MIDAMERICA XVIII

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
1991

Printed in the United States of America

In honor of
Bernard F. Engel

PREFACE

The publication of *MidAmerica XVIII* marks another milestone in the progress of the Society. Together with the inclusion of the Midwest Poetry Festival Award poem for 1991, "Embracing the Fall," by Margo LaGattuta, and The Midwest Heritage Prize Essay for 1991, "Irving Babbitt: Midwestern Intellectual," by James Seaton, this issue includes a distinguished work of fiction, the first Midwest Fiction Award story, "This Seven's the Heaven," by Maria Bruno. The three works were presented at the Society's Twenty-first Annual Conference, held at East Lansing, Michigan, on May 16-19, 1991. The Awards continue in the tradition established by Gwendolyn Brooks in 1986.

Also honored at the conference were Don Robertson of Cleveland, Ohio, who received the Mark Twain Award for his distinguished contributions to Midwestern fiction, and Bernard F. Engel, of Michigan State University, who received the MidAmerica Award for his distinguished contributions to the study of Midwestern Literature. *Midwestern Misellany XIX* is dedicated to Don Robertson; this issue of *MidAmerica* is suitably inscribed to Bernard Engel.

July, 1992

David D. Anderson

Contents

Preface		5
Embracing the Fall The Midwest Poetry Festival Prize Poem	Margo LaGattuta	9
This Seven's The Heaven The Midwest Fiction Award Prize Story	Maria Bruno	10
Irving Babbitt: Midwestern Intellectual The Midwest Heritage Prize Essay	James Seaton	22
New England, Ohio's Western Reserve, and the New Jerusalem in the West	David D. Anderson	31
Tracking the Rock Island Road	David L. Newquist	44
Four Midwestern Novelists' Response to French Inquiries on Populism	Dorys Crow Grover	59
French Criticism of Ernest Hemingway: A Brief Survey (1932-89)	Paul W. Miller	69
An Iowa Woman's Life: Ruth Suckow's *Cora*	Mary Jean De Maar	80
Algren's Outcasts: Shakespearean Fools and the Prophet in a Neon Wilderness An Honorable Mention Essay	James A. Lewin	97
Nietzsche, Keillor, and the Religious Heritage of Lake Wobegon An Honorable Mention Essay	William Ostrem	115
Paretsky, Turow, and the Importance of Symbolic Ethnicity	Guy Szuberla	124
Scenes from the South Side: The Chicago Fiction of Norbert Blei An Honorable Mention Essay	Richard Shereikis	136
Ducks and Sex in David Mamet's Chicago	Park Dixon Goist	143
Timeless Questions, Modern Phrasing: Susan Taylor Chehak, A New Midwestern Voice	Jane S. Bakerman	153

Shusaku Endo and Andrew Greeley: Catholic Imagination East and West — Ingrid Shafer — 160

Annual Bibliography of Midwestern Literature: 1988 — Robert Beasecker and Donald Pady, editors — 174

Recipients of the Mark Twain Award — Inside Back Cover

Recipients of the MidAmerica Award — Back Cover

EMBRACING THE FALL

MARGOT LAGATTUTA

The body, tumbling through space,
faces a kind of enigma: sometimes
falling down can clear things up.
Limbs flying, an ungraceful arch,
it tries to brace itself, defy
gravity, prevent the little invasions
of iced sidewalk or parquet floor,
the slap of indignant boundaries.

A faint, a momentary vasovagal
dizziness can bring it on,
as if the spin of the earth
needs to jettison one body in motion,
thrown like jetsam from a ship,
like unwanted goods bailed out
to lighten the overload.

Now the fall becomes its own
remedy for weakness. Getting
lost is a new way to be found.
The splat, the horizontal daze,
no longer preventable,
becomes a lush embrace, a
hardy hug of jeweled stumuli
to flatten any resistance,
bringing the hard head down,

down to the level of the heart,
where blood and dreams can travel
over the parched road map,
the jet stream of resiliance,
the unbound butterfly in the brain.

THIS SEVEN'S THE HEAVEN

MARIA BRUNO

It was rumored that the 7-11 on Sedona Street near the university was a cosmic vortex. People came from miles around to sense the energy, feel the spiritual magnetic forces, look for some connection to the universe. Once a skateboarder saw Elvis complete with rhinestones and a Fender guitar buying some bottled water and a package of Mallomars. Professor Zilkowski from physics swears he saw an astral projection of Mother Theresa straight from Calcutta using the Magicline. Later, he retracted the story at his tenure review, even though he sold it complete with an explication of quantum theory to the *Star* and the *Enquirer.* Several strange women dressed in natural fabrics, red bandanas and Birekenstocks often held their open palms to the wall above the Doritos display, closing their eyes, with their heads uplifted, seeking a buzz or a rattle that would touch their higher selves. Most students bought Big Gulps and Slurpees and *TV Guide* and were oblivious to the goings on. They wore stripes and madras and Nikes and talked about how much they drank on Thursday nights, and paid little notice to the Goddess women who inadvertently blessed the Nacho Cheese tortillas and the salsa dips. Sometimes on Thursday nights, an inebriated student might see a tabloid vision of Jim Morrison in leather pants, or Janis Joplin ordering a jumbo pretzel to have with her Southern Comfort, or President Kennedy buying some Easy Pick Lotto tickets, but on the whole, it was the strange people, the hangers-on, the small children, the teenage rap groups, who could feel it, as if the air crackled in waves and hums, as if behind the Pepsi Lite display there should be a canyon, a horizon, a view, or at least a Kundalini channeler smudging your armpits for purification.

I decided to visit the 7-11 after seeing Professor Zilkowski on "Geraldo." I was searching for Sister Theresa and I wanted to go to Calcutta and do volunteer work. I felt, in desperation, that saving others was my only chance to save myself. My first night there involved peculiar circumstances. For starters, I saw my ex-husband Leon. Since our divorce, he had found the Lord and was a Deacon in his new church. He arrived that night with his white leather Bible in hand. He had let his brown hair and beard grow and he looked like something out of ZZ Top for Jesus. He was wearing a blue gabardine suit that was much too tight, a starched white shirt, and one of those thin Fifties ties that encyclopedia salesmen might wear. He unzipped his Bible and said a prayer in front of the Soft Serve machine, invoking the male trinity in an evangelical wail. The Goddess women hadn't arrived yet, and I was hiding in another aisle next to the cereal. There was only one other woman in the store. She was young and had big hair and wore a skintight Norma Kamali recreation with black spiked heels and textured hose. She reached across Leon's Bible and slowly filled a waffle cone with twirls of chocolate. Leon looked at her with disdain and continued praying, dropping the trinity, and launching into an attack on Jezebels and Satan's Sisters. Once, long ago, he would have smiled, flirted, perhaps managed to nudge against her hips or her thighs, and pretend it was all an accident. Once he was a pretty regular guy.

I felt partly responsible for his conversion to fundamentalism. In 1968 when we were going together, he noticed I had a series of red freckles on my pocked buttocks. He used to like to play dot-to-dot as I lay spread eagled on the batik bedspread from India in my dorm room. Once. while I was a freshman, he connected the words "Peace In Viet Nam" with a Magic Marker and was very pleased with himself. Two months into our marriage, he found "Impeach Nixon" after the mining of Cambodian Harbors, and flung the marker into the air in jubilation. But one day, while I was pregnant, he said he could see a half-formed silhouette of the Virgin Mary, arms outstretched, roses on her toes, welcoming him to what he did not know. "She moved," Leon shuddered, dropping his pen and turning me over. I think he took the freckled formation as a omen. Perhaps he began to think I had some precognitive supernatural power and I could foreshadow the future or read his mind, a skill, I realize now, that

would have come in handy. Whatever it was, he insisted on frontal sex from that moment on, probably in fear, I guess, of seeing Her again. He began to get very religious and read the Bible.

My Grandmother D'Angelo became very nervous around him. Now there's nothing more disconcerting to an elderly Sicilian woman than a Holy Roller. Gone is the holy water, the ceramic Madonna lovingly landscaped in the backyard, an Irish priest swinging incense in the Cathedral. Gone are small, scarved mustachioed women who clutch their rosaries in the front pew, offering a hush or moan during the service. There's no confessional, votive candles or stigmata. When she hears someone like Leon she's thinking Kentucky, snakes, old time fiddle music at the altar. She conjures up dancing parishoners in blasphemous red flannel, wailing in Appalachian drawls, praying to be delivered from a poison they obviously courted. "Get me my rosary, Gina," she'd say when Leon held his Bible up during a heated discussion like I imagine Moses held the tablets.

Leon finally left me after I kept talking about Shirley MacClaine and Karma and the fact that God was indeed coming and She's pissed. I was kind of glad he left anyway. Life just wasn't fun anymore. He escaped into Revelations, ignored our daughter, and took to laughing right when I was in the middle of an orgasm, as if somehow the whole endeavor made him a little bit too nervous. It got so I couldn't make a sound or he'd burst into this roar, trying to drown me out, make me invisible. He cut everything short like a dead letter, a rained out parade, a defective Fourth of July sparkler. My therapist called it passive aggressive; *Cosmopolitan* called it anal retentive; Miss Manners called it rude and bourgeois. Whatever the reason Leon couldn't seem to handle my unleashed energy and he sought to tame it. Sex with Leon became quiet, unimaginative, perpetually missionary. It was like skimming *Reader's Digest* or eating chalk or listening to Barry Manilow.

Norma Kamali reached in front of him again to get a napkin. He kept on mouthing his prayers pretending not to notice her cleavage and her Lolita half-smile. I could see a bit of the old Leon stirring, but only for a moment, then he went back to his mission. He was convinced, I was sure, that this rumored vortex

was nothing but Satan's Store, the chocolate soft-serve, the Devil's Food. I grabbed a box of Cheerios and hid my face.

I have to mention something about my addiction to cereal before I continue. I learned about it from talk shows. They all helped me to clarify my thoughts. I learned I was from a dysfunctional family and that I was addicted to over-the-counter painkillers, men who couldn't love, chocolate Scooter Pies and even high fiber cereal. One afternoon Oprah had this whole panel of corpulent guests who said they were devouring bowls of cereal every night and it had ruined their lives; this sounded an awful lot like me. I used to come home from a particularly difficult day of the graveyard shift in academia—teaching five sections of remedial composition to Animal Science majors—and open any box of cereal I could find from Cream of Wheat to Grapenuts. It turns out, according to the professional opinion of one of Oprah's experts, cereal releases a chemical in the brain, the same chemical that sexual intercourse releases, and that I was, at least in a metaphorical sense, making love to Captain Crunch and Count Chocula, instead of a real man. Of course, the panel mentioned buzz words like "self esteem," "group therapy," and "obsessive-compulsive behavior" and suggested behavioral modification, anti-depressants, sliced carrots, and volunteer work. Soon after my talk show revelation, I began thinking about my celibacy and how all foods could easily become an addiction. The corner 7-11 could become my own personal version of a crack house. I'd cruise by furtively, enter quickly, trench collar up covering half my face; I'd exit with a package of phallic Twinkies in a small paper bag. I envisioned me selling my soul for a culinary phallus: a microwavable beef fajita, a Ho-Ho, a Little Debbie Cruller. And then my life would become increasingly barren, with my student's agrarian essays on bovine flatulence affecting the ozone layer as my only source of erotica. I knew I had to do something.

The anti-depressant, Prozac, worked for awhile. I raced through my life like an engine tuned too high; things began to seem very clear, colorful; I began to talk a lot. I gave up cereal and celibacy; my heart leapt over simple everyday things. On Oprah, Donahue, and Sally Jessy Raphael, there were guests who defamed Prozac. It was rumored people, while on the drug, bought uzis and ritually shot their co-workers, robbed conveni-

ence stores, saw Satan, changed their political parties. One elderly woman confessed she drove her Dodge Shadow through the window of a local Burger King claiming the drug had suddenly turned her vegetarian. She was suing for millions. I was not dissuaded, until I had a experience of my own that night right before I got to the 7-11. It happened at my daughter's annual Biblical musicale at Shrine of the Perpetual Guilt. It was opening night and I was there alone. Zoe had two roles. In the beginning, she was a fully veiled Israelite wife, involved in a polygamous marriage. She got to stand by the well, look seven months pregnant and sing about the Pharoah. Later, she's the whorish bejeweled girlfriend of an Arab sheik who deals in slaves. She rode in a limousine, wore a big hat, and blew kisses to the audience. I was high on my anti-depressant and I began to see the Bible as one big male adventure story. Men got all the best parts, including God, sang all the best songs, and won all the acting awards. The mouthy women were burned as witches; the sexually active stoned in the streets. Eve got a little curious, ate some bad fruit, and suddenly we blame her for hard labor, episiotomies and the subsequent sitz baths. Even the Virgin Mary doesn't get to have an orgasm. I remembered vividly all those sixteenth century paintings where God's spermatozoa entered through her ear. I began to twitch in my seat; the biblical men seemed to be more active, mobile, have the most vivid dreams, I thought, and wear the flashier costumes. They always got to see the best things: a burning bush, a wheel in the air, Armageddon. My heart began to race; I loosened the collar of my blouse. I was out of control. Suddenly I saw a vision of ancient mathematician Hypatia being skinned with seashells by some outraged monks on her way to the academy, how the Aztecs sacrificed young virgins to maize then wore their thigh skins as tribal masks, how Satanists, when they weren't disemboweling Rottweillers, had the same obsession with virginal flesh. I remembered how the Seventh Cavalry, after they had scalped Apache women, removed the vaginas and wore them as headbands. People at home tied yellow ribbons around oak trees to prepare for their triumphant homecoming.

"Stop the play!" I shouted, as I lunged to my feet. I could see Zoe, standing by the well, squint her eyes into the audience. The lights went on. I was shaking.

"I don't want to stand by the well and talk about the pharoah," I shouted, "I want to be the Pharoah, thank you very much, because I want to ban all weapons and stop war, and focus on saving our planet, children and animals. And if I screw up, I don't want to be blamed for universal pain in childbirth or a bad corn crop. Don't burn me as a witch if I try to assert myself, don't stone me if I choose more than one lover, and I don't want any of the ear sex that Jesus's mother had to deal with. And, if you ride off into the sunset on your appaloosa, leave my vagina alone; terry cloth is more conducive to headwear!"

There was a sincere hush in the audience. Several of the parents looked wary as if they had just witnessed a post traumatic stress disorder circa 1968. "Pinko!" I thought I heard a man say behind me. "Liberal!" shuddered another. I could see Zoe as she walked downstage, still squinting, recognizing the voice. She probably was thinking life was over for her as she knew it—no prom date, low SAT scores, a future majoring in cosmetology at an unaccredited community college. I could see her run from the stage, her veil falling to her feet. The principal, Sister Agnes Immaculata, came to my rescue, leading me slowly away, telling me to say a few Hail Marys and see Father O'Leary in the morning.

I couldn't go home after that and drove around town for several hours, finally ending up at Zak's apartment. Zak was a lay teacher at Shrine of the Perpetual Guilt. I met him at a parent teacher conference three weeks after I began treating my chemical imbalance. He was in his minimalist period then—simple black turtleneck, blue jeans, black spit-polished shoes, hair slicked back with an oil the movie stars wear. He seemed out of place for Shrine, but he was an art teacher and was allowed some eccentricities. Zoe thought he looked like he listened to album cuts backwards for Satanic messages, and refused to sculpt anything for him but angels and praying nuns. He called me in to discuss her preoccupation with religious symbols, thinking perhaps that Shrine's rigorous curriculum had affected her adversely. He wondered if she was saying novinas in her sleep, or setting up portable shrines complete with candles to Olivia Newton John, or seeing visions during her waking hours.

"Visions of what?" I asked, suddenly interested.

"You know. Angels. The Virgin Mary. Eleanor Roosevelt," he said grinning.

I noticed he had very dark eyes.

I'm going to blame everything that followed on drugs and fiber and the fact that, when the chips are down, Tony the Tiger just doesn't cut it as a significant other.

Later that evening, I found myself in Zak's apartment looking at his collection of statues. They were everywhere. They all had one thing in common. They were women. Thick thighed, huge breasted women. They had heads like birds and serpents and cats and humans with arms folded, or arms outstretched to the heavens. I felt oddly at home there, maybe because of my cereal binges and my own thighs and breasts, which now seemed huge and swollen, even when I didn't have PMS. He began to light candles all around the room. I began to feel a little unnerved. Was Zak going to disrobe me, kneel at my feet, and leave a sacrifice—a speared lizard, a strangled chicken, a cornucopia of harvest vegetables? Would he keep me trapped there, I thought, like a collector's piece, praying for rain or a good corn crop or an exposition of his sculpture at a Chicago art gallery? Would one day a S.W.A.T. team find my naked dead body with my navel bejeweled and my left hand clutching a replica of an ancient Sumerian scythe? There would be only Zak's smudgy sunglasses left at the crime scene and a hastily scrawled Ted Bundyesque apology to his mother and Sister Agnes Immaculata blaming pornography and cable TV for all his misfortunes.

"That's a replica of the ancient Willendorf Goddess," he said, lighting a candle at her feet. "She's more than thirty thousand years old."

"Ah," I said, wondering if I had seen his mug shot on America's Most Wanted the week before. "Ah."

"This is Ianna, " he said. "The Awesome Queen of Heaven and Earth. She perpetuates all life in the Cosmos."

I said nothing, still visualizing the harvest cornucopia filled with very phallic cucumbers, zucchini, and banana squash.

He ushered me to a small table in the corner. He lit a candle. "And this is Lilith," he said, holding me close, his arm wrapped around my waist. "She represents profound wisdom and," he paused, looking deep into my eyes, "sexual pleasure." Lilith had wings and webbed feet and she was surrounded by owls. She

was a little less portly than the others, a size 14, I thought, conditioned as a woman in my culture to size another woman up. She held something in her hand that looked like a farm implement. I suddenly thought of how much methane a cow produces in one day. Was this going to be my erotic contribution to the scenario? I decided to remain silent.

"She's the Goddess of the Underworld," he said kissing me on the lips.

He undressed me as if I were royalty, kneeling at my feet while he folded each garment carefully, When we were in bed, he hardly said a word when we made love. He was skillful and never cared how much noise I made. In fact, he seemed to take great delight in my sounds, as if he had conjured up the roars of the great goddesses. Making love to him was a new experience. I felt like a virgin instead of a woman coming out of a long marriage.

Later that evening Zak discovered my freckles. Unlike Leon, he seemed to take great delight in them. "Women were burned once for freckles like these," he said, stroking my skin. "They're Witches' marks."

"If you connected them, what would you see?" I asked.

"Only you can connect them," he said.

I decided I could love him forever.

That night after my public display at Shrine of the Perpetual Guilt, I arrived at Zak's apartment. It was raining and I pulled my blue trench coat tight against my neck with my clenched fist. I wiped my hair away from my face with my wet hands. I climbed the wrought iron stairs, with my head down and eyes closed against the rain. His door was ajar. "Zak?" I whispered, peeking into the darkness. All the candles were lit and I could smell burning incense. I could hear his voice. "Zak?" I said louder.

There he was kneeling at a naked woman's feet. He was removing her shoes. She was very fleshy and round like one of those Polynesian queens who were fattened with coconutmilk and bananas and left to idle under large fans in the heat. Her breasts were like the kind I used to study in *National Geographic*—large and triangular and spent, as if she had nursed the Cosmos. They pointed downwards toward her navel, which was studded with something that looked like cubic zirconia. I was sure he had bought it for her on Home Shoppers Network.

"Sing to me," he crooned, dazzled by the eye-level jewel.

She wailed something into the air, her mouth open wide and round. She pulled Zak to her thighs and he seemed to disappear.

"Zak?" I whispered and turned away. My heart was racing.

It was then I decided to try volunteer work and find Sister Theresa. I pulled the raincoat over my head and ran to the car. I headed for the 7-11.

It's funny how in some moments of your life things become crystal clear and connected. As the windshield wipers raged against the rain, I could see flashes of brilliant street lights and neon signs, including the 7-11's, melting together, then pulsing like stars. When I stopped at the corner, one of my students—the one who wrote about guernseys and methane gas—crossed the street. He stopped, lifted his Big Gulp into the air and smiled. He closed his eyes while he crumpled up the wrapper of his chili dog. Was he farting in some agrarian healing ritual to the ozone layer, hole and all? Did he have eternal depths I never realized? Should I reconsider the C I gave him for a final grade? The Bierkenstock Sisters were just leaving the 7-11 when I drove up. They held hands and chanted in a parade of unbleached muslin and Peruvian earrings oblivious to the rain. The windshield wipers kept sweeping across my line of vision, ticking, it seemed in unison to my heart. A man wearing a white leisure suit with silver buttons and white Pedwin shoes exited. His black hair and sideburns were slicked back with hair oil. He pouted as he struggled with his box of Mallomars. I opened my car door. Three young female rappers stood without umbrellas under the flashing sign. They were wearing yellow and orange dresses and baseball caps decorated with indecipherable script. They were singing, their hands waving from side to side; their long nails often glistened, as if they contained jewels.

I kept my coat over my head as I fought the rain.

"Sister, Soeur," one woman rapped, as she held the door open for me. "Relent/Repent/learn from your time spent/Covered Lady/All in Blue/This Seven's the Heaven/waitin' for you."

"This Seven's the Heaven, waitin' for you," the other two refrained, like a funky Greek Chorus. The lead singer clucked a sound similar to a needle scratching over a long playing record. Their caps read Atlanta Saints.

I entered quickly and headed for the cereal which was situated next to the Magicline. It was then I saw Leon and the Norma Kamali woman, and I crouched to my knees, grabbing a box of Cheerios for solace as I descended. I closed my eyes, thinking I must have looked a sight, all wet and covered and shivering.

Norma Kamali was just paying for her cone when I saw the man with the uzi walk in.

"Everybody freeze!" he shouted in his best action movie lingo as he swung the automatic weapon from side to side. He looked worried and scared and pale white. He was wearing fatigues and a pewter bat hung from his left ear. He had a neck as thick as a thigh. "You there," he said to Leon who was clutching his Bible, "Down on the floor." He pointed the barrel of his gun towards Leon's nose, then swung it violently towards the counterman and Norma. All three dove onto the linoleum in unison as if they were part of a theatrical production. Norma dropped her ice cream. The uzi man stood there sweating as if he had forgotten his lines. He made jerking movements forward then backwards like a child's toy whose battery was running low. He let out an anguished sigh. Arnold Schwarzenegger on Prozac, I thought. I began to pray. Suddenly a feeling of euphoria came over me. I realized he'd probably only serve eight months on a twenty-five year sentence, do a spread for *People*, and star as himself in a made-for-tv movie about his life and how he sued Eli Lilly Pharmaceuticals. He'd end up sautéing mushrooms with Gary Collins and Mary Ann Mobley on The Home Show. Brooke Shields would have his lovechild. I knew no one was going to die here. He shivered. I felt a brief connection with him. I began to wonder if Zoe would ever forgive me for that line about ear sex. Perhaps she would consider public school. I wanted to get home.

He turned around and saw me. He froze.

"Holy Mother!" he shuddered. I turned towards the Magicline looking to see if Sister Theresa had astrally projected. I turned back to look at him.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" he exclaimed falling to his knees, dropping the uzi to the floor. "It's a miracle."

He began to weep.

I cradled the cereal in my arm.

When he closed his eyes and genuflected, I decided to make my move. I bolted out the door. I needed to see Zoe. I needed to explain.

"It's a miracle!" I could hear him shout. "It's the Holy Mother! The Blessed Virgin! Madonna! I'm saved!"

I jumped into my car. The rain had stopped.

Later that evening, Zoe and I, reconciled, arms entwined, watched the 11 o'clock news. The 7-11 hold-up was the lead story. There was a big crowd in front of the convenience store. They interviewed the counterman, then Norma Kamali, then Leon, who looked oddly scared as the microphone jutted into his face. "She moved," he said, looking directly into the camera.

"Who moved?" asked the newsman.

Leon shuddered and looked away, as if he were straining to remember something important.

Days later, *A Current Affair* began to cover the story. Professor Zilkowski was on the scene rehashing quantum theory and religious visions with Maury Povich, the Bierkenstock sisters chanted mantras in the background, their bandanas waving in the wind like red flags; students ordered Big Gulps by the thousands, as if the cartons contained sacred water from Lourdes. Norma Kamali gave a brief speech about sin and redemption and taking fashion risks while the three rappers parlayed their new song, "As Holy as She Wants to Be" into a stint on "Soul Train."

Things began to change. More people came from miles around, leaving small offerings by the 7-11's door. The asphalt was strewn with small tea cakes and dead lizards and freshly dug crystals. Pilgrims strained through the window to catch a glimpse of the cereal aisle while university physicists measured the premises trying to validate their theory of optical illusions. Students began to study on the doorstep while various professors gave impromptu post-modernist analyses of the vision on their days off. "Was she really here?" eager students would ask. "Yes and No," the professors would respond. Sister Agnes Immaculata was interviewed daily for her reaction. Grades were up at Shrine of the Perpetual Guilt, S.A.T. scores soared, and there was unparalleled attendance at the "Careers in Monasticism" seminar. She announced triumphantly that this was bigger than the Jesus on a tortilla sighted in Durango, Texas, just months before. Father O'Leary, inspired by more graphic honesty in his confessional, commissioned Zak to erect a statue in the 7-11's parking lot near the Jesus Mary Joseph souvenir concession which sold Day-Glo T-shirts, velvet paintings and key rings made of vinyl Cheerios. The statue looked oddly familiar. It was the first Madonna I had ever seen that needed a macrobiotic diet and liposuction; she was at least a size 22. There was daily footage on the evening news of him sculpting; he took great care to shape her, to arrange her, to freeze her in perpetual holy motion. When he was finished, he tied a yellow ribbon around her neck and smiled for the cameras. Once on a segment of *Unsolved Mysteries*, I saw a glimpse of Grandma D'Angelo standing under the neon sign. She carried a bouquet of red poppies and a rosary. She seemed larger, more powerful on screen. She wore a black dress and scarf and carried a large black purse. She looked serious. She shunned the cameras as she placed the flowers at the Madonna's feet and arranged them lovingly. When the camera zoomed in, I could see she offered one of Zoe's small clay angels at the Virgin's feet, nestling it delicately into the poppies.

"Go away," she said, gesturing at the cameras. "Go away."

Michigan State University

IRVING BABBITT: MIDWESTERN INTELLECTUAL

JAMES SEATON

Irving Babbitt has generally been identified with Harvard and his New Humanism with New England. Alfred Kazin thought of Babbitt and his ally Paul Elmer More as ". . . the spiritual, if not the intellectual, children of the last Brahmins in New England" (223). George Santayana argued in 1931 that The New Humanism of the two was merely the last gasp of the "genteel tradition" whose sources he had first identified, in a 1911 California lecture, as the Puritanism and transcendentalism of New England. The characterization of the New Humanism by reference to declining, local traditions made it plausible to assume that the memory of Irving Babbitt's thought would scarcely outlast Babbitt's death in 1933. In the version of "A Natural History of the Dead" published in 1933 in *Winner Take Nothing*, Ernest Hemingway in a footnote referred to the New Humanism as "an extinct phenomenon," and justified the allusion on the grounds "of its mild historical interest and because its omission would spoil the rhythm" (102). In 1939 the *New Yorker* would comment that "Professor Babbitt is gone, and Humanism is forgotten, except for its incidental importance to the rhythm of Hemingway's prose," while in 1942 Kazin announced confidently that the New Humanism ". . . has passed into history" (220). These verdicts, I believe, were premature.

Irving Babbitt was born in Dayton in 1865 and grew up in Madisonville, Ohio. As a teenager he worked on a farm, as a reporter, and as a ranch hand in Wyoming, where he was known as the Long Kid; after teaching at the College of Montana and at Williams College, he went to Harvard in 1894, where he remained the rest of his life. From the beginning his relationship with Harvard was less than harmonious; he had wanted to teach in the Classics department but had to settle for French. His differences with Harvard, however, could not have been resolved by a

simple change of department. Throughout his career Babbitt opposed the reigning trends in American education, and he was not afraid to begin by criticizing Harvard itself. If Babbitt was to be a champion of culture, he would redefine culture itself as an arena for debate and confrontation rather than a source of genteel refinement. Just as the Irish Burke once defended and thereby reconstituted the English heritage, so Irving Babbitt, the Midwestern outsider, took it upon himself to defend and redefine high culture as a vital force rather than an inducement to genteel spiritually.[1]

In his first book, *Literature and the American College,* Babbitt took on the new elective system championed by the reforming President of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot. Harvard, argues the young untenured professor, promotes both a Baconian "training for power, training with a view to certain practical or scientific results" (100), while its selective system reveals its acceptance of "Rousseau's idea of liberty" (98). Noting that Eliot had defended the elective system on the grounds that the "youth of eighteen is an infinitely complex organization" (96) whose needs could not be met by any prescribed curriculum no matter how carefully selected, Babbitt comments that "The wisdom of all the ages is to be as naught compared with the inclination of a sophomore" (96). After explaining that Bacon as the source of scientific humanitarianism and Rousseau of sentimental humanitarianism are the founts of what is wrong with contemporary culture, Babbitt, an untenured assistant professor, sums up his president as both "a good Baconian"and "a disciple of Rousseau" (96).

Babbitt's criticism of the elective system was important in itself, but his dispute with contemporary society went beyond educational issues. To Babbitt President Eliot's notion of an education whose ideals were "Power and Service" only embodied the larger confusions of an era in which reason and feeling were distorted into a worship of technology on the one hand, and the cult of sentimentality on the other. Babbitt's humanism opposed the extremisms of both "those who mechanize life and those who sentimentalize it" (*Democracy,* 225). Babbitt had few doubts about the perniciousness of the extremes he opposed; he was unwilling, however, to convert his own approach into a competing creed. Arguing that it was the error of neoclassicism to substitute rules for judgment, Babbitt refused to define his humanism by

adherence to any particular set of religious dogmas, philosophical theories or even specific moral taboos. He did advocate adherence to a "law of measure" that warns against the extremes of either heart or head. In Babbitt's words

> Man is a creature who is foredoomed to one-sidedness, yet who becomes humane only in proportion as he triumphs over this fatality of his nature, only as he arrives at that measure which comes from tempering his virtues, each by its opposite. (*Literature*, 83)

Allen Tate, among others, found the weakness of the New Humanists and of Babbitt in particular in the unwillingness to turn to religion as a source of authority. Babbitt, however, refused to turn to any authority as a way of foreclosing the debate over the consequences of modernity. He referred to himself as a "thorough-going modern" ("What I Believe," 9) who not only refused to take anything on faith but insisted on the experience of the critical individual as the final judge of all truth. Where Babbitt differed from other moderns—how, in his own formulation, he was more thorough-going—was in his broader view of both experience and the self. He was willing to consider not only his own experience but that of past generations in looking for standards of art and conduct and, in considering the self, to note the reality not only of impulse but also of "vital control" as "a psychological fact" ("What I Believe," 14).

Babbitt called his position a "positive and critical humanism," differentiating it both from traditions depending on the prestige of a social class and those derived from the certitudes of authority. He respected Christianity and classical antiquity, but he refused to accept the affirmations of either on faith alone. In his view

> our most urgent problem just now is how to preserve in a positive and critical form the soul of truth in the two great traditions, classical and Christian, that are crumbling as mere dogma . . . ("English," 69)

This is a task that has been taken up not only by conservative thinkers but by the critical theory which is one of the most important sources of today's cultural radicalism. In his most radical phase, Herbert Marcuse argued that critical theory, by which he meant an intelligent Marxism, differed from ordinary sociology in just this respect:

> When critical theory comes to terms with philosophy, it is interested in the truth content of philosophical concepts and problems. It presupposes that they really contain truth. The enterprise of the sociology of knowledge, to the contrary, is occupied only with the untruths, not the truths of previous philosophy. (147-8).

Not only Babbitt's method but also his conclusions often suggest striking parallels to contemporary radicals who regard Babbitt, if they notice him at all, only as an adversary. Babbitt's critique of imperialism, for example, today sounds like a critique "from the left" yet it is straightforwardly derived from the basic tenets of Babbitt's humanism. Furthermore, Babbitt makes a convincing argument that it is precisely the "left" democratic idealists who are most likely to find excuses for empire. Babbitt had criticized President's Eliot's view of education as "training for service and training for power" (*Literature*, 63) in part because he believes that ". . . the will to power is, on the whole, more than a match for the will to service" ("What I Believe," 8). Power unchecked by either traditional religion or the *frein vital* of the humanist would have little trouble utilizing the most idealistic and democratic sentiments to justify imperialist actions. Babbitt notes that "to be fraternal in Walt Whitman's sense is to be boundlessly expansive" (*Democracy*. 267) and the political consequence of such expansiveness, no matter how idealistic the motive, is simple imperialism. In Babbitt's words

> If we go, not by what Americans feel about themselves, but by what they have actually done, one must conclude that we have shown ourselves thus far a consistently expansive, in other words, a consistently imperialistic, people. (*Democracy*, 268)

A look at Walt Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*, usually considered the central text of American democratic idealism, confirms Babbitt's point. Whitman prophesies that

> Long ere the seond centennial arrives, there will be some forty to fifty great States, among them Canada and Cuba . . . The Pacific will be ours, and the Atlantic mainly ours . . . The individuality of one nation must then, as always, lead the world. Can there be any doubt who the leader ought to be? (981)

> You (America) said in your soul I will be empire of empires, overshadowing all else, past and present . . . I alone inaugurating largeness, culminating time . . . (990)

The point of noting such passages is not so much to quarrel with Whitman as it is to suggest that the language of romantic idealism, however democratic, can easily be converted into a defense of otherwise indefensible actions. Babbitt's emphasis on the need for self-scrutiny and self-restraint, his distrust of the expansive impulses of both the individual and the nation seem necessary correctives for a society all too ready to believe in its own innocence.

If Babbitt's critique of imperialism makes an argument congenial to the political left, his distinction between "humanism" and "humanitarianism" raises pertinent questions that "left" rhetoric usually leaves unexamined. What could possibly be wrong with humanitarianism, with a movement based on love for all human beings? Babbitt's emphasis on the "law of measure" suggests that any emotion or movement, if carried to an extreme, turns into its opposite. Thus, argues Babbitt, "An unrestricted application of the law of love to secular affairs will lead, not to love, but to its opposite, hatred" (*Literature*, 106). The rhetoric of the "humanitarian crusader" both justifies and conceals "the will to power" (*Democracy*, 286). Babbitt's insight is supported by allies whose thought is otherwise far removed from his own. Sigmund Freud, for example, observed that any generalized love is inevitably balanced by the opposing impulse toward aggression, so that, for instance

> Once the apostle Paul had laid down universal love between all men as the foundation of his Christian community, the inevitable consequence in Christianity was the utmost intolerance towards all those who remained outside of it . . . (65)

Likewise, Thomas Mann, during his most romantic and irrationalist phase, notes that "Humanitarian is not always the same as humane" (43) and asks

> Could it be true that universal love, love directed far away, only flourishes at the cost of the ability to love "closer at hand," there, you see, where love has its only reality? (138)

Babbitt's critique of humanitarianism does not mean that the humanist should be entirely self-absorbed. It is true that Babbitt finds that the humanist attempts to reform himself while the humanitarian tries to reform others. But humanistic culture for Babbitt is never merely a source of aesthetic pleasure for the

individual. Although he was suspicious of attempts to legislate morality—such as the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment—Babbitt did believe that the cultural critic served an important public function as a mediator between the heritage of the past and the problems of the present. The critic should speak to the public at large, reformulating and restating the insights of the past in the language of the present, and, more importantly, rethinking them as well. For Babbitt this meant an unending attempt to critically analyze both religion and philosophy in search of truths which could withstand the criticism of a modernism which rejected all appeals to authority, whether religious, cultural or political. Babbitt undertook this search both because his own critical sense required it, but also because he felt that only one who spoke the language and accepted the assumptions of modernity could hope to influence contemporary society.

For H. L. Mencken Babbitt's emphasis on the moral implications of literature reduced him to just another Puritanical crusader despite Babbitt's sharp critique of the crusading impulse. Mencken argued that the civilized critic should simply sit back and enjoy the show provided by the United States. For Mencken Humanism's moral criticisms of American society were nothing more than "the alarms of schoolmasters" (22). Rather than criticizing, one might as well enjoy "the whole, gross, glittering, excessively dynamic, infinitely grotesque, incredibly stupendous drama of American life" (23).

In "The Genteel Tradition at Bay" George Santayana offered much the same critique as Mencken in more measured language and in a more comprehensive way. Like Mencken, Santayana argued that a genuine humanism would avoid moral criticisms of the contemporary but would seek rather to understand it and, as well, to enjoy the show.

> Why not frankly rejoice in the benefits, so new and extraordinary, which our state of society affords? . . . but at least (besides football) haven't we Einstein and Freud, Proust and Paul Valery, Lenin and Mussolini? (163)

Irving Babbitt, however, was not ready to simply enjoy "Lenin and Mussolini" as dramatic figures in an exciting play, nor was he ready to view the excesses of American society as entertainment. He was worried that American democracy might well become

"a nation of humanitarian crusaders" who, in their zeal for the crusade, might be only too eager to reject the limitations of the constitution for the "direct action" of a charismatic leader (*Democracy,* 183). Babbitt's humanism, unlike the philosophies of Mencken and Santayana, had no room for any admiration of the superman or great leader. The humanistic virtues of "moderation, common sense, and common decency" ("What I Believe," 13). For Babbitt one of the dangers of romanticism was precisely its tendency to glorify violence for its own sake. Today, when Nietzsche and Heidegger are venerated as spiritual seers, it is well to recall Babbitt's prescient warning, written in 1924: "The Nietzchean . . . expansion of the will to power . . . would lead in practice to horrible violence and finally to the death of civilization" (*Democracy,* 259).

In the Great Depression it seemed reasonable to assume that the New Humanism was dead. Almost sixty years after Babbitt's death, however, his stature as a cultural critic seems evident. His refusal to accept the progress of science and technology as an unmitigated good, his critique of imperialism, and his emphasis on the need for limits have all been vindicated by events. Nor did Babbitt's search for "standards" involve an unexamined ethnocentrism; specifically condemning any Western "assumption of superiority" (Buddha, " 225) he praised Eastern thought, not in the usual, stereotypical fashion, for its mystical intuition, but for the rationality and self-criticism often associated exclusively with the West. Babbitt's Midwestern upbringing encouraged him to reject the parochialism and blandness of the Eastern genteel tradition for an unsparing, still pertinent analysis of the dominant trends of modern culture. It is easy enough for us to spot his prejudices and limitations; we might better, however, allow his writings to point us to the self-criticism which Babbitt championed as the central activity of the true humanist. Babbitt's achievement as a cultural critic surely deserves reconsideration.

In another, more personal way Babbitt was vindicated long ago. In 1933 Hemingway, or at least the narrator of "A Natural History of the Dead," asserted that "So now I want to see the death of any self-called Humanist"; Hemingway (or the narrator) voiced the hope that that he would "live to see the actual death of members of this literary sect and watch the noble exits that they may make" (102), apparently in the belief that the nearness

of death would shake the "decorum" which Irving Babbitt claimed to live by and which to the narrator (or Hemingway) seemed an artificial, literary concept. Irving Babbitt died of ulcerative colitis on July 15, 1933. Babbitt insisted, however, on continuing to lecture until the middle of April, and even then continued to grade exams and theses at home. When urged to quit, he responded that "When a man has been hired to do a job, it's only decent to stick to it to the end." Given ulcerative colitis, it is medically appropriate to describe such a resolve as "definitely heroic."[2] Babbitt defined the humanist virtues as "moderation, common sense, and common decency." I earlier described these as unheroic virtues, but perhaps that deserves reconsideration too.

Michigan State University

NOTES

1. The information about Babbitt's background is derived from the fine opening chapter of *Irving Babbitt* by Stephen C. Brennan and Stephen R. Yarbrough.
2. The phrase is excerpted from Russell Maloney's comment about Babbitt's insistence on continuing to teach and work despite the effects of ulcerative colitis:

   > My family doctor tells me that for a man to continue his work during its last stage is "definitely heroic" (26).

   This passage is quoted in John Yunck's wise essay, "Natural History of a Dead Quarrel: Hemingway and the Humanists" (37). Irving Babbitt's words are taken from William F. Giese's memoir. Here is the concluding passage:

   > When I saw him for the last time, only a few weeks before his death, we had hardly been together a quarter-hour before he was extolling, with serene detachment from present circumstance, the luminous qualities of an article on Marcel Proust . . . And all around him on his bed lay the scattered blue-books and reports of his graduate students, which he made it a matter of professional honor to read, though he could do so only in broken snatches. To my remonstrances he characteristically replied: "When a man has been hired to do a job, it's only decent to stick to it to the end." (25)

   From *Irving Babbitt* I have derived not only factual information but the point about Babbitt's "decency" in the face of death. Here is the relevant passage from Brennan and Yarbrough, which follows the quotation from Giese given above and in the text:

   > He finally died a miserable, indecent death, mumbling incoherently in a bed soaked with sweat. But his words to Giese recall an often-quoted passage from *Rousseau and Romanticism;* "After all to be a good humanist is merely to be moderate and sensible and decent . . ." (*R,* xx-xxi). It's easy to take this as a stultifying middle-class ethic or, as Edmund Wilson puts it, "the unexamined prejudice of a Puritan heritage." It wasn't though. To be decent is to be fitting and appropriate, and Babbitt tried to make his last days fitting and appropriate to the form of his life (26-27).

WORKS CITED

Babbitt, Irving. "Buddah and the Occident." *The Dhammapada.* Trans. Irving Babbitt. New York; Oxford UP, 1936. 65-121. Rpt. in *Irving Babbitt: Representative Writings.* Ed. and Introduction by George A. Panichas. Lincoln, Nebaraska: U of Nebraska P, 1981. 224-70.

_____. *Democracy and Leadership.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1924.

_____. "English and the Discipline of Ideas," *English Journal* 9 (February 1920): 61-70. Rpt. in *Irving Babbitt: Representative Writings.* Ed. and Introduction by George A. Panichas. Lincoln, Nebraska: U of Nebraska P, 1981. 61-70.

_____. *Literature and the American College: Essays in Defense of the Humanities.* 1908. Washington, D.C.: National Humanities Institute, 1986.

_____. *Rousseau and Romanticism.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1919.

_____. "What I Believe: Rousseau and Religion." *Spanish Character and Other Essays.* Ed. Frederick Manchester, Rachel Giese, and Willaim F. Giese. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1940. 225-248. Rpt. as "What I Believe" in *Irving Babbitt: Representative Writings.* Ed. and Introduction by George A. Panichas. Lincoln, Nebraska: U of Nebraska P, 1981. 3-18.

Brennan, Stephen C. and Stephen R. Yarbrough. *Irving Babbitt.* Boston: Twayne, 1987.

Freud, Sigmund. *Civilization and its Discontents.* 1930. Trans. Joan Riviere. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1958.

Giese, William F. "Memoir." *Irving Babbitt: Man and Teacher.* Ed. Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. New York: Putnam's, 1941. 1-25.

Hemingway, Ernest. "A Natural History of the Dead." *Winner Take Nothing.* New York: Scribner's, 1933. 95-106.

Kazin, Alfred. *On Native Grounds: An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature.* 1942. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1956.

Maloney, Russell. "A Footnote to a Footnote." *New Yorker* 15 July 1939. 26.

Mann, Thomas. *Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man.* 1918. Trans Walter D. Morris. New York: Ungar, 1983.

Marcuse, Herbert. "Philosophy and Critical Theory." 1937. *Negations: Essays in Critical Theory.* Trans. Jeremy J. Shapiro. Boston: Beacon, 1968. 134-158.

Mencken, H. L. "The National Letters." 1920. *Prejudices: Second Series.* New York: Knopf, 1920. 9-101.

Santayana, George. "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy." 1911. *The Genteel Tradition: Nine Essays by George Santayana.* Ed. Douglas L. Wilson. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1967. 37-64.

_____. "The Genteel Tradition at Bay." 1931. *The Genteel Tradition: Nine Essays by George Santayana.* Ed. Douglas L. Wilson. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1967. 153-195.

Tate, Allen. "The Fallacy of Humanism." *The Critique of Humanism: A Symposium.* New York: Brewer and Warren, 1930. 131-166.

Yunck, John A. "The Natural History of a Dead Quarrel: Hemingway and the Humanists." *The South Atlantic Quarterly* 62.1 (Winter, 1963):29-42.

NEW ENGLAND, OHIO'S WESTERN RESERVE, AND THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE WEST

DAVID D. ANDERSON

On July 4, 1796, a party of fifty people, including men, women, and children, led by General Moses Cleaveland of Canterbury, Connecticut, crossed the western border of Pennsylvania into the northeastern corner of what was officially known as the "Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio." The party proceeded a few miles to the bank of Conneaut Creek where it flows into Lake Erie, gave three cheers at precisely five p.m., set up camp, and then proceeded ceremoniously to mark their arrival.

First the men, under Captain Tinker, ranged themselves in ranks, rifles in hand, and on command of General Cleaveland, they fired fifteen volleys in honor of the day and the nation; then, to mark their arrival, a sixteenth was fired in honor of New Connecticut; they "gave three cheers and christened the place Port Independence."

Immediately after, Cleaveland ordered grog to be poured for all hands and proposed a series of toasts, to which each drank and cheered. He recorded them in his journal:

> "The President of the United States."
> "The State of New Connecticut"
> "The Connecticut Land Company"
> "May the Port of Independence and the fifty sons and daughters who have entered it this day be successful and prosperous."
> "May these sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years sixteen times fifty."
> "May every person have his bowsprit trimmed and ready to enter every port that opens."

General Cleaveland, as agent of the Connecticut Land Company, concluded his journal account of the event matter-of-factly:

"Closed with three cheers. Drank several pails of grog, supped, and retired in remarkably good order."

The country to which Cleaveland and his band had come and so dramatically celebrated on such an auspicious day was known variously since September 14, 1786, as "New Connecticut," "The Connecticut Western Reserve," or simply the "Western Reserve," as it has been called in Ohio for more than 200 years. Whatever its title, it was the second major attempt by New England to capture the Ohio country for itself, for the honor of God and the profit of its people, and it was New England's only significant success in transplanting an order, a culture, and a morality into the territory West of the Appalachians. Thus, a body of belief and a way of life that had its beginnings in middle-class, sixteenth century England under Elizabeth the First, that had crossed the Atlantic in the early seventeenth century, and had transformed a rocky, inhospitable shore into New England and ultimately a new nation, by the late eighteenth century had once more begun a search for a place in which to serve God and to prosper, with utmost confidence not only in the righteousness of its cause but the inevitable success of its mission.

Cleaveland's excursion into what is now northeastern Ohio was also the last and only successful attempt to legitimize and enforce a territorial claim that had its origins in colonial royal charters to land allottments in North America. Many of these claims extended, however ambiguously, as each overlapped other claims, both English and other, from sea to sea. Four states of the new American confederation, New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, had originally made such claims. In 1780 New York gave up her claim to the federal government without conditions; in 1785, Virginia gave up hers, reserving, however, the Virginia Military District of Southwestern Ohio for land grants to her revolutionary veterans; Massachusetts ceded hers in 1785, paving the way for its Ohio Company purchase of more than a million acres in Southeastern Ohio and the first New England attempt to settle the Ohio Country with the first permanent American settlement at Marietta in 1788.

Finally, in 1786, Connecticut ceded its claims, reserving for itself a strip of land that ran 120 miles along the south shore of Lake Erie and averaging perhaps forty miles in depth to the south. The westernmost 25 miles of this reserve, known to this

LANDS in New-Connecticut,

THAT part of the Connecticut Reserve, or New-Connecticut, to which the Indian title has been extinguished, lying West of Pennsylvania, and South of Lake Erie, having been surveyed and divided.

THE subscriber offers for sale a large quantity of Land, in the following Townships:

In No. 2; and No. 12, in the first Range,

ADJOINING the Pennsylvania Line, the former of which has settlements adjoining, both in Pennsylvania, and the town immediately West. The latter is about 24 miles from Presque-Isle, and has settlements at a few miles distance in Pennsylvania, is about six miles from the Lake, and lies on the Ashtebula Creek.

