascinating profile of the region's dialects. Frazer's own essay "The Language of Yankee Cultural Imperialism: Pioneer Ideology and 'General American'" resembles the territory of Susan Grey's Yankee West to link Midwestern cultural paradoxes to the legacy of the East's colonization of the region. Timothy Habick's study of Southern dialect among non-college bound high school students in Farmer City, Illinois, is a wonderful exploration of the lingering linkages between the Midwest and the South on the level of class. Andrew Sledd's exploration of "Black English" in Chicago reminds us of the multinationality of the region. That is, Black Midwesterners are both: as African Americans, their dialect bears certain qualities with African Americans throughout the nation; simultaneously, they are Midwestern, and the dialect interacts with others in the regions in unique ways, all leading toward the further refinement of regional self-knowledge, the counterpoint of "Yankee Imperialism."

Jon C. Teaford's *Cities of the Heartland: The Rise and Fall of the Industrial Midwest* (1994) is the best study of the Rust belt. The image of the dying industrial city threatens the mythologized heartland, and Teaford does well to address the ironies of Toledo, Detroit, Dayton, Akron, Milwaukee and other places. Like so many recent scholars, he finds the torpor of these cities the result of "Cultural Colonialism" (243). That is, these cities, like Third World cities today, were used and exploited as the sites of dirty and underpaid manufacturing, as a dumping ground for the brute work needed to maintain the economic success and the national centrality of the metropolitan centers on the East coast. One of his subjects is that the multiracial and multiethnic character of these cities provided them with, in fact, a more cosmopolitan identity than cities on the coast but that these variations were squelched to fit the identity to the regional *mythos*. Again, we see a current scholar finding regional subcultures buried beneath the cleaner history left us by historians interested in limiting the Midwest to the image of heartland, an image which misrepresented and poorly served the region.

Along the same lines, Joseph Urgo's *Willa Cather and the Myth of American Migration* (1995) contextualizes Cather in national myths of assimilation. He discusses the overlooked multiethnicity of the Midwest and finds in the rootlessness of Cather's characters a source of the problem: the US needs a home and it decided the Mid-

west was it, whether it was in fact or not. Even though so many literary Midwesterners would rather leave and migrate elsewhere, necessary to their imaginative constructions of themselves is this stable home on the prairie. Only then can Americans carry on the work of exploration and discovery on which they seem neurotically bent. Like Teaford, Urgo finds the American nation locking the Midwest in the past and denying it autonomous self-identity.

This leads me to the next book which, with Weber's, should be on all our shelves: James R. Shortridge's *The Middle West: Its Meaning in American Culture* (1989). Shortridge, a cultural geographer, traces even such terms as the geography of the terms used to define the region. One of his basic theses is the conflicted image of the Midwest as both backwater and heartland. He provides wonderful insights on how the region has been denied even the right to imagine itself in a way that the East, West, and South all have. He plumbs the depths of Midwestern paradoxes and anxieties about matching standards of legitimacy established elsewhere.

Following the amazing work of Shortridge is John C. Hudson's *Making the Cornbelt: A Geographical History of Middle-Western Agriculture* (1994) and Frieda Knobloch's *The Culture of Wilderness: Agriculture as Colonization in the American West* (1996). Hudson and Knobloch, just as R. Douglas Hunt does for John Seelye's work on the earlier period, provide the physical analog to the cultural history of Shortridge. For Hudson, the migration of corn into the Midwest established an agricultural/economic system which undergirds Midwestern demography. He identifies the emergence of soybeans with the late twentieth-century insurgence of corporate farming and corn with a lost period of democratic virtue. Like Holman, Hudson tries to figure out where things went wrong. Both find in the nationalization of the Midwest the source of the loss of the region's initial promise.

But even the supposition that such promise ever existed—a pastoral Eden—represents an aggressive act of colonization, according to Knobloch. In a sense, her book picks up from White's and Hinderaker's reminders that the Midwest was the first site of American imperial expansion. Her agricultural history of the plains more assertively suggests that the assumption of a prairie Eden allowed white settlers to remake the region entirely, disregarding local ecosystems and setting the stage for disasters such as the Dust Bowl. Her conclusion calls for the reattachment of ourselves and

our values to the land: "Many of us are at an unquestionable disadvantage in attempting to remember any relationship between us, our food, our tools, and the land that has not been riven by the structures of colonization" (154). Strong stuff.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

Ours is a healthy field. One of my goals in this essay is to observe that everyone from cultural geographers to agricultural historians to linguists are reading Midwestern books and trying to understand Midwestern conditions. As such perhaps they remind us that the narrow scholarly categories of traditional scholarship represent a part of the cultural colonialism identified by Grey, Teaford, Knobloch, Shortridge, and others as limiting to Midwestern self-exploration. Narrow disciplinary distinctions are based on European epistemological models. Part of the process of modernization or decolonization, on both regional and national levels, is to challenge received methods of knowledge categorization. To carry on the work of decolonizing the Midwest, we need to read in ways which transcend disciplinary boundaries to understand regional literature.

Moreover, we need to pay attention to the fact that the regional primary texts as well which bear traces of colonial and postcolonial characteristics often live double lives: at once they write about the region and they write about how to write about the region—the ways of writing imposed from elsewhere just don't work and so each region needs locally-originated ways of writing, not just local writing within the inherited forms and genres. Toward that end, the largest omission from this discussion is the work of writers such as Louise Erdrich, Toni Morrison, Rick Powers, David Foster Wallace, and others who deliberately explore the conundrums of the inappropriateness of traditional narrative in describing Midwestern subjects.

But I have omitted much. Furthermore, I have read these sources with my own interests in mind, as many of you have surely guessed by now, and left out their other strengths and uses. Still, I find that they provide a foundation for continuing to strengthen Midwestern studies across the disciplines. We might never have the presence of Southern studies but, by unifying the efforts of people working on the region, we might know more about what we have done and what we still need to do.

Michigan State University

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Cayton, Andrew R. L. and Peter Onuf, *The Midwest and the Nation: Rethinking the History of an American Region.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1990.

Etcheson, Nicole. *The Emerging Midwest: Upland Southerners and the Political Culture of the Old Northwest. 1787-1861.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996.

Frazer, Timothy C., ed., *Heartland English: Variation and Tradition in the American Midwest.* Tuscaloosa: Alabama UP, 1993.

Gjerde, Jon. *The Minds of the West: Ethnocultural Evolution in the Rural Midwest. 1830-1917.* North Carolina UP, 1997

Grey, Susan E. *The Yankee West: Community Life on the Michigan Frontier.* Chapel Hill: North Carolina UP, 1996.

Hinderaker, Eric. *Elusive Empires: Constructing Colonialism in the Ohio Valley. 1673-1800.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1997.

Holman, David Marion. *A Certain Slant of Light: Regionalism and the Form of Southern and Midwestern Fiction.* Baton Rouge: LSU UP, 1995.

Hudson, John C. *Making the Cornbelt: A Geographical History of Middle-Western Agriculture.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1994.

Hunt, R. Douglas. *The Ohio Frontier: Crucible of the Old Northwest. 1720-1830.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1996.

Hurt, James. *Writing Illinois: The Prairie, Lincoln, and Chicago.* Urbana: Illinois UP, 1992.

Jordan, David M. *New World Regionalism: Literature in the Americas.* Toronto: Toronto UP, 1994.

Knobloch, Frieda. *The Culture of Wilderness: Agriculture as Colonization in the American West.* Chapel Hill: North Carolina UP, 1996.

McConnell, Michael N. *A Country Between: The Upper Ohio Valley and Its Peoples. 1724-1774.* Lincoln: Nebraska UP, 1992.

Olson, Steve. *The Prairie in Nineteenth-Century American Poetry.* Norman: Oklahoma UP, 1994.

Seelye, John. *Beautiful Machine: Rivers and the Republican Plan. 1755-1825.* New York: Oxford UP, 1991.

Shortridge, James R. *The Middle West: Its Meaning in American Culture.* Lawrence: Kansas UP, 1989.

Teaford, Jon C. *Cities of the Heartland: The Rise and Fall of the Industrial Midwest.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1994.

Urgo, Joseph. *Willa Cather and the Myth of American Migration.* Urbana: Illinois UP, 1995.

Weber, Ronald. *The Midwestern Ascendency in American Writing.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1992.

White, Richard. *The Middle Ground: Indians, Empires, and Republics in the Great Lakes Region. 1650-1815.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991.

"STAYIN' WITH THE LAN'": MIDWEST, MIGRATION AND METAPHORS

SUZY CLARKSON HOLSTEIN

America often styles itself as a land of immigrants. Yet within our literature is a strong undercurrent of resistance to the price movement and dislocation exact. Many Willa Cather novels, for example, celebrate the pioneers from Scandinavia and Eastern Europe who settled in the northern plains of the U.S. But in *My Antonia,* the heroine's father commits suicide because he cannot stop mourning his lost Old World, and even *O Pioneers,* the lovely paean to an immigrant woman and her profound love for her adopted land, demonstrates that not everyone can thrive once they are transplanted. Indeed, the central tragedy of the novel occurs in part because Frank Shabata is desperately out of place in the new land.

What, then, are we to make of these apparent "failures?" Does America strike a responsive chord in some while others hear nothing? Or are some people simply more adaptable to change? And most critically, is such responsiveness and adaptability clearly the most praiseworthy path? That is, are those who cling to the old world weak and inevitably doomed?

The story of the immigrant can be viewed as a series of competing metaphors which partially conflict and partially complement each other. The most familiar metaphor we use is that of a transplanting, pulling up roots in one place to set them down in another. So, for example, the Joad family in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* gather themselves up and move from the soil of Oklahoma to what they believe will be more fertile California earth. It is not only their crops which they hope ultimately to grow, but it is their own lives as well. Ma Joad passionately nurtures her family along the way, struggling to sustain the uprooted shoots until they can grasp new earth. In this natural metaphor, we can understand the grandparents' death in transit. As the Joads hurriedly bury grandpa along the road, Casy

explains to the grieving family: "[he] didn't die tonight. He died the minute you took 'im off the place ... He's jus' stayin' with the lan'. He couldn't leave it" (Steinbeck, 187). Some plants, some people, cannot survive transplanting. Perhaps Muley Graves, tied to the soil in his primitive fashion, recognizes the futility of moves for such as him. Speaking of the bankers driving the tenants off the land, he says, "them sons-a-bitches at their desks, they jus' chopped folks in two for their margin a profit. They jus' cut 'em in two. Place where folks live is them folks. They ain't whole, out lonely on the road in a piled-up car. They ain't alive no more. Them sons-a-bitches killed 'em" (Steinbeck, 67). A plant pulled out by its roots and chopped in two must surely die.

This metaphor might also provide a way to understand other "failed" transplants from literature, such as those in Cather's works. But the image rests on some assumptions that require interrogation. Certainly, it is a metaphor deeply embedded in our consciousness and our language: consider, for example, the phenomenon of Alex Haley's *Roots.* But it may be useful to consider Wyndam Lewis's observation that there is no proof "that *to have roots* (as if one were a vegetable or a plant) is a good thing for a man: that to be *rootless* is a bad thing for a man "(184). (Nor, we might add, for a woman.) Further, the trope implies that the fittest "plants" will survive their upheaval while the weaker, unfit ones will not. While that myth may engender pride in all of us descended from "survivors," in what sense are we willing to label Antonia's Shimerda's father as "less fit" than his neighbors? His deep love of the old life is unsatisfying as an equivalent to weakness in the plant kingdom.

Cather's fictional portraits of the trauma of migration suggest another possible metaphor to consider. As Bernice Slote has observed, Cather's work fully embraces both the light and dark of the pioneer experience. For Cather personally, "homesickness and the sense of exile were emotional realities and so was the swing back to the creative excitement of new people, new land" (Slote, 108). This rhythmic motion pulses through both *O Pioneers* and *My Antonia.* The new life, Alexandra's Bergson's success as a farmer and Antonia's as a pioneer mother, can flourish only through the losses the women endure. Their maturation is like birth: a painful, wrenching away from the old, and yet a natural and even necessary event. This metaphor constructs the immigrant experience somewhat differently from the image of rooting plants. Transplanting does not necessarily

benefit the plant: unless it is root-bound, it could grow in either the old or new soil. But to be born requires the trauma of coming out from the womb, letting go of the familiar warmth and sustenance. And of course the last book of *My Antonia* enacts this coming forth quite literally as Jim Burden witnesses the immigrant Antonia's children come bursting forth from the cave: "We were standing outside talking, when they all came running up the steps together, big and little, tow heads and gold heads and brown, and flashing little naked legs; a veritable explosion of life out of the dark cave into the sunlight. It made me dizzy for a moment" (Cather, 218). But this birth process is not a one time event; it is a rhythmically repeated pattern of gain predicated on loss, of exile and return. So, for example, in *O Pioneers* Alexandra sustains a series of relinquishments that ultimately complete her bond to her adopted land. When she returns from a harrowing visit with her brother's murderer, she says "I thought when I came out of that prison, where poor Frank is, that I should never feel free again. But I do, here" and her old friend replies "You belong to the land ... as you have always said. Now more than ever" (Cather, 307). Further, as Slote tentatively suggests, the sorrow and loss, indeed even the tragedy in these novels, represents less Cather's "lament for the old order" than her faithful, charged rendering of these cycles of gain and loss ingrained in the immigrant experience.

But both these figures, that of rhythm and birth and that of rooting plants, foreground adaptation and necessarily relegate the non-adapted characters to the margins. The elder Joads, Frank Shabata, even Mr. Shemerda serve primarily to cast the main characters into relief, to underscore the high cost of migration. But when such a character becomes the center of a work, we recognize the limitations of the metaphors we've developed.

Harriet Arnow's title character in *The Dollmaker* doesn't emigrate from Europe: instead she moves only from her "country" of Kentucky to Detroit during World War II, but her dislocation is as sharp as that suffered by Cather's characters. Like the others in her housing project, Gertie Nevels and her family are thrust into an alien environment that requires them to jettison almost everything familiar: foods, clothes, type of shelter, relation to nature and to each other. Even their language, ostensibly the same as their neighbors, is frequently ridiculed for its vocabulary and accent and thereby becomes a source of embarrassment to the family. The Kentuckians are truly foreign immigrants to the North.

But in contrast to Alexandra Bergson (*O Pioneers*), Gertie stands tallest at precisely the point she refuses to embrace her new country. When her oldest son's teacher lectures Gertie about the need to adapt to his surroundings and tells Gertie that adjustment is the teacher's primary educational goal, Gertie's reply produces as her strongest moment after her departure from her native Kentucky:

> "He will have to adjust" ... Mrs. Whittle said, walking past her. "That is the most important thing, to learn to live with others, to get along, *to adapt oneself to one's surroundings* ..." (my emphasis)
>
> "You mean," Gertie asked ... "that you're a-teachen my youngens so's that, no matter what comes, they—they can live with it."
>
> Mrs. Whittle nodded. "Of course."
>
> "You mean that when they're through here, they could—if they went to Germany—start gitten along with Hitler, er if they went to—Russia, they'd git along there, they'd act like th Russians an be ... communist—an if they went to Rom they'd start worshipen the pope?" (Arnow, 335)

Gertie never quite gives in to the pressure to re-make herself, and she is at best allowed an uneasy truce with her new home. Her handmade art must be sacrificed for unfulfilling, poor quality trinkets to feed her family. Further, the novel's conclusion holds out little hope that she will happily assimilate into post-war urban Michigan. The fate of the two Nevel children who share her inability to adjust is instructive: Reuben runs home to Kentucky and little Cassie is killed by a train. While Gertie's attachment to the old ways, then, clearly does not demonstrate weakness, it is just as clearly doomed.

In the first chapter of Arnow's novel, when a stranger admires Gertie's skill with a knife, she confides in him: "When I git all settled I'm aimen to work up a piece a wild cherry wood I've got. It's big enough fer the head an shoulders uv a fair-sized man if ... if i can ever hit on th right face ... I've thought on Christ—but somehow his face ain't never clear er somethen. Maybe some other—old Amos, I liked, or Ecclesiastes or Judas" (23). She goes on to explain that her fascination is with the Judas who gives back the 30 pieces of silver, and it is this image of giving away, giving up, that haunts Gertie and the novel.

Readers and critics of the novel have traced Gertie's struggle to find a face for the wood throughout the work, and there is disagreement among them as to whether Gertie does finally see the emerging

face as Christ or as Judas.[1] But there can be no disagreement that Gertie keenly understands Judas's story of betrayal and regret, and that she places that story in the context of ancient and current failures and renunciations. Grieving over the wrenching death of her little girl, a death Gertie justifiably links to her own acquiescence to the migration North, Gertie darkly ponders the ill-fated losses described in the Old Testament:

> The [wooden] head was drooped in sorrow, looking once at the thing it had to give away. Who gave and what gift, she wondered? Jonah with a withered leaf from the gourd vine—Esau his birthright—Lot's wife looking at some little pretty piece of house plunder she could not carry with her—Job listening to the words of Bildad and wondering what next the Lord would want? (Arnow, 444)

These acts of relinquishment are woven into Gertie's interpretation of Judas: he had betrayed with just a whisper and yet could try only in vain to make amends by giving up what he had once prized.

And that for Gertie is not even the deepest misery. Near the end of the novel, a neighbor, moved by the wood carving's uplifted hand and elegant bearing, asserts that it's clear the figure depicted "won't keep still and hold it. He'll give it back." Gertie replies with "tired despair": "A body cain't allus give back—things" (585). Agreeing to leave Kentucky, agreeing to avoid conflicting with the new ways, indeed sacrificing her daughter to the expectations of others becomes for Gertie betrayal that is perhaps beyond expiation. The metaphors of transplanting and birth cannot encompass the sense of surrendering a cherished birthright, of betraying what is best in one's life, yet these textures dominate Arnow's portrait of migration. Indeed, the passage in the novel immediately following Gertie's litany of Old Testament characters quotes a text from Job that explicitly critiques the transplanting metaphor for humans: "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease ... But man dieth, and is laid low ... and the river wasteth and drieth up: so man lieth down, and riseth not" (Arnow, 444).

Still, Gertie Nevel's story and that of the Joad family are linked by at least one configuration of the immigrant story, an image that is perhaps a type of birth and so might also be tied to Cather's vision. The Joads and the Nevels have sacrificed their rural homes and moved into alien worlds. The places do not provide them with recompense for what they have left behind, but they do receive a new consciousness, a new sense of community in the foreign land. Ma Joad's fiercely protective love for her family expands into a wider purview as she acknowledges in a conversation late in the novel. When Ma thanks Mrs. Wainwright for assistance during the flood, the other woman replies:

> "No need to thank. Ever'body's in the same wagon. S'pose we was down. You'd a give us a han'."
>
> "Yes," Ma said, "we would."
>
> "Or anybody. " [Mrs. Wainwright responded]
>
> "Or anybody. Use' ta be the fambly was fust. It ain't so now. It's anybody. Worse off we get, the more we got to do." (Steinbeck, 568-69)

Similarly, the final lines of Arnow's novel reflect, at least in part, the community of women that have nurtured and protected her family through their decline. Pondering the faces she might have used as a model for her wooden figure, Gertie says in wonder mixed with pain "Why some a my neighbors down there in th alley—they would ha done" (599).

As one Arnow critic has observed, "There is no easy resolution to the conflicts posed by the American migration experience" (Parker, 203). Typically, our national debates about immigration have focused at best on the wonderful opportunities available to newcomers and at worst on the damage such newcomers do to our national welfare. Arnow's novel, along with Cather's and Steinbeck's to a lesser degree, helps us re-focus onto the losses the immigrants incur. That is, in our drive to count the cost to our national economy, we have often overlooked the price already paid by those who have given up their birthright. Even the more benign metaphors of pulling up roots and giving birth imply a tearing motion, while the wrenching image of Gertie Nevels struggling to hold on and trying to give up suggests the deep and sometimes unspoken pain exacted by migration. For, as Willa Cather once remarked, "Geography is a terribly fatal thing sometimes" (Slote, 282).

Carroll College

NOTE

1. See, for example, the variety of interpretations in *Harriette Simpson Arnow: Critical Essays on Her Work*, ed. Haeja K. Chung (East Lansing, Michigan State University Press, 1989).

WORKS CITED

Arnow, Harriette. *The Dollmaker*. 1954. New York: Avon Books, 1972.
Cather, Willa. *My Antonia*. 1918. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1988.
_____. *O Pioneers*. 1913. New York: Penguin, 1989.
Chung, Haeja K. ed. *Harriette Simpson Arnow: Critical Essays on Her Work*. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1989.
Lewis, Wyndham. *America and Cosmic Man*. New York: Doubleday, 1949.
Parker, Kathleen R. "Free Will and Determinism in Harriette Arnow's *The Dollmaker*." In H. Chung, *Harriette Simpson Arnow: Critical Essays on Her Work*, 185-201.
Slote, Bernice, ed. *The Kingdom of Art: Willa Cather's First Principles and Critical Statements 1893-1896*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1966.
Steinbeck, John. *The Grapes of Wrath*. 1939. New York: Penguin, 1976.

MAD ABOUT BOOKS: EUGENE FIELD'S *THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC*

ROBERT A. SHADDY

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, American collectors of rare books and manuscripts assembled a dazzling array of private collections. Men such as Henry E. Huntington, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Henry Clay Folger formed libraries which have aided scholars and researchers from both sides of the Atlantic. The "book collecting game" was not only a pastime for multimillionaires; many individuals from the middle and upper-classes participated and evidently derived a great deal of satisfaction from their endeavors. Fortunately, many collectors and other participants from the so-called "Golden Age of Collecting" wrote about their collecting activities and these publications contain a wealth of information regarding motives for collecting.[1] There are several useful examples of this sort of literature, these "books about books," published during this time that recount collecting during the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries in the United States and England. They include works by A. Edward Newton (*This Book Collecting Game,* 1928 and *The Amenities of Book Collecting and Kindred Affections,* 1929), A. S. W. Rosenbach (*Books and Bidders: The Adventures of a Bibliophile,* 1927 and *A Book Hunter's Holiday: Adventures With Books and Manuscripts,* 1936), Holbrook Jackson (*The Anatomy of a Bibliomaniac,* 1931), and Vincent Starrett (*Penny Wise and Book Foolish,* 1929 and *Bookman's Holiday: The Private Satisfactions of an Incurable Collector,* 1942).

An examination of this literature reveals that the book collector was a book lover, a bibliophile (the term "bibliomaniac" is sometimes used) who disdained the sordid, vulgar evaluation of books strictly in terms of their market value. He had to consider prices during the hunt, of course, but the bibliophile preferred not to dwell too much on that, especially after the books he acquired were on his

library shelves. He loved books sentimentally and there was a sensual element about them. He loved reading books, holding, seeing, smelling, and talking about them (especially with other book lovers). The bibliophile loved books for their association value and the linkage they provided to authors and subjects of the past. Bibliophilia, therefore, was considered to be a necessary and admirable trait for the collector. Those who did not love the books they were collecting, those who did not exhibit the "true feeling" for collectibles, were scorned by true aficionados as mere "accumulators" and pretenders.

In 1886, the English collector Percy Fitzgerald noted that a "man loveth his books as a lover loves the portrait of his mistress; and, like the lover, he loves to adorn that which he loves." For this reason, Fitzgerald wrote, collectors took particular care in having their books rebound in exquisite and sometimes lavish bindings. As late as 1932, Gabriel Wells, one of America's foremost book dealers, commented on the qualifications of a young man who wanted to become a collector. He should have a "genuine affection for books;" should like to "fondle them and would not hurt their being on any consideration." The poet, Eugene Field, wrote in 1896, "few people seem to realize that books have feelings."

From examining the publications of the authors listed above, as well as others, two themes emerge. First, Victorian culture demanded sexual and sensual control, (or, according to the culture's critics, "sexual repression"). The tone in which collectors regard their collections is striking: Their expressions appear open and heart-felt and, as shall be presented below through an examination of one work, quite passionate and sometimes erotic in nature. In their writings on collecting, they rejected official codes of Victorian morality and monogamous relationships—indeed, they write of taking several "loves" when they collect many books. Second, the book hunter's language of masculinity and primevalness gives way to a style of presentation and a language that is marked and defined by Victorian culture as "feminine." This ambivalence was noted by Freud who found it everywhere in late-Victorian culture. The world of the book collector was one of hunters and lovers with collectors taking on both masculine and feminine roles.

The discovery of sex and sensuality in Victorian America has been explored by a number of historians recently and the traditional, popular view of Victorians as lacking outward sexuality and sensuality seems no longer viable.[2] These historians and others have probed

beneath official Victorian tenets espoused by its leaders, the gentility, who urged sexual restraint and abhorred sexual and sensual pleasures which they identified with the lower or working classes.[3] Despite the proclivity and availability of pornography and erotica to the Victorian gentleman, he could not flaunt his indulgence in them. However, it was quite acceptable for the book collector to "love" his books and manuscripts and to openly admit such a thing to others in privately printed and commercially distributed publications and at meetings of book collecting clubs. Repressed in one area of life, perhaps the collector could declare his intent to "fondle" his book collection and do so in print without incurring the wrath of a publisher, the bourgeois reading public, or a public librarian.

In order for this interaction between book and bookman to occur, the book hunter was required to withdraw from the masculine, autonomous ego-satisfying engagement of the pursuit of his collection and enter the feminine sphere with its culturally sanctified, passive leisure time, and emotional dependence. This was so that he could spend time with his collection. The lover of books had to be a reader of books who should know and emotionally and passionately feel what was between the covers. Collectors believed that one should appreciate content as well as covers. And, relating this attitude to the overall culture, most Victorians were driven by impulses of autonomy and dependence and the book collector also struggled to maintain an equilibrium between action and Freud's "oceanic feeling" of passivity.[4] The book collector tried to maintain a balance between "acceptable" hunting (being always aware of the dangers of bibliomania) and bibliophilia. His feelings of "antimodern oscillation" reflected and represented in a microcosm the cultural tuggings occurring throughout Victorian America, resulting ultimately in the rise of a therapeutic ethos that facilitated the triumph of twentieth century corporate capitalism.

To obtain some sense of themes presented in the literature of bibliophilia, it will be beneficial to examine a book by an American writer who achieved in the late nineteenth century a minor classic in the "books about books" genre. Written by Eugene Field in 1895, and published in 1896, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* remains a veritable tour de force of Field's treatment of bibliophilia, book-madness and his ironic and sentimental view on books and book collecting. Within its covers is also found presented in adulterated form, sex and sensuality. But readers accepted the morally forbidden material

when it was restricted, as it was here, to the more benign area of books. The book was described by Winslow L. Webber in his *Books About Books* (1937) as the "best American essay on book collecting" and "is an example of true bibliophilism (69)." The book, along with its author, is worthy of serious and complete consideration.

Eugene Field (1850-1895) was born in St. Louis and briefly attended the University of Missouri. In 1883, he moved to Chicago and securely established his journalistic career with the Chicago *Morning News* (earlier, he had lived in Denver and worked for a newspaper there). Over the next twelve years, until his death in 1895, Field produced a column entitled "Sharps and Flats" which consisted of prose and poetry about the city's politics, theater, music and books. After 1888, Field's column concentrated increasingly on books and collecting.[5]

In his column, Field created a mythical club of book collectors called the "Saints and Sinners" and located it in a noted Chicago bookstore, McClurg's. Column after column described the bizarre behavior of the sinners who spent a considerable amount of time and money on their book collecting activities. Field eventually was bitten by the "bug" and found himself drawn to the real-life McClurg's, administered by the sophisticated George M. Millard. He then began collecting English ballads and illustrated editions of King Arthur and Robin Hood which launched him into the category of serious collector. He also became familiar with bibliophilism and the kind of people who became book lovers. Field ultimately acquired various editions of Horace, fine bindings, miniature books, and association copies. Field's biographer, Slason Thompson, considered it difficult at times to distinguish his genuine infatuation with collecting from the poetically cultivated affectation he demonstrated in several of his writings. Regardless, his collection was relatively large consisting of approximately four thousand books that had been purchased, inherited or presented. Field reported in his autobiography *Auto-Analysis,* he held a fondness for every "quaint and curious line" in his collection.[6]

Roswell Martin Field, in the introduction to *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,* described his brother as a journalist who celebrated the pleasures of book-hunting and was an indefatigable collector. Eugene Field formed a library that was as valuable as it was interesting. According to his brother, he possessed "a library containing volumes obtained only at the cost of great personal sacrifice." This

was because "he was in the most active sympathy with the disease called bibliomania, and knew, as comparatively poor men have known, the half-pathetic, half-humorous side of that incurable mental infirmity." While Field launched many sly digs in his column at those obsessed with old books and auction sales, his brother noted, "none was more assiduous than this same good-natured cynic in running down a musty prize, no matter what its cost or what the attending difficulties. 'I save others, myself I cannot save' was his humorous cry." Many of Field's writings before *Love Affairs* also dealt with bibliomania, which he called a "soothing affliction," and included the poems, "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," "The Bibliomaniac's Bride," "Dear Old London," "Dibdin's Ghost" and "Flail, Trask and Bisland."[7]

Despite his sibling's "self-accusations," Roswell Martin Field believed bibliophilia characterized his brother's conscientious purpose. He purchased "quaint and rare books" in order to own them to the full extent, inwardly as well as outwardly. "The mania for books kept him continually buying;" Roswell Field wrote, "the love of books supervened to make them a part of himself and his life."[8] The first chapter was finished in August 1895 and left Field in a state of physical exhaustion. The writing, his last, and the prospect of gratifying a long-held ambition to pull together and publish his reflections on books and collecting them, rejuvenated him. Field wanted the work, according to his brother, to stand as "a monument of apologetic compensation to a class of people he had so humorously maligned, and those who knew him intimately will recognize in the shortcomings of the bibliomaniac the humble confessions of his own weaknesses." Writing the nineteen chapters was easy for the author because a "bibliomaniac of so many years' experience could prattle on indefinitely concerning his 'love affairs,' and at the same time be in no danger of repetition (ix)." Sadly, in November 1875, Field died after completing the nineteenth chapter. Chapter twenty would have chronicled the death of the old bibliomaniac who was to pass onward, but not before acquiring a rare and priceless volume which marked the pinnacle of his book-hunting conquests. The description of Eugene Field's own death scene by his brother was classically Victorian in its sentimentalism:

> On the table, folded and sealed, were the memoirs of the old man upon whom the sentence of death had been pronounced. On the bed

> in the corner of the room, with one arm thrown over his breast, and the smile of peace and rest on his tranquil face, the poet lay. All around him, on the shelves and in the cases, were the books he loved so well. Ah, who shall say that on that morning his fancy was not verified, and that as the gray light came reverently through the window, those cherished volumes did not bestir themselves, awaiting the cheery voice: 'Good day to you, my sweet friends. How lovingly they beam upon me, and how glad they are that my rest has been unbroken.' (xi-xii)

As an indisputable member of the "canon" of books about books, a detailed examination of the themes found within *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* will be highly illustrative in recovering something of the world that was inhabited by book collectors during this time. It was popular among collectors and was on many of the book shelves in their private libraries. They referred to it in their own reminiscences and recollections; never was the work alluded to by collectors in a negative manner; they regarded it as quite authentic and sincere. Despite the whimsical and humorous tone which he served up in many of his essays and journalistic columns, Eugene Field was respected by his book collecting peers as the "real thing." And it is for this reason that the *Love Affairs* can be taken seriously as a window through which the contemporary observer of our own time can peer in order to better understand bibliophilia and bibliomania.