In the Third Town in the Second Range,

Adjoining the Town in which is the Salt Spring, and adjoining the Town called Young's Town, in which is a settlement of fifteen families. This Town is about 60 miles from Pittsburg, and through it runs the Big Beaver River.

In No. 1; and No. 2, in the 4th Range.—In No. 7 in the 6th Range, No. 8 in the 7th Range; and No. 10 in the 8th Range.

Through the last three Towns a road is laid out from the Salt Springs to the Lake, and through No. 10. in the Eighth Range, a road is likewise laid out from the Pennsylvania line, to the Town of Cleaveland, both of which are to be cut and completed early the ensuing Season.

In No. 9 in the 8th Range, No. 7 in the 9th Range, and No. 13 in the 3d Range.

Also, 29 lots lying in the four best Towns as selected by the Surveyors.

The Tract of Country in which the above Lands are situated, having been explored and divided this last season, is well known to be a most excellent tract of Land, well watered, and its waters good; its situation peculiarly favorable, lying on Lake Erie, its rivers, and the boatable waters of the Ohio. The part of the Tract now offered for sale, being large and much diversified in its situation, and most of the Tracts either lying on the Rivers, the great Roads about to be opened, or near Settlements;—the subscriber presumes there is no part of the Lands in the whole Tract, which are more inviting to the settler. He expects to be on the Lands in the month of June, after which time constant attention will be given and all Applications attended to with care and dispatch. A small part of the purchase money will be expected to be paid down, for the remainder a convenient Credit will be given.

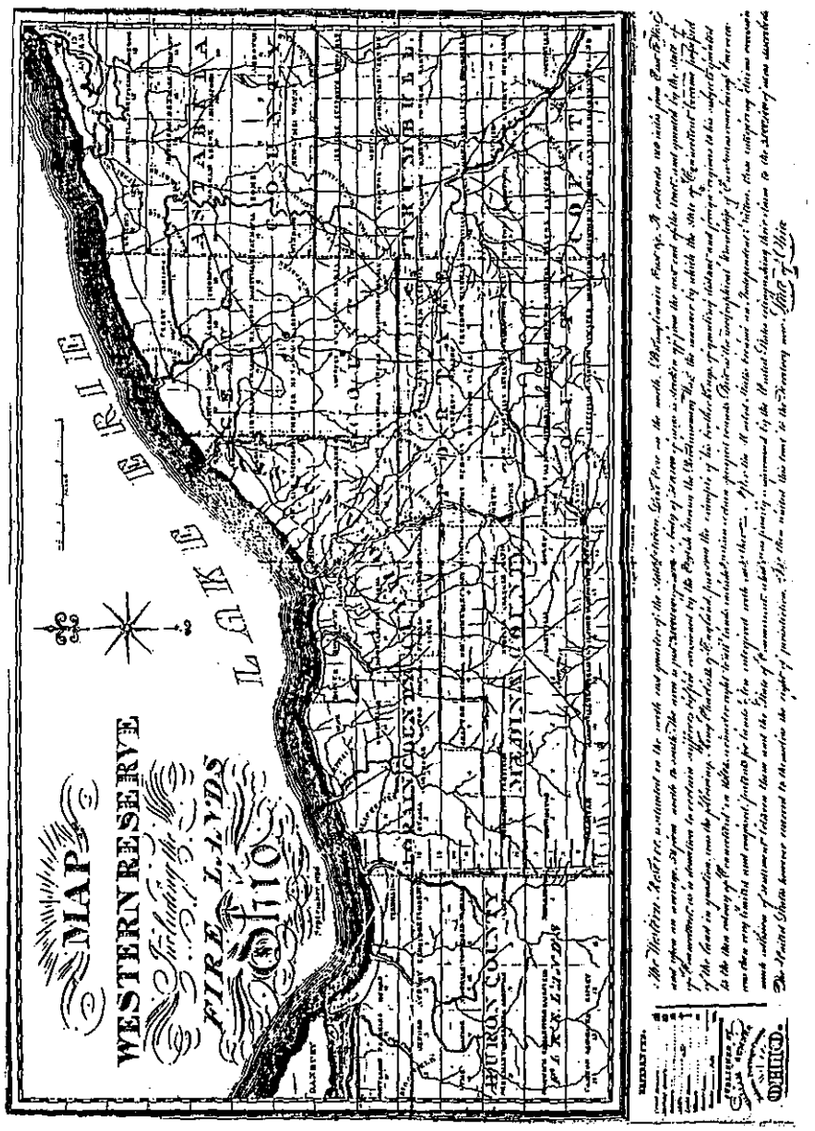
SIMON PERKINS.

Agent to the Erie Company.

1798

PRINTED AT J. TRUMBULL'S PRESS, NORWICH.

day as "The Firelands," were reserved to compensate dwellers of Connecticut coastal towns for damage suffered through British amphibious raids during the Revolution. The eastern ninety-five miles were in the hands of the private, unincorporated Connecticut Land Company for survey, settlement, and sale.



With these cessions, including Connecticut's reservations, the path was clear for the passage of the Northwest Ordinance—the Ordinance of 1787—which not only nullified the earlier Ordinance of 1784 but provided for the orderly transition of land from public title to private and the equally orderly transition of wilderness to settlement and statehood on an equal footing with the original thirteen. Fortunately, Jefferson's suggestions for the names of the new states, such as Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Sylvania, and Michigania, were forgotten in the new ordinance which also provided guarantees of individual liberty, trial by jury, freedom of religion, and the outlawing of slavery, while permitting fugitive slaves to be reclaimed by owners from elsewhere.

After the Battle of Fallen Timbers on August 20, 1794, the ensuing Treaty of Greenville in November of that year, relegated what was to be the Firelands, together with much of the western third of what was to become the State of Ohio, to the aboriginal inhabitants. The signing of Jay's Treaty with England in 1794, which provided for eliminating English garrisons at Mackinaw and Detroit and the recognition of American sovereignty over the Northwest to the Mississippi, and with various public and private organizations, including the Connecticut Land Company in place to effect the transition, the Ohio Country and the Northwest beyond it were on the verge of settlement as Moses Cleaveland and his band crossed into the Northwest on the twentieth anniversary of American independence.

And people came. In 1790 the entire white population of the Northwest was estimated at 5000; a decade later Ohio Territory had 45,000 inhabitants and Indiana Territory 5,000. By 1820 four new states had appeared in what had been the Northwest, three of them part of the original territory; Ohio, admitted in 1803, had 581,000 people; Indiana, admitted in 1816, had 147,000; Illinois, admitted in 1818, had 55,000; and Missouri, across the Mississippi, admitted in 1820 as part of North-South compromise, had 66,000. In 1800 1/20 of the American population lived west of the mountains; by 1820 it was 1/3.

And still people came, in search of cheap land and an open society in many, perhaps most cases, but also, too, in search of a place in which what they had known and believed and practiced could be reproduced, perhaps revitalized, a fact made abun-

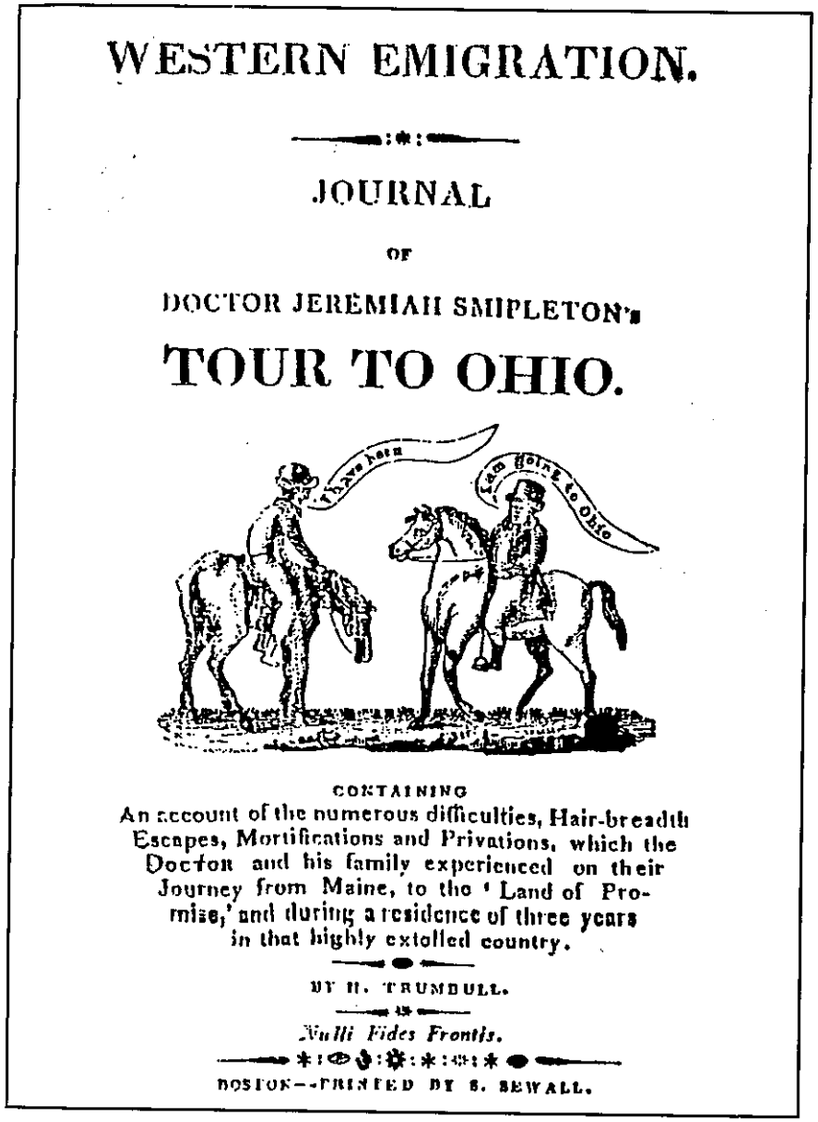
dantly clear by the march of place-names for towns and settlements, real or on paper, across the landscape west of the mountains and by the struggle of various American Christian sects for the souls and the moral behavior of the settlers.

Perhaps nowhere in the territory was the effect of the East—and of discredited Mother England before it—more evident than in Connecticut's Western Reserve. Together with the elms and the town squares and a Federalist-classic architecture, even in farmhouses, march the names of Connecticut and England: Norwalk, New London, Fairfield, New Haven, Greenwich, Plymouth, Avon, Danbury, Hartford, Deerfield, and dozens more across the eleven Ohio counties carved out of the Reserve.

Not only did New England contribute heavily, together with Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia, to the population of the land West of the mountains, but some New England towns actually saw migration as a threat to their stability and prosperity. On December 23, 1837, in an address before the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society in Columbus, Judge Timothy Walker recalled the massive transfer of people and institutions to the West:

> I can well remember when, in Massachusetts, the rage for moving to Ohio was so great, that resort was had to counteracting fictions, in order to discourage it; and this region was represented as cold, sterile, sickly, and full of all sorts of monsters. The powerful engine of caricature was set in motion. I have a distinct recollection of a picture, which I saw in boyhood, prefixed to a penny, anti-moving-to-Ohio pamphlet, in which a stout, ruddy, well-dressed man, on a sleek, fat horse, with a label, "I am going to Ohio," meets a pale and ghastly skeleton of a man, scarcely half-dressed, on the wreck of what was once a horse, already bespoken by the more politic crows, with a label, "I have been to Ohio." But neither falsehood nor ridicule could deter the enterprising from seeking a new home. Hither they came in droves.

The New Englanders, particularly those from the towns and countryside, came in groups that not only depopulated towns and townships in the home states, but transplanted their institutions virtually intact. The results in the Western Reserve were particularly notable. Hezekial Niles commented that just as groups of peers came together from Old England, they did the same to the Ohio country:



WESTERN EMIGRATION.

JOURNAL

OF

DOCTOR JEREMIAH SMIPLETON'S

TOUR TO OHIO.

CONTAINING

An account of the numerous difficulties, Hair-breadth Escapes, Mortifications and Privations, which the Doctor and his family experienced on their Journey from Maine, to the 'Land of Promise,' and during a residence of three years in that highly extolled country.

BY H. TRUMBULL.

Nulli Fides Frontis.

BOSTON—PRINTED BY S. SEWALL.

They established a new Connecticut in the Ohio territory, and that not merely in name but in fact. The inhabitants of a township in the eastern states, who may be disposed to explore the western wilds, generally understand one another, concert their measures beforehand, and if they do not depart in a body, yet they eventually come together at a preconcerted rendezvous. School-fellows

> and companions in infancy, reunite in a far distant spot, remote from the scenes of their early pleasures: and it often happens that the grown up man meets there and marries the playmate of his childhood.

While Moses Cleaveland gave his name, misspelled, to the settlement at the mouth of the Cuyahoga and returned to Connecticut to stay, small-town Connecticut migrated to the West, increasingly to the Firelands after its cession by the Indians in 1805, land that had been acknowledged as Indian at Greenville eleven years before. The "Sufferers" as those whose property had been destroyed by the British were often called, settled claims ranging from that of Jeremiah Miller of New London, whose losses were declared to be $8,845.21 to Marah Kilby of New Haven, whose claim was .41⅔ cents. With them, as they surveyed and settled and made orderly the landscape, purchased for land warrants, the settlers brought a determination to succeed as clear proof of God's favor and a greater determination to reform and civilize and purify the West in obedience to God's will and the dictates of their consciences as heirs of John Calvin. But the dictates were not those of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Deacon's Masterpiece" nor those of the Unitarian moralists of urban First Churches in prosperous New England cities; they were the five points so undiluted by time or place or doctrine as to lead the Reverend James B. Finley, presiding Elder of the Ohio Conference (Methodists) to proclaim in 1816 that the Western Reserve was so Calvinistic that there was no room for Methodists.

The Missionary Society of Connecticut had, in 1800, sent the Reverend Joseph Bodger to Ohio to preach to settlers and Indians, organizing the first Congregational Church in the Reserve at Austinburg, consisting of ten male and six female members, on October 24, 1800, the first of dozens he would establish. "The Plan of Union," jointly adopted in 1801 by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the Congregational Association of Connecticut was clearly intended to facilitate Calvin's hold on the Ohio Country when it permitted churches of either denomination in the Ohio country to select a minister of the other persuasion when one of their own was not available. The exodus of immigrants from Connecticut consequently accelerated, by

1817 becoming, as Harlan Hatcher has noted, "one of the largest and most homogeneous mass migrations in American history."

Not only had this homogeneous migration brought with it a Calvinism so intense that it could nurture the not always sane or moral dreams of a group of men as disparate as John Brown, Charles Grandison Finney, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., all of whom found direction, sustenance, and support in adversity in the Reserve, but the settlers, including each of the above, were determined to fuse God's will, nature's promise, and moral certainty as they pursued their varied causes with remarkably similar single-mindedness.

Although Calvin Chapin had toured the Western Reserve in 1825 and noted with horror the multiplication of liquor-serving inns and the commonplace establishment of distilleries and had gone home to Connecticut to insist that "abstinence from ardent spirits is the only certain prevention of intemperance," the moral course of the Western Reserve had already been set; it was marked by three important movements, each of which had come over the mountains with the settlers, had gathered strength and intensity in the Reserve, and had gone on to direct, galvanize, and sometimes terrify or dominate the nation. These movements were the causes of temperance and abolition, and most subtly yet most powerfully, the unique Western Reserve contributions to theology, the doctrines of Perfection and of Usefulness.

In the hard-drinking environment of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century America, intemperance in the use of alcohol—a logical outgrowth of a society whose chief bartering or cash crop was corn, more easily and economically transported in gallons rather than bushels—was seen as the major source of social suffering as well as of sin; the consumption of alcohol nationally had risen from two and one-half gallons per person in 1793 to four and a half by 1810 and to seven and a half by 1823; and leaders as diverse as Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia and President Timothy Dwight of Yale College denounced intemperance as irrational if not sinful. In 1789 a group of 200 "respectable farmers" met in Litchfield, Connecticut, to form an association "to encourage the disuse of spiritous liquors." The meeting led to the organization of the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, which came over the mountains with settlement and Congregationalism, and, in the Western Reserve, flourished

until the second of the Reserve's major moral crusades, abolitionism, temporarily took ascendency in the middle of the century, and then, revitalized with abolition energy after the Civil War, organized two of the Reserve's most important contributions to effort to make America moral: The Women's Christian Temperance Union, founded in Cleveland in 1874, and the immensely pragmatic and successful Anti-Saloon League, founded in Oberlin, Lorain County, in 1893, which, in a quarter-century, was strong enough to force the passage and ratification of America's only constitutional amendment that was to fail morally as well as politically, the Eighteenth, or Prohibition Amendment.

Infinitely more successful and unarguably more moral was abolition, a cause that for more than a decade became the major manifestation of the Reserve's moral crusade. Not only was the Western Reserve, as part of the Northwest Territory, forever free, but the New England Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1832, spread to Northeastern Ohio by 1833 and became the American Anti-Slavery Society shortly thereafter. Not only was Western Reserve College strongly anti-slavery, but Oberlin College, founded in Lorain County in 1833, admitted blacks as well as women on an equal basis with white males from its inception.

Not only was the Reserve a key transfer point in the Underground Railway, shipping escaped slaves from its many ports across Lake Erie to freedom in Canada, but it nurtured John Brown as a boy in Ashtabula County, sent a lawyer from Cleveland to defend him after his ill-conceived and doomed raid at Harper's Ferry, and on the day of his execution tolled bells and held public meetings. Newspapers in Cleveland announcing his death were printed with black borders. Brown became for the Reserve the martyr that he was apparently determined to become.

During the critical decade of the 1850s, as the anti-slavery cause moved inexorably to Harper's Ferry and Fort Sumter, the Reserve provided more than passive resistance; it led the movement that succeeded in passing Ohio's Personal Liberty laws, presumably to keep slaveowning out of Ohio and prevent the kidnapping of free Negroes, but in actuality they were attempts to nullify the Federal Fugitive Slave Law in Ohio.

More dramatic, dangerous, and effective in defying the Fugitive Slave Law was the Great Oberlin-Wellington Slave Rescue of September 1858. John Price, an escaped slave living in Oberlin,

was seized by a United States Marshal and taken to the nearest railroad station at Wellington, ten miles away. A group of Oberlin residents and students, led by an Oberlin College faculty member, began the pursuit. Joined by a Wellington mob, they seized Price and sent him off to safety. Thirty-seven members of the mob were indicted by a Federal grand jury for violating the Fugitive Slave Law, and the first two brought to trial, Simon Bushnell and Charles Langston, were convicted. Mass meetings of protest were held, including one of ten thousand people in Cleveland, and there were threats of mass jail raids. Ultimately, the case was heard by the Ohio Supreme Court, which, to avoid a State-Federal clash, upheld the convictions. However, charges against the thirty-five were dismissed, while Bushnell was sentenced to sixty days and Langston to 20. Price was never recaptured.

When war came, Reserve volunteers served and died on every front as part of the largest contingent of men and women from any single state North or South in the War. When they returned, the war won and the slaves freed, they found a different, an increasingly commercial and industrial, Western Reserve, and unfamiliar names were heard in the streets and read in the papers, including those of John D. Rockefeller and Marcus Alonza Hanna, both of whom prospered in the grocery and produce business in Cleveland, sent $300.00 immigrant substitutes to the war, and, as they provided capital and leadership to war-spawned shipping, smelting, and refining business, they proclaimed, almost in Calvinistic unison, that they were virtuous, productive citizens whom God in his wisdom had seen fit to reward with money and its concomitant power.

Rockfeller, Hanna, and others who were to transform the Reserve into something almost unrecognizable by the end of the nineteenth century found their inspiration and justification in the Reserve's own contribution to American theology, the Doctrines of Perfection and Usefulness propagated by the Reverend Charles Grandison Finney, President of Oberlin College from 1851 to 1865, born in Warren, Ohio, in 1792 and an Oberlinite from 1837 to his death in 1875. From his New Jerusalem in Lorain County and his pulpit in Oberlin's First Cogregational Church, he proclaimed his New School Calvinism: that everyone must, in his words, "aim at being holy and not rest satisfied till they are as perfect as God." Then, he insisted, they became perfect, in-

capable of sin, and thus had the obligation to become useful to others, whether in the church or temperance or abolition or commerce, or, preferably, a combination of them all.

Although the town squares, the Commons, the Congregational and Presbyterian spires, the names, the unique Reserve farmhouses, the sugar bushes, the practicality, the Yankee tinkering, and a language unique in Ohio, remain as marks of the attempt to transmit a provincial middle-class English culture from its origins through the crucible of New England to the Ohio frontier, the Western Reserve in the late twentieth century is neither what it was nor what its founders hoped it might become. It was forever transformed by the Rockefellers, the Hannas, and the work of others, such as Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, and Charles Hall, who founded the aluminum industry in his Oberlin backyard shed. They were among the many who came out of Reserve towns and villages and farms to transform its society even as they transformed much of the nineteenth century America of which it was a part.

Although the moral force that was once New Connecticut has dissipated and its artifacts are often considered quaint or the focus of preservationists today, curiously the moral remnants of that ambitious venture found and continue to find expression in the works of Ohio writers, most notably Sherwood Anderson and Lewis Bromfield, each of whom grew up on the periphery of the Reserve, Anderson in Clyde, Sandusky County, and Bromfield in Mansfield, Richland County, and each of whom not only observed the effects of a society avowedly moral on its people and institutions, but also acknowledged its service in the cause of human freedom. Significantly, however, each noted, too, its contributions to another form of human enslavement. In their works they portray the people who descended from those who had settled the Reserve as distorted, destroyed, or dehumanized by the imposition of a narrow, sexless, lifeless morality on them, and they see, too, the stamp of greed, of the pursuit of profit, indelibly imprinted on the Ohio countryside by those righteous ones who pursued the profit they were convinced that God had promised them.

Anderson expresses this observation most pointedly in his essay "I'll Say We Done Well," published in *The Nation* in 1922. He wrote that when LaSalle first saw Ohio in the sixteenth

century, the countryside was characterized by "majestic hills and finer forests . . . soft stepping little hills, up there facing Lake Erie," and he speculated that such beauty may have made LaSalle "a visionary and a dreamer." But with settlement came change:

> From all I've ever been able to hear about Ohio, as it was before we white men and New Englanders got in there and went to work, the land might have done that to LaSalle, and for that matter to our own sons too, if we, God-fearing men, hadn't got in there just when we did, and rolled up our sleeves and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, middle-Western American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold, stony New England and over the rocky hills of northern New York State to get into Ohio. . . . the hardships we endured before we got to Ohio was what helped us to bang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later start the Anti-saloon League and all the other splendid things we have done.

What had been done to Ohio by those who had imposed a moral dimension upon its topography as surely as they imposed the New England township structure on its political geography is clear as Anderson's irony becomes condemnation:

> I claim we Ohio men have taken as lovely a land as ever lay outdoors and that we have, in our cities and towns, put the old stamp of ourselves on it for keeps. . . . First we had to lick the poet out of our hearts and then we had to lick nature herself; but we did it.

Whether John Calvin or John Winthrop would recognize their spiritual heirs in a time and place they could not imagine is doubtful; whether those would who came with Moses Cleaveland is debatable, but to Anderson the effects are as clear as the cause, and the Ohio countryside—and its cities and industries and people—remain as testaments to the continuity of a moral determination that found fertile soil and human dedication and righteousness in provincial England more than four hundred years ago, and that in turn crossed an ocean and a quarter of the North American Continent in the effort to continue the construction of a prosperous and moral society.

Michigan State University

TRACKING THE ROCK ISLAND LINE

DAVID L. NEWQUIST

THE ROCK ISLAND LINE*

Introduction (Capitol Records Version)

The Rock Island line out New 'leans comin' back this-a-way. That depot agent gonna throw that switch board over the track. That mean that Rock Island line train's got to go in the hole. That man don't want to stop that train; he goin' to talk to the depot agent with his whistle, and this is what he gonna tell him.

I got cows, I got horses, I got hogs,
I got sheeps, I got goats, I got all livestock,
I got all livestock.

The depot agent gonna let that train go by. When that Rock Island line train get by, that engineerman goin' talk back to the depot agent with his whistle and this is what he' gonna tell him.

I fooled you, I fooled you,
I got iron,
I got all pig iron, I got all pig iron. (Capitol Records, 1944)

Introduction (Folkways Version)

(Spoken:)
Now, boys, I'm gonna sing about that Rock Island Line
Which is a mighty good road to ride
And in that road
The man gonna talk to the depot agent

*ROCK ISLAND LINE
New words and new music arrangement by Huddie Ledbetter. Edited with new additional material by Alan Lomax. TRO—© Copyright 1959 (renewed). Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, New York. Used by permission.

When he's comin outta the cut with the Rock Island Line freight
train
Comin' back to the new lane this-a-way
That man blows his whistle down there
Different from the men blows whistle here
'Cause he talk to the depot agent
He gonna tell him somethin'
When that switchboard fall over that line
That mean for de, that freight train to go in the hole
Man ain't gonna talk to him

(Sung:)
I got goats;
I got sheep;
I got hogs;
I got cows;
I got horses;
I got all livestock;
I got all livestock.

(Spoken:)
Depot agent let him get by
When he get by, he got iron
He gonna tell him, he's goin' on now

(Sung:)
I fooled ya,
I fooled ya,
I got iron;
I got all pig-iron;
I got all pig-iron.

(Spoken;)
Old Rock Island Line . . .

Chorus

Oh, the Rock Island line, it's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island line, it's the road to ride;
Oh, the Rock Island line, it's a mighty good road,
If you wants to ride, you gotta ride it like you find it,
Get your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line.

Verse 1

Jesus died to save our sins;
Glory to God, we're gonna meet him again.
Glory to God, we're gonna meet him again. (Chorus)

Verse 2

I may be right an' I may be wrong,
Know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.
Know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone. (Chorus)

Verse 3

A, B, C, double X, Y, Z;
Cats in the cupboard, but they don't see me. (Chorus, 2 times)

The song was vexatious from the first time I heard it. Despite admonitions to let music, and all other art, exist on its own terms, to develop Keats' "negative capability" and refrain from reaching irritably after fact and reason, I could never hear "The Rock Island Road" without pondering over the disarrangement of its geography. Why is there a song, I wondered, which has the Rock Island Line originating in New Orleans when the real-life railroad originated in Chicago? As black scholarship in folk literature and the blues advanced the proposition that songs rooted deeply in the blues tradition, as "The Rock Island Road" is, speak at some level about actual experiences, the puzzle became a nagging one.

One day when I was canoeing through the chutes and sloughs of the Mississippi River near Rock Island, the river itself suggested what the song must be about: an underground railroad line for which Rock Island, Illinois, was the major terminal. The song began to make sense. In fact, it may be the only coherent record of an institution constructed totally from a spirit of freedom and the exercise of human will to achieve it for others.

I first heard the song on one of those bleak winter Sunday mornings in Chicago in the early 1950s. Studs Terkel, who was a disc jockey for a folk rhythm-and-blues show, played a version by singer Huddie Ledbetter, Leadbelly. Over the years many performers recorded the song. During the late 1950s and early 1960s, songs which had been the fare of choice in hip night clubs and bohemian coffee houses became the rallying expressions for social movements as popular entertainers, especially in the folk

music field, made them part of their repertoires. "The Rock Island Road" was among them. Although it appeared to be largely an upbeat, driving song sung largely for its fun, it has an intensity which insists that it is making reference to something.

As Leadbelly developed his version of the "The Rock Island Road," he abandoned his introduction of it in a worksong context and incorporated an introduction which emphasized more the content of the song. The original version was one he apparently became familiar with while working as a chauffeur for John and Alan Lomax, folk music collectors. The original introduction stated that the song helped time the blows of axes while workers were chopping huge logs. It was obtained from prisoners at an Arkansas penitentiary. However, a later introduction sets up a situation in which the engineer of a train coming out of New Orleans knows that a depot agent is going to switch the train to a siding:

> That Rock Island line train out of New 'leans comin' back this-a way. That depot agent gonna throw that switch board over the track. That mean that the Rock Island line train's got to go in the hole. That man don't want to stop that train; he goin to talk to the depot agent with his whistle (Capitol 1944) . . .

The Rock Island Railroad went west out of Chicago to Rock Island, Illinois, where the tracks crossed the Mississippi River and continued into Iowa, where at first the tracks extended 60 miles into the interior, ending at Iowa City. Eventually, the system contained trackage which corresponded with the railway's corporate name: the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad. This disparity between the actual railroad, which ran east-and-west through the north central part of the country, and the railroad of the song was what was so bothersome.

One source explains that the Rock Island Railroad acquired controlling rights to a line which operated in the south in 1902, but that detail of corporate history seems to offer little explanation as to the intensity of the song which gives the Rock Island Road monumental stature. The real significance may come out of some historical circumstances around Rock Island and out of some conventions of black rhythm and blues music.

Strongly steeped in Emerson's concept of language as fossil poetry, that words are formed from the deep impress of human

history and experience, I thought that the song spoke to some deeper experience than a fictional train in a fictional land. William Carlos Williams' statement about no ideas but in things, and Gertrude Stein's insistence that the meaning of language is in the things it names were also on my mind as I puzzled over this song. So, I began a search to see if the song had any explanations emanating from that railroad it named. That investigation has produced this theory that the song names an underground railroad.

Local accounts of history in the upper Mississippi Valley allude to the Rock Island area as a center of abolitionist activity and as a major terminal for the underground railroad. An abolitionist newspaper *The Liberty Banner* began publication in Rock Island in 1846 (*Historical* 1: 736). One local account called Rock Island County "a hotbed of abolitionism in Illinois" and said that Moline, a town adjoining Rock Island, "was one of the busiest stations on the underground railway in the state" (Way 1: 205). However, these generalized accounts have little specific documentation. They seem to exist on the level of folklore.

Other evidence includes houses in the area which date back to the mid-19th century. Most of these houses have now been destroyed by time, neglect, and urban renewal, but numerous of them had architectural features which investigators found difficult to explain. Some had tunnels or hidden rooms which seemed to have little purpose. Most of the interest in these features came from people with non-professional interests in history. Their attempts to nominate some of the houses as national historic sites were thwarted by the lack of documentation. The professional scholars on various review committees required more proof that the architectural puzzles were not cyclone cellars, fruit or wine cellars, or just quirks of design by people who feared Indian attack or liked to have hiding places. The kind of documentation required to establish houses as part of the underground railroad system has not been uncovered as yet.

Aside from the general histories which mention the underground railroad, there are scattered letters and memoirs from the Rock Island area. One letter, elicited by a compiler of local history in 1917, explains why there were no records or other forms of documentation concerning the underground railroad:

> The U.G.R.R. had no organization and was not bound together by other bonds or written agreements. It kept no records other than what could be stored away in memory. No court could convict a "nigger thief" of being associated with others in running slaves to Canada. And there was no fixed stations or even fixed routes of travel and no general manager or treasurer, no timetables or compensation to conductors (Elsey).

The reason that Rock Island would become a major junction for the underground railroad is derived from two aspects of the Mississippi River. The first is that rivers provided an excellent means of transport for escaping slaves: "Not only the bounding rivers themselves but also their numerous tributaries became channels of escape into the free territory, and connected directly with many lines of the underground railroad" (Siebert 134). The Mississippi River was singled out by Jefferson Davis who, in a speech to the thirty-first Congress, complained that slaves were constantly escaping on river boats: "Those who, like myself, live on that great highway of the West—the Mississippi River—and are most exposed have a present and increasing interest in the matter" (Siebert 313).

The second feature of Rock Island that made it a natural terminal for slaves escaping via the river is that it marked the lower end of a 15-mile stretch of rapids. During times of high water, the river boats were piloted by local men who specialized in navigating the rapids; in times of low water, the rapids were not navigable, so the boats were unloaded at Rock Island. In either case, slaves using the riverboats would find it necessary to disembark at Rock Island. Those who used other, smaller, craft or those who followed the river banks would apparently find means to continue their journey to freedom at Rock Island.

As early as 1842, southern newspapers complained of what slave holders perceived as a route to transport escaped slaves which extended from the east bank of the Mississippi River in Illinois through Michigan to any place the escapees "may desire to go" (Gara 90). Rock Island is specifically named as a contact point on the underground railroad in an account by John Anderson from Missouri who made his escape on a stolen mule, on boats to which he helped himself on rivers he had to cross, and on food which he "levied" from dwellings he encountered along the way. When he reached Rock Island, he was able to

make contact with an abolition society which paid his rail fare to Chicago (Gara 61). Anderson's account of the reasons for and events of his escape do not mention specifically that he intended to make a connection with the underground railroad, but his narrative consistently implies that he had a definite goal and a definite route in mind. The consistent points of contact Anderson made in his escape are barbershops. His first destination when he left his master was to see his father-in-law, Lewis Tomlin, who purchased his own freedom and worked as a barber in Fayette, Missouri. Anderson made his way through Illinois to Rock Island, where he "hired himself" to a barber "though quite ignorant of shaving anyone besides himself" (Twelvetrees 20). Anderson stayed with the barber two days before starting for Chicago, "his fare being paid by a society of abolitionists" (20). Upon reaching Chicago, Anderson lived with another barber for three weeks before he made his way to Windsor, Canada, where he arrived safely (Twelvetrees 20). The route taken from Rock Island is one well documented in sources on the underground railroad.

Anderson's account of his reasons for leaving Missouri, told many times and recorded by Harper Twelvetrees in programs to raise money for abolition activities in England, reads much like the background provided Jim in Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. While living on the farm of a man named Burton, Anderson married a slave, Maria Tomlin, who lived about ten miles away on the farm of Samuel Brown, at Christmas 1850. Maria had two children from a previous marriage, a girl 13, and boy 11. The Andersons had a child of their own in 1851. In August 1853, Burton sold John Anderson to a slaveholder named MacDonald (Twelvetrees 115). When Anderson asked MacDonald if he could visit his wife and children, MacDonald refused and indicated that he intended to keep Anderson on his farm for breeding purposes (Twelvetrees 11). This circumstance made Anderson decide to escape.

When MacDonald was called away in early September 1853 to attend a church meeting to investigate a charge against another slaveholder of beating a slave to death, Anderson took one of his master's mules and headed north for the Missouri River. Not having a pass, required of any blacks in transit, the ferrymen refused him passage. Anderson hid in the woods and tried to appropriate a skiff. He was spotted and went into hiding again,

until he found a skiff and paddled himself across the river in it using a piece of bark for propulsion. Then he made his way to his father-in-law's house in Fayette, where Lewis Tomlin offered him a pistol to aid in his escape. Anderson turned down the offer of the pistol, saying a knife he had with him was adequate defense, should he need it. Anderson set out to cross the Mississippi into freedom land (Twelvetrees 10-20, 113-116).

On his journey, Anderson passed the farm of Seneca T. P. Diggs, who attempted to waylay Anderson, first through friendly offers of hospitality, then with accusations of being a runaway. Diggs pressed Anderson for four hours, until Anderson warned that he would kill Diggs, if necessary. Finally, Diggs made a move to take Anderson into custody, and Anderson struck out with his knife. Diggs was not deterred, Anderson struck again, and "he came no more" (Twelvetrees 115). Anderson then set off for Illinois. His account mentions few details of his journey into Illinois, other than the fact that he sometimes stole chickens and food from kitchens, but he ended up near Bloomington, where he encountered some teamsters "which were on the way to a place called Rock Island (Twelvetrees 20). Anderson rode on the back of one of the horses to Rock Island, where he somehow made contact with the barber (Twelvetrees 20).

On September 28, 1853, Anderson was indicted for the murder of Seneca T. P. Diggs on the testimony of a sheriff and professional slave-catcher, and extradition proceedings were started. After escaping to Canada, Anderson was taken to England, and in 1862 was sent to Liberia.

Anderson's account establishes that the underground railroad out of Rock Island was well organized before the railroad actually came into Rock Island. The railroad between Chicago and Rock Island was completed to Rock Island in June 1854, nine months after Anderson's episode. He never specifies what mode of transportation was purchased with the fare paid by the Rock Island abolitionists.

Some accounts establish the abolition movement in the Rock Island region as early as 1835 (Blockson 201 and Matson 356), which is only three years after the United States dispossessed the Sauk and Mesquakie American Indians from the territory. In the town of Galesburg, the home of Knox College fifty miles to the east, the Galesburg Anti-Slavery Society was formed in 1837

(Blockson 201). Precise documentation for the underground railroad exists for numerous lines leading into Davenport, Iowa, across the river from Rock Island. Even more documented accounts exist for a section of the Illinois line beginning about 50 miles east of Rock Island leading straight to Chicago. The fragmentation does not represent a failure of the underground railroad, says 19th century historian Wilbur H. Sieber, "but only that witnesses whose testimony is essential to complete the lines have not been discovered" (142).

This touches upon a huge irony concerning the underground railroad. Documentation often results from incidents in which underground railroad conductors flouted the Fugitive Slave Law or were caught aiding fugitives. But where the railroad operated quietly, efficiently, and successfully, it has left little evidence of its existence. A case in point is that of Owen Lovejoy, a Congregational minister in Princeton, Illinois. His brother, Elijah, ran an abolitionist newspaper in St. Louis, was chased across the Mississippi River to Alton, Illinois, and was killed while trying to defend his presses from burning by a pro-slavery mob. Brother Owen, a four-term Congressman, responded to being called a "nigger-stealer" on the floor of the House of Representatives by stating, "Owen Lovejoy lives at Princeton, Illinois, three-quarters of a mile east of the village, and he aids every fugitive that comes to door and asks it" (Siebert 107). Lovejoy was eventually arrested for aiding fugitives. His home is now a preserved site with a collection of historical materials (Smith). But most of the evidence around Rock Island is wispy. For example, a photograph from the early part of this century housed in the Augustana College archives carries the caption: "It was this creek bed in section 24, Coal Valley, passed the "Underground Railway" of old time slavery days" (Hauberg item 36). Most of the witnesses and participants passed information on to their families who kept anecdotal accounts, at best.

What does emerge from the many accounts is that the Rock Island line of the underground railroad existed a good 10 to 15 years before the actual railroad of that name was built. The underground line which ran through Rock Island went to Chicago then to Detroit and finally to Canada. The route of the underground railroad traceable on the many maps follows the path of the Great Sauk Trail, a route used by American Indians on foot

and horseback for the conduct of trading and political affairs of their nations between Rock Island, Chicago, Detroit, Amherstburg, and points north. Remnants of the long-worn trail are still visible. Once fugitives landed in Rock Island, it would not have been difficult to find their way along the trail to Chicago or Detroit. The many rivers and subsidiary overland trails left—and in the 1840s still used—by the American Indians fed into and branched out from that major north-south highway, the Mississippi, and from the Great Sauk Trail. One such map shows the Rock Island underground route as well established by 1850 (Breyfogle). When the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad was actually completed between those two cities in 1854 (Bowman 101), it paralleled and served many of the same towns that had been traversed by the Great Sauk Trail. Siebert states that "In western and northern Illinois the conditions were more favorable and the multiplicity of routes is such that on account of the fusion, division, and subdivision of roads it is impossible to say how many lines crossed the state" (135). But the map Siebert supplies shows only one major east-west route from the Mississippi River, and that is between Rock Island and Chicago.

The general route is mentioned in many escape accounts besides John Anderson's. One fugitive recalls being provided a steamboat ticket from Memphis to St. Louis, where after a few hours, he left for the suburbs of Chicago and then to Detroit (Ross 18). The account does not mention by what route the fugitive traveled from St. Louis to Chicago, but the Rock Island line most likely would have been used for part of the trip. The railroad was very quickly incorporated into the system. The Rock Island was one of the railroads known to be utilized as its tracks spread westward (Siebert 144). Some of the prominent officials of railroads apparently were abolitionists who used their offices to secure transportation for escaping slaves (Siebert 144). In accounts of the use of the actual rails for the underground railroad, the Chicago and Rock Island is often listed as the major east-west track while the Illinois Central between Cairo and Chicago is listed as the major north-south track.

The most specific mention of the Rock Island line as an underground is made by George L. Burroughes, a black freeman from Cairo, who became an agent for the underground railroad in 1857 while working as a porter for sleeping cars on the Illinois

Central between Cairo and Chicago (Siebert 70). In an 1896 letter to Siebert, Burroughes recalls that a friend from Canada named Robert Delany proposed that they both take an agency for the underground railroad. Burroughes handled the Cairo route while Delany handled the Rock Island route (Siebert 70). Delany is the only agent listed from Rock Island County, Illinois, in Siebert's appended list of known agents (406).

The Rock Island Railroad was an important element in John Brown's campaign. He liberated 14 slaves from Missouri and took them to Iowa. An accomplice posed as a sportsman who wished to ship some game animals east and leased a Rock Island freight car. The fugitives boarded the car near Iowa City, were hauled over the Rock Island Road to Chicago, and then were dispatched to Detroit. However, their journey was not totally in secret. Many northerners applauded the act for its defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law (Oates 261-265).

Accounts of underground agents in the Rock Island area indicate that they carried out their work with a passionate belief that slavery was religiously and morally wrong. While many accepted blacks as equals and potential neighbors, many more supported the Illinois law against blacks settling in the state. They reasoned that if southerners could take away the freedom of blacks, they could also conspire to take away freedoms of whites (Oates 265). Yet there were agents who did oppose slavery in the abstract; they had definite regard for the blacks. The factor that made the abstractionists work so well with the more personalist agents was their contempt for the Fugitive Slave Law. Defiance of the law was best expressed through helping fugitives (Bombeer 54).

The strategies for running the underground railroad were both intricate and elaborate. In one account a man tells of his first experience in taking some fugitives from the Mississippi River along a short portion of the line. He took them by boat along the river, up a creek, and then along a road where they were met by a wagon in which the next agent picked them up. Meanwhile, another agent loaded a wagon with two free blacks who worked for him and rode at break-neck speed past an inn where the slave catchers were known to hang out. They gave this decoy chase while the actual fugitives were quietly being hustled along the road to Chicago. (Elsey)

Another stratagem involved a house near Rock Island which had a cellar under a trap door which was always covered by a rug. Slave catchers and law officers often came to the house chasing runaways with bloodhounds, but the dogs always lost the trail near the house. The owners of the house spread a long carpet for the fugitives to walk on until they were secured in the cellar. Then the carpet was soaked in a tub of water and hung outside on a clothes line to dry. (Polson 78) Often the slaves were transported while buried under a load of hay or grain (Polson 84).

The Rock Island Line seemed to consist largely of wit and will on the part of its agents.

* * *

When the lyrics of "The Rock Island Line" are studied as part of the blues tradition, they can be seen to have at once the deliberate, controlled ambiguity of the spiritual while having the playfulness of the Brer Rabbit fable. The spiritual, the worksong, and the trickster-rabbit fable have the same pretexts. Those pretexts are to convey to the ear of the white man an image of a rhythm-loving, childish, docile, lethargic people who find simple means of expression—in other words to act as a confirmation of white stereotypes about the black slave. The texts, at the same time, speak to an angry, razor-sharp demand for justice and freedom, and they keep their hopes alive by suggesting the means to achieve them. While the white ear perceives a primitive sweetness of placid expectations in such spirituals as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Michael Row De Boat," "Now Let Me Fly," and "Steal Away," the black mind hears a message of defiance, of discontent, and of hope. While the figure of the rabbit in the Uncle Remus stories is the black spirit surmounting white oppression through "shit, wit, and grit," the lord and land celebrated in the spirituals can hardly be the white, oppressive lord who endorsed the state of slavery for the black people. That "band of angels comin' after me" all looked like Harriet Tubman. That one more river Michael was rowing his boat on was the Ohio. One need not "steal away" to that offay Jesus. And the chariot in "Now Let Me Fly" is not celebrated as a vehicle to heaven:

Way down yonder in de middle o' de fiel';
Angel workin' at de chariot wheel,
Not so partic'lar 'bout workin' at de wheel,
But I jes' wanta see how de chariot feel.
Now let me fly. . . .

Going to Jesus, coming home to Zion, being lifted up by a chariot were all metaphors for liberation on this earth. While some of the songs kept the spirits up through a message of endurance and resistance, other songs gave explicit messages about how to survive or escape. The best known song which provides instruction for the use of the underground railroad, "Follow the Drinking Gourd," mentions rivers in three of its four verses:

Verse 2: The river bank will make a very good road,
The dead trees show you the way . . .

Verse 3: The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinking gourd,
There's another river on the other side . . .

Verse 4: Where the great big river meets the little river,
Follow the drinking gourd . . .
The old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom,
If you follow the drinking gourd (Greenway 99-100).

For most underground railroad songs, the railroad images were employed. The song "Get Off The Track" makes obvious use of it in "Ho, the car Emancipation/ Rides majestic through the nation" (Eaklor 228). The chorus of "The Rock Island Line" is not difficult to explain as an underground railroad song. Leadbelly's introduction of having the engineer shout out the contents of his cargo can well stem from the custom of slave catchers trying to stop river craft to see if fugitives are aboard. The trickery in the song is not unlike Huck Finn's trickery when he first decides not to betray Jim to the slave catchers.

The line from the chorus "It's a mighty good road" is a straightforward advertisement. "If you wants to ride you gotta ride it like you find it" suggests that the riders must be prepared to go where and how they are directed. And "Get your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line" suggests that contacts can be made to ride this road.

The first verse about meeting Jesus again fits the idea of liberation expressed in so many of the spirituals. Redemption for the slave is through freedom. The second verse, "I may be right an' I may be wrong/ I know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone" is a kind of taunt to those who are afraid to embark on the underground journey because they do not know what is in store for them. It acknowledges an element of risk while it also stresses the loneliness of being left behind. Of course, to the white ear it would sound like an allusion to a love situation. The last verse which sounds like a jump-rope jingle is a bit more obscure in its meaning. The double-X instead of the double-U could well be deliberate. An informant thought that underground railroad routes were sometimes marked with two Xs much as rail crossings are marked with one, but he could not remember why he thought that. The line in the song could be such a signal. "Cats in the cupboard, but they don't see me" could be a line referring to how "Old John," the master, the white man, is boxed in by the guile and wit of the black slave. In the cupboard could mean he can only see the superficial stereotype the black wants him to see. The line could also be a metaphor for rendering the cat-o'-nine-tails useless by escaping its reach. Slaves often referred to them as "cats."

As Leadbelly developed the song from an example of a worksong to one with the enigmatic emphasis on content, he must have had some precedent in mind. He may have been creating one of our more inspiring myths. Some of the motives for the construction of the underground railroad are ambiguous: white settlers did not want blacks settling near them, but neither did they wish them ill. However, most of the motives are an affirmation of equality, of liberty, and of a vision of America which confers full human status and freedom on everyone. "The Rock Island Road" is the celebration of the true freedom road.

Northern State University

REFERENCES CITED

Alexander, Milton Ross. *Recollections and Experiences of An Abolitionist, 1855 to 1865.* Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson, 1875. Rpt. Northbrook, Ill: Metro Books, 1972.

Blockson, Charles L. *The Underground Railroad.* New York: Prentice Hall Press, 1987.

Bowber, Anne A., ed. *History of Clinton County, Iowa.* Clinton: Clinton County Historical Society, 1978.

Bowman, Hank Wieand. *Pioneer Railroads.* New York: Arco Publishing Co. 1954.
Breyfogle, William. *Make Free: The Story of the Underground Railroad.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1958.
Buckmaster, Henriette. *Let My People Go: The Story of the Underground Railroad and the Growth of the Abolition Movement.* New York: Harper Brothers, 1941.
Clarke, S. J. *History of McDonough County, Illinois.* Springfield: D. W. Lusk, 1878.
Cohen, Norman. *The Long Steel Rail.* Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1981.
Eaklor, Vicki L. *American Antislavery Songs: A Collection and Analysis.* New York: Greenwood Press, 1988.
Elsey, Henry. Letter to J. M. Eaton. 18 May 1877. Hazelhorst, Illinois. Augustana College (Rock Island) Library Archives.
Gara, Larry. *The Liberty Line.* Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1967.
Greenway, John. *American Folksongs of Protest.* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953.
Hauberg, John. Collection of Personal papers. Items 14 and 36. Augustana College (Rock Island) Library Archives.
Hereford, Robert A. *Old Man River: The Memories of Capt. Louis Roseke, Pioneer Steamboatman.* Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printer, Ltd., 1942.
Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of Rock Island County, Vol. 1. Chicago: Marsell Publishing Co., 1914.
Landeck, Beatrice. *Echoes of Africa in Folk Songs of the Americas.* Second Revised Edition. New York: David McKay Co., Inc., 1969.
Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter). "Rock Island Line." Elektra EKL 301/2, 1937.
_____. "Rock Island Line." *Leadbelly: A Collection of World Famous Songs by Huddie Ledbetter.* John A. and Alan Lomax, ed. Hally Wood, music editor. New York: TRO—Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., 1959.
_____. "Rock Island Line." Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song. AFS 236 A1, 1934.
_____. "Rock Island Line." *The Rock Island Line. Capitol Records T1821, 1944.*
Lee, Jean C. *Prairies, Prayers, and Promises: An Illustrated History of Galesburg.* Northridge, Colo.: Windsor Publications, 1987.
Lomax, John Avery. *Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Leadbelly.* New York: MacMillan, 1936.
Matson, N. *Reminiscences of Bureau County, in Two Parts.* Princeton, Ill.: Republican Book and Job Office, 1872.
Muelder, Herman R. *Fighting for Freedom.* New York: Columbia University Press, 1959.
Oates, Stephen B. *To Purge This Land With Blood: A Biography of John Brown.* Amherst: The University of Massachusetts Press, 1984.
The Past and Present of Rock Island County, Illinois. Chicago: H. F. Kett, 1877.
Peterson, William J. *Steamboating on the Mississippi River.* Iowa City: Iowa State Historical Society, 1952.
Polson, Terry Ellen, ed. *Corn, Commerce, and Country Living: A History of Henry County, Illinois.* Moline: DeSaulniers and Co., 1968.
Smith, George Owen. *The Lovejoy Shrine, Home of Owen Lovejoy and Station on the Underground Railroad.* © 1949 by author. Rpt. Tiskilwa, Ill.: Bureau Valley Chief, 1987.
Still, William. *The Underground Railroad, A Record.* San Francisco: Bancroft, 1871.
Way, Royal Brunner, ed. *The Rock River Valley.* Chicago: n.p., 1891.

FOUR MIDWESTERN NOVELISTS' RESPONSE TO FRENCH INQUIRIES ON POPULISM

DORYS CROW GROVER

In 1939 Yves Picart, editor of the French journal, *Cahiers de Paris,* wrote to at least six American writers asking them all the same question: How do American writers view "Populism," and how has that movement influenced their writings and letters? The six American writers were Sherwood Anderson, Louis Bromfield, H. L. Davis, James T. Farrell, Upton Sinclair, and William Carlos Williams. The response of four: Anderson, Bromfield, Farrell, and Sinclair will be considered here because they are either Midwesterners or wrote about the Midwest.[1] Picart also asked what kind of people or class the Americans were writing about. He was not particularly interested in populism as an agrarian movement, but as a populist literary movement. It is probable that none of the replies (letters) was ever published.

What appears to have happened is that Picart had been a staff member of a French journal, *Impressions: Revue Litterarie et Artistique* which ceased publication with the January-February 1938 issue. In that journal, Picart had reviewed the works of other American writers, including John Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, and many British and French writers. With the demise of *Impressions,* Picart formed his own journal which he titled *Cahiers de Paris,* and which was published irregularly. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris has a record of the various years of publication but there is a gap for 1939. Issues of the journal did appear as late as 1952. In none of the issues available were the replies of the Midwestern writers given, but reference to Picart's question and the letters of the above six American writers are in the manuscript archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

It was Picart's method to read the most recently published books of American writers, and then to write asking about their

work. The writers often replied, and Picart would use their comments in his literary essays. The essays were usually very perceptive, for Picart was widely read, especially in fiction. Thus, when Sherwood Anderson responded, he did so in a one-page letter, as did Louis Bromfield, and Upton Sinclair. James T. Farrell, on the other hand, wrote a four-page, double-spaced letter with a final paragraph asking, "If you print this, I would be grateful to you if you would send the issue to me" (Letter No. 373). A search has so far indicated the letter was never published; nor were the letters from Anderson, Bromfield, or Sinclair.

Sherwood Anderson apparently received the first inquiry from Picart for his reply is dated 7 December 1938, addressed from New York, though he was living at Marion, Virginia. Anderson writes:

> I am of the opinion that a man writes best out of his own background. We have of course a popular literature here that attempts to glorify the lives of the rich but I think that all of our greater writers have always done just what your group suggests. I have myself always written out of the lives of the poor and the middle class as that is the invironment [sic] out of which I come but the same may also be said of many others here. It does not strike me as a new impulse. Have not many of your great French writers of the past done the same?
>
> It seems to me right and proper that a man write out of his own knowledge and experience of life. What else can he do and keep any integrity?
>
> However I would certainly object to any program that suoer-imposed /sic/ any obligations on any artist. Your real artist is an artist. He is not a propagandist for any class. Let him tell the stories of lives he knows. It is enough. (Letter No. 367)

Anderson, at the time he was replying to Picart's inquiry, was a member of the League of American Writers, an association for American writers formed in 1935 as part of the the "Popular Front" (Rideout 423). In 1937 he became a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and in 1939 was a member of the executive committee of the World Committee Against War and Fascism (438).

During this same period, Louis Bromfield, a native of Mansfield, Ohio, was writing some of his agrarian novels and essays,

and when he replied to Picart's question on 26 February 1939, writes,

> Thank you for your note of February 1st. I was aware of the "Populism" movement and know a good many products of the school. I have been influenced by it insofar as I have written a good deal about the classes mentioned. I do feel, however, that novelists should keep themselves free to write about all classes. The Populist tendency is still in evidence in the American novel today but has become rather more politic than social, that is to say the consciousness is a political one stemming from the base of the Communist Party. (Letter No. 368)

Bromfield's single-spaced, typed letter is signed in full, and as he often did, in the Victorian manner, his salutation was "Yours faithfully." A Pulitzer Prize winner for his novel *Early Autumn* published in 1926, Bromfield's major themes are firmly rooted in the American experience and in the agricultural Midwest out of which he came.

Upton Sinclair was not a native Midwesterner, but his most important novel, *The Jungle* (1906), set in the industrial slums of Chicago's South Side, certainly brought the Midwestern meat-packing industry to public attention. Sinclair was living in Pasadena, California, when he replied to Picart's inquiry of 6 March 1939. Always courteous and often banal, Sinclair writes,

> I have your kind letter. Of course the French movement called "Populism" is very much along the lines of my own work and of that of a whole school of American writers more or less Socialist or "left" in tendency. Most of our critics seem to find this the most important aspect of our literature at present, and our writers are moving to the "left" very rapidly under the influence of Munich. It is interesting to note that the League of American Writers collected opinions from a large group of our writers on the subject of Spain, and there were some two or three hundred in favor of the loyalist government, and only one for Franco. That one is a woman writer of fashionable fiction now about eighty years of age—I mean that is the age of the writer, not of the fiction.
>
> I am suggesting to the secretary of the League of American Writers that he might like to send you a copy of the volume in which these opinions are expressed. (Letter No. 374)

Sinclair's single-spaced, typed letter is signed in full. Sinclair was more of a crusader and muckraker than an adept storyteller. Although a Socialist, he was an opponent of Communism, and with the rise of Mussolini and Hitler, Sinclair became more and more preoccupied with the European scene and with the dangers he felt the United States was facing.

James T. Farrell's lengthy response to Picart's inquiries was dated 11 March 1939 from New York City. Farrell advised Picart that he was familiar with the French "programmatic position concerning 'Populist' writing," but felt he could not discuss it because, he writes,

> Literary tendencies which issue programmatic statements are always directed against definite literary trends and tendencies, and in order to discuss a new tendency, it is essential to know that which it opposes. (Letter No. 371)

Farrell then goes into an interesting discussion of his own method of writing,

> My novels and stories deal with the lower middle class, the *lumpen porletariat*, and the proletariat in Chicago. Most of my stories and all of my novels depend considerable on the vernacular of people from these social groupings in Chicago. My fiction is naturalistic and realistic. The books which I have written to date are part of an organized plan which I have of a long series of books which will seek in terms of fiction, to unfold a series of American destinies, and in so doing, to depict social conditions in this country.
>
> In America, only a few years ago, there was a considerable group of young "proletarian" writers. They sought to write about the working class and to embody the class struggle in the novel. (Letter No. 371)

Farrell complained to Picart that he found many of the "young proletarian writers" guilty of inexecrable bad taste because of their treatment of workers "as if they were 'anthropological savages.' Most of the 'proletarian' novels of that period lacked human warmth and human understanding," he writes. He was at that time concerned with the state of the novel in America and insisted again that,

> The healthiest tendency in American literature during the present century has been one of realism and naturalism. This is a literature which deals with various sections of the American population other than that of high society. Among the writers who have contributed to this literature are Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Abraham Cahan *(The Rise of David Levinsky)*, O. E. Rolvaag, and others. (Letter No. 371)

Farrell had analyzed the novel of realism and naturalism in an earlier paper with particular emphasis on the American short story.

Picart may have written to Farrell because Farrell's greatest impact was as a radical novelist and activist in the Great Depression years and later.

Farrell had some knowledge of the French literary movement in the 1930s for he had eloped to Paris with his bride, Dorothy Butler in April 1931. They spent a year there in poverty and personal tragedy (a son died), as well as literary success and happiness. Farrell published in a small journal, *This Quarter*, founded in 1925 by Edward Titus, who was married to Helena Rubinstein. Titus had opened a bookshop at rue Delamore (14e) under the name Black Manikin and began publishing under the name The Black Manikin Press. Farrell emerged as a writer of realistic fiction, publishing some thirteen stories in France before returning to the United States where in 1932 he launched his Studs Lonigan Trilogy with *Young Lonigan.*

The Studs Lonigan trilogy has the emotional force implicit in its social criticism of class society, in particular the Irish-Catholic laborers in Chicago in the 1930s. In his letter to Picart he explains his writing plans, stating they will "unfold a series of Americn destinies," which will "depict social conditions in this country" (Letter No. 371). His interest in human character continues in his pentalogy based on Danny O'Neill, who first appears in the Studs Lonigan trilogy, and in the Bernard Carr trilogy.

The impact of France upon Farrell's art comes in part from his wide reading in Proust and Trotsky, and in contemporary American writers such as Upton Sinclair, Thomas Wolfe, Henry James, and others. John Chamberlain notes that Farrell was a Trotskyite in the 1930s, but ended his life as a good social Democrat (43-44). Farrell rejected the fundamental tenets of Marxist and Trotskyist politics in the late 1940s, but earlier, soon after his return to the States in 1932, from France, he lived in

New York where he became a leader in the Anti-Stalinist Literary-Cultural Left in America. Later he returned to Chicago. His fiction reflects his belief in the enduring humanistic values.

Louis Bromfield (1896-1956) was one of many writers of his generation for whch residence in France provided a clearer understanding of his American subject matter. Bromfield had served as an ambulance driver until 1918 and was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* by the French government. He returned to the States in 1919, but in 1925 he returned to France with his family on a vacation that turned into a residence of thirteen years. He lived in Paris before moving to an ancient *Presbytère* in Senlis where he wrote and had a large garden. He finally settled near Mansfield, Ohio, in 1938, where Malcolm Cowley writes, he "bought a thousand acres of farmland in his native Ohio" (*Dream* 185).

During the years he spent in France he published novels that condemned industrialism and materialism. His best novel, *The Farm,* published before his return to America, is an autobiographical work in which he reveals his philosophy of individualism and the decline of his family's agrarian life and its replacement by the new industrial order. Anderson scholar, David D. Anderson (no relation), notes that, "In intent and execution *The Farm* has much in common with Sherwood Anderson's *Tar: A Midwest Childhood;* but *The Farm* is much broader in scope" (*Louis Bromfield* 88). Chamberlain notes that in the nineteen-forties Bromfield was "plowing his profits from novels into some exciting soil-renewal experiments at his farm at Pleasant Valley near Mansfield, Ohio" (99). The work based on these experiments was *Malabar Farm* (1948) which provided source material for many of Bromfield's later books. Farming took precedence over fiction in his life as he developed scientific methods for crop production. His Jeffersonian agrarianism was classically American, but it was also a philosophy rooted in eighteenth-century French influences, and in the agrarian spirit he had inherited from his Midwestern ancestors. It is his clear and forceful presentation of an agrarian point of view for which Bromfield is best remembered.

Although Sherwood Anderson had a native Ohio agrarian background, and arrived upon the literary horizon with an autobiographical work, *Windy McPherson's Son* (1916), in his later novels he moved into the village where place was important in

"exploring the problem of human isolation (David D. Anderson 39). In his letter to Picart he writes, "I have myself always written out of the lives of the poor and the middle class as that is the invironment [sic] out of which I come . . ." (Letter No. 367). Yet, when *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919) appeared, Anderson seemed a new voice in American literature for his work expressed the Waste Land theme given further meaning by T. S. Eliot, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Nathaniel West, James T. Farrell, and others. *Winesburg, Ohio*'s themes of social emptiness, sexual repression, familial relations, religious hypocrisy, and cultural behavior were expanded by the proletarian novelists to include political aspects of society.

Anderson was not a proletarian writer, but his *Mid-American Chants* (1919), and *Poor White* (1920) delineate the decline of the "pastoral golden age" in the 1880s and 1890s in America. Though structurally difficult, Anderson's *Marchng Men* (1917) is a socialist novel in which Anderson examines the impact of industrialism in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town upon a sensitive youth and traces the harmful effect of his warped personality upon society.

Two other novels, *Beyond Desire* (1932) and *Kit Brandon* (1935), both deal with the working class in Southern mill towns. Often artistic in his writing and the handling of his characters and themes, Anderson echoes earlier protests by Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, Herman Melville, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and William Dean Howells. Many of Anderson's great short stories take up ideas of social protest, and his greatest success appears to be with the stories located in the pre-industrial small town in America's heartland which was often repressive as well as warmly human.

Anderson was in Chicago in the Midwestern literary renascence of the teens, and did travel to Paris for short visits in 1921 and in 1926. An influence of Gertrude Stein upon his writing has been noticed by critics, but his greatest contribution to American literature has been in the development of the modern short story.

The fourth of the letter writers to Yves Picart, Upton Sinclair, was not a Midwesterner by birth or residence, but he wrote one of the most sensational social protest novels in American literature. *The Jungle* (1906) is set in Chicago and concerns the industrial proletariat with an emphasis that socialism is a way to improve the lives of the Lithuanian immigrant workers. His first

literary expression of socialism came with the novel *Manassas* (1904), set in the Civil War South. Novel after novel followed with the same message regarding working conditions of the poor and of government corruption. Throughout his writing career that spanned six decades, during which his literary production was staggering, including the final eleven-volume Lanny Budd series, his main concerns were politics and economics. His biographer Leon Harris refers to him as an American rebel. Like Farrell with his series of books, Sinclair's Lanny Budd series unfolded a series of American destinies.

Unlike Farrell, however, Sinclair was often preachy and filled with religious pomposity; yet, he remained popular with readers until the middle 1950s when the reading mood of the nation changed following World War II. Still, he was an idealist and a visionary of romantic, even Nietzschean, traits who confronted the facts of twentieth-century industrial life in fiction that had a more concrete influence on Americans than most novelists of his time. Sinclair never gave up trying to reform the world and its people, and he seldom varied from his portrayal of radicals' discontent over low wages, unemployment, labor, hunger, government intervention, and in particular, the working class struggle.

Proletarian literature is a revolutionary subgenre, both party-connected and working-class oriented, that continues to attract writers concerned with humanistic values. By the end of World War II, production of class-based, work-oriented literature had almost disappeared due to the increasing prosperity of the people, but in their time, the proletarian novelists spoke to the most fundamental concerns of American society.

What one realizes after considering Picart's interest in American populist writing and some writers' responses to his enquiry is that "serious, realistic/naturalistic literature, in vogue in Europe at this time was delayed in America by the rise of proletariat fiction" (Hornung 333). Yet, the first Marxist novel written in the United States, and the progenitor of the proletarian novel in America was *Fata Morgana* published in 1858, in German in St. Louis. When the proletarian novels emerged in the late 1920s the writers borrowed from Soviet models of social concern.

Yet some of the American writers were indifferent to the Socialist or Communist causes abroad. When asked if he knew the difference between a Socialist and a Communist, Sherwood

Anderson is said to have replied, "I don't know. I guess the Communists mean it" (Cowley, *Dream* 112). But when Anderson heard that Theodore Dreiser had been accused of being a Communist, he said, "He isn't, any more than I am. He couldn't be if he wanted to be. They wouldn't have him" (117). If these writers—Anderson, Bromfield, Farrell, and Sinclair—and others dreamed of reshaping history, Malcolm Cowley says such a dream was "never so prevalent as in the 1930s" when,

> it was shared in different degrees by Italian and German Fascists, by Socialists, Labourites, and New Dealers, not to mention smaller sects like Single Taxers, Social Creditors, Townsendites, Technocrats, and dozens of others, each with its own notion of what the determining pattern should be. (*Literary* 55).

Yves Picart apparently saw this in the works of the American writers he was reading in the 1930s, and realized that in terms of the dream they depicted the failure of those dreams advocated in the piecemeal reform ideals advanced by the various political movements. In France around 1929, viewers of populism held that fiction should be written for the people about the people. The evolution of proletarian American fiction relies heavily on the influence of foreign writers and of foreign theory, both creative and critical.

Many memorable American novels which came out of this era have taken a place in the literary history of the nation. There was so much energy and activity in the intellectual world during these years that to present only four writers and their place in that time is but a short chapter on the subject of populism and its influence on American literature.

East Texas State University

NOTES

1. The letters of all six American writers are in the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, France. The letters Yves Picart sent to the writers were not available but the information regarding Picart's questions was given in the papers.

This paper was partially funded by a research grant from East Texas State University.

WORKS CITED

Anderson, David D. *Sherwood Anderson: An Introduction and Interpretation.* New York: Holt, 1967.

———. *Louis Bromfield.* New Haven: College & University P, 1964.

Anderson, Sherwood. Letter No. 367. 7 Dec. 1938. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Bromfield, Louis. Letter No. 368. 26 Feb. 1939. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Chamberlain, John. *A Life with the Printed Word.* Chicago, Regnery, 1982.

Cowley, Malcolm. *The Dream of the Golden Mountains: Remembering the 1930s.* New York: Viking, 1980.

_____. *The Literary Situation.* 1954. New York: Viking, 1966.

Farrell, James T. Letter No. 371. 11 March 1939. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Harris, Leon. *Upton Sinclair: American Rebel.* New York: Crowell, 1975.

Hornung, Alfred. "The Political Uses of Popular Fiction in the Muckraking Movement." *Revue Française d'Études Amèricaines* 87 (May 1981): 333-48.

Rideout, Walter B. *The Radical Novel in the United States, 1890-1954: Some Interrelations of Literature and Society.* Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1956.

Sinclair, Upton. Letter No. 374. 6 March 1939. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

FRENCH CRITICISM OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A BRIEF SURVEY (1932-89)

PAUL W. MILLER

In 1969 Robert W. Lewis, Jr., appropriately linking the high critical reputations of Hemingway and Faulkner in the United States, made this statement, whose truth has been confirmed by the passage of time: "Along with Faulkner, Hemingway is often considered the major writer of fiction in American literature of the twentieth century" (357). If, however, Lewis had been comparing the critical reputation of Hemingway and Faulkner in France in 1969, or more recently, his statement would have had to be radically revised. For although Hemingway, Faulkner, and possibly Steinbeck are still on the French short list of distinguished American novelists compiled by Sartre in 1939, and although translations of Hemingway's fiction in France have consistently outsold Faulkner's by a wide margin, there has been no contest in France so far as the amount of serious critical attention devoted to Hemingway and Faulkner is concerned, or so far as the critical reputation of these two authors is concerned. Faulkner has won hands down, for a variety of reasons. One recent French critic of Faulkner, Jean Rouberol, has suggested that the immense fascination of the French for Faulkner has to do with their identification of Faulkner's South with *their* South, that is, the rebellious, now lost colony of Algeria, and with Faulkner's loving portayal (like Camus' in *The Stranger*) of the misfortunes of his part of his native land (11-12). Another French critic of Faulkner, Michel Gresset, writes that Faulkner "is perhaps, along with Poe, the most 'French' of all American writers" (486). Thus while thorough, almost reverent examination of every aspect of Faulkner's life and art has continued to flow from the French academic establishment in ever-increasing abundance, the serious critical attention paid to Hemingway has been sparse, often condescending,

and with few exceptions, devoted to the legend, life, or ideas of Hemingway, rather than to his art. Whereas Faulkner has been viewed in France as a brilliant representative of the culture of the South, whose complexity of style and exploded narrative technique are justified by the richness of his vision and by his deep exploration of the inner life, Hemingway has been viewed as an immature writer who failed to recognize till he wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) the claims of the community and of society on the individual. Commonly viewed in France as a powerful but primitive writer, an uneducated barbarian ignorant of the classics of the Western World, a kind of noble American savage with a white face, dedicated to if not actual glorying in external violence, Hemingway has nevertheless been recognized as a writer who achieved greatness by virtue of his original style, a style so clear and simple as to require little or no analysis, in contrast to Faulkner's. Insofar as a short sentence can summarize the paradoxical French view of Hemingway, Roger Asselineau, the Dean of French Hemingway studies and his great admirer, did it well in 1965, with his iron fist clenched tightly in his velvet glove: "True, [Hemingway], had little to say, but he said it wonderfully" (Asselineau 65). Yet in 1991 Asselineau argues, without repudiating his earlier statement, that although Hemingway is narrower than Faulkner in his approach to man, he is no less profound and complex within that narrow range. Asselineau's extreme praise joined to a subtle undercutting of Hemingway's achievement and reputation illustrates what Marianne Debouzy has called the "perfect contradiction" of French critical response to Hemingway from the beginning (Hily-Mane, "Hemingway's Reputation" 6).

In contrast to the traditional French view of Hemingway, Jean-Marie Bonnet, Director of the University of Nancy's Center of American Studies and President of the Presses Universitaires de Nancy, insists that as far as French critics are concerned, Hemingway has no importance today apart from his considerable historical importance as perhaps the best "painter" of the lost generation (Bonnet 106). His success was a product of the war; because he dealt with war, which everyone had experienced, everyone was interested in what he wrote. But he did not have the staying power of Faulkner, who wrote about man, not just about man in the context of war. Also, Hemingway was popular

because he was part of a group of writers of the fifth and sixth *arrondisements* in Paris who determined the literary and artistic taste of the time. (Now, of course, the situation is far different, since in the age of the mass media Paris is just one of the "provinces," following the taste of the age but not necessarily creating it.)

In France today, according to Bonnet, there is no new scholarship of significance on Hemingway. The French critics view him as defective philosophically. Hence they regard high-flown critical effusions about the "eternal moment" in Hemingway, the brief ecstasy that almost transcends the passage of time, as nonsense—an attempt to explain what he *thought* he was doing, but not to be taken seriously on its own terms.

According to the distinguished Americanist Gilbert Debusscher of the Université Libre de Bruxelles, also a center of Francophone culture, the critical reputation of Hemingway in Belgium may be even lower than in France. Debusscher reports that all his students in a recent American literature class professed to like Faulkner better than Hemingway, in spite of their difficulty reading Faulkner in English. One student, speaking out unchallenged by others in the class, claimed that Hemingway's fiction is no better than "littérature de gare," railroad station literature. Such an opinion, if taken seriously, would constitute a kind of ultimate affront to a writer of Hemingway's stature, accused by modern Francophone youth in Belgium of writing novels having no higher purpose than pure entertainment, like those of Mickey Spillane or Danielle Steele.

However sobering and thought-provoking the suggested explanations of Hemingway's paradoxical and declining Francophone reputation may be, I did not find them wholly convincing. What Debusscher merely hinted at in his comments on Hemingway and Faulkner in the Francophone classroom may need to be further developed in light of the observation that whereas Hemingway is read and admired by the common people in France and Belgium, Faulkner is the darling of the intellectuals. Perhaps, then, if an aspiring student wishes to identify with the Francophone elite and ultimately join them, he had best pay tribute to Faulkner, and for good measure, revile Hemingway, as a sign that he is PC (Politically Correct), or perhaps more accurately, CC (Culturally Correct).

In retrospect one sees that in an intellectual mileu that at best took a paradoxical view of Hemingway and at worst was hostile to both the man and his fiction, significant criticism of his art might be long in coming, if indeed it were ever to appear. Yet in 1969, the year Marianne Debouzy completed an important unpublished bibliographical thesis on French criticism of Hemingway from 1926 to 1968, and continuing with Geneviéve Hily-Mane's superb doctoral dissertation *Le Style de Ernest Hemingway: La Plume et le Masque,* published as a book in 1983 but not yet translated into English, it appeared that Hemingway's critical fortunes in France might be about to undergo a sea change. But in fact, although Hily-Mane published significant criticism of Hemingway both before and after her dissertation, her work has not been much emulated by French critics, despite the impetus to Hemingway criticism provided by the opening to the public of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library in the 1980s, a development on which she has capitalized in her continuing study of manuscript variants. In contrast to Hemingway, Faulkner has been the beneficiary of at least three important French studies in a decade (two of them translated into English), five doctoral dissertations, and several special numbers of periodicals (Hily-Mane, "Hemingway in France" 14).

Probably Michel Terrier, writing in 1979, accurately summed up the still prevalent view of Hemingway in France when he wrote that Hemingway's reputation, after having peaked in the 1950s and 1960s, has much declined, along with Steinbeck's and Dos Passos', among early twentieth century American novelists, with only Faulkner and Fitzgerald continuing to gain stature. According to Terrier, Hemingway, like Lewis, Steinbeck, Farrell, and Dos Passos, oversimplifed human nature, in the process creating two-dimensional, dehumanized characters exhibiting alienation from society (18-20). The fact that Faulkner also created two or even one-dimensional characters like the Snopeses, perceived as cut out of tin like mechanical men, is conveniently ignored by Terrier, as is the possible significance of this dehumanized portrayal of twentieth-century man, stripped of ritual and tradition.

In the remainder of this paper I mean to compare and contrast the French critics' perception of Hemingway and of Hemingway's ideas in his early and late years, to note the rise in his critical reputation as French critics perceived a more "mature" Hemingway emerging in such later works as *For Whom The Bell Tolls* and the *Old Man and the Sea* (1952), to mention a few of the more memorable comments of these critics on the famous Hemingway style, and finally, to consider briefly Hily-Mane's heroic attempt to redeem French Hemingway criticism from its obsession with the legend, the man, and his ideas, and from its superficial, condescending treatment of the art and style of the master.

For an example of harsh criticism of the early Hemingway by French critics, I turn now to Maurice-Edgar Coindreau, who after brilliantly translating *A Farewell to Arms,* attacked both the man and his fictions in an influential critique dated 1932. Coindreau could not tolerate the Hemingway myth, taken to reflect the author's posturing and his lack of artistic objectivity in a new genre, dubbed by Coindreau "the alcoholic novel." In "the alcoholic novel," the characters turn on their gramophones, manipulate the dials of their radios, and, when they feel that, in spite of everything, they're going to start thinking, they uncork their whiskey bottles (169). Although Coindreau confesses yielding to Hemingway's "somewhat dry and brittle prose as sharp as the edge of a diamond," suddenly the myth appears and the spell is broken. One is disappointed, angry that Hemingway is not content to be himself. Hemingway's distortion or perversion of reality extends from his self-portraiture to his portrayal of characters in the novels. Thus, in *The Sun Also Rises,* all the characters are alcoholic cowards. In *A Farewell to Arms,* his characters are all ruled by impotence, cowardice, and fear. Such characters, despite their "double muscles," belong to the defeated, hiding it under a mask of cynicism (Asselineau 47-49).

Coindreau's critique, which doubtless contributed to the decline of Hemingway's critical reputation in France in the 1930s, assaulted both the man as perceived in the work and the pessimism of his outlook on human nature. Though Coindreau never recanted, Sartre's criticism in 1939 anticipates the new wave of enthusiasm that greeted the French translation of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1944), a novel taken to manifest the more mature Hemingway, some evidence of which had already been observed in *To Have and Have Not* (1937) [Asselineau 63; Terrier

139]. At the outbreak of World War II, Sartre identified Hemingway as one of *les cinq grands,* the five great American novelists who had revolutionized French literature between the wars:

> The greatest literary development in France between 1929 and 1939 was the discovery of Faulkner, Dos Passos, Caldwell, Steinbeck. . . . To writers of my generation, the publication of *The 42nd Parallel, Light in August, A Farewell to Arms* evoked a revolution similar to the one produced fifteen years earlier in Europe by the *Ulysses* of James Joyce (Asselineau 61-62).

Following up on the notion that a somewhat more affirmative, mature Hemingway emerged in the later novels, Asselineau in 1965 distinguished between a dark or nihilistic period from the first works up to but not including *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and a whitish, rosy, or idealistic period from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to the time of his death. But to say that Hemingway became more mature in his later works is not to say that he ever became fully mature. Quoting with approval François Mauriac's suggestion that Hemingway was a writer stuck in early manhood, Asselineau concedes that his fiction at its best shows a stoic awareness of the human condition. "But," he continues, "he never really had a valid message to communicate and, compared to such writers as Stendhal and Malraux who touched upon the same subjects, he looks almost immature" (Asselineau 63, 65).

Perpetuating distinctions made by Asselineau and others between the early and late Hemingway, Terrier in *Le Roman Américain* (1979) argued that whereas the early novels reveal the individualist responding to alienation from society with stoic isolation, the later novels, like those of Dos Passos and Farrell, illustrate the literature of engagement, with individualistic values kept in balance with political and social concerns. Thus in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* unlike *A Farewell To Arms,* the hero tries to place himself in history, caught between the sensual world of the individual and the larger world of political obligation, both furnishing the individual "a bit of an escape from death." In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* a man can escape from the anguish of separation and death by accomplishing a task calling for technical skill, in this case blowing up the bridge. Unlike Frederick Henry in *A Farewell to Arms,* Robert Jordan does not sign a separate peace but joins in the political fight, which here takes

on planetary significance. His allegiance to the Republican cause is total, with ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity taking on a mystical, almost religious quality. By such commitment the individual can find a place in history and in society, transcending death in the act of fighting for a cause. In this case the cause of greater brotherhood (141, 145-48). Terrier concludes that at the end of *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* as elsewhere in Hemingway's best writing, "the intensity of the present moment is transformed into an ecstasy which has a taste of eternity" (141). Here Terrier reflects a tradition of French Hemingway criticism that goes back at least as far as Claude-Edmonde Magny in 1948, who found in Hemingway, as in other American novelists supposedly influenced by cinematic techniques, the exaltation of the moment, but did not find the philosophical and religious coherence associated with great art: "Of the three classical dimensions, those that Heidegger calls "the three ecstasies of time," only two, the past and the present, are reconciled [in Hemingway's fiction]. The moment is not eternity, and all the marvels of Hemingway's art cannot make of it a satisfactory equivalent" (Magny 159).

Having been obsessed most of the time with Hemingway's legend, his life, and his ideas, the French critics have found little time to analyze his style, a style they have regarded as so simple as to require little analysis anyway. In consequence they have sought and have usually found ways to characterize his style succinctly and cleverly, before going on to other, more interesting concerns. Though perhaps no French critic has been quite as resourceful as the Italian critic Nemi D'Agostino describing Hemingway's style as "a structure of words as fresh as pebbles picked up from a torrent's bed," Drieu La Rochelle, the French writer, came close when he compared Hemingway, or perhaps the effect of Hemingway's style, to "a joyful rhinoceros who has bathed early in the morning and rushes to breakfast" (Praz 124; Asselineau 59). "André Maurois, in *Les Romanciers Américains* (1931), also took up the challenge of describing Hemingway's style. Drawing his comparisons from architecture rather than the animal kingdom, he found that this style was "made of wellcut metallic elements. It calls to mind certain modern buildings: girders and concrete. Elegance is obtained by shrinking from elegance. There are on Hemingway's facades neither Corinthian columns nor mass-produced naked, women." Asselineau himself

entered the contest to praise Hemingway's style,—"that wonderful style with punch in it, that extraordinary style which, taking the vernacular as its instrument, manages to make it express everything and anything and to create a fourth and even a fifth dimension" (Asselineau 59, 65). But it remained for Hily-Mane to pay Hemingway's style the respect it deserved, by examining it with thoroughness and critical expertise, in the process treating style as a vehicle of expression, not just a mannerism.

Taking seriously Hemingway's familiar image of the iceberg applied to his writing, that there is "seven eights of it underwater for every part that shows," Hily-Mane in *Le Style de Ernest Hemingway* has plumbed the depths of Hemingway's style—clear, telegraphic, and simple on the surface, but immensely complex, ambiguous, and/or equivocal underneath. In doing so, she has skillfully employed a variety of critical tools: linguistic and rhetorical analysis (she's been teaching linguistics for almost twenty years), Nathalie Sarraute's purposeful probing of the "sous-dialogue" or subtext revealing abnormal tension beneath the explicit message, and the New Criticism, based on study of narrative elements such as point of view and stylistic elements such as imagery assumed to contribute to the meaningful structure of the fiction in question. Another arrow in Hily-Mane's critical quiver, as noted above, is the study of successive manuscripts or fragments of work in progress, in order to trace the gradual clarification of the author's artistic intentions, and his refinement of the expressive means of achieving them. More recently, in a long article on *The Garden of Eden* published in *Etudes Anglaises* and appropriately subtitled "Le Vrai Paradis Perdu de Hemingway" ("The True Paradise Lost of Hemingway"), she has broadened her critical approach to embrace intertextuality as she relates Hemingway's last, unfinished novel to Proust's autobiographical *magnum opus, A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,* and to Milton's epic of the fall. Citing evidence from the manuscripts and the novel published in 1986, as well as from *A Moveable Feast,* begun at the same time as *The Garden of Eden,* Hily-Mane argues that Hemingway was subtly but deliberately invoking Proust's shade in order to highlight the American novelist's purpose of writing a deliberately autobiographical fiction like Proust's. Likewise Hemingway invoked the Judae-Christian myth of the fall, and particularly Milton's epic

treatment of the fall, to extend the significance of his protagonist David Bourne's fall. As interpreted by Hily-Mane, however, the Garden of Eden in manscript is not, like Proust's, the story of the artist's lost time being redeemed and in a sense restored by art, nor is it, like Milton's, the story of a fortunate fall. Instead, it is the story of a most unfortunate fall, a story of double damnation, in which David-Ernest gives up his love for Catherine-Hadley in order to pursue his demon Marita-Pauline, in the process losing his soul together with his talent as a writer.

Most recently, Hily-Mane has published a book on *The Old Man and the Sea,* entitled *Le Vieil Homme et la Mer d'Ernest Hemingway* (1991). Here she develops a point of view already hinted at in Asselineau's article "An Interim Report on Hemingway's Posthumous Fiction" (1988). In this article Asselineau notes that by the time Hemingway was writing about young David's safari in *The Garden of Eden,* his attitude toward big game hunting had completely changed, as revealed by the novelist's close identification with David's attitude:

> He [Hemingway] now sympathizes with the victim: "the bull [elephant] wasn't doing anyone any harm and now we've tracked him to where he came to see his dead friend and now we're going to kill him. . . . The elephant was his [David's] hero now," and he hates his father who, to a large extent, is modeled on the Hemingway of *The Green Hills of Africa.* (180)

Likewise, in *The Old Man and the Sea,* Hily-Mane finds the destruction of Santiago's big fish by sharks a sign of Hemingway's bad ecological conscience after the "drunken eroticism" of animal killing celebrated in *The Green Hills of Africa* and *Death in the Afternoon.* In symbolic terms, the sharks represent nature's punishment for the fisherman's "methodical murder" of the marlin (128).

Though Hily-Mane herself has devoted some attention in her recent work to autobiographical elements in Hemingway's fiction, she has generally been unenthusiastic about studies, including French ones, which have ignored or exploited Hemingway's art in pursuit of the legend or the man. (In a recent review of Kenneth Lynn's biography, for example, she notes with amazement bordering on disbelief that no less than fourteen biographical studies of Hemingway appeared between 1982 and 1987

["Hemingway Derrière ses Masques" 6]). Thus she began her book on Hemingway's style, as she explained to me, not by looking for the truth about the man, "but [for] the way the artist builds up and conveys a truth."

Ironically, however, in spite of her best efforts, a picture of the man emerges by the end of her book. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," for example, the author behind the narrator comes across as the most elusive and mysterious of authors, almost but not quite self-effacing—a paradox, given the well known assertiveness, not to say Maileresque, pugnacious self-advertisement, of many of his public utterances (Hiley-Mane, *Le Style* 276-79). In her article on *The Garden of Eden,* Hily-Mane comes to recognize the truth that she has long resisted, and that numerous critics, including some French ones, have long maintained—that it is impossible to separate the legend of Hemingway from the life, or the legend and life from the deliberately autobiographical fiction he created, especially in his last novel. In the words of J. Gerald Kennedy, a recent Franco-American critic Hily-Mane cites with approval, Hemingway, like many post-romantic novelists, blurred the traditional distinction between life and literature:

> [He] understood, perhaps better than any of his comtemporaries, the twentieth century fascination with personality, and he devised a public image calculated to excite interest in his writings. Working from the materials of his experience, he transmuted life into fiction in a double sense: his novels and stories bore the traces of real persons, places, and events; but by the same retrospective process his life became made-up, fabulistic—not through a failure of memory but because the need to possess a fabulous past overwhelmed recollection itself. . . . If he exploited the popular cult of personality, he was also its captive, and his late narrative *The Garden of Eden* discloses Hemingway succumbing to the pressure of autobiography, transforming his life into fictionalized confessions. (460-61)

Despite her growing awareness of the pressure on Hemingway to write autobiographical fiction, Hily-Mane gives him more credit than Kennedy does for being guided by broader artistic intentions, even when they could not be fully achieved. Through her sensitive exploration of the complex tensions in Hemingway's work between autobiographical expression involving masks that

both reveal and conceal the self, and mythological expression that probes the human condition and the reality of the world outside the self, Hily-Mane has made a balanced, extremely valuable contribution to French Hemingway studies. It is to be hoped not only that her work will soon be translated into English, but that it will serve as an inspiration if not a model for critical studies of Hemingway's art, both in France and elsewhere.

Wittenberg University

WORKS CITED

Asselineau, Roger. "French Reactions to Hemingway's Works Between the Two World Wars." *The Literary Reputation of Hemingway in Europe.* Ed. Roger Asselineau. New York: NYU P, 1965. 39-72.

_____. "An Interim Report on Hemingway's Posthumous Fiction." *Hemingway E. Venezia.* Florence: Olschki, 1988. 173-90.

Bonnet, Jean-Marie. "Une Guerre Gagnée pour une Génération Perdue." *Du Sergent York à Patton: les Américains en Meuse 1917-1991.* Bar-le-Duc: Societé des Lettres, Sciences et Arts, 1988. 103-07.

Coindreau, Maurice E. "L'Amérique et le Roman Alcoolique." *Cahiers du Sud* 19 (April 1932): 166-72.

Debouzy, Marianne. "la Critique Française de E. Hemingway: 1926-1968." This complementary thesis to the thesis for the Doctorat d'Etat, 1969, is supposed to be in the Library of the Sorbonne, 47 Rue des Ecoles, 75230 Paris Cedex 05, but in fact is not. Probably a copy exists in one of the other libraries of the Sorbonne, and several copies are in private hands.

Gresset, Michel. "French Contributions." *American Literary Scholarship: An Annual 1988.* Durham: Duke UP, 1990. 482-98.

Hemingway, Ernest. *The Garden of Eden.* New York: Scribner's, 1986.

Hily-Mane, Geneviève. *Le Style de Ernest Hemingway: La Plume et le Masque.* Paris: PUF, 1983.

_____. "Hemingway en France." *La Quinzaine Littéraire* 16 Nov. 1986: 13-14.

_____. "Hemingway's Reputation in France: A Retrospective and Update." Unpublished MS written 1984, revised 1987, thirteen pages in length.

_____. "The Garden of Eden, du Manuscript au Roman Eoblié: Le Vrai Paradis Perdu de Hemingway." *Etudes Anglaises* 422 (1989): 282-303.

_____. "Hemingway Derrière ses Masques." *la Quinzaine Littéraire* 1 June 1990: 6-7.

_____. *Le Vieil Homme et la Mer d'Ernest Hemingway.* Paris: Gallimard, 1991.

Kennedy, J: Gerald. "Life as Fiction: The Lure of Hemingway's Garden." *The Southern Review* 24 (1988): 451061.

Lewis, Robert W., Jr. "Hemingway, Ernest." *Encyclopedia of World Literature in the 20th Century.* Ed. Leonard S. Klein. 4 vols. Revised ed. New York: Ungar, 1982 [1969], vol. 2. 353-57.

Magny, Claude-Edmonde. *The Age of the American Novel.* Trans. Eleanor Hochmann. New York: Ungar, 1972 [1948].

Praz, Mario. "Hemingway in Italy." *The Literary Reputation of Hemingway in Europe.* Ed. Roger Asselineau. New York; NYU P, 1965. 93-125.

Rouberol, Jean. *L'Esprit du Sud dans l'Oeuvre de Faulkner.* Paris: Didier, 1982.

Terrier, Michel. *Le Roman Américain.* Paris: PUF, 1979.

AN IOWA WOMAN'S LIFE: RUTH SUCKOW'S *CORA*

MARY JEAN DEMARR

Ruth Suckow's sensitive and realistic fiction is filled with portraits of women and of their families. Among the novels of the productive middle period which produced her finest work, *The Bonney Family* (1928), *The Kramer Girls* (1930), and *The Folks* (1934) concentrate on families, including portraits of fathers and sons as well as of mothers and daughters. In these novels, however, the female characters tend to be the more fully rounded and completely characterized; their choices and their fates, no matter how mundane, are in general far more compelling than the stories of their male counterparts. As its title indicates, *The Kramer Girls* studies a family consisting in fact almost entirely of women. In that same period, *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl* (1925) and *Cora* (1929) focus primarily on their protagonists, while studying also the women—and to a much lesser degree, the men—who influence them. *Odyssey* and *Cora* are unique among Suckow's novels in that each follows a single female protagonist on her life quest from childhood to maturity, exploring her professional goals and attainments (or lack of attainments) as well as her personal, emotional questing. They differ importantly in that *Odyssey,* like most of Suckow's fiction, is set among the middle-class, while *Cora,* the subject here, centers on a character from a working-class family.

Cora is Suckow's most focused treatment of a theme which underlay much of her fiction about women in her middle period: the conflict for an intelligent woman between love and work or, to put it another way, the difficulties for a woman in a patriarchal society who attempts to find both personal and professional success and fulfillment. In this novel, Suckow approaches the theme in two primary ways: Through following the search of

Cora Schwietert for a complete and fulfilling life, and through contrasting Cora's experiences with those of several other women who struggle through different circumstances or make different choices. Suckow's habitual effective use of the Midwestern scene and her characteristic flat or repressed tone combine well with her realistically grim assessment of an Iowa woman's scant likelihood of success in balancing personal and professional goals in the 1920s.

In brief, *Cora* is the story of an Iowa girl, daughter of an impecunious German immigrant, who becomes a financial success through her drive and hard work but who is left with an arid personal life after the end of her disastrous marriage to a man like her father in charm and financial irresponsibility but lacking his honesty and love for others. The story is in many ways typical of Suckow's fiction of shallow lives and unfulfilled yearnings. One of Suckow's critics has argued that her central theme is that of "women as victims" and cites *Cora* as the outstanding example of this preoccupation of the author (Hamblen 20). This seems an overstatement, for Cora makes her own choices and if she is victimized it is partly by her own impulsive acts and partly by her inability to reach intimacy with others. These are paradoxically at odds with each other: her disastrous marriage, an act of pure impulse and passion, is her one attempt to find intimacy; its failure returns her to the hard coldness that had formed her protective shell from childhood. This hardness insulates her from further pain, but it also keeps her from achieving any other human relationships and leaves her imprisoned in her isolation.

The novel has an esentially dramatic structure. It is divided into five parts, which carry Cora's story inexorably to its bleak conclusion. In Part One, we meet the Schwietert family in their home in Warwick, a small Iowa town; Cora is a young girl, with all possibility before her. She is just becoming interested in boys, and she has a feeling of permanence in Warwick which she had lacked in the peripatetic family's earlier history. Most significant, she has a close friend, Evelyn Anderson, daughter of a prominent and prosperous middle-class Warwick family, who becomes (mostly off-stage) an extremely important character in the novel. However, as always, opportunity elsewhere seems to beckon to Chris Schwietert, and the family, much to Cora's grief, moves on to Onawa, a larger but still small Iowa town.

Part II begins some years later; showing the fierce determination that characterizes her from this time on, Cora has insisted that the family settle permanently in Onawa. By the time this section begins, she has completed her schooling and begun her rise in business. A significant span of time passes in this part, as Cora rises from her beginning as a clerk in a ten-cent store to a responsible secretarial position. Her mother now runs a boarding house, and the family reaches a modicum of financial stability. One of Cora's sisters has died, another marries, and Cora herself discourages suitors because they would distract her from her single-minded pursuit of security. Because of her success and her resolution, the family has become dependent on her, and she has become hardened and grim. Cora's contrast with Evelyn Anderson, a favored child of fortune, is several times evoked.

In Part III, the themes of work and emptiness are continued. Cora's father dies and her mother becomes ill, apparently imprisoning Cora still more firmly in her self-created Onawa cage. She has begun to make some social contacts among other successful businesswomen, but these too fail to bring her satisfaction. At the end of this section, a crucial moment occurs: sick of her work, she has uncharacteristically decided to take a vacation trip to Yellowstone, when a major promotion is offered to her. Almost without realizing what she is doing, she refuses the promotion in order to take her first holiday ever. Meantime, news comes that Evelyn, the child of fortune, has had a breakdown and is in a sanatorium.

Part IV contains the apparent turning point of the novel—ironically it brings Cora back to her earlier course after what turns out to be only a brief deviation. On her trip to Yellowstone—the trip and her fellow travelers are effectively and sometimes amusingly described—she meets and falls in love with Gerald Matthews. The time in the park is magical, seeming like a time-out-of-time to Cora, so that when it is over she can scarcely bear the thought of returning to her drab reality in Onawa. When she does return it is only to tell her family that she has married and will henceforth live in Denver with her new husband. Thus the path of her life seems to have altered drastically.

Part V is essentially the aftermath of the joy and passion discovered in Part IV. Everything changes, bringing Cora back to her beginnings. We first see the newlyweds in a Denver

apartment which Cora cleans and polishes with loving care—but already she feels frustration at her lack of productive work and there are soon hints that Gerald's business dealings are not all that they should be. Cora's sexual passion and fulfillment are frankly if discretely indicated. The descent begins quickly: Cora discovers that Gerald has not paid the rent on their loved apartment and that he has other debts, and she insists that they pay the arrears and leave. Their next stop is a small town, Fort Davis, where a drab apartment gives Cora no joy and where she admits that Gerald simply is neither honest nor dependable. Pregnant, she realizes, in a particularly poignant chapter whose changes of mood are strikingly evoked, that Gerald has deserted her. Alone, she goes to Denver, where her daughter is born. With the baby, she returns to Onawa and moves back in with her mother and family, only to learn of Evelyn's untimely and meaningless death. She reenters the business world in this small town. Again her ambition and ability bring her to success; she reestablishes ties with the other businesswomen of the community, and eventually, as a result of this networking, she becomes partner in a succesful children's-wear shop. Although she conscientiously rears her daughter, she seems insulated from loving even her very much, and the conclusion of her story finds her wrapped up in her emptiness and bitterness—but at least with an accompanying acceptance of her lot.

This dramatic structure, so neatly laid out by the novel's division into parts, also corresponds with the novel's various settings. Suckow has most often been considered a regional writer, and her depiction of place is always important. In this novel, her settings are primarily small towns in western Iowa, used both realistically and symbolically, with excursions to a national park, a large city, and a small Colorado town which differs little from its Iowa counterparts. These basic settings are Warwick (Part One); Onawa (Parts II and III); Yellowstone (Part IV); Denver, Fort Davis, and Onawa (Part V).