The book begins with a description of the bibliomaniac, who serves both as protagonist and reflector of the author's sentiments, remembering his "First Love." His attitude towards these recollections about his love for books was quite serious. He assures the reader that book love was the noblest of the passions but he was not apologetic. He "always contended that one who is in love ... has, actually, no confession to make." Love was "so pure a passion as to involve none of those things which require or admit of confession." On the other hand, he was not going to boast, for he had made no conquests and did not consider himself a hero. His book-collecting was not frenzied although, as shall be seen, he was in many ways deluded.

> For many, very many years I have walked in a pleasant garden enjoying sweet odors and soothing spectacles; no predetermined itinerary has controlled my course; I have wandered whither I pleased, and very many times I have strayed so far into the tanglewood and thickets as almost to have lost my way. And now it is my purpose to walk that pleasant garden once more, inviting you to bear me company

> and to share with me what satisfaction may accrue from an old man's return to old-time places and old-time loves. (4-5)

This biblio-reminiscer (in Field's fictional account) was serious-minded, even as a child. He cared little for the rigors of outdoor sports and was encouraged in that disinclination by the grandmother who raised him. With no parents or siblings, books became his family. When but seven years old, with an insatiable appetite for literature, he met his first love, *The New England Primer,* an old faded book he discovered at the top of his grandmother's bookshelves. His lifelong friend, Captivity Waite, read it with him. This reading brought him great joy as they turned over the pages together, feasted upon the vivid pictures and "perused the absorbingly interesting text!" They "wept tears of sympathy at the harrowing recital of the fate of John Rogers." Especially striking was the woodcut illustration of Rogers being consumed by a bonfire in the presence of his wife and children. The old collector still could not contemplate that visual statement "without feeling lumpy in my throat and moist about my eyes (9-10)."

In the real-life world as well, such impressions were long-lasting. Many collectors, in their maturity, looked fondly back upon the books they read as children; hence, the popularity for collecting books such as *Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrims Progress* and others. Collecting original editions of the books they handled in their youth allowed them to transcend time and space and re-awakened their early, less-jaded sentiments and childhood emotions. Reading, handling, and viewing old texts was both an associational and dialogical experience.

Field's old collector also believed that the love of books had a great advantage over other kinds of love. Women, he thought, were by nature fickle; so too, were men, and their friendships were liable to dissipate at the merest provocation. This was not true with books; books could never change. "A thousand years hence," Field wrote, "they are what you find them today, speaking the same words, holding forth the same cheer, the same promise, the same comfort; always constant, laughing with those who laugh and weeping with those who weep (11)."

If Field and other collectors were to participate in the discussions and debates raging throughout the academy among contemporary literary theorists, they, like Field's old bibliomaniac, would

have disdained the idea that placing a work in a different context would change its meaning. Books were immutable and consistent through time. They were as they had always been and would be the same (in terms of meaning) for future readers. Thus, collectors believed in the immediacy of the old books and manuscripts they collected. This aspect of their collecting led them to imagine that through both tactile and intellectual connection to relics of the past, they themselves were brought closer to that idealized conception of the past they held so dear.

Field's creation carried the idealized concept a large step further than most bibliophiles: he viewed his friend Captivity Waite as a book. In that form only was she worthy of his love. Furthermore, as such, she closely approached a realization of his own ideal of what a book should be. She was, he described, "a sixteen-mo, if you please, fair to look upon, of clear, clean type, well ordered and well edited, amply margined, neatly bound; a human book whose text, as represented by her disposition and her mind, corresponded felicitously with the comeliness of her exterior (11)."

Field's old collector recalled that at age thirteen he experienced the birth of a new passion while visiting his uncle. His uncle's bookshelves were quite unlike those of his grandmother which were filled mainly with religious tracts. His uncle's shelves contained a "large variety of pleasing literature" which could provide sensual stimulation to the young book lover. Here he discovered Robinson Crusoe which brought to him the "message of Romance!" He fell in love with the story and recalled, "I do love thee still, and I shall always love thee, not only for thy benefaction in those ancient days, but also for the light and cheer which thy genius brings to all ages and conditions of humanity." However, Defoe's masterpiece did not replace *The New England Primer,* his earlier favorite. A great advantage of bibliophilia, he explained, was that polybibliophily was possible and "a genuine lover can and should love any number of books." With women, one could love only one (or, at least, one at a time) in order to satisfy society's civil, legal, and moral codes. The old collector, however, thanked God that he "found an empire in my heart" with no jealous mistress, but "an expansive and ever-widening continent divided and subdivided ... wherein tetrarchs, burgraves, maharajahs ... hold sway, each one over his special and particular realm, and all bound together in harmonious cooperation by the conciliating spirit of polybibliophily! (17-19)"[9]

The old man's third love in the form of a book presented to him by his uncle was a copy of Grimm's "Household Stories." Through this gift was born the collector's (and Field's own) passion for fairy tales and folklore, an enthusiasm which increased rather than diminished as he matured. This book lover believed that the ills of the nation could be cured by the influence of fairy tales. Likewise, some real-life book collectors looked back with nostalgia on earlier periods of time, when, they imagined, aesthetic considerations were paramount. Some yearned for medieval heroes and heroines; others, such as the old bibliomaniac, simply sought solace and comfort in the fairy tale. Field's bibliomaniac quite clearly holds an anti-materialistic point of view:

> We are becoming too practical; the lust for material gain is throttling every other consideration ... Before he is out of the swaddling-cloth the modern youngster is convinced that the one noble purpose in life is to get, get, get, and keeping on getting of worldly material. The fairy tale is tabooed because, as the sordid parent alleges, it makes youth unpractical. (23)

One of the collector's grand-nephews appeared to love fairy tales also. Therefore, he willed his collection of fairy and folk tales to the child in order to encourage and reinforce what the collector hoped would be a continuing, lifelong infatuation.

In this section, Field imparts an almost erotic characterization of the bibliophile's favorite means of enjoying a book. For the book collector, reading in bed was luxurious and all good and true lovers of books practiced this "pleasing and improving avocation." The reader and his book, comfortable in bed, enjoyed an exquisite delight. Judge Methuen, used by Field in his book as the collector's biblio-Mephistopheles, believed and the old collector concurred, that no book could be appreciated until it had been slept with and dreamed over. (31) He notes others like him who favored this means of enjoying good literature. There was Richard Porson (1759-1806), a Greek scholar who was a "human monument of learning," and "a veritable slave to the habit of reading in bed (35)." The scholar "would lie down with his books piled around him, then light his pipe and start in upon some favorite volume." Invariably a jug of liquor would be at hand, since Porson was a famous drinker. On one occasion (at least) Porson fell into an alcoholic slumber, his pipe dropped out of his mouth and set fire to his bed. He narrowly avoided a scorching

cremation. In order to have plenty of reading material if he had to travel and spend the night away from home, the old bibliophile always took a trunk full of his books with him. In addition to the night-time pleasures they provided, the old bookman believed, "experience has taught me that there is no companionship better than that of these friends, who, however much all things may vary, always give the same response to my demand upon their solace and their cheer (38)." In the bookman's world, one was never deprived of good companionship, lonely, or ever went to bed alone, if there was a book or two around.

This old biblio-reminiscer then reflected upon the origins of his "grand affliction;" how and when the true "mania of collecting" seized him. It was during his second year of college that his grandmother died and, after inheriting her estate, he severed every sentimental obligation he owed to her. After traveling to Paris and languishing in the pursuit of sensual pleasures, he met Judge Methuen, a year older than he, who became his close companion. It seems that the judge was something of a ne'er-do-well and had a wealthy father who gratified "his wholesome and refined tastes." Methuen ultimately played a positive role in rescuing "Matthew" (the name of the old bibliomaniac, we finally learn) "from the parasites and revived the flames of honorable ambition, which had well-nigh been extinguished by the wretched influence of Villon and Rousseau" and the two went together to London, the capital of the bookman's world. It was there that Matthew began his career as a collector and he declared his indebtedness to the judge "for the inspiration which started me upon a course so full of sweet surprises and precious rewards (48)." Thus, bibliomania for the old collector (and Field, too) came by way of environment although he later stated his belief that bibliomania was "infectious."

Matthew, the old collector, then observed there were many kinds of book collectors who could be grouped generally in three classes. There were those who collected from vanity; those who collected for the benefits of learning; and those who collected through a veneration and love for books. Often men who began collecting from a need to satisfy their personal vanity found "themselves presently so much in love with the pursuit that they become collectors in the better sense." Probably the element of vanity, though, entered to a degree into every phase of book collecting. Vanity was "one of the essentials to a well-balanced character—not a prodigious vanity, but a prudent, well-governed one. "But for vanity," he continued, "there would be no competition in the world; without competition there would be no progress (49)." Because of the latent potential to become a "better" collector, the bibliophile hesitated to sneer at the collector who was relatively unfamiliar with the books he acquired because he was well on the road to bibliophilia purely through the act of buying them. He cared not what the beginning was, so long as there was one. But, he added darkly, once on that road, it was possible for some to acquire the book-madness.

> So subtile and so infectious is this grand passion that one is hardly aware of its presence before it has complete possession of him; and I have known instances of men who, after having associated with Judge Methuen and me, have waked up with the incurable enthusiasm of bibliomania. (50)

The development of the mania was not always marked by violence; sometimes it was slow and obstinate in coming out." In those cases "applications should be resorted to for the purpose of diverting the malady from the vitals; otherwise serious results may ensue." The old collector noted that one doctor had found several cases in which a suppressed bibliomania resulted in fatalities. These cases, as he tried to substantiate himself, had been reported in the "Journal of the American Medical Association." Almost the entire medical community agreed that whenever suppressed bibliomania was suspected, immediate steps should be taken to bring out the disease:

> It is true that an Ohio physician, named Woodbury, has written much in defense of the theory that bibliomania can be aborted; but a very large majority of his profession are of the opinion that the actual malady must needs run a regular course, and they insist that the cases quoted as cured by Woodbury were not genuine, but were bastard or false phases, of the same class as the chicken pox and the German measles. (50-51)[10]

Matthew's own mania began as an urge to possess old books, regardless of what the book itself was. So long as an ancient date was carried on the title page or colophon, he "pined to possess it (52)." He remembered this not only as a vanity, but as a silly one. Within a month he acquired a large number of old volumes, many of them folios, all badly damaged, worm-eaten, and decayed. Fortunately, he was informed of their true value (or, that is, their worthlessness) by an old bookshop dealer who offered to sell him all that he desired of

his collecting interest by the ton or the cord. That same day, Matthew disposed of his worthless antiques and began collecting British balladry, a "noble subject." His mania was established, but he moved from one stage of collecting, the indiscriminate and ill-informed level, to a more discriminating one.

Thus, by Holbrook Jackson's standards, Field's "bibliomaniac" was not one at all. However, the psychological delusion inherent in the Matthew character presents a personality type in which love and mania existed simultaneously. In the world of collectors, whether really deluded, crazed, or not, the relationships they had with their collections gratified their emotions and their senses, an experience often displayed passionately in their own writings. This realization regarding the collecting of rare books and manuscripts can help present-day historians of books to better comprehend the culture of collecting during the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries. While the feelings and emotions described in *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* may seem silly at times, they do evoke something of the nature of bibliophilia and bibliomania during this period.

The collector described in Field's *Love Affairs* was particularly fond of his copy of Boccaccio' s *Decameron* and frequently thumbed through it tenderly. He was attached to this collection of tales because he associated one of the female characters in it with an English woman he had dated briefly. Rather, the image of the young woman and the character in the "Decameron" were fused in his mind and heart. He even called the young woman "Fiammetta" rather than by her real, English name. As Matthew declared, at that time Boccaccio and he were "famous friends." They (the book and the collector) were constantly together "and his companionship had such an influence upon me that for the nonce I lived and walked and had my being in that distant, romantic period when all men were gallants and all women were grandes dames and all birds were nightingales." (69) Again Field emphasized that books vicariously provided companionship, friendship and transportation to other times and places. To satisfy such desires, Matthew bought himself an old Florentine sword and hung it on his wall; under it he placed Boccaccio's and Fiammetta's portraits. He even drank toasts to these symbols of his book love and book madness. How he wished that his beloved Fiammetta/English maid had been a book!

> —had she but been a book she might still be mine, for me to care for lovingly and to hide from profane eyes and to attire in crushed levant and gold and to cherish as a best-loved companion in mine age! Had she been but a book she could not have been guilty of the folly of wedding with a yeoman of Lincolnshire—ah me, what rude awakenings too often dispel the pleasing dreams of youth! (70)

His Fiammetta was still a pleasing memory for him. And, with the "Decameron" open, she and a host of other similar friends appeared again, never changing, never growing old, always ready to come to him.

In a section on the "Delights of Fender-Fishing," the old man treated a popular subject for collectors and book hunters: angling and the patron saint of fishing, Izaak Walton. Walton was one of the few authors whom he actually wanted to meet. Like many other collectors, he believed that he really knew long-dead authors, and had determined that Walton was a wise, understanding man. In fact, he wanted to go fishing with him. Matthew's bookseller was an accomplished fisherman, as booksellers usually were "since the methods employed by fishermen to deceive and to catch their finny prey are very similar to those employed by booksellers to attract and to entrap buyers (79)."[11] He himself regarded angling as one of the best avocations and those who practiced it were the better for it.

However, he did not actually fish very much. Instead, the collector sought a substitute pleasure and stimulation. In other words, active participation in the subjects collected was not necessary to have a pleasurable experience. For example, Edward Ayer (who collected materials related to the Native Americans and the Indian Wars) and Luther Mills (who collected books on the Napoleonic Wars) thoroughly enjoyed their collections even though neither had fought a battle or slain a man; they "both find delectation in recitals of warlike prowess and personal valor." Furthermore, Matthew loved the night and "all the poetic influences of that quiet time, but I do not sit up all night in order to hear the nightingale or contemplate the astounding glories of the heavens (81)." In fact, this bibliophile considered the best anglers in the world to be those who do not catch fish. Herein lies part of the aesthetic of collecting and bibliophilia:

> What mind has he who loveth fishing merely for the killing it involves—what mind has such a one to the beauty of the ever-changing panorama which nature unfolds to the appreciative eye, or

> what communion has he with those sweet and uplifting influences in which the meadows, the hillsides, the glades, the dells, the forests and the marshes abound? (82)

There were poets who were not anglers, but there was never an angler who was not a poet. Graceful repose, contemplation of nature, with the rod and tackle, a good book, all of these were part of the many enjoyments to be comprehended (besides catching fish) in the "broad gracious art of angling (86)." As the collector reminded the reader, Macaulay could intelligently discourse on French art, poetry and philosophy, but whenever he visited Paris he could hardly make himself understood by French customs officials. Fancy, imagination, free play of sentiments, delusions (mild, but perhaps more intense) all influenced the book collector in his world. The book collector could be a warrior who did not fight; a lover who was alone, a fisherman who caught nothing. He could find emotions, passion, and stimulation enclosed within an inanimate object. The irony of this search for genuine and authentic experience is obvious. Field, through his bibliomaniac-angler presents this aesthetic:

> No colds, quinsies or asthmas follow his incursions into the realms of fancy where in cool streams and peaceful lakes a legion of chubs and trout and salmon await him; in fancy he can hie away to the far-off yarrow and once more share the benefits of the companionship of Kit North, the Shepherd, and that noble Edinburgh band; in fancy he can trudge the banks of the Blackwater with the sage of Watergrasshill; in fancy he can hear the music of the Tyne and feel the wind sweep cool and fresh o'er Coquetdale; in fancy, too, he knows the friendship which only he can know—the friendships of the immortals whose spirits hover where human love and sympathy attract them. (88)

How well the collector loved his precious books. His collection of angling books were, for him, full of joyousness and cheer. Their "songs" uplifted him and made him young and strong again. But, his Walton, his "homely little brown thing with torn leaves," was more precious to him than all the jewels of the earth. His description of his feelings for this inanimate book are full of passion and love and his declaration is open and unabashed:

> —come, let me take thee from thy shelf and hold thee lovingly in my hands and press thee tenderly to this aged and slow-pulsing heart of mine! Dost thou remember how I found thee half a century ago

> all tumbled in a lot of paltry trash? ... and have I not cherished thee full sweetly all these years? My Walton, soon must we part forever; when I am gone say unto him who next shall have thee to his own that with his batest breath an old man blessed thee! (89)

Of course, not all people were as considerate of books as he was. He wished they were, because many times he felt deep compassion for "noble volumes" which were possessed by those wholly incapable of appreciating them. Such "helpless books" brought on the urge to rescue them. Too many times he was tempted to snatch them from their "inhospitable shelves" and remove them to "pleasant refuge" in his own library. "Too few people seem to realize that books have feelings. But if I know one thing better than another I know this, that my books know and love me (97)."

When the old bibliophile awoke in the morning, he checked his treasures to see how they fared through the night. They lovingly looked upon him and were glad he had slept well. In this depiction, the books love the collector. When he took

> them from their places, how tenderly do they respond to the caresses of my hands, and with what exultation do they respond unto my call for sympathy! Laughter for my gayer moods, distraction for my cares, solace for my griefs, gossip for my idler moments, tears for my sorrows, counsel for my doubts, and assurances against my fears—these things my books give me with a promptness and a certainty and a cheerfulness which are more than human; so that I were less than human did I not love these comforts and bear eternal gratitude. (98)

To conclude, the old collector believed that words and books were the only things that lived forever. Humans were merely mortal, but books were possessed of immortality. While Homer's harp now was broken and Horace's lyre was unstrung, their songs would never perish. "The singer," Eugene Field wrote, "belongs to a year, his song to all time (99-100)." It was book-love and, for some, book-mania that dominated the world of the bookman-collector. Also of utmost importance was sentimentalism which, like love, was apparent in virtually all aspects of the collector's sphere. These emotional aspects enabled the bookman to believe he could transcend time and space, and even reach out and touch those who inhabited an idealized past, assuring the collector of his own immortality.

Nevertheless, his antimodernism, symbolized through the creation of an idealized world of books, did little to impede the modernizing process he thought he was resisting. Collecting was good therapy, but provided little real resistance in halting a society bent on "progress." Bibliophilia and bibliomania were significant components of the collector's world, however, and should not be overlooked as we attempt to understand what motivated individuals to participate in the "book collecting game."

University of Toledo

NOTES

1. A number of studies are available which discuss the activities of collectors during the period generally. See, for example, Carl Cannon, *American Book Collectors and Collecting: From Colonial Times to the Present* (New York: H. H. Wilson, 1941); Hellmut Lehman-Haupt, *The Book in America: A History of the Making, the Selling and the Collecting of Books in the United States* (New York: Bowker, 1939); John Carter, *Books and Book Collectors* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1956) and *Taste and Technique in Book Collecting* (London: Private Libraries Association, 1970). On the role played by sentimentalism in collecting books and manuscripts and an interpretation of the collector as a "mighty book hunter," see Robert A. Shaddy, "A World of Sentimental Attachments: The Cult of Collecting, 1890-1930," *The Book Collector 43* (Summer 1994): 185-200, and "Collectors on the Prowl: Images of Book Hunting in America, 1890-1930," *The McNeese Review* 33 (1990-1994): 58-79.
2. Steven Marcus, *The Other Victorians: A Study of Sexuality and Pornography in Mid-Nineteenth-Century England* (New York: New American Library, 1974); Peter Gay, *Education of the Senses* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1984) and *The Tender Passion* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986).
3. See, for example, Christine Stansell, *City of Women: Sex and Class in New York, 1789-1860* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1987) and Kathy Peiss, *Cheap Amusements: Working Women and Leisure in Turn-of-the-Century New York* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1986).
4. Jackson Lears, *No Place of Grace: Antimodernism and the Transformation of American Culture, 1880-1920* (New York: Pantheon, 1983), 218-220.
5. Donald Dickinson, *Dictionary of American Book Collectors,* 115-116; Slason Thompson, *Life of Eugene Field: the Poet of Childhood* (New York: D. Appleton, 1927); Francis Wilson, *The Eugene Field I Knew* (Chicago: Charles Scribner's, 1898); Winslow L. Webber, *Books About Books: a Biobibliography for Collectors* (Boston: Hale, Cushman and Flint, 1937), 69; "Eugene Field, Book Lover," *The Book Collector's Packet* 2 (April 1933):14.
6. Donald Dickinson, *Dictionary of American Book Collectors,* 115.
7. Eugene Field, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* (New York: Scribner's, 1896), v-vi. Field's other writings may be found in *The Poems of Eugene Field* (New York: Scribner's, 1938) and *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field: Sharps and Flats* (New York: Scribner's, 1914).
8. Field, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,* vii-viii.
9. In the chapter, "When Fanchonette Bewitched Me," Field wrote, "He who loves women must and should love some one woman above the rest, and he has her to his keeping which I esteem to be one kind of selfishness. But he who truly loves books loves all books alike, and not only this, but it grieves him that all other men do not share with him this noble passion. Verily this is the most unselfish of loves!" (122)
10. It should be stressed that the citations and other information here on bibliomania in the medical journals, from all indications, are spurious.
11. On a collection based on fishing, see Daniel B. Fearing, "The Making of an Angling Library and a Short Account of Some of Its Treasures," *Harvard Graduates* 24 (December 1915):263-74.

FEMINIST DISCOURSE AND THE ALIEN WORD: A BAKHTINIAN ANALYSIS OF MERIDEL LE SUEUR'S *THE GIRL*

JAMES M. BOEHNLEIN

> We are taking language not as a system of abstract grammatical categories, but rather language conceived as ideologically saturated, language as a world view, even as a concrete opinion, insuring a maximum of mutual understanding in all spheres of ideological life.
> —Mikhail Bakhtin, "Discourse in the Novel"

Mikhail Bakhtin stands as one of the foremost language theorists of the twentieth century. His application of the "stratified nature of language" to literary studies has placed him at the forefront of contemporary philosophy of language. His particular claim that language is a multivariant entity challenges unified linguistics. Moreover, his definition of the novel as "a diversity of social speech types and a diversity of individual voices, artistically organized" ("Discourse in the Novel") offers ideologically driven theorists a critical matrix with which to frame their analyses. For example, cultural studies scholars find Bakhtin an effective antidote to *a priori* Cartesian critiques, providing their project with further resonance. Likewise, feminist theorists have linked Bakhtinian notions of heteroglossia and dialogism to discourse practices unique to literature by and about women. Because Bakhtin voices opposition to unified and transcendent features of language studies, feminists find his discourse theory a means by which the privileged voices of patriarchal society can be challenged.

Feminist discourse theory, therefore, becomes a site of analysis where Bakhtinian philosophy of language and genre studies merge with the feminist standpoint. Both the feminist and Bakhtinian critiques challenge the Enlightenment epistemology which has informed Western thought. Both foster the claim that knowledge-making is fundamentally a social construct given to the exigencies

of time and place and imbued with the stratified features of the "life world."

For Bakhtin the novel more than any other genre possesses those features of language which "serve the specific sociopolitical purposes of the day, even of the hour" ("Discourse in the Novel" 263). This characteristic of any language as part of the dialects, group behavior, and authoritative discourse of society is the "internal stratification" dynamic which finds expression in the novel. As Bakhtin argues,

> The novel orchestrates all its themes, the totality of the world of objects and ideas depicted and expressed in it, by means of the social diversity of speech types ... and by the differing individual voices that flourish under such conditions. Authorial speech, the speeches of narrators, inserted genres, the speech of characters are merely those fundamental compositional unities with whose help heteroglossia ... can enter the novel; each of them permits a multiplicity of social voices and a wide variety of their links and interrelationships [always more or less dialogized]. ("Discourse in the Novel" 263)

This notion of stratification subverts the restricted sense of language given to professional linguists. Bakhtin's distinctive understanding of language shares the "opposition and struggle at the heart of existence, a ceaseless battle between centripetal forces that seek to keep things apart, and centrifugal forces that strive to make things cohere" (*The Dialogic Imagination,* xviii). Language, therefore, becomes more than a system of abstract grammatical features; it is an "ideologically saturated" construct and world view.

Dialogism and the Alien Word

Bakhtin's opposition to "unitary language" theory has challenged the privileged voice of "one reigning language" or the True Word. His theory subverts the pure logocentrism in conventional linguistic and stylistic thought and offers instead a "decentralized" language, embattled and contestatory. This concrete and inductive approach to language study recognizes social and historical contexts which inform the Word. As Bakhtin avers,

> The authentic environment of an utterance, the environment in which it lives and takes shape, is dialogized heteroglossia, anonymous and social as language, but simultaneously concrete, filled

> with specific content and accented as an individual utterance. ("Discourse in the Novel" 272)

The dialogic nature of language opposes the centralizing tendencies in the life of a language; it embodies the centrifugal forces of discourse. Moreover, this shift from the centripetal offers a compelling model for feminist dialogics which recognize the contestatory dynamics of the Many.

The dialogized novel, then, sets up opposition to the univocal or monologic presentation—a conventional perspective that has governed linguistic and stylistic analyses. In doing so, the competing voices of the formalist, pragmatist, Marxist, and feminist create, as Dale Bauer asserts, a "battle of languages" ("Gender in Bakhtin's Carnival" 676). This "battle" or dialogized perspective would "reveal the place of the reader's voice within the structure of the novel. The reader's critical voice, too, would respond to the dialogue in the novel" (Bauer 676). A novel given to this dialogized tendency resists ideological closure; its dialogues remain unresolved, always competitive.

Because no living word relates to its object in a "singular" way, there exists, according to Bakhtin, "an elastic environment of other alien words about the same object, the same theme, and this is an environment that is difficult to penetrate" ("Discourse in the Novel" 276). Furthermore, because the word is born in a dialogue as a "living rejoiner within it, the word is shaped in dialogic interaction with an alien word that is already in the object" (279). This living word is directed to the listener's "answer word." The listener, therefore, provides his or her own "alien word" in reaction to the dialogue of the novel. According to Bakhtin,

> Although they differ in their essentials and give rise to varying stylistic effects in discourse, the dialogic relationship toward an alien word within the object and the relationship toward an alien word in the anticipated answer of the listener can, nevertheless, be very tightly interwoven with each other, becoming almost indistinguishable during stylistic analysis. ("Discourse in the Novel" 283)

This "heteroglot unity" of alien words provides a matrix with which feminist discourse in the novel can be recovered from formalistic analyses. It recognizes the co-existence of socio-ideological contradictions which intersect the "imaginary (the creation of art) and the

symbolic (the text)" (Bauer 677). The reader exists between these two spheres, providing his or her anticipated "answer word."

Women Working-Class Literature

Working-class literature by women during the thirties existed to "influence people's behavior" and to persuade readers to "adopt particular beliefs." Rooted in the experiences of a particular group of people facing social and political problems at a particular time, this literature sought to engage the reader in the dynamics of change (Lauter 840). According to Martha Vicinus, by clarifying economic, social, and political relations between working people and those who held power, these artists helped to "shape individual and class consciousness" and to "imbue a sense of equality" (1-3). This aesthetic of engagement characteristic of working-class literature recognized by its very nature and purpose the role of the reader as a participant.

From the Bakhtinian perspective, this literature featured the "anticipated answer word"—the alien word of the feminine. The importance of gender as a site of analysis expropriates the Word as transcendent and appropriates the Word as social construct given to the exigencies of time and place. According to Paul Lauter,

> The fundamental points here are that 'artists' and 'audiences' shared a reality, a similar set of experiences and outlooks on the world. They saw artistic production within the context of that shared experience, the world here and now. Art was not a means of lifting people outside the world in which they lived, or a means of producing 'catharsis' and thus achieving 'stasis.' Rather, it was a means of making working people conscious of their world and actions within it, of extending their experiences of that world, indeed of enlarging the world they could experience. (841)

This "dialogic structure" reveals the place of the reader's voice within the structure of the novel. The notion of the unitary subject is challenged by "multivocality" (Bauer 676). The dominant ideology of a given time and place is thus subverted by the dynamism of the reader, the text, and the context.

Throughout the thirties, women writers raised a number of challenges to "male supremacy," embodied in literature which refigured the aesthetic gesture in response to class and gender ideologies. Women's literary radicalism in the thirties found expression in a body of literature which broadened and deepened the aesthetic of imme-

diacy like that evident in the traditional "social realist" canon. Moreover, the insightful and compelling issues which this literature captures demonstrate the ability of the written word to effect change. As "socialist feminist," these women writers explored the relation between women's emancipation and class struggle.

Meridel Le Sueur and Oppositional Discourse

The Great Depression was for Meridel Le Sueur and other writers the crucible in which was tested what she called "communal sensibility." Le Sueur's involvement with organizations and groups working for social change provided her with an audience and a purpose. Her reportage and fiction were grounded in the understanding that ideology without action could never help change society. Indeed, she voiced the concern of many colleagues when she insisted upon the contextualization of ideological positions.

In a time of unprecedented economic crisis, political activists could believe in radical social change as a real possibility. Furthermore, a sense of being a part of a collective effort of shared revolutionary goals and expectations sustained and inspired Le Sueur. She used the word "nourishing" to describe the organizations of the Left to which she belonged. Her association with other women was nourishing too. For a time, Le Sueur lived in communes of women with whom she shared her earnings from magazine writing. The experience contributed to her reportage about women in the thirties, and to her novel *The Girl,* which describes a group of women who have banded together to survive the depression.

A novel such as Meridel Le Sueur's *The Girl,* an example of women working-class literature of the thirties, features a "dialogic structure" and, after Bakhtin, engages the reader's "answer word" as a means of effecting social and political change. Reissued in 1990 after years of suppression, Le Sueur's text provides a compelling model of Bakhtin's dialogized aesthetic. Like so much of working-class literature of the depression, *The Girl* "competes and contests for authority" (Bauer) against dominant ideological voices. By analyzing this "battle of languages," one recognizes the "multiple identities" which shape a text as a response to the "life world."

The Girl is the story of a depression-era woman who gets caught up in a burglary orchestrated by her boyfriend Butch and his gang. As the driver of the getaway car, she witnesses Butch's shooting and death. Left pregnant, the Girl seeks help from the Workers Alliance,

an organization which supports the destitute, the ill, and pregnant women. This organization helps her through her pregnancy and provides her with physical as well as ideological sustenance. Moreover, the Workers Alliance offers the Girl a sense of "communal solidarity," a theme in much of Le Sueur's writings. This sense of solidarity developed among the women of the Alliance counterpoises the patriarchal structures, represented by Butch's gang, and foregrounds the novel with its feminist standpoint. Told from the Girl's point of view, the novel demonstrates how the "alien word," coopted by the dominant male ideology, competes for authority.

Because Le Sueur's text was written to effect change and to raise consciousness about the plight of depression-era women, the "answer word" of the reader intersects with the imaginary and the symbolic. This dynamic occurs after Butch's death which signals the end of hegemonic masculine authority. It gains further impetus as the Girl, virtually silent throughout the first half of the novel, gains acceptance as well as a voice within the Alliance. The juxtaposition between these voices not only foregrounds the heteroglossia, it also invites the reader's response to the overturned dominant ideology. Read in this way, the novel becomes less a commentary about the socio-economic problems of the depression than a dialogue among "structural hierarchies which compete in a battle of languages" (Bauer). By entering into the dialogue among voices, the reader participates in the "battle" and, therefore, becomes part of the novel's "multivocality." The "alien word" becomes "alien words" which contest the hegemony of the male voice.

The opening section of the novel takes place in the German Village Tavern where the Girl works as a waitress. The contestatory voices of various characters are introduced at this point, especially that of Amelia, the Alliance organizer, and Butch, the Girl's lover. The birthing of Susybelly, the cat, counterpoises the two voices of Amelia and Butch:

> Boy, Butch said, she got it down machine gun. She can count. Three four five, he counted laughing.
>
> She's a female like us, Amelia said, she don't know the father; she gives all she's got to make them come out whole healthy full of seed. Hold the light over closer. (6)

This scene foreshadows the end of the book where the Girl gives birth to her daughter and experiences the "communal solidarity" of the

Alliance. It also illustrates Butch's detached attitude toward the birthing; the use of the "machine gun" as metaphor juxtaposes the earthy image of the "seed." These different voices describing the birthing demonstrate the "multivocality" of the novel. Amelia's "alien word" protests Butch's irreverent reaction to birth.

The middle section takes up the bank robbery and the Girl's pregnancy. Her friend Clara's prostitution and the other women's need for community contrast with Butch and Ganz's preparation for the robbery. In effect, Le Sueur parallels a "gangster story" with the Girl's emerging self-actualization. Clara's own sexual victimization provides another "voice" to this "stratified" dialogue. The Girl as "voice" balances between that of Butch and that of Clara. This heteroglot dialogue of standpoints intersects with the reader's perspective as "voice." The Girl's reaction to Butch's leaving the hotel after their relationship is consummated reveals her "alien" word:

> Had Butch won, struck a foul, thrown a home run, made the bases or struck out? How could you ever know? Who would tell you, or say anything, or maybe laugh? (47)

The use here of rhetorical questions engages the reader's "answer word." The question can never be answered without the reader's response. Moreover, the nature of these questions reveals the "difference" that exists between Butch and her: baseball imagery describes Butch's treatment of the Girl as a game prize while underscoring her misunderstanding of her position in this game world.

Clara's reaction to the news that the Girl is in love with Butch takes the hegemony further:

> O kid, that's bad, you're in trouble if you love a guy. He can do anything to you and he will. It seems like they love you at first but they don't, they only want to put it in you. They make out they care for you but O baby, they don't. (49)

Clara's "alien" word suggests the "answer" word that breaks from the dominant ideology of the male standpoint. The victimization that Clara describes is later subverted by the Girl when she deceives Butch about going to an abortionist. This act of defiance supports Clara's claim and signals the Girl's emerging self-actualization.

After Butch's death and the failure of the robbery, the Girl returns to the Alliance in St. Paul. Clara's own death from tuberculosis and the birth of the Girl's child occasion a sense of solidarity among the

women who gather in an abandoned building. This last section of the novel is dominated by Amelia, the Marxist, whose "voice" represents a new reality for these women and counterpoises the male ideological standpoint that controlled the first part of the book. Significantly, Amelia delivers the baby after Clara dies:

> It's crowning, Amelia cried, I never heard that. The crown of its head. It's all right, just turn the head, now, easy and strong Girl, O Girl it's coming, easy now. I felt all the river broke in me and poured and gave and opened. (131)

Amelia's "voice" in this last section is that of the midwife and that of the political organizer. This double voicedness supports the ideological claims of the book while capturing the gender identity of the women. Here gender issues are foregrounded by the ideological perspectives. The birthing scene captures this "multivocality" as the women "breathe" with the Girl "a kind of great wind through their bodies like wind in woods" (131).

This "great wind through their bodies" resists the "essentializing framework" of male hegemony. Its communal sense of self reveals feminist dialogics in an "economy of otherness" (Bauer). Furthermore, this "communal sensibility" of the women includes the reader's "voice" in Le Sueur's text. This stratification of the word disrupts traditional codes while asserting self-consciousness in an interpretive community (Bauer). This diologic assists in breaking down the self-enclosed, monologic unity of the traditional male voice; it privileges the other and the marginal.

The Alien Word as Discourse Ethic

A novel like *The Girl* begins with some form of opposition and ends in self-actualization or self-understanding. This thematic shift parallels Le Sueur's rhetorical stand which merges understanding and strategy. Her use of the "alien" word is meant to effect change. This over-arching feature of her rhetoric positions her use of language within the rhetorical tradition advocated by Bakhtin. He sees language as a multi-faceted and multi-variant construct which embodies a goal-directed use of the word. "Speech" and "action" become one.

The rhetorical legacy which Le Sueur's depression-era writings about women have embodied views rhetoric, then, as a form of cultural critique. As a form of feminist discourse, her writings construct

gender and identity in their response to social division and oppression. As a form of feminist dialogic, *The Girl* develops perspectives that can take into account strategies of resistance in opposition to subjugated positions. Le Sueur's "lifeword" in her novel intersects with social opposition in order to evaluate a dominant and oppressive culture.

This standpoint must view language and knowledge-making as "situated" or "engaged." The particular historical, social, and economical contexts which informed Le Sueur's text help create a form of knowledge-making. Language as a "stratified" construct intersects with this knowledge-making which cannot be anything other than social and collective. The dominant shift from opposition to self-actualization, characteristic of much of her writings, qualifies as a means by which identify and knowledge-making become one in a dialogic relationship. the "alien" word, after Bakhtin, can help change the power relations by participating in this strategy of opposition.

As a proletarian writer, Le Sueur believed that the goal of art "was to bring the reader and writer together once again, in an encounter with the experience of human interrelationship in a social environment" (Schleuning 121). Through engagement with the artist the observer is drawn into art and participates in art. As Phillips and Rahn describe it, "It is largely this intimate relationship between reader and writer that gives revolutionary literature an activism and purposefulness long since unattainable by the writer of other classes" (339).

The Leftist aesthetic which Le Sueur embraces finds expression in the Bakhtinian philosophy of language; the "situatedness" of her language/rhetoric creates the "alien" word, oppositional and contestatory. Le Sueur's understanding of discourse necessitates a strategically grounded, as opposed to a theoretically-oriented, use of the word. Rita Felski has offered one of the most helpful recent discussions of the implications of this shift away from "the epistemological authority of a single and ahistorically conceived female subject to an examination of the reality of particular discourses employed in the historical struggles of oppositional social groups" (43). Felski believes that such a discourse "is no longer situated in an ahistorically conceived private consciousness or an ultimate referent, but is recognized as always already constituted" (43).

This position resonates with Le Sueur's which argues that the word would be defined in "social" rather than formalistic terms

(Schleuning 116). It develops the notion, as Nancy Fraser argues, "of a discourse ethic of solidarity grounded in a collective feminist political identity, which is to be struggled for rather than simply being given through the fort of femininity and which draws on culturally specific vocabularies, interpretive resources, and forms of life in the constitution of oppositional consciousness" (425-429). This construction of an "oppositional consciousness" necessitates a form of "strategic essentialism"—a discourse ethic which privileges the historical, "stratified" struggles of oppositional social groups. The potential advantage of a discourse ethic of this kind consists in an ongoing dialogue among "alien" words for the purpose of interpreting needs, defining situations, and pressing claims.

The University of Dayton

WORKS CITED

Bakhtin, M. M. *The Dialogic Imagination.* Austin: University of Texas Press, 1990.

_____. "Discourse in the Novel." *The Dialogic Imagination.* Ed. Michael Holquist. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1990. 259-422.

Bauer, Dale. "Gender in Bakhtin's Carnival." *Feminisms.* Ed. Robyn R. Warhol and Diane Price Herndl. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1991. 671-684.

Felski, Rita. "Feminism, Postmodernism, and the Critique of Modernity." *Cultural Critique.* 13 (1989):33-56.

Lauter, Paul. "Working-Class Women's Literature: An Introduction to Study." *Feminisms.* Ed. Robyn R. Warhol and Diane Price Herndl. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1991. 837-856.

Le Sueur, Meridel. *The Girl.* Albuquerque: West End Press, 1990.

Phillips, William, and Philip Rahn. "Recent Problems in Revolutionary Literature." *The Anxious Years: America in the Nineteen Thirties.* Ed. Louis Filler, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1963.

Schleuning, Neala. *America: Song We Sang Without Knowing.* Monhato: Little Red Hen Press, 1983.

WILLA CATHER, SHERWOOD ANDERSON—AND IVAN TURGENEV

PAUL W. MILLER

As oblique and evasive as their comments on this influence sometimes were, it is clear that Midwestern writers such as Cather and Anderson, like their literary predecessor Howells and their successor Hemingway, often admired, praised and emulated nineteenth-century Russian writers, especially Tolstoy and Turgenev. But the nature and extent of Russian influence on Cather and Anderson, the authors under discussion here, were very different. Whereas Cather in the early 1900s turned away from Turgenev and Tolstoy to James and Wharton as models, only to return to the Russians as models about 1912, Anderson felt a particular kinship with the Russians from the time he first read them, about 1911, to the end of his life. He especially admired Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Sketches,* consisting of loosely bound but closely related vignettes told from the viewpoint of a hunter in the Russian countryside. But if we ignore for a moment the striking parallel in structure between *Winesburg, Ohio* and the *Sketches,* it would be fair to say that his sympathy and admiration for the Russians was based more on the shared intensity of feeling they generated in him than on their usefulness to him as models. Both Cather and Anderson were slow if not reluctant to acknowledge the influence of the Russians on their writing. Cather's long silence on this subject is puzzling. Anderson's repeated denials that he had read the Russians before writing his early stories, including *Windy McPherson's Son* (1915), may have been based on his fear that he would be written off as derivative if he admitted the fact that he had not only read them but profited from their inspiration and example, as his critics surmised.

In the first place, although both Cather and Anderson paid tribute to the power of Tolstoy, both seem to have found Turgenev's *Sketches* more useful to their craft of writing than the formidable, gigantic *War*

and Peace. And although the influence of Turgenev's work on the conception and development of *Winesburg, Ohio* is apparent, the *Sketches'* influence on *O Pioneers!* and its successors is much more pervasive and complex, involving Cather's abandonment of the plot-driven, Jamesian drawing-room novel in favor of a novel of character resembling Turgenev's, developed for the most part by carefully juxtaposed characters in a predominately rural landscape.

Secondly, although *O Pioneers!* is a novel of character, its characters are limited in their development by poverty, drought, and lack of educational opportunity. In portraying Alexandra Bergson and her contrasting brothers Lou and Oscar as shaped in very different ways by their restrictive, sometimes apparently hostile environment, Cather again shows the influence of Turgenev rather than James, whose novels of transcendent freedom for the artist and somewhat less freedom for his international heroes had provided the inspiration for a very different, more powerful, though flawed hero in her first novel, about the never-taming bridge engineer Bartley Alexander. In making the difficult transition from what was literally her first novel, the Jamesian *Alexander's Bridge* she deprecated, to *O Pioneers!*, the first novel of which she was proud, Cather deserves credit for critical insight as well as creativity. Unlike James himself, who regarded Turgenev's work "as the absolute epitome of his own esthetic," she must have gradually come to realize that in their conception of reality James and Turgenev were poles apart. As Glyn Turton has recently phrased the issue, "James believed that the artist enjoys an absolute freedom to reconstitute the facts of reality in a formal order that transcends life itself. By contrast, Turgenev possessed a strong sense of the historical determinants of culture" (35). The apparent changes in Cather's philosophical assumptions from the composition of *Alexander's Bridge* to *O Pioneers!* signifies that she was rejecting the Jamesian approach to fiction as the transcendence of imagination over reality in favor of Turgenev's more historical, deterministic view.

Finally, the language of *O Pioneers!*, perhaps anticipating Cather's denunciation some years later of what she called the "overfurnished novel," suggests that as early as 1912 she may have already been moving away from the elaborate, well turned periods of James toward the objective, minimalist style of Turgenev. Consider with what apt simplicity Cather's oft-quoted opening sentence of *O Pioneers!* strips winter life on the frontier to its essentials: "One

January day, thirty years ago, the little town of Hanover, anchored on a windy Nebraska table-land, was trying not to be blown away" (11). Clearly this sentence, inviting comparison with Turgenev's bare descriptions of the Russian steppes, is a far cry from James's urban refinement and complexity of language, which Cather had earlier praised.

Before exploring further the influence of the Russians, especially Turgenev, on Cather and Anderson, it would be useful to establish the context of this influence, which was much stronger in United States than in England, perhaps because it was easier for Americans to identity with what James called "the sense of wide Russian horizons" (293). According to Royal Gettmann, author of a fine, older study of the influence of Turgenev in England and America, Westerners admired the Russians because they had exalted the novel as a literary form and "unveiled a new and precious vision of life" (9). From about 1890 to 1940, the period of greatest Russian influence, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, and Chekhov were in the forefront of admiration, with Turgenev also being praised by an elite minority that included William Dean Howells in America, and in England, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Virginia Woolf, and Ford Madox Ford, the last of whom pronounced Turgenev greater than Shakespeare (44-77, 165). On Bennett's list of the world's twelve best novels, all were Russian, with six of them by Turgenev (Gettmann 156). From 1871 on, Howells in his *Atlantic Monthly* reviews and elsewhere had praised Turgenev for his objectivity and detachment, for painting character and custom "without a word of comment" (Gettmann 55). Turgenev's reputation in America peaked about 1874, with 16 translations having appeared in the U.S. from 1867 to 1873, six of them in the form of books. But by the 1890s his limited popularity if not his reputation had been overtaken by Tolstoy, and later by Chekhov and Dostoyevsky, in spite of a cult revival of interest in Turgenev early in the twentieth century. Both Cather and Anderson seem to have been swept along on this new wave of enthusiasm for Turgenev, as was Hemingway, under Anderson's influence, in the second decade of the century. Let us turn back now to what may be the three main manifestations of Turgenev's influence on Cather: her development of the novel of character in place of the plot-driven novel, her portrayal of characters realistically limited by their time and place in history, and finally, her development of an objective, minimalist style freed from the intrusive author.

Elizabeth Sergeant's account of how *O Pioneers!* came into being, sheds light on Cather's approach to her first novel of character, involving the mysterious fusion of two stories she had meant to write separately, "The White Mulberry Tree" and "Alexandra." "She [Cather] said she could only describe this coming together of the two elements ... as a sudden inner explosion and enlightenment. She had experienced it before only in the conception of a poem. Now she would always hope for similar experience in creating a novel, for the explosion seemed to bring with it the inevitable shape that is not plotted but designs itself" (Woodress 231-32). The two heroines of "The Mulberry Tree" and "Alexandra," Marie Shabata and Alexandra Bergson, are the most fully developed among numerous contrasting characters in the novel that came out of this fusion. And this fused story consciously or unconsciously follows the method of development illustrated by Turgenev in *A Sportsman's Sketches,* as described by James in *Partial Portraits:* "the germ of a story, with him, was never an affair of plot—that was the last thing he thought of: it was the representation of certain persons. The first form in which a tale appeared to him was as the figure of an individual, or a combination of individuals, whom he wished to see in action" (314). Contributing to the development of theme as well as plot in the works of Turgenev and Cather is the deliberate juxtaposition of characters, as Richard Harris has recently noted: "The importance of both Turgenev's and Cather's characters generally depends not on their development as psychologically complex characters but rather on the representation of qualities they possess relative to other characters, both major and minor. It is by means of the juxtaposition of characters that much of the thematic material in the fiction of both authors is presented" (176). By the time she was writing *One of Ours* in 1921, her use of juxtaposition had extended to things as well as people and was quite deliberate, as she stated in an interview:

> In this new novel *One of Ours* I'm trying to cut out all analysis, observation, description, even the picture-making quality, in order to make things and people tell their own story simply by juxtaposition, without any persuasion or explanation on my part. Just as if I were to put here on this table a green vase, and beside it a yellow orange Side by side, they produce a reaction which neither of them will produce alone. ... I want the reader to see the orange and the vase—beyond that, I am out of it. Mere cleverness must go. (Harris 175-76)

Though Cather had frequently praised Turgenev as a master of the novel's finish, even as she had praised Tolstoy for the power of his writing, she admits no explicit debt to the Russians in the text of *O Pioneers!*. And though David Stouck has pointed out several of her artistic borrowings from Turgenev's stories in this novel, there are only two possible hints of her indebtedness to Russia in its introductory apparatus: in the epigraph chosen from an epic poem of the Polish exile to Russia, Adam Mickiewicz—"those fields, colored by various grain!"—and in her dedication of *O Pioneers!* to the memory of Sarah Orne Jewett, her recent model of artistic perfection, whose *Country of the Pointed Firs* Cather had once heard compared to Turgenev's *Sketches* (Stouck 2- 5; Woodress 209). Cather's published tribute to *The Firs* might also be applied to Turgenev's *Sketches,* or to *O Pioneers!* itself. The sketches in *The Firs,* she wrote, were "living things caught in the open, with light and freedom and air-space about them. They melt into the land and the life of the land until they are not stories at all, but life itself" (Woodress 241). In a presentation copy of *O Pioneers!*, she made clear her abandonment of James as a model, but ignored the new influences on her writing: "This was the first time I walked off on my own feet—everything before was half real and half an imitation of writers whom I admired. In this one I hit the home pasture and found that I was Yance Sorgeson [a prosperous but traditional Norwegian farmer] and not Henry James" (Woodress 239-40). Not until 1922, in a letter to H. L. Mencken, did she confess that as a young woman she had begun her long apprenticeship with James and Wharton in order to escape from the pervasive influence of the Russians, especially Tolstoy, on her view of America. But in writing *O Pioneers!* she wonders if she has really recovered from the Russian influence (Stouck 2). Indeed she had not, but for reasons hard to fathom, about which one can only speculate, she was chary of admitting this influence on her characterization, her conception of the artist's role in society, or her increasingly objective, minimalist style.

In order to understand Cather's changing conception of the artist's role in society, one must turn to her comments on *O Pioneers!* and to her statements on the role of the Russian writers in the development of the American novel. Underlying these comments is her belief, derived from Turgenev and the Russians, that the novelist must subordinate her imagination to the earth about which she is writing. If she can do this, then and then only can she portray truthfully

and sensitively the characters which spring not from her imagination only, but from the earth itself in a particular time and place. Thus in an undated letter to Elizabeth Sergeant she wrote that in *O Pioneers!* the country insisted on being the hero and she did not interfere; her story came out of the long grasses like the *New World Symphony* of Dvorak, who had visited Nebraska in the 1880s (Stouck 9). Then in 1921 she contrasted *Alexander's Bridge* with *O Pioneers!*. The former was written when the drawing room was considered the proper setting for a novel, when only smart or clever people were deemed worth writing about, and when the younger writers were all imitating Henry James or Mrs. Wharton, "without having their qualifications." Then she began writing *O Pioneers!*, before "the novel of the soil" became popular in this country. Though it was a story without a hero, concerned "entirely with heavy farming people, with cornfields and pasture lands and pig yards,—set in Nebraska of all places," writing it not only pleased her immensely but put her on the road to writing *My Antonia,* that archetypal "novel of the soil" which was to assure her recognition as a major writer (*Willa Cather on Writing* 92-94). In a speech made in 1933, Cather once again returned to the great impact of the Russians on the American novel, associating Turgenev among others with the "novel of the soil" that had shaped her development as a novelist: "The great group of Russian novelists who flashed out in the north like a new constellation at about the middle of the last century did more for the future than they knew. They had no benumbing literary traditions behind them. They had a glorious language, new to literature. ... Horse racing and dog racing and hunting are almost the best of Tolstoy. In Gogol, Turgenev, Lermontov, the earth speaks louder than the people" (*Willa Cather in Person* 170). In sum, it is the concept of the earth as the shaping force of the novel that Cather derived from the Russians, especially Turgenev, and that she also found in the modern American novel.

Let us turn now from Turgenev's probable influence on Cather's novel of character and on her choice of subject matter to his possible reinforcement of her objectivist, minimalist bent, already apparent in *O Pioneers!*, but not rationalized in print till the 1920s. Extending her method in *O Pioneers!* of developing the novel by juxtaposition of characters more than by analysis, observation, or description, she wrote in 1920: "Art, it seems to me, should simplify. That, indeed, is very nearly the whole of the higher artistic process; finding what conventions of form and what detail one can do with-

out and yet preserve the spirit of the whole—so that all that one has suppressed and cut away is there to the reader's consciousness as much as if it were in type on the page" (*Willa Cather on Writing* 102). And in 1922 she wrote: "Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say, is created. It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of the fact or the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel or the drama, as well as to poetry itself" (*Willa Cather on Writing* 41-42). Though she may also have found this objectivist-minimalist practice and theory in other writers she admired, such as Gogol, Merimee and Jewett, one notes an almost uncanny resemblance between her literary practice and Turgenev's, leading one to suspect his influence here also. One of his best interpreters, Avrahm Yarmolinsky, has summed up Turgenev's literary practice as follows: The writer "must maintain close contact with life. To represent it truthfully and fairly, without philosophizing about it or trying to improve it—that was the greatest happiness for the artist. But since reality 'teemed' with adventitious matter, the novelist's gift, [Turgenev] insisted, lay in the ability to eliminate all superficialities, so as to render only that which, in the light of his knowledge and understanding, appeared significant" (252).

Turgenev's practice was clearly consistent with his literary theory, which appears in two of his letters to anticipate Cather's insistence on the presence in literature of "the thing not named" as the mark of its excellence: A writer, he said, "must be a psychologist—but a secret one; he must know and feel the roots of phenomena, but only present the phenomena themselves." And in another letter he said that the writer must have a complete knowledge of his characters in order to avoid overloading the page with unnecessary detail (Stouck 6). To build up this secret knowledge, he kept "dossiers" on his characters, as though they were criminals who needed to be thoroughly and systematically investigated (James 315). Though this third possible influence of Turgenev on Cather cannot be finally demonstrated, its likelihood exists, just as there is a likelihood that Hemingway, despite his consistently disparaging remarks about Cather, was influenced by her as well as Turgenev when he first came out with his supposedly original iceberg theory, articulated in various forms from 1923 to 1932 and later. According to this now all too familiar bromide, the greatness of literature depends at least in part

on the deliberate omission of material that the writer knows well and the reader nevertheless feels, just as the "dignity of movement of an ice-berg" depends on its being seven-eighths under water (Smith 271-73). Hemingway's recurrent comparisons between writing and painting, particularly the painting of Cezanne, tend to confirm this influence. They may echo Cather's comparison of her writing method in a published interview of 1921 to the painterly juxtaposition of a green vase and a yellow orange, as in a still life by Cezanne (though he preferred to paint apples). Hemingway may well have read this *Bookman* interview, even as he read the Pulitzer Prize winning book Cather was discussing in the interview (Smith 271, 284; Hemingway 105).

Compared to Turgenev's influence on Cather, his influence on Anderson amounts to no more than an appendix to a book, or a codicil to a will, but a very interesting codicil all the same. For despite his frequent praise of the intensity of such Russians as Gorki, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, and Chekhov, Anderson seems not to have found their genius compatible with his own, except for Turgenev in the *Sketches*. One of his early references to the Russian writers is in a letter to Marietta Finley of December 21, 1916. It dwells on parallels Anderson has observed between American life and the Russian life described by these writers, and laments the failure of the Americans to write with the intensity of the Russians: "There is no reason at all why Americanism should not be seen with the same intensity of feeling so characteristic of Russian Artists when they write of Russian life. Our life is as provincial. It is as full of strange and illuminating side lights. Because we have not written intensely is no reason why we should not begin" (Sutton 301). But though he admired their intensity, he claimed he did not want to write like them. Although as late as 1939 in a letter to Rosenfeld he denied that he had read the Russians before writing his first stories, elsewhere he told a different tale, as befits a story teller. Thus in 1924 in a letter to Roger Sergel he wrote that he had been fumbling around as a story teller till he read the Russians. Then, in a tribute that recalls Keats' great tribute to Chapman in the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," he recalls the epiphany of his first reading Turgenev's *Sketches*, the work that was to encourage and guide him like a beacon light, an ideal through life, whenever he stooped, as he often did, to money-grubbing: "I was perhaps 35 years old [roughly 1911] when I first found the Russian prose writers. One day I picked

up Turgenev's 'Annals of a Sportsman.' I remember how my hands trembled as I read the book. I raced through the pages like a drunken man" (Sutton 301). In 1924, in *A Story Teller's Story,* he evasively said that the Russian impulse behind his stories was plausible (Sutton 301). But of the influence of Turgenev on *Winesburg, Ohio,* which cries out for comparison with *A Sportsman's Sketches,* Anderson remains discreetly silent.

All one can say without detailed comparison of the texts, is that each consists of twenty-five loosely bound but closely related sketches, depending less on dramatic impact than lyrical insight. Each is also told from the apparently detached viewpoint of an observer, in one case George Willard, in the other a sportsman devoted to hunting. Although differences between the two works abound, the most obvious may have to do with their narrators. Willard is a struggling youth of the town, becoming acquainted in his reporter's capacity with the elite as well as the common folk of Winesburg. The well-to-do, aristocratic Russian, on the other hand, devoted to hunting, pursues his sport everywhere in the Russian countryside, which is vividly conjured up for the reader by a few deft strokes of the artist's pen. In the process the narrator, like the reader, meets serfs and noblemen alike, the former at their back-breaking, penurious work, and the latter enjoying or feverishly managing their lavish but often decaying estates. Another key difference is that although *Winesburg, Ohio* is in one sense a developmental work, focused on George Willard's maturing, *The Sketches* has the viewpoint of a mature man, unchanged from beginning to end, even though a reader's sense of outrage at the aristocrats' exploitation and abuse of the serfs may increase as one reads the sketches.

In retrospect one can see that though the Russian novelists, especially Turgenev, exerted a powerful influence on both Cather and Anderson. Turgenev's influence on Cather was much more extensive and complex, extending to her development of the novel of character, to what she later called the "novel of the soil," and probably to the objectivist-minimalist style to which she became increasingly dedicated after experimenting with *O Pioneers!* For Anderson, the Russian novelists chiefly provided inspiration based on their passionate intensity, which he may have emulated in his own writing, but in an environment he perceived to be radically different from theirs. For both American authors, *A Sportsman's Sketches* seems to have been Turgenev's seminal work, which may have contributed

importantly to the radical change in Cather's art that begins about 1912, and which in the same decade may have inspired Anderson to compose *Winesburg, Ohio,* that remarkable fusion, like Turgenev's *Sketches,* of the short story and novel form

Wittenberg University Emeritus

WORKS CITED

Cather, Willa. *O Pioneers!* Ed. Susan J. Rosowski and Others. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1992.

_____. *Willa Cather in Person.* Ed. Brent Bohlke. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1986.

_____. *Willa Cather on Writing.* Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1988.

Gettmann, Royal A. "Turgenev in England and America." Illinois *Studies in Language and Literature* 27, No. 2. Urbana: U of Illinois P, 1940:1-196.

Harris, Richard. "Willa Cather, Ivan Turgenev, and the Novel of Character," *Cather Studies* 1. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1990:172-79.

Hemingway, Ernest. *Selected Letters 1917-1961.* Ed. Carlos Baker. New York: Scribner's, 1981.

James, Henry. "Ivan Turgenieff." *Partial Portraits.* Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1970 [1888]: 291-323.

Smith, Paul. "Hemingway's Early Manuscripts: The Theory and Practice of Omission." *Journal of Modern Literature* 10 (1983):268-88.

Stouck, David. "Willa Cather and the Russians." *Cather Studies* 1. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1990:1-19.

Sutton, William A. *The Road to Winesburg.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1972.

Turton, Glyn. *Turgenev and the Context of English Literature 1850-1900.* London: Routledge, 1992.

Woodress, James. Willa Cather: *A Literary Life.* Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1987.

Yarmolinsky, Avrahm. "Fathers and Children." *Fathers and Sons.* Ed. Ralph Matlaw. New York: Norton, 1989: 251-57.

THE STRUCTURE OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS

DAVID D. ANDERSON

When the late Irving Howe published his *Sherwood Anderson* in the second American Men of Letters series in 1951, he placed the misguided *imprimatur* of the Eastern critical establishment upon some of the most enduring misinterpretations and misjudgements in modern criticism, that is, the criticism of his subject, one of the most influential of all American moderns. Those clichés, not original with Howe, were that Anderson's only reasonably significant work was *Winesburg, Ohio,* that his novels were inept, that his other collections, with the exception of a few individual stories, were uneven at best, that, condescendingly, he deserved "a place in our culture, even if only a minor one." They continue to be so pervasive, even among scholars and critics who should know better, that they have limited even as they have directed the course of much Anderson criticism since then.

Of course, Howe and his followers have, in the process, made evident a paradox in Anderson scholarship and criticism that endures even yet, a paradox that I delight in pointing out: Anderson's place and achievement are conceded to be minor, and yet, at the same time he continues to receive more scholarly, critical, and even popular attention than many writers whom the current and postwar literary cannons hold to be more important. As obvious as is the logical resolution of this paradox, I shall refrain from commenting further on it in order to point out another result of the Howe-Eastern critical assessment of Anderson and his work. Because interest in Anderson and his work remains high among students, teachers, scholars, and a surprisingly broad general readership, five general and two limited-editions of *Winesburg, Ohio* alone are currently in print as well as are most of his other works and new collections of previously unpublished works, including diaries, jour-

nals, and letters, and his work is still widely anthologized. Yet most of the scholarly work on Anderson today focuses on his still-fascinating biography, and criticism continues to focus on *Winesburg, Ohio,* to the neglect of his other works.

The value of both is self-evident—I, for one, believe that we can never know enough about either Anderson or *Winesburg, Ohio*—but unfortunately this dual-minded attention neglects two important and desirable dimensions of the critical assessment of Anderson's work. First is a badly needed continued reassessment of his other works, particularly those novels such as *Many Marriages, Beyond Desire,* and *Kit Brandon,* which are not only not as bad as post-Howean critical wisdom continues to insist they are, but they're better than much of the work done by Anderson's contemporaries and followers. Second is the desirability of breaking new ground in Anderson criticism, not only by using as a point of departure new critical techniques provided by feminists, Neo Marxists, and others, as a paper I heard recently suggests, but also by looking at his work in new ways or with new critical insights, both of which can be suggested by what we know of his work as well as what he tells us about his creative intentions in letters, lectures, and essays.

For example, Anderson's intent and his accomplishment in putting together the collection that became *Winesburg, Ohio,* subtitled, although we usually ignore it, "A Group of Tales of Ohio Small Town Life," are clear, whether it was simply a group of tales or something more complex, even, as Anderson claimed, a novel in a form invented by himself, or whether it was influenced in form by his Chicago contemporary and rival, Edgar Lee Masters. *Winesburg, Ohio,* it is clear from Anderson's insistence and the literally hundreds of critics who've assessed its structure and its achievement, is either a "Dance of Death," a year in the life of a town, the initiation of George Willard into adulthood, an example of the "Revolt from the Village," or the most important American short story cycle.

In each of these cases and in dozens more, Anderson's intended unity in the stories is clear, whether it is simply of people and place or more subtly, of tone and feeling, and each of these structural assessments has taught us something about Anderson's intent and his accomplishment, even as they've taught Anderson's successors—Steinbeck, Faulkner, Saroyan, Caldwell, Toomer, O'Connor, and, yes, even Hemingway—about the artistic unity Anderson had imposed on the apparent diversity of the human lives with which he

dealt in *Winesburg, Ohio* and that they, too, might impose on the apparently diverse people of their own literary places.