One critic has perceptively commented that Suckow's descriptions of houses are often thorough and exact, suggesting even that they give interesting materials for Iowa social history (Omrcanin 36). Paralleling the shifting locales in *Cora* are clearly evoked domestic interiors; except for the very important Yellowstone passages and other minor exceptions, the curse of the

novel and of Cora's life can be traced through the households in which she lives. The actual descriptions, however, tend to be brief, with the emphasis being more on the activities occurring in the households than on specific details of furnishings and the like. The settings, those in Yellowstone and the other exteriors as well as the more typical domestic interiors, are always symbolically and often explicitly connected to Cora's situation and mood at that time of her life.

The novel opens in the Warwick kitchen of the Schwieterts, setting up two conflicting themes—the almost idyllic values of family warmth and openness represented by Cora's father and Cora's rejection of those values as messy and improvident.

> The Schwietert kitchen, a battered little room with uneven floor, and window panes breaking out from the dry, cheap putty, swarmed with children. Their own children, and everybody else's . . . whom Mrs. Schwietert was too goodhearted to turn away. Whenever she made pies or fried doughnuts, these were all standing in a hungry circle, hoping for scraps of apple or the little brown-gold, crispy balls from the doughnut centers which she fried in the last of the grease. And even now, at breakfast, . . . there seemed to be twice as many children underfoot as were actually there. Mrs. Schwietert did not mind it, but it made Cora angry. She was the only one who really helped much with the breakfast. The others were simply in the way. (3)

Both the human warmth of the kitchen which draws others and Cora's reaction against its human messiness are established here. Particularly to be stressed is the preference of Cora's more prosperous friend, Evelyn Anderson, for the Schwietert home, for there they can have fun and are not expected to behave with propriety. They can talk about boys and giggle to their hearts' content in the presence of indulgent and relaxed parents.

Onawa as a town would seem to be little different from Warwick except that it is larger and more industrial. Here Cora determines never to move again. In this place she grows to maturity and finds success in her career. The gaiety and comradeship of the Warwick days are gone—both because Cora has entered the forbidding world of work and because she no longer has a carefree friend with whom to enjoy life. Evelyn pays a brief visit to Onawa and the friends briefly recapture their comradeship, but it is clear that their paths have inevitably

diverged. Evelyn is now in college with a life of possibilities before her, while Cora is bound by the limitations of her daily work and sees no other future for herself. The Onawa kitchen is described from Cora's viewpoint in one of her more bitter moments:

> Cora went back into the kitchen. Suddenly she was on the very edge of exhaustion from the strain of her first day at the office. She felt furious and despairing. Oh, how she hated this little kitchen, so cheerless and disorderly in the sunless light and chill of late afternoon! The dreadfulness of this way of living was no longer to be borne. . . . [T]hey would all be coming home before long—Sophie from the dressmaking shop where she was working with Aunt Soph, papa from the factory. Some one would have to get things started. Cora lighted the cook-stove, got some potatoes, and began to peel them in cold water that made her hands itch. (51)

The opportunity which had brought them to Onawa—a little tailor shop for Mr. Schwietert—had proved illusory. With his usual lack of business acumen, he had been unable to succeed and had soon been forced to factory work; Mrs. Schwietert had been obliged to do domestic service. Only Cora's strength and hard effort keep the family together, but she pays a terrible price. Her native practicality is reinforced by this experience, and she manages to bring stability to the family even as her own yearnings are set aside.

Little changes in the Onawa setting during Parts II and III except that Mrs. Schwietert is eventually enabled by Cora's success to stay home and to make their home into a boarding house, thus bringing in badly needed cash. Onawa to Cora means the submerging of her entire emotional life to suit the needs of the family. Once, however, she makes a break—her decision to take the holiday trip to Yellowstone Park.

Part IV, which covers the Yellowstone trip, is different from the rest of the novel in relying heavily on outdoor settings. With her traveling companions, Cora visits geysers and canyons and waterfalls, takes strolls on wooded trails, rides high next to the coach driver. One brief evocation of the loveliness she sees and her response should suffice here:

> The coach went bumping and swaying down a long road between great fir trees. Fallen timber shone silvery among them,

and the blue sky was cut by their pointed tops. In an intrancement of happiness, Cora heard all the shouts and laughter and eager comments. The air was simply bliss. . . . A quick little interest stirred in her mind when she thought of that handsome man's [Gerald's] face. The whole drive seemed romantic, warmly real, and yet thrillingly unreal.

Then the trees dwindled. . . . In the sudden stillness, they saw the glitter of sun on a space of sparse shiny grass . . . saw the lodge-pole pines on the hill stand up stiff and dark against the blue. . . . (160)

Note that sexual attraction is connected to Cora's ecstatic response to her surroundings. Only in this special place, it seems, could Cora's innately passionate nature begin to respond freely to a man. And by thinking of this as a special time out of her life, she has perhaps freed herself to feel and to respond as the repressed and driven Cora of workaday Iowa would never allow herself to do.

The interiors in this section are strikingly different from those in the Onawa sections: a Pullman car through whose window she can smell the "keen piney air" (157), the large dining hall in a lodge, even a pavilion where she dances. In this setting, Cora is a different person: she flirts, she laughs, she clings passionately to each moment of these six special days. Her attraction to Gerald Matthews and his to her seem unavoidable and she at first considers it to be as temporary and unreal as everything else about this magical time. Near the end of the Yellowstone trip, in a pivotal passage she thinks about her situation:

> The end of the six days had not rounded and closed her holiday, and left her satisfied forever. It had opened up a new region of existence, that quivered with brightness, and trembled with that deep uneasiness.
>
> She wanted it. She rebelled. Why should she work forever? Why couldn't she have her happiness, like other people? . . . She couldn't just put it out of her hands again, at the very moment of promise and completion. Happiness. Rapture. They were shining far above her old hard, definite certainties. She didn't care about being manager of the firm. She hated the very thought of it. She admitted that, gloriously, to herself. Why go back? Anything was better—anything. Any hold that she could keep on that bright rapture. Abandon part of herself—keep it hidden, secret, passive—abandon part of herself to the sweetness of happiness.

> She knew that was a lie. She knew she must go back. Cora Schwietert. She wasn't a fool. . . . Cora took off her hat, smoothed her hair, coolly arranged her luggage. She was a traveler, who had had a holiday, and now was going home to take up her work again. (212-13)

The conflict here is between duty and desire, between reality and romance. The old Cora, who had never seen Yellowstone, never thrilled to midnight walks or to passionate kisses with a man who stirred her senses, would not have hesitated. But the new Cora acts from passionate impulse. When Gerald urges her to stay, she responds.

> What if she stayed?—threw everything else to the winds! She didn't want just happiness now. She wanted him. She wanted Gerald. Her warm, strong, awakened body ached for completion. She wanted to yield wholly to that bliss of abandonment. It didn't matter what else happened. Nothing else mattered. Her desire left her quiveringly helpless to the broken, whispered insistence of his voice. (216)

Thus in the spectacularly lovely natural setting of Yellowstone, Cora yields to her passionate, non-rational side, denying all her previous experience while reaching for her vaguely unreal dreams. The thematic similarity with the forest scene in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* should be obvious; like Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale, Cora and her Gerald are moved by a lawless emotion to a connection which can bring only disaster. For both couples the sexual passion associated with the natural world is a danger rather than a true liberation.

In the climactic final section, unlike all the other parts, three distinct settings are used as the quick destruction of Cora's hopes is shown. In each, external details of place parallel her situation and her mood. Part V opens in Denver, at the height of her brief married happiness, and a long descriptive passage evokes both her pleasure in her new household and her sexual passion and fulfillment; there is even a brief exterior description which reinforces the more typical interior details. However, for Suckow perfection always carries the seeds of its own destruction, and there are also already hints of the impending end of that joy:

> Cora was awake before Gerald. His dark head was turned aside from her, half sunk in the pillow, but one hand lay touching her thigh. . . .

It was another of those sunny, beautiful, autumn mornings. Fresh air came in through the open casement window that looked out on the little green court where the sprinkler played brightly all through the day. The lacy end of the dresser scarf blew up softly and folded across the disarray of pretty brushes and jars on the dresser. Cora had never loved any place as she loved their own apartment.

And never any season like this October in Colorado. Before, the weather used to be only an accompaniment, pleasant or troublesome, to what she was doing—horrid, when she had to go to work in the rain, with the dinginess of rubbers and umbrella, or when it was too hot to breathe in the office; nice, when there came a fine Sunday, and she had anywhere to go. . . . Now, golden day followed golden day. . . . Yellow leaves fluttered down from the silver maple trees. They littered the wide, old fashioned lawns. The scent of their dusty dryness was in the air. . . .

Her life was so changed. It was a miracle. She lay, her eyes open and bright. Gerald was warm beside her. The touch of his hand against her thigh kept a remembrance of the night. She felt the faint stir of reawakened passion, and turned to him restlessly. . . . The sense of uneasiness and uncertainty that gnawed at her happiness was sunk under the sweet, deep rest of the night. The bright air blew softly over her. . . . (231-2)

Note that again physical passion and natural loveliness are associated with each other. Repeatedly Suckow stresses Cora's delight in her new and pretty surroundings, calling her household chores "only a kind of cherishing" (238). As she begins to acknowledge that all is not perfect in her Eden, she connects her dismay to memories of other households: "houses where they had lived—little dingy rented houses" (241). They represent her fear of returning to what she believes she has escaped.

This memory also anticipates the next scene—and the end of her marriage. The setting for it is in Fort Davis, and her fall from the middle-class comfort of the Denver apartment is dramatized by their loss of privacy here: their Fort Davis apartment is on the second floor, above their landlord and landlady, and Cora feels the intrusion of their curiosity as well as the kindness of their concern about her. Suckow dwells on the contrast between the two habitations:

What was the use of doing anything? She had so little work that it didn't seem worth while to bother with any of it. And what did it amount to when it was done? There was no pleasure in taking care of these rooms. They seemed so temporary. Fort Davis did not seem to be a place where people would really come to stay. The square frame houses were raw and new. . . .

It had been very different in their apartment in Denver. Cora went back, for a moment, into the rhythm of those first, beautiful autumn days. Then she had loved to take care of her rooms, to lavish on her own possessions all the love of homekeeping that had been pent up in her and that she hadn't even known she possessed. . . . She could see the green court and the low-ceiled rooms with the pretty furniture. She looked with distaste at the furnishings supplied by Mrs. Foster—mission chairs and bleak table and hard shiny davenport. But it had been just the same with the furniture as with everything else. Gerald had made only the first payment on it. (253-4)

Intimations of sexual passion are notably absent in this descriptive passage. Instead, the notes of disillusionment and foreboding are repeatedly struck. Cora realizes how much she had deceived herself about Gerald's character, and, in her fears, she torments herself with what she now comes to see as the dilemma of women:

Something in her, something ruthless and wilful, refused to admit that happiness itself had failed without the backing up of the old integrity. It couldn't live of itself—just rapture. . . . She would not give herself up to the memory of his glib, fearful persuasions and his uneasy eyes when he showed his inadequacy. Soft, eternally forgiving, eternally yielded, like Sophie, like mother, and never seeking or facing the truth except in the hidden, secret parts of their being. For months—all through her marriage—she had closed her eyes, not daring to move, like some one standing on a broken plank. Shame filled her. But if she once opened her eyes, they would be open. (260).

And for her there is no going back. This passage occurs as she is realizing that Gerald, unable as always to face responsibility and presumably frightened by her pregnancy, has deserted her. His action and her recognition of what he is and her inability to accept his careless and basically dishonest way of life come together. On one level, Cora's choice is made for her when Gerald deserts her, but on another level, after the experience of

Fort Davis her leaving Gerald and returning to the business world in which she could support herself are inevitable.

One more setting briefly intervenes before Cora's return to Onawa and her old life—the Denver hospital in which she gives birth to her daughter. The hospital itself is little described, only Cora's empty despair and withdrawal being stressed. It turns out to be significant primarily because one nurse, a strong and sympathetic nun, inspires the name given to Cora's baby, little Josephine.

The next portion of Part V returns Cora to Onawa, and now the house which Cora had thought to have escaped seems both hateful and oddly welcoming. The first descriptive passage occurs as Cora goes upstairs immediately after her return:

> The upper hallway was hushed and chilly and clean. . . . She went into her own room, softly, almost stealthily. The air was chill, blank, stale, although it had been made ready for her. There was no feeling of homecoming, nothing but bleakness. She heard hushed sounds in the rooms below. It was a household of women: three old women, Cora thought, bitterly—one widowed, one deserted, and one never taken [Cora's Aunt Soph]—and a baby for its center. There was nothing, now, for her to do. She had lost her place. . . .
>
> The quilt was soft and warm over her. But she felt sore and cold—achingly cold, as in a bitter airless room. She moaned, and moved her head, as she realized that she had come home. (282-3)

Cora's life has now made its circuit; Onawa remains the setting for the rest of the novel, and the household presided over by her mother and mainly supported by her work is the center of her successful but empty life. Her moves from Warwick and a happy period in childhood, through maturing and initial business success in Onawa, to rebellion, passion, and apparent fulfillment in Yellowstone and Denver, have been followed, anticlimactically and sadly, by a return to Onawa and renewed professional success and personal emptiness.

If uses of settings help to give the novel its dramatic structure and epitomize the life quest of the protagonist, they also symbolically relate to the central themes of the novel. The interiors, mostly drab and confining, connect with Cora's need for security and with the driving determination and integrity that bring her to the business success which ultimately seems so arid even while

so necessary. Nature and outdoor scenes are associated with joy and with passion. Most obviously this is true with the scenes in Yellowstone where Cora's passion for Gerald is kindled and the descriptions of the autumn loveliness of Denver where she has her brief time of joy and sexual ecstasy. The beauty of nature mirrors the pleasure and fulfillment that Cora has yearned for and which she deeply treasures.

One other significant use of natural beauty, however, both contrasts with and reinforces this symbolic use of the outdoors. Near the end of the novel, after her renewed success at business in Onawa, Cora reestablished connections with some other women professionals whom she had known before her brief escape to Colorado. Two of them, who are particularly kind to Cora, live together and exemplify a deep interdependence and mutual support. They are a librarian, Miss Bridge, and a physician, Dr. Wallace, and their relationship would appear to be a far more mutually fulfilling and satisfying one than most marriages portrayed in Suckow's novels. When Cora visits their home, some details about the interior are revealed, but far more attention is given to the exterior. The friends walk in the garden and enjoy its beauty, and the owners' closeness is indicated:

> It was lovely, too—a rambling old brick house, with a big garden, on the outskirts of the city. It had been remodeled, but without spoiling its character. Miss Bridge, as the librarian, was no longer wealthy, but Dr. Wallace—besides having money to start with—had done well in her profession. She was the one, Cora could see, who had done most of the planning and most of the work, who drove the car and looked after the garden. Miss Bridge had supplied some of the fine old furniture and dishes from her own home. . . . But evidently the doctor was the real proprietor here. It amused Cora to see how Miss Bridge, on the other hand, played the part of hostess. The relationship between the two women exaggerated the feminine in one and the masculine in the other. Miss Bridge clung to Dr. Wallace and was unnecessarily helpless—for she was thoroughly efficient, and not plaintive at all, in her post in the library, and the doctor strode about and was downright and protective. . . .
>
> . . . It was lovely out here, so quiet, so removed from the city, the summer flowers blazing in color under the bright hot sky, the water cool and bright and shallow in the little round lily basin. . . . (308-9)

It is significant that this garden, the only one described in the novel, is associated with a couple who appear to have found a true union while retaining their professional identities. They are also warm and supportive: it is they who bring Cora the professional opportunity which leads to her final prosperity by introducing her to the wealthy woman with whom she enters a business partnership.

Kissane has pointed out that *Cora*, more than any other of Suckow's novels, is "the result of some rather hard thinking on the subject of feminism" (77). Published at the end of the 1920s, the novel came during a period when women's capabilities and opportunities were expanding: They had achieved the vote, their sexuality was openly acknowledged, and some professions were opening up to them. The working women in this novel generally do stereotypically female jobs: Cora's mother runs a rooming and boarding house, Miss Bridge is a librarian, and Cora herself finds her opportunities through secretarial work. Only Dr. Wallace has entered a predominantly male profession, but Cora, through her competence as a secretary, is given the opportunity to manage her company's branch and finally as partner in a children's-wear shop becomes responsible for the operation of the business. Women's potential for succeeding in the worlds of business and the professions is exemplified clearly by the novel.

The problem of balancing work and personal life, however, is less satisfactorily treated by the novel. Kissane, in pointing out the uniqueness of the Yellowstone portion of the novel, comments that it is located in "scenery far from and strangely different from her [Suckow's] usual Iowa background; for that reason, it seems to lack reality" (75). But that is, of course, exactly the point. The excitement and bliss of this period in her life are unreal for Cora; from almost the beginning, her grim need for stability has overpowered almost everything else. For her the time in Yellowstone is a brief period of escape; she had thought of it as such when she planned the trip, and her error is in believing that bliss could last. Given her character and needs, permanence in a purely romantic relationship was probaably impossible. Certainly it was impossible with a man like Gerald. And there is no one else within the novel with whom it would have been possible. The novel seems strikingly pessimistic in this regard; what Cora most yearns for, love and personal fulfillment,

she cannot have. What she most needs, however, security and a life based on integrity, she builds for herself.

The one exemplar of success at combining the personal and the professional, then, comes rather oddly in the apparently lesbian relationship of Miss Bridge and Dr. Wallace. However, the novel is not in any sense a "lesbian novel," and these two characters and their relationship are not depicted as presenting any sort of ideal. In fact, Suckow at one point explicitly denies Miss Bridge's sexuality: remembering her rapture with Gerald, Cora is glad to have had that experience: "At least, she would never be an Ethel Bridge!" (329)

More obviously paralleled to Cora is Evelyn Anderson, and her function as a foil for her friend's experience must be evident to any reader of the novel. It is her presence and her friendship that help to make Warwick seem like home to Cora in Part One. After the Schwieterts move to Onawa, Cora breaks with her briefly, precisely because of the contrasts between their circumstances. Their friendship is recaptured despite their financial and class differences during the brief visit that Evelyn makes to Onawa: by now Evelyn is a college student and Cora a hard-working secretary. Evelyn never again appears directly in the novel, but she is referred to from time to time, the references to her initially underscoring her prosperous and apparently happy life and then revealing that even the lucky ones are not guaranteed fulfillment. Her development of her musical talent, her marriage, her children, her comfortable home, the love of others for her—all seem to indicate a charmed life. But then the news changes: first, Cora learns that Evelyn is in a sanatorium, having undergone some kind of breakdown, and then later that she has died. The news of her death affects Cora deeply; coming shortly after her return to Onawa with her baby, to her it is additional evidence that nothing can be depended upon:

> Cora could be proud and silent over her own disaster, but she could break when Evelyn, the fortunate one, went down to defeat. . . . She felt a darkness of horror settle over her. It seemed as if the whole world were coming down about their heads. Yes, in this world—you had to face it—anything could happen. (294)

Evelyn's failure is, then, particularly devastating because she was both gifted and fortunate; she had everything and yet for

her, even more than for Cora, the conclusion is failure and emptiness. But Cora is a survivor; that hard strength which had characterized her from the beginning and made her so often unfeeling also is what has enabled her to surmount her mistakes. Even in her grief stricken memories of Evelyn, she is aware of the differences of character that distinguish them:

> She had an aching remembrance of Evelyn, running lightly down a hill slope under a spring sky—and when she looked out toward the low sunlight, and the flashing spray, a vision of Evelyn's bright hair dazzled her eyes with a shining pain. They had come to the same thing: her own bitter struggle through peril and necessity, and Evelyn's eager and trustful security.
>
> Except that she was the one who was left. . . . She knew that her own vitality was left in her and that it would not let her alone. Something must come of it. (306)

And of course, it does. The news of Evelyn's death helps to shock Cora back to life and to effort, and the success and prosperity that follow develop naturally from her habitual hard work, although the special opportunity which comes to her through her friendship with the librarian and doctor—today it would be called successful networking—enables her to reach a prominence and degree of business independence she might otherwise not have managed.

When, at the end of the novel, Cora thinks back over her life and experience, Evelyn's memory naturally is an important part of her reverie, and it helps her arrive at the conclusion to which the circular structure of the novel seems to be inescapably leading:

> She felt, under the bright surface of pleasure, something too arid for any delight. The sense of something dwarfed and twisted was, for a moment, a physical pain. The old stir of genuine delight—that silent, glowing core of joy she used to feel deep within herself—came so seldon. . . . Would it have been better to have kept that at all costs—to have died if that must be taken away, as Evelyn had died? . . . She was thinking of how it might have been if she had actually looked for Gerald, sought him out, given her strength to his weakness, yielded all the purpose of her life to him . . . and, through all the pain and failure, kept the softness of her love. . . . People really did get what they were after—only in such queer, unrealized ways, changed and unrecognizable, and perhaps at the price of everything else. She did not know that she would really change what she had. . . . (332)

Thus an equilibrium is reached at the end of the novel. Cora is not happy and the vague yearnings and the longings for passion and for joy are still there. But she has learned that they seem not meant for her—that what she has always needed were financial security and hard work. If unfulfilling, at least they are steadying and they give purpose to her life.

One possible reading of the novel does imply a possible answer to the question of how a woman can balance the needs of home and work, of personal and professional life. Oddly, the most successful characters in the novel at making a combination of the two worlds are the apparently lesbian couple. Evelyn's charmed personal life leads to the grave. Cora's passionate interlude cannot last, and her professional life never gives her the excitement and fulfillment she always yearns for. Only Dr. Wallace and Miss Bridge are both successful in their professions and apparently happy in their domestic life. But this theme should not be taken as indicating a belief that women can best find equality and therefore satisfaction in lesbian relationships. The lesbian theme is ususual in Suckow's fiction, and she apparently felt uncomfortable with the implications of her presentation of these characters. Why else explicitly deny Miss Bridge's sexuality, as noted previously, and thus create unnecessary ambiguity about the personal lives of these women?

The implications of the ending of *Cora* are grim. Cora feels alone, though she has a daughter, is the support of her family, and has the respect of her community. The novel closes on an ambiguous note; several neighbors are discussing Cora, and one says, "Well, . . . she's got *some*-where, anyway!" The author then comments that "the other women, although they looked slightly reluctant, and had their reservations, did not dissent" (334). Coming immediately after the long meditation in which Cora thinks back over her life and finally accepts it as it is even while regretting its failure to fulfill any of her deepest yearnings, this conclusion gives Cora's story a final emotional emptiness reminiscent of that of Carrie in her rocking chair at the end of *Sister Carrie*. The two female protagonists took very different paths to

reach their conclusions, but those conclusions are markedly similar. Each character is successful and unfulfilled, and each seems to have achieved what really was most essential to her. Cora's experience is more representative of that faced by ordinary women, and her dilemma—and her inability to resolve it successfully—are as current today as they were in 1929. In fact, as a single mother bearing responsibility for an aging parent, she might be seen as a precursor to many women of the 1990s! Suckow was not a vigorous feminist, but she understood the problems faced by ordinary middle- and working-class Midwestern women, and this novel is a reminder of how little some of those problems have changed in the last sixty years.

Indiana State University

WORKS CITED

Hamblen, Abigail Ann. *Ruth Suckow.* Boise, ID: Boise State University, 1978.

Kissane, Leedice McAnelly. *Ruth Suckow.* New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1969.

Omrcanin, Margaret Stewart. *Ruth Suckow: A Critical Study of Her Fiction.* Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company, 1972.

Suckow, Ruth. *Cora.* New York: Readers League of America, 1929.

ALGREN'S OUTCASTS: SHAKESPEAREAN FOOLS AND THE PROPHET IN A NEON WILDERNESS

JAMES A. LEWIN

As an outsider of the intellectual establishment, Nelson Algren was able to observe the relation of literature to society with almost undiluted outrage. In the foreword to the 1961 re-issue of *Chicago: City on the Make,* Algren defined literature as a form of protest against official authority: "I submit that literature is made upon any occasion that a challenge is put to the legal apparatus by a conscience in touch with humanity" (9). By reading his best fiction, including *The Neon Wilderness, The Man with the Golden Arm,* and *A Walk on the Wild Side,* we can begin to learn how the challenge is to be put and what, really, a conscience in touch with humanity might be all about.

Insiders may be defined by those they keep out. Only as an outsider could Algren have seen through the self-enclosed world of the Literary Establishment. As a conscience in tune with the muted challenge of society's rejects, Algren sought the soul of America among the desperately lost and long-abandoned. Identifying with the outcasts of respectability allowed him to imaginatively deconstruct the tradition of literature for his own purposes. The insight of the outsider provided what he needed to represent the wisdom of the Shakespearean fool and the moral indignation of the Biblical prophet-in-exile.

The Shakespearean connection is made explicit in *A Walk on the Wild Side.* Dove, an illiterate whore-house stud, is the hero of the novel. When Hallie Breedlove, former schoolteacher turned prostitute, not only runs off with him, but, out of sheer kindness, also teaches him to read, Dove discovers the joys of high culture. Of all the disadvantages of his circumstances, none is so painful to Dove Linkhorn as the awareness of his own ignorance. The culmination of Dove's belated initiation into the mysteries of

literacy comes when Dove and Hallie stumble, after an enchanted afternoon at the zoo, onto a show-boat advertising an evening of Shakespear:

TONIGHT:

OTHELLO

> Hallie had not seen a play since her schoolroom days. Dove had never seen one. "It's your day, and that's all there is to it," she decided (*A Walk* 279).

Billed as Big Stingaree in a sexual "live-show" for paying customers on the other side of a two-way bordello mirror, the story of Dove parodies an Horatio Alger-type success. Illiteracy is the symbol of his powerlessness, which Dove cannot compensate for through his sexual potency. In part, Algren's "commitment to the lumpenproletariat" is his way of "shocking the middle-class readers into full recognition of the humanity of the outcast inhabitants of the lower depths" (Giles 22-3). Yet Algren does not glorify his protagonist because he was poor and illiterate, but because he ultimately overcomes his shame and learns to read at last. For Dove Linkhorn, the ability to sound out the letters of the alphabet is something not to be taken for granted. Algren expressed the timeless human community of the written word through the intense personal anguish his unlettered central character experiences by being excluded from it. Algren portrays Dove's learning to read in terms of a truly heroic achievement.

For Hallie, the Shakespearean production is only a temporary diversion from the embryonic life she feels growing inside of her. But for Dove it is an event of unparalleled excitement, even if Algren undercuts the Shakespearean tragedy with the comic relief of a drunken cast (reminiscent of the "Shakespearean Revival" in *Huckleberry Finn*), performing aboard a rocking ship's deck:

> In the middle of the first act the boat was caught in a wash and the whole stage tilted a bit. It was by this time obvious to the front rows that Othello, with a bad job of makeup, was tilting slightly on his own. But retained sufficient presence of mind when he needed to lean against the air, to bear against the tilt of the stage rather than with it. By this instinctive device Othello held the front rows breathless, wondering which way he'd fall should he guess wrong (280-1).

Nothing, however, can detract from the solemnity of the moment for Dove Linkhorn, who seems oblivious to anything except the brave new realms of imagination opening to him with the first taste of Shakespearean poetry:

> But the boat could have turned on its side and Dove wouldn't have noticed. He had been captured by the roll and trump of lines so honored by old time they justified all mankind:
>
> I kissed thee are[1] I killed thee: no way but this
> Killing myself, to die upon a kiss (281).

The poignancy of the simpleton enraptured by the poetry of great tragedy foreshadows the jealous violence which Algren is saving for the gruesome ending of his tale. The shadow of Achilles Schmidt, the legless strong-man, pursues Dove and Hallie. As a cripple strapped on his rolling platform, Schmidt is more dangerous than any other man with both his legs. But Dove, with the wisdom of the natural fool, seems oblivious to the doom hanging over him:

> In the days that followed Hallie wearied a bit of hearing "I kissed thee are I killed thee: no way but this, Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."
>
> "If only I thought you knew what you were talking about I'd feel better about it," she told him" (282).

Yet Dove is not stupid, merely ignorant. His love of Shakespeare is spontaneously and shamelessly profound, certainly more profound than even he realizes.

And it is not only the famous tragedies of Shakespeare that gain Dove's seemingly vagrant attention. He also discovers for himself the age-old treasures of Shakespeare's histories, which he interprets in his own way, for his own time. While Hallie wearied of Dove's parrot-like chorus of *Othello* (V, ii, 367-8), she had to admit that he could still surprise her.

> She could never be certain that he didn't know what he was talking about. One evening she heard him read aloud —
>
> As far as the sepulchre of Christ
> Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
> We are impressed and engaged to fight
> Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
> Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross —
And when she asked him what he thought it all meant he replied as if he had known all his life, "Oh, somethin' 'bout old-timey kings 'n other folks there too. There's goin' to be a war 'n it looks like our side might get whipped. . . . (282).

It is not necessary to unmask the impossible political promise of the title character of the First Part of *Henry IV* (I, i, 19-27) to recognize the connection between Dove's affinity for Shakespearean chivalry and the appeal of demagogues in local Louisiana (as in Algren's hometown Chicago) politics. As a Southerner, Dove understands all wars in terms of the scars left by the past, even if his own forbears ran off to the mountains to be moonshiners rather than serve in the Confederate army. Dove is not a fighter. He is a lover, a dreamer, and a seeker of something on which he can build his identity.

Somehow it is inevitable that, for Algren, the ultimate Shakespearean allusion is not to the tragic or historic heroes but to the fool. *In A Walk on the Wild Side* Hallie quotes, in part, the song that runs as a chorus through all Algren's work, with which Feste concludes *Twelfth Night* (V, i, 386 ff):

When I was and a little tiny boy
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
"Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates
For the rain it raineth every day —

"Why that's as good as anything," he assured her and never suspected how, across behind the words she spoke, a tyrant torso wheeled and reeled (*A Walk* 283).

Feste in *Twelfth Night* (and the Fool in *King Lear*) were prototypes of Algren's kind of wise fool. As a voice of rational common-sense in a world gone mad, Algren's perception of the ridiculous gave him the material for a radical attack on official hypocrisy. By well established tradition, the Shakespearean fool "was something more than a humorous entertainer;"

he was also the licensed critic of his master and his fellows. Since he was not held accountable for what his tongue wagged, the fool might clatter or speak unwelcome truths with comparative impunity (Goldsmith 7).

The Clown in *Twelfth Night* speaks in a voice reminiscent of Algren's.

Wit and it be thy will, put my into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit" (I, v, 31-5).

In a not dissimilar vein, Algren relates his Sucker's Lament:

"I hope I break even tonight" was the sucker's philosophy, "I need the money so bad" (*The Man* 116).

Throughout his non-fiction, Algren adopted the mask of the wise and witty but fatally naive American tourist. And in *The Man with the Golden Arm*, Frankie Machine's side-kick Solly Slatskin, a.k.a. Sparrow, a.k.a. the Punk, is Feste's latter-day disadvantaged much younger brother. "Half-Hebe 'n half crazy" as Frankie calls him (5), Sparrow learns to use his demented manner combined with the homely simplicity of the "tortoise-shell glasses separating outthrust ears" to create his own protective camouflage. Like the nimble jester of the Shakespearean tradition, Sparrow realizes that "The office of fool, degraded as it sometimes was, yet offered a haven of security and an escape from obloquy" (Goldsmith 6).

"I'm a little offbalanced," Sparrow would tip the wink in that rasping whisper you could hear for half a city block, "but oney on one side, so don't try offsteering me, you might be tryin' my good-balanced side. In which case I'd have to have the ward super deport you wit' your top teet' kicked out" (*The Man* 7).

One of the characteristics of the Shakespearean fool that distinguished the English from the continental tradition of the Feast of Fools, the French *sottie* and the German Carnival play was the merging of the traditional fool with the "comic Vice of the Tudor moral play" (Goldsmith 7). Algren worked a vein of American humor which had its roots going back to the old morality tradition. Especially relevant is the fact that the old Vice, like Algren, was capable of turning even on the Devil himself:

> In the older plays he (the Vice) came on the stage or pageant in the Devil's retinue, but at some point in his stage career he became the antagonist of the Devil and belabored him with his wooden lath. . . . however, at the end of the typical moral play the Vice climbs on the Devil's shoulders and rides off pickaback to Hell (Goldsmith 7).

Like Feste, Algren is "evidently aware of his descent from the 'old Vice' and of his ancient enmity with the Devil" (Goldsmith 17). Feste's last words to Malvolio are reminiscent of a long-lost ancestor of the hipster-slang Algren incorporated into his own style:

> I am gone sir
> And anon sir
> I'll be with you again
> In a trice,
> Like to the old Vice,
> Your need to sustain;
>
> Who, with dagger of lath,
> In his rage and his wrath,
> Cries, ah, ha! to the devil;
> Like a mad lad,
> "Pare thy nails, dad."
> Adieu, goodman devil (*Twelfth Night* IV, iii, 120-131).

Feste's consistent strategy is to prove his noble patrons more fool than he, just as Algren was always ready to call the high and mighty down to the level of the lowest-of-the-low. Before anyone could pass sentence, Algren insisted, the judge should first see how things look from the perspective of the accused.

> The perspective of American letters, in this strict view, is a record of apparently senseless assaults upon standard operating procedure, commonly by a single driven man. Followed, after the first shock of surprise, (conscience in any courtroom always coming as a surprise) by a counter-assualt mounted by a judge using a gavel as a blackjack, a court-stenographer armed with a fingernail file, and an editorialist equally intent on getting in a bit of gouging before cocktail time: each enthusiastically assisted by cops wielding pistol-butts and clergymen swinging two-by-fours nailed in the shape of crosses. . . .
>
> The hard necessity of bringing the judge on the bench down into the dock has been the peculiar responsibility of the writer in all ages of man (*Chicago* 10-11).

Algren's fooling is anything but harmless. He takes a radical stance against the coercive repression of the individual, no matter how degenerate, by the crowd, no matter how respectable. As spokesperson for the lonely minority-of-one within the masses of isolated, anonymous and solitary souls swallowed up by the darkness of the Chicago night, Algren strives to attain the universal theme of the Biblical prophet warning against Judgement Day.

In an early evaluation of Algren's contribution, Chester E. Eisinger describes him as "naturalist who cares about style" (85). A more complete perspective by George Bluestone, however, denies this too-neat categorization and insists that "to read him in the naturalist tradition is to misread him" (27). According to Bluestone, the focus of Algren's vision "is concerned with the living death that follows love's destruction' (39). Bluestone notes that Algren developed "an inverted use of Christian myth to comment ironically on the action" (37) in the context of a prose style that itself served as an "incantation, like the chanting of ritual itself" (38). For Algren, Bluestone concludes, "the incantatory style is a surrogate for prayer" (38-9).

Most recently, in a book-length study of Algren, James R. Giles construes *The Man with the Golden Arm* as a protoexistentialist novel. According to Giles, "Frankie's dream of playing drums in a jazz band . . . represents the 'authentic' 'Self' he might create" (63). But, of course, the notion that Frankie might escape his doomed fate is sheer fantasy, like the idle thought that comes to him, while studying the beer advertisements on the tavern wall, that he ought to take out a public library card (*The Man* 233). Frankie Machine is defined by his social function as an honest card-shark, known even to those closest to him as "Dealer." Sparrow who merely guards the door earns the sobriquet of "Steerer." It is not that Frankie lacks the talent to "go on the legit" as a drummer, but in the world of Algren's fiction, there is no possible escape to respectability. Algren makes his losers and left-outs express the anguish of a society that has lost track of the universal values on which it has supposedly been based.

It is not enough to praise Algren for his "unique compassion" (Giles 64) or to characterize his most distinctive novel as "an overwhelmingly secular work" while allowing for an "element of Christian existentialism" (Giles 70). Nor is it a question of whether

he went beyond the goal of naturalism to expose the inner workings of a fatal social determinism. Algren's protest against established injustice derives directly from our culture's basic tests of guilt and redemption. His portrayal of the American Dream turned urban nightmare may owe less to existentialist philosophy than to the tradition of angry prophets of the Old Testament.

As prophet of the neon wilderness, Algren had little use for the lavish public sacrifices on the altar of High Culture, but his vision is directly related to the radical protest of the dreaded man of truth:

> Woe to you that desire the day of the Lord! Why would you have this day of the Lord; it is darkness, and not light . . . shall not the day of the Lord be darkness and not light? even very dark and no brightness in it? (Amos 5:18-20).

It is true that *The Man with the Golden Arm* "can be read as an essay on light" (Anania 24). But, for Algren, the artificial light of the city at night is the harsh illumination of a terrible and deeply hidden morality. Mercy can be found, for Algren, only in the same shadows out of which the greatest darkness comes. And the only hint of redemption is in the furtive embrace of love, the privacy of anonymity and the oblivion of drug or drink.

Although the deity is described as "the Chief Hustler" (8) and heroin ironically referred to as "God's medicine' (24), the author of *The Man with the Golden Arm* expresses a serious spiritual intent concealed in the futility of life on West Division Street, where it seems that even the deity has to play by Chicago rules:

> Neither God, war, nor the ward super work any deep changes on West Division Street. For here God and the ward super work hand in hand and neither moves without the other's assent. God loans the super cunning and the super forwards a percentage of the grift on Sunday mornings. The super puts in the fix for all right-thinking hustlers and the Lord, in turn, puts in the fix for the super. For the super's God is a hustler's God: and as wise, in his way, as the God of priests and businessmen (*The Man* 7).

In his favorite scenario of the endless parade of freaks and geeks in the routine police line-up, Algren whittled miniature portraits of Judgement Day presided over, with a wisecrack put-down for everyone, by the long-suffering, all-knowing Police

Captain Record Head Bednar. Emerging from the same shadows to which they return, naked souls step into the glare of the line-up to stand before Bednar as before "the recording Angel of all men" who knows the "universal truth" (Cox and Chatterton 119). Bednar knows that all the dispossessed and disinherited who come before him are guilty, if only with "the great, secret and special American guilt of owning nothing, nothing at all, in the one land where ownership and virtue are one" (*The Man* 17). Yet the Captain cannot hide behind his cynical facade of hard-boiled pessimism, "knowing the answers to every alibi and having a tailor-made quip ready for every answer" (*The Man* 197). For the Captain cannot live with his own omniscience without turning it against himself. Inevitably, the Captain himself is also forced to emerge from the darkness and face the burning glare of the light.

The Captain learns, as Sparrow informs him, that "everybody's a habitual in his heart" (*The Man* 276, 295). As the embodiment of the legal system that judges everyone and finds all guilty, the Captain is himself implicated with the rest. But the Captain alone is forbidden the forgiveness of punishment, leaving him yearning to follow "the innocents" through the "green steel doorway into a deepening darkness" where everyone but the Captain has "a cell all his own, there to confess the thousand sins he had committed in his heart" (*The Man* 199). Only the Captain is denied the safety of what Maxwell Geismar terms "the iron sanctuary" where the victims of the system can "rest their fevered and distorted hopes" (Geismar 187). And his running commentary of wisecracks comes to an abrupt pause when confronted by the enigmatic alibi of a defrocked priest who explains himself in a single line: "Because I believe we are members of one another" (*The Man* 198). These words leave Captain Bednar "with a secret and wishful envy of every man with a sentence hanging over his head like the very promise of salvation" (*The Man* 200).

There is nothing obscure about the way Algren makes the essentially religious content of his irony explicit:

> "Come down off that cross yourself, he (the Captain) counseled himself sternly, like warning another.
>
> But the captain couldn't come down.
>
> The captain was impaled (200).

In "Design for Departure," one of the stories of *The Neon Wilderness*, Algren had tried to make a religious allegory of a messianic outlaw named Cristiano and a virginal whore named Mary, but the symbolism was too ponderously profound. In *The Man with the Golden Arm* the parallels are less heavy-handed, expressed in terms of a *film noir* world of moral ambiguity:

> And a dull calamitous light like a madhouse light began filtering down from somewhere far above, making an uphill queue of shadows aslant the whitewashed walls . . . down many a narrow long-worn wrought iron way, to be delivered at last from the grand-jury squad and the Bail Bond Bureau into the dangers of the unfingered, unprinted, and unbetrayed and unbefriended Chicago night (283).

Thus, the author leaves the origins of Frankie's guilt shrouded in indeterminacy. It goes deeper than his own failure to fulfill his fantasy of becoming a jazz drummer. The characters in *The Man with the Golden Arm* live in an underworld of petty crime and corruption, controlled by an invisible "upstairs" other-world of big-time crime and corruption: survival depends on hustling the next guy before he can hustle you. In such an environment, there can be no trust and without that basic ingredient, love becomes a forbidden and furtive word. Frankie's guilt is only incidentally for slugging Nifty Louie the drug dealer and leaving him dead in the alley. Frankie feels much greater guilt for letting down, or seeming to bring bad luck, to everyone who tries to come close to him. His inter-dependence with Sophie is held together by a complex tangle of guilt whose source is deeper than his responsibility for the car accident that puts Sophie in a wheel-chair. As he confesses to Molly, Frankie has always felt that "it was all my fault, right from the beginning, when me 'n Zosh was little stubs together 'n I made her do things she wouldn't of done with nobody else" (*The Man* 317). It seems that his real crime is simply to have been born.

Frankie can't be forgiven because he can't forgive himself. And he can't escape injustice because, in his world, Justice is merely an abstraction, except for the ability of Zygmunt the Prospector to put in the fix. Zygmunt is the only self-professed idealist in the book, whose goal, as he tells Frankie, is to "make Chicago the personal injury capital of the United States of America" (*The Man* 72). Frankie's entrapment in external circumstances is undoubtedly an existential conundrum. It is also a fierce indictment of a materialistic culture that can find no further practical use for the soul.

The author signals his intentional use of religious overtones with the title of Part Two of the novel: "An Act of Contrition." Algren offers Frankie Machine as a fully conscious self-sacrifice on the altar of social injustice. Frankie cannot be cured of his drug addiction, Algren suggests, until so-called normal society is also cured of deceit, greed and indifference. And, finally, perhaps it is Frankie Machine's mask of nonchalant indifference that represents his original sin.

In addition to being a hunted prey of the legal apparatus, Frankie finds himself caught between two women, one of whom he can have for the asking, except the other won't let him go. His need to pretend to make up to Sophie for crippling her conflicts with Molly's need for him to need her instead. Finally, when he is on the run from the authorities and sick with drug withdrawal, he finds, through Molly, the only glimmer of hope in an otherwise hopeless reality, in the bond of mutual care and trust between two people.

If he leaves purposely vague the origins of Frankie's pervasive sense of guilt, Algren makes very clear the potential cure of what he elsewhere calls the "American disease of isolation" (Ray 32). For Frankie, the loss of faith begins with himself. As he stares into Molly's eyes, he realizes that he cannot expect another to trust him as long as he cannot trust himself. Only with Molly, belatedly, he finds "he could talk straight to somebody at last" (*The Man* 143).

Algren has been criticized for romanticizing Molly as the stereotypical "literary version of the Whore with a Heart of Gold" (Cox and Chatterton 121). Perhaps he tends to put her on a pedestal. Yet she represents a realistic portrait of a battered woman. And the point is that Frankie needs her desperately, as an alternative to the systematic hypocrisy of the world: "For how does any man keep straight with himself if he has no one with whom to be straight?" (*The Man* 143). In Giles' view, Molly is "in fact, too much of an idealized, emblematic character" whose role is reduced to "a projection of Frankie Machine's thwarted potential for salvation" (65). But the reasons why such salvation remains beyond Frankie's reach may go back further than a

Sartrean philosophy of Being-for-itself, even to the original Fall of Man.

The diety of *The Man with the Golden Arm* is a "hustler's God" (7) who seems to have cashed in his chips and dropped out of the game. Certainly for Sophie it seems that "God had gone somewhere far way at just the time when she'd needed him most" (62) nor does she ever find out why " God was forgetting his own" (*The Man* 99), leaving them stranded in prisons and insane asylums and lonely dreams of lost loves out of the nearly forgotten past. The *deus absconditus* of this netherworld simply seems to have left town. He has taken off with all of the simple forgiveness which there never was time for, and the true justice that nobody can afford.

Even if Algren may be accused of sentimentality in his portrayal of Molly Novotny, she is really Frankie's only hope. When Frankie has nowhere else to run, it is always to Molly that he returns. Only the hidden trust between Frankie Machine and Molly Novotny allows him to evade the police dragnet as long as he does. And only Molly can give him the strength to ward off the demons within. She is tough enough to make Frankie be honest for once in his hustler's life: "We been straight with each other so far—let's keep it straight. The way it is with you 'n me, when it ain't straight no more it's over" (*The Man* 164-5). But Frankie's greatest discovery is that it isn't only his need for her that binds them. For Molly needs him as well, although Frankie doesn't realize it until the very end, when it is already too late:

> He held her head on his shoulder and knew this was finally true too: it wasn't just himself needing her any longer, it wasn't just taking without any giving. It was nearer fifty-fifty now and that felt better than he'd ever know a thing like that could be (*The Man* 326).

If any hope of salvation were still conceivable for Frankie Machine, it could only come through the profane love of Molly Novotny. The juggernaut of big city politics slowly but surely grinds any such hope into the dust of the pavement. Algren's Chicago is based on a system of loyalty to a corrupt organization; its legal apparatus depends on the necessity of betraying those you love most.

The atonement that remains available for Algren's characters is through the purification of anonymous suffering in what Maxwell Geismar has called "the iron sanctuary." In a tone straight from the Gravedigger's scene in *Hamlet*, the narrator of *The Man with the Golden Arm* informs us: "Indeed your query room is your only house of true worship, for it is here that men are brought to their deepest confessions" (*The Man* 272). Aside from clinging to Molly, Frankie can kick his heroin habit only by being sentenced to jail. For Sparrow, the threat of life imprisonment as a habital offender is an ordeal of another kind.

Algren himself expressed regret for allowing the ending of his most original novel to wind up in a cops-and-crooks chase-scene through city streets (Ray 32). Perhaps, a weakness in plotting begins after Sparrow wisely disposes of the corpse of Nifty Louie, while Frankie runs away in panic (*The Man* 150). With very *un*characteristic simple-minded folly, however, Sparrow forgets to nab the big bankroll Louie had been openly boasting about only minutes before (146). Algren uses this misunderstanding as a wedge to begin separating the two friends, Frankie and Sparrow (180). Inevitably, the action must lead to the unsuspecting Sparrow, forced by economic desperation to deliver the illegal substance from Blind Pig to a certain hotel room where he finds Frankie crawling the walls in need of a fix, so that both can be arrested (264). The book might have been even more interesting if the author hadn't stacked the deck against his own dealer, Frankie Machine.

With Sparrow in the vise of police-entrapment, it is only a matter of time before he squeals on his best pal, with the all tragic consequences this betrayal of friendship determines. As Antek the Owner informs Frankie, the Alderman is up for re-election and needs somebody to blame for the unsolved murder of Nifty Louie. So the alderman is pressuring the ward super and the ward super is on the back of the precinct captain and "The super is going to lose his job if Record Head don't clear the books on Louie'" (321).

The last pages of the novel, before the final poem which is his epitaph, are taken up with a facsimile of the Coroner's Inquest report on the death of Frankie Machine. The recorded testimony makes vividly clear the volumes of screaming silence which remain unwritten and unknown in the world of official docu-

mentation. Thus, the Moloch of bureaucracy swallows up the last vestiges of identity in red-tape. The suicide itself becomes an act of rebellion, if not an atonement for the sins of the faceless masses, in a society of official institutions that systematically subvert any basis for human care and trust.

Algren expressed disappointment that the popularity of his novel did not lead to a serious re-appraisal of the drug problem in the big cities of America (Anania 18). Nor can one imagine him supporting a program of "Just Say No"—the ultimate square's approach to the forces of addictive compulsion. Algren revealed that the roots of Frankie's heroin habit go deeper than individual guilt, and cannot be separated from a society that blights trust with the con-man's wary suspicion and persecutes intimacy with the scourge of guilt. In order to cure the drug addict, Algren implied, it is necessary to also heal the human relationships of a sick society.