And yet, although Anderson's unity of purpose and achievement in *Winesburg, Ohio* is clear, as is its importance in the evolution of modern literary form, critics continue to ignore Anderson's use of what he had learned about form and structure as well as tone and mood in writing *Winesburg, Ohio* when he put together his own two later collections of stories—*The Triumph of the Egg* (1921) and *Horses and Men* (1923). Each of the two later collections lacks the obvious unifying elements of time, place, and character, beyond which the artistic elements of the ultimate oneness of *Winesburg, Ohio* may be perceived, but each of the later collections contains not only deliberate structural elements of unification that point out the direction of Anderson's intent, but each also is as unified by tone, mood, direction, and feeling as is the work that made them possible and perhaps inevitable. Each is, like *Winesburg, Ohio,* clearly a short story cycle.

The first of the collections, *The Triumph of the Egg,* was completed early in 1921, just before Anderson sailed to Europe with Paul Rosenfeld and Tennessee Mitchell, and it was published late that Fall, after his return. Perhaps because of the trip Anderson made few pre or post-publication comments about it, but his references were always to "the book" or to "Triumph," to the book as a whole rather than to the collection, unlike his earlier references to *Winesburg, Ohio,* which were either as a novel or as a collection of tales, when he didn't insist that it was a new literary form.

Immediately evident are, of course, the points of contrast between *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg*. Character, setting, and structure are the obvious elements that make *Winesburg, Ohio* more than "a Group of Tales of Ohio Small Town Life" and give it the unity that lets Anderson call it a novel in a form invented by himself. Significantly, that phrase suggests his willingness, perhaps his need, to experiment with the form in which he presents his stories.

Evidence of a conscious attempt to unite the stories in *The Triumph of the Egg* into something more than a usual collection is a structural device: Anderson frames the collection with two prose poems, "The Dumb Man" at the beginning and "The Man with the Trumpet" at the end. The former is preceded by seven photographs, each of a head done in clay by Tennessee Mitchell, a sculptress and

then Anderson's wife. Each head represents a character in or an impression of one of the stories, and each, clearly, is a visual representation of a grotesque in the *Winesburg, Ohio* manner. The placement of the photos suggests a parading before "The Dumb Man" who narrates the prose poem of the people of the new collection even as the grotesques had paraded past the old writer in his dream in "The Book of the Grotesque" at the beginning of *Winesburg.*

Unlike the old writer, who fills hundreds of pages with his insights into the thoughts become truths become falsehoods that had made the grotesques who paraded through his dream, "The Dumb Man" laments not insight but its lack, the conviction that beyond the appearance of people lies a reality he cannot see, and because he cannot see he cannot speak. "I have a wonderful story to tell but know no way to tell it," he laments.

In "The Dumb Man" Anderson sets the tone and the mood of the collection even as he provides the narrative voice, that of the individual's inability to comprehend the elements of biology and society that defeat his or her understanding. consequently, the narrator of each of the stories, whether omniscient or participant or adult looking back on the experiences of youth that still pass adult comprehension and inhibit adult communication, echoes the frustration of "The Dumb Man."

The stories that follow, beginning with "I Want to Know Why," one of the best-known and most widely-anthologized of all Anderson's stories, focus, as do the stories of *Winesburg, Ohio,* upon the individual lives of individual people at critical moments in the complexity of lives that his people can neither comprehend nor explain. Just as the narrator in "The Dumb Man" knows intuitively that beyond the appearance of human life there is a truth he can never know, the apparently adolescent narrator who pursues beauty and meaning along rural nineteenth century racetracks, only to find the opposite at the sophisticated Saratoga meet, laments the confusion of values and the inherent contradictions in human life and emotions that adults accept or to which they surrender.

But the boy, not yet corrupted, can only regret what he sees. There is a difference between the beautiful and the tawdry, the boy and the adult narrator behind the Swift-like persona of youth complain in frustration, but like the many other contradictions the boy notes, he can only cry out—and strike out in frustration at his inability to

understand what he perceives intuitively is the origin of the tragic weakness inherent in human life.

Anderson develops this theme, that of human helplessness before the imponderables and the contradictions of human life in the stories that follow. In "Seeds," a more determinedly modern story set in Chicago—and a much better story than has been generally acknowledged—the narrator tells a psychiatrist that love cannot be understood, that "It is given to no man to venture far along the road of lives;" the narrator's friend, an artist, who cannot love, recognizes intuitively what has happened to him; like the people who pass before the old writer in the book of the grotesque he has been corrupted by truths become falsehoods. The "old thoughts and beliefs—seeds planted by dead men—" have prevented his finding fulfillment as surely as they had Alice Hindman, the Reverend Cyrus Hartman, Wing Biddlebaum, Elizabeth Willard, and the other people of Winesburg.

The frustration inherent in the inability to find meaning behind the apparent contradictions in life continues in the following stories: in "The Other Woman," a "city story," the young man who is at once a poet and a government worker cannot resolve the two loves in his life; in "The Egg," another of Anderson's best known and most widely anthologized stories, set, like *Poor White*, in the town of Bidwell, the adult narrator, remembering the frustration that accompanied his father's attempt to find success, ponders the imponderables that produce grotesques, whether among chickens or humans, a secret that remains behind its impenetrable shell.

The intensity of Anderson's concern with the individual's inability to find and understand truth and fulfillment continues through the other stories: in "Unlighted Lamps" a young girl in a small town becoming a city seeks love and understanding, but neither her father nor a young man can provide it, and, repulsed, misunderstood, and alone she sits in fear in the face of her father's death and the racous laughter of the young man. "Senility" sketches an old man in a Kentucky town who can cure "coughs, colds, consumption, or bleeding sickness" but not "the sickness in his own heart." In "The Man in the Brown Coat" Anderson portrays a historian who can understand the secrets of ancient civilizations but not those which separate him from his wife, and he sits in his room "as alone as ever any man God made."

In "Brothers" the narrator ponders the curious kinship proclaimed between the murderer in Chicago who had killed his wife over another woman and the gnarled old man in the countryside beyond; in "The Door of the Trap" a professor in a small college withdraws from a potential relationship with a student, knowing that some day she will be imprisoned by life and circumstances, but not through his efforts.

"The New Englander" is the story of Elsie Leander, who moves West with her family to Iowa, where, while her father hopes to find the success and status that had eluded him in Vermont, she knows she will find the freedom and fulfillment promised by the West. But in Iowa nothing changes. Like Alice Hindman in Winesburg, she remains a prisoner until finally she runs off into the rich, tall corn, wanting desperately "to get out of her life and into some new and sweeter life she felt must be hidden away somewhere in the fields." But again, like Alice, she can only creep home through the corn and a sudden storm to the house, "the most desolate place in the world."

Two sketches, "War" and "Motherhood," the former a story told the narrator by an old woman on a train, and the latter an incidental moment in the imponderable cycle, mark the impossible search for the meaning of the unknowable, and Anderson concludes the cycle with a novella, "Out of Nowhere Into Nothing," the story of Rosalind Wescott, a young woman who had escaped the ugliness of her drab home town of Willow Springs, Iowa, only to find the same ugliness. She returns to Willow Springs, where, for a moment, she touched the life of another human being, that of Melville Stoner, who teaches her that beyond the lies of appearance there is truth. As the story ends, she runs off down the road with a new sense of escape. For the moment it seems that she may be able to run forever into a new freedom.

The story ends on a note of subdued optimism that the title of the story denies, as do the stories that precede it. Perhaps Rosalind *can* find something, just as at the end of *Winesburg, Ohio* Anderson suggests that perhaps George Willard can find something in the world beyond Winesburg, and Anderson reiterates that possibility in his concluding prose poem, "The Man With the Trumpet." Unlike "The Dumb Man," this narrator *can* speak; he *can* tell his contemporaries that "life was sweet, that men might live," that "temples to their souls" might be built. The narrator understands, but do the others?

Yet, he refuses to give up: "At their fleeting harried minds I hurled a stone. I said they might build temples to themselves."

The oneness of tone, mood, feeling, and direction are as evident in *The Triumph of the Egg* as they are in *Winesburg, Ohio,* and, as in *Winesburg,* the traditional unities of time, place, and character are less binding than Anderson's voice. Also, as in *Winesburg, Ohio,* we see the gradual completion of a life cycle which comes to maturity in the final pages. Just as *Winesburg, Ohio* and George Willard find their maturity in "Sophistication" and "Departure," the *Triumph of the Egg* comes to its fulfillment when Rosalind believes that she can run forever, a faith reiterated when the man with the trumpet finds the words that elude his predecessor. For the moment, as in that moment before the train pulls out of Winesburg station, it appears that all things are ultimately possible. But can George "paint the dreams of his manhood?" Can Rosalind run forever? Can words, like stones, penetrate the "fleeting harried minds" of the others?

Each of the stories and sketches in *The Triumph of the Egg,* like those in *Winesburg, Ohio,* stands remarkably well alone in spite of their unevenness in scope and execution, but even more evident is the fact that each is a part of the whole, that Anderson's voice is sustained throughout as it moves through frustration, bewilderment, psychological torment, and despair to a final, tentative, and subdued note of hope.

This surely is the *Winesburg, Ohio* pattern, even as it is the pattern of Anderson's next collection of stories, *Horses and Men,* published two years later. In it he proceeds from "Foreword" to tribute to the ancient wisdom of Theodore Dreiser to the stories, each of which appears in a pair with another, set alternately in the small-town Midwest and the city of Chicago. Like *Winesburg, Ohio*'s insistence in its sub-title that it is "A Group of Tales of Ohio Small Town Life" and *The Triumph of the Egg*'s similar insistence that it is "A Book of Impressions From American Life in Tales and Poems" (not so subtly ignoring the sculpted illustrations by Tennessee Mitchell, from whom he was on the verge of separation and divorce), the subtitle "Tales, long and short, from our American life," emphasizes not the whole which Anderson strove for in the collection but the parts of which it is made.

Yet the care with which Anderson put the book together is clear; not only are the stories paired, but each of the two explores a similar dimension of the alienation and isolation that subjugate his people

and prevent the fulfillment that they seek; the settings vary from country to city, but the human predicament is one, as the first pair of stories, the Ohio racetrack story, "I'm a Fool," and the Chicago sophisticate story, "The Triumph of a Modern," make clear. In the first, a young man's harmless lies to a young woman forever preclude a relationship between them, and the young man can blame only himself; in the latter, a young clerk who would be an artist uses the stylishly modern term "breasts" in a letter to his dying aunt, knowing that he will feign an intimacy he does not feel and appeal at the same time to her repressed maternal and sexual instincts. It works; she changes her will, and the young man takes pride in his cleverness in gaining an inheritance. Both, it is evident, are losers, for remarkably similar reasons, but the young clerk has yet to learn the price he had paid in his deception.

"Unused" and "A Chicago Hamlet" continue the pairing, and each, like the others, is a story of personal failure as momentary rebellions result in tragedy. In the former a young girl's search for beauty ends in her drowning herself in Sandusky Bay, her bedraggled ostrich feather and her limp body vividly remembered by the adult who can never forget what he witnessed as a boy; in the latter, the ugliness and barrenness of life in Chicago reflect at once the horror of the small town Ohio life out of which the narrator's friend had come and the dream that he carried with him to Chicago of a beautiful woman, a German farmer's wife striding purposefully through the woods, a woman who, he sees as she nears him, is "broken all to pieces." In both cases the illusion of beauty is no more than an illusion, for the searcher or the one who witnesses the tragedy, real or imagined, that results.

The other pairs—"The Man Who Became A Woman," one of Anderson's best and least appraised stories, and "Milk Bottles," and "The Sad Horn Blowers" and "The Man's Story"—continue the course set in the alternating pattern of the first two pairs. In the earlier pair—in a rural racing stable and an urban advertising office—the young male protagonist learns how early appearance and reality are pervertedly confused in a grotesque parody of beauty; in the latter pair Anderson reiterates the futility of attempts to escape the dehumanizing course of modern life. In "The Sad Horn Blowers" the young man and his older friend find whatever satisfaction they can in the meaningless noise of protest that the young man produces from the old man's trumpet; in "The Man's Story," retold by a nar-

rator who had heard the story, the narrator once removed escapes conviction for the murder of his lover—a murder he did not commit—through the confession of another, but in his emptiness and despair he might better have been hanged.

Anderson ends the collection with the story that may well be both a coda and a new beginning. As at the end of both *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg,* in "Sophistication" and "Departure" in the former and "Out of Nowhere Into Nothing" and "The Man With the Trumpet" in the latter, Anderson ends with a story that suggests at least the possibility of a new beginning. In "An Ohio Pagan," Tom Edwards, who, in another age might have been a Welsh poet as had an ancestor, instead pursues a living first at the country racetrack, then briefly in the city of Cleveland, and then again back home on a threshing crew in Northern Ohio. But the grim harshness of his life is punctured by a glimpse of a farm woman nursing her child, and the wonder and beauty he senses is reflected in the countryside, the sky, and the smooth waters of Sandusky Bay reflected in the moonlight. Even while he knows better, Tom becomes convinced for the moment that somewhere in the towns and cities of America there were "places for beautifully satisfying adventures for all such fellows as himself."

Like *Winesburg, Ohio*'s "Departure" and *The Triumph of the Egg*'s "Out of Nowhere Into Nothing," "An Ohio Pagan" is both an ending and a beginning, an incident that brings the despair of the opening story full circle and beyond, to a new departure a new experience that transcends the earlier mood, even while that mood continues. Anderson's concept of the oneness of disparate human experience, forged in *Winesburg, Ohio,* is as evident in these later collections as in the first. And, as is equally clear, Anderson has much yet to teach us about his work and his perception of human life and our too-long-stagnant understanding of both.

Michigan State University

CONSEQUENTIAL IDENTITY IN HEMINGWAY'S *A FAREWELL TO ARMS*

CLARENCE LINDSAY

We don't have to go far into *A Farewell to Arms* to discover its principal formal feature. Within the first several chapters we find a bewildering system of oppositions that at once structure the novel's themes and at the same time express Frederic Henry's apprehensive consciousness.[1] At play in these early chapters and throughout the novel are the following dualisms: Austrian/Italian; male/female; masculine/feminine; romantic/real; sharply defined boundaries/blurred edges; day/night; real/counterfeit; domestic felicity and security/sexual adventurousness; hierarchical-aristocratic/peasant, lower orders; authoritative political structures/open, democratic structures; dryness/wetness; spring, summer/fall, winter; comfort/fear; theatrical/real; protection-covered or sheltered/vulnerability, open to attack. These particular oppositions are tropes for some of the novel's overarching oppositions (war/peace, life/death, chaos/order) clearly implicit in the narrower constructions. Each of these structures invites thematic speculation. The novel can be seen, for example, as an inquiry into social power and authority offering us instances of oppression and victimization of the lower orders who are forced into a war that has no meaning for them. See for instance, Passini's eloquent rhetoric as he argues that nothing is worse than war. Just as persuasively, arguably, the novel offers counter-instances of the need for authority and the consequences of social breakdown. The final retreat before Frederic's separate peace is a nightmarish landscape of the collapse of authority. Bonello and the other ambulance drivers, anti-authoritarian socialists, hunger for Frederic to exercise his authority. When Frederic and Luigi finally rejoin the main column of the retreating Italians, they enter an anarchic, threatening jumble of confused classes and ranks.[2] Much of what is "true" and valuable in the novel, much of what keeps us reading it, lies in its substantial the-

matic apparatus. I want to concentrate, however, on these structures as expressions of what I've called Frederic Henry's apprehensive consciousness. For each of these terms is a sort of place, either a place where Frederic has been, is at a particular point, a place that he considers as an option, or one that he will actually select and go to. I'm speaking, of course, of psychological "places."

The originating of these oppositional structures, originating in the sense that all others might be seen as versions of it, is the opposition between the war, perhaps more specifically danger, and some sort of haven or protective shelter. Each term of the binary necessarily includes other terms that cluster about it. For example, haven will include various gardens and edenic places. We can start with the opening chapter and then trace some of the reconfigurations. In the opening pages of the first chapter, we find what might be the only "secure" opposition of the war's danger to a protected, remote haven. The time is late summer. The heat is conveyed indirectly, implicit in the boulders that are dry and white in the sun and in the dust stirred by the marching troops (3). But there is no oppressiveness, no feeling of claustrophobic, spirit-sapping heat. There is dust, but it is balanced against the clear water of the river. Frederic's domestic and distanced perspective on the war is present in the novel's opening sentence: "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains" (3). We are struck here not only by the comfortable words "house" and "village," words suggestive of security and pastoral purity, but also by the phrase "lived in" which brings with it a certain homeyness, especially when compared with language we might expect to find in a military setting. The vision is certain and unclouded, aware of the fighting but secure in its remoteness, secure in the distance between where they live and where the fighting is taking place in the mountains. There is no suggestion that Frederic is alert to a threatening dropoff into dark uncertainty as other Hemingway characters often are when they confront the boundaries that separate the clean well-lighted places from scary darkness. The novel's second paragraph safely balances the two opposites:

> The plain was rich with crops; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming. (3)

The burgeoning life of the crops and profusion of orchards, always suggestive of edenic gardens, contrasts with the distant (beyond) mountains which are brown and bare. Frederic's awareness of the fighting is intellectual but not emotional. It does not threaten him. He has converted it to the pleasant light show of summer lightning but registers no feeling of impending storm: summery pastoral delight without consequence.

The next chapter opens with the terms of this opposition between the war's fighting and peaceful haven somewhat altered. A year has passed and there have been many victories for the Italians. The mountain behind the valley where there had been shelling has now been captured. They have crossed the river, leaving the nameless village behind. In these opening paragraphs the war remains safely opposite, other, balanced intellectually against the haven but not apprehended in Frederic's consciousness as a threat. The fighting is no longer in the distant mountains but "in the next mountains beyond and was not a mile away" (5). The "not" may register a faint sign of apprehensiveness, but Frederic apparently still feels confidently safe. Again, his language expresses domestic security. They "lived in a house in Gorizia" (5), and he notes with complacent pride that it "had a fountain and many thick shady trees in a walled garden and a wisteria vine purple on the side of the house" (5). His sense of joy and comfort is imparted in a familiar Hemingway understatement: "The town was very nice and our house was very fine" (5). As always with Hemingway, such nearly pre-literate (or actually post-literate) statements mark some of the most intense appreciations. He knows that the war has been there, but his sense of it is still mainly theatrical. He says that the "town had been captured very handsomely" (5). He appreciates the Austrians, accomplices in this balancing act between the forces of war and security. Hinting at some of his own psychological desires that we will discuss later, he communicates his happiness at the Austrians' apparent desire to come back to live in this town. The Austrians, he speculates, had disciplined and restrained their attack, had not bombed the town in order to destroy it but carefully, "only a little in a military way" (5) so as to preserve its livability. For Frederic, then, the town is still safe and ordered. "People lived on in it

(the town)" (my parentheses, 5), and it has the sustaining amenities ("and there were hospitals and cafes" [5]). There are signs of the Italian military but no hint of its imminent use. The artillery is "up side streets" (5) and co-exists comfortably with the Bedford Falls village life. This corresponds to the soldiers marching peacefully in the dust in the first chapter. There are, however, signs of uncomfortable contusion of the two opposites as Frederic notes "the shell marked iron of the bridge" (5) and "the smashed tunnel by the river where the fighting had been" (5-6). Also he uses the phrase "sudden interiors of houses" (6), suggesting a kind of startled awareness of the war's violent ripping away of the protective shell. Perhaps even more telling, Frederic notes the presence of "rubble in their gardens" (60). But I don't want to get ahead of myself. Right now I want to continue to concentrate on this progression through the chapters of the configurations of threat and safety.

In chapter four, after Frederic has returned from his leave, he awakens his first morning back to the sound of a "battery in the next garden" (15). We may observe the oxymoronic image and note its implications, but Frederic, at least at first, seems mainly unperturbed. In fact, once again he manages to convert the experience of mechanized warfare into pleasant pastoral experience. He awakens to the sound of the artillery just as he might to a rooster's crowing. There is a certain leisurely well-being in his trip to the window to look out on the gravel paths that are moist and the grass that is wet with dew. The unseen guns are only a "nuisance," but there is an altered awareness clearly present in his response to the percussive air that "came each time like a blow" (15), although its only effect is to make his pajama front flap. The very presence of a word like "pajamas" is part of the rhetoric of security that balances against the threat of "blow." Indicating a conscious alertness to danger not present in the first chapter, Frederic asks if the battery is ever shelled but is reassured that "it is protected by a little hill" (15). It is in the context of this delicate but definite attentiveness to danger, this sense of the narrowing space between danger and security, that Frederic meets Catherine Barkley for the first time. Significantly, he meets her in a garden (many of their meetings occur in this garden).

Before looking at the second of the formal features, I want to take a quick look at some of their initial conversation. In their first meeting, they agree on the unreality of this Italian war, although their characterizations may stem from different psychological origins. She tells him the story of her former love who had been blown "all to bits" (20) in France. She explains that she had gone into nursing with romantic expectations, imagining that her lover would come to her with a picturesque wound and that she would then nurse him back to health. So the "blown to bits" stands for the "real" war with its ripping, obliterating power as opposed to the "romantic" with its safe, ennobling and identifying wounds. When she uses the term "picturesque" (20) to describe her romantic expectations toward the war, Frederic says, "This is the picturesque front." (20). Catherine had earlier in this conversation characterized their front, the Austrian/Italian, as "silly" but "very beautiful" (20). So, although they both are aware that they are "quite" close to the fighting, they both romanticize the front. Catherine does so apparently as a way of laying claim to the "real" experience, staking out a knowledge that others can't possibly have: "People can't realize what France is like" (20). Those others necessarily include Frederic. So, while this transformation of their immediate war into a safe, picturesque and non-threatening affair may have something to do with self-protection, it seems more to stem from her desire for a kind of power over Frederic who is excluded from this authentic knowledge. (There is an entire essay to be written on this jockeying for power by laying claim to authentic knowledge. Rinaldi and Catherine both make similar assertions of special knowledge to Frederic, and he attributes such special knowledge to the priest.) Frederic, on the other hand, has a different stake in keeping the war picturesque. He is now physically aware of the war's presence and its dangers in a way that he did not reveal in the opening chapter's configuration. His description of the front as a picturesque one is more likely a nostalgic yearning for the kind of security he felt earlier.

So far, we've looked at several expressions of this basic opposition between safe haven and threat. These configurations represent different stages of apprehension on Frederic's part. The opening paragraph of the novel with the fecund plain and the war seen as pleasant non-threatening summer lightning stands for a serenity never to be felt again, a balance between the two terms secured by both physical (the far off flashes of the artillery) and psychological (the pastoral imagery) space. There are other recordings of the comfortable side-by-side existence of the two terms, for example the soldiers marching in the dust in the opening chapter and the artillery up the side streets of the pleasant village in the second chapter. In these

instances the physical distance between the signs of danger and haven has been eliminated but the psychological space seems secure. But there were other images that implied the collapse of the balance between the two, an intrusion of one on the other. Frederic had noted the rubble in the gardens and the "sudden interiors" of the houses where the shelling had ripped away the walls, the "sudden" standing for a startled awareness of the violent intrusion on security.[3] These last two instances are examples of the second omnipresent formal feature of the novel—images or scenes which convey the collapse of a structure of opposition, a confusion of the opposing terms. One such image is the culminating moment of Frederic's consciousness before he is sent to Milan to convalesce in the arms of Catherine Barkley.

Even though we have seen signs of Frederic's altered awareness of the danger of the war, he has continued to tell himself that he is immune because it has nothing to do with him. "Well, I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies" (37). This peculiar naivete, a sort of literary innocence that holds that because he is not central to the script his death cannot occur, seems contrived, a willed sense of security that measures his increasing sense of danger.[4] After making this statement, he expresses his desire to go away from the war, his fantasy finally settling on Catherine Barkley. But, after the mangling explosion (Passini's leg was ripped off) that wounded him, this invulnerability to the war can no longer be contrived. In the field hospital the day before he is to be sent to Milan, Frederic describes how a screen is placed around a patient who is about to die. The screen, meant to shield, becomes a sign of what it is supposed to hide. The shoes of the doctors and nurses showing under the screen and their whispering become the signs of death. When Frederic is lifted up and carried to the dressing room, he looks out the window but does not see the comforting gravel paths and moist grass that he had seen before: "... you could look out and see the new graves in the garden. A soldier sat outside the door that opened onto the garden making crosses and painting on them the names, rank, and regiment of the men who were buried in the garden" (77). The point is, I suppose, obvious. No physical or psychological space exists now between the two terms. Death is now written into and on the garden.

This is a culminating moment because it represents a final state of Frederic's consciousness prior to his last retreat into Catherine Barkley, if I may put it that way, the psychic context for his full-fledged love affair with Catherine in Milan. It occurs in Chapter 12, the last chapter of Part I. Significantly, this chapter also includes a drunken party of sorts in which we witness all kinds of confusions between genders and nationalities, one of several such slapstick scenes where we see comic minglings. It is culminating also in that we have seen clear signs of Frederic's increasing discomfort with his situation, his barely disguised desire to be somewhere else. In Chapter Seven, in a Conradian secret sharer moment, Frederic meets a straggler who appears to be a version of himself in his desire to get away from the war. When the would-be deserter justifies his actions by asking Frederic if he would want to go to the line all the time, Frederic says simply, "No" (36). Frederic's conspiracy with the soldier (he suggests that the soldier fake a wound so that he can pick him up on the way back) clearly manifests his own growing desire to get out. Later, after he has been wounded and is talking with Rinaldi, who has complained that there are no new girls to be had at the local brothels, Frederic says, "Maybe girls don't want to go to the front any more" (68). The absence of the definite article has an interesting effect, enlarging the frame of reference beyond the particular prostitutes to a more general female attitude toward the front, including perhaps Frederic's own feminine side's reluctance to go to war (See note 2 below).

I don't want to give the impression that there is a smooth progression from that opening safe balance to this image of death in the garden which collapses the opposing terms into one system. In fact, each chapter involves a progression toward such collapses. Near the end of that opening chapter, for example, we find this description:

> There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the road and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes: their rifles were wet and under their capes the two leather cartridge-boxes on the front of the belts, gray leather boxes heavy with the packs of clips of thin, long 6.5 mm. cartridges, bulged forward under the capes so that the men, passing on the road, marched as though they were six months gone with child. (4)

The dryness, the clean lines of demarcation, the clarity of vision, of the opening balance have all given way here. The pregnant soldiers

are monstrous confusions not only of domesticity and war but of male and female. It is precisely these collapses that are the context for subsequent balanced reconfigurations on Frederic's part.

So then, these are the two principal formal features of this novel: dualisms that are distinct systems of balanced opposition; collapsed dualisms that comically or terrifyingly merge the opposed terms and so destroy or imperil what might be called the privileged or desired term of the opposition. I want now to look at a third feature, not so much formal as it is a thematic expression of the formal features. This third feature is Frederic's sense of inauthenticity, a feeling that he is not what he appears to be. Included as evidence of his feeling of inauthenticity are all those instances of Frederic's desire for different identities, his contemplation of and sometimes hesitant excursions into some sort of opposite term, opposite from the term that he occupies. This feeling of insecure inhabitation of an identity is quite apart from his feeling of physical vulnerability although that sense of vulnerability is certainly the context for and probable stimulus of his contemplation of new psychological enlistments. Our first introduction to Frederic consists of a sort of quarrel or debate over who he will be in the form of a mess-room discussion of where he will take his leave. We can identify two of the principal contenders for Frederic's identity. The priest enjoins Frederic to go to the Abruzzi as a surrogate for himself. The Abruzzi we learn later is the emblem of social decorum and old fashioned aristocratic social order in which the peasants are admiring and deferential to the upper classes. Frederic never enlists in this particular identity, but it obviously appeals to him. After he is wounded, he notes the glazed look of joy the priest has whenever he thinks of his home ("his brown face was suddenly very happy" [74]), and Frederic also seems to find appealing the respect that is available to the priest in his home. But it does not seem to be an attainable identity. Foreigners are carefully watched, indicating that they will always be outsiders. ("For a foreigner to hunt he must present a certificate that he had never been arrested" [76]). The sexual behavior of the girls is monitored. (The boys are not allowed to serenade the girls with the flute "because it was bad for the girls to hear the flute at night" [76]). The Abruzzi remains an image of Frederic's desires but one that he is aware of as historically remote, inaccessible (See note 7 below). The rest of the officers argue for manly sexual adventures. In the next chapter, we find that Frederic has chosen the sexual hedonism urged by the officers of the mess.

When Rinaldi asks what kind of time he had, he says "Magnificent" (11). But we learn that his first sexual experience was the best, implying that the subsequent adventures did not live up to his initial one. And later at the mess, he feels badly that he had not gone to the Abruzzi. He had really wanted to go there but for reasons not clear to himself had not. He explains to the priest "how we did not do the things we wanted to do; we never did such things" (13). We might alter that somewhat to say that Frederic always is dissatisfied with what he chooses to be, never comfortable for long with a newly acquired identity.[5]

Throughout the novel Frederic displays a peculiar sensitivity to his own counterfeitness. He is inordinately alert to the danger of appearing foolish, especially in regard to showy militaristic postures required by his position in the Italian Army. He is embarrassed at having "to salute foreigners as an Italian" (23). He feels awkward at being required to carry a sidearm ("and then the ridiculousness of carrying a pistol at all came over me ..." [291). He refuses to wear the required steel helmet because it was "too bloody theatrical" (29). This sort of embarrassment might be seen, of course, as a form of modesty, but it is a modesty that has its roots in Frederic's sense of inauthenticity. And at the same time such sensitivity exposes his desire for authenticity. When asked to work out the posts for the ambulances, Frederic says that the infantry would actually select them and that "it was one of the things that gave you a false sense of soldiering" (17) revealing the desire for real soldiering and at the same time his sense of being an imposter. After he is wounded, he is reluctant to call it a wound, telling the priest that it "is an accident" (70) to distinguish it apparently from "real" wounds that are received in fighting. But later at the hospital in Milan, he objects to being referred to as "sick" and insists that he is wounded (85). This doubleness—a sense of falseness combined with the desire for authenticity—is with Frederic consistently. During Catherine's labor he sees himself in the glass as a "fake doctor with a beard" (319). When he is with the enlisted men who act as ambulance drivers, he is uncomfortable with his authority, his separateness. He encourages their fraternity, their free talk. When one of the men worries that they (the enlisted men) have perhaps spoken too freely, Passini says, "He likes it. We will convert him" (51). These men have sensed his core quality, a lack of conviction as to what or who he is and his desire for another psychological enlistment. This subtext of counterfeitness is

supported thematically by a remarkable number of confusions of identity and purposeful acts of counterfeiting from Frederic's being passed off as the son of the American Ambassador when he is wounded (59) to Japalac, the racehorse who they suspect has been dyed a purplish black to disguise his true identity (128).