By selecting his characters from the misfits, rejects, losers and outsiders, Algren reflected the values of respectability from the point of view of those who have never known respect. In the epigram of "A Bottle of Milk for Mother" in *The Neon Wilderness,* Algren linked his ideological commitment to the lowly and outcast of society in terms of the great American tradition of radical democracy, with a carefully selected quotation from Walt Whitman:

> I feel I am one of them —
> I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself,
> And henceforth I will not deny them —
> For how can I deny myself? (73)

Algren uses these lines to introduce a short-story that does more to explain the plague of inner-city gangs than all the television shows on the topic. And the last words of punk-protagonist Lefty Bicek sum up the despair of all those young people, of whatever ethnic or racial origin, who are trapped by the violence of doomed neighborhoods from which they cannot hope to escape: "'I knew I'd never get to be twenty-one anyhow,' Lefty told himself softly at last" (90). Wave after wave of new generations, sacrificed to the same false values that destroyed Lefty Bicek and Frankie Machine, must only enhance the effect of Algren's righteous indignation. Meanwhile, of course, the gang

problem continues to get worse, as Algren prophesied. Nobody seems to have heard the prophet's whispered warning.

In the denouement of *A Walk on the Wild Side,* the shadow of the legless cripple catches up with Dove Linkhorn at last. As a truncated enforcer of mediocrity, Achilles Schmidt represents the half-human law of revenge, and may be taken as a symbol of the truncated literary canon, which seems to have excluded Algren for representing the lower half of humanity. No sooner has the illiterate Dove learned to read, painstakingly, as the great triumph of his poor existence, than it is all taken from him by a jealous cripple on wheels. Algren re-cycles the story he had previously published as "The Face on the Barroom Floor" in *The Neon Wilderness,* punishing his own protagonist with the curse of the Furies, and leaving him beaten to a pulp and reduced to a state of permanent blindness. Dove's eyes are open, fleetingly, to the secrets of literacy only to be shut forever on the printed word.

In *The Man with the Golden Arm,* there is also a character who can move only on wheels. Sophie, after the accident which has left her in a wheelchair, embodies the guilt that will destroy Frankie Machine. Her increasingly psychotic hypochondria serves as an omnipresent indictment of her own husband, binding him to her. Yet Sophie herself is the ultimate victim, headed for the insane asylum which seems to have been prepared especially for her. Her innocence, Algren suggests, is no more an excuse for Sophie than Frankie's guilt can be blamed on him alone.

Algren was emphatically *not* a bleeding-heart liberal. He strove to bring not only mercy but also justice to the world. His challenge to the legal apparatus is not merely to win universal forgiveness or to romanticize and glorify junkies and whores, as he has been accused. It was not Algren' aim to ignore the rights of vicitms by making up alibis for criminals. Instead, he makes us ask who *are* the sub-class of vicitms, really, and how does the greater society of card-carrying members of the public library relate to their victimization? Certainly Algren drew inspiration from his compassion for the poor and the outcast. But he could also see the dangerous rage against nature in the cripple's sullen self-loathing. Jealousy and envy, Algren warned, are not the exclusive properties of the freakish exception so much as of the mediocre majority who are not merely indifferent to talent but, inevitably, try to destroy it:

> Mediocrity is never a passive lack of originality: it avenges its deprivation . . . Mediocrity is wanted, Mediocrity is solicited. Mediocrity is honored. And mediocrity will not put up with originality (*Chicago* 15-16).

He was accused by Norman Podhoretz of glorifying society's scum as "being so much more interesting and stirring than other people" (Podhoretz qtd. in Drew 275) and of sanctifying himself, in the words of Leslie Fiedler, as "the bard of the stumblebum" *(ibid)*. But sanctifying the lowest compromises of the social pecking order, he consistently replied, was actually the job of the establishment. How could a simple horse-player from Chicago hope to compete with the intellectual hot-shots in New York? His own withering replies to the contempt of Podhoretz and Fiedler shows he was more than able to defend himself against such ruffians. Yet in an unpublished doctoral dissertation on the McCarthy Era cold-war attacks on Algren, Professor Carla Capetti writes:

> "The remarks directed against Algren's work during the fifties . . . succinctly evoke the critical landscape during the cold war, one dominated by conservative ideology . . . (and) in them one finds not merely the specific contentions that marginalized Nelson Algren but just as importantly the larger dispute that exiled the whole urban-sociological tradition from the hall of fame of American letters" (Drew 293).

In view of his election, shortly before his death, to the American Institute of Arts and Letters, it may not seem that Algren was excluded from the inner circles of the literacy hierarchy. Yet, in terms of the current literary canon, he has been, in effect, almost systematically blackballed. While he was alive, Algren's work found its way into a wide variety of anthologies.[2] However, a recent edition of *The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction* includes nothing by Algren. Large standard anthologies such as *The American Tradition in Literature* never seem to have heard of him. Even *The Heath Anthology of American Literature,* which includes a wide variety of "alternative" readings, has nary a word from Algren. If he had been a Woman, a Native American, a Black or an Experimentalist, he might have had a better chance of his work being preserved for posterity.

The mere fact that he has been largely ignored does not, obviously, prove Algren's worth. Yet, for precisely the reasons

that he cannot be neatly categorized within a hyphenated subbracket of American Literature, his work defines the fundamental values on which any literary tradition must be based. What made Algren unique also made him universal. He came off the streets to hold a mirror up to the post-technological society. He spoofed the king's court and sounded a dire warning to a society which denies responsibility for being its brother's keeper. As an artist, he represented a peculiarly Near Northwest Side Chicagoan point-of-view in terms of radical democracy. As the self-appointed spokesperson for the dispossessed, Algren sought to express the inchoate protest against the smooth language of accepted conformity and to articulate the mute anguish of the inarticulate rejects wandering lost in the surrealistic urban wasteland. Precisely *because* he chose his material from the outer and lower fringes of human experience, Algren was able to define the values most lacking in the mainstream of modern society.

University of Illinois at Chicago

NOTES

1. (Sic). The error, which is repeated several times, is Dove's not the print-setter's.
2. Including: "A Bottle of Milk for Mother" in *Short-Story Masterpieces* and other stories in *Seventy-Five Short Masterpieces, Stories from World Literature, The Best American Short Stories, 1915-1950, Stories of Modern America, Big City Stories of Modern American Writers* and others (Chicorel Index 44).

WORKS CITED

Algren, Nelson. "The People of These Parts: A Survey of Modern Mid-American Letters." Foreword. *Chicago: City on the Make.* Oakland: Angel Island, 1961. rpt. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1987.

———. *The Man with the Golden Arm.* New York: Doubleday, 1949.

———. *The Neon Wilderness.* New York: Doubleday, 1947

———. *A Walk on the Wild Side.* New York: Farrar, Straus, 1956.

———. *Who Lost an American?* New York: Macmillan, 1963.

Anania, Michael. "Nelson Algren and the City." *Writing in the First Person: Nelson Algren, 1980-81.* Grand Army of the Republic Museum/The Chicago Public Library Cultural Center Catalog, 1988.

Cassill, R. V., ed. *The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction.* New York: Norton, 1981.

Chicorel, Marietta, ed. *Chicorel Index to Short Stories in Anthologies and Collections.* New York: Chicorel, 1974.

Cox, Martha Heasley and Chatterton, Wayne. *Nelson Algren.* Boston: Twayne, 1975.

Drew, Bettina. Nelson Algren: *A Life on the Wild Side.* New York: Putnam's, 1989.

Eisinger, Chester E. *Fiction of the Forties.* Chicago: U of Chicago P., 1963.

Giles, James R. *Confronting the Horror: The Novels of Nelson Algren.* Kent, Ohio: Kent State UP, 1989.

Geismar, Maxwell. *American Moderns: From Rebellion to Conformity.* New York: Hill & Wang, 1958.

Goldsmith, Robert Hillis. *Wise Fools in Shakespeare.* East Lansing: Michigan State UP, 1963.

The Jerusalem Bible. Trans. Harold Fisch. Jerusalem: Koren, 1977.

Lauter, et al., eds. *The Heath Anthology of American Literature.* Lexington: Heath, 1990.

Perkins, et al., eds. *The American Tradition in Literature.* Sixth Edition. New York: Random, 1985.

Ray, David. "Walk on the Wild Side: A Bowl of Coffee with Nelson Algren." *The Reporter,* XX (June 11, 1959): 31-33.

Shakespeare, William. *The Complete Works.* Third Edition. Ed. David Bevington. Glenview: Scott, Foresman, 1980.

NIETZSCHE, KEILLOR AND THE RELIGIOUS HERITAGE OF LAKE WOBEGON

WILLIAM OSTREM

"Let us face ourselves. We are Hyberboreans."

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*

When I found out that Friedrich Nietzsche was raised as a Lutheran and that his father and grandfather were Lutheran pastors, I could not resist the temptation to include Nietzsche's insights in a paper on Garrison Keillor's *Lake Wobegon Days.* It was partly the spirit of Keillor's humor that prompted such a seemingly absurd juxtaposition of authors: what could a German philosopher and a humorist of the American Midwest possibly have in common? I knew, however, that the comparison of Keillor and Nietzsche was not at all absurd and that Nietzsche's writings were directly relevant to a book which discusses, among other things, Midwestern Lutheranism. In fact, I want to argue that Nietzsche's philosophy provides a useful background for analyzing *Lake Wobegon Days* and particularly that extraordinary section of the book, *95 Theses 95,* the footnote parody of Luther's 95 theses which runs the entire length of one chapter. Nietzsche's psychological critique of religion and his "genealogy of morals" have much in common with the subversive *95 Theses 95.* Both are authored by men who resent the inhibitions that have been imposed on them in their Lutheran upbringing, and both describe a process of what Nietzsche terms "self-overcoming" as each man revaluates the values by which he was raised.

By dicussing Nietzsche along side of Keillor, I also hope to bring *Lake Wobegon Days*—and Midwestern literature in general—out of a strictly regional setting. Mentioning Nietzsche in the same breath as Keillor will, I hope, confer intellectual respect on Keillor's writings and help us to see in his work something

more than humorous nostalgia. It will also, I hope, allow us to understand the Midwest in light of the larger cultural context out of which it grew. Lake Wobegon began, after all, as a transplant of European religion and culture on American soil, and it is that European (particularly Northern European) religion and culture that Nietzsche makes the subject of his philosophy.

95 Theses 95 is the most original as well as the most unusual section of *Lake Wobegon Days*. Running as a long footnote through the entire length of a chapter entitled "News," it comprises a list of grievances against the town written by a former resident and modelled on Luther's document of the same name. Rather than nailing the list to the door of the church, however, the anonymous author of the modern *95* submits his document of protest to the local newspaper, the *Lake Wobegon Herald-Star*, run by Harold Starr. Unfortunately, the manuscript suffers from Mr. Starr's neglect. Several of its pages are lost, some of its points are obliterated by a coffee stain, and it never finds its way into print. *95 Theses 95* does find its way into the text of *Lake Wobegon Days*, however, where it exists within the larger text as a partial manuscript, blemished and consigned to oblivion by neglect, a bit of revolutionary commentary that will never be read by the Wobegonians who would surely be scandalized by it.

Although the Lake Wobegon *95* is modeled on Luther's 95 Theses, it resembles the writings of Nietzsche, the lapsed Lutheran, more than it does those of Luther. The Lake Wobegon *95* directs its criticisms not against sin and corruption in the world but against the very ideas of sin and corruption as defined by the morality of Lake Wobegon. As such, it comes closer to Nietzsche's outrage over morals more than it does Luther's moral outrage. The author of the *95* venomously criticizes the morés of the culture in which he was raised, a culture which he feels has hobbled him for life. "You misdirected me," he complains, "as surely as if you had said the world is flat and north is west and two plus two is four: i.e., not utterly wrong, just wrong enough so that when I took the opposite position . . . I was wrong, too . . . *You gave me the wrong things to rebel against*" (author's italics) (#74).

Just as in Nietzsche's philosophy of rebellion, repudiation of the ancestor's religion is the cornerstone of the *95*. The author comes to see the Lutheran morality of his youth as the source for

all that is defective in his later character. The pleasure-denying ideals he learned in his boyhood have, he believes, resulted in a "nice, quiet, fastidious" person who cannot enjoy himself. As he says of his upbringing in Thesis 21: "Suffering was its own reward, to be preferred to pleasure. As Lutherans, we viewed pleasure with suspicion . . . We were born to suffer." Perhaps most importantly, the author of the *95* believes the Lutheran moral code fostered what he terms "repression":

> "You taught me to be nice, so that now I am so full of niceness, I have no sense of right and wrong, no outrage, no passion. 'If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all,' you said, so I am very quiet, which most people think is politeness. I call it repression" (#9).

For the author of the *95*, repression is the most harmful legacy of his Lutheran background, and it has inevitably confused what he calls his "sexual identity." He writes, "You have taught me to feel shame and disgust about my own body, so that I am afraid to clear my throat or blow my nose" (#5); and in another thesis, "You taught me an indecent fear of sexuality. I'm not sure I have any left underneath this baked-on crust of shame and disgust" (#15). Nor can he later be more specific about his grievances regarding the sexual mores of his hometown. He cannot even write theses 80-82, which deal with sexuality. The author of the *95* is still so much a creature of his culture that he is unable to put into words his ideas regarding sexuality. Even after a lifetime of attempted change, the self-censorship and guilt of Lake Wobegon remain strong within him.

The author of the *95* also sees the religion of Lake Wobegon as fostering a suspicious, spiteful and judgmental attitude towards others. Its code divides the world into the moral and immoral, the holy and the sinful, the good and the evil, and those falling outside the accepted realm are treated with disdain. Lake Wobegon's morality fosters a general attitude of dismissive judgment designed to make those who judge feel superior. Thesis #68 reads, "Everything was set in place in your universe, and you knew what everything and everybody was, whether you had ever seen them or not. You could glance at strangers and size them up instantly . . . you knew who they were, and you were seldom generous in your assessments."

The observations contained in Lake Wobegon's *95 Theses* have much in common with Nietzsche's own views on religion, which I would like to briefly examine. I also want to consider Nietzsche's thought as a reaction to a Lutheran upbringing that must have been similar in some respects to that experienced by a boy growing up in central Minnesota. I hasten to add that Nietzsche's thought on these matters is by no means the last word on the subject of Christianity.

Nietzsche grew up in an atmosphere imbued with the spirit of German Lutheranism. Because his father and grandfather were Lutheran pastors, much of his youth was spent in and around Lutheran parsonages—for the first five years of his life in his father's home, and at his grandfather's parsonage during summer vacations after his father's death. Nietzsche's family assumed that he would become a clergyman as well, but his schooling took him in another direction. He received an excellent classical education in preparatory school and eventually became more interested in philology, philosophy and psychology than religion. Although he registered at Bonn University as a student of theology, he decided not to pursue a career in the clergy. In fact by the age of 20 he was no longer attending church (Hayman 66). His education and his own temperament had led him away from the career his family desired, introduced him to a wide and varied world of ideas and values, and started him on a long road of rebellion.

Nietzsche was one of the first thinkers to call himself a psychologist and to consider morality and religion in explicitly psychological terms. For Nietzsche, to examine religion psychologically meant to consider the motives behind religious faith. The psychologist drops all belief in the transcendental, otherworldly quality of the things he is studying—God, faith, sin, good—and asks instead how these terms function in the world as it is, how they serve those who use them. The answers Nietzsche came up with are not at all flattering for Christianity. In fact, Nietzsche finally sought to overturn all Christian values, to see the Christian "good" as unnatural and unhealthy, and to see the Christian "evil" as its desired opposite. In his reversed system of values Christianity opposes itself to Nature and is, in his terminology, "decadent."

Nietzsche's philosophy, as he developed it in *The Genealogy of Morals, The Antichrist* and other works, asserts that Christianity is the morality of the weak, the poor and the sick. For Nietzsche Christianity is a slave ethic, a moral code of the outcast and downtrodden that is opposed to the "noble" ethic of the strong, privileged and healthy. As a result, Christianity is fundamentally a religion of vengefulness and spite: "At the bottom of Christianity is the rancor of the sick, instinct directed *against* the healthy, *against* health itself." (*Portable Nietzsche* 634).[1] According to Nietzsche, Christianity reverses natural affinities and instincts and allows its adherents to convert their own neuroses into virtues and to view the healthy as the sick, the dirty and the sinful. They are able to vaunt their own manner of living as pious and holy. In Nietzsche's words, "By letting God judge, they themselves judge; by glorifying God, they glorify themselves; by *demanding* the virtues of which they happen to be capable . . . they give themselves the magnificent appearance of a struggle for virtue . . . [I]n truth, they do what they cannot help doing" (621). Christian morality, Nietzsche writes, is only "misfortune besmirched with the concept of 'sin'; . . . physiological indisposition poisoned with the worm of conscience" (595).

Christianity is perhaps most importantly for Nietzsche a "negation of life," or "a form of mortal enmity against reality" (598). "The only motivating force at the root of Christianity," he says, is an "instinctive hatred of reality" (613). The weak, neurotic and unhealthy withdraw from life and focus their thought on another world, a "true" world beyond this one, which is for Nietzsche only a "nothingness," a negation of what is. As an adjunct to this negation of life, their ideology despises the body and all sensual pleasures. Nietzsche summarizes the essence of Christianity as "a certain sense of cruelty against oneself and against others; hatred of all who think differently; the will to persecute . . . the hatred of pride, courage, freedom, liberty of the spirit; Christian is the hatred of the *senses*, of joy in the senses, of joy itself" (588-9).

Though Nietzsche admired certain aspects of Christ's teaching, he viewed the interpretations of that teaching by later Christians as progressively more degenerate, ending with the worst of all: his own Protestant, Lutheran tradition. Luther, according to

Nietzsche, inspired a so-called "peasant revolt" that ended the promising Renaissance attempt to "revaluate all values" and bring back to life the noble ideals of the ancient world. For Nietzsche Protestantism (which he defines as "the partial paralysis of Christianity—*and* of reason" (576)) was a particularly German invention, and he sees a Protestant influence pervading all succeeding German philosophy, particularly that of Kant. Kant's moral philosophy, with its idea of the categorical imperative, shares with Christianity the concept of morality as "the essence of the world," a concept which Nietzsche considers one of the two most "malignant errors of all time" (577). In Nietzsche's words, "What could destroy us more quickly than working, thinking, and feeling without any inner necessity, without any deeply personal choice, without *pleasure*—as an automoton of 'duty'?" (578) For Nietzsche Kant's moral ethic takes away a necessary requirement for action in life: the ability to see oneself as an end rather than simply a means. The Nietzschean essence of the world is the self or spirit and its will to power.

That is a very crude summary of Nietzsche's views on religion. It is enough, however, to allow us to see some of the similarities between Nietzsche and the author of Lake Wobegon's *95 Theses*. The tone and content of Nietzsche's philosophy could hardly be farther from the humorous *Lake Wobegon Days*, but it is very close to the *95 Theses 95*. The *95* contains the same protest against a culture perceived to be stultifying, harmful and unnatural. Both the *95*'s author and Nietzsche reject the attitudes towards life typical in Lake Wobegon: repression and avoidance of sensual pleasure, disgust with the body, rejection of this life for an afterlife, and spite towards those of other faiths and values. Like Nietzsche, the author of the *95* is a keen observer of human psychology and sees the origin of Lake Wobegon's high ideals in base psychological motives. He sees the division of people into good and evil as serving a utility for those like his parents who must so hierarchize the world. The category of evil allows their own inclinations and values to shine as virtues.

Also like Nietzsche, the author of the *95* comes to despise the values of his native culture and his own Lutheran tradition. He sees how they have restricted his own life and adopts the reverse values. But even then he is constrained by his past:

> "I adopted the mirror-reverse of our prejudices and I apply them viciously. I detest neat-looking people like myself and people who look industrious and respectable. I sneer at them as middle-class. In elections, I vote automatically against Scandinavian names" (#68).

Though he has completely reversed Lake Wobegon's values, his lack of generosity is no improvement on his parents. His is only a new sanctimony similarly based on disappointment and frustration. He recognizes that his Nietzschean project of self-overcoming or self-conquest has been a failure conditioned by the very things that he was rebelling against. Although he is intelligent enough to be conscious of the origins of his problems, he seems to be a permanent psychological casualty of what he calls "the long drought" of his youth.

95 Theses 95 rejects the moral values and customs of Lake Wobegon as harmful and unnatural, but what about *Lake Wobegon Days* as a whole? Does it harbor the same sentiments? What is the relationship between this serious, subversive footnote and this humouous, rather nostalgic book?

One way to try to answer these questions is by comparing the different personae Keillor uses in *Lake Wobegon Days*. The first-person narrator of the book, Gary, has a personal history similar to that of the *95*'s author. Though the narrator is the product of an even more rigid Protestant sect, he shows the same impatience to shed his native religion. He also attempts to escape the narrow religious-based morality of his youth and construct a new self outside of Lake Wobegon. "Most of Lake Wobegon's children leave, as I did," the narrator writes, "to realize themselves as finer persons than they were allowed to be at home" (14).

The narrator's process of self-reformation is an explicit and comic one. After moving to the Twin Cities to attend college, he sees a Lake Wobegon friend and ducks away to avoid him. He comments: "I was redesigning myself and didn't care to be the person he knew" (19). The young Gary also unsuccessfully tries to impress the girls of Minneapolis with fake foreign accents and phony family backgrounds. In his stories his father becomes a diplomat, then a bank robber, and his family becomes Italian. He imagines how his family will one day blow their cover and drop the "grim theology of tight-lipped English Puritans" and begin dancing (20). Similarly, both Gary the narrator and the

Tollefson boy (yet another version of Keillor's self) fantasize about life with the Flambeau family, free spirits featured in a series of children's books. The Flambeaus treat their son as an adult and "do what they *feel* like doing—*when* they feel like it, not like in Lake Wobegon" (154).

Unlike the author of the *95*, though, the narrator of *Lake Wobegon Days* successfully fashions a new self. He goes beyond the values taught him in his Lake Wobegon childhood and conquers the self they controlled. Consequently he is able to look back at his hometown with less spite, and even with a hint of nostalgia. The author of the *95* is not so fortunate. He remains unhappy and cannot overcome his feelings of bitterness regarding his past.

It might be argued that the Lutheran author of the *95* provides an all too convenient mask for Keillor, a means of displacing from the public person and radio show host, "Keillor," the subversive implications of the *95 Theses*. Keillor, this argument runs, is allowed to have his cake and eat it too: he can vehemently criticize Lake Wobegon in the *95*, and at the same time wistfully recall the more positive aspects of his hometown in the main narrative. I think Keillor escapes this criticism, however. By distancing the author of the *95* from himself, Keillor addresses a larger theme. He makes the issue something more than his own efforts to come out from under the shadow of one obscure Protestant sect. In fact Keillor uses *95 Theses 95* to examine a more general and vital issue: the issue of the self's relationship to the cultural past it inherits and by which it is shaped.

The *95* asks a question that Keillor would not otherwise pose in *Lake Wobegon Days*: where do we stand in relationship to our religious heritage? Keillor himself wrote a humorous version of this question as a mock book title: *The Christian Faith: Is It Helping Us or Holding Us Back?*[2] The persona of the *95* would, I believe, say that Christianity is definitely holding us back, but in *Lake Wobegon Days* as a whole the issue is ambiguous. Keillor treats the religious figures of his novel with respect while at the same time criticizing the repression that characterized his own Fundamentalist family. Keillor stops short of Nietzsche in not completely dismissing religion.

Garrison Keillor is not a Nietzsche, nor does he subscribe to any other "ism." He is, however, very much aware of the cultural

and intellectual forces of the twentieth century and has proved as much in his superb satire. His understanding of psychology no doubt comes via the large influence of Freud and psychoanalysis rather than Nietzsche. Nietzsche is mentioned at least once in Keillor's works, though, in a satire on alternative weddings entitled "Your Wedding and You." There in a recommended list of reading is *The Portable Nietzsche*, along with such works as the *Bhagavad Gita*, *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* by Newman and Berkowitz, and Joyce Carol Oates' *Them (Happy to Be Here* 166-7).

However different they may seem, Nietzsche and Keillor both question the Christian heritage and, more specifically, the Protestant tradition that shaped their lives. Both use fictional persona—Zarathustra in Nietzsche's case, the anonymous author of the *95* in Keillor's—to voice their strongest messages of rebellion. The author of the *95* writes his message to Lake Wobegon asking, like Nietzsche, for a "revaluation of all values." Seeking perhaps to spark a new reformation that owes more to psychology than religion, the anonymous author of Lake Wobegon's *95 Theses* valiantly and eloquently lists the faults of his hometown. But, insulated behind layers of complacency and stupidity, the message is lost. Lake Wobegon will have to wait for another reformer. To show as much Keillor makes his remarkable *95 Theses* a footnote hanging from the body of the text like a shameful appendage, because that is surely how the residents of Lake Wobegon would see it. The status of *95 Theses 95* as a note to the text reflects its status in the community as a whole. It is outside the mainstream and outside the public narrative of Lake Wobegon.

Princeton University

NOTES

1. All Nietzsche quotations are from *The Portable Nietzsche*.
2. *We Are Still Married*, list of books "Coming Soon" opposite the title page.

WORKS CONSULTED AND CITED

Keillor, Garrison. *Happy to Be Here*. New York: Atheneum, 1982.
———. *Lake Wobegon Days*. New York: Viking, 1985.
———. *We Are Still Married*. New York: Viking, 1989.
Hayman, Ronald. *Nietzsche: A Critical Life*. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1980.
Kaufmann, Walter. *Nietzsche: Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1968.
Nietzsche, Friedrich. *The Birth of Tragedy and The Genealogy of Morals*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday Anchor, 1956. trans. Francis Golffing.
———. *The Portable Nietzsche*. New York: Penguin, 1954. ed. and trans. Walter Kaufmann.

PARETSKY, TUROW, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF SYMBOLIC ETHNICITY

GUY SZUBERLA

"I really thought I was Joe College. That's who I wanted to be, and that's who I thought I was. Really, I thought I was fucking Beaver Cleaver, or whoever the boy next door is these days. I really did" (293).[1] What Rusty Sabich acknowledges in this angry confession, somewhere near the heart of Scott Turow's *Presumed Innocent* (1987), is his abiding sense of his own "strangeness." Like Sarah Paretsky's V. I. Warshawski, Sabich alternately affirms and denies his ethnic past. More precisely, both Sarah Paretsky's series of five Warshawski novels and Turow's *Presumed Innocent* unfold, through the multiple layerings of their principal characters' identity, strategies for projecting, denying, and encoding ethnicity.

Their novels restate some of the old dilemmas of ethnicity and American identity in new terms. Though *Presumed Innocent* has been classified as a "police procedural," and most reviewers agree that Paretsky's novels take their point of departure from the hard-boiled detective story, their fiction is, in ways that have not been fully recognized, pervasively shaped by a rhetoric of ethnicity.[2] Their novels are set in a Chicago where the old neighborhood boundaries, those once clear lines dividing one ethnic group from another, seem to have disappeared. Some of the representations of ethnicity that Turow and Paretsky deploy are accordingly elusive; it's possible to take them for notations on style or social status. When, for example, V. I. Warshawski puts on her expensive Italian Bruno Magli shoes, insists on fresh pasta, sings Italian opera, dreams in Italian, or, on ceremonial occasions, brings out her mother's Venetian glasses, we may read such actions as flourishes of her life-style or her stubborn individualism.[3] They also can stand, in the detailed social context of

Paretsky's Chicago, as expressions of a modulated and ambiguous ethnicity. Turow represents Sabich's ethnic identity far more subtly, but, much like Paretsky, he is probing the limits and boundaries of a "symbolic ethnicity."

That is to say, we witness in Warshawski and Sabich two characters who seem, at times, to believe that ethnicity "may be shed, resurrected, or adopted as the situation warrants." Philip Gleason, in an essay on "American Identity and Americanization," has called this the "optionalist" view of ethnic identity, and associates it with the "new ethnicity" that emerged in the mid 1960s. He contrasts it with the more traditional or "primordialist" interpretation of ethnicity, offering these standard definitions: "an indelible stamp on the psyche," "an inheritance from the past, one of those primordial qualities" that will forever remain part of an individual's or a group's frame of cultural reference.[4]

We may, it seems to me, profitably attempt to situate Paretsky's and Turow's novels and the sensibilities of their principal characters somewhere between the "primordialist" and "optionalist" interpretations of ethnic identity. Warshawski and Sabich, in many ways, contradict the primordialist view, having forgotten or having deliberately erased ties to the traditional sources of ethnicity: to family, religion, community, and culture. At the same time, their conscious acts of denial, like Rusty Sabich's identification with Beaver Cleaver, are suspect, even to them. In short, their fiction invokes ethnic identity, even as it suggests that the conditions for ethnicity died with an earlier, immigrant generation. Whether ethnicity can be "optionally" cultivated, willed, or rejected—put on or taken off like Warshawski's Magli shoes—stands as an open question. How free, in other words, are these two second and third-generation characters to put on or take off their given ethnic identities? That is the general question my essay will try to answer.

I. My Mother, My Father, My Self

Perhaps it's unfair to say that Sarah Paretsky and Scott Turow write for readers who can jog and read. They do have their characters indulge in some upscale tastes in wine and food and, on occasion, they conspicuously display their knowledge of Chicago's finest restaurants. But, to emphasize that their principal and minor characters wear clothes and assume appearances

that might place them comfortably on the pages of *Vanity Fair*, or *GQ*, or among the happy campers in an L. L. Bean catalog—to emphasize such things risks distorting some fairly ordinary middle-class fantasies. Just as often, Paretsky and Turow stress, through their name-brand identifications and embedded consumer-information, that their protagonists feel they don't really belong in this ordinary, middle-class world.

It's clear, on the other hand, that V. I. Warshawski and Rozat Sabich know what it means to authenticate or legitimize a claim to a place in a post-ethnic and white-collar society. Consider but two brief illustrations. First, V. I. Warshawski:

> I . . . went into the guest room to dress for a trip to the northern suburbs. . . . I put on the blue Chanel jacket with a white shirt and white wool slacks. The effect was elegant and professional. (*Deadlock*, 102)

The second passage records Rusty Sabich's impression of a rock guitarist, now turned "Waspy" or "Ivy League" attorney (Turow, 165; 218):

> He had chopped a good two inches off the curled edges of his pageboy, and he turned out in a distinguished blue pinstriped suit from J. Press in New Haven. (Turow, 239)

Warshawski and Sabich understand such disguises, and can decode counterfeit and double identities, because it's one of their professional duties—as private investigator and prosecuting attorney—to do so. This acute consciousness of maskings and unmaskings carries another and more important significance. It's an index to their own sense of a double identity and to the sometimes painful reminders of a divided self. Warshawski and Sabich understand multiple personae and quick-changes of identity because, for much of their lives, they too have protected and self-consciously projected a "private I."

Sabich reveals both his invented and inner selves forcibly if indirectly, when he comments on his sometime friend and colleague, Nico Della Guardia:

> When I first met Nico, a dozen years ago, I recognized him instantly as a smart-ass ethnic kid, familiar to me from high school and the streets, the kind who, over the years. I had self-consciously chosen not to be: savvier than he was smart, boastful, always talking. But with few others to look to, I formed with Nico the sort of fast association of fresh recruits. (178)

This suggests that Rusty believes, or once believed, that he could shed his ethnic past. He could choose, through an act of will and self-consciousness, not to be "a smart-ass ethnic kid." But the freedom to reject his ethnicity and to invent an identity turns out to be more burdened with difficulty than he'd once imagined. It's one thing to trim away the foreign sound in Rozat, his given name; another, to erase memories of his parents and cancel his inherited family traits. Much as he wants to be "Rusty"—to live up to a name emblemizing innocence, rustic normalcy, and a kind of sit-com Americanness—he is inevitably drawn back to the feeling that he's one "strange son-of-a-bitch" (293). This, he attributes to his Yugoslavian father and his mother, "the sixth daughter of a Jewish union organizer and a lass from Cork" (225). At the beginning of the trial that dominates the novel, he fears that having been categorized as the "son of an immigrant" will uncover his father's guilty past and lead to his own conviction (244). He has been charged with the brutal murder of another deputy prosecuting attorney. During the trial, he broods over his family and his dead parents: "Oh, this cataclysm of love and attachment. And shame" (264). He wears his invented identity, his boy-next-door face, uneasily.

Paretsky's V. I. Warshawski does not seem, like Rusty Sabich, liable to brood anxiously over her identity. V. I. sharply answers those who call her Vicki, and suffers only a few select friends and relatives to call her Victoria. Victoria Iphigenia, her given name, seems an almost wholly-forgotten part of her past. Call her Vic, or, if you're a client, call her V. I. She takes it as a matter of course that most of the low-life Chicagoans and snooty suburbanites that she meets will not be able to pronounce her last name (an oddity, since Warshawski & Warshawski Auto Accessories is one of the city's oldest and best known dealers). Upstanding Winnetka citizens, no less than the leg-breaking mafiosi she frequently tackles, call her a "Polack detective" (*Indemnity Only*, 112). As many readers and reviewers have noticed, she speaks and acts with the violent assertiveness and the self-reliant toughness of a Dashiell Hammett or Raymond Chandler hero.

V. I. also holds the power to fluidly assume the manner and voice of her immigrant mother. Like Rusty Sabich, she possesses within her a second or ethnic identity, but, much unlike him, she takes an expressive delight in projecting her parent's manner. In a comic episode in *Killing Orders*, she shouts out to some policemen that she is Gabriella Sforzina (her mother's name). Donning a cleaning smock, she masquerades as an Italian immigrant. She speaks broken English, then explodes into excited Italian, which in fact is a recital of "Madamina" from *Don Giovanni* (126). In more serious moments, at times of authentic emotional intensity, she sings the operatic lyrics her mother taught her (*Deadlock*, 118; *Indemnity Only*, 74). In *Blood Shot* (1988), as in *Killing Orders*, she fulfills the promises and obligations her mother made years before, and, in doing so, she continues her mother's role as a protector to the Djiak family and to her great Aunt, Rosa Vignelli.

II. Family Ties and Family Struggles

Though in *Killing Orders*, V. I. Warshawski solemnly identifies herself with "the children of immigrants," none of Paretsky's novels enact or re-enact, in conventional narrative form, the generational conflicts of immigrant parents and children. Classic immigrant and ethnic novels like Rolvaag's sequels to *Giants in the Earth* (1927)—*Peder Victorious* (1929) and *Their Father's God* (1931)—Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* (1934), and Willard Motley's *Knock On Any Door* (1947) enact dramas of generational conflict. The immigrant parents in them struggle against their children's loss of old-world religious beliefs, their failure to learn the mother tongue, and their general indifference to their parents' cultural and moral values. From the first generation's perspective, the process of acculturation and assimilation unfolds into a story of the second generation's degeneration.

Given the absence of these generational struggles in the Warshawski series, we should not expect Paretsky to deploy the rhetoric or typology of generational conflict. Nevertheless, three of her novels—*Deadlock*, *Killing Orders*, and *Blood Shot*—boldly outline what Werner Sollors has called "the melodrama of numbered generations." Paretsky both reproduces and parodies the moral and typological roles we conventionally assign to the so-called first, second, and third generations. These generations are,

in several important respects, cultural constructions. The moral typology that condemns the second generation for betraying its parents' values, the generational typology that, correspondingly, extols the virtues of the first and third generation for maintaining ethnicity, always verges upon melodrama. The implicit moral exhortations, addressed to the "good" and "bad" generations, invariably disguise "the tension" that all generations feel "between the wish to escape ancestors and the yearning to fulfill them."

Paretsky's representation of immigrant and ethnic identity plays off of these culturally constructed generations. V. I. Warshawski belongs, ambiguously, to both the second and third generation. Her mother was an Italian immigrant, and Jewish; her father was a second generation Polish-American. Even when her parents were alive, she did not deny their ethnic values, nor did she define her identity through a generational struggle. Nothing in the detailed, retrospective chronicles of her past suggests that, from her parents' perspective, she acted out the conventional second generation's backslide into "degeneration." She seems loyal to their memory and to the ethnic values they represent.

What Paretsky does, to reconstitute a melodrama of numbered generations, is to pit V. I. against a surrogate first generation, against immigrant figures like her great Aunt Rosa and grandma Wojcik, against ethnic types such as Lt. Robert Mallory. They hold the moral perspective conventionally assigned to first generation parents. To them, Victoria or Vicki illustrates the second generation's expected moral decline and degeneration. Thus, Paretsky can have an authentic ethnic heroine, while satirizing the ethnicity and old world values that she symbolically locates in V. I.'s aunts, uncles, and South Chicago neighbors. In the novel *Deadlock*, for example, Paretsky opens with a funeral mass for V. I.'s cousin, the star hockey player, Boom Boom Warshawski. Instead of a "quiet service" at the "non-denominational chapel" that V. I. would have picked, Boom Boom's aunts have chosen St. Wenceslas, a "vulgar church in the old neighborhood." There she stares at "imitation Tiffany windows" "in garish colors," and grimaces over religious scenes distorted by a tasteless "pseudocubism" (2-3). At the Wojcik home where the funeral luncheon's given, she complains about a "house swarming with

children," where it becomes so crowded that she begins "tripping over babies." She notes, sarcastically, that there's onion on Grandma Wojcik's breath, and she sniffs at the repulsively "heavy smell of Polish cooking" (5-6).

Some of these observations are rendered in a comic spirit, though the episode culminates in her overpowering sense of suffocation. "The smoke and noise and the sour cabbage smell," she says, "were filling my brain" (5). During the mass, the Wojciks had loudly whispered criticisms of her because she wore a blue not a black suit. At the luncheon, they openly pick at her for not staying married and raising a family. V. I. feels an angry contempt for their translation of old-world religious beliefs, and recalls childhood memories of the family's "violent religiosity" (2). All in all, she stigmatizes her cousin's relatives for sexual attitudes that seem a cruel, if paradoxical, mix of male-chauvinism and matriarchal power. In short, she declares her independence and identity against their peculiar ethnic character. Together, she and the Wojciks re-enact the roles of a conservative first and rebellious second generation.

Lieutenant Robert Mallory and Vic Warshawski, in somewhat different terms, replay the same pattern of generational conflict. Since Mallory and her father, Tony Warshawski, worked together on the Chicago Police Department, it seems almost natural for him to invoke her father's name and authority when he criticizes her. In *Indemnity Only,* he begs her to assume a woman's role: "You know, if Tony had turned you over his knee more often instead of spoiling you rotten, you'd be a happy housewife now, instead of playing at detective and making it hard for us to get our job done" (24). He thinks of her, as V. I. says, "as his old buddy Tony's daughter," wants to define her strictly within traditional family and generational slots (*Killing Orders,* 84). Like the wearisome Wojcik aunts, like her own great Aunt Rosa, he sees her betraying and abandoning the first generation's moral values. These necessarily include traditionally assigned gender roles. In an especially angry moment, he charges her with having become a lesbian, with having dishonored her father during the time he was dying. It is then, in reply, that she identifies herself with the loyal "children of immigrants" (*Killing Orders,* 87).

Lieutenant Mallory, of course, can be regarded as the honest, but plodding and bureaucratic cop who, in novels like Hammett's *The Thin Man,* sets in high relief the force and brilliance of the archetypal hard-boiled detective. Paretsky, as Bakerman and others have observed, had cut the template for V. I.'s character and type from the hard-boiled detective story.[6] This is not to say, as some of the slicker reviewers have, that Warshawski is simply a women's-lib Philip Marlowe or an updated, 1980s, version of Sam Spade or Mike Hammer.[7] What ultimately distinguishes her from these hard-boiled predecessors is not her sex, her occasional scruples about violence, her fading political consciousness, or her semi-religious regimen of jogging. It is, instead, the legibility and the haunting definiteness of her South Chicago past, expressed in the persistent memories of her deceased parents and the undying burden of her family relations.

The typical hard-boiled detective does not brood over the past or remember, in any except the most perfunctory way, his parents or his childhood neighborhood. Though Hammett, for example, tells us that Nick Charles' father was a Greek immigrant, named Charalambides, we learn almost nothing else about his parents or his extended family (*The Thin Man,* beginning of chapter 7). That his father was Greek does not mark him indelibly, or prompt him to invent and consciously maintain an alternate identity. His ethnic past is of no emotional significance. Another Hammett hero, Sam Spade, springs from an even more elusive past and parentage. These are authentic American Adams. Like the "western hero," the hard-boiled detective draws his moral purity and identity from, what John Cawelti appropriately calls, an "unsullied isolation."[8]

V. I. Warshawski also lives or often tries to live in "unsullied isolation," though she's more likely to express it as the value she places on finding some time alone. In contrast to the gaps and blank pages of the hard-boiled detective's life story, her family history and her complex ethnic identity are fully inscribed in her autobiographical narratives. Warshawski, in telling and retelling her life story, sometimes elaborates incidents and details of family history with the thickening density ordinarily associated with bulky, Victorian dynastic novels. Any reader of the Warshawski series quickly learns that V. I. grew up in South Chicago, on Houston, somewhere near 92nd or 93rd street or Ninetieth and

Commercial (her old home address changes from *Indemnity Only* (70) to *Blood Shot* (106)). V. I. bitterly recalls that her father struggled with "the prejudice against Polish cops in an all-Irish world" (*Killing Orders*, 83). We're told that her mother, Gabriella Vignelli, had her opera career ended by World War II; learn of her mother's alienation from the intolerant neighbors of South Chicago; and follow, in ever-lengthening family histories, the story of the aunts, uncles, cousins, and others that make up the combined Warshawski and Vignelli families as well as the Djiaks that Gabriella, then V. I., half-adopt.

Far from being a splendid isolato, in the tradition of the lonely hard-boiled detective, V. I. feels herself joined to an extended family that spreads across the map of Chicago and its suburbs. She both acknowledges and rejects a "sense of peoplehood," that particularistic identity that makes her feel her otherness and her relation to so many others (Gleason, 55). Her identity rests on her ethnic bonds, and, paradoxically, upon her rejection of ethnicity.

III. The Importance of Being Ethnic

Warshawski and Sabich understand the importance, the peculiar burden, of being ethnic. Though for many years they've lived far from their old neighborhoods, they grew up in an ethnic neighborhood, and will always be from there. Sabich has moved to Nearing, a mythical suburb of the unnamed big city in *Presumed Innocent*. Warshawski now lives near Belmont and Halsted on Chicago's north side, in a two or three-flat somewhere between a Puerto Rican neighborhood and a rising tide of gentrification. Like a hundred American heroes before them, they believe, in one way and another, that "you can't go home again." And yet, each of them does make a symbolic return to the old neighborhood, to their ethnic past and identity.

For Sabich, this occurs in an old neighborhood tavern called "Six Brothers." The tavern sits in one of Chicago's fading ethnic neighborhoods—"shingle-sided bungalows tucked in among the warehouses and factories." It could be in Mayor Daley's Bridgeport, in Eddie Vrodolyak's South Chicago, or in dozens of other Chicago neighborhoods. Sabich tells us that, in this neighborhood, there are a few "stoical families holding out against the Ricans and the blacks." "The tavern," he adds, "is like so many

others out this way; just a joint with Formica tables, a vinyl floor, lights over the mirrors." Here, as elsewhere in his novel, Turow elides street names and charts his urban geography with a cunning indefiniteness bordering on the allegorical. Sabich, in other words, has returned to a time and place that is almost gone, almost completely forgotten. Still, it exists, remains as a stage and prompt for his self-recognition. Fittingly, it is here that Sabich, amidst a half-dozen signs of the anachronist and under the nearly unendurable pressures of his trial, recognizes and acknowledges that he is "one strange son of a bitch." Which is to say, he sees, in a way he had never seen before, that his identity springs from his parents, from his half-forgotten ethnic past. What he has denied, in inventing his Beaver-Cleaver identity, lives on as stubbornly as the "Six Brothers" tavern (291-93).

The ritual return to the old neighborhood, in Paretsky's novels, takes on a far different significance. In *Blood Shot*, she flatly titles one chapter, "You Can't Go Home Again." Quite unlike Sabich who discovers and defines his identity in the half-mythic old neighborhood, Warshawski declares her identity against it:

> South Chicago itself looked moribund, its life frozen somewhere around the time of World War II. . . . Women wrapped in threadbare wool coats still wore cotton babushkas as they bent their heads into the wind. On the corners, near the ubiquitous storefront taverns, stood vacant-eyed, shabbily clad men. (25-26)

And when she drives on to the East Side, she finds that people "live in a stubborn isolation, trying to recreate the Eastern European villages of their grandparents" (25). For Turow's Sabich, the old neighborhood "stoically" holds on: for Warshawski, it stubbornly clings to a meaningless existence, and fails to comprehend its own death. She fears being caught by the strangling "tentacles from South Chicago." This difference in characterization, the significance given these vestiges of ethnic and immigrant life, suggests one concluding point.

Two early twentieth century novels of ethnic experience, Cahan's *Rise of David Levinsky* (1917) and Johnson's *Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* (1912), set a narrative pattern, that in many ways still stands as a commanding intertext. In much of our immigrant and ethnic fiction, Werner Sollors finds, the protagonists' "externally upward journeys . . . from poverty

to material success, from ethnic marginality to a more 'American' identity," rests upon a fundamental irony. Inwardly, the protagonists "perceive themselves as victims of circumstance, unhappy cowards, and traitors to kin" and "an authentic, inner" self. What the characters thought to be a rise was really a fall (170-71). The confessional, autobiographical patterns that frame the irony of these stories reveal the difficulties of constructing "the self as autonomous individual *and* as fated group member" (173).

Turow's *Presumed Innocent* reflects this fundamental irony, and his protagonist's return to the "Six Brothers" defines the recreation of his "authentic, inner self." To repeat Philip Gleason's term, this illustrates a "primordialist" interpretation of ethnic identity. Paretsky's Warshawski series, however sporadically, writes out a new or different rhetoric of ethnicity. Her protagonist's "authentic, inner self" emerges through her defiance of her "fated group identity," through her denial of what she regards as traditional ethnic values. Though she's far more precise about the boundaries and locations of Chicago's ethnic neighborhoods than Sabich, in another sense, she's declared the ethnic neighborhood to be dead and its cultural values "moribund." The bonds of community and the forces of determinism that held Farrell's, Algren's, Motley's and all but the wiliest of Bellow's heroes trapped within their ethnicity and their ethnic neighborgoods have been swept away. To put this in other terms, V. I. Warshawski defines her "unsullied isolation," as the western hero or hard-boiled detective might. She seals off from memory the vestiges of her ethnic past, and displays or disguises, at will, her invented self and her symbolic ethnicity.

University of Toledo

NOTES

1. Scott Turow, *Presumed Innocent* (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1987). All references to this novel will be given parenthetically in the text.
2. Jane Stewart, reviewing Turow's novel for the *Christian Science Monitor* (August 13, 1987): 18, reads it, in part, as a "look at the workings of a big city's criminal-justice system." Robert Towers' review, in *The New York Review of Books*, 34 (November 19, 1987):21, notes the novel's stress on "the intricacies of criminal law."

   Paretsky has said, in an interview, that her fiction-writing began in an effort to write "a parody of a Raymond-Chandler-type novel." See "Sara Paretsky," *Ms. Magazine*, 16 (January, 1988):67. See also "The Lady is a Gumshoe," *Newsweek*, 10 (July 13, 1987):64.

3. All references to Paretsky's novels will be given parenthetically in the text. I have used the following editions: *Indemnity Only* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1982); *Deadlock* (New York: Doubleday, 1984); *Killing Orders* (New York: Ballantine, 1985); *Bull Shot* (New York: Delacorte, 1988).

   In *Killing Orders*, she speaks Italian with Don Pasquale, a mafia chieftain. She insists on fresh pasta in *Killing Orders* (8); and shows her high standards in dining, and Italian food, in *Deadlock* (82-3). The importance of her mother's "red Venetian glasses" is shown in a dream and defined in an aside in *Indemnity Only* (67, 104). The *Ms. Magazine*, cited above, describes her wardrobe, including the Bruno Maglis (67).
4. See Philip Gleason's article, "American Identity and Americanization," in the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* (Cambridge: Harvard U.P., 1980), pp. 55-6. One article of special interest that he cites and summarizes is: Peter K. Eisinger's "Ethnicity as a Strategic Option," *Public Administration Review*, 38 (January/February, 1978): 98-93. All future references to Gleason's article will be given parenthetically in the text.
5. Throughout this paragraph, I summarize and restate Werner Sollors, "The Cultural Construction of Descent," from *Beyond Ethnicity: Consent and Descent in American Culture* (New York: Oxford U.P., 1986), especially pp. 220-21. All future references to Sollor's book will be given parenthetically in the text.
6. Jane S. Bakerman, "'Living Openly and with Dignity'—Sara Paretsky's New Boiled Fiction," *MidAmerica*, 12 (1985):120-35.
7. See Allen J. Hudson's review in *The Armchair Detective*, 21 (Spring, 1988):148. Hudson characterizes V. I. as "a left-wing Mike Hammer in a bra."
8. John G. Cawelti, *Adventure, Mystery, and Romance* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1976), p. 151.

SCENES FROM THE SOUTH SIDE: THE CHICAGO FICTION OF NORBERT BLEI

RICHARD SHEREIKIS

Norbert Blei's Chicago is not one that everyone will recognize. It's a city in which second- and third-generation Czech and Bohemian boys get raised in basements by their grandmothers, eating heavy meals and studiously rejecting their ancestors' accents and languages. It's a world in which thrift and reason dominate, except at the corner tavern, and where the threat of an inter-ethnic marriage can cause major concern in a family. It's a world that's all but gone now, replaced by enclaves of newer immigrants or by gentrified yuppie ghettos.

But despite their obscurity, these earlier lives are as much a part of Midwest history as any significant building, and to ignore their stories is to reject a part of our past. Blei's oddly named *The Ghost of Sandburg's Phizzog* (Ellis Press, 1986) is a stay against that amnesia, a reminder of the values and experiences which shaped countless thousands who traced their roots back to Central and Eastern Europe and who, in turn, helped season the Midwestern character.

Blei's characters reveal the tensions felt by many whose European parents and grandparents fled to America in the earlier years of the century. In their clean but cluttered apartments, they planned and hoped and saved to achieve their dreams, and Blei's usually youthful narrators convey the loneliness and confusion that many felt who struggled between two worlds—one dying, the other not yet developed.

In "Skarda," for example, the first story in Blei's collection, the narrator tells of his boyhood, when he was left every day to be tended by his grandmother, Babi, who, the narrator tells us, "lived in a long brick bungalow on Pulaski Road in Chicago." Like many immigrants, she lived mostly in the basement, where

she cooked and baked and fought with her husband and had long, secretive visits with Skarda, a kind of gypsy woman.

The basement held life and death, mystery and magic for the little boy, whose parents had been more or less Americanized. "The blood of freshly killed chickens in the coal bin; the secret of Grandpa's locks and keys; and the visits of Skarda, her burlap bag of chickens, and her cloth coat trimmed in fox with beautiful glass eyes that I touched and rubbed. Skarda, the card lady, who saw I would be left with all this." The smells of soups, sauces, herbs, and spices seasoned the air in the basement, the narrator tells us, and "strange tongues" were spoken there, "words barely understood."

For Babi and Grandpa the basement was the living space. The first floor, which contained a parlor, a dining room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen, was "untouched, uninhabited except when Babi went up there to dust." Glass cases held "red crystal from Prague," and Babi's "intricate white crocheted doilies—stars, they appeared, . . . or snowflakes, tied endlessly together," decorated the sofa and chairs. A "crocheted tablecloth covered the entire length and width of the table and hung halfway down to the floor," and the little boy would hide beneath the table and look out on "flowered wallpaper, a darkened doorway, Babi, windows and light all in pieces yet held together in Babi's handiwork." The crocheted tablecloth imposing order, just as Babi's ways ordered the boy's early life, just as old country ways ordered the lives of countless Chicagoans a generation away from Ellis Island.

Blei's meticulous descriptions of that unused first floor establish a texture for the era he's remembering, set the tone for the memories and insights that form the substance of *The Ghost of Sandburg's Phizzog*. The kitchen's gray linoleum, polished frequently and smelling of wax, was a tribute to Babi's fastidious housekeeping. And the unused appliances—an enameled gas stove and a gleaming white refrigerator—were tokens of Babi's new life in this country of plenty. The refrigerator, in fact, was empty, which was itself a statement about this life. It was "empty as the entire house, on this floor, stood empty. Empty as a museum, as a show case, as a setting where people who came to this country with nothing began to accumulate things that spoke of Old World royalty, New World possessions, and were uncertain

how to live with all this, except with reverence and a sense of keeping things unspoiled."

If that reverence, that uncompromising cleanliness, those aromas, and that attentiveness to unused possessions are familiar to you, then Norbert Blei is a writer who will speak to you personally, activating memories, conveying the comfort of shared experience, and doing it with a clear, sometimes poetic style. And if you've never known a chicken-killing grandmother, don't remember when Silver Zephyrs sped by on the trolley tracks that crisscrossed the city, never felt the tension between your ethnic family and the American culture you played in, you have all the more reason to read Blei's work, for the style, of course, but also to learn of a time and of people who put their stamp on much of the city's life and culture.

The best of the nine stories that make up *The Ghost of Sandburg's Phizzog* (more on the title later) are those in which that time and those people are most specifically evoked, and those are in a clear majority. "Skarda," which sets the book in motion (and which first appeared in *Chicago* magazine), is perhaps the richest of these evocations. The narrator's fearful love of his grandparents—who fight often and fiercely—and the incipient sexuality he feels in Skarda's exotic presence are timeless, and rendered beautifully. But the time-bound memories of this south side childhood are at least as rich and valuable. The boy's fascination with his grandmother's chicken plucking, his recollections of the homely, hearty meals she prepared, his wonder at the whiteness of an attic bedroom—these are the stuff of folk history, specific and zesty and full of implications.

He recalls going with his parents to shop on Saturday mornings, in the stores on 26th Street:

> There were barrels of live carp in front of the butcher shop. I would put my hand in, feel the cool water rise to my elbow, and try to touch them. In the fall, dead rabbits hung from the awning above the butcher's window, and I would touch their fur and be reminded of the fox of Skarda's coat.

Here and throughout the collection, Blei gives us concrete details to freshen our memories, to pique our awareness, to help us understand a way of life that has, for the most part, passed, but that helped form the consciousness of thousands of Chicagoans.

In "Stars," the last story in the volume (it appeared first in *TriQuarterly*), Blei returns to a later childhood, moving the narrator forward a few years and broadening his world to the neighborhood streets and the playmates he endured and encountered there. He recounts his adventures with Davey Nachtman, Joe Krachi, Billy Nolan, and Johnny Hookstra—a Jew, another Czech, an Irishman, and a Dutchman—in the melting pot of Cicero, where the narrator spent his adolescence. He describes, too, the lonely play of an only child—pretending he's a priest, setting up toy villages—a common state for the children of eastern Europeans, too thrifty and protective to want many dependents on limited incomes. He describes his embarrassment at his grandmother's broken English and strange ways:

> I kept my grandma a secret, out of the way from friends who might label me a greenhorn, too. I seldom mentioned her, and by refusing to use the little language I knew as a small child, gradually lost whatever meaning it once held for me.

He recalls the mournful cry of the junkmen who prowled the alleys in their horse-drawn wagons —"Raaaggggg-saaaa-Lionnnnnn!"— the excitement of wartime blackouts, and the tingle of terror at neighborhood bullies before the random violence of gangs drove people indoors, behind double locks, to their color TVs and air conditioners.

In "In the Secret Places of the Stairs," Blei employs an energetic present tense to tell the story of Pritzker, a sixty-three-year-old "man-of-the-hour, any hour," at the Hardwaren Apartments. Pritzker fixes toilets and tends to the sexual needs of Wilma, an aging friend, while lusting after Ula, a new young tenant in the building, "the cousin of a cousin from the other side, near Vilna, shuffled here amongst distant relatives in the city, like a misplaced part." Pritzker, a "[v]eteran of a double hernia, heartburn, hemmoroids, and painful signs of arthritic joints" nonetheless enjoys modest satisfactions and sensual joys. Mounting Wilma in his basement flat, tending Ula's pains and plumbing in the "penthouse" apartment, Pritzkker is resourceful and responsive, tied to the old country, but reveling in the potential of his situation. Staying young by keeping active through necessity, like countless others who came late to the South Side, Pretzker bounds up and down the stairs of the building—fixing, healing,

counseling Ula, finding pleasures even in the shadowy stairwells of the Hardwaren.

In "The Chair Trick," originally published in the *New Yorker*, Blei's narrator recalls another type who figured in the lives of European immigrants, the ethnic interloper. He recalls with affection his late uncle Murph —"Not a Slav, only an Irishman— a lazy Irishman, as ma would say"— who, among his other flaws, had once been a gambler, a dealer "for Capone's brother at the old 4811 Club in Cicero." This Celtic eccentric was, of course, an embarrassment to the family, flaunting his craziness in face of Slavic steadiness and thrift: "He did not speak our language, eat our food, dance our dances. He smoked Lucky Strikes. He drank Schlitz and Jim Beam—to excess. He made everyone but Gertie [his wife] feel good."

The narrator's recollection of Murph's famous chair trick, performed at an earlier wedding and involving drunken bravado, great skill, and considerable risk, is set in the context of Murph's wake, itself a boozy affair. In Blei's handling, it evokes volumes about the legendary funerals and weddings Chicago ethnics remember with fondness and pride, while it touches lightly on the theme of ethnic intermarriage, a rich vein in the city's history.

One of the finer and more memorable characters in Blei's collection appears in "This Horse of a Body of Mine" (published originally in *Chicago* magazine). The narrator—an adult now, and married—is driving his mother from his home in Wisconsin back to her home in Chicago after a short vacation visit. The opening paragraph puts us into an updated version of Skarda's world, where cleanliness *is* godliness, and where pride in hard-earned possessions is unabashed:

> Mother is dying of cancer the doctors say, and I am in a state of remission. I am driving her home from my place in Wisconsin in my father's 1965 Oldsmobile four-door sedan with 35,000 miles on it, original tires, spotless interior, and two coats of Simonize he hand-rubbed the day before we left. The chrome bumpers glisten. The engine, valve covers, and air cleaner shine. The spare tire, wrapped in plastic, has never touched the ground. My father believes if you take good care of things they will last the rest of your life.

The tension now is between the narrator's—and his wife's—concerns about the mother's condition, and the mother's flagrant

disregard for their advice about diet and care. "All her life she's eaten poisons," complains Sheryl, the narrator's wife. "Nothing but nitrates. All that homemade sausage from the butcher, tripe soup, lamb, chicken paprika, . . . bakery, booze, and cigarettes. Then she wonders why she's got cancer."

But the mother, regardless of these dangers, satisfies a lifetime of hungers, indulges her appetites on a heroic scale. She blithely eats her way south, feasting on smoked fish, fruit from local orchards, cheese and cheese curds, and the pastries she finds in Wisconsin markets and towns, capping her trip with dumplings and sauerkraut, roast lamb and Bohemian rye and imported beer when she gets home. The practical concerns of the son and his wife stand in pallid contrast to the grand excess of the dying mother. Her compulsive binging seems, paradoxically, life-affirming, a late and sensual compensation for the drabness of her early life, pinched by narrow means. Like others of her class and generation, she savors the pleasures she's found most reliable, once she could afford them—the pleasures of pastries and sausages, of heavy meals and endless sweets and ice-cold beer in pilsner glasses.

There's more, too, in "The Ghost of Sandburg's Phizzog," including "An American Presence," a tight, unsentimental story about Sharkey, a World War II veteran, and his long-haired son Chuckie, a Vietnam vet, and their attendance at a Southside American Legion meeting. The generation gap is deep and miles wide here, but the situation is developed with love and insight, as Sharkey tries to revive the spirit of the veterans, while Chuckie broods about the horrors he saw in the war.

And there's the title story, too ("phizzog" is short for *physiognomy*, in this case the image of Sandburg in a contemporary mirror), in which Blei updates Sandburg's tributes to Chicago, evoking the poet's images as he stalks the modern city, picking up lines of dialog, images of people and things, echoes of Sandburg's earlier enthusiasms:

> Women of the night, dark side, shadow light, back streets of the black heart, painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys. . . . Businessmen, fathers, suburban church leaders, conventioneers, policemen, firemen, Billy-Grahamed beings, small town sheriffs, midnight poets all . . . all beating a path to Salvation,

> Your name is Woman. . . . They tell me you are wicked, and I can't believe them. . . .

The current Chicago is there, in the things that Sandburg's ghost sees, in the empty, fear-filled streets of the narrator's old neighborhood, where his father still lives, alone. Blei does well by this Chicago, and by Wisconsin—Door County, thinly disguised, in a few of the stories—to which some of the characters escape. But, like Blei's character in "Stars," many now feel rootless in that city, cut off from the lives they knew in an earlier time, the places they knew as kids. "A grown man," the narrator says,

> I wander everywhere these days in search of the village, the small town, the neighborhood, imagining life on the scale I lived as a child. My father, . . . who cannot sleep nights since the new, sodium street lamps were installed in streets and alleys as a measure of crime prevention, so that nowhere is even the inside of the house dark enough for him any more, my father sits in the vague darkness of the kitchen and says I'm like a wandering Jew.

Finally, though, Blei is at his best with the older Chicago, when silver Zephyrs whizzed by on their tracks; when junkmen roamed the alleys crying "Raaaggg-saaaa-Lionnnnn!"; when live carp swam in barrels and rabbits hung outside butcher shops; when half the people talked with a touch of Prague or Warsaw or Vilnius on their tongue. That Chicago has faded, nearly into obscurity, But Norbert Blei's stories will help us remember.

Sangamon State University

DUCKS AND SEX IN DAVID MAMET'S CHICAGO

PARK DIXON GOIST

David Mamet, Chicago born, Pulitzer prize winning writer, has achieved recognition as dramatist, screen writer and film director. His many successful stage works include the widely acclaimed *American Buffalo* (1975), the recent New York production of *Speed-The-Plow* (1988) and *Glenngarry Glenn Ross* (1983), which won the New York Critics Circle Award and the Pulitzer prize for 1984. His screenscripts include *The Verdict* (an Oscar nominee for best script of 1982) and *The Untouchables* (1986), as well as three other films which he wrote and directed, *The House of Games* (1987), *Things Change* (1988) and *We're No Angels* (written with Shel Silverstein, 1989).[1]

Mamet is primarily an urban writer. He uses the circumstances, values, and language of late twentieth century American big city life to give shape and texture to his plays and films. It is largely as a teller of urban tales, which are to be seen and heard rather than merely read, that he has established himself as a leading playwright. His stage dramas and films are also marked by a concern with the dominant business values of American urban society and by the language in which those values are expressed.

In order to better understand Mamet's achievement, the following observations will be divided into two sections: a general discussion of his background and work, followed by a closer look at two of his early plays.

I

Mamet credits his father, a lawyer and "amateur semanticist," for his own early fascination with words. And it was while growing up in Jewish neighborhoods on Chicago's South Side during the 1950s and 60s that Mamet first unconsciously encoun-

tered the connection between values and language. He recalls that he and his playground buddies were lawyers of sorts, concerned with property, honor and the magical power of words. Their playground talk was a language of games, but just as pompous as that of any adult profession. It was "the language of endeavor which is, in its essence, make-believe—the language of American Business." As they told stories of their experiences, these ten and twelve-year-olds came to recognize a *statement* as an *action*, that is they were never said to have "said" things, but to have "gone" things. For example: "He goes, 'Get over to your side of the line, or you're out,' and I go, 'I am on my side of the line—it runs from the bench to the water fountain.'"[2]

Mamet's fascination with how Americans use words is also based on the appreciation of the rhythmic patterns in urban speech. Sound was important to those schoolyard lawyers, and their "language had weight and meaning to the extent to which it was rhythmic and pleasant."[3] What Mamet does as a playwright is to listen carefully to the way certain Americans talk, and to what they tell one another when they do so. He then transforms this speech into a unique kind of theatrical poetry in telling stories which can be seen on stage.

Mamet's experience with theater began early. His uncle was Director of Broadcasting for the Chicago Board of Rabbis, writing and producing shows for radio and television, and Mamet often portrayed Jewish children on those programs. Later he worked in local community theater, including Chicago's famous improvisational comedy group, Second City. Here he witnessed the black-out format, writing five to seven minute routines which ended with a punch line and had little time for extraneous narration.[4] He would later adopt a modified form of this revue format for such plays as *The Duck Variations* (1972) and *A Life In The Theater* (1977).

While attending Goddard college in the late 1960s, Mamet took off a year-and-a-half to study acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre in New York. The Neighborhood School confirmed his earlier experiences with language on Chicago playgrounds. He again learned to appreciate the extent to which, "the language we use, its rhythm, actually determines the way we behave rather than the other way around."[5] Mamet

was also very impressed by the people he met at the Neighborhood School and by their theatrical ideas and techniques.

The Neighborhood School was run during Mamet's time there by Sanford Meisner, a founder of the famous 1930s Group Theatre, which was itself modeled to some extent on the Moscow Art Theatre and the acting and production methods of Konstantin Stanislavsky.[6] Mamet was particularly struck by the focused energy of theater people: "I saw these people who operated on their intuitions rather than by reference to a set code. Their ad hoc universe functioned not in reference to a set code but in reference only to the needs of the play they were doing."[7] He also learned to respect the notion that all aspects of a dramatic production—lighting, design, performance, rehearsals, etc.—are closely related and are subordinate to "the idea of the play." For example, if a play is set in a bar the first question the designer asks is not "What does a bar look like?" but rather "What does it mean in this instance?"[8]

Mamet's understanding of what he is doing as a theater artist also has a strong communal and ethical, almost religious, dimension. He believes that the theater must communicate and inspire ethical behavior by compelling audiences to face those crucial problems of life which have no easy and immediate rational solution. This is best done, he believes, as we also celebrate the facts of life we share as human beings. Thus after seeing performances of Anton Chekov's *Three Sisters* and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Mamet noted, ". . . isn't it the truth: people are born, love, hate, are frightened and happy, grow old and die. We as an audience and we as artists must work to bring about . . . an American Theater, which will be a celebration of these things."[9]

Mamet believes the need to celebrate life puts a particular burden on the theater. This is because he maintains that most of the rest of our culture and media is aimed at either denying life, diverting attention from its vital issues, or limiting and controlling thought. Things that we are told don't matter, do matter and the theater can help sift the truth from the garbage. The theater, according to Mamet, is the place where "we can go to hear the truth."[10]

Another important aspect of Mamet's work is his sense of the playwright as a particular kind of story teller. Mamet's plays are lean and sparse. His penchant for such writing was confirmed by

his experience as a writer of dramas for National Public Radio. In writing such pieces as *The Water Engine*, which is set during Chicago's 1933 Century of Progress Exposition, he "learned the way *all* great drama works: by leaving the endowment of characters, place and especially action up to the audience . . . the *story*," he continues, "is all there is to the theater—the rest is just packaging, and this is the lesson of radio." This lesson, that less is better, that the "best producton takes place in the mind of the beholder," is one to which Mamet firmly adheres as a dramatist.[11]

Mamet's plays are, then, marked by an economy of words and a lack of stage directions. The emphasis falls on the language of people talking. But Mamet also believes that when we talk, what is not said is often as important as what is spoken, and this too is part of the strategy of his plays. Thus, the importance of about the only stage direction that appears in his plays, the *Pause*. If it is true, as Christopher Bigsby suggests, that "The theatre is unique in its silences,"[12] Mamet is the master among contemporary playwrights of the significant pause. Furthermore, he adopts a style of playwriting which is ironic, in part, because it is often poetic rather than prosaic in rendering the "crudeness" of everyday speech.

What is also revealed in his plays is Mamet's view that when we talk to one another we are frequently telling stories which serve at least two purposes. On the one hand, we tell stories in an effort to better understand and give meaning to our own lives (and possibly to understand "life" itself somewhat better). But there is also an ironic sense in which our stories are told, more often than not, in such a way that we actually deflect or avoid the central issues of life.

Mamet also believes that the language of the stories we tell is heavily influenced by popular culture, and is frequently cast in terms of national myths. This means our language limits the way we can express ourselves, and the myths we unconsciously adopt also help determine and limit how we understand (or more likely, misunderstand) our own experiences. Also, much talk is carried on in fragmented and confusing conversations, which are filled with half truths, inaccuracies, humor and one-upmanship, and marked by interruptions and digressions. These features, too, are part of the talk in Mamet's plays.

II

In turning to two of his early Chicago plays, *The Duck Variations* and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (1974), works which brought him his first recognition as an important playwright, it is possible to see more specifically how Mamet melds language and minimalist writing with the themes he deems crucial.

According to Mamet, the idea for *The Duck Variations*, came to him "from listening to a lot of old Jewish men all my life, particularly my granfather."[13] He calls it "a very simple play," and while this is true, such a characterization is also deceptive. In the play, two men in their sixties sit on a park bench, "on the edge of a Big City on a Lake," and talk.[14] Thus in a form now familiar from the plays of Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter and Edward Albee, the entire *action* of the play is simply two people talking. Their language reveals the personalities of the two men, and therefore character can be seen, from this perspective, as the action of language.

The talk of the two elderly men is divided into fourteen variations, or short conversations. Each variation, like much of modern poetry, has a title taken from the first line of that particular conversation. Mamet, who studied piano as a child and was once a student of dance, calls for a short interval between each variation, maintaining that each "interval is analogous to the space between movements in a musical score." It has been pointed out that this aspect of the play was also influenced by Mamet's interest with dialogue as music and by Aaron Copland's book, *What to Listen for in Music*.[15]

The conversation between the two old men, George and Emil, consists of short exchanges (frequently only a word of two) during which they often bicker and disagree. They spot ducks arriving back on the lake, heralding Spring, the season of change and hope. Given the ominous nature of their talk, one critic has seen this seasonal setting as ironic.[16] While ducks become the ostensible topic of conversation, the exchanges contain observations on nature, environmental pollution, friendship and the need for purpose in life. These ruminations on ducks are frequently based on vague information or faulty memory, or a combination of the two, and this accounts for much of the humor in the exchanges between George and Emil.

Using the language of theater criticism, one critic argues that "the strong subtextual major action" of the play—what is really being said rather than merely spoken—is death and decline. The irony of the situation, is that death is the very subject which these two men, in their sixties, attempt to shy away from as they speak of ducks.[17]

There are, I believe, two different, yet related, forms of death at issue here. On the one hand there is the kind of death that is a normal part of the life cycle. This is the one that George and Emil try to avoid by talking around it. But there is another form of death which the two gentlemen find it easier to talk about: the humanly willed destruction of the environment, which in turn is reflective of what Emil calls, "A self-destructive world."

In the fifth variation, George says that he has read somewhere about all the automotive gook and cigarette smoke that is messing up the air. He goes on—in an example of confused information and faulty memory, but with a kind of black humor which has its own truth—telling how ducks have been found with lung cancer, "hacking their guts out," looking "like they were trying to bum a smoke." Emil picks up the theme in a later variation, describing how the "Oil slicks from here to Africa," are causing "oil-bearing ducks" to float up onto the beaches; how "new scary species" of fish are developing that eat nothing but dead birds. Thus do the old men create images of a dangerously polluted world and a society in serious decline.

Also in their talk, Emil and George approach, back away from, then finally give recognition to the fact that all living things, including ducks and men, must someday die. Emil, in particular, resists such a notion and says he is upset by George's "talk of nature and the duck and death," calling it "Morbid useless talk. You know," he continues, "it is a good thing to be perceptive, but you shouldn't let it get in the way." Indeed, Emil emerges as a man who prefers not to entertain opinions counter to his own. At one point, George questions Emil's cliché that, "Nothing that lives can live alone," by citing the cactus as an exception. Emil rsponds by saying, "I don't want to hear it. If it's false, don't waste my time and if it's true I don't want to know."

It is in the next to last variation that, finally, neither of these men is able to any longer avoid the reality of death.[18] They are discussing duck hunting—which both men agree is unfair to the

ducks—(As Emil explains it, "They got the [duck] season so the only time it's not legal to shoot 'em is when they *ain't here.*") George then creates an image of a duck which has been shot and falls to the ground, dying. Emil buys into the story, but tries to change the outcome. "But wait!" he says, "This here! He summons his strength for one last time. Maybe he beats around and tries to make it. . . ." But George simply answers "No," six times to Emil's attempt to talk life into the duck. Finally, Emil concedes, "He's dead, isn't he?" George nods and says it's, "The Law of Life."

George and Emil complete their musings by drawing an ironic parallel between themselves and classical Greece. Emil refers to the "ancient" Greeks as old, old men, incapable of working, of no use to their society, just sitting around all day watching birds, wondering. George replies, "I, too, would wonder. A crumbling civilization and they're out in the Park looking at birds." The two men end their conversations by conjuring up the picture of rich, sleek birds of prey and fat old men who are, in Emil's words, "Watching each another./Each with something to contribute./That the world might turn another day./A fitting end./To some very noble creatures of the sky./And a lotta Greeks."

In his next play, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (1974), Mamet turns to the language and tone of the Chicago singles scene of the 1960s and 70s in exploring relationships between the sexes. As the two old men in his previous play attempted, in their talk of ducks, to avoid the subject of death, so the young men and women in Chicago avoid dealing with human relationships by talking explicitly of sex.

This play is divided into thirty-four short scenes which take place one summer in spots around the North Shore of Chicago—bars, restaurants, offices, apartments, a health club, a porno theater. The two male characters, file clerks in a Loop office, are Danny, "an urban male in his late twenties," and his thirty-three year old "friend and associate," Bernie. The two females are Deborah, a commercial artist in her late twenties and her roommate, Joan, a nursery school teacher.

Again, the plot is simple, though there is more detail and movement than in *The Duck Variations*. Danny and Deborah meet, are attracted to one another, have sex, seek a more permanent relationship, move in together, begin to bicker over

trivial matters, then have bitter fights, and finally split up, returning to their respective "mentors," Bernie and Joan. The real action, however, is in the exchanges between the two men, between the two women, and between Danny and Deborah.

The hip talk in the play pictures a world where sex is all important, but where the distinction between sexual reality and sexual fantasy is unclear, and sexual identity is unsure. It is a world of sexual violence, where kindergarten teachers are raped and young boys molested in movie theaters. The apparent openness between the sexes, based on the supposed freedom of graphic sexual talk, actually provides a way of avoiding having to deal with people as human beings. Mamet is dramatizing his experiences with the belief in the power of language; in this case how a vocabulary borrowed from popular myths we share, helps shape the way we think and act. His characters reveal how "The myths around us [are] destroying our lives. . . ." in the city where Hugh Heffner's Playboy empire exploits an essentially adolescent view of the relationship between the sexes. Mamet goes on to observe that it was Voltaire who said words were invented to hide feelings. "That's what this play is about how what we say influences what we think."[19]

In the play, it is from his supposedly wiser and more sexually experienced associate, Bernie, that Danny is encouraged to think of all women as "broads" to be exploited. Bernie tells an eager Danny tales of countless sexual conquests, stories which often trail off into bizarre flights of violent sexual fantasy. Also, from Bernie's experience comes his advice to Danny concerning women: "Treat 'Em Like Shit," and "Nothing . . . *nothing* makes you so attractive to the opposite sex as getting your rocks off on a regular basis."

When Danny starts going with Deborah he tells Bernie he thinks he loves her. His friend's response is that Danny is "pussy-whipped." He then encourages Danny to do the right thing by Deborah, "And drop her like a hot fucking potato." Though he cannot admit it, even to himself, Bernie fears losing Danny to a woman (in Berine's terms, "some nowhere cunt"). In this, one critic sees an implied homosexuality.[20]

The implication of sexual experimentation between Joan and Deborah is somewhat more explicit, yet still left vague. However, the mentor-protégé relationship between the two women is

similar to that between the two men. Joan is jealous of Danny and insults him when she has the chance, just as Bernie has insulted Deborah on meeting her. Joan's harangues about male-female relationships are punctuated by such observations that it is like "pounding the fucking pieces into places where they DO NOT FIT AT ALL." At lunch one day she reflects on the relationship between men and women, wondering if the whole thing isn't a great mistake, "that it was never meant to work out." She mentions the physical and mental mutilations men and women perpetuate on each other, concluding, "It's a dirty joke, Deborah, the whole godforsaken business." When Deborah then tells her that she is moving in with Danny, Joan replies, "I'll give you two months."

In spite of these "lessons" from their mentors, there is an innocence in Danny and a quality in Deborah that causes them to try and establish their relationship on the ground of genuine feeling—but the effort fails. In their first scene in bed together, Danny awkwardly asks Deborah to have dinner with him, an act, it has been pointed out, more difficult for him than having sex.[21] In their next bedroom scene, after some graphic talk about sexual organs, Danny tells Deborah that he loves her. In response she asks if saying so frightens him. When Danny says, yes, she says, "It's only words. I don't think you should be frightened by words."

Deborah's distrust of words and inability to respond to Danny's effort at genuine feeling results in the loss of the most tender moment in the play. Their relationship goes down hill from that point. During one of their subsequent fights, Danny calls her a "cunt," and Deborah says, "'Cunt' won't do it. 'Fuck' won't do it. . . . Tell me what you're *feeling*." Danny had tried to tell her what he was feeling, that he loved her, but she couldn't trust the words, and by this point it is too late.

Danny and Deborah split up and the play ends with Danny and Bernie at the beach, appraising women in the same reductive language that has made it impossible for them to understand or really care about members of the opposite sex. One critic has noted that in this play Mamet, "suggests by far the most common sexual perversity is fear . . . how difficult it is . . . for men to give themselves to women, and for women to give themselves to men."[22] The real difficulty, according to Mamet, is that the

language we use, picked up from our popular culture and confirming certain life-denying myths we try to live by, shapes the way we act toward one another.

In conclusion, we can see in these two early Chicago plays that Mamet combines a keen ear for language, a minimalist writing style, and a concern for subjects we share as human beings. He employs the language, values and circumstances of the big city in bringing to the stage tales of urban life. His story telling abilities and theater techniques are thus brought together to provide the texture for plays which explore the themes of death and sex in contemporary American life.

Case Western Reserve University

NOTES

1. There are two book-length studies of Mamet. Dennis Carroll, *David Mamet.* (N.Y.: St. Martin's press, 1987). C. W. E. Bigsby, *David Mamet.* (N.Y.: Methuen, 1985). There is also a bibliography by Madison Davis and John Coleman, "David Mamet: A Classified Bibliography," in *Studies In American Drama, 1945-Present,* vol. 1, 1986, 83-101.
2. David Mamet, *Writing In Restaurants* (N.Y.: Viking Penguin, 1986), 3-7.
3. *Ibid.*, 6.
4. Home Vision Videotape, *David Mamet.* (London: Weekend Television, 1985).
5. Quoted in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography,* vol. 7, 1981, 65.
6. Harold Clurman, *The Fervent Years: The Story of the Group Theatre and the Thirties* (N.Y.: Hill & Wang, 1945, 1957).
7. Richard Gottlieb, "The 'Engine' That Drives Playwright David Mamet," *New York Times,* Jan. 15, 1978, sec. 2, 1.
8. *Writing In Restaurants,* vii-viii & 130-32.
9. *Ibid.*, 30.
10. *Ibid.*, 19-23, 54-59 & 67-68.
11. *Ibid.*, 14-16.
12. C. W. E. Bigsby, "The Absent Voice: Drama and the Critic," *Studies In American Drama, 1945-Present,* vol. 3, 1988, 12.
13. Quoted from a interview: C. Gerald Fraser, "Mamet's Plays Shed Masculinity Myth," *New York Times,* July 5, 1976, sec. 2, 7.
14. Quoted material from each play, comes from David Mamet, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago and The Duck Variations,* (N.Y.: Samuel French, n.d.).
15. Carroll, *Mamet,* p. 72.
16. Bigsby, *A Critical Introduction To Twentieth-Century American Drama* (N.Y.: Cambridge University Press, 1985), vol. 3, 256.
17. Bigsby, *Mamet,* 27.
18. *Mamet,* 75.
19. Fraser, *op. cit.*
20. Bigsby, *Critical Introduction,* vol. 3, 260.
21. Richard Eder, *New York Times,* June 17, 1976, 29.
22. Julius Novick, "The Real Perversity is Fear," *Village Voice,* Aug. 16, 1976, 45.

TIMELESS QUESTIONS, MODERN PHRASING: SUSAN TAYLOR CHEHAK, A NEW MIDWESTERN VOICE

JANE S. BAKERMAN

Near the close of *Harmony* (1990) by Susan Taylor Chehak, the protagonist-narrator exclaims, "we're free. We have no connections. We are loose in the world" (248). Interestingly enough, reviewer Robert F. Moss sees *Harmony* itself as "loose in the world," for he defines it by announcing what it is not, drawing a sharp line between this novel, an Edgar-Award nominee, and most other crime fiction with which he compares it:

> In her structural and stylistic preferences, Ms. Chehak . . . distances herself from the writers who walk off with Edgars. . . . Her plot is a highly sophisticated parquet of past and present events. Portents and harbingers . . . brood over the story opaquely foretelling some awful doom . . . the town's name [Harmony] embodies the reassuring stability of Midwestern hamlets, while ironically accenting the disharmony which lurks there as well. (29)

While Moss is precisely correct in his assessment of Susan Taylor Chehak's rich promise as a novelist, he appears to misapprehend the place of this work in the literary spectrum. Far from being at loose ends, *Harmony* and its predecessor, *The Story of Annie D.* (1989) are closely linked to four important novelistic traditions.

Some of Moss' confusion probably stems from misapprehensions about crime writing, though he is exactly on the mark in noting that the line of demarcation between mysteries and mainstream novels is now very, very blurred. He goes on to say, however, that,

> a vast crater continues to divide works that aim principally to entertain from those born of what Faulkner called 'the human

> heart in conflict with itself.' Novels that stress character over plot, harsh truths over soothing fictions and challenging techniques over simple, campfire-style storytelling are not likely ever to reach a wide audience. One way or another, the popular writer always cuts to the chase; the serious writer *cuts* the chase. (29)

That's a dandy turn of phrase—if not wholly accurate. Actually, in her meditative, retrospective tales of Nebraska towns Wizen River and Harmony, Chehak aligns herself with the widely read, highly praised British crime novelist Ruth Rendell, whose *A Judgement in Stone*, like *The Story of Annie D.* and *Harmony*, is a marvelous example of the inverted mystery wherein a disaster (usually a crime or a desperate betrayal) is announced early in the action, and suspense builds as details slowly unfold, as readers are drawn inexorably to a tragic climax. More recently, writing as Barbara Vine, Rendell has published three novels—*A Dark-Adapted Eye*, *A Fatal Inversion*, and *The House of Stairs*—wherein a character or characters reexamine the past, trying to identify the inception of some devastating event, trying to resolve questions of guilt or innocence, trying to understand just how their worlds could have altered so radically with such seeming (but illusory) suddenness. These are exactly the patterns which Chehak employs.

Also like Rendell, Chehak creates a wholly distinctive voice for each narrator. Always composed and seemingly cool, the speaker in *The Story of Annie D.* is an older woman describing a long, difficult life in language both beautiful and spare. In narrating *Harmony*, the much younger Clo Wheeler strives for equal calm about her troubled past; Clo's language, however, is a bit more ornate, yet, at the same time, more colloquial. These voices exactly suit each character's background, enhancing portraits of middle-class women who have suffered great losses. Both narrators incorporate a combination of memory, reported events, observations, and even some imagined sequences, a configuration necessary to the confessional novel which is a combination of imagined autobiography and biography.

In Chehak's, as in Rendell's work, these devices (even the imaginings) are oddly persuasive; biographers, after all, use these same tools; readers are accustomed to them, and the combination lends veracity. What Chehak does, then, is use a form closely associated with British writer Ruth Rendell in a wonderfully

American way. Not so surprising, really, when one considers that the "formula" here is allied to the organizational scheme of *The Scarlet Letter*, a quintessentially American tale.

Chehak's creations do speak in very American voices; American readers recognize their tones, their idioms, even fragments of their experiences, factors which are among the most chilling elements of these novels. As is the case with all good fiction, one cannot help but think that if such things can happen to these folk, they could happen to anyone.

This lesson may be particularly harrowing to American audiences when it is set in the heartland. If the American Dream survives anywhere, if the ideal of a safe, secure community exists, it ought to be in the center of the nation, buffered from foreign influences as well as from big-city tensions. Realizing that those ideals are merely myths is deeply painful.

Harmony and *The Story of Annie D.* are above all else Midwestern novels. Moreover, they are examples of "debunking" novels, such as Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, which take a sharp, close look at small-town Midwestern life (on the surface so attractive and serene) and which proceed to demonstrate that the American Dream is perhaps alive but gravely unwell in MidAmerica. Chehak makes her point clearly, as when a father, for instance, recites the doctrine of the dream, "'Every generation has got to do better . . . they have to be able to do more'" (*Harmony* 134), his wife undercuts him, limiting her daughters' aspirations:

> 'Don't reach too high. . . . Take good care that you don't go asking for too many things, don't go looking for too much. Don't make your dreams so difficult that there isn't a way in the world for them ever to turn out real.' (*Harmony* 136)

And another character, speaking of the scrapbook she keeps about her condemned lover's murderous exploits, says bluntly that his story is "'history, you know. . . . A part of the past. The American Dream gone foul'" (*Harmony* 160).

Chehak's immediate setting is the post-Vietnam Midwest, but she is ever mindful of local history which she uses to illuminate current problems. Though she vivifies her geographical setting with minimal detail, the effect is very powerful. Her narrators manage to convey feelings of loyalty to and of moder-

ate affection for the area even as they examine its flaws. Their matter-of-fact voices carry great conviction whether describing taxing extremes of weather (apparently a requirement rather than merely a convention in Midwestern novels) or depicting the grimmer aspects of human nature which weather imagery foreshadows and symbolizes:

> We talk about the weather as if she were a crazy queen—unpredictable and difficult to please.
>
> Winters are bitter and unremitting; sometimes the mercury will not creep up above 10 below for weeks on end. Snow falls down and then piles up or blows off to form mammoth drifts. Whopping chunks of hail can knock a man unconscious, kill a prize hog, destroy a bumper crop. (*Annie* 2)

And conversely,

> Summertime here, in Harmony, in late July or early August, it can get so hot sometimes, and no place to go, you can't escape it, not even in the shade, not even at night. The sun burns down all day long, early in the morning all the way up until nine P.M. sometimes. . . . And when the nighttime finally does decide to fall, then it settles in dusky, as heavy as ever and even deader for being so dark, thick with moisture and heat; not a breeze, the leaves are still, nothing moves, nothing stirs. (*Harmony* 128)

Thus, Chehak's ficton uses typically American characters who live in typically American settings and engage in the typically human endeavor of trying to discover what's right and what's wrong with their lives, to decide in which instances they are guilty, in which moments have they managed to remain innocent. Conducting these soul searches in the shadow of some crime puts Chehak's work squarely in the tradition of such definitively American novels as *The Scarlet Letter, An American Tragedy,* and *The Great Gatsby.*

The Story of Annie D. is told by Annie Plant Dietterman, daughter of early settlers on the Wizen River, widow of the local doctor, mother of two sons, friend to temperamental Phoebe Tooker, and sometime mentor to Phoebe's daughter, Lacey. Long estranged from her mother, Lacey brings her young son back home not so much to attend her mother's funeral as to escape the dangers of urban living. Ironically, Lacey's return coincides with a series of rape-murders of young women. Suddenly, it seems, Wizen River is a very different place:

> Like I said, the world isn't as nice as it used to be. Or anyway not as sweet as my daddy and I always believed it was. The children who grow up here may be in paradise, but they just don't seem to know that anymore. . . . They walk around in T-shirts with skeletons and bodies and bloody knives printed on the back. The die in their beds; they drown in the rivers; they kill each other in their cars. . . . Every place is dangerous, is what they learn. Not one place is really safe. The whole wide world could be blown up into smithereens any single day. (*Annie* 57)

Ten years after the crimes have stopped as suddenly as they began, Annie D. confides the tale of three interrelated families—hers, the Tookers, and the Bootses. Only Annie D. knows the entire story behind the crimes as well as the details of several love affairs among her sons' generation, and as she speaks, she attempts to determine when the trouble began—with her forebears' settlement in the area? with Lacey's return? with a wicked childish prank? with her own refusal to look beneath surface appearances? with her husband's Nazi-tormented youth?—and to decide who is responsible for the suffering inflicted on Wizen River's recent inhabitants.

Like many crime novels told in the first person, *The Story of Annie D.* and *Harmony* incorporate elements of the confessional novel. Annie's intent to reach the "truth of the human heart," as Hawthorne put it dictates the contemplative, introspective, and slightly melancholy tone. Here, there is no chase but rather a quest: Annie seeks both to understand and to be understood. Clo Wheeler's quest for self-understanding and self-acceptance (or forgiveness) parallels Annie's during the bulk of *Harmony,* but whereas *The Story of Annie D.* is elegance in mood, *Harmony* concludes with the completion of one quest and the simultaneous, triumphal beginning of another.

Like Annie Dietterman, Clodine Ferring Wheeler comes from a family which appears both whole and wholesome to observers but is deeply flawed. Clo's marriage to abusive Galen Wheeler, himself the son of a wife-murderer, is tortuous yet sensually thrilling. When Clo befriends Lily Duke, mistress of a convicted killer and the mother of his infant son, she behaves with a humanity contrary to the attitudes of the entire town, and especially contrary to the wishes of her conventionally married, conventionally happy, conventionally moral sister, Jewel. One of

the several painful discoveries that Clo makes, however, is that in reality,

> what I was looking for was not exactly friendship. In fact, it was something else altogether. The truth was I was hoping to find a person I could use to wedge between myself and Galen. Someone who I could hold up against me like a buffer, to shield me from Galen's temper, and somehow soften his blows. (*Harmony* 96)

So that, when Lily and Galen become lovers, Clo—having been careless about what she desires—gets her wish in the most bitter fashion, prompting her to join Jewell in a particularly underhanded plot against Lily.

The upshot of this conspiracy is as shocking as it is unexpected, and its initial consequences trap Clo in Harmony. She says, "for now, I just have no other choice but to stay" (96), even though she dreams of escape:

> I've considered going back to school. And I've thought about what it might be like to start my life all over again, from scratch. To reinvent myself. Start a new story. Become somebody else . . . [in] a place where my face is new and doesn't carry with it any stories that people who already know me might love to get the opportunity to tell. (48)

The price of Clo's freedom is self-understanding; like Annie D., she must rediscover and come to terms with her past. Often, her conclusions are truly painful as when she admits,

> I guess, then, the truth is, it was me. I was the one who was always urging Galen on toward whatever violence and cruel things he felt he had to do. . . . Begged him for it.
>
> 'Hit me, Galen,' I whispered, 'So I know that you still love me, same as always, like before.' (224)

However, her reward for confronting herself and her past is also great, for it is Clo who exclaims, at the end of her story, that she is free, "loose in the world" (248).

Clo's determination to make a new life for herself is vibrantly evident; "Old Highway 30 continues to unwind; the road rolls out before us, a ribbon of possibilities" (248). And it is this exclamation which ties *Harmony* to the fourth and most recently developing tradition. *Harmony* belongs to a clutch of fine books like Beth Gutcheon's *Still Missing*, Diane Johnson's *The Shadow*

Knows, and Charlayne Harris' *A Secret Rage* which recount the stories of grown women required to survive devastating tragedies, to reassess themselves, to take command of their own lives and move forward into a future they intend to make far better than their pasts; in effect, they must re-mature.

Thus, far from being a misfit among Edgar contenders, *Harmony* along with *The Story of Annie D.* belongs to a whole range of strong traditions, both established and emerging. It's good to be reminded again that Midwestern literature often represents the best of the old and the best of the new, firmly welding the history of the novel to its future. In this way, Chehak's work *is* "loose in the world" in the best of all possible senses.

Indiana State University

NOTE

1. In addition to the other traditions to which Chehak pays tribute in *Harmony*, she also makes use of the concept of the double. In some ways, her protagonist, Clodine Ferring Wheeler and Clodine's friend and rival, Lily Duke, are like two versions of the same woman—as Clodine suggests upon her first sight of Lily, almost "a doppelganger, a looking-glass reflection of myself" (47).

WORKS CITED

Chehak, Susan Taylor. *The Story of Annie D.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1989.

———. *Harmony.* New York: Ticknor and Fields, 1990.

Moss, Robert F. "Ill Wind from Nebraska." *New York Times Book Review*, December 12, 1990, p. 29.

SHUSAKU ENDO AND ANDREW GREELEY: CATHOLIC IMAGINATION EAST & WEST

INGRID SHAFER

In this essay I hope to develop something we might call a "preliminary comparative anatomy" of portions of the religious imagery used by Shusaku Endo and Andrew Greeley. Both men are Catholics who often describe God in feminine terms and deliberately project their religious visions in the form of popular novels. Father Greeley considers his readers his parish, and Mr. Endo, in the preface to the American edition of *A Life of Jesus* states clearly that he depicted Jesus as one "who lived for love and still more love" in order "to make Jesus understandable in terms of the religious sensibilities" (*Jesus* 1). Not only Endo's *Life of Jesus,* but all his novels and plays grow in some manner out of the dialogue/confrontation of Japanese and Christian world views.

In the early fifties Endo studied contemporary French Christian literature at Lyons (8) and Greeley relieved Mundelein seminary boredom by devouring French theologians. At the time neither man had any way of knowing that he was unwittingly preparing for the Second Vatican Council which would soon blast holes into the walls surrounding the "Fortress Church." Toward the end of the nineteenth century several French Catholic theologians had begun to rebel, more or less openly, against the new scholastics who obediently sailed with the arid, anti-anthropological papal and curial winds of divine transcendence. Romantics at heart, those champions of divine immanence sought to theologize on the basis of human experience, and thus to heal the recurrent attacks of dualism which had plagued the church since it was infected by strains of neo-Platonic and Manichean virus in its Hellenistic cradle. While such early leaders of Catholic Modernism as the French Jesuit scholar Alfred Firmin Loisy and

the Irish convert maverick priest George Tyrrell were excommunicated, several of their post-World War Two spiritual descendants influenced the reforms of the Second Vatican Council.

Greeley mentions Jean Danielou, Henri de Lubac, and Ives Congar as particularly influential to his thought (*Confessions* 121). It seems unlikely that during his three years of studying French Catholic literature at the University of Lyon in the early 1950s (*Life* 3) Endo did not encounter those same thinkers.

In the introduction to the play *The Golden Country* which deals with 17th century Christian martyrdom in Japan, the Jesuit scholar Francis Mathy notes that Endo identifies three Japanese characteristics as the root causes for the failure of Christianity to attract large numbers of converts: an insensitivity to a personal God, an insensitivity to sin, and an insensitivity to death (13). This is what he calls the "mudswamp" (*Golden* 127) of Japan which inevitably puts out the flame of Christ. Yet, according to the Japanese Buddhist equivalent of the Gideon motel Bible, it is precisely the mud of a swamp which nourishes the pure and fragrant lotus flower. Analogously, "from the muck of worldly passions springs the pure Enlightenment of Buddhahood" (*Teaching* 63). Thus growing Christianity in Endo's "mudswamp" may indeed demand a special mutation of the plant, a baptized form of Buddhism, a fusion of East and West, which can take root and flourish in this particular ecological niche.

Endo's threefold religious insensitivity of the Japanese fits readily into Joseph Campbell's generalization concerning the differences of Eastern and Western images of the human hero and ultimate reality. While I would argue that Christianity dissolves the Greek tragedy into a divine comedy, and consequently disagree with Campbell's contention that the Occidental hero is inevitably tragic, I consider the following passage crucial to an understanding of Endo's dilemma:

> Whereas the typical Occidental hero is a personality, and therefore necessarily tragic, doomed to be implicated seriously in the agony and mystery of temporality, the Oriental hero is the monad: in essence without character but an image of eternity, untouched by, or else casting off successfully, the delusory involvements of the mortal sphere. And just as in the West the orientation to personality is reflected in the concept and experience even of God as a personality, so in the Orient, in perfect contrast, the

> overpowering sense of an absolutely impersonal law suffusing and harmonizing all things reduces to a mere blur the accident of an individual life. (*Oriental* 243)

In his effort to find a strain of Christianity which might take root in the Japanese who have a proverb that the four most terrible things are "fires, earthquakes, thunderbolts, and fathers" (*Life* 4) and therefore "tend to seek in their gods and buddhas a warm-hearted mother rather than a stern father" (1) Endo began to substitute for the stern Christian father-image "the kind-hearted maternal aspect of God revealed to us in the personality of Jesus" (1).