This issue of Frederic's identity prior to his last radical enlistment in romantic love needs comment. For, if he is not an officer, if he is not a democrat/socialist, if he is not a believer in firm social hierarchy, if he is not a pre-romantic sexual hedonist, then what, we may very well ask, is he? He is an American. We should not forget the peculiarly American circumstances of Frederic's situation before he enlisted in the Italian army. He was an American in Italy studying architecture. I don't imagine that he stood in the shadows of the broken monuments of Europe's past for the purpose of lamenting his own country's lack of a past and the consequent loss of identity as had been the practice of so many of his literary countrymen, but his subsequent actions suggest that he is an example of just what they were lamenting. Those actions suggest that Frederic's Americanness can be described as a desire for an identity, the taking on or contriving of some sort of defining selfhood, and then the ensuing discomfort, the desire to escape consequences, the feeling of inauthenticity, the feeling that this isn't where he belongs, it's not him. Frederic is peculiarly sensitive to questions raised regarding his odd enlistment in the Italian Army. In their first meeting Catherine comments on his strange decision:

> "What an odd thing—to be in the Italian Army."
> "It's not really the army. It's only the ambulance."
> "It's very odd though. Why did you do it?"
> "I don't know," I said. "There isn't always an explanation for everything."
> "Oh isn't there? I was brought up to think there was."
> "That's awfully nice." (18)

Frederic's prickly response indicates his abnormal sensitivity to this question, suggesting his own unconscious awareness of his vacuous identity, vacuous in the sense of empty. The presence of other Americans (two opera singers, Ralph Simmons who sings under the intriguing name of Enrico DelCredo, and Edgar Saunders) engaged in the same fruitless cultural counterfeitings suggest that this is a general American quality rather than just Frederic's individual weakness.[6]

Frederic's final haven of radical romantic love, his last enlistment so to speak, suffers the same fate as his earlier retreats. Just as the secure opposition of threat and garden ended in the death/garden contusion in Chapter 12, the novel ends with the infant strangled in the womb, the birth of death, a cruel parodic image of Henry's deepest desire for ultimate security, an identity without consequence. The world, the "them" or "they" which both Catherine and Frederic had continued to insist they had safely excluded, intrudes in the form of biology, Catherine's narrow hips and the baby himself. The baby is a trope for time's inexorability, a trope standing for consequences of identity expressed in time, consequences that Frederic has either felt safely excluded from or uncomfortable with when he sees them. But there is another question. Does Hemingway intend to leave us with the impression that except for this odd accident Frederic had indeed found his perfect fit? Are we meant to assume that Frederic's Arnoldian romanticism—"Ah love! Let us be true to one another"—would have worked just fine, been what he had been seeking all along, if it weren't for those dammed fatalistic hips. Are we to accept Frederic's Keatsian romantic railing at life's vicissitudes as Hemingway's? ("You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you" [327]). 1 don't think so. Looking back on their time in Switzerland, Frederic confers a kind of perfection on those months that he and Catherine spend together in splendid isolation in the mountains:

> We had a fine life. We lived through the months of January and February and the winter was very fine and we were very happy. (306)

But Hemingway insists on giving us certain signs that question their capacity to sustain this perfection. First, earlier we had seen a possible version of their own relationship as it might occur in fuller time. I am speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Meyers. Mr. Meyers was in jail in America but has been let out to come to Italy to die. Catherine says of him, "And he lived happily in Milan ever after" (125). Frederic immediately questions the story book assessment, "I don't know how happily" (125). The Meyerses seem to represent a sort of an aftermath to romantic love, the need to remain separate even at the cost of happiness. He knows all the winners in Italy's corrupted racing but won't confide the winners to his wife whose losses counterbalance his winnings. He is preoccupied with racing and she with surrogate

motherhood, caring for the American wounded. And even late in the midst of Frederic's and Catherine's idyllic androgyny, their insistences that there is no life outside their one life, their "I am you and you are me" masquerade (299-300), there are troubling signs that it's not entirely working for Frederic. The protests of their exclusion of the world betray their uncertainty, especially Catherine's, who frequently questions Frederic's commitment. Their insistence that the child will not intrude on their perfect idyll is an unmistakable indication of their knowledge that it must just as the curtain around the sick-bed was a clear sign of imminent death. As Catherine's pregnancy proceeds, Frederic shows indisputable signs of distraction. Once, after they wake during the night, Catherine says, "All right. Let's go to sleep at exactly the same moment" (301). Frederic agrees but then says, "But we did not. I was awake for quite a long time thinking about things and watching Catherine sleeping" (301). These "things" at first seem Frederic's way of keeping a kind of balance, keeping his awareness of the outside world intact so as to preserve the feeling of security and isolation of their retreat from that world. But toward the end, it's obvious that these things have become, ironically, a retreat from his retreat, an escape from his growing discomfort with the obligations and consequences of his romantic love. While Catherine lies seriously ill, Frederic drinks excessively ("there was quite a pile of saucers now on the table in front of me" [329]) and tries to read the paper held by a man at the next table.

There's just one more scene that I want to look at because it is reminiscent of other critical scenes in Hemingway's fiction. It occurs after they have come down from the mountains to be closer to the hospital. A waiter has just delivered a glass with whiskey and ice in it and a small bottle of soda:

> He went out and shut the door. I went back to the papers and the war in the papers and poured the soda slowly over the ice into the whiskey. I would have to tell them not to put the ice in the whiskey. Let them bring the ice separately. That way you could tell how much whiskey there was and it would not suddenly be too thin from the soda. I would get a bottle of whiskey and have them bring ice and soda. That was the sensible way. Good whiskey was very pleasant. It was one of the pleasant parts of life. (310)

There is something mildly insane in the intensity of this petty sensual obsession. These infantile pleasures, especially eating, have always

been Frederic's refuge at moments of crisis. We are struck here with how private and remote from his immediate outside circumstances this loving hymn to whiskey is. The following exchange ensues:

> "What are you thinking, darling?"
> "About whiskey."
> "What about whiskey?"
> "About how nice it is."
> Catherine made a face. "All right," she said. (310)

Frederic's remark is unquestionably not the answer that Catherine wants. Again and again in their stay in Switzerland, she has asked Frederick in one way or another to say that she is enough, that he is content with their world. But instead of some sort of response consonant with her desire, Frederic speaks the truth. I'm not sure exactly how many such scenes occur in Hemingway's fiction, but it is safe to say that they are always crucial. We are reminded of Krebs' refusal to give the expected avowal of love to his mother in "Soldier's Home," of Nick's refusal to say that being in love is fun in "The End of Something," of the dying Harry's refusal to tell his wife that he loves her in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." In each case, a male refuses to participate in a fiction which women want them to commit to, rare moments of honesty, cruel but courageous in that they acknowledge their own monstrous selfhoods. I'm not sure that Frederic's moment qualifies as a courageous moment of self-recognition. He's been drinking and he's caught offguard. But Catherine's face and her non-committal, endearmentless "All right" suggests that she has noted the threat.

But all such warning signs, all such hints that this radical Arnoldian paradise (radical because it is actually "Ah love! Let us be one another") is an already frayed fiction, are lost in the crisis of Catherine's death. Catherine sustains the mystification to the end. Except for one chilling moment right before she finally loses consciousness when she says, "Don't touch me" (330), Catherine plays the game.[7] In her nearly last act, she solicits Frederic's promise that he will keep their private actions and language inviolate, not repeat them in the world. Looking back on their time together, Frederic confers on it the unblemished, edenic sanctity already discussed. In a strange but familiar way, Frederic is off the hook, saved from his perpetual scramble for meaningful identity by death. Catherine's death allows him to reify their time together into an artifact of sorts,

a Grecian urn of memory where the bold lovers' kisses can be preserved not just from time but from Frederic himself.

NOTES

1. That Frederic Henry's narrative is an expression of his psychology and consequently, to some degree, unreliable seems not only obvious but well-established. Mary Prescott argues that "the novel chronicles an interpreting consciousness, a self grappling with the intricacies of inwardness" (47). She goes on to claim, however, that Frederic Henry matures and learns a lesson that "involves the ethics of effort and heroism" (49). James Phelan, in an excellent article, argues that early in the novel there is "significant distance between himself (Hemingway) and Frederic" (Parentheses mine, 55). But Phelan, like Prescott, feels that Frederic Henry matures, the distance between the two perspectives narrowing until "his (Frederic's) voice merges completely with Hemingway's" (parentheses mine, 62). My argument will be that this distance never collapses, that Hemingway always remains distinct from Frederic Henry.
2. See Ben Stoltzfus's "A Sliding Discourse: The Language of *A Farewell to Arms,*" in *New Essays on A Farewell to Arms* for a Lacanian reading of this novel. The Lacanian interpretive strategy is to focus on discourse, and, "because in this case the discourse is Hemingway's, any analysis of Frederic and Catherine must necessarily pull aside the veils they cast on the author who weaves them" (112). Consequently, "Frederic's desertion from the Italian army corresponds to a rejection of the Law (the father) and the paternalistic order for which it stands" (115). Such a rejection of the father is necessarily, then, a trope for Hemingway's rejection of the father just as "Catherine's quest for oneness with Frederic ... is a facet of Hemingway's desire, namely, the repressed nostalgia for oneness that is part of every sexual union" (128). Such an approach, however careful the reading, effectively robs the work of the power to refer to anything other than the "artist's inner world—and its meaning" (113). Using a more traditional critical language, Robert Solotaroff reaches conclusions not entirely incompatible with Stoltzfus's. In his "Sexual Identity in *A Farewell to Arms,*" Solotaroff suggests that the novel dramatizes the clash between Frederic Henry's masculine and feminine sides. But Solotaroff also feels that the novel reflects Hemingway's own psychology, specifically that Hemingway projected "his need for and fear of women" (4) into Frederic Henry. My emphasis is on the consistent pathology of Frederic Henry's consciousness, his need for identity, any identity, and his retreat from the consequences of any of those choices.
3. Referring to some of these images of exposed interiors, Robert Gajdusek in *A Farewell to Arms:* The Psychodynamics of Integrity," says "these inert specified details enter the novel less to express verisimilitude than they do to underwrite intellectually the struggle for identity under stress ..." (29).
4. Jackson Benson comments that Frederic Henry's "youth, his egotism, his callow playacting are all indicated in his view of the war" (83). Benson also subscribes to the notion that Frederic has matured through his growing disillusionment with the war until finally he "has learned to love from the example of someone (Catherine) who had a great deal of love to give" (parentheses mine, 112). That Phelan, twenty years later, persists in a version of this romanticizing interpretation (66) is proof of its obduracy. In Phelan's case, it is unfair to use "romanticizing" because, while he believes that Hemingway finally merges his voice with Frederic Henry's, Phelan seems anxious to maintain his own judgmental distance from Hemingway's perspective (68).
5. John Beverfluis, in "Dispelling the Romantic Myth: *A Study of A Farewell to Arms,*" says that Frederic Henry's decision to not go to the Abruzzi was "symptomatic of his whole way of life. He continually failed to do what he really wanted to do" (24). From my point of view, this is not quite right. I am arguing that Frederic Henry is never content with what he chooses to do, although he clearly beforehand wants to do what he chooses. I do agree with Beverfluis's remarkably commonsense statement that the novel is "a clear-eyed and unsentimental study of the psychological strategy of retreat" (20).
6. Ernest Lockridge in "Faithful in her Fashion: Catherine Barkley, the Invisible Hemingway Heroine," lists an impressive catalogue of mistaken identities but does not provide a framing context for them.
7. Craig Kleinman, in "Dirty Tricks and Wordy Jokes: The Politics of Recollection in *A Farewell to Arms,*" connects this moment with what he calls the slapstick of their first physical encounter when her denial of him (the slap) is followed immediately by her acquiescence. Kleinman, unconvincingly, argues that these joke structures illustrate the absurdity of "trying to decipher some kind of progressive meaning out of past dialogue" (59). But his point about parallel patterns is a good one. By connecting the two moments, the comic flirtation and the death-bed crisis, Hemingway reminds us that Catherine Barkley is, and has been, engaged in her own crisis of identity. I have argued here that Frederic Henry's apprehensive consciousness is a peculiar expression of his Americanness: the need for an identity and at the same time a desire for that identity to be free from consequence, to be outside of time in effect. In a sense Frederic Henry, caught between Rinaldi's manly hedonism and Catherine Barkley's Arnoldian romantic despair, enacts a significant historical/cultural crisis. This is a love triangle of sorts with Rinaldi and Catherine, old world competing narratives, trying to write Frederic Henry into their stories. Catherine's situation at the beginning of the novel can be seen as a cultural crisis. (See my article, "Risking Nothing: American Romantics in 'Cat in the Rain,'" on a similar crisis in American identity.) Her tiny sticked, Old World lover is dead and Frederic Henry, young American, looks like a good replacement. All readings that celebrate Catherine Barkley either as victim or heroine must ignore, to some extent, this significant and sinister cultural drama. Part of the problem, from my point of view, is that critics persist in assuming that Hemingway was infatuated with European romanticisms. About *A Farewell to Arms* Harold Bloom said, "It also participates in the aura of Hemingway's mode of myth, embodying as it does not only Hemingway's own romance with the Europe, but the permanent vestiges of our national romance with the Old World" (5). I would argue that Hemingway is never uncritically entranced with Europe; rather, such psychological tourism is one of his most constant themes. In this novel Frederic Henry's insecure American identity, his forays into and out of various postures, has the effect not of privileging those European identities but rather exposing them. Frederic Henry's experience critically interrogates a variety of European possibilities: the thoughtlessly inherited Socialism of the ambulance drivers; Rinaldi's masculine hedonistic exclusion of women; the priest's hierarchic past of respectful, hat-doffing peasants and benevolent squires, accompanied by paranoiac exclusion and sexual repression (there's at least a metaphorical element of truth to the jokes about the priest's masturbation); Catherine Barkley's cold romantic despair, contemptuous of the world.

University of Toledo

WORKS CITED

Benson, Jackson. *Hemingway: the Writer's Art of Self-Defense.* Minneapolis: U of M Press, 1969.

Beverfluis, John. "Dispelling the Romantic Myth: A Study of *A Farewell to Arms.*" *The Hemingway Review* 9:1 (1989): 18-25.

Bloom, Harold. Introduction. *Modern Critical Interpretations: Ernest Hemingway's* A Farewell to Arms. Ed. Harold Bloom. New York: Chelsea, 1987.

Gajdusek, Robert. "*A Farewell to Arms:* The Psychodynamics of Integrity." The Hemingway Review 9:1 (1989): 26-32.

Hemingway, Ernest. *A Farewell to Arms.* New York: Scribner's, 1929.
Kleinman, Craig. "Dirty Tricks and Wordy Jokes: The Politics of Recollection in *A Farewell to Arms.*" *The Hemingway Review* 15:1 (1995): 54-71.
Lindsay, Clarence. "Risking Nothing: American Romantics in 'Cat in the Rain.'" *The Hemingway Review.* 17:1 (1997): 15-27.
Lockridge, Ernest. "Faithful in her Fashion: Catherine Barkley, the Invisible Hemingway Heroine." *The Journal of Narrative Technique* 18 (Spring 1988): 170-178.
Phelan, James. "Distance, Voice, and Temporal Perspective in Frederic Henry's Narration: Successes, Problems and Paradox." *New Essays on* A Farewell to Arms. Ed. Scott Donaldson. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1990. 53-73.
Prescott, Mary. "*A Farewell to Arms:* Memory and the Perpetual Now." *College Literature* 17:1 (1990): 41-52
Solotaroff, Robert. "Sexual Identity in *A Farewell to Arms.*" *The Hemingway Review* 9:1 (1989): 2-17.
Stoltzfus, Ben. "A Sliding Discourse: The Language of *A Farewell to Arms.*" *New Essays on* A Farewell to Arms. Ed. Scott Donaldson. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1990. 109-136.

LOUIS BROMFIELD IN FRANCE

DORYS GROVER

Louis Bromfield was eighteen when he first went to France. Reared on a farm in Ohio, Bromfield was attending Columbia University, but left without graduating to enlist in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service. He served in seven major frontline battles in France and received the Croix de Guerre. Discharged in France after serving two years, he returned to New York City determined to be a writer.

As with so many of his countrymen, Bromfield felt France had a very old magic, and Paris captured that magic in the early dusk of its streets, quays, and bridges, the cafes, and the gardens where water from fountains went rippling over bronze statues where famous horsemen seemed like old friends. He was charmed with the people, the food, and especially with Paris.

Years later he wrote that, "France [is] a country where I had never been a stranger, even on that first night when I stepped ashore at Brest at the age of eighteen and tasted my first French cheese and French wine in the smoky, smelly little bars and cafes of the water front" (Geld 24).

Of this time he says he escaped from the "unimaginative world" of Mansfield, Ohio. His daughter, Ellen, writes that "He was at home in the world and from it he could see his own country with a new and keen perception" (24).

Born in Mansfield, Ohio, December 27, 1896, he lived with his parents, Charles Bromfield and Annette Coulter, on a farm which had been in the family for at least four generations before the depression years of the 1870s and 1880s drove the father to Mansfield where he became a store clerk, banker, and Democratic politician. There were three children, a sister, Marie [died 1935], and a brother, Charles.

Before going to France, Bromfield had studied agriculture at Cornell, and two years of journalism at Columbia University in New York City. Upon his return from France, he was determined to be a

writer and worked several jobs including night editor for the Associated Press, foreign editor for *Musical America,* music critic for both *The Bookman* and *Time* magazine, and as advertising manager for G. P. Putnam's Sons (Geld 24)

The publication of his first book, *The Green Bay Tree* [1924], brought Bromfield immediate financial and critical success, and he gave up his other jobs to become a full-time writer (27). He had married a New Englander, Mary Appleton Wood in 1921, and their first daughter Anne was born in 1925. Before the publication of his second novel, *Possession* [1925], he took his family to France for a visit which was to last, with brief interruptions, until 1938.

Critic David D. Anderson notes that Bromfield had already begun the last novel of his trilogy, titled *Early Autumn,* while the family was living on Long Island in the summer of 1925 (40), and that he completed it in France later that year while they were living in Paris off the boulevard Flandrin in what Bromfield called a "large glass apartment overlooking the Bois" (Hansen 253). He had been revising the novel earlier while they were living briefly at St. Jean de Luz on the Bay of Biscay, where he found he was already a celebrity (40).

Alex Small, writing for the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune,* the most widely read paper by the Left Bank expatriates, observed in a 1926 interview with Bromfield,

> When he was a soldier [during World War I], Mr. Bromfield spoke ... of becoming an innkeeper at Compiegne. It seems a pity that he did not; he would have been a charming host and stood out as a genius in a trade which counts few geniuses. And even if he is a very good novelist, the world could easily get along without one of the number, or even several (Hansen 253).

A daughter, Hope, was born in 1929 and the family left Paris to return to their home on Long Island. Bromfield in 1929 was under contract as a script writer for Samuel Goldwyn, and did his writing in a room at the Hotel Algonquin. Finding little to do, he bought up his contract for $10,000 and the family returned to France about 1930.

Bromfield was never an immediate member of the 1920s expatriate group of American writers and artists in Paris, but he did meet and form friendships with Gertrude Stein, Janet Flanner, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, Edna Ferber, and others (40). His principal Paris residences were in Passy, among them l'hotel de l'Odeon, then

known as l'hotel Regnard [now Michelet-Odeon]. Bromfield noted that they were "regarded, with the Fitzgeralds, as vulgar for liking heat and bathrooms," (Hansen 253).

Sherwood Anderson on his second Paris visit in 1926 stayed at l'hotel Regnard; on his first visit in the spring of 1921, he was accompanied by his wife, Tennessee, and Paul Rosenfeld, and they were briefly at the Hotel Jacob, a former British Embassy and now l'hotel Angleterre on rue Jacob. In addition to residing at l'hotel de l'Odeon and the apartment on the boulevard Flandrin, the Bromfields also lived on rue Boissiere.

One day while driving through the Oise they discovered an old refectory of the Capuchin monks, Presbytere de St. Etienne. The former monastery and its surrounding gardens near Senlis, thirty-five miles north of Paris, became their primary residence for twelve of the nearly fifteen years they spent in France between the wars. There were several acres of land including a large garden which its previous occupants had made from a medieval graveyard. The Nonnette River bordered one side of the garden, and a thirteenth-century chapel stood at one end which Bromfield made into a greenhouse.

The family loved the old monastery despite its many inconveniences and Bromfield was able to have a garden. They made several trips abroad, a noted one to Italy from where they returned to give the monastery a touch of Latin decor. Mostly they were at home at the Presbytere, although year after year they spent the summers in Brittany and the winters in the Swiss mountains, for Bromfield was keen on skiing.

By this time Bromfield was a well-known author, having published twelve books, including *Early Autumn* [1926], which received the Pulitzer Prize in 1927. It was followed by *A Good Woman* [1927], *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* [1928], and his first volume of short stories, *Awake and Rehearse* [1929].

Malcolm Cowley writes that Bromfield was among American writers in Paris who were "in the process of being 'discovered,' which is to say that their first stories and poems were being printed in the little magazines that bloomed and faded like wildflowers" (*Second* 60). Cowley had early noted that "Bromfield was an internationally known novelist before he was thirty. From the very first he was a professional" (*Exiles* 9).

In most of his novels and stories, Bromfield focuses upon a central character and the social structure and values of the environment in which the character lives. Often he modeled his older women upon his grandmother or other female family members.

The Farm [1933] is his most successful work. In 1962, his daughter Ellen, who was born in Senlis in 1932, notes,

> For my father, I think *The Farm* was a real work of introspection. Sitting in an ancient house in France, so distant from it all [the Ohio farm], he tried to set down on paper everything he knew of that life he had left behind and weigh his feelings in relation to it (35).

While criticism of his early works was almost uniformly favorable, the short story volume, *Awake and Rehearse,* marked the beginning of a serious critical decline resulting initially from charges of commercialism. David D. Anderson says "The book was a mistake, and it did lasting damage to Bromfield's reputation with the critics because it permitted those who had doubted his abilities or his integrity to become more vocal" (62).

Particular among the doubters were the Marxist critics of the *New Republic* who charged that he was a reactionary and had gone over to Hollywood, but a closer reading of his work gives a sharp depiction of the values and mores of the late nineteenth-century Midwestern region. Especially strong is his portrayal of the new rich who emerge from the war eager to trade money for position.

For years Bromfield was a successful novelist and a prolific contributor of short stories to popular magazines. "The Scarlet Woman," originally published in *McClure's* in 1927, appeared in *The O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1927* and was collected as "The Life of Vergie Winters" in *Awake and Rehearse*. It later became a successful motion picture. "The Cat that Lived at the Ritz," first published in *Harper's Bazaar* [Oct. 1927], appeared in *The Best Short Stories of 1928* and was collected in *Awake and Rehearse*.

Several other stories received recognition and such a publication record suggests a great deal more distinction and accomplishment in the genre than most of his critics have been willing to concede then and now. His stories and novels have similar themes and his settings include rural Ohio, New York, Europe, the international smart set, and expatriate Americans. Malcolm Cowley reminded readers, "Do you remember the somewhat later days when Hemingway *and* Louis Bromfield were coupled by the critics as the two giants of a new generation?" (*Many* 89)

His themes often drew upon the conviction that industrialism so distorted American values it drove the natural aristocrats into geographic, emotional, or psychological exile until they ultimately could not restore sanity and meaning to human affairs.

His years in France brought him into contact with many Parisians as well as with his fellow countrymen and women. An account of his friendship with Gertrude Stein is described in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas:*

> One day Gertrude Stein came home from a walk to the bank and bringing out a card from her pocket said, we are lunching tomorrow with the Bromfields. Way back in the Hemingway days Gertrude had met Bromfield and his wife and then from time to time there had been a slight acquaintance, there had even been a slight acquaintance with Bromfield's sister, and now suddenly we were lunching with the Bromfields. Why, I asked, because answered Gertrude Stein quite radiant, he knows all about gardens. We lunched with the Bromfields and he does know all about gardens and all about flowers and all about soils. Gertrude Stein and he first liked each other as gardeners, then they liked each other as americans and then they liked each other as writers. Gertrude Stein says of him that he is as american as Jane Scudder, as american as a doughboy, but not as solemn (305-06)

After the publication of *The Rains Came* [1937], Bromfield found little time to write due to a number of European crises that began with Adolph Hitler's accession to power in 1933. In the summer of 1938, Bromfield realized that the coming war would make Senlis a dangerous place for it was on the traditional military route between Paris and the German frontier.

Despite his intentions to stay in France only a short while, Bromfield and his family had remained there almost fourteen years until war threats precipitated their return to Lucas, Ohio, in November 1938.

As president of the Emergency Committee for the American Wounded in Spain he had no plans himself to return. He arranged for the return to America of members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who had figured prominently in the casualty lists from across the Pyrenees. For this work he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France.

In November 1938 he joined his family in Ohio, although planning to return to France the following spring, but his French friends advised him to stay in America. He sent George Hawkins, who had been a member of his household for many years, to France to close the Presbytere at Senlis and to ship his French antique furniture to America.

Once settled in Ohio, he tried to tell the story of the French people, but never really accomplished the task. Cowley, remembering the nineteen-thirties, writes, "Even prosperous writers no longer felt at home in France; it was in 1933 [*sic*] that the novelist Louis Bromfield bought a thousand acres of farmland in his native Ohio" (*Dream* 185). In recalling the expatriates in Paris who failed at writing and became businessmen, Cowley added, "I suspect that the novelist Louis Bromfield is a more passionate farmer than anyone in the United States who earns a living by farming (*Literary* 212).

John Chamberlain, a friend of Louis Bromfield in the 1940s, recalled more than forty years later that Bromfield "was then plowing his profits from novels into some exciting soil-renewal experiments at his farm at Pleasant Valley near Mansfield" (99).

As David D. Anderson says, "Bromfield was very much a Midwesterner and an agrarian romantic" (175), but for a short time while he was in France, his world was larger. At one time Bromfield wrote, "I knew that the hardest thing for me to bear in leaving France and Europe was not the loss of the intellectual life I had known there, nor the curious special freedom a foreigner knows in a country he loves, nor the good food, nor even the friends I would be leaving behind. The thing I should miss most, the thing to which I was most attached were the old house and the few acres of land spread along the banks of a little river called the Nonnette. ... If I never saw it again a part of my heart would always be there in the earth, the old walls,the trees and vines I had planted, in the friendships that piece of earth had brought me. ..."

In the end, it was Monsieur Gillet, the Curator of the Abbaye de Challis, a learned and kindly man who had been a friend of Bromfield for many years, who convinced him that there was little he could do about the coming war but follow his family and perhaps tell the world about France (Geld 65). Bromfield never wrote a successful sustained work of fiction about France, but there are several essays and non-fiction pieces about his stay there between the two world wars. As David D. Anderson points out, France did broaden Bromfield's horizon, but so it did for many young Americans in the 1920s and 1930s. The era was an exciting one that has not since been repeated anywhere in the world.

Texas A&M/Commerce Emerita

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anderson, David D. *Louis Bromfield.* New York: Twayne, 1964.
Bromfield, Louis. *The Green Bay Tree.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1924.
_____. *Possession.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1925. *Early Autumn.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1926.
_____. *A Good Woman.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1927.
_____. *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1928.
_____. *Awake and Rehearse.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1929.
_____. *The Farm.* New York: Harper and Brothers, 1933.
_____. *The Man Who Had Everything.* New York: Harper and Brothers, 1935.
_____. *The Rains Came.* New York: Harper and Brothers, 1937.
_____. *Malabar Farm.* New York: Harper and Brothers, 1948.
Chamberlain, John. *A Life With the Printed Word.* Chicago: Regnery, 1982.
Cowley, Malcolm. *Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of the 1920s.* New York: Viking P, 1934, 1967.
_____. *The Literary Situation.* New York: Viking, 1947, 1966.
_____. *A Many-Windowed House: Collected Essays on American Writers and American Writing.* Carbondale/Edwardsville: Southern Illinois UP, 1970.
_____. *A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation.* New York: Viking P, 1956, 1974.
_____. *The Dream of the Golden Mountains: Remembering the 1930s.* New York: Viking P, 1964, 1980.
Geld, Ellen [Bromfield]. *A Daughter's Memories of Louis Bromfield.* New York: Harper, 1962.
Hansen, Arlen J. *Expatriate Paris: A Cultural and Literary Guide to Paris of the 1920s.* New York: Arcade [Little, Brown], 1990.
Small, Alex. *Tribune* [Paris edition, Chicago *Tribune*]. June 13, 1926.
Stein, Gertrude. *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.* New York: Harcourt Brace, 1933.

GROWING UP IN DETROIT: JIM DANIELS'S *M-80*

JANET RUTH HELLER

In *M-80,* a book of concise free-verse poems published in 1993, Jim Daniels explores what happens to working-class people who grow up in a Midwestern city like Detroit. An *M-80* is a dangerous firework that is often found on city streets. The title of this volume captures the "explosive" themes of the book: the passion of love, tensions within a family, teenaged gangs, urban violence, racial tension, and economic stress. We watch the young protagonist slowly coming to terms with his society. He gets drunk, fights other teenagers, indulges in vandalism, and bonds with male friends. He feels ambivalent about his Catholic heritage, and he overcomes his prejudice against African Americans. Daniels also accurately captures the influence of local and national historical events on young people coming of age during the 1960s and 1970s. He recalls the day John F. Kennedy was assassinated and the days of the Detroit race riots. The honesty and self-revelation of these poems make them emotionally powerful.

M-80 is divided into four sections, each named for an important poem in the section. The first section, "Wild Country," has an ironic title. The word "wild" leads us to expect a wilderness; instead, Daniels explores an urban wasteland. The first poem in the book, also entitled "Wild Country," concisely introduces the themes of violence and family conflict. The speaker, a young adolescent, has run away from his father's slapping to a weedy field "Behind the Northeast Trucking garage" (p. 3, line 1). The pastoral setting that the title leads us to expect is littered with rusted parts of trucks and broken glass. Even the local trees have "Twisted limbs" (line 17). But this is as close as the urban working-class protagonist can get to a peaceful, edenic landscape. The poem ends with the possibility of reconciliation between the father and his prodigal son: the father reaches his

son's hideaway and calls the boy's name "like he was lost, a little lost" (line 24). Ironically, both the adult and the child feel lost because of their conflict and because of the difficult environment.

Also disorienting for the persona of these poems is the turbulent decade of the 1960s when he is growing up. On the speaker's rainy twelfth birthday, Robert Kennedy gets shot. As a result, the boy's birthday party is canceled, "Assassinated," he tells his girlfriend Debbie (*"M-80,"* p. 5). While his mother prays her rosary, the boy processes the event by bicycling with Debbie, discussing the tragedy with her, and finding love in her embrace. Sensitive Debbie asks him, *"Why does everybody/ hate everybody?"* The boy, a budding poet, replies, *"I don't hate you"* (p. 5). Earlier, after they had bought Orange Crushes, he told her, *"I have an orange crush/ on you."* His metaphor for the experience of first love is "An M-80 went off in my chest" (p. 5). The poem "M-80" emphasizes that even youngsters are not immune to the violent era engulfing them.

Other poems like "Crazy Eddie" contrast the boy's perspective with that of an adult man looking back on his life. The child sees his neighbor Eddie as "crazy" and hates him, but the man understands that Eddie has had a difficult life and is simply "a drunk garbageman/ with a bad temper" (p. 7, lines 1-2). The adult can sympathize with a man who compensates for his messy job by maintaining "A perfect lawn" (p. 8).

Another poem that stresses the gap between the knowledge of boys and men is "Universal City." While eating hamburgers at a Red Barn, the persona and his gang of boys witness a love triangle that explodes into violence. A spurned man threatens to shoot his former girlfriend and her new lover. The police capture the gunman before he can kill anyone, but the boys get "high on that danger" (line 16). Although the kids call their gang the "Crazy Mother Fuckers," they have little experience of life. They have just learned what "fuck" means and have yet to understand love and violence: "a man with a gun crying over a woman/ was a man from another planet" (p. 10).

"In black gloves" catches up with the same gang several years later. The youths wear "jean jackets" despite the October cold, smoke cigarettes, swear, and shoplift. They all have knives and practice fighting some future enemy. The poem ends ironically by emphasizing the boys' fantasy of power: the persona walks home "clenching and unclenching/ those black gloves as if I held the night/ in my own

hands" (p. 13, lines 21-23). In fact, the boys are merely imitating and almost parodying adult activities. They wish to control their lives, but remain half-grown children.

The enjambment and run-on sentences of "Raw October" capture the energy of the male gang throwing eggs "at cars, houses" (p. 14, line 2), being chased by Crazy Eddie, vandalizing car hubcaps and throwing them "toward/ the puffy white moon" (lines 14-15). The boys do not know how to harness their energy constructively yet. The final stanza informs the reader that the kids eventually get caught and punished for their recklessness.

Some of Daniels's poems use a theme and variations structure. For example, "Fire" begins with altar boys in church who are fascinated by matches and candles. A few years later, the same boys use cigarette lighters to smoke, immolate insects, and set fire to the field near Northeast Trucking (see "Wild Country"). Finally, the boys witness a neighbor's house burn down (pp. 11-12). Fire symbolizes the destructive forces within people, adolescent recklessness, and American society's potential for violence.

"Passing" is the first of several poems about violence among boys in high school. Coach Wendler and his male physical education students hit the fat "sissy" Feeney. The sissy becomes "a punching bag/ for anyone's random black-and-blue anger" (Part 3, p. 15, lines 3-4). For no good reason, Doug Molinski "stomped on Feeney's face/ in the parking lot." Feeney has plastic surgery and his family leaves the area. Our persona admits that he, too, participated in this sadistic behavior (Part 3, p. 15, last stanza).

Ironically, the speaker himself becomes the victim of such violence in "Orange Driver." Underage, he asks "big and strong" Molinski to buy liquor (p. 17, line 12). Molinski makes the purchase but keeps the change and asks the persona where the party that evening is. The younger boy lies when he says that he does not know. Molinski finds the party anyway and beats up the persona for lying. The previous poem foreshadows this drubbing. Daniels concludes the poem with the boy trying to figure out how to explain the drinking and beating to his parents (page 20).

In contrast, "Parked Car" concerns a moment of male friendship and bonding. The persona's girlfriend Karen has recently broken up with him, but he asks his friend Fred to drive by her house anyway. They see Karen and her new lover making out in his car. Fred prevents the speaker from getting out to harass them and "put his hand

on my shoulder/ gentle, firm" (Part 1, p. 21). Daniels celebrates this rare moment of male touching as an act of love (Part 2, pp. 21-22).

Several poems concern the adolescent's rebellion against his family's Catholic heritage. In "Detroit Hymns, Christmas Eve," the persona and his friend Kenny drink beers and think about going to midnight mass. However, they go to the White Castle for hamburgers instead. While playing "Little Latin Lupe Lu" on the jukebox, Kenny tries to get the counter woman to dance with him telling her, *"It's a Christmas song"* (p. 24). The boys find their own way to celebrate the holiday.

The last poem in the Wild Country section is "Anthem," which differs greatly from the first poem in this section. Both deal with the relationship between the father and his son, but in this piece the son has a new appreciation of his retired father. While the father seemed mean in the earlier poem, he comes across here as caring and giving. The two men "huddle/ under his umbrella" (p. 25), and the father brings his son hot coffee. The younger man leans against his father. The touching symbolizes their bond of love, as in "Parked Car."

"Time, Temperature" is a long poem that constitutes the second section of *M-80*. It is dedicated to James Baldwin and concerns tense black/white relations in Detroit, race riots, and coming to terms with prejudice. Baldwin had urged Daniels and other students in a graduate school class at Bowling Green State University to "examine our own past in terms of race" (Daniels, "An Interview with Jim Daniels"). Daniels focuses on depicting his family's reactions to the events of the 1960s and 1970s. Julia Stein faults "Time, Temperature" because "The highly charged historical moments of strike and riot are shortchanged." She wants Daniels to "go beyond the individual to become the memory and consciousness of Detroit" (14). However, Stein misunderstands the purpose of this poem—a personal response to Baldwin's assignment—and misses Daniels's point in Part 20 that he cannot tell someone else's story. Born in 1956, Daniels was too young to experience the strike and riots as "historical moments." Instead, he uses his family as an example of how whites struggle with old prejudices against black people. He lists his grandfather's racist "theories" about blacks (Part 1, p. 29), which he contrasts to his mother's insistence that her children not use the word "nigger" (Part 2, p. 30), her refusal to protest busing for racial integration (Part 10, pp. 34-35), and her hospitality to African Americans (Part 15). Yet despite the grandfather's theories, he gives food to poor

black people and fixes the bicycles of black kids in his Detroit neighborhood (Part 12, p. 36). This paradox does not escape the speaker. Daniels emphasizes that his parents live in all white Warren, near the outskirts of Detroit. Because of racial segregation, the persona tells us, "I didn't know a black person till I was nineteen" (Part 4, p. 31), even though his neighborhood was so close to black areas. Isolation of the two races increases lack of knowledge and distrust between whites and blacks. Daniels uses the metaphor of "secret white tunnels" to represent the deep, underground nature of prejudice, and he insists that such bias is part of "the white code" (Part 5, p. 31). At school, a history teacher, Roger Edwards, uses role-playing to help the students to sympathize with black people. Different students portray Ku Klux Klan members, Black Panthers, etc. The persona plays Huey Newton. But this experiment is short-lived: the nuns fire the radical teacher. A few years later, they bring black students from a nearby high school for a dialogue with the Warren white kids. The artificiality of this interchange dooms it to failure. Instead of believing in the brotherhood of man, the white students decide, *"They only brought/ the nice ones"* (Part 8, p. 33). Robberies and muggings by blacks fan white anger in this poem, making it even harder for the whites to be objective. The persona's grandparents are both mugged (Part 11, pp. 35-36) and so is the speaker when he works for a liquor store (Part 9, pp. 33-34, and Part 17, p. 40). The Warren whites live in fear of the blacks crossing Eight Mile Road. Carl, the gun collector, even gives rifles to his neighbors in 1967 (Part 10, p. 34). Daniels compares Carl's prejudice to his armaments: "His nose twitches/ with the gunpowder of his own hate" (Part 21, p. 43). This metaphor recalls the image of the book's title, *M-80*: racial bias is a bomb waiting to explode.

The grown persona finds two black kids trying to break into his home and other homes in a mixed neighborhood of Detroit. He argues with the boys. Noticing that they are "stoned," he remembers his own experiences as a stoned youth. He comments, "Everybody stoned on something—/ stoned on history and hate" (Part 18, p. 41). Note Daniels's use of Black English dialect here: he omits the "to be" verb in this sentence. The language mirrors his attempt to understand people growing up in a different culture. "Stoned" here becomes another metaphor for racial prejudice.

Daniels confesses that his perspective as a white man limits his ability to understand the tension fully. For example, in Part 20 of

"Time, Temperature," the adult persona sees "a naked black man lunge between cars,/ two cops chasing him." The speaker wishes that he could tell us the story of this black man, "But I do not know his story./ ... / I am telling you everything I know" (p. 42). This last line is typical of Daniels's stance as a poet: he will share actual experiences with his readers and trust them to fill in the gaps. But he will not try to pose as an expert on the perspectives of other racial groups.

Daniels does include moments of hope for black/white cooperation in "Time, Temperature." In Part 14 of the poem, the white speaker shares a moment of frustration with a black co-worker in a factory: "A black guy on the assembly line/ offered to break my machine for me/ accidentally" (p. 37). In Part 15, the persona's mother gives iced tea to a black man delivering circulars in white Warren on a hot August day in 1968 (pp. 37-38). The boy sits next to the black man on the stoop, "staring" (p. 38). In Part 16, the persona dates a black woman named Kim, whom he met while working in a department store. Hostility from both the black and white communities disrupts the relationship (pp. 38-40). However, the poem ends on an optimistic note as the adult speaker dances with a young black boy on a hot August day in the spray from an open fire hydrant: "and we dance under the same sun/ and there is room enough for both of us/ in the spray on Rosa Parks Boulevard" (Part 22, p. 43). This section recalls Part 15, another moment of sharing and hospitality on a hot August day. Daniels clearly hopes for a future of greater racial harmony, as symbolized by the dance.

Part Three of *M-80,* Digger's Territory, creates a middle-aged male persona who works in a Detroit factory, has a wife and children, and probes his past. His name, "Digger," symbolizes his attempts to understand his life and personal history. According to the poet, Digger is a composite of older working-class men in Daniels's neighborhood, including his father, "and someone who could have been me if I had stayed there" (Daniels, "An Interview with Jim Daniels"). Daniels, his father, and his grandfather all worked at a Ford auto plant. Although Daniels now teaches writing at Carnegie Mellon University, he has never forgotten his roots. These poems emphasize the hard life of a factory worker and develop many of the themes of earlier sections. In "Digger Ties One On," he gets drunk after a bad day at the factory and family problems. Like the boy in "Orange Driver," Digger needs to tell his wife a story that explains his absence and intoxication. Both personae

also need to "pay" ("Orange Driver," p. 20) for their mistakes: the bartender Rachelle teases, *"Diggin' your grave tonight,/ eh Digger?"* He answers, *"Another inch or two"* (p. 50). The consequences for him are potentially more serious than those for the beaten up boy. In "Digger's Melted Ice," his wife Loretta moves out temporarily and takes the children with her (pp. 51-52). Digger attributes his drinking to his monotonous work, but his liquor threatens both his family stability and his job. When a blizzard shuts down the factory, Digger and his male neighbors drink and play games. The alcohol consumption results in property damage and fighting among the men. In "Digger's Trip," the family vacations in Florida. Digger hopes for a renewal of love between him and his wife. Even on the beach, his family members wear T-shirts with auto factory slogans. A retired Chevy man grabs his arm. On the way home, Digger gets a flat tire and feels powerless, "like/ a doll somebody's playing with" (Part 3, p. 55). He fantasizes leaving his family (p. 56) as a way to regain power.

"Digger Plays Hardball" echoes the father/son tension of the first few poems in Wild Country. Although Digger's own performance in baseball is uneven, he is overly critical of his son when they play the game, making the child cry. This causes Digger to feel guilty. When another Little League father "mocks your son/ after a bad throw," Digger retorts protectively, *"That's my son"* (p. 57). Perhaps confused by his father's ambivalence, the boy quits the team. In this poem, Daniels emphasizes the overall complexity of the parent/child bond.

Similarly, "Digger, Power, Speed" focuses on the persona's rivalry with his brother and relates it to his middle age. Digger mocks his sibling for buying an Escort, which Digger calls a "*Toy*" and "*Wimpmobile*." But the brother silences Digger by pointing out, "*[T]hese little cars/ are saving your job.*" After watching some drag racing, Digger and his wife feel romantic. Cars are an integral part of their lives, and the changes in the cars' power and speed reflect the aging of this married couple. Despite Digger's "bald spot" and slower pace, the couple feels "*sexy*" (pp. 58-59). The changes in the world around them and in their own bodies do not threaten their relationship.

"Digger Goes to Church" explores his ambivalence about the Catholic Church. Like the boy in "Detroit Hymns, Christmas Eve," Digger feels bored and uncomfortable at midnight mass; however,

unlike the boy, he goes to the services anyway with his wife. When a boy on drugs yells, fights with the ushers, and breaks a window, Digger identifies with the kid and views the ushers' harsh tactics as an example of the church's "*holding people back.*" Digger's unspoken wish to "punch" the priest (pp. 60-61) resembles the boy's open defiance.

Digger also has mixed feelings about making the final payment on his home mortgage. He and his wife are proud and they kiss and hug, but the poem ends with his recalling a failure: he planted three trees, but all died ("Digger Pays Off the Mortgage," p. 62).

When walking his dog, Digger remembers the past: the dog as a puppy, the former residents of each home that they pass, the tension between rich and poor neighbors. Again, the themes are aging, change, the passage of time. Although the area has changed, it remains stable. The doctor has recommended exercise to combat Digger's pot belly, but part of Digger is still youthful: he yearns to frolic in the tall grass with his dog. Digger recalls drinking with one neighbor when they were younger; other neighbors are dead or dying. Digger feuded with Johnson: mellowed by the years, Digger concedes that he was wrong. However, the poem ends with Digger's convincing his dog to defecate on the richest neighbor's "perfect lawn" ("Digger Takes His Dog for a Walk," pp. 63-64). Social-class distinctions still irk him.

The economy of language in poems like this makes Daniels's work effective. He sketches years of time in a sentence or two, choosing specific details to convey ideas and emotions.

In "Digger's Territory," the title poem of this section, Daniels stresses that although Digger is not wealthy or powerful, he is content with his lot, at ease with his neighborhood and family. Digger represents the American common man here. Even a visit by a well dressed salesman does not intimidate Digger: "no matter what he knows/ you're going to teach him/ a few things" (p. 65). This self-confidence is the gift of Digger's middle age.

The final section of *M-80* is Trouble at the Drive-In. It focuses on economic hardship and urban violence. "On the Other End" concerns the persona's reaction to another boy's shooting a sibling. The speaker is horrified because the delinquent shares the same last name. As an adult looking back, he acknowledges that he, too, could have committed a similar crime: "I soaked in the bitter/ night oil, ready to explode/ with any random spark" (p. 69). Again, we find

the metaphor of the M-80 representing the potential for violence in a big city.

A cluster of poems concerns unemployment and poverty. In "Joy Ride," the speaker's brother gets laid off. He escapes his problems temporarily by drinking and by driving to Texas, but he must return to his new job and family responsibilities. The poem emphasizes how hard many people work: the brother drives trucks from Detroit to Saginaw six days a week "6:30 to 6:30, no overtime pay,/ no pension. He watches his kids/ on his day off while his wife works" (p. 70). "Posing" focuses on Rick, who shares a house with the speaker and two other young people with minimum-wage jobs. "Broke and out of work," Rick finds a job as a nude model for a college art class. However, this job lasts only a day because he "*couldn't hold still.*" The poem captures Rick's despair as he weeps in front of his friends (pp. 71-72). His frustration is typical of that of many struggling members of the vast American underclass. In "Broke," the persona himself is unemployed and needs to fix his rusty car. The poem emphasizes a poor man's close relationship with his car and his depression when he does not have the money to fix it properly. The speaker contemplates "Sucking on the tailpipe/ taking a deep sleep." Both the man and his automobile are "rusty." His luck changes a few months later when he gets a good job, but he "drove that old car longer than I had to" (pp. 73-75). The persona and his vehicle have trouble separating their merged lives.

In "1977," the speaker and his factory co-worker Artie take a two-week vacation to California. Over old photos ten years later, the two men reminisce about their drive. Both were laid off shortly after their trip. Artie is now "fry cook at an all-night place," he is so poor that he has to share his house, and he does not get to take two-week vacations. After the trip, the two friends fought. The persona blames these fights on "bosses/ setting us against each other." Daniels ends the poem by stressing the changes in the men's lives: the speaker has "nowhere to drive to" (pp. 76-79). Their lives are now fixed and immobile, with little hope for change.

This theme of immobility continues in "Still Lives: Benitau Street." The imagery of the poem stresses the rubbish of the urban wasteland, even worse than the landscape of "Wild Country." A church is boarded up, piles of rubble sit on corners, and gas stations have been abandoned. Even the basketball hoops are misshapen and surreal, "bent/ vertical into glasses" (p. 80, lines 3-4). The men who

live in the area do not move, as if they were also objects in an artist's still life painting of hopelessness. The poem also ends on a surreal note: a phone rings, but no one answers it (lines 20-24). Daniels implies that the rundown area has become a ghost town.

Daniels continues the urban painting theme in "Still Lives: Sweat," but this poem focuses on crime. A boy has shot and killed his mother during a quarrel with another man over a ten-speed bicycle. This family shooting recalls the opening poem in this section, "On the Other End." Daniels stresses that the feud was with a "neighbor" by repeating the word three times (p. 81, lines 2, 14, 21). The city's wasteland leaves little space for brotherhood or loving one's neighbor. Daniels describes "a street sign/ where nothing points in the right direction" (lines 8-9). This serves as a metaphor for the lack of purpose of many lives in urban ghettoes. Unlike earlier poems in *M-80* set on hot days, this piece does not offer hope of reconciliation or harmony.

Crime is also the focus in "One of Those Things." A drunk man shoots and murders an acquaintance whom he thinks stole his money during a stag party. In fact, the man's wife had merely moved his cash. Daniels emphasizes that the murderer is "just an ordinary guy" who "grew up in the neighborhood, no trouble/ to anyone. Played first base on my team" (p. 82). Clearly, the point is that anyone can become a criminal under strange circumstances.

In "Trouble at the Drive-In," the title poem for this section, the persona speaks for the frustrated urban underclass. Someone "cuts his car into the line" waiting patiently for Clint Eastwood movies. Another angry patron starts pounding on the offending car. When the police come, the drive-in is temporarily paralyzed. Daniels worries that such scenes have the potential for violence: "nobody's letting us in/ and nobody's getting out, and it's only a matter of time/ till somebody pulls a gun." The speaker also complains that the drive-in owners and the other "bosses are safe and dry/ in Grosse Pointe or West Bloomfield" while the have-nots fight in the rain (pp. 83-34). The wealthy have peaceful lives and plenty of space; however, the poor often feel frantic, are overcrowded, and constantly compete for everything from movies to jobs.

Changing neighborhoods and the senselessness of urban violence are the themes of "How Much Light," the final poem in *M-80*. After Marge Chomski "gets mugged on her stoop" and Kenny Flynn is murdered downtown, everyone in the neighborhood starts buying

better locks and outdoor lighting and contemplating the purchase of a gun. The speaker waxes sentimental about his ethnically diverse yet "graceful" and harmonious neighbors. He compares the senseless violence to a fight he had in fourth grade when Jed Stark just "kept punching" for no good reason (pp. 85-86; see also "Orange Driver," 18-19). Adult criminals resemble the hostile schoolboy in their brainless acts, but the adult criminals are changing the order and stability of an entire neighborhood.

In *M-80,* Jim Daniels dissects the contemporary urban wasteland from both the child's and the adult's perspectives. He contrasts ugly explosions of anger, racial tension, and violence to beautiful moments of love and bonding. Despite the constant motion of cars in the Motor Capital of the World, the underclass experiences both social and economic immobility. Unemployment, poverty, dead-end jobs, and crime plague many neighborhoods. Daniels's empathy for the oppressed workers and his well chosen details force his readers to confront the unpleasant realities of modern urban life. He offers some hope for cooperation and understanding among the races, but he honestly explores the gaps between fellow residents of big cities.

Albion College

WORKS CONSULTED

Daniels, Jim. "An Interview with Jim Daniels." By William Barillas and Marcus Cafagña. *Passages North* 17.1 (Summer 1996).

_____. *M-80.* Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1993.

"Notes on Current Books." Review of *M-80. The Virginia Quarterly Review* 70.1 (Winter 1994): 31.

Stein, Julia. "Working Class Poetry." *American Book Review* March-May 1995: 14.

ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: 1995

ROBERT BEASECKER, *Editor*

Bibliographers: Robert Beasecker, *Grand Valley State University;* Michael D. Butler, *University of Kansas;* Mary Ellen Caldwell, *University of North Dakota;* Thomas K. Dean, *Michigan State University;* Jill B. Gidmark, *University of Minnesota, Twin Cities;* Pamela A. Grudzien, *Central Michigan University;* Robert A. Shaddy, *University of Toledo;* Paul P. Somers, Jr., *Michigan State University.*

This bibliography includes primary and secondary sources of Midwestern literary genres published, for the most part, in 1995. Criteria for inclusion of authors are birth or residence in the Midwest; fiction with Midwestern locales are included irrespective of their authors' ties with this region. Primary sources are listed alphabetically by author, including locale designation within square brackets where applicable at the end of each citation. Secondary sources are listed by subject.

New periodicals which in some way relate to Midwestern literature, either in content or locale, are listed alphabetically by title in the third and last section of this bibliography.

Citations for poetry, novels, short stories, etc.—as well as critical articles about them—should be sent to the Annual Bibliography's editor: Robert Beasecker, Grand Valley State University Library, Allendale, Michigan 49401.

The editor and the members of the bibliographic committee continually seek names and addresses of living Midwestern writers and poets, and readers are encouraged to submit names of individuals whose work could appear in future editions of this bibliography. Persons interested in becoming members of the bibliographic committee should address queries to the editor.

PRIMARY SOURCES

Aardema, Verna. How the Ostrich Got Its Long Neck (juvenile fiction). NY: Scholastic Books, 1995.
Abrahams, Peter. The Fan (novel). NY: Warner, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Ackerman, Karen. Bingleman's Midway (juvenile fiction). Honesdale, Pa.: Boyds Mills Press, 1995. [Ohio]
Adair, William *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Adams, Harold. Ditched Blonde (novel). NY: Walker and Co., 1995. [South Dakota]
Adamson, Eve. Echo in Iowa (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 114-15.
Agee, Jonis. A .38 Special and a Broken Heart (short fiction). Minneapolis: Coffee House Press, 1995.
Alberti, John *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Alessio, Carolyn. Tiki Idol (poetry). Antioch Review, 53 (Spring 1995), 198.
Alexander, Sue. Sara's City (poetry). Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Allyn, Doug. Icewater Mansions (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Michigan]
Anderson, David D. *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]; [Bellow, Saul]; [Farrell, James T.]; [Fuller, Henry Blake]; [Lincoln, Benjamin]; [Rosenfeld, Isaac]
Anderson, Kathie Ryckman *see* [General]
Anderson, Patricia A. *see* [Roberts, Charles Humphrey]; [Tarkington, Booth]; [Waller, Robert James]
Andrews, Tom. Cinema Verite: A Map Is Not a Territory (poetry). Paris Review, no. 134 (Spring 1995), 273-74.
Angel, Karen *see* [General]
Ansay, A. Manette. Five Poems for Dacada, Wisconsin (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 16-18.
Ansay, A. Manette. Read This and Tell Me What It Says (short fiction). Amherst: Univ. of Massachusetts Press, 1995. [Wisconsin]
Ansay, A. Manette. Sheboygan, 1974 (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 135.
Ansay, A. Manette. Spy (short fiction). North American Review, 280 (May-June 1995), 18-24.
Anspaugh, Kelly Cole *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Armstrong, Jennifer. Black-Eyed Susan (juvenile fiction). NY: Crown, 1995. [Dakotas]
Ashton, Susanna *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Aspiz, Harold *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Atlas, Marilyn J. *see* [Monroe, Harriet]

Babener, Liahna *see* [General]
Bailey, Peter J. *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Baker, June Frankland. Low, Over Boulder (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 425.
Baker, Sanna Anderson. Grandpa Is a Flyer (juvenile fiction). Morton Grove, Ill.: Albert Whitman, 1995. [Midwest]
Ballard, Sandra L. *see* [Arnow, Harriette Simpson]
Barat, Irvine. I Write Poetry Because...; Voices of the 60's (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 1-2.
Bardens, Ann. Against Gravity; Illusion Master (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 3-4.
Barillas, William *see* [General]
Barrow, Adam. Flawless (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995. [Midwest]
Basney, Lionel. The Snow Plough Man (poetry). Christianity and Literature, 44 (Winter 1995), 195-220.
Beans, Florence. Canaan Tomorrow (novel). Jackson, Mich.: Ray Printing, 1995. [Michigan]

Beard, Jo Ann. Cousins (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 5-27.
Beasecker, Robert *see* [General]
Beck, John Peter. Wings; Blessing; Road Song (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 5-6.
Becnel, Rexanne. When Lightning Strikes (novel). NY: Dell, 1995. [Missouri; Chicago, Illinois]
Bellairs, John. The Doom of the Haunted Opera (juvenile fiction). NY: Dial Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Bellows, Timothy. Late Fall Birds (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Spring 1995), 290.
Bennett, James. The Squared Circle (juvenile fiction). NY: Scholastic, 1995. [Illinois]
Ben-Tov, S. Heredity (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Summer 1995), 377-81.
Berg, Elizabeth. Range of Motion (novel). NY: Random House, 1995. [St. Paul, Minnesota]
Bethel, Gar. Seeing Time (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 18-19.
Bishop, Rudine Sims *see* [Hamilton, Virginia]
Blackmore, Tim *see* [Heinlein, Robert]
Bland, Eleanor Taylor. Done Wrong (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Illinois]
Block, Ron. Shame (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Winter 1994-1995), 15-16.
Boehnlein, James M. *see* [General]; [Le Sueur, Meridel]
Bohan, Becky. Fertile Betrayal (novel). Northboro, Mass.: Madwoman Press, 1995. [Minnesota]
Borden, Jonathan. To a City Council (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (March 1995), 22.
Boruch, Marianne. Old Ball Field; Exhaustion; Aubade; The American Opera Company (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Winter 1995), 149-52.
Boudreau, Kristin *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Bourne, Daniel. Human Interest Story; All the Philosophies in the World; The Non-Linear Function of Regret (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 21-23.
Bourne, Daniel. The Possession (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Winter 1994-1995), 95.
Bowen, Betsy. Gathering: A Northwoods Counting Book (juvenile fiction). NY: Little, Brown, 1995. [Minnesota]
Boyle, T. Coraghessan. Rapture of the Deep (short fiction). Paris Review, no. 136 (Fall 1995), 23-37.
Boyle, T. Coraghessan. The Tortilla Curtain (novel). NY: Viking, 1995.
Bradley, John. Cocoon (poetry). College English, 57 (October 1995), 712).
Bradley, John. Where I Live (poetry). College English, 57 (January 1995), 82.
Brauer, Barbara Swift. In the Long Galleries (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (July 1995), 22.
Braun, Lilian Jackson. The Cat Who Blew the Whistle (novel). NY: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1995. [Michigan]
Bresnahan, Roger J. *see* [Mukherjee, Bharati]
Broderick, Richard. The Gargoyles on the Park Fountain (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (October 1995), 22.
Brodsky, Louis Daniel. Two Roads Converge (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 125-26.
Brookhouse, Christopher. Dear Otto (novel). Sag Harbor, NY: Permanent Press, 1995. [Ohio]
Brown, Gita. Be I Whole (novel). Aspen, Cob.: MacMurray & Beck, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan; Ohio]
Bunting, Eve. Dandelions (juvenile fiction). NY: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1995. [Nebraska]
Burleson, Derick. Turbulence (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 42-43.
Bush, Harold K., Jr. *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]; [Howells, William Dean]
Bush, Lyall *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Byrnes, Barbara. Perspective (poetry). English Journal, 84 (April 1995), 40.

Campbell, Robert. Sauce for the Goose (novel). NY: Mysterious Press, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Campion, Dan. Admonitions (poetry). Poetry, 167 (December 1995), 143.
Campion, Dan. Anachronism (poetry). Light, no. 12 (Winter 1994-1995), 20.
Campion, Dan. Clean, Well-Lighted (poetry). Light, nos. 15-16 (Autumn-Winter 1995-1996), 22.
Campion, Dan. Delaney's Drugs (poetry). California State Poetry Quarterly, 22 (Spring-Summer 1995), 33.
Campion, Dan. Engagement (poetry). Light, no. 14 (Summer 1995), 16.
Campion, Dan. Gravel (poetry). Blue Unicorn, 18 (February 1995), 23.
Campion, Dan. Interference (poetry). Flyway, 1 (Spring 1995), 16.
Campion, Dan. The Poems Escape; Tables (poetry). Ascent, 19 (Winter 1995), 47.
Campion, Dan *see* [De Vries, Peter]
Carlson, P. M. Bloodstream (novel). NY: Pocket Books, 1995. [Indiana]
Carter, Alden R. Between a Rock and a Hard Place (juvenile fiction). NY: Scholastic Press, 1995. [Minnesota]
Casanova, Mary. Moose Tracks (juvenile fiction). NY: Hyperion, 1995. [Minnesota]
Casserly, Jack. The Dancing Angel (novel). NY: Donald I. Fine, 1995 [Chicago, Illinois]
Chafets, Zev. The Bookmakers (novel). NY: Random House, 1995. [Midwest]
Chambers, Pamela Quint. Family Recipe (novel). NY: Jove Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Chapman, Robin S. Surabaya (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Winter 1995), 56.
Charyn, Jerome *see* [Elkin, Stanley)
Chehak, Susan Taylor. Smithereens (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1995. [Iowa]
Chester, Laura. The Story of the Lake (novel). Winchester, Mass.: Faber & Faber, 1995. [Wisconsin]
Chmielarz, Sharon. My Mother's House (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (June 1995), 21.
Christensen, Peter G. *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Citino, David. Stregone; Quattrocento Angels Over Cleveland (poetry). Centennial Review, 39 (Spring 1995), 309-12.
Clair, Maxine. The Creation (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 242-57.
Clemens, Will. Alligator Shoes; The Chicory; Jazz Is (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 7-9.
Coffel, Scott. Oscar Wilde (poetry). Antioch Review, 53 (Spring 1995), 197.
Colburn, Don. Differences (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 102-03.
Collins, Max Allan. Blood and Thunder (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995.
Collins, Michael. The End of the World (short fiction). Antioch Review, 53 (Winter 1995), 94-106.
Conner, Michael. Archangel (novel). NY: Tor, 1995. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Cook, John Payton. The Chimney Sweeper (novel). NY: Mysterious Press, 1995. [Wisconsin]
Coughlin, William J. The Heart of Justice (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995.
Cowan, S. A. *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Curtis, Christopher Paul. The Watsons Go to Birmingham—1963 (juvenile fiction). NY: Delacorte, 1995. [Michigan]
Curtis, Rebecca S. Charlotte Avery on Isle Royale (juvenile fiction). Mt. Horeb, Wis.: Midwest Traditions, 1995. [Michigan]

Dacey, Philip. Electric Love (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (June 1995), 21.
Dacey, Philip. Silver (poetry). College English, 57 (January 1995), 85.
Dallas, Sandra. The Persian Pickle Club (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Kansas]
Daly, Brenda *see* [Oates, Joyce Carol]

D'Amato, Barbara. Hard Christmas (novel). NY: Scribner's, 1995 [Michigan]
David, Beverly R. *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
David, James. The Beginning of Another (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Winter 1995), 160.
Davis, Simone Weil *see* [Fitzgerald, Zelda]
Davis, Todd. After the Growing Season; Late Winter Rain; Fire (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 10-11.
Davison, David Diamond. Fire in the Badlands (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 141-58.
Deane, Seamus. The Siege of Derry (poetry). Southern Review, 31 (July 1995), 626-27.
Deaver, Jeffrey. A Maiden's Grave (novel). NY: Viking, 1995. [Kansas]
Deaver, Julie Reece. Chicago Blues (novel). NY: HarperCollins, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Delbanco, Nicholas. In the Name of Mercy (novel). NY: Warner Books, 1995. [Michigan]
DeMarr, Mary Jean *see* [Simak Clifford D.]
Derrick, Scott *see* [Sinclair, Upton]
Diehl, William. Show of Evil (novel). NY: Ballantine, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Disch, Thomas M. The Priest: A Gothic Romance (novel). NY: Knopf, 1995. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Donaldson, Scott *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Dougherty, D. C. *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Ducey, Jean Sparks. The Bittersweet Time (juvenile fiction). Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1995.