In the novel *When I Whistle,* without ever mentioning either faith. Endo neatly merges Buddhist and Catholic ways of interpreting life, and succeeds in writing a deeply religious work which *appears* to be primarily a reflection and critique of pre- and post-World War Two Japanese society and values. In fact, the secular top layer of the story is analogous to the fully human Jesus who walked the dusty roads of Palestine while concealing/revealing the fully divine Christ. Endo subtly confronts the three insensitivities I mentioned above, and at the very least hints at a way for Christ to slip into Japanese consciousness. The entire novel is an effective parable precisely because it is *not* a pious, moralistic tale. None of the three main characters, Ozu, Flatfish, and Aiko are overtly religious, yet all of them are sacraments of nurturing, womanly, divine love for at least one of the others.

Most obviously, Woman God assumed the form of Aiko, the large-eyed, upper-class girl who bound up the bleeding wound on a low-class school boy's hand with white gauze (36), and in that frivolous and daring act of spontaneous kindness (as shocking to the Japanese with their strict social code forbidding unchaperoned contact between boys and girls as Jesus' preaching or healing on the Sabbath had been to uncompromising observers of Torah) was to change the boy's life. "Flatfish, with his bleary eyes" (37) would never be the same again.

In typically divine manner she both fascinated and terrified him; with his friend Ozu (also half-in love with her) he spied on her, snooped around her father's grand house, even stole a milk bottle from the front steps because her lips might have touched it. A few years after the gauze and spying incidents, in the

middle of the summer vacation, they accidentally saw her again at the beach near her home, and Flatfish almost drowned while trying to reach a buoy far out in the ocean to which the girl and her friend, both strong swimmers, were clinging. The young women ended up saving him, but neither of them paid any attention to their tongue-tied inept suitor after the near-accident; they walked off with a sharply dressed naval cadet instead,

Flatfish was saddened but not beaten. Puppy love had turned into a hint of something infinitely more powerful and lasting. Endo, like Andrew Greeley, sees the sacramental potential of this kind of romantic infatuation (consider the pure love of Gennosuke and Yuki in *Golden Country*), though (in the Buddhist and magisterial Catholic tradition) he generally focuses on the demonic potential of passionate sexual union. And so, much like Dante had loved Beatrice, Flatfish would cherish and adore Aiko, mostly from afar, until he died a few years later of pneumonia contracted on the Korean battlefield (*Whistle* 182, 204). But first this scrawny, grimy teenager with a singularly unimpressive school record would get ready to attempt the impossible: pass the entrance examination to the naval academy. "She, of course, had no notion that she had been the cause of this marvellous transformation in the life of one young man" (108). "Where there's a will there's a way" (99), he announced cheerfully, and set about to become worthy of her hand in marriage.

His efforts to prepare himself for the examination verged on the superhuman. He devoted months to strenuous cramming and exercise, and guzzled gallons of water the morning of the physical to reach the minimum weight. The public humiliation resulting from his bloated bladder's lack of cooperation seems the twentieth century equivalent of the ride in the shameful *charrette* to which Chrétien's knight Lancelot (according to tradition brought up *in* a lake by a mermaid) submits for love of Guinevere. Flatfish passed the physical but failed the academic part of the examination, and quietly went to a distant city to work in a salt-manufacturing firm. When Ozu wrote him that his beloved had married the cadet and was expecting a child, he asked his friend to buy her a gift for the baby with some money he had enclosed in a letter. Ozu did so, albeit reluctantly. In return, both touched and embarrassed, Aiko gave Ozu her much used and obviously treasured school fountain pen to send

to Flatfish. The pen is both a very personal object and a phallic symbol which accentuates the powerful-yet-subtle erotic tension which permeates the story and links it to the European courtly love tradition, Northrop Frye's "Secular Scripture." Shortly thereafter he was drafted, and told Ozu "'I'm taking her fountain pen with me. If you happen to run into her, would you tell her that?'" (171).

Eventually, Ozu himself entered the harsh world of the military and came to understand why Flatfish's face was swollen in a photograph. Endo introduces the equivocal nature even of an image as universally associated with tenderness as "mother."

> They were beaten every single day. . . . On the first day, the staff sergeant had told them that the squadron commander would be their mother, . . . the sort of mother who sat on his straw mat and looked on as the sergeants and privates first-class inflicted their own personal form of torture on the new recruits. (177)

From the front, Flatfish wrote his few cards and letters with the young woman's pen. Then he died, not nobly in combat, but of pneumonia. After the war Flatfish's mother and sister gave the pen and the dead man's notebook to Ozu. In the book was a hand-drawn map of the area where Aiko used to live with "'Aiko's house'" (206) written in Flatfish's scrawl. Ozu felt that he must tell Aiko what had happened. Unable to locate her in the old neighborhood, he tracked her down in a tiny village. Her husband had been killed in the war, her son had died of pneumonia, and except for her feeble, aged parents she was alone. Ozu showed her the map: "He was an idiot. Every painful day he spent . . . , that's how he consoled himself. By drawing maps of Ashiya with the pen you gave him. . . ." (214). Ozu handed her the pen. She was deeply moved. "This tiny pen had passed from Aiko to Flatfish, crossed over from Japan to Korea, returned again to Japan, and now came back to Aiko" (214). Unknowingly, she had been Christ for this young man she barely knew, just as he, in his quiet, relentless devotion, had been her Hound of Heaven.

A quarter century later Ozu discovered that Aiko was one of his son's patients in the hospital. She was suffering from inoperable stomach cancer, and, unknown to Ozu, his son, an ambitious and ruthless young doctor, was experimenting on her

with a potentially dangerous new cancer drug in the hope that success would further his career. Instead she died of the drug's effects. In a lonely vigil next to Aiko's body Ozu reflected:

> But there are . . . people who touch your life only once whom you cannot forget for as long as you live. Aiko had been such a girl for Flatfish. And Flatfish had been that sort of friend for Ozu. (253)

"But you were hardly aware that Flatfish and I existed, were you?" (253) Ozu addressed the dead woman. At that moment Flatfish is revealed as the *ichthys*, the "flat fish" scratched into catacomb walls beneath the bustling city of pagan Rome, Jesus incognito who is always with us whether we realize it or not.

Several months after Aiko's death Ozu went on a pilgrimage to his home town, the old schools, and particularly the Ashiya River area where he and Flatfish had first met Aiko. The river bed was a concrete drainage ditch; Aiko's grand, traditional home had turned into a "stark-white apartment building" (276); the "sea had been filled in like a desert" (276). You can't go home again. Or can you?

> Flatfish and Aiko were no longer in this world. Only Ozu was still alive. Ozu felt now that he understood what Ailo and Flatfish had meant in his life. Now, when all was lost, he felt he understood the meaning they had given to his life. . . . (277)

What Ozu in his self-effacing humility was never quite able to admit to himself was that all three of them had been God for each other, that he had given as much meaning to their lives as they had given to his and each other's, that without him as intermediary and catalyst their relationship would have been impossible.

In an essential way Ozu, and to a lesser extent his friends, are Christians, "Westerners," without being aware of it. To the Buddhist, liberation consists in extinguishing all claims to and of an individual self. Like all living beings, we exist in the mode of suffering; we are finite, incomplete, dependent, and easily deceived. In Amida Buddhism we need but hold on to the Buddha, monkey babies clinging to their mothers, to be saved from our weakness. We are flies entangled in an illusory spider web which does not cease to have power to hold us until we recognize it as

delusion. The human condition is hopeless unless we totally renounce the very qualities which make us human—the ties and relationships and responsibilities of the human community. Ozu chooses to act, he chooses to follow his conscience which bids him pursue the ultimate goal through engagement, entanglement, action. Likewise, Aiko and Flatfish, despite their tendency to accept the inevitable, refuse to give up, give in, float passively. That, according to Campbell is the distinctive characteristic of the Western way, first clearly espoused by Zoroaster (Campbell 244), and recognized by Endo's seventeenth century Japanese inquisitor Inoue as the mark of the Christian as opposed to the Buddhist: "The Christian must fight as hard as he can, and then his strength of spirit and the love and mercy of God come together. This is salvation" (*Golden* 126).

Ultimately, Endo's three deficiencies become irrelevant. A sense of sin is necessary only if Christianity is presented in its common perversion as a set of moral rules arbitrarily imposed by a tyrannical Father. A sense of the horror of death fills only those who consider themselves sinners and expect to end up in hell. The question of the existence or non-existence of God is meaningless if we simply accept what Teilhard de Chardin called the "divine mileu" as we accept the air we breathe.

Andrew Greeley, like Shusaku Endo, writes at least in part to share his vision of God. Most of his regular readers consider themselves Christians (though I know of at least one renowned conservative rabbi), but like the Japanese, and unlike the majority of Christians in the Western world, they are considerably more in tune with a maternally loving than a paternally judging God. Greeley's voluminous writings, non-fiction as well as fiction to some extent invert Endo's three-fold insensitivities. Christians, by and large, he shows in his sociological studies, tend to be insensitive not to a personal God *per se*, but to a personal God who is radical all-encompassing, passionate love. Like Patrick of *The Cardinal Sins*, like Hugh of *Ascent into Hell*, like Cathy of *Virgin and Martyr*, like Diana of *Love Song*, like Jeanne of *The Cardinal Virtues* they prefer to imagine God as the stern Master, harsh Judge, and rod-wielding Father of official magisterial convention. One who expects them to contort their natural selves in order to do His scrutable will. One who beats them into submission. Hence our very sensitivity to sin, our ready condemnation

of others and our wallowing in feelings of guilt and unworthiness become obstacles to the God whom Jesus came to share, the God who cherishes and pursues us like a mother and a lover, the God whose face is as close as that of a fellow human, the God who emerges from Greeley's own stories. As for insensitivity to death, this is a matter of definition, and I can think of one Chicago undertaker who probably shuddered at the three Greeley siblings' appalling lack of sensitivity to their mother's passing. Consider the following verbal exchange from *Confessions of a Parish Priest*:

> In the funeral home before the Mass, the undertaker said to the three of us, "Now would be the time for you children to spend a few last moments with your mother before we close the casket."
>
> We all looked at the poor man as though he had three heads and walked out into the sunshine.
>
> "That's not Mom," Juice said to me through her tears.
>
> "Damn right," I agreed through mine.
>
> "Irish," Grace added to the chorus.
>
> She was right. That's the way we Irish are about death. (58)

Unlike the suitably distressed mortician, the Greeley siblings understood that what we call death, while unkind from the earthly perspective, is the invitation to a heavenly birthday party which is properly celebrated with an Irish wake which encourages mourners to think of their "dear departed" as what they were, and what they would be, not as empty husks on a bier.

It seems to me that we could complement the image of the warm and possibly fetid "mudswamp" of Japan which kills off the Christian plant with the image of Western Christendom and particularly *Roman* Catholicism as a frigid rock, a monolith which resists life and new growth, and which is trembling and fragmenting beneath our feet while "icy ideologues" (*Mary Myth* 184) stand guard, with their picks poised to cut off any bit of green growth which might dare spring up between the cracks. A poem commemorating Greeley's ordination from his autobiography comes to mind:

> The expected day was bitter cold
> Warning us perhaps
> Of what we'd have to face
> But no hint of change
> Or the unchanging changed
> And the rock which came apart (113)

The images of the Japanese mudswamp and the Christian rock are opposed twins, putrid chaos and petrified cosmos, diseased feminine and masculine archetypes, neither of which is conducive to the growth of a healthy Church, the Church founded by Love Incarnate. Both can be healed by going back to the maternal beginnings. In his second novel, *Death in April*, Greeley has his cynical, burned-out hero, Jim, visit the summer resort lake of his teenage years. "The lake looked sinister under the quiet April sky. . . . The lake is evil, he thought to himself, shuddering involuntarily" (64). He remembers his first love. "Lynnie and the lake. The girl is the lake is the grail is God" (64) he notes. A few minutes later, walking up the main street of the village, he literally collides with a woman hurrying out of a store. She is the Lynnie from his past, and becomes the healer of his present, the hope of his future. The demonic is the sacramental gone stagnant, a gangrene of the spirit, a blocking of blood flow, a rejection of life. It smothers its victims unless they allow their roots to tap into the pure waters of virgin beginnings. Endo's sinister mudswamp holds as much promise as Greeley's evil lake, and both authors cast the possibilities for regeneration in symbolic language which combines elements of Christianity and the Arthurian Romance. If Flatfish is a latter day Lancelot, so is Jim who starts out calling Camelot "a collection of mud huts" (near a mudswamp?) (60) and ends up musing "Chicago as Camelot, Lynnie as Guinevere. . . . Nice towers in this Camelot" (245).

Both Endo and Greeley emphasize the womanly aspects of divinity. But while Endo's Woman-God bears the characteristics of the passively compassionate Buddha in his feminine aspect (cf. *Teaching* 22), Greeley's Woman God generally resembles the powerful and active Celtic heroines and deities of pre- and early-Christian Ireland. Thus, while St. Brigid, the baptized version of the pagan goddess Brigit, daughter of the "good for everything" high god Dagda, is revered for her compassion and readiness to care for lepers and other unfortunates, she is also known for her sharp tongue, her vigorous involvement in church policy making, and frequent trips to administer a network of nunneries. The people celebrated her as "Mary the Gael" and "Mother of the High King of Heaven." The church of the co-ed double monastery founded by her at the pagan Brigit's holy place of oaks and fire, Kildare, was the most magnificent in all of

Ireland during the seventh century. Obviously, for this woman, taking the veil did not imply withdrawal from worldly activities or annihilation of self (cf. *Celtic Churches* 29-80). As patroness of Irish television, she continues to wield her crozier. This dynamic saint, just like Greeley's contemporary woman characters, is a fitting descendant of the kind of Celtic warrior wife described by a Roman historian as "much the stronger, fire in her eye, gnashing her teeth, she will begin to throw around those huge heavy arms of hers and adding kicks from her feet, deliver blows like a catapult" (*Kings* 45). Despite her black hair and slender form, there is quite a bit of the anti-Roman revolutionary leader, Queen Boadicea, "huge in body, absolutely terrifying in appearance, a deadly fierce look in her eyes, a hoarse voice, and a mass of red hair, redder than red, down to her buttocks" (45) in Greeley's lightning bolt wielding Holy Captain Abbes Deirdre Cardinal Fitzgerald who appears to have finally outwitted the Christian descendants of the Roman empire, as her presence in the college of cardinals would indicate (*Planet* 285).

Like their interpretations of the feminine dimension of divinity, the images of Jesus projected by Endo and Greeley resemble partially superimposed transparencies which coincide at the shared center but represent opposite ends of the specrum toward the edges. Both agree that Jesus came to bring the Good News of God's love, but they disagree on his personality and method of conveying that message.

Endo envisions Jesus as perpetually sad, weary, mild, delicate, even powerless (75), painting a soft water-color portrait drawn in muted tones on fragile white silk. Based on John 8:57, for example, he argues that Jesus probably looked older than his years, noting that "any appearance of premature age might well have been a shadow of nameless suffering which always played across his face, or perhaps his weary eyes reflected interior pain (*Life* 9). He describes the heart of Jesus as "a maternal womb to engender an image of God which more closely resembles a gentle mother, the image of God which he would disclose to the people on a mountain by the lake of Galilee at a later time" (25). Consider the following description of what the disciples might have remembered after Good Friday:

> The tired sunken eyes, a sad radiance from the deep-set eyes, the pure and gentle gleam in the eyes when they were smiling. He was the man who could accomplish nothing, the man who possessed no power in the visible world. He was thin; he wasn't much. . . . And regarding those who deserted him, those who betrayed him, not a word of resentment came to his lips. No matter what happened, he was the man of sorrows, and he prayed for nothing but their salvation. (173)

Now contrast this portrait of Jesus with Greeley's:

> Jesus confidently announced that in the end all would be well, that a new age had dawned, that God was intervening in human history, and that the only appropriate response for us was to be delirious with joy. (*Myth* 49)
>
> The meek and mild Jesus of the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century biographies is simply not to be found in the New Testament. He is a man who speaks his mind, even at the risk of offending others. . . . And while he is patient with the weakness and frailty of his disciples, he never permits them to deceive themselves as to what he thinks of their foolishness, His "Get thee behind me, Satan" statement to Peter . . . comes from a man not at all hesitant to give vent to the emotion of anger. (164)

What are we to make of this? Who is right? Who is wrong? Are they both wrong? Or, maybe, are they both right? Is the question of unilateral correctness itself inappropriate? The disparity of Greeley's and Endo's God-images dissolves when we consider the following passage from Greeley's first draft of the novel *Shy Children* (October 1989). After his fiance's suicide (on Father's Day) Dermot asks his brother, a newly ordained priest, why God allows these things.

> "Maybe because He can't stop them," George shrugged. "One thing you can count on, however, is that God hurts for her as much as you do, more in fact."
>
> "God hurts"?
>
> "Forget the Greek philosophy, Punk," he jabbed his finger at me. "The God of Isaiah and the God of Jesus is vulnerable, a shy and injured child like poor Denise to whom you've been so kind. We have to take care of God just as we do all the injured, fragile people we know." (72)

The New Testament is sufficiently vague to allow for alternate, even contradictory interpretations. Jesus — and through him

God—is a living Presence precisely because he can legitimately be envisioned in countless incarnations, as long as each of them illuminates an aspect of love. Endo who was raised in a religious matrix which considers all life suffering and material things illusory, and who was initially converted to a paternalistic, sin-obsessed form of Catholicism tells us to take up the cross and climb the rock. Could his rock be the one Greeley senses as coming apart (*Confessions* 113)? Greeley, with his Irish spunk and Catholic sense of the sacramentality of the world invites us to a wedding party complete with a quick dip in the baptismal hot tub or maternal/nuptial swamp. Could his swamp be the one Endo credits with poisoning Christianity? Good Friday cannot be severed from Easter Sunday.

Hence it is the Westerner Greeley for whom the swamp and warm waters are usually sacramental, not demonic. Consider the Zylongian serenity bath which induces intimacy drained of all passion, or else supreme fulfillment without arousal (*Planet* 127). O'Neill's experience as he shares the tub with his gentle hostess could easily be interpreted in Buddhist terms.

> She was holding his head on her breast, gently stroking his hair. The rest of the universe slipped away; there was only this beautiful woman who had admitted him into the sanctuary of her love. . . . He was falling, falling back into childhood. He was a little boy and she was a tender and loving mother. (127)

For Red Kane, on the other hand, the swamp symbolizes both mystical union with God and sexual union with his wife of twenty years:

> Eileen dragged him down into a primal swamp of not-quite-fulfilled desire, a swamp that smelled of lavender soap, sweat, aroused woman, and Scope mouthwash and was inhabited by demanding kisses and gentle but persistent fingers and darting electrical impulses that exorcised his guilts and regrets, his convictions of failure and worthlessness, his self-hatred and self-contempt. He sank into the sweet, savory, and tenaciously strong warmth of mother earth.
>
> A swamp like Wacker and Wacker? Nothing could be like that. Yet Eileen's soft, green-eyed electrical swamp was not unlike it either. . . . Eileen was like God and not like God; God was like Eileen and not like Eileen. (*Patience* 83)

I suspect that Greeley would agree with George Tyrrell who wrote that the divine can be found where the human spirit draws its nourishment,

> deep down where its roots and fibres are seen to spread out under the soil and make one continuous network with those of all finite spirits, the whole clinging to the breasts of that common mother-earth from whom, and in whom, they move and have their being. (30)

The paternal rock will be barren until it, too, allows the mysterious waters of the maternal swamp to enter its fissures and crevices. The flame of Christ may *appear* to be extinguished as it enters the Japanese mud swamp. Yet we should not forget that the candle plunged into the baptismal font during the Tridentine Easter Vigil liturgy is also extinguished. In the process the Holy Spirit is envisioned as fertilizing the waters, so that new life can be conceived.

Let me end this essay with a quotation from a letter Thomas Merton wrote over thirty years ago (11 April 1959) to the renowned Zen scholar, Daisetz T. Suzuki:

> If only we had thought of coming to you and loving you for what you are in yourselves, instead of trying to make you over in our own image and likeness. For me it is clearly evident that you and I have in common and share most intimately precisely that which, in the eyes of conventional Westerners, would seem to separate us. The fact that you are a Zen Buddhist and I am a Christian monk, far from separating us, makes us most like one another. How many centuries is it going to take for people to discover this fact? (Merton 566)

University of Science and Arts of Oklahoma

WORKS CITED

Campbell, Joseph. *The Masks of God: Oriental Mythology.* 1962. New York: Penguin Books, 1976.

Casson, Lionel. *The Barbarian Kings.* Chicago: Stonehenge, 1982.

Endo, Shusaku. *The Golden Country: A Play about Martyrs in Japan.* Trans. Francis Mathy. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, 1970.

———. *A Life of Jesus.* Trans. Richard A. Schuchert. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, 1978.

Greeley, Andrew M. *Confessions of a Parish Priest: An Autobiography.* New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986.

———. *The Final Planet.* New York: Warner, 1987.

———. *The Jesus Myth.* New York: Doubleday, 1971.

———. *The Mary Myth: On the Femininity of God.* New York: Seabury, 1977.

———. *Patience of a Saint.* New York: Warner, 1987.

———. "Shy Children." Draft, October 1989.

McNeill, John T. *The Celtic Churches: A History A.D. 200 to 1200.* U of Chicago P, 1974.

Merton, Thomas. *The Hidden Ground of Love: Letters.* Ed. William H. Shannon. New York: Farrar-Straus-Giroux, 1985.

The Teaching of Buddha. Tokyo, Bukkyo Dendo Kyokai, 1981.

Tyrell, George. "Vita Nuova," *Month* 102 (Oct. 1903).

ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: 1989

Editors: ROBERT BEASECKER AND DONALD PADY

Bibliographers: Clarence A. Andrews, *University of Iowa;* Liahna Babener, *Montana State University;* Robert Beasecker, *Grand Valley State University;* Michael D. Butler, *University of Kansas;* Mary Ellen Caldwell, *University of North Dakota;* Jill B. Gidmark, *University of Minnesota-Twin Cities;* Pamela A. Grudzien, *Central Michigan University;* Marcia Noe, *University of Tennessee-Chattanooga;* Donald S. Pady, *Mayo Foundation;* Paul P. Somers, Jr., *Michigan State University.*

This bibliography includes primary and secondary sources of Midwestern literary genres published, for the most part, in 1989. Criteria for inclusion of authors are birth or residence in the Midwest; fictions with Midwestern locales are included irrespective of their author's ties with this region. Citations which begin with an author's name in parentheses are writings *about* that particular author.

New periodicals which in some way relate to Midwestern literature, either in content or locale, are listed alphabetically by title at the end 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 editors: Robert Beasecker, Grand Valley State University Library, Allendale, Michigan 49401, and Donald Pady, Mayo Foundation History of Medicine Library, 200 First Street SW, Rochester, Minnesota 55905.

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

Abraham, Nelson Ahlgren, see Algren, Nelson.

Adams, Harold. The Man who missed the party. (Novel) New York: Mysterious Press, 1989, (South Dakota).

Adams, Pauline, and Marilyn Mayer Culpepper. Playing Pedro and other diversions: some observations on leisure activities in the midwest 1870-1910. (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany, XVII (1989), 22-32.

Aitken, Will. Terre Haute. (Novel) New York: Delta Fiction, 1989, (Indiana).

(Algren, Nelson) Drew, Bettina. Nelson Algren: a life on the wild side. (Biographies) New York: Putnam, 1989.

(Algren, Nelson) Giles, James R. Confronting the horror: the novels of Nelson Algren. (Criticism) Kent, OH: Kent State University Press, 1989.

(Algren, Nelson) Perlongo, Bob. Interview with Nelson Algren. (Biography) Arizona Quarterly, 45 (1989), 101-106.

(Algren, Nelson) Tibbetts, Robert A. Further addenda to Bruccoli, Nelson Algren. (Bibliographies) Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, 83 (June 1989), 214-17.

Allen, Connie S. My mother triumphant; With love from the tatto lady. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 248-49.

Anderson, Julian. Flash cards. (Short Fiction) Southern Review, 25 (April 1989), 399-420.

Anderson, Mary. The Hairy best in the woods. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Dell, 1989, (Minnesota).

Anderson, Sherwood. Moonshine. (Short Stories) Missouri Review, 12(1) 1989, 133-48. (First appearance of "an unpublished story that Anderson attempted in April of 1925." Ed. William Holtz).

Anderson, Sherwood. Sherwood Anderson: early writings. (Anthologies). Ed. Ray Lewis White. Kent, OH: Kent State University Press, 1989.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson in fiction. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 80-93.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Dewey, Joseph. "No God in the sky and no God in myself: 'Godliness' and Anderson's Winesburg." (Criticism) Modern Fiction Studies, 35 (Summer 1989), 251-59.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Esplugas, Celia. Winesburg, Ohio: an exixtential microcosm. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 33 (December 1989). 130-44.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Haskell, Diana. A Sherwood Anderson checklist: 1986. (Bibliography) Winesburg Eagle, 14(1) Winter 1989, 9-11.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Morgan, Gwendolyn. Anderson's "Hands." (Criticism) Explicator, 48 (Fall 1989), 46-47.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Rideout, Walter B. Sherwood Anderson and the industrial age in Clyde, Ohio. (Criticism) Northwest Ohio Quarterly, 61 (Spring-Autumn 1989), 64-72.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Spear, Marion Anderson. Being Sherwood Anderson's daughter. (Biography) Winesburg Eagle, 14(1) Winter 1989, 1-2.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Tobin, Mary-Elizabeth Fowkes, The Composition of Sherwood Anderson's short story "Not sixteen." (Criticism) Studies in Bibliography, 42 (1989), 293-300.

(Anderson, Sherwood) White, Ray Lewis. Anderson's epitaph. (Biography) Winesburg Eagle 14(1) Winter 1989, 3-4.

(Anderson, Sherwood) Williams, Kenny J. A Storyteller and a city: Sherwood Anderson's Chigago. (Biography), (Criticism) DeKalb, IL: Northern Illinois University Press, 1988.

Appleman, Philip. Apes and angels. (Novel) New York: Putnam's, 1989, (Indiana).

Ardizzone, Tony. The Whore of Fez el Bali. (Short Fiction) Georgia Review, 43 (Winter 1989). 677-90.

(Arnow, Harriette) Brennan, Mary Anne. Harriette Simpson Arnow: a checklist (Bibliography) Bulletin of Bibliography, 46 (March 1989), 46-52.

Aspenstrom, Werner. Mining district. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 37-38.

Austin, James C. MidAmerica. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.

Averill. Thomas Fox. Seeing Mona naked: and other stories. (Short Fiction) Topeka: Watermark, 1989. (Kansas).
Barba, Rick. Son of Batman. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 77-86.
Barker, Diane. Spooked. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 130.
Barnes, Candyce. The Seventh veil. (Short Fiction) Southern Review, 25 (July 1989), 666-78.
Barnes, Jim. La Plata cantata. (Poetry) West Lafayette, IN: Purdue University Press, 1989.
Basney, Lionel. Straightening the yard. (Poetry) Christianity & Literature, 38 (Summer 1989) 24.
Bausch, Richard. Mr. Field's daughter. (Novel) New York: Linden Press, 1989, (Duluth), (Minnesota).
Baxter, Charles. A Fire story. (Short Fiction) Grand Street, 8 (Winter 1989), 14-31.
Baxter, Charles. Shelter. (Short Fiction) Georgia Review, 43 (Summer 1989), 347-62.
Beasecker, Robert, and Donald Pady. Annual Bibliography of midwestern literature: 1987. (Bibliography) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 131-51.
Beasley, Conger, Jr. His precious burden. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 51-54.
(Beer, Thomas) Anderson, David D. Thomas Beer. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(2) (Summer 1989), 2-10.
Behrendt, Stephen C. Elegy. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 37.
Bell, Marvin. Eighteen poems. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(2), March/April 1989, 27-31.
Bellamy, Joe David. Suzi Sinzinnati. (Novel) Wainscott, NY: Pushcart Press, 1989, (Cincinnati), (Ohio).
Bellow, Saul. The Bellarosa connection. (Novel) New York: Penguin Books, 1989.
Bellow, Saul. A Theft. (Novel) New York: Penguin Books, 1989.
(Bellow, Saul) Chavkin, Allan and Nancy Feyl Chavkin. Bellow's dire prophecy. (Criticism) Centennial Review, 33 (Spring 1989), 93-107.
(Bellow, Saul) Chavkin, Allan and Nancy Feyl Chavkin. "Farcical martyrs" and "Deeper Thieves" in Bellow's Humboldt's Gift. (Criticism) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 77-87.
(Bellow, Saul) Cronin, Gloria L. and L. H. Goldman. Saul Bellow in the 1980s: a collection of critical essays. (Criticism) East Lansing, MI: Michigan State University Press, 1989.
(Bellow, Saul) Kiernan, Robert F. Saul Bellow. (Biography) New York: Continuum Publishing Co., 1989.
(Bellow, Saul) Steinberg, Sybil. A Conversation with Saul Bellow. (Interviews) Publishers Weekly, 235 (3 March 1989), 59-60.
Bennett, Allyson. Humpty Dumpty. (Poetry) Minnesota Review, n.s. 32 (Spring 1989), 63-65.
Bergland, Martha. A Farm under a lake. (Novel) St. Paul, MN: Graywolf Press, 1989, (Wisconsin), (Illinois).
Berman, Ruth. Stale air and the cause of colds; Mortal and Triton. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 70-71.
(Bierce, Ambrose) Conlogue, William. Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Explicator, 48 (Fall 1989), 37-38.
Blank, Martin. Shadowcase. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Blackwood, Gary L. The Dying sun. (Juvenile Fiction) Boston: Atheneum, 1989, (Missouri).
Bohl, Andrew. Storm. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 32.
Bolton, Joe. Sherwood Anderson, 1912. (Poetry) North American Review, 274 (June 1989). 2.
Bonanno, Margant Wander. Risks. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Missouri).
Bond, Bruce. Kurt Weill. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Spring 1989), 189.

Bond, Bruce. The Oracle of remembered things. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989). 437.
Booth, Mike. Highwaymen. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989) 2.
Boruch, Marianne. Comment/no perimeters. (Review Essays) American Poetry Review, 18(2) March/April 1989, 41-3.
Boruch, Marianne. Comment: thresholds. (Review Essays) American Poetry Review, 18(6) November/December 1989, 21-3.
Boruch, Marianne. Descendant. (Poetry) Middleton, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1989.
Boruch, Marianne. Moss burning. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Winter 1989). 729.
Bowers, Neal. Feet; The Resurrection ball. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 529-30.
Bowers, Neal. Out of the blue; The Woman in charge of night. (Poetry) Southern Review, 25 (January 1989). 162-63.
Boyle, T. Coraghessan. If the river was whiskey. (Short Fiction) New York: Viking, 1989.
Brandvold, Peter. Letter to a dead grandmother. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 36.
Brashler, William. Traders. (Novel) New York: Atheneum, 1989. (Chicago), (Illinois).
Brahm, Victoria. Great Lakes maritime fiction. (Criticism), (Bio-bibliography) MidAmerica, XVI (1989), 19-28.
Brehn, John. Before morning. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 97.
Brenna, Duff. The Book of Mamie. (Novel) Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1989, (Wisconsin).
Brennan, Matthew. The Gravity of love; Autumn landscape. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 129-30.
Bresnahan, Roger J. Kodachrome boosterism: the north country in the National Geographic. (Criticism) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 42-51.
Bridgford, Kim. Otherworldly. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 205-6.
Brod, D. C. Murder in store. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Brodhead, Marlis Manley. From catching up the baby books: fortunes. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 82-83.
(Brooks, Gwendolyn) Kent, George E. A Life of Gwendolyn Brooks. (Biographies) Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1989.
(Brownell, Baker) Hallwas, John E. Religion of the real: Baker Brownell's Earth is enough. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 54-64.
Brummels, J. V. Lumps of clay; Bastards. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Winter 1989), 81-83.
Bunn, Thomas. Worse than death. (Novel) New York: Henry Holt, 1989, (Lansing), (Michigan).
Busch, Trent. St. Louis. (Poetry) College English, 51 (October 1989), 581.
Byer Kathryn Stripling. Walking into the middle of modern poetry: teaching Byer's "Cornwalking." (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (April 1989), 77-79.
Caddy, John. The Color of Mesabi bones. (Poetry) Minnespolis, MN: Milkweed Editions, 1989, (Minnesota).
Campbell, Charles. The Bridge; Horseman. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Campbell, Robert. Nibbled to death by ducks. (Novel) New York: Pocket Books, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Campion, Dan. The Annoyances of scholars. (Poetry) Lake Street Review, no. 23 (1989), 34.
Campion, Dan. Automatic tellers. (Poetry) Lyric, 69 (Spring 1989), 48.
Campion, Dan. Northern light. (Poetry) Manna, 10 (Spring 1989). 6.
Campion, Dan. Rosehill Park. (Poetry) Rhino, 1989, 52.
Cantoni, Louis J. A Chime of Bells. (Poetry) Modern Images, 86 (Summer 1989), 23.
Cantoni, Louis J. Faculty assembly. (Poetry) Peninsula Poets, 45(1), 1989, 42.
Cantoni, Louis J. He dwells. (Poetry) Parnassus, 13 (Spring 1989), 70.

Cantoni, Louis J. Heading home. (Poetry) Quest, 22 (January 1989), 8.
Cantoni, Louis J. A Hymn to deadlines. (Poetry) Quest, 22 (April 1989), 6.
Cantoni, Louis J. In the moment. (Poetry) Prophetic Voices, 12 (October 1989), 133.
Cantoni, Louis J. The Lonely hours. (Poetry) Parnassus, 13 (Winter 1989), 58.
Cantoni, Louis J. Midnight. (Poetry) Poet, 30 (February 1989). 52.
Cantoni, Louis J. Missing. (Poetry) Poet, 30 (April 1989), 67.
Cantoni, Louis J. Only pity and love. (Poetry) Modern Images, 85 (Spring 1989), 31.
Cantoni, Louis J. Quintessence. (Poetry) South End, Spring 1989). 34.
Cantoni, Louis J. Semantic blood. (Poetry) Quest, 23 (September 1989), 2.
Cantoni, Louis J. Six and beautiful. (Poetry) Pensinsula Poets, 45(2) 1989, 23.
Cantoni, Louis J. So beautiful. (Poetry) Poet, 30 (August 1989), 50.
Cantoni, Louis J. Today the leaves. (Poetry) Orphic Lute, 39 (Spring-Summer 1989), 21.
Cantoni, Louis J. Waiting; Fallow, Fallow. (Poetry) Counselor's Voice, 5 (Fall 1989), 2.
Carey, Michael A. Reading and writing the land. (Poetry) North American Review, 274 (June 1989), 2.
Carey, Michael A. The Sandhill crane. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 203.
Carlson, Ann. The Lady that lived in a car. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockhart. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
(Carpenter, Mary E.) Sundberg, Sara Brooks. The Letters of Mary E. Carpenter: a farm woman on the Minnesota prairie. (Criticism) Minnesota History, 51 (Spring 1989). 186-93.
Carrier, Lois. Mockingbird; Requiem for an elephant. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 178.
Carter, Alden R. Up country. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Milwaukee), (Wisconsin).
Carter, Jared. Foundling; Getting it right. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1090), 50-53.
Carter, Jared. Tuning. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989), 47-49.
(Cather, Willa) Ambrose, Jamie. Willa Cather: writing at the frontier. (Criticism) New York: Berg Publishers, 1989.
(Cather, Willa) Callander, Marilyn B. Willa Cather and the fairy tale. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research, 1989.
(Cather, Willa) Dillman, Richard. Imagining the land: five versions of the landscape in Willa Cather's My Antonia. (Criticism) Heritage of the Great Plains, 22 (Summer 1989), 30-35.
(Cather, Willa) Donovan, Josephine. After the fall: the Demeter-Persephone myth in Wharton, Cather, and Glasgow. (Criticism) University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1989.
(Cather, Willa) Hall, Joan Wylie. Cather's "Deep foundation work": Reconstructing "Behind the Singer Tower." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Winter 1989), 81-86.
(Cather, Willa) Hall, Joan Wylie. Nordic mythology in Willa Cather's "The Joy of Nelly Deane." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Summer 1989), 339-41.
(Cather, Willa) Harris, Richard C. First loves: Willa Cather's Niel Herbert and Ivan Turgenev's Vladimir Petrovich. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Spring 1989), 81-91.
(Cather, Willa) Murphy, John J. My Antonia: the road home. (Criticism) Boston, MA: Twayne, 1989.
(Cather, Willa) Rosowski, Susan J. Writing against silences: female adolescent development in the novels of Willa Cather. (Criticism) Studies in the Novel, 21 (Spring 1989), 60-77.
(Cather, Willa) Selzer, John L. Jim Burden and the structure of My Antonia. (Criticism) Western American Literature, 24 (May 1989), 45-61.
(Cather, Willa) Thomas, Susie. Willa Cather. (Biographies) Totowa, NJ: Barnes and Noble, 1989.

(Cather, Willa) Thurin, Erik Ingver. The Humanization of Willa Cather: Classicism in an American Classic. (Criticism) Lund, Sweden: Lund University Press, 1989.
(Cather, Willa) Urgo, Joseph R. How context determines fact: historicisms in Willa Cather's A Lost Lady. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Autumn 1989), 183-92.
(Catherwood, Mary Hartwell) Robb, Kenneth A. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's two Beaver Island stories. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 11-18.
Chehak, Susan Taylor. The Story of Annie D. (Novel) Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1989, (Nebraska).
Chesbro, George C. Second horseman out of Eden. (Novel) New York: Atheneum, 1989, (Iowa).
Chesire, Jimmy. Home boy. (Novel) New York: New American Library, 1989, (Ohio).
Christhilf, Mark. Full hands. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 218.
Christhilf, Mark. Letter from Illinois. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 179.
Citino, David. One hundred percent chance of snow, accumulating eight to twelve inches by morning. (Poetry) Southern Review, 25 (January 1989), 181-82.
Clampitt, Amy. Amherst, May 15, 1987. (Poetry) Grand Street, 8 (Spring 1989), 31-32.
Clampitt, Amy. Geese. (Poetry) Grand Street, 8 (Winter 1989), 226.
Clampitt, Amy. The Halloween parade. (Poetry) Grand Street, 9 (Autumn 1989), 105-107.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Allmendinger, Blake. Murder in retrospect: Henry's death in Samuel Clemens' Autobiography. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Spring 1989), 13-24.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Altschuler, Mark. Motherless child: Huck Finn and a theory of moral development. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Fall 1989), 31-42.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Bloom, Harold, ed. Huck Finn. (Criticism) New York: Chelsea House, 1989.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Briden, Earl F. Twainian epistemology and the satiric design of Tom Sawyer Abroad. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Fall 1989), 43-52.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Bulger, Thomas. Mark Twain's ambivalent Utopianism. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Autumn 1989), 235-42.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Caron, James E. The Comic bildungsroman of Mark Twain. (Criticism) Modern Language Quarterly, 50 (June 1989), 145-72.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Ensor, Allison. Twain's Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. (Criticism) Explicator, 48 (Fall 1989) 32-34.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Fredricks, Nancy. Twain's indelible twins. (Criticism) Nineteenth-Century Literature, 43 (March 1989), 484-99, (Pudd'nhead Wilson).
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Gillman, Susan. Dark twins: imposture and identity in Mark Twain's America. (Criticism) Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1989.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Gunn, Drewey Wayne. The Monomythic structure of Roughing it. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (December 1989), 563-85.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Harris, Susan K. Four ways to inscribe a mackeral: Mark Twain and Laura Hawkins. (Criticism) Studies in the Novel, 21 (Summer 1989), 138-53.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Hoag, Gerald. The Delicate art of geography: the whereabouts of the Phelps Plantation in Huckleberry Finn. (Criticism) English Language Notes, 26 (June 1989), 63-66.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Kinch, J. C. B., comp. Mark Twain's German Critical Reception, 1875-1986. (Criticism) New York: Greenwood, 1989.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Lauber, John. The Inventions of Mark Twain. (Biographies) New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1989.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Mason, Ernest D. Attraction and repulsion: Huck Finn, "Nigger" Jim, and Black Americans revisited. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 33 (September 1989), 36-48.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Mitchell, Lee Clark. Verbally Rouughing it: the West of words. (Criticism) Nineteenth-Century Literature, 44 (June 1989), 67-92.

(Clemens, Samuel L.) Peck, Richard E. The Campaign that . . . Succeeded. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Spring 1989). 3-12.
(Clemens, Samuel L.) Sumida, Stephen H. Reevaluating Mark Twain's novel of Hawaii. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (December 1989). 586-609.
Clewell, David. We never close. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Spring 1989), 14-18.
Cohen, Charles. Those Lake View wives. (Novel) New York: Donald I. Fine, 1989, (Illinois).
Cokinos, Christopher. Orbits. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 200-202.
Cole, Brock. Celine. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Conkling, Helen. Midsummer; The Enemy; Transient. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Winter 1989), 45-48.
Conn, Christopher. The Convenience store. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 148.
Conn, Jeffrey D. Undercover. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (February 1989), 97.
Conrad, Pam. My Daniel. (Novel) New York: Harper & Row, (Nebraska).
(Conroy, Jack [John Wesley Conroy]) Anderson, David D. Jack Conroy and proletarian fiction. (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany XVII, 1989, 33-44.
(Conroy, Jack [John Wesley Conroy]) Engel, Bernard F. The "Unclassified" rebel poet. (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany XVII, 1989, 45-53.
Cooney, Caroline B. Family Reunion. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Bantam Books, 1989, (Iowa).
Copeland, Lori. Sweet talkin' stranger. (Novel) New York: Dell, 1989, (Kansas), (Missouri).
Corly, Chet. Bath water. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 72.
Cormany, Michael. Red winter. (Novel) New York: Lyle Stuart, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
(Crane, Hart) Berthoff, Warner. Hart Crane: a re-introduction. (Criticism) Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1989.
(Crane, Hart) Irwin, John. Hart Crane's The Bridge, Part I. (Criticism) Raritan, 8 (Spring 1989), 70-88.
(Crane, Hart) Irwin, John. Hart Crane's The Bridge, Part II. (Criticism) Raritan, 9 (Summer 1989), 99-113.
(Crockett, David) Flood, Royce E. Issues and images in Jacksonian politics: David Crockett in the midwest. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 29-38.
Cronwall, Brian. I spoke to a rock today. (Poetry) Onionhead, Fall 1989, 3.
Cronwall, Brian. Late October in northern Minnesota. (Poetry) Exit 13, no. 2 (Autumn-Winter 1989), 4.
Cronwall, Brian. October in miesville, Minnesota. (Poetry) Earth's Daughters, nos. 33-34 (1989), 81.
Cronwall, Brian. The Way dreams are not quite the same; Those of us afraid of praise. (Poetry) Contact II, 9 (Winter 1989), 36.
Crow, Steve. Bluejay; Sunrise Lake. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 117.
Culpepper, Marilyn Mayer, and Pauline Gordon Adams. Playing Pedro and other diversions: some observations on leisure activities in the midwest 1870-1910. (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany XVII, 1989, 22-32.
Curley, Daniel. The Curandero. (Short Fiction) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989), 3-16.
Cutler, Bruce. The Insurrection. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 94-95.
Dana, Robert. Hard souls. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Winter 1989), 782-83.
Daniels, Jim. Parked car. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 109-10.
Daniels, Jim. Punching out. (Poetry) Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press, 1989, (Detroit), (Michigan).
Davis, Don, and Jay Davis. Sins of the flesh. (Novel) New York: Tor, 1989, (Missouri).

Dawson, Francis, and David Hudson. Iowa history and culture: a bibliography of materials published between 1952 and 1986. (Bibliographies) Ames: State Historical Society of Iowa, 1989, (Iowa).
De Courcy, Lynne H. At Bedtime. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 62 (Fall 1989), 107-8.
Dennis, Pat. Live bait & gifts. (Short Fiction) Minnesota Monthly, (February 1989), 34-36.
Dentinger, Philip. A Fangless repose. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 43.
Dentinger, Philip. Night of idling engines. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989). 42.
Desy, Peter. Dream water. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989). 103.
DeZurko, Edward. Mousepiece, or what the little eye sees when closed. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 214.
Digges, Deborah. Late in the millennium. (Poetry) New York: Knopf, 1989.
Domek, Tom. Standing near the switch. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 41.
Doner, Dean. As though by magic you have been unmasked. (Short Fiction) Georgia Review, 43 (Winter 1989), 751-66.
Dorner, Marjorie. Family closets. (Novel) New York: McGraw-Hill, 1989, (Wisconsin).
Dorris, Michael. Felt; Weather; Fiction. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1989), 14-16.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Barrineau, Nancy Warner. Lillian Nordica and Sister Carrie. (Criticism) Dreider Studies, 20(2) Fall 1989, 21-4.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Coltrane, Robert. Dreiser's "Country Doctor": Dr. Amos Wolley of Warsaw. (Criticism), (Biography) Dreiser Studies, 20(2), Fall 1989, 25-7.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Dowell, Richard W. Dreiser vs. Terre Haute, or Paul Dresser's body lies a'molderin' in the grave. (Criticism) Dreiser Studies, 20(2) Fall 1989, 9-20.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Hayes, Kevin J. Textual anomalies in the 1900 Doubleday, Page Sister Carrie. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Fall 1989), 53-68.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Lingeman, Richard. Dreiser's "Jeremiah I": Found at last. (Criticism) Dreiser Studies, 20(2), Fall 1989, 2-8.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Orlov, Paul A. Theodore Dreiser's Ev'ry Month, I, 1, Found at last: revealing more roots of a writer's thought. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Fall 1989), 69-79.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Riggio, Thomas P. "Up hill": a chapter in Dreiser's story about himself. (Criticism) Dreiser Studies, 20(1), Spring 1989, 2-32.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Rusch, Frederic E. A Dreiser checklist, 1987. (Bibliography) Dreiser Studies, 20(1). Spring 1989, 33-9.
(Dreiser, Theodore) Takeda, Miyoko. The Theme of Hinduism in The Stoic. (Criticism) Dreiser Studies, 20(2) Fall 1989, 28-34.
Driscoll, Jack and Bill Meissner. Twin sons of different mirrors. (Poetry) Minneapolis, MN: Milkweed Editions, 1989.
Dundee, Wayne D. The Skintight shroud. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Illinois).
Dundes, Alan. Six inches from the Presidency: the Gary Hart jokes as public opinion. (Humor), (Criticism) Western Folklore, 48 (January 1989), 43-51.
Dutton, Sandra. Tales of Belva Jean Copenhagen. (Juvenile Fiction) Boston: Atheneum, 1989, (Ohio).
Dybek, Stuart. Goathead; Louvers. (Poetry) Michigan Quarterly Review, 28 (Spring 1989), 232-34.
Dybek, Stuart. Mowing. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 94-95.
Early, Gerald. Listening to Frank Sinatra. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1989), 108-10.
(Eiseley, Loren) Franke, Robert G. Blue plums and smoke: Loren Eiseley's perception of time. (Criticism) Western American Literature, 24 (August 1989), 147-50.
Elenbogen, Dina. Trains. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 Fall 1989), 27-30, (Chicago).
Elledge, Jim. Various envies. (Poetry) Providence, RI: Copper Beech, 1989.
Elledge, Jim. The Rivoire. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Summer 1989), 316-18.
Emans, Elaine V. Caraway; Blue Cheese. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 144.