Eastman, Yvette *see* [Dreiser, Theodore]
Eberle, Gary. Angel Strings (novel). Minneapolis: Coffee House Press, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Eby, Cecil D. *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Edwards, Andrea. A Rose and a Wedding Vow (novel). NY: Silhouette Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Elkin, Stanley. Mrs. Ted Bliss (novel). NY: Hyperion Books, 1995.
Elliott, Ira *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Engleman, Paul. The Man with My Name (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995 [Chicago, Illinois)
Erdrich, Louise. Nests (memoir). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 25-26.
Ernst, Lisa Campbell. Little Red Riding Hood: A Newfangled Prairie Tale (juvenile fiction). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Midwest]
Estleman, Loren D. Edsel (novel). NY: Mysterious Press, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]

Fagan, Kathy. She Attempts To Tell the Truth About True Romance (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Spring 1995), 205-09.
Fahey, William A. *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Fenner, Carol. Yolonda's Genius (juvenile fiction). NY: Margaret K. McElderry Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Fink, John. Painted Leaves (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Finley, Michael. Hamsters (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (February 1995), 24.
Firer, Susan. My Coat of Flowers (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Winter 1995), 59-60.
Fitzgerald, Robert. For You, Jimmy Coyne (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (April 1995), 22.
Fitzpatrick, Kevin. Highland, 1955 (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (January 1995), 154.
Flanigan, Ron. Fateful Deception (novel). Lexington, Mich.: Blue Water Press, 1995. [Lansing, Michigan]
Flannigan, John H. *see* [Cather, Willa]
Ford, Bette. For Always (novel). NY: Pinnacle Books, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Ford, Bette. Forever After (novel). NY: Pinnacle Books, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]

Freibert, Stuart. Dune Willow (poetry). Centennial Review, 39 (Spring 1995), 313-14.
Frischkorn, Craig *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]

Gage, Elizabeth. Intimate (novel). NY: Pocket Books, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Gaitano, Nick. Mr. X (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Gajdusek, Robert *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Gardner, Laurel J. *see* [Wright, Richard]
Gass, William H. The Tunnel (novel). NY: Knopf, 1995. [Midwest]
Gavin, Larry M. Falling Star: Winter (poetry). English Journal, 84 (April 1995), 42.
Genoways, Ted. Pieta (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Spring 1995), 297.
Gerber, Merrill Joan *see* [Stegner, Wallace]
Gibbons, Reginald. White Beach (poetry). Southern Review, 31 (Winter 1995), 11-14.
Gibson, Dobby. What the Silence Holds (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 20-26.
Gideon, Nancy. For Mercy's Sake (novel). NY: Silhouette Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Gidmark, Jill B. *see* [Skogsgergh, Helga]
Gilman, Todd S. *see* [Baum, L. Frank]
Gladsky, Thomas S. *see* [Dybek, Stuart]
Glaser, Elton. Home for the Holidays (poetry). Southern Review, 31 (Winter 1995), 15-17.
Glass, Andrew. Folks Call Me Appleseed John (juvenile fiction). NY: Doubleday, 1995. [Midwest]
Glen, Alison. Trunk Show (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Columbus, Ohio]
Godshalk, W. L. *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Gogol, Miriam *see* [Dreiser, Theodore]
Good, Regan Maud. Rose Garden (poetry). Antioch Review, 53 (Winter 1995), 68-69.
Gover, Paula K. White Boys and River Girls (short fiction). Chapel Hill, N.C.: Algonquin Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Graham, Loren. A Face in the Rock: The Tale of a Grand Island Chippewa (novel). Washington: Island Press, 1995. [Michigan]
Grant, Robert J. The December Rose (novel). Carmel, Ind.: Island's End, 1995. [Cincinnati, Ohio]
Greasley, Philip *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]
Greeley, Andrew M. Angel Fire (novel). NY: Tor, 1995.
Greeley, Andrew M. Angel Light (novel). NY: Forge, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Greeley, Andrew M. Happy Are Those Who Mourn (novel). NY: Jove, 1995.
Greenberg, Alvin. Tremors (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 268-77.
Gross, Dalton *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Gross, Maryjean *see* [Fitzgerald F. Scott]
Grove, Vicki. The Crystal Garden (juvenile fiction). NY: Putnam, 1995. [Missouri]
Grover, Dorys Crow *see* [Sinclair, Upton]
Gustafson, Neil *see* [Cather, Willa]
Guthridge, Marcia. Henry V, Part 2 (short fiction). Paris Review, no. 136 (Fall 1995), 176-97.
Guthridge, Marcia. The Host (short fiction). Paris Review, no. 134 (Spring 1995), 102-17.
Gylys, Beth. Not an Affair a Sestina (poetry). Paris Review, no. 136 (Fall 1995), 155-56.

Halliburton, Lloyd *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Handley, William R. *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Hansen, Brooks. The Chess Garden (novel). NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1995. [Ohio]
Hansen, Tom. November (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Winter 1995), 159.
Hansen, Tom. Terminal (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 193-94.
Harris, Trudier *see* [Morrison, Toni]

Hart, Ellen Faint Praise (novel). Seattle: Seal Press, 1995. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Hartzmark, Gini. Bitter Business (novel). NY: Fawcett, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Harvey, Sally Peltier *see* [Cather, Willa]
Haskins, Lola. Spell for a Poet Getting on (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 144.
Hassler, Donald H. Going to the Dogs While Nearing Retirement (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 12.
Hassler, Jon. Rookery Blues (novel). NY: Ballantine Books, 1995. [Minnesota]
Hautman, Pete. Short Money (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Minnesota]
Haworth-Hoeppner, Edward. Variations on a Theme; Texts for Wednesday's Class; The Dead of Winter; Restlessness (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Spring 1995), 84-89.
Haworth-Hoeppner, Edward. Parts and Services (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 37 (Autumn 1995), 38-39.
Haynes, David. Somebody Else's Mama (novel). Minneapolis: Milkweed Editions, 1995. [Missouri]
Heim, Scott. Mysterious Skin (novel). NY: HarperCollins, 1995. [Kansas]
Heim, Scott. Wendy Peterson (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 61-75.
Hemingway, Ernest. Ernest Hemingway, Screenwriter: New Letters on *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (letters). Ed. Peter Carroll. Antioch Review, 53 (Summer 1995), 260-83.
Herman, Charlotte. Millie Cooper and Friends (juvenile fiction). NY: Viking, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Hertzel, Laurie *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]; [Lewis, Sinclair]; [Manfred, Frederick]; [Sutter, Barton]
Hess, Norah. Winter Love (novel). NY: Leisure Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Hightower, Lynn S. Flashpoint (novel). NY: HarperCollins, 1995. [Cincinnati, Ohio]
Hill, Ingrid. Jerusalem, My Happy Home (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Spring 1995), 255-70.
Hinz-Penner, Raylene. July 2 (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 294-96.
Hirschhorn, Norbert. Picking Raspberries at Eagle's Nest Lake (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (September 1995), 22.
Hoag, Tami. Night Sins (novel). NY: Bantam Books, 1995. [Minnesota]
Hoeppner, E. H. Veins; Story Problems; Calendars (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 13-15.
Hoffman, Andrew J. *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Hogan, Linda. Solar Storms (novel). NY: Scribner's, 1995. [Minnesota]
Hollingsworth, Gerelyn. Murder at St. Adelaide's (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Kansas City, Missouri]
Holman, David Marion *see* [General]
Holton, Hugh. Windy City (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Holtzer, Susan. Curly Smoke (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Michigan]
Hoover, Sharon *see* [Cather, Willa]
Horn, Jason G. *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Hoskinson, Kevin *see* [Bradbury, Ray]
Housewright, David. Penance (novel). Woodstock, Vt.: Countryman Press, 1995. [St. Paul, Minnesota]
Howard, Clark. City Blood (novel). NY: Penzier, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Howard, Matthew. 0 (poetry). Antioch Review, 53 (Spring 1995), 206.
Howell, Christopher. Kipling Visits Portland and the West (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 193-94.
Hudson, Lois Phillips. Glassy-Eyed Reviewers and "What's Wrong with the World?" (memoir). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 27-33.
Hunter, Fred. Ransom for an Angel (novel). NY: Walker & Co., 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]

Hyde, Dayton O. The Bells of Lake Superior (juvenile fiction). Honesdale, Pa.: Boyds Mills Press, 1995. [Michigan]
Hynes, Joseph *see* [Estleman, Loren D.]

Jacob, John. I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow; My Mother's Eyes; One Year Later (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 16-17.
Jeck, Peter J. Death on the Mississippi (novel). NY: Berkley Books, 1995. [Midwest]
Jenkins, Beverly E. Vivid (novel). NY: Avon Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Jenkins, Clarence *see* [Kinsella, W. P.]
Jenkins, Louis. Life Is So Complex (short fiction). Minnesota Monthly (January 1995), 155.
Jobst, Jack *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Johannes, Joan. Jeffrey, Remember the Bag of Plums? (poetry). English Journal, 84 (April 1995), 39.
Johnson, Coralie. The Wishing Years (novel). Ypsilanti, Mich.: Wildwood Press, 1995. [Michigan]
Johnson, Lemuel. Pompeii; Hagar (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Winter 1995), 73-76.
Johnson, Terry C. Dance on the Wind (novel). NY: Bantam Books, 1995. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Junkins, Donald. Walking to Indian Camp (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 140.
Junkins, Donald *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Justice, Donald. New and Selected Poems (poetry). NY: Knopf, 1995.

Kahn, Michael. Due Diligence (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Kalamaras, George. At Midnight, the Angel of Death Fills the Trees (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 37 (Autumn 1995), 40.
Kaminsky, Stuart M. Hard Currency (novel). NY: Fawcett Books, 1995.
Kaminsky, Stuart M. Lieberman's Thief (novel). NY: Holt, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Kasischke, Laura. Cocktail Waitress (poetry). Georgia Review, 49 (Summer 1995), 426-28.
Kasischke, Laura. Drink Me (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Summer 1995), 332-33.
Kearney, Virginia Heumann *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Keene, John. Annotations (novel). NY: New Directions, 1995. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Keillor, Garrison. Cat, You Better Come Home (juvenile fiction). NY: Viking, 1995.
Kercheval, Jesse Lee. Another Life; Things That Have Escaped Me; Blue House, Red Door (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 24-29.
Kercheval, Jesse Lee. Dreaming Against a Backdrop (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Fall 1995), 158-59.
Kienzle, William X. Call No Man Father (novel). Kansas City: Andrews and McMeel, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
King, Julie. To Mary at Thirteen; Living with Martha Stewart (poetry). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 7.
Kinney, Harrison *see* [Thurber, James]
Klavan, Andrew. True Crime (novel). NY: Crown, 1995. [Missouri]
Kliewer, Warren. Cat Tactics (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 445-49.
Klinkowitz, Jerome *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Kloefkorn, William. A Gathering of Rains (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Summer 1995), 40-56.
Kloefkorn, William, ed. The Great Plains (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Summer 1995).
Kloefkorn, William. Separations; Geese (poetry). English Journal, 84 (February 1995), 56.

Kloefkorn, William. Stealing Melons; Singing Hymns with Unitarians (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 84-86.
Knaak, Richard A. Frostwing (novel). NY: Warner Books, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Knodt, Ellen Andrews *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Knoepfle, John. A Green Snake Interview (poetry). Centennial Review, 39 (Spring 1995), 302-08.
Krajac, Susan. Florida (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (November 1995), 21.
Krumberger, John. Only Once (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (September 1995), 22.
Kurtz, Don. South of the Big Four (novel). San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1995. [Indiana]
Kuzma, Greg. The Spider on the Windowsill (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Winter 1995), 61-66.

Lacey, Robert. Always Faithful (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Summer 1994-1995), 96-104.
LaGuttata, Margo. Finding Jon (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 18.
Lamb, John L. The End of Summer (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Ohio]
Lamb, Paul Robert *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Lanahan, Eleanor *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Landvik, Lorna. Patty Jane's House of Curl (novel). Bridgehampton, NY: Bridge Works Publishing Co., 1995. [Minnesota]
Langford, Don. Clearing the Dead Wood; In This Place Where Glaciers Migrated South; Young Farmer at a Roadside Stand (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 19-21.
Langhinrichs, Ruth. For Lucy; Dedication 1887; Harvard Commencement 1935; Fort Wayne, Indiana 1994 (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 22-24.
Larson, Michael. The Dogs Grow Faint (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (July 1995), 22.
Larson, Michael. Receding North (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (November 1995), 21.
Laughlin, Rosemary. Metaphor for Writers (poetry). English Journal, 84 (April 1995), 43.
Law, Susan Kay. Home Fires (novel). NY: Harper, 1995. [Minnesota]
Leake, Katherine *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Leonard, Elmore. Riding the Rap (novel). NY: Delacorte, 1995.
Letts, Billie. Unadvertised Special (short fiction). North American Review, 280 (March-April 1995), 38-41.
Letts, Billie. Where the Heart Is (novel). NY: Warner, 1995.
Lewin, Michael Z. Night Cover (novel). Woodstock, Vt.: Foul Play Press, 1995. [Indianapolis, Indiana]
Lewis, Ethan *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]; [Cather, Willa]
Lewis, Lisa. The Unbeliever (poetry). Madison: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1995.
Lewis, Ronald. Murder in Mackinac (novel). Mackinaw City, Mich.: Agawa Press, 1995. [Michigan]
Lewis, Trudy. The Marijuana Tree (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 40-57.
Lindsay, Clarence B. *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]
Lindsay, Paul. Codename: Gentkill; a Novel of the FBI (novel). NY: Villard, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Little, Nanci. The Grass Widow (novel). Northboro, Mass.: Madwoman Press, 1995. [Kansas]
Lockert, Lucia. Pedro Taisan; The Hunt for the Lord of Poison (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 25.
Louis, Adrian C. Skins (novel). NY: Crown, 1995. [South Dakota]
Lundy, Ruby. Sarabeth of the Snow Country (novel). Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Sault Printing Co., 1995. [Michigan]

Lutz, John. Death by Jury (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Lytle, Robert A. Mackinac Passage: A Summer Adventure (juvenile fiction). Lansing, Mich.: Thunder Bay Press, 1995. [Michigan]

McCall, Thomas. Beyond Ice, Beyond Death (novel). New York: Hyperion, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
McCarthy, Thomas. The Waiting Deputies (poetry). Southern Review, 31 (July 1995), 743-44.
McCloud, Lise. Storm Dream (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Summer 1994-1995), 10-21.
McCown, Clint. The Member-Guest (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1995.
McDonough, Carla *see* [Shepard, Sam]
McEwen, R. F. Snow Gazer (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 69.
McGraw, Erin. Stars (short fiction). Southern Review, 31 (October 1995), 874-89.
McInerny, Ralph. The Case of the Constant Caller (juvenile fiction). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Illinois]
McInerny, Ralph. The Case of the Dead Winner (juvenile fiction). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Illinois]
McInerny, Ralph. Law and Ardor (novel). NY: Scribner's, 1995. [Indiana]
McKay, Linda Back. Dance with Dad (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (March 1995), 22.
McKean, James. Good "D" (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Winter 1995), 153-54.
McKernan, John. Death by Daily Newspaper; Omaha Nebraska; Something Is Dreadfully Wrong and I Want; These Paltry Shadows; There Wasn't Any Light in the Candle; The Highway Signs to the Great City; Washing My Hands Covered with Garden Dust (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 109-14.
McKitterick, Christopher *see* [Gunn, James]
MacLeod, Christine *see* [Mamet, David]
McQuade, Molly *see* [General]
Maharry, Lucille Gripp. The Stairs (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (October 1995), 22.
Mamet, David. Passover (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995.
Mandel, Miriam B. *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Mann, John. Why Should There Not Be Nothing (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Winter 1994-1995), 111-12.
Marlin, Michael. Kansas (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 39-41.
Maxwell, William. All the Days and Nights: The Collected Stories of William Maxwell (short fiction). NY: Knopf, 1995.
Meehan, Christopher H. Deadly Waters (novel). Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans Pub. Co., 1995. [Michigan]
Meek, Martha and Jay Meek, eds. Prairie Volcano: An Anthology of North Dakota Writing (anthology). Moorhead, Minn.: Dakota Territory Press, 1995. [North Dakota]
Meiners, R. K. Easter in the Mountains; From a Bestiary; Eikampf's Ascesis; Eikampf's Dialectic; Eikampf Singing at the End; Bird Shadows; Material History (poetry). Centennial Review, 39 (Spring 1995), 291-301.
Messina, Lynn Marie *see* [Howells, William Dean]
Michelson, Bruce *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Miller, Leslie. The Driving Range (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (August 1995), 21.
Miller, Leslie. The Romantics (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (May 1995), 22.
Miller, Leslie Adrienne. Mermaid in the U-Bahn Station (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Winter 1994-1995), 7-8.
Miller, Paul W. *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]
Mitchner, Gary. Athena, Tour Guide; Aphrodite, Nympho; Morgan's Delphic Purification (poetry). Paris Review, no. 136 (Fall 1995), 151-52.

Moe, Lawrence. Elegy (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 26-30.
Moe, Lawrence *see* [General]
Molesworth, Charles *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Monroe, Debra. A Wild, Cold State (short fiction). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Wisconsin]
Montanan, Richard. Deviant Way (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Cleveland, Ohio)
Morey, Anne *see* [Baum, L. Frank]
Morin, Edward. Wearing the Tools; The Outsourcer's Apprentice Meets a Fox; Memento Mori (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 31-34.
Moverg, Vilhelm. The Emigrants (novel). St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1995. [Minnesota]
Moverg, Vilhelm. Unto a Good Land (novel). St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1995. [Minnesota]

Nakjavani, Erik *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Newquist, David L. Placenames of Horses; Sacred Words; Heyoka Songs (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 35-36.
Nixon, Joan Lowery. Keeping Secrets (juvenile fiction). NY: Delacorte, 1995. [Missouri]
Nolan, Charles J., Jr. *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Novak, Robert. The Student Who Drowned While Ice Fishing; Elbow Poem; No One Can Play Baseball by Himself (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 37.
Novakovich, Josip. Stalin's Perspective (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Spring 1995), 90-102.

Oates, Joyce Carol. The Perfectionist and Other Plays (drama). Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1995.
Oates, Joyce Carol. The Vision (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Winter 1995), 102-21.
Oates, Joyce Carol. You Can't Catch Me (novel), by Rosamond Smith. NY: Dutton, 1995.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Zombie (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995. [Michigan]
Obradovich, Bujana D. Where Does One Body End, Another Begin? (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Spring 1995), 306.
Obuchowski, Mary DeJong *see* (Balmer, Edwin]; [MacHarg, William]; [Stone, Nancy Y.]
Oder, Norman *see* [Watson, Larry]
O'Donnell, Patrick *see* [Elkin, Stanley]

Paige, Tom. Cold Decked in the Cold War; This the Field (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 38.
Palmer, Leonard. The Sherman Letter (novel). Aurora, Cob.: Write Way, 1995. [Minnesota]
Panagopoulos, Janie Lynn. Erie Trail West (juvenile fiction). Spring Lake, Mich.: River Road Publications, 1995. [Michigan]
Pankey, Eric. Savant of Birdcalls; Betraying the Muse (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Fall 1995), 102-04.
Paretsky, Sara. Windy City Blues (short fiction). NY: Delacorte, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Parkin-Speer, Diane *see* [Heinlein, Robert]
Parrish, Timothy L. *see* [Howells, William Dean]
Paulsen, Gary and Brian Burks. Murphy's Ambush (novel). NY: Walker and Co., 1995.
Paulsen, Gary. The Rifle (juvenile fiction). NY: Harcourt, Brace Co., 1995.
Paulsen, Gary. The Tent: A Parable in One Sitting (juvenile fiction). NY: Harcourt, 1995.

Peterson, Allan. Almost a Faberge (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 225-26.
Peterson, Amy Jean *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Petitjean, Tom *see* [Coover, Robert]
Phillips, Anne K. *see* [Stratton-Porter, Gene]
Phillips, Carl. The Swain's Invitation; On Morals; Youth with Satyr, Both Resting (poetry). Paris Review, no. 135 (Summer 1995), 207-10.
Phillips, Mark. Warm Above the Snow (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Fall 1994-1995), 175-80.
Pierce, Margaret. Wild Justice (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995.
Pierman, Carol J. Offshore (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 190-91.
Pierman, Carol J. Perpetuum Mobile (poetry). Iowa Review, 25 (Fall 1995), 155-57.
Pink, David *see* [Wright, James]
Pinsker, Sanford *see* [Bellow, Saul]
Pittman, Barbara L. *see* [Erdrich, Louise]
Plath, James *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Plimpton, George *see* [Keillor, Garrison]
Plum, Jay *see* [Hughes, Langston]
Polacco, Patricia. Babushka's Mother Goose (juvenile fiction). NY: Philomel Books, 1995.
Polacco, Patricia. My Ol' Man (juvenile fiction). NY: Philomel Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Porter, Caryl. A Child Among Us (novel). Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 1995. [Nebraska]
Powers, Richard. Galatea 2.2 (novel). NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1995. [Midwest]
Prahl, Christy *see* [Heim; Scott]
Price, John T. On Haskell Street (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Fall 1994-1995), 97-104.
Prill, David. The Unnatural (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995.

Qualey, Marsha. Hometown (juvenile fiction). Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1995. [Minnesota]
Quinn, Patrick. Thick As Thieves (novel). NY: Crown, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]

Raleigh, Michael. Killer on Argyle Street (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Ramin, Terese. A Certain Slant of Light (novel). NY: Silhouette Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Ramin, Terese. Five Kids, One Christmas (novel). NY: Silhouette Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Rand, Naomi *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Rasmussen, R. Kent *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Reaves, Sam. Get What's Coming (novel). NY: Putnam, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Reiter, Lora K. Three Soldiers (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 261-67.
Reno, Shaun *see* [Heinlein, Robert]
Rettenmund, Matthew. Boy Culture (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Richards, Melanie. Nerval's Raven (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (February 1995), 24.
Richardson, Arleta. A Day at the Fair (juvenile fiction). Elgin, Ill.: Chariot Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Riggs, John R. Killing Frost (novel). NY: Barricade Books, 1995. [Wisconsin]
Roat, Ronald Clair. High Walk (novel). Brownsville, Or.: Story Line Press, 1995. [Michigan]
Roberts, Les. The Duke of Cleveland (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Cleveland, Ohio]
Robertson, Elizabeth. Immigrant (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Fall 1994-1995), 132-39.
Robinson, Forrest G. *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Rodi, Robert. Drag Queen (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Rody, Caroline *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Romines, Ann *see* [Cather, Willa]; [Wilder, Laura Ingalls]

Rosenberg, Joel. The Fire Duke (novel). NY: William Morrow, 1995. [Dakotas]
Rosenfelt, Deborah Silverton *see* [Olson, Tillie]
Rosowski, Susan J. *see* [Cather, Willa]
Rosser, J. Allyn. The Cry (poetry). Georgia Review, 49 (Fall 1995), 665-66.
Rotsaert, Frank. Lamentation (poetry). Christianity and Literature, 44 (Spring-Summer 1995), 358.
Roulston, Helen H. *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Roulston, Robert *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Rozga, Margaret. Black Hawk; To California Where Rhymes Fail; Somewhere Over the Rainbow (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 39-41.
Ruby, Lois. Steal Away Home (juvenile fiction). NY: Macmillan, 1995. [Kansas]
Ruppert, Betsy. The Worst Thing, from a Pedestal (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (April 1995), 22.
Ryan, Dennis *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Rylant, Cynthia. The Van Gogh Cafe (juvenile fiction). NY: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1995. [Kansas]

Saiser, Marjorie. Getting on the Elephant (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 444-45.
Saltzman, Arthur M. *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Samyn, Mary Ann. Midnight in the Kitchen; Trompe l'Oeil in Winter; Turning First to Blue (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 42.
Sanders, Scott Russell. The Floating House (juvenile fiction). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1995. [Indiana]
Saveson, John E. Nola 46 (short fiction). New Albany, Ohio: Mainesburg Press, 1995.
Sawyers, June Skinner *see* [General]
Schaap, James Calvin. In the Silence There Are Ghosts (novel). Grand Rapids: Baker Book House, 1995. [Iowa]
Schaefer, William D. Class Reunion (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 392-400.
Schopp, Andrew *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Schuff, Karen E. Adaptations; Snowbound (poetry). Mobius, 9 (November 1995), 33, 36.
Schuff, Karen E. American Beauty Rose (poetry). Bell's Letters, no. 77 (August 1995), 30.
Schuff, Karen E. August is Adrift (poetry). Parnassus Literary Journal, 19 (May 1995), 79.
Schuff, Karen E. Bare As March Birches (poetry). Peninsula Poets, 51 (April 1995), 42.
Schuff, Karen E. A Crown of Laurel for a Girlhood Friend (poetry). Piedmont Literary Review, 18 (June 1995), 7.
Schuff, Karen E. Dead Winter at the Feeding Station (poetry). Tucumcari Literary Review, 8 (May 1995), 15.
Schuff, Karen E. Deep Winter Trees (poetry). Downriver Digest, 6 (March 1995), 8.
Schuff, Karen E. In the Week Before Christmas (poetry). Parnassus Literary Journal, 19 (December 1995), 17.
Schuff, Karen E. Late December in the City (poetry). Bell's Letters, no. 75 (February 1995), 31.
Schuff, Karen E. Octogenarian at Eight AM (poetry). Mobius, 9 (May 1995), 53.
Schuff, Karen E. An Ordinary Tuesday (poetry). Pen and Ink Magazine, 1 (May 1995), 42.
Schuff, Karen E. Spendors of Dog Days (poetry). Tucumcari Literary Review, 8 (July 1995).
Schuff, Karen E. Trifles (poetry). Bell's Letters, no. 78 (November 1995), 37.
Schumacher, Julie. The Body Is Water (novel). South Royalton, Vt.: Soho Press, 1995.
Schwemm, Diane. Summer Lies (juvenile). NY: Bantam Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Schwemm, Diane. Summer Love (juvenile). NY: Bantam Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Schwemm, Diane. Summer Promises (juvenile). NY: Bantam Books, 1995. [Michigan]

Scot, Barbara J. Prairie Reunion (memoir). NY: Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1995. [Iowa]
Searsmith, Kelly. Father (poetry). Minnesota Review, nos. 41-42 (1995), 7.
Shepherd, Reginald. Johnny Minotaur; Avail (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Winter 1995), 122-23.
Shepherd, Reginald. A Plague for Kit Marlowe (poetry). North American Review, 280 (July-August 1995), 42-43.
Sherwood, Frances. Green (novel). NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1995.
Showalter, Elaine *see* [Oates, Joyce Carol]
Sickels, Noelle. Walking West (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Midwest]
Siegman, Ann. Return to Sender (novel). Kansas City: Helicon Nine, 1995. [Kansas City, Missouri]
Silverstein, Marc *see* [Mamet, David]
Skillman, Trish. Buried Secrets (novel). NY: Dell, 1995. [Michigan]
Slusser, George *see* [Heinlein, Robert]
Smiley, Jane. Moo (novel). NY: Knopf, 1995. [Midwest]
Smith, Paul *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Smith, Thomas J. View through Window; Artist; Writer's Doubt; Working Class March (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 43-44.
Smith, Valerie *see* [Morrison, Toni]
Sobat, Gail Sidonie *see* [Hamilton, Virginia]; [Morrison, Toni]
Solheim, David R. Language of the Land: Poetry and Commentary (memoir). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 17-21.
Sonnier, Elizabeth. Emily Dickinson (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (February 1995), 24.
Sorensen, Henri. New Hope (juvenile fiction). NY: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, 1995. [Minnesota]
Sparks, Brett. Genesis (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 43-44.
Spencer, Brent. All I Ever Wanted (short fiction). Antioch Review, 53 (Spring 1995), 207-18.
Spencer, LaVyrle. Home Song (novel). NY: Putnam, 1995. [Minnesota]
Stanford, Ann Folwell *see* [Brooks, Gwendolyn]
Steffen, Sandra. Lullaby and Goodnight (novel). NY: Silhouette Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Sterling, Phillip. Duplicate Scenes of the Earthly Paradise (poetry). Paris Review, no. 134 (Spring 1995), 166-67.
Stevenson, Anne. Going Back to Ann Arbor (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Winter 1995), 52-54.
Strelow, Michael. William Stafford: 1914-1993 (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 115.
Strong, Jonathan. Offspring (novel). Cambridge, Mass.: Zoland Books, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Strong, Paul *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Stuckey-French, Elizabeth. Doodlebug (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 32-38.
Sweetman, Charles P. Lake House (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 204-12.
Szalay, Michael *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]
Szuberla, Guy *see* [General]; [Ade, George]

Tallmadge, John. A Home in the Winds (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Fall 1994-1995), 73-87.
Taylor, Richard K. Murder by Magic (novel). Huntington, W.Va.: University Editions, 1995. [Michigan]
Terry, Mark *see* [Kakonis, Tom]
Thayer, Steve. The Weatherman (novel). NY: Viking, 1995. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]

Thoene, Brock. The Legend of Storey County (novel). Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 1995. [Missouri]
Thomas, Daniel. Home Movie (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (April 1995), 22.
Thomas, F. Richard. Wisdom (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 45.
Thomas, H. Nigel *see* [Wright, Richard]
Thomas, William. Families (memoir). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Spring 1995), 9-13.
Thomas, William. Figures of Earth (memoir). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Summer 1995), 14-17.
Thomas, William. The Green Murder Case (memoir). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 9-13.
Thomas, William *see* [General]
Thornton, Emma S. In the Soft Grass; Autumn Leaves; Components and Dimensions (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 46-47.
Tierney, Ronald. The Concrete Pillow (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Indianapolis, Indiana]
Tillis, Tracey. Nightwatch (novel). NY: Dell, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Toombs, Jane. Love's Desire (novel). NY: Zebra Books, 1995. [Michigan]
Townley, Roderick. Open Me (short fiction). North American Review, 280 (January-February 1995), 34-40.
Townley, Roderick. Wave (poetry). Paris Review, no. 135 (Summer 1995), 205-06.
Trainor, J. F. High Country Murder (novel).
Treuer, David. Little (novel). St. Paul: Graywolf Press, 1995. [Minnesota]
Trotman, C. James *see* [Hughes, Langston]
Trowbridge, William. First Book of Shadow (poetry). Georgia Review, 49 (Fall 1995, 632.
Tufts, Carol. Thinking About American Communism (poetry). Minnesota Review, nos. 41-42 (1995).
Turner, Martha Billips *see* [Arnow, Harriette Simpson]

Urgo, Joseph R. *see* [Cather, Willa]

Valin, Jonathan. Missing (novel). NY: Delacorte, 1995. [Cincinnati, Ohio]
Van Walleghen, Michael. Shangri-la (poetry). Southern Review, 31 (April 1995), 306-08.
Verdelle, A. J. The Good Negress (novel). Chapel Hill, N.C.: Algonquin Books, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Vertreace, Martha Modena. Passerines; Loxahatchee; Leaving the Porchlight on (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 48-50.
Vice, Lisa. Reckless Driver (novel). NY: Dutton, 1995. [Indiana]
Vondrak, Jayne R. In Search of Shallow Waters (poetry). English Journal, 84 (April 1995), 41.

Walker, David J. Fixed in His Folly (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Walker, Kevin. Cats Would Dance; Secretive (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Summer 1995), 103-05.
Walters, Mark. Violent Love (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 42-47.
Wanless, Susan *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Warren, Pat. Shattered Vows (novel). NY: Zebra Books, 1995. [Detroit, Michigan]
Wasson, Kirsten. The Decipherment of Linear B (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 95-96.
Watson, Larry. Voices and Silences (memoir). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 22-24.
Watson, William Braasch *see* [Hemingway, Ernest]

Wee, Rebecca. A Few Words on Penis Envy (poetry). Minnesota Review, nos. 41-42 (1995), 16.
Weir, Charlene. Family Practice (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Kansas]
Westbrook, Robert *see* [Fitzgerald, F. Scott]
Westfahl, Gary *see* [Heinlein, Robert]
Whelan, Gloria. Once on This Island (juvenile fiction). NY: HarperCollins, 1995. [Michigan]
White, Gail. Morton Arboretum (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 37 (Autumn 1995), 50-51.
Whiteman, Roberta Hill. Van Gogh in the Olive Grove (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (December 1995), 22.
Wilde, Alan *see* [Elkin, Stanley]
Williams, Susan. Squash (short fiction). Minnesota Monthly (January 1995), 155.
Williamson, Ann. The Bathroom Rug; Karen; Mitochondrial DNA (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival XII (1995), 51-53.
Willis, Patricia. Out of the Storm (juvenile fiction). NY: Clarion Books, 1995. [Ohio]
Wilson, Robley. Mice (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Winter 1995), 116-24.
Winn, Martina. The Strand (poetry). Minnesota Monthly (September 1995), 22.
Winter, Max. Sixteen Visions of the Immaculate Conception (poetry). Paris Review, no. 134 (Spring 1995), 163-65.
Wixon, Douglas *see* [Anderson, Sherwood]
Woiwode, Larry. Troubadours from the North (memoir). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 12-16.
Wonham, Henry B. *see* [Howells, William Dean]
Wood, Norah. Passion and Grace (short fiction). Minnesota Monthly (November 1995), 54-56ff.
Woodsum, Douglas. Chocolate Covered Apricots (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 34 (Spring 1995), 253-54.
Wooley, Lisa *see* [Lindsay, Vachel]
Worley, Jeff. Let's Just Say (poetry). Kansas Quarterly/Arkansas Review, 26 (1994), 129.
Worley, Jeff. UFO Lands Near Beatrice, Nebraska; Dog Killed (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Fall 1995), 87.
Wray, Kent W. Midnight Merry-Go-Round (juvenile fiction). Kalamazoo: RBM Ministries, 1995. [Michigan]

Yetman, Michael G. Towards a Grammar of Ascent (poetry). Christianity and Literature, 44 (Winter 1995), 247-48.
Youngs, Anne Ohman. Translating the Grass (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 36 (Winter 1995), 168-69.

Zeck, Jeanne-Marie *see* [Erdrich, Louise]
Zelazny, Roger and Robert Sheckley. A Farce To Be Reckoned with (novel). NY: Bantam Books, 1995.
Zheng, Da *see* [Clemens, Samuel L.]
Zimmer, Paul. Before the Moon Came up Last Night (poetry). Georgia Review, 49 (Winter 1995), 888.
Zimmerman, R. D. Closet: A Todd Mills Mystery (novel). NY: Dell, 1995. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Zubro, Mark Richard. Another Dead Teenager (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
Zukowska, Christina C. If Ever I Would Leave You (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 69 (Spring 1995), 36-47.

SECONDARY SOURCES

[General] Anderson, Kathie Ryckman. A Journey Into Literary North Dakota (criticism). North Dakota History, 3 (Summer 1995), 6-11.
[General] Angel, Karen. The Literature of Realism (criticism). Publishers Weekly, 242 (8 May 1995), 75-81, 87. [Chicago, Illinois]
[General] Babener, Liahna. The Romance of Suffering: Midwesterners Remember the Homestead (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 25-34.
[General] Barillas, William. Ecocriticism and Midwestern Literary Studies: Some Points of Departure (and Arrival) (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 128-38.
[General] Beasecker, Robert, ed. Annual Bibliography of Midwestern Literature: 1993 (bibliography). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 139-60.
[General] Boehnlein, James M. Midwestern Voices and the Marginal Canon: Reconsidering Proletarian Fiction (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 50-59.
[General] Holman, David Marion. A Certain Slant of Light: Regionalism and the Form of Southern and Midwestern Fiction (criticism). Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1995.
[General] McQuade, Molly, ed. An Unsentimental Education: Writers and Chicago (criticism). Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
[General] Moe, Lawrence. First Crop: Pioneers of Poetry in the Red River Valley of the North (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 97-107.
[General] Sawyers, June Skinner. Chicago Sketches: Urban Tales, Stories, and Legends from Chicago History (criticism). Chicago: Loyola Univ. Press, 1995. [Chicago, Illinois]
[General] Szuberla, Guy. Zangwill's *The Melting Pot* Plays Chicago (criticism). MELUS, 20 (Fall 1995), 3-20.
[General] Thomas, William. Charles Dickens on Ohio Roads (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 14-15.

[Ade, George] Szuberla, Guy. George Ade at the "Alfalfa European Hotel" (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 10-24.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. The Durability of *Winesburg, Ohio* (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXIII (1995), 51-58.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson, Henry Blake Fuller, James T. Farrell, and the Midwestern City as Metaphor and Reality (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 16-21.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson's Advice to Young Writers (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Summer 1995), 7-13.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. Wanderers and Sojourners: Sherwood Anderson and the People of Winesburg (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 89-96.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Greasley, Philip. Sherwood Anderson's Oral Tradition (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXIII (1995), 9-16.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Lewis, Ethan. Two Writers' Conceptions of Realism (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Spring 1995), 6-8.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Lindsay, Clarence B. The Unrealized City in Sherwood Anderson's *Windy Mcpherson's Son* and *Marching Men* (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXIII (1995), 17-27.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Miller, Paul W. Sherwood Anderson's Creative Distortion of His Sister Stella's Character in *The Memoirs* (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXIII (1995), 40-50.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Wixson, Douglas. Sherwood Anderson and Midwestern Literary Radicalism in the 1930s (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXIII (1995), 28-39.

[Arnow, Harriette Simpson] Ballard, Sandra L. and Martha Billips Turner. Rare or Altered Editions of Harriette Simpson Arnow's Novels (criticism; bibliography). ANQ, 8 (Fall 1995), 23-26.

[Balmer, Edwin] Obuchowski, Mary DeJong. *The Indian Drum* and Its Authors: A Reconsideration (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 60-68.

[Baum, L. Frank] Gilman, Todd S. "Aunt Em: Hate You! Hate Kansas! Taking the Dog. Dorothy": Conscious and Unconscious Desire in The Wizard of Oz (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Winter 1995-96), 161-67.

[Baum, L. Frank] Morey, Anne. "A Whole Book for a Nickel?" L. Frank Baum as Filmmaker (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Winter 1995-96), 155-60.

[Bellow, Saul] Anderson, David D. Growing Up in Chicago Between the Wars: The Literary Lives of Saul Bellow and Isaac Rosenfeld (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 2-8.

[Bellow, Saul] Pinsker, Sanford. Saul Bellow: "What, in All of This, Speaks for Man?" (criticism). Georgia Review, 49 (Spring 1995), 89-95.

[Bradbury, Ray] Hoskinson, Kevin. *The Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451:* Ray Bradbury's Cold War Novels (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Winter 1995), 345-59.

[Brooks, Gwendolyn] Stanford, Ann Folwell. An Epic with a Difference: Sexual Politics in Gwendolyn Brooks's "The Anniad" (criticism). American Literature, 67 (June 1995), 283-301.

[Cather, Willa] Flannigan, John H. Words and Music Made Flesh in Cather's "Eric Hermannson's Soul" (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 32 (Spring 1995), 209-16.

[Cather, Willa] Gustafson, Neil. Getting Back to Cather's Text: The Shared Dream in *O Pioneers!* (criticism). Western American Literature, 30 (August 1995), 151-62.

[Cather, Willa] Harvey, Sally Peltier. Redefining the American Dream: The Novels of Willa Cather (criticism). Rutherford, N.J.: Fairleigh Dickinson Univ. Press, 1995.

[Cather, Willa] Hoover, Sharon. The "Wonderfulness" of Thea Kinborg's Voice (criticism). Western American Literature, 30 (November 1995), 257-74.

[Cather, Willa] Lewis, Ethan. Two Writers' Conceptions of Realism (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Spring 1995), 6-8.

[Cather, Willa] Romines, Ann. Willa Cather and the Coming of Old Age (criticism). Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 37 (Winter 1995), 394-413.

[Cather, Willa] Rosowski, Susan J., et al. Editing Cather (criticism; bibliography). Studies in the Novel, 27 (Fall 1995), 387-400.

[Cather, Willa] Rosowski, Susan J. Willa Cather's Ecology of Place (criticism). Western American Literature, 30 (May 1995), 37-51.

[Cather, Willa] Urgo, Joseph R. Willa Cather and the Myth of American Migration (criticism). Champaign: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1995.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Alberti, John. The Nigger Huck: Race, Identity, and the Teaching of *Huckleberry Finn* (criticism). College English, 57 (December 1995), 919-37.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Anspaugh, Kelly Cole. Lots of Twain in *Finnegans Wake* (criticism). ANQ, 8 (Spring 1995), 32-38.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Ashton, Susanna and Amy Jean Petersen. Fetching the Jingle Along: Mark Twain's *Slovenly Peter* (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Spring 1995), 36-41.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Aspiz, Harold. Tom Sawyer's Games of Death (criticism). Studies in the Novel, 27 (Summer 1995), 141-53.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Bush, Harold K., Jr. The Mythic Struggle Between East and West: Mark Twain's Speech at Whittier's 70th Birthday Celebration and W. D. Howells' *A Chance Acquaintance* (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 27 (Winter 1995), 53-73.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] David, Beverly R. "It Is Lake All the Way": Mackinac Island Was One of the Stops on Mark Twain's 1895 World Tour (biography). Michigan History, 79 (July-August 1995), 58-60.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Fischkorn, Craig. Twain's "Edward Mills and George Benton: A Tale" (criticism). Explicator, 53 (Summer 1995), 214-16.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Hoffman, Andrew J. Mark Twain and Homosexuality (criticism). American Literature, 67 (March 1995), 23-49.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Horn, Jason G. Mark Twain, William James, and the Funding of Freedom in *Joan of Arc* (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 23 (Autumn 1995), 173-94.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Michelson, Bruce. Mark Twain on the Loose; a Comic Writer and the American Self (criticism). Amherst: Univ. of Massachusetts Press, 1995.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Rasmussen, R. Kent. Mark Twain A-Z: The Essential References to His Life and Writings (criticism). NY: Facts on File, 1995.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Robinson, Forrest G., ed. The Cambridge Companion to Mark Twain (criticism). NY: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1995.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Zheng, Da. Twain's and Warner's *The Gilded Age:* The Economy of Insanity (criticism). CLA Journal, 39 (September 1995), 71-93.

[Coover, Robert] Petitjean, Tom. Coover's "The Babysitter" (criticism). Explicator, 54 (Fall 1995), 49-51.

[De Vries, Peter] Campion, Dan. Peter De Vries and Surrealism (criticism). Lewisburg, Pa.: Bucknell University Press, 1995.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Eastman, Yvette. Dearest Wilding: A Memoir, with Love Letters from Theodore Dreiser (biography). Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1995.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Gogol, Miriam, ed. Theodore Dreiser: Beyond Naturalism (criticism). NY: New York Univ. Press, 1995.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Dreiser's *Jennie Gerhardt:* New Essays on the Restored Text (criticism). Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1995.

[Dybek, Stuart] Gladsky, Thomas S. From Ethnicity to Multiculturalism: The Fiction of Stuart Dybek (criticism). MELUS, 20 (Summer 1995), 105-18.

[Elkin, Stanley] Bailey, Peter J. "A Hat Where There Never Was a Hat": Stanley Elkin's Fifteenth Interview (interview). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 15-26.

[Elkin, Stanley] Charyn, Jerome. On Stanley Elkin (memoir). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 42-43.

[Elkin, Stanley] Christensen, Peter G. The Escape from the Curse of History in Stanley Elkin's *George Mills* (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 79-91.

[Elkin, Stanley] Dougherty, D. C. Nemeses and MacGuffins: Paranoia as Focal Metaphor in Stanley Elkin, Joseph Heller, and Thomas Pynchon (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 70-78.

[Elkin, Stanley] Klinkowitz, Jerome. Elkin Before Elkin (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 44-47.

[Elkin, Stanley] Molesworth, Charles. Stanley Elkin and "Everything": The Problem of Surfaces and Fullness in the Novels (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 48-60.

[Elkin, Stanley] O'Donnell, Patrick. Of Red Herrings and Loose Ends: Reading "Politics" in Elkin's *The MacGuffin* (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 92-100.

[Elkin, Stanley] Saltzman, Arthur M. Stanley Elkin: An Introduction (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 7-14.

[Elkin, Stanley] Saltzman, Arthur M. A Stanley Elkin Checklist (bibliography). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 101-02.

[Elkin, Stanley] Wilde, Alan. Final Things: More Letters to mzimmer%humanitas @hub.ucsb.edu (criticism). Review of Contemporary Fiction, 15 (Summer 1995), 61-69.

[Erdrich, Louise] Pittman, Barbara L. Cross-Cultural Reading and Generic Transformations: The Chronotope of the Road in Erdrich's *Love Medicine* (criticism). American Literature, 67 (December 1995), 777-92.

[Erdrich, Louise] Zeck, Jeanne-Marie. Erdrich's *Love Medicine* (criticism). Explicator, 54 (Fall 1995), 58-60.

[Estleman, Loren D.] Hynes, Joseph. Looking for Endings: The Fiction of Loren D. Estleman (criticism). Journal of Popular Culture, 29 (Winter 1995), 121-27.

[Farrell, James T.] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson, Henry Blake Fuller, James T. Farrell, and the Midwestern City as Metaphor and Reality (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 16-21.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Eby, Cecil D. Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited" (criticism). Explicator, 53 (Spring 1995), 176-77.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Fahey, William A. Fitzgerald's Eggs of Columbus (criticism). ANQ, 8 (Fall 1995), 26-27.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Godshalk, W.L. *The Great Gatsby* and Edward Thomas's "Rain" (criticism). English Language Notes, 32 (June 1995), 75-78.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Gross, Dalton and Maryjean Gross. Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* (criticism). Extrapolation, 53 (Summer 1995), 230-31.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Hertzel, Laurie. Literary Ghosts (biography). Minnesota Monthly (July 1995), 44-47ff.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Lanahan, Eleanor. Scottie: The Daughter of—. The Life of Frances Scott Fitzgerald (biography). NY: HarperCollins, 1995.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Roulston, Robert and Helen H. Roulston. The Winding Road to West Egg: The Artistic Development of F. Scott Fitzgerald (criticism). Lewisburg, Pa.: Bucknell Univ. Press, 1995.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Wanless, Susan. An Easy Commerce: Specific Similarities Between the Writings of T.S. Eliot and F. Scott Fitzgerald (criticism). English Language Notes, 32 (March 1995), 58-69.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Westbrook, Robert. Intimate Lies: F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sheila Graham, Her Son's Story (biography). NY: HarperCollins, 1995.

[Fitzgerald, Zelda] Davis, Simone Weil. "The Burden of Reflecting": Effort and Desire in Zelda Fitzgerald's *Save Me the Waltz* (criticism). Modern Language Quarterly, 56 (September 1995), 327-61.

[Fuller, Henry Blake] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson, Henry Blake Fuller, James T. Farrell, and the Midwestern City as Metaphor and Reality (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 16-21.

[Gunn, James] McKitterick, Christopher. James Gunn and *The Dreamers:* Epitomes of an Evolving Science Fiction (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Winter 1995), 316-32.

[Hamilton, Virginia] Bishop, Rudine Sims. Virginia Hamilton (biography). Horn Book, 71 (July-August 1995), 442-45.

[Hamilton, Virginia] Sobat, Gail Sidonie. If the Ghost Be There, Then Am I Crazy?: An Examination of Ghosts in Virginia Hamilton's *Sweet Whispers, Brother Rush* and Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Winter 1995-96), 168-74.

[Heim, Scott] Prahl, Christy. An Interview with Scott Heim (interview). Cottonwood, no. 50 (1995), 61-75.

[Heinlein, Robert] Blackmore, Tim. Talking with Strangers: Interrogating the Many Texts That Became Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Summer 1995), 136-50.

[Heinlein, Robert] Parkin-Speer, Diane. Almost a Feminist: Robert A. Heinlein (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Summer 1995), 113-25.

[Heinlein, Robert] Reno, Shaun. The Zuni Indian Tribe: A Model for *Stranger in a Strange Land*'s Martian Culture (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Summer 1995), 151-58.

[Heinlein, Robert] Slusser, George. Heinlein's Fallen Futures (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Summer 1995), 96-112.

[Heinlein, Robert] Westfahl, Gary. The Dark Side of the Moon: Robert A. Heinlein's *Project Moonbase* (criticism). Extrapolation, 36 (Summer 1995), 126-35.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Adair, William. Hemingway's "A Veteran Visits His Old Front": Images and Situations for the Fiction (criticism). ANQ, 8 (Winter 1995), 27-31.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Bush, Lyall. Consuming Hemingway: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in the Postmodern Classroom (criticism). Journal of Narrative Technique, 25 (Winter 1995), 23-46.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Cowan, S. A. Amateur Boxing in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (criticism). English Language Notes, 33 (September 1995), 58-61.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Donaldson, Scott. Hemingway and Suicide (criticism). Sewanee Review, 103 (Spring 1995), 287-95.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Elliott, Ira. Performance Art: Jake Barnes and "Masculine" Signification in *The Sun Also Rises* (criticism). American Literature, 67 (March 1995), 77-94.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Gajdusek, Robert. Sacrifice and Redemption: The Meaning of the Boy/Son and Man/Father Dialectic in the Work of Ernest Hemingway (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995),166-80.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Halliburton, Lloyd. Hemingway's Use of *Maquina* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls:* A Reconsideration (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 183-92.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Jobst, Jack. Gone Fishin' (biography). Michigan History, 79 (November-December 1995), 45-49.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Junkins, Donald. Hemingway's Old Lady and the Aesthetics of *Pundonor* (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 195-204.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Knodt, Ellen Andrews. Always "Shoving Off": A Letter As Metaphor (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 87-94.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Lamb, Paul Robert. Observations on Hemingway, Suggestiveness and the Modern Short Story (criticism). Midwest Quarterly, 37 (Autumn 1995), 11-26.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Mandel, Miriam B. *Across the River and into the Trees:* Reading the Brusadelli Stories (criticism). Journal of Modern Literature, 19 (Fall 1995), 334-45.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Nakjavani, Erik. On Autobiography and Multiple Personality: The Case of Morley Callahan Remembering Ernest Hemingway (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 55-82.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Nolan, Charles J., Jr. Hemingway's Complicated "Enquiry" in *Men Without Women* (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 32 (Spring 1995), 217-22.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Plath, James. Fishing for Tension: The Dynamics of Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 159-65.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Ryan, Dennis. Dating Hemingway's Early Style/Parsing Gertrude Stein's Modernism (criticism). Journal of American Studies, 29 (August 1995), 229-40.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Smith, Paul. Stein's Remarks: Hemingway's Literature (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 95-102.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Strong, Paul. "You Know Me, Don't You?": Role Reversal in the Nick Adams Stories (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 132-39.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Szalay, Michael. Inviolate Modernism: Hemingway, Stein, Tzara (criticism). Modern Language Quarterly, 56 (December 1995), 457-85.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Watson, William Braasch. Investigating Hemingway (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 62 (Spring 1994-1995), 11-40.

[Howells, William Dean] Bush, Harold K., Jr. The Mythic Struggle Between East and West: Mark Twain's Speech at Whittier's 70th Birthday Celebration and W. D. Howells' *A Chance Acquaintance* (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 27 (Winter 1995), 53-73.

[Howells, William Dean] Messina, Lynn Marie. Freedom or Anarchy: The Capital-Labor Struggle in William Dean Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (criticism). CEA Critic, 58 (Fall 1995), 60-65.

[Howells, William Dean] Parrish, Timothy L. Howells Untethered: The Dean and "Diversity" (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 23 (Spring 1995), 101-17.

[Howells, William Dean] Wonham, Henry B. Writing Realism, Policing Consciousness: Howells and the Black Body (criticism). American Literature, 67 (December 1995), 701-24.

[Hughes, Langston] Plum, Jay. Accounting for the Audience in Historical Reconstruction: Martin Jones's production of Langston Hughes's *Mulatto* (criticism). Theatre Survey, 36 (1995), 5-19.

[Hughes, Langston] Trotman, C. James. Langston Hughes: The Man, His Art, and His Continuing Influence (criticism; biography). NY: Garland, 1995.

[Kakonis, Tom] Terry, Mark. Gleeps, Shadows, Frogs and Eggs: Villains in the Novels of Tom Kakonis (criticism). Armchair Detective, 28 (Summer 1995), 312-15.

[Keillor, Garrison] Plimpton, George. Garrison Keillor: The Art of Humor II (interview). Paris Review, no. 136 (Fall 1995), 108-27.

[Kinsella, W. P.] Jenkins, Clarence. Kinsella's *Shoeless Jo* (criticism). Explicator, 53 (Spring 1995), 179-80.

[Le Sueur, Meridel] Boehnlein, James M. The Sociocognitive Rhetoric of Meridel Le Sueur: Feminist Discourse and Reportage of the Thirties (criticism). Lewiston, NY: Edwin Mellen Press, 1995.

[Lewis, Sinclair] Hertzel, Laurie. Literary Ghosts (biography). Minnesota Monthly (July 1995), 44-47ff.

[Lincoln, Benjamin] Anderson, David D. General Benjamin Lincoln's Journal of His Trip to Treaty with the Ohio Indians, April 29-September 9,1793 (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Summer 1995), 18-24.

[Lindsay, Vachel] Wooley, Lisa. Vachel Lindsay's Crusade for Cultural Literacy (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 83-88.

[MacHarg, William] Obuchowski, Mary DeJong. *The Indian Drum* and Its Authors: A Reconsideration (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 60-68.

[Mamet, David] MacLeod, Christine. The Politics of Gender, Language and Hierarchy in Mamet's "Oleanna" (criticism). Journal of American Studies, 29 (August 1995), 199-213.

[Mamet, David] Silverstein, Marc. "We're Just Human": *Oleanna* and Cultural Crisis (criticism). South Atlantic Review, 60 (1995), 103-20.

[Manfred, Frederick] Hertzel, Laurie. Literary Ghosts (biography). Minnesota Monthly (July 1995), 44-47ff.

[Monroe, Harriet] Atlas, Marilyn J. Tone and Technology in Harriet Monroe's "The Turbine" (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 69-82.

[Morrison, Toni] Boudreau, Kristin. Pain and the Unmaking of Self in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Contemporary Literature, 36 (Fall 1995), 447-65.

[Morrison, Toni] Handley, William R. The House a Ghost Built: *Nommo* Allegory, and the Ethics of Reading in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Contemporary Literature, 36 (Winter 1995), 676-701.

[Morrison, Toni] Harris, Trudier. The Worlds That Toni Morrison Made (criticism). Georgia Review, 49 (Spring 1995), 324-30.

[Morrison, Toni] Kearney, Virginia Heumann. Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Explicator, 54 (Fall 1995), 46-49.

[Morrison, Toni] Leake, Katherine. Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Explicator, 53 (Winter 1995), 120-23.

[Morrison, Toni] Rand, Naomi R. Surviving What Haunts You: The Art of Invisibility in *Ceremony, The Ghost Writer,* and *Beloved.* MELUS, 20 (Fall 1995), 21-32.

[Morrison, Toni] Rody, Caroline. Toni Morrison's Beloved: History, "Rememory," and a "Clamor for a Kiss" (criticism). American Literary History, 7 (Spring 1995), 92-119.

[Morrison, Toni] Schopp, Andrew. Narrative Control and Subjectivity: Dismantling Safety in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Centennial Review,39 (Spring 1995), 355-79.

[Morrison, Toni] Smith, Valerie, ed. New Essays on Song of Solomon (criticism). NY: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1995.

[Morrison, Toni] Sobat, Gail Sidonie. If the Ghost Be There, Then Am I Crazy?: An Examination of Ghosts in Virginia Hamilton's *Sweet Whispers, Brother Rush* and Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Winter 1995-96), 168-74.

[Mukherjee, Bharati] Bresnahan, Roger J. "This Country Has So Many Ways of Humiliating": Bharati Mukherjee's Depiction of Midwestern Community Values (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 122-27.

[Oates, Joyce Carol] Daly, Brenda. Sexual Politics in Two Collections of Joyce Carol Oates's Short Fiction (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 32 (Winter 1995), 83-93.

[Oates, Joyce Carol]. Showalter, Elaine, ed. "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" (criticism). New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1995.

[Olson, Tillie] Rosenfelt, Deborah Silverton, ed. Tell Me a Riddle (criticism). New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1995.

[Roberts, Charles Humphrey] Anderson, Patricia A. Down the O-HI-O (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Spring 1995), 14-18.

[Rosenfeld, Isaac] Anderson, David D. Growing Up in Chicago Between the Wars: The Literary Lives of Saul Bellow and Isaac Rosenfeld (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Fall 1995), 2-8.

[Shepard, Sam] McDonough, Carla. The Politics of Stage Space: Women and Male Identity in Sam Shepard's Family Plays (criticism). Journal of Dramatic Theory and Criticism, 9 (1995), 65-83.

[Simak, Clifford D.] DeMarr, Mary Jean. Clifford D. Simak's Use of the Midwest in Science Fiction (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 108-21.

[Sinclair, Upton] Derrick, Scott. What a Beating Feels Like: Authorship, Dissolution, and Masculinity in Sinclair's *The Jungle* (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 23 (Spring 1995), 85-100.

[Sinclair, Upton] Grover, Dorys Crow. Upton Sinclair: Never Forgotten (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 41-49.

[Skogsbergh, Helga] Gidmark, Jill B. The Public Helga Skogsbergh and the Private Johann Gidmark: Swedish Immigrants, Wisconsin Homesteaders (criticism). MidAmerica XXII (1995), 35-40.

[Stegner, Wallace] Gerber, Merrill Joan. A Recollection of Wallace Stegner and the Stanford Writing Workshop (criticism). Sewanee Review, 103 (Winter 1995), 128-35.

[Stone, Nancy Y.] Obuchowski, Mary DeJong. Nancy Y. Stone, Michigan Author (criticism). Michigan Historical Review, 21 (Spring 1995), 136-42.

[Stratton-Porter, Gene] Phillips, Anne K. Of Epiphanies and Poets: Gene Stratton-Porter's Domestic Transcendentalism (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 19 (Winter 1994-95), 153-58.

[Sutter, Barton] Hertzel, Laurie. Writing for the World (interview). Minnesota Monthly (February 1995), 26-27.

[Tarkington, Booth] Anderson, Patricia A. As the Century Turns: Midwestern Popular Fiction (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Summer 1995), 1-6.

[Thurber, James] Kinney, Harrison. James Thurber: His Life and Times (biography; criticism). NY: Holt, 1995.

[Waller, Robert James] Anderson, Patricia A. As the Century Turns: Midwestern Popular Fiction (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 25 (Summer 1995), 1-6.

[Watson, Larry] Oder, Norman. PW Interview: Larry Watson: "I'm Working the Dark Side of Lake Wobegon" (interview). Publishers Weekly, 242 (23 January 1995), 48-50.

[Wilder, Laura Ingalls] Romines, Ann. Preempting the Patriarch: The Problem of Pa's Stories in *Little House in the Big Woods* (criticism). Children's Literature Association Quarterly, 20 (Spring 1995), 15-18.

[Wright, James] Pink, David. Wright's "A Blessing" (criticism). Explicator, 54 (Fall 1995), 44-45.

[Wright, Richard] Gardner, Laurel J. The Progression of Meaning in the Images of Violence in Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children* and *Native Son* (criticism). CLA Journal, 38 (June 1995), 420-40.

[Wright, Richard] Thomas, H. Nigel. The Bad Nigger Figure in Selected Works of Richard Wright, William Melvin Kelley, and Ernest Gaines (criticism). CLA Journal, 39 (December 1995), 143-64.

PERIODICALS

Acorn Whistle. Vol. 1- (Spring 1995-). 907 Brewster Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511.

Angelfish. No. 1- (1994-). Jim Buchanan, ed. P.O. Box 141123, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49514.

Apocalypse. No. 1- (Fall 1995-). Northeastern Illinois University, 5500 N. St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60625.

ArtWord Quarterly. No. 1- (Summer 1995-). 5273 Portland Avenue, White Bear Lake, Minnesota 55110.

Conflict of Interest. No. 1- (April 1995-). Pamela Hartney, editor: 1659 23rd Street, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223.

Controlled Burn. Vol. 1- (Winter 1995-). Gerry LaFemina, editor: Kirtland Community College, 10775 N. St. Helen Road, Roscommon, Michigan 48653.

Crab Orchard Review. Vol. 1- (Fall 1995-). Department of English, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois 62901

Disturbed Guillotine. No. 1- (Summer-Fall 1994-). P.O. Box 14871, University Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414.

F. Scott Fitzgerald Collection Notes. No. 1- (September 1995-). Thomas Cooper Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina 29208.

Fish Stories. No. 1- (1995-). Fisheye Services, 5412 N. Clark, South Suite, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

Glass Cherry. Vol. 1- (Spring-Summer 1994-). 901 Europe Bay Road, Ellison Bay, Wisconsin 54210.

Graffiti Rag: An Annual Anthology of New Urban Writing. (1995-). 5647 Oakman Boulevard, Dearborn, Michigan 48126.

Hodge Podge Poetry. [No. 1-] (Summer 1995-). P.O. Box 11107, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211.

Lowell Review. No. 1- (Summer 1994-). P.O. Box 632, Vienna, Ohio 44473.

Machineel Journal. No. 1- (1995-). 201 E. Walnut, Lexington, Illinois 61753.

Notre Dame Review. No. 1- (Spring 1995-). Department of English, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

Poor Tom. No. 1- (Fall-Winter 1995?-). 1401 Beeds Lake, Hampton, Iowa 50441.

River King Poetry Supplement. Vol. 1- (Spring 1995-). Wayne Lanter, editor: 7606 Jacks Run Road, Freeburg, Illinois 62243.

Slate. Vol. 1- (Spring 1995-). P.O. Box 581189, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55458.

Smelt Money: A Poetics Newsletter from the Kaw River Bottoms. No. 1- (199?-). Jim Crary, editor: P.O. Box 591, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

Southern Indiana Review. Vol. 1- (1994-). School of Liberal Arts, University of Southern Indiana, 8600 University Blvd., Evansville, Indiana 47712.

Stillpoint Magazine. Vol. 1- (Spring 1995-). P.O. Box 4431, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Suffusion Magazine. No. 1- (May 1995-). Brownhouse Graphic Arts, 7621 Fairfax Avenue, P.O. Box 57183, Lincoln, Nebraska 68505.

Third Coast Magazine. No. 1- (Spring 1995-). Department of English, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49008.