Emans, Elaine V. Poem to brain; Timberdoodle. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 153-54.
(Engle, Paul) Ward, Robert. The Poetry of Paul Engle: a voice of the midwest. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 94-102.
Epstein, Henrietta. Letter; Water; Lists. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Erdrich, Louise. Baptism of desire. (Poetry) New York: Harper & Row, 1989.
Erdrich, Louise. The Flood; The Return; Bidwell ghost. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1989), 11-14.
(Erdrich, Louise) Barry, Nora and Mary Prescott. The Triumph of the brave: Love Medicine's holistic vision. (Criticism) Critique, 30 (Winter 1989), 123-38.
(Erdrich, Louise) Flavin, Louise. Louise Erdrich's Love Medicine: loving over time and distance. (Criticism) Critique, 31 (Fall 1989), 55-64.
(Erdrich, Louise) Matchie, Thomas. Love Medicine: a female Moby Dick. (Criticism) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989), 478-91.
Estes, Carolyn. Auction. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (January 1989), 92.
Estleman, Loren D. Silent thunder. (Novel) Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1989, (Detroit), (Michigan).
Falla, Jeffrey. Maniac manifesto. (Poetry) Minnesota Review, n.s. 32 (Spring 1989). 89-90.
Fanning, William. Because. (Poetry) Christianity & Literature, 38 (Spring 1989), 14.
Fanning, William. There is no God in Heaven who; Jesu. (Poetry) Christianity & Literature, 38 (Winter 1989), 22, 74.
Fargnoli, Joseph. Passage by northern sea; A Midwestern intellectual; The Japanese maple. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
(Farrell, James T.) Gelfant, Blanche H. Studs Lonigan and pop art. (Criticism) Raritan, 8 (Spring 1989), 111-20.
(Fearing, Kenneth Flexner) Santora, Patricia B. The Life of Kenneth Flexner Fearing. (Biographies) CLA Journal, 32 (March 1989), 309-22.
(Felsen, Henry Gregor) Cole, David L. Speed and paradox in Henry Gregor Felsen's Hot Rod and Street Rod. (Criticism) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 127-35.
Fitzgerald, F. Scott. The Short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Short Fiction) Matthew J. Bruccoli, ed. New York: Scribners, 1989.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Allen, William Rodney. Allusions to The Great Gatsby in John Cheever's "The Swimmer." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Summer 1989), 289-93.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Anderson, Hilton. Daisy Miller and "The Hotel Child": a Jamesian influence on F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Autumn 1989). 213-18.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Anderson, Hilton. Synechdoche in The Great Gatsby. (Criticism) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Fall 1989), 162-68.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Anderson, Hilton. Weight and balance in The Great Gatsby. (English Language Notes, 27 (September 1989), 58-60.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Davison, Richard Allan. Of Mice and men and McTeague: Steinbeck, Fitzgerald, and Frank Norris. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Autumn 1989), 219-26.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Drennan, William Ryland. "I know old Niceros and he's no liar.": Nick Carraway's name in The Great Gatsby. (Criticism) ANQ, n.s. 2 (October 1989). 145-46.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Johnston, Kenneth G. The Dream machine: Fitzgerald and the automobile. (Criticism) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 43-54.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Petry, Alice Hall. Fitzgerald's craft of short fiction: The Collected Stories, 1920-1935. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research, 1989.
(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Pitcher, Edward W. Fitzgerald's Frankenstein: a debt to Mary Shelley in Tender is the Night. (Criticism) ANQ. n.s. 2 (April 1989), 54-57.

(Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Town, Caren J. "Uncommunicable forever": Nick's dilemma in The Great Gatsby. (Criticism) Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 31 (Winter 1989), 497-513.
Fix, Charlene. Cats are birds. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Fall 1989), 463.
Foster, Leslie D. Lisa, the widow, and poetry. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 587.
Friebert, Stuart. Damfoolskis. (Poetry) Centennial Review, 33 (Winter 1989), 54-55.
Friman, Alice. Angel Jewell. (Poetry) Poetry, 153 (January 1989), 200.
Friman, Alice. Hiking around Jenny Lake; The Bat. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Winter 1989), 50-52.
Friman, Alice. The Lesson. (Poetry) Images, 14 (July 1989), 7.
Friman, Alice. Love. (Poetry) Iowa Woman, 9 (Spring 1989), 14.
Friman, Alice. Love in the time of drought, 1988. (Poetry) Poetry Society of America Newsletter, no. 30 (Spring-Summer 1989), 15.
Friman, Alice. Maps. (Poetry) Sandscript, no. 16 (1989), 25.
Friman, Alice. Ophelia. (Poetry) Laurel Review, 23 (Summer 1989). 63.
Friman, Alice. Snapshot; Inside Spring. (Poetry) Texas Review, 10 (Spring-Summer 1989), 104-105.
Friman, Alice. Stars. (Poetry) Poetry, 155 (December 1989). 203.
Friman, Alice. Sunday drive. (Poetry) America, 161 (11 November 1989), 318.
Friman, Alice. Wishful thinking. (Poetry) G. W. Revue, 9 (July 1989), 6.
Garfield, Brian. Manifest destiny. (Novel) New York: Mysterious Press, 1989, (Dakotas).
(Garland, Hamlin) Rocha, Mark William. Hamlin Garland's temperance play. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Spring 1989). 69-71.
(Garland, Hamlin) Scharnhorst, Gary. Hamlin Garland and feminism: an early essay recovered. (Criticism) ANQ, n.s. 2 (January 1989). 15-18.
Gastiger, Joseph. The Children of mechanics. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 100-101.
Gernes, Sonia. Woman at forty. (Poetry) Notre Dame, IN: University of Notre Dame Press, 1988.
Getsi, Lucia. Her Father's touch; Oradour-sur-Glane; Silence; In this story. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989), 41-46.
Gidmark, Jill B. The U-Land in Siouxland: a Minnesotan's view. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 103-14.
Gildner, Gary. In a Warsaw classroom containing chairs. (Poetry) Grand Street, 8 (Winter 1989), 157-59.
(Gillespie, Emily Hawley) Lensink, Judy Nolte, ed. "A Secret to be buried." The diary and life of Emily Hawley Gillespie, 1858-1888. (Biography) Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1989.
Glaser, Elton. Freeball at evening. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 475.
Glaser, Elton. Three Poems. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 100-102.
Glynn, Daniel. Convergences. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 96-97.
Goldbarth, Albert. Popular culture. (Poetry) Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1989.
Goldberg, Doris B. Poems, non-poems and nonsense. (Poetry) Deerfield, IL: Lake Shore Publications, 1989.
Goldman, James. Fulton County. (Novel) New York: William Morrow, 1989. (Ohio).
Goldstein, Laurence. London. (Poetry) Southern Review, 25 (July 1989), 611-12.
Gores, Joe. Wolf time. (Novel) New York: Putnam's, 1989, (Minnesota).
Gott, George. Winter. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989), 445.
Gray, Patrick Worth. Nui Ba Din (Black Virgin Mountain). (Poetry) College English, 51 (April 1989), 388.
Greeley, Andrew M. Love song. (Novel) New York: Warner Books, 1989.
Greeley, Andrew M. St. Valentine's night. (Novel) New York: Warner Books, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
(Grey, Zane) Jackson, Carlton. Zane Grey. (Biography) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1989.

Griffen, Sheila. Get out of Dodge. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(4) July/August 1989). 32.
Griffith, Kevin. The Pond near Crematorium Four; a Krakow cemetery shortcut. (Poetry) Minnesota Review, n.s. 33 (Fall 1989), 18-19.
Grosh, Ronald M. Early American literary realism II: The midwestern matrix. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 122-30.
Grove, Rex. Hallucinations. (Poetry) English Journal, 77 (March 1989), 89.
Grover, Dorys Crow. The Ranch on the limpid. (Poetry) Fort Concho Report, 21 (Autumn 1989), 6-7.
Grover, Dorys Crow. Strasbourg. (Poetry) Whispers in the wind. Minot, ND: Quill Books, 1989, 86.
Grover, Dorys Crow. Waitsburg Cemetery. (Poetry) Wide Open Magazine, 5 (Winter 1989), 10.
Grover, Dorys Crow. Wilderness Dream. (Poetry) Fireside Meanderings. ed. S. Shelton. Pittsburg, TX: Poetry Press, 1989, 102.
Gundy, Jeff. Inquiry into simply responding in the negative. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Guthrie, Al. Private murder. (Novel) New York: Bantam Books, 1989, (Illinois).
Hall, Janet. The Conners of Conners Prairie. (Juvenile Fiction) Indianapolis, IN: Guild Press, 1989, (Indiana).
Hall, Lynn. Dagmar Schultz and the Angel Edna. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Scribner's 1989, (Iowa).
Hall, Lynn. Dagmar Schultz and the powers of darkness. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Scribner's, 1989, (Iowa).
Hall, Lynn. Where have all the tigers gone? (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Scribner's, 1989, (Midwest).
Hamilton, Virginia. The Bells of Christmas. (Juvenile Fiction) San Diego, CA: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1989, (Ohio).
Hansen, Twyla. 1964; Making lard. (Poetry) midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 197, 199.
Hansen, Twyla. The Other woman. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 228-29.
Hart, Ellen. Hallowed murder. (Novel) Seattle, WA: Seal Press - Feminist, 1989, (Minneapolis), (Minnesota).
Hassler, Donald M. Hawaii. (Poetry) Cornfield Review, no. 8 (Spring 1989). 10-11.
Hassler, Donald M. A Painted mirror. (Poetry) Time of your life, no. 3 (February 1989), 14.
Hassler, Donald M. Research. (Poetry) Onionhead, Spring 1989, 2.
Hathaway, Jeanine. Fido. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 28.
(Hay, John) Monteiro, George. Henry James and the Secretary of State: a new letter. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Fall 1989). 80-81.
(Hearst, James) Sears, Jeff. A Robert Frost of the Middlewest? (Criticism), (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(2), Summer 1989, 18-27.
(Heinlein, Robert) Slusser, George E. Structures of apprehension: Lem, Heinlein, and the Strugatskys. (Criticism) Science-Fiction Studies, 16 (March 1989), 1-37.
Heller, Janet Ruth. Israel. (Poetry) Judaism, 38 (Winter 1989) 92.
(Heller, Steve) Spencer, Mark. Restoration and resurrection: dreams, machines, magic, and more in The Automotive history of Lucky Kellerman. (Criticism) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 121-26.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Beegel, Susan F. Hemingway's neglected short fiction: new perspectives. (Short Fiction) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Benson, Jackson J. Ernest Hemingway: the life as fiction and the fiction as life. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (October 1989), 345-58.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Consigny, Scott. Hemingway's "Hills like white elephants." Explicator, 48 (Fall 1989), 54-55.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Fleming, Robert E. American nightmare: Hemingway and the West. (Criticism) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Spring 1989). 361-71.

(Hemingway, Ernest) Fleming, Robert E. The Endings of Hemingway's Garden of Eden. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (May 1989) 261-70.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Fleming, Robert E. The Libel of Dos Passos in To Have and Have Not. (Criticism) Journal of Modern Literature, 15 (Spring 1989), 597-601.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Fleming, Robert E. Wallace Stevens' "The Snow Man" and Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-lighted Place." (Criticism) ANQ, 2 n.s. (April 1989), 61-62.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Flora, Joseph M. Ernest Hemingway: a study of the short fiction. (Criticism) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Gaillard, Theodore L., Jr. Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Explicator, 47 (Spring 1989), 44-47.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Hily-Mane, Genevieve. The Garden of Eden, du manuscrit au Roman publie: Le vrai Paradis perdu de Hemingway. (Criticism) Etudes Anglaises, 42 (Juillet-Septembre 1989), 282-303.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Hotchner, A. E. Hemingway and his world. (Biography) New York: Vendome Press, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Johnston, Kenneth G. "The Butterfly and the tank": casualties of war. (Criticism) Studies in short fiction, 26 (Spring 1989), 183-86.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Kruse, Horst H. Hemihgway's The Sun also Rises. (Criticism) Explicator, 47 (Summer 1989), 50-53.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Lanier, Doris. The Bittersweet taste of absinthe in Hemingway's "Hills like White Elephants." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Summer 1989), 279-88.
(Hemingway, Ernest) McKelly, James C. From whom the bull flows: Hemingway in parody. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (December 1989), 547-62.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Nakjavani, Eric. Hemingway on nonthinking. (Criticism) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 173-98.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Renza, Louis A. "The Importance of being Ernest." (Criticism) South Atlantic Quarterly, 88 (Summer 1989), 661-89.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Reynolds, Michael. Hemingway: the Paris years. (Biography) New York: Basil Blackwell, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Smith, Paul. A Reader's guide to the short stories of Ernest Hemingway. (Criticism) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Stanton, Edward F. Hemingway and Spain: a pursuit. (Criticism) Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1989.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Strong, Paul. Gathering the pieces and filling in the gaps: Hemingway's "Fathers and Sons." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Winter 1989), 49-58.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Strychacz, Thomas. Dramatizations of manhood in Hemingway's In Our Time and The Sun Also Rises. (Criticism) American Literature, 61 (May 1989), 245-60.
(Hemingway, Ernest) Villard, Henry S. and James Nagel. Hemingway in lore and war: The Lost Diary of Agnes von Kurowsky, her letters and correspondence of Ernest Hemingway. (Letters), (Criticism), (Biography) Ithaca, NY: Northeastern University Press, 1989.
Hill, Sarah. A Summer's tale. (Poetry) Southern Review, 25 (April 1989), 494-95.
Hoffman, Joan. I Remember being beautiful. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 18.
Hoffman, Joan. Song to the solstice, (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 19.
Holm, Bill. Christmas unbound. (Short Fiction) Minnesota Monthly (December 1989), 58-63.
Holman, Carol. Relations. (Short Fiction) Minnesota Monthly (November 1989), 46-49.
Horvath, Polly. An Occasional cow. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1989, (Iowa).
Houser, Kathleen. Without a word between us. (Short Fiction) Minnesota Monthly (November 1989), 50-53.
(Howells, William Dean) Bucco, Martin. The Rise of Silas Lapham: the western dimension. (Criticism) Western American Literature, 23 (Winter 1989), 291-310.

(Howells, William Dean) Childers, Joseph W. A Matter of time: the textual history of W. D. Howells' Annie Kilburn. (Criticism) Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, 83 (December 1989), 503-19.
(Howells, William Dean) Crowley, John W. The Mask of fiction: essays of W. D. Howells. (Criticism) Amherst: University of Massachusetts, 1989.
(Howells, William Dean) Oliver, Lawrence J. Brander Matthews and the Dean. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Spring 1989), 25-40.
(Howells, William Dean) Pattison, Eugene H. The Great Lakes childhood: the experience of William Dean Howells and Annie Dillard. (Criticism), (Biography) Old Northwest, 14 (Winter 1988-89), 311-29.
(Howells, William Dean) Murphy, Brenda. Howells and the popular story paradigm: reading Silas Lapham's proairetic code. (Criticism) American Literary Realism 1870-1910, 22 (Winter 1989). 21-33.
Hudgins, Andrew. A Mystery. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Spring 1989), 120.
Hudson, Jan. Sweetgrass. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Dakotas).
Hurd, Thaddeus. Fun in Winesburg. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(1), 9-23 (Reprinted from Midwestern Miscellany XI (1983).
(Hurd, Thaddeus) Anderson, David D. In Memoriam: Thaddeus Hurd. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(1), Spring 1989, 7-8.
Huseboe, Arthur R. An Illustrated history of the arts in South Dakota. Sioux Falls, SD: Center for Western Studies, Augustana College, 1989.
(Inge, William) Voss, Ralph F. A Life of William Inge: the strains of triumph. (Biographies) Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1989.
Ingersoll, Glenn. On a blue plain. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 21.
Inskeep-Fox, Sandra. Have you heard the one about the voluptuous poet? (Poetry) Centennial Review, 32 (Summer 1989), 246-47.
Izzi, Eugene. The Booster. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Izzi, Eugene. King of the hustlers. (Novel) New York: Bantam Books, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Jackson, Angela. From Treemont stone. (Short fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 35-83, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Jackson, Diana Whitaker. Pulling poems. (Poetry) English Journal, 71 (December 1989), 90.
Jackson, Loretta Sallman. Drifting away. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 74.
Jackson, Susan. Seeing things. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 73-81.
Jacobson, Dale. For Meridel LeSueur. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 4-6.
Jacobs, Dorothy. Ides eye; A Small metaphysical poem; A Guest in the district. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Jacobson, Dale. Weather report. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 7.
James, David. Reign of tulips. (Poetry) Centennial Review, 33 (Spring 1989), 134.
Janik, Phyllis. Poems from Fuse. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Spring 1989), 325-45.
Jenkins, Louis. The Cap. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 35.
Jenkins, Louis. Smoked fish. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 34.
Jenkins, Louis. Wind off the lake. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 34.
John, Elizabeth Mische. After John Gardner (1933-1982). (Poetry) Christianity & Literature, 39 (Autumn 1989), 90.
Johnson, Kathleen. Farm wife. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 184-85.
Johnson, Linnea. Evensong; Lost; Knowing I need to know. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Spring 1989), 90-93.
Johnson, Michael L. The Older I get. (Poetry) Kansas Querterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 35.
Jones, Nettie. Mischief makers. (Novel) New York: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1989. (Detroit), (Michigan).
Joosse, Barbara M. Pieces of the picture. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Lippincott, 1989, (Wisconsin).

Judd, Cameron. Timber Creek. (Novel) New York: Bantam Books, 1989, (Dakota).
Judson, John. In which the poet who has never heard Gabriel sings of two who have truly blown; On the importance of style. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 98.
Just, Ward. Jack Gance. (Novel) Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Kaikowska, Catherine. This story is mine. I want to. (Poetry) Centennial Review, 33 (Spring 1989), 131-32.
Kaminsky, Stuart M. Buried Caesars. (Novel) New York: Mysterious Press, 1989.
Kaplan, David Michael. Fireflies. (Short Fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 77 (Winter 1989-90), 104-17.
Katz, Michael J. Last dance in Redondo Beach. (Novel) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Kauffman, Janet. Obscene gestures for women. (Short Fiction) New York: Knopf, 1989.
Kaufman, Kate. Engravers Cove. (Short Fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 110-17.
Keillor, Garrison. We are still married: stories & letters. (Short Fiction) New York: Viking, 1989.
(Keillor, Garrison, and Ole Rolvaag) Michelson, Bruce. Keillor and Rolvaag and the art of telling the truth. (Criticism) American Studies, 30(1) Spring 1989, 21-34.
(Keillor, Garrison) Wilber, Stephen. Lake Wobegon; mythical place and the American imagination. (Criticism) American Studies, 30(1) Spring 1989, 5-20.
Kennedy, Eugene. Fixes. (Novel) New York: Doubleday, 1989.
Kerlikowske, Elizabeth. New moon; A Blue bathrobe; Playing horses. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Kettlewell, Vickie. Winter. (Short Fiction), Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989). 33.
Kinkead, Mary Ellen. The Words on yellow paper. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (September 1989), 97.
Kipp, Karen. Three poems. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(4), July/August 1989, 30-1.
Kiteley, Brian. Still life with insects. (Novel) New York: Ticknor & Fields, 1989, (Minnesota).
Klare, Judy. Midwestern town. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 97.
Kloefkorn, William. George eat old gray rat at Pappy's house yesterday; Full moon rising over the lumberyard. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989), 94-97.
Kloefkorn, William. Where the visible sun is. (Poetry) Peoria, IL: Spoon River Poetry Press, 1989.
Knott, Kip. Unveiling the Stealth bomber. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989), 50.
Kooser, Ted. The Man who measures himself against money; The Little hats; In late Spring; A November dawn. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989), 76-79.
Kuzma, Greg. Forty-three; Snow; Summer. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989), 51-54.
Kuzma, Greg. Two poems. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Fall 1989), 37-39.
Kuznets, Miriam. Flesh and blood. (Short Fiction) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 30-36.
LaGattuta, Margo. Looking for Elvis in Kalamazoo; Learning to dance by mail; One tale ago. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
La Rosa, Pablo. The Tooth fairy wears dentures. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 193.
Lake, M. D. Amends for murder. (Novel) New York: Avon, 1989.
(Lane, Rose Wilder) Holtz, William. Rose Wilder Lane's Old Home Town. (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Fall 1989), 479-87.
Lang, Leonard. Night angel. (Poetry) Centennial Review, 33 (Summer 1989), 243-44.
Lang, Leonard. The Return. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989), 446.

Lang, Stephen. With M.C. on the balcony. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 132.
(Lardner, Ring) Cervo, Nathan. Lardner's "Haircut." (Criticism) Explicator, 47 (Winter 1989), 47-48.
Lawlor, Laurie. Addie's Dakota Winter. (Juvenile Fiction) Niles, IL: A. Whitman, 1989, (Dakota).
Lebowitz, Albert. A Matter of days. (Short Fiction) Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989.
(Leonard, Elmore) Sandels, Robert. Common criminals and ordinary heroes. (Criticism) Armchair Detective, 22 (Winter 1989), 14-20.
Lepowski, Frank. Hard labor. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 247.
Lepowski, Frank. Springtime in the unconscious. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 242.
Lerman, Rhoda. God's ear. (Novel) New York: Holt, 1989, (Kansas).
Lerner, Elizabeth. Circumference. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Fall 1989), 457.
(Lewis, Sinclair) Light, Martin. The "Poetry and Tragedy" of the car in Sinclair Lewis's novels. (Criticism) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 23-33.
(Lewis, Sinclair) Parry, Sally E. The Changing fictional faces of Sinclair Lewis' wives. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Spring 1989), 65-79.
Libby, Anthony. Various Vivaldis. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Spring 1989), 206.
(Lincoln, Abraham) Ward, Geoffrey C. A. Lincoln, writer. (Criticism) American Heritage, 40 (September/October 1989), 14, 16.
Lindner, Carl. Starting a garden. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 216-17.
Lindner, Carl. Window. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 177.
(Lindsay, Vachel) Bates, David W. Lindsay's "The Congo." (Criticism) Explicator, 47 (Winter 1989). 44-45.
Litwak, Leo E. The Eleventh edition. (Short Fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 84-109, (Detroit), (Michigan).
Lockert, Lucia. Party at the house of a Spanish professor; Star cruise; Fetichism. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Low, Denise. Lacuna: Ogallah Aquifer. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989). 88.
Lund, Orval. Bird, cat, man, fish. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 98.
Lund, Orval. Two poems. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 201-2.
Lutz, John. Time exposure. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (St. Louis), (Missouri).
McAlpine, Gordon. Joy in mudville. (Novel) New York: E. P. Dutton, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
McDonough, Robert E. Work for the night; Tradition (Cuyahoga River). (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
McDougall, Jo. Four P.M. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 103.
McGovern, Robert. The Personal poet and our cultural identity. (Poetry), (Criticism) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 12-23.
McGrath, Thomas. A Fable for poets. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 99.
McGrath, Thomas. Nine poems. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(3) May/June 1989), 23-25.
McGraw, Erin. Bodies at sea. (Short Fiction) Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1989.
(McGuane, Tom) Harris, Mark. PW interviews: Tom McGuane. (Interviews) Publishers Weekly, 236 (29 September 1989), 50-52.
McInerny, Ralph. Abracadaver. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Illinois).
McInerny, Ralph. Body and soil. (Novel) New York: Atheneum, 1989, (Indiana).
McInerny, Ralph. Four on the floor: a Father Dowling mystery quartet. (Short Fiction) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989.

McInerny, Ralph. Frigor mortis. (Novel) New York: Atheneum, 1989, (Minnesota).
McMahon, Lynne. Four poems. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(3), May/June 1989, 40-1.
Manfred, Frederick. Flowers of desire. (Novel) Salt Lake City, UT: Dancing Badger Press, 1989.
Manfred, Frederick. The Selected letters of Frederick Manfred, 1932-1954. (Letters) Ed. A. R. Huseboe and N. O. Nelson. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1989.
(Manfred, Frederick) Anderson, David D. Frederick Manfred's MidAmerica. (Criticism), (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 24-33.
Mann, Marilyn M. Water into memory. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 74.
Marshall, James. Oncoming season; Apples of remembrance. (Poetry) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 36-37.
(Marshall, James) Nowak, Maril. James Marshall: a memoir. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 34-35.
Martin, C. L. G. Day of darkness, night of light. (Juvenile Fiction) Minneapolis, MN: Dillon Press, 1989, (Michigan).
Martin, James E. The Mercy trap. (Novel) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Cleveland), (Ohio).
Matthews, Greg. One true thing. (Novel) New York: Grove, 1989, (Kansas).
Matthews, Jack. Funeral plots. (Short Fiction) Southern Review, 25 (July 1989), 695-710.
Matthias, John. From a compostella diptych: part I: France: The Ways. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 113-22.
Mayor, Barbara. Gaughin. (Short Fiction) Minnesota Monthly, (November 1989), 40-45.
Meek, Jay. Moonset. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 56.
Meier, Kay. My inheritance. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (January 1989), 92.
Meissner, Bill, see Driscoll, Jack. Merrill, Karen. Qingping market, Guangzhou. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 62.
(Michael, David J.) Bakerman, James S. Going sour in the heartland: David J. Michael's A Blow to the head. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989). 115-21.
Miley, James D. Killing the pig. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 194-5.
Miller, Deborah. Coffee. (Short Fiction) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 37-47, (Minnesota).
Miller, Levi. Ben's Wayne. (Novel) Intercourse, PA: Good Books, 1989, (Ohio).
Miller, Paul W. Blue Jay feather. (Poetry), (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(1) Spring 1989, 24.
Miller, Paul W. The Decline of higher education in the Middle West. (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany XVII, 1989, 7-14.
Miller, Philip. Leda at the bar; The Dark. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 38-39.
Mills, Ralph J., Jr. A While. (Poetry) Peoria, IL: Spoon River Poetry Press, 1989.
Miner, Ken. Television. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 231.
Mitchell, Roger. The Word for everything. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 73.
Mitchell-Foust, Michell. Summer under the pavillion. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Fall 1989). 462.
Mocarski, Tim. Man wearing a baseball hat. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (November 1989), 92.
Monsell, Mary Elise. The Mysterious cases of Mr. Pin. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Atheneum, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Moran, Duncan. Evening walk with dog and cat. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 204.
Morey, Arthur. Retreat. (Short Fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 77 (Winter 1989-90), 86-103.
Moritz, A. F. The Five-foot shelf. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 506-7.
Morris, Mary. The Waiting room. (Novel) New York: Doubleday, 1989. (Wisconsin).
(Morrison, Toni) Alexander, Harriet S. Toni Morrison: an annotated bibliography of critical articles and essays, 1975-1984. (Bibliographies) CLA Journal, 33 (September 1989). 81-93.

(Morrison, Toni) Berret, Anthony J. Toni Morrison's literary jazz. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 32 (March 1989), 267-83.
(Morrison, Toni) Bogus, S. Diane. An Authorial tie-up: the wedding of symbol and point of view in Toni Morrison's Sula. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 33 (September 1989), 73-80.
(Morrison, Toni) Cooper, Barbara E. Milkman's search for family in Toni Morrison's Song of Solomon. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 33 (December 1989), 145-56.
(Morrison, Toni) Horvitz, Deborah. Nameless ghosts: possession and dispossession in Beloved. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Autumn 1989). 157-67.
(Morrison, Toni) Otten, Terry. The Crime of innocence in the fiction of Toni Morrison. (Criticism) Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 1989.
Muegge, Richard. DogThought. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (March 1989), 90.
Mueller, Lisel. Mary; Oral history. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 107-8.
Nelson, Rodney. The Nature Society. (Short Fiction) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 45-52.
(Nelson, Rodney) Gidmark, Jill B. Discontinuity and unity of place in the writings of Rodney Nelson. (Biography), (Criticism) Midwestern Miscellany XVII, 1989, 15-21.
Nelson, Sandra. Bone Lake. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 111.
Nemerov, Howard. Larkin; Analogies: in memory of William Empson. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Spring 1989), 6-7.
Nickles, Liz. Hype. (Novel) New York: American Library, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Norris, Kathleen. The Sky is full of blue and full of the Mind of God; How I came to drink my Grandmother's piano. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989), 80-82.
Novak, Robert. Diabetic; Young Hemingway; Canning tomato soup. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Nowak, Maril. Dependable imperfections. (Poetry) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 9-10.
Nowak, Maril. Dependable imperfections; Lapidary. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Oates, Joyce Carol. American appetites. (Novel) New York: Dutton, 1989.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Emergency. (Short Fiction) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 4-18.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Falling asleep at the wheel, Route 98 North; Sleepless in Heidelberg. (Poetry) Michigan Quarterly Review, 28 (Winter 1989), 75-78.
Oates, Joyce Carol. The Time traveler: poems 1983-1989. (Poetry) New York: Dutton/Abrahams, 1989.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Two poems. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(5), September/October 1989, 14.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Your blood in a little puddle, on the ground. (Poetry) Grand Street, 8 (Spring 1989), 62-63.
(Oates, Joyce Carol) Coulthard, A. R. Joyce Carol Oates's "Where are you going, where have you been?" as pure realism. (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Fall 1989), 505-10.
(Oates, Joyce Carol) Dean, Sharon L. Oates's Solstice. (Criticism) Explicator, 47 (Winter 1989), 54-56.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Milazzo, Lee, ed. Conversations with Joyce Carol Oates. (Interviews) Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississippi, 1989.
(Oates, Joyce Carol) Strandberg, Victor. Sex, violence, and philosophy in You Must Remember This. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 17 (Spring 1989), 3-17.
O'Brien, Michael. Drought. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, (Winter 1989), 205.
Ohnesorge-Ficke, Marlon. A Slow figure in the key of minor sleep. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 166-67.
Ortolani, Al. Conversation with an Arkansas farmer. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 191.
Otten, Charlotte F. Upper peninsula; End of Michigan winter; Hawk on Highway 23 toward Ann Arbor. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Pady, Donald, see Beasecker, Robert.

Pappas, Theresa. Possession. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 222-3.
(Paretsky, Sara) Sandels, Robert. It was a man's world. (Criticism) Armchair Detective, 22 (Fall 1989), 388-96.
Paulsen, Gary. The Winter room. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Orchard Press, 1989.
Pesetsky, Bette. Confessions of a bad girl. (Short Fiction) New York: Atheneum, 1989, (Milwaukee), (Wisconsin).
Petersen, Brian. Rough rider country. (Short Fiction) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 26-31.
Pett, Stephen. The Edge of town. (Short Fiction) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Summer 1989). 56-72.
Peyton, John L. The Stone canoe and other stories. (Short Fiction) Blacksburg, VA: McDonald & Woodward, 1989.
Pfeifer, Michael. Colander; Elderberries. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 230-31.
Phillips, Rod. On finding a stone arrowhead on the banks of the Looking Glass. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 86.
Piercy, Marge. Summer people. (Novel) New York: Summit Books, 1989.
Pike, Lawrence. Travelling through Michigan with Mozart. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Plumpp, Sterling. Blues: the story always untold. (Poetry) Chicago, IL: Another Chicago Press, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Pobo, Kenneth. Father. (Poetry) Centennial Review, 33 (Winter 1989), 55-56.
Podulka, Fran. Essentials. (Poetry) Deerfield, IL: Lake Shore Publications, 1989.
Polacco, Patricia. Uncle Vova's tree. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Philomel Books, 1989.
Portia. Mother's colors. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Fall 1989), 458-59.
Quayle, Amil. Empyrean, Nebraska. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 198.
Ragan, Jacie. Mississippi sunsown; Midday shadows; Autumnal equinox. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989), 57-59.
Ray, David. Class; The Papers are full; For Sam on his birthday; Thanksgiving. (Poetry) College English, 51 (March 1989), 277-79.
Ray, David. The Customs man Melville greets the expatriates; Thoreau on the Merrimack. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Fall 1989), 88-90.
Ray, David. Fatalities; A Regret; Field of snails; Quik enough. (Poetry) College English, 51 (October 1989), 577-80.
Ray, David. Holladay's sin; Progress on the block; E. L. Mayo; Fresh start. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 31-33.
Ray, David. The Maharani's New Well and Other Poems. (Poetry) Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1989.
Ray, David. A Visit; Good news at the villa; Walking on shore; Villanelle. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 50-52.
Ray, Judy. The Miner's wife. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 25.
Ray, Judy. Year one. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 24-25.
Reidel, James. Devil's night. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 189.
Reynolds, William J. Things invisible. (Novel) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Omaha), (Nebraska).
Rice, Patricia. Lord Rogue. (Novel) New York: Signet Books, 1989, (Ohio), (Missouri).
Riggs, John R. Wolf in sheep's clothing. (Novel) New York: Dembner Books, 1989. (Wisconsin), (Minnesota).
Roberts, Len. Shoveling while the snow keeps falling; November; Wassergrass; R.R.R. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1989), 23-26.
Roberts, Les. Full Cleveland. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Cleveland). (Ohio).
Robinson, James E. Post-Genesis. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 120-21.
Roche, J. "On Fallingwater—after 50th birthday symposium, Columbia U."; "Reveille"; "Interrupted landscape." (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.

(Roethke, Theodore) Balakian, Peter. Theodore Roethke's Far Fields: The Evolution of his poetry. (Criticism) Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989.
Rollings, Alane. In your own sweet time. (Poetry) Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1989.
(Rolvaag, O. E.) Martin, Dexter. Rolvaag's "Rougish Smile" in Peder Victorious. (Criticism) Western American Literature, 24 (November 1989), 253-56.
(Rolvaag, O. E.) Michelson, Bruce. Keillor and Rolvaag and the art of telling the truth. (Criticism) American Studies, 30(1) Spring 1989, 21-34.
(Roth, Philip) Tindall, Samuel J. "Flinging a shot put" in Philip Roth's Goodbye, Columbus. (Criticism) ANQ, 2 n.s. (April 1989). 58-60.
Russ, Biff. Fossils. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989), 62.
Russell, Randy. Hot wire. (Novel) New York: Bantam Books, 1989, (Kansas City), (Missouri).
Ryeguild, Linda. The Promised land. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Sadler, Janet. The Wind has been up to something. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 31 (Autumn 1989) 63.
(Sandburg, Carl) Wilhelm, Albert E. Two unpublished Sandburg letters. (Criticism) ANQ, n.s. 2 (January 1989), 18-20.
Sanders, Mark. These Children. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989), 451.
Sanders, Scott Russell. Aurora means dawn. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Bradbury Press, 1989, (Ohio).
Sandford, John. Rules of prey. (Novel) New York: Putnam, 1989, (Minneapolis), (Minnesota).
Santos, Sherod. The Southern reaches. (Poetry) Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1989.
Schoeberlein, Marion. The Farmer; New Bread. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 187, 206.
Scholl, Diane. Scrooby Village, Nottinghamshire; Easter Sunday in Eyam, Derbyshire. (Poetry) College English, 51 (January 1989), 45-46.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Accomplices. (Poetry) Atlantis, 15 (Autumn 1989), 152.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Call not upon gods; Dionysian; Fourth dream fragment. (Poetry) Western Ohio Journal, 10 (Spring 1989), 53, 87, 95.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Cineramorous; Madrigal. (Poetry) Harp-Strings, 1 (August 1989), 29-30.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Dream of Eden. (Poetry) Dream International Quarterly, no. 10 (1989), 58.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Encyclopedia. (Poetry) Pudding, no. 17 (1989), 52.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Fallow. (Poetry) Voices International, 24 (Summer 1989), 29.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. In Praise of blossoms and honeycombs. (Poetry) pen Woman, 64 (April 1989), 11.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Une Limerick Francaise; Country soup. (Poetry) Galaxy of Verse, 15 (Fall 1989), 36, 48.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Lone lullabye. (Poetry) Pirot, no. 37 (1989), 8.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Magnificat. (Poetry) Queen of all Hearts, January-February 1989), 11.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Midwinter thaw. (Poetry) Frost in Spring. Bristol, IN: Wyndam Hall, 1989, 198.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Moonlight sonata. (Poetry) Queen's Quarterly, 96 (Spring 1989), 109.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Old valentive; Renounced. (Poetry) Hiram Poetry Review, no. 46 (Spring-Summer 1989), 26-7.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. A Renascence; Trio-Let. (Poetry) Lyric, 69 (Spring 1989), 34.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Spiritus mundi. (Poetry) Liguorian, 77 (March 1989), 47.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Trailguide for the neophyte poet on Mount Olympus. (Poetry) Byline, no. 111 (April 1989), 15.
Schoonover, Amy Jo. Winter miniatures. (Poetry) Harp-Strings, 1 (December 1989), 26.

Schroeder, Alan. Ragtime Tumpie. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Joy Street Books/Little, Brown, 1989, (St. Louis), (Missouri).
Shipley, June. Split-level mind. (Poetry) Deerfield, IL: Lake Shore Publications, 1989.
Shortridge, James R. The Middle West: its meaning in American culture. (Criticism) Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1989.
Siebert, Diane. Heartland. (Poetry) New York: Harper, 1989, (Midwest).
Signorelli-Pappas, Rita. A Sister's wedding; christmas eve. (Poetry) College English, 51 (September 1989), 478-79.
(Simak, Clifford) Lomax, William. The "Invisible alien" in the science fiction of Clifford Simak. (Criticism) Extrapolation, 30 (Summer 1989), 133-45.
Skeen, Anita. Note tossed out in a bottle; The Artist travels the Kansas Turnpike, Wichita to Topeka, on Valentine's Day. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 16-17.
Skom, Edith. The Mark Twain murders. (Novel) Tulsa, OK: Council Oak, 1989, (Illinois).
Slote, Alfred. Make-believe ball player. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Lippincott, 1989, (Michigan).
Smiley, Jane. Ordinary love & goodwill: two novellas. (Short Fiction) New York: Knopf, 1989.
Smith, April. Settling in; Red flower. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML. 1989.
Smith, Carolyn Reams. Allergic reaction. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (February 1989), 97.
Smith, Paris. Ghost of yesterday. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 147-57.
Smith, Patricia. Your man. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 96-97.
Snodgrass, W.D. Poems from "Dance Suite." (Poetry) Southern Review, 25 (January 1989), 148-61.
Sodowsky, Roland. Nineswander's fence. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989) 193-204.
Spelius, Carol. In retrospect; Ursus horribilis (The Grizzly Bear). (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989), ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Spelius, Carol. There is an audience for poets. (Poetry), (Criticism) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 1-11.
Spencer, Ross H. The Fifth script. (Novel) New York: Donald I. Fine. 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Stanhope, Patrick. Wind. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 158.
Steingraber, Sandra. Life after; Post-op, January ice storm; Waiting room. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 76 (Fall 1989), 104-106.
Stephens, Phil. Green corn moon. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 207.
Steiber, Christopher. Untitled. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Stull, Dalene Workman. Physical realities; Winter song. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 60-61.
Subach, Karen. Rabbits at Iraklion. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 18(6) November/December 1989, 19.
(Suckow, Ruth) Casey, Roger N. Ruth Suckow: a critical checklist. (Bibliographies) Bulletin of Bibliography, 46 (December 1989). 224-29.
(Suckow, Ruth) DeMarr, Mary Jean. A Loss of innocence: Ruth Suckow's The John Wood Case. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 65-79.
Suderman, Elmer. Before the gully washer; March 16, 1938; Three ways of looking at rain in wheat harvest. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Suderman, Elmer. Mennonite country church; Defined by barbed wire. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 165.
Suderman, Elmer. Unless it rained. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 186.
Sullivan, Thomas. Born burning. (Novel) New York: E. P. Dutton, 1989, (Michigan)
Sussman, Susan. The Dieter. (Novel) New York: Pocket Books, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).

Sutter, Barton. Two poems. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Fall 1989), 57-59.
Svoboda, Terese. For Shirley; Tuba sonnet; Brothers; Snow cold. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 63 (Fall 1989), 95-100.
Swanberg, Christine. The English teacher's sonnet. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (March 1989), 89.
Swanson, Catherine. Many volatile acts have passed as love. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 221.
Sweeney, Teresa. Waiting tables. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 64.
Tammaro, Thom. The Man who never came back. (Poetry) North Dakota Quarterly, 57 (Summer 1989), 203-4.
Taylor, L. A. A Murder waiting to happen. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1989, (Minnesota).
Thacker, Robert. The Great prairie fact and literary imagination. (Criticism) Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1989.
Thomas, Annabel. The Good word. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989). 149-53.
Thomas, F. Richard. The Whole mystery of the Bregn: muse poems. (Poetry) Traverse City, MI: Canoe Press, 1989.
Thomas, Jim. Birdnapper. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 227.
Thomas, William. From a midwest notebook: country Sundays. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(3) Fall 1989, 39-41.
Thomas, William. From a midwest notebook: the framhouse. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(2) Summer 1989, 11-13.
Thomas, William. From a midwest notebook: my horse-and-buggy days. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(2) Summer 1989, 16-17.
Thomas, William. From a midwest notebook: Neighbors. (Biography) SSML Newsletter, 19(2) Summer 1989, 14-15.
(Thurber, James) Fensch, Thomas, ed. Conversations with James Thurber. (Biography) Jackson, MS: University of Mississippi Press, 1989.
Tohill, Sylvia Mullen. Hunting. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 41-49.
Tremmel, Robert. Jumpshooting a pond; Opening day fantasy: Driving past Alf Landon's house. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 46-47.
Trowbridge, William. Great big crybabies. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 572.
Trussell, Donna. Fishbone. (Short Fiction) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 10-20.
Turner, Ann. Grasshopper summer. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Macmillan, (Nebraska).
Valin, Jonathan. Extenuating circumstances. (Novel) New York: Delacorte, 1989, (Cincinnati), (Ohio).
VandeZande, John. Night driving. (Short Fiction) New York: William Morrow, 1989, (Michigan).
Van Walleghen, Michael. Blue tango. (Poetry) Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1989.
Vertreace, Martha M. Maize. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Summer 1989), 455.
Vertreace, Martha M. What matters; A Band of angels coming after me. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, ed. Lucia Lockert, East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Vidas, Gregory. I was running after you. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 238.
Vincent, L. M. Final dictation: a medical mystery. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Kansas City), (Missouri).
Vinz, Mark. Mixed blessings. (Poetry) Peoria, IL: Spoon River Poetry Press, 1989.
Vinz, Mark. Soldier of fortune. (Poetry) Everywhere, 1 (Spring 1989), 23.
(Vonnegut, Kurt) Broer, Lawrence R. Sanity plea: schizophrenia in the novels of Kurt Vonnegut. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research, 1989.
(Vonnegut, Kurt) Greer, Creed. Kurt Vonnegut and the character of words. (Criticism) Journal of Narrative Technique, 19 (Fall 1989). 312-30.

Wagner, Sally Roesch. Dakota resources: the Pioneer Daughters Collection of the South Dakota Federation of Women's Clubs. (Bibliographies) South Dakota History, 19 (Spring 1989), 95-109.
Wallace, Irving. The Golden room. (Novel) New York: Dell, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
Wallace, Naomi. Purpose. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 58.
Wallace, Ronald. State poetry day. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 43 (Fall 1989), 586.
Walsh, Dennis P. Indications of a worldly spirit: religious opposition to the arts in early Cincinnati, 1815-1830. (Criticism) MidAmerica XVI (1989), 39-53.
Walton, James. Margaret's book. (Novel) Chicago, IL: Another Chicago Press, 1989.
Ward, Robert J. A Neighbor's death at Christmas; At a Negro funeral in Akron, Ohio, 1938; Fifteen crows in an Iowa winter. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Ward, Robert J. James Hearst: farmer, poet, teacher. (Poetry) Anthology of Magazine Verse 1986-88. Beverly Hills, CA: Monitor, 1989.
Wedge, George F. First time out. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 18.
Welch, Don. The Christmas wreather. (Poetry) English Journal, 78 (December 1989), 91.
(Welty, Eudora) Berlaut, Lauren. Re-writing the Medusa: Welty's "Petrified Man." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 26 (Winter 1989), 59-70.
West, Allen C. Mushrooms. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 204.
Weston, Susan B. Sea-Changes. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 9-15.
Wheeler, Charles B. Wrong number. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 176-77.
Wheeler, Sylvia Griffith. Aunt Lutie at 16: from her journal, 1901. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival VII, May 18-20, 1989, ed. Lucia Lockert. East Lansing, MI: SSML, 1989.
Wheeler, Sylvia Griffith. The Hat that Duane wore. (Short Fiction) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Summer 1989), 89-93.
(Wheeler, Sylvia Griffith) Anderson, David D. Women poets and the Midwestern literary tradition. (Review Essay) SSML Newsletter, 19(1) Spring 1989, 25-28. (Review of Wheeler's In the Middle: ten Midwestern women poets. Kansas City, MO: BkMk Press, 1985.
(White, William Allen) griffith, Sally Foreman. Home town news: William Allen White and the Emporia Gazette. (Biographies) New York: Oxford University Press, 1989.
Willard, Nancy. Water walker. (Poetry) New York: Knopf, 1989.
Wilner, Eleanor. It's not cold here; Conversation with a Japanese student. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 74 (Winter 1989), 209-13. Woiwode, Larry. The Neumiller stories. (Short Fiction) New York: Farrar, Straus & Goroux, 1989.
(Woolson, Constance Fenimore) Torsney, Cheryl B. Constance Fenimore Woolson: the grief of artistry. (Criticism) Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 1989.
Wolf, S. K. The Harbinger effect. (Novel) New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989.
Worley, Jeff. The Poet turns 40. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989), 232.
Worth, Jan. Message to my neighbors on Seventh Street. (Poetry) Michigan Quarterly Review, 28 (Winter 1989), 121-22.
Yenser, Pamela. Farming in Poweshiek County. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 30 (Winter 1989), 196.
Young, David. Visionary's Ghazal; Rcot vegetable Ghazal; Adolescence Ghazal; Easter Ghazal. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Spring 1989), 190-93.
Young, Dean. What to call it. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 47 (Winter 1989), 61.
Zelazny, Roger. Knight of shadows. (Novel) New York: William Morrow, 1989.
Zimmer, Michael. Dust and glory. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1989, (Missouri).
Zimmer, Paul. The Great bird of love. (Poetry) Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1989.
Zimmerman, R. D. Mindscream. (Novel) New York: Donald I. Fine, 1989, (Wisconsin).
Zinkel, Brian. Blueberries; I see through the light of yesterday's dreams; Sunlight. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 21 (Winter/Spring 1989). 99-100.
Zochert, Donald. Yellow dogs. (Novel) New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1989, (Kansas).

Zubro, Mark Richard. A Simple suburban murder. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989, (Chicago), (Illinois).
(Zwinger, Ann) Rea, Paul W. An Interview with Ann Zwinger. (Interviews) Western American Literature, 24 (May 1989), 21-36.

PERIODICALS

Canvas. Vol. 1- (Spring 1989-). Dept. of English, H. C. White Hall, University of Wisconsin, 600 N. Park Street, Madison, WI 53706.
Dream writings and scribbles. No. 1- (1989-). Allen T. Billy, editor: P.O. Box: 393, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.
Formalist. No. 1- (1989-). 525 S. Rotherwood Ave., Evansville, IN 47714.
Frog Gone Review. No. 1- (1989-). Greg Schindler, editor: P.O. Box 46308 Mt. Clemens, MI 48046.
Mobius. Vol. 1- (October 1989-). P.O. Box 3145, Madison, WI 53704.
Northland Quarterly, Vol. 1- (1988-). 51 East 41st Street, Suite 412, Winona, MN 55987.
Spaceball Ricochet. No. 1- (1989-). 2321D East Belleview Place, Milwaukee, WI 53211.
Stiletto. No. 1- (April 1989-). Howling Dog Press, P.0. Box 5987, Westport Station, Kansas City, MO 64111.
Sycamore Review. Vol. 1- (1989-). Henry Hughes, ed. Dept. of English, 442 Heavilon Hall, Purdue University, West Lafayette, IN 47907.
Tamaqua. Vol. 1- (Spring-Summer 1989-). Parkland College, Humanities Dept., 2400 W. Bradley Ave., Champaign, IL: 61821.
Vincent Brothers Review. Vol. 1- (Fall 1988-). Vincent Brothers Desktop Publishing, 1459 Sanzon Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324.

RECIPIENTS OF THE MARK TWAIN AWARD

for distinguished contributions to Midwestern Literature

Jack Conroy	1980
Frederick Manfred	1981
Wright Morris	1982
John Voelker (Robert Traver)	1983
Harriette Arnow	1984
Gwendolyn Brooks	1985
John Knoepfle	1986
Andrew Greeley	1987
Harry Mark Petrakis	1988
Dudley Randall	1989
Jim Harrison	1990
Don Robertson	1991