

# MIDAMERICA XV

*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  
1988

In honor of  
Ray Lewis White  
and  
Diana Haskell

Copyright 1988

By the Society for the Study of  
Midwestern Literature

All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America

## PREFACE

*MidAmerica XV* continues the practice begun in 1987 of publishing the two prize-winning contributions to the programs of the Society's annual conference, the most recent of which was the eighteenth, held on May 12-14, 1988, at the Kellogg Center, Michigan State University. Recipient of the Midwest Poetry Award was Diane Garden for "All Winter the Snow." Marcia Noe received the Midwestern Heritage Award for "Failure and the American Mythos: Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*." Both awards were founded and funded by Gwendolyn Brooks, recipient of the Mark Twain Award for 1985.

Also honored at the conference were Harry Mark Petrakis, Chicago novelist, with the Mark Twain Award for distinguished contributions to Midwestern literature, and Diana Haskell, of the Newberry Library, with the MidAmerica Award for distinguished contributions to the study of Midwestern literature.

This volume is inscribed, with respect and appreciation, to the two most recent winners of the MidAmerica Award: to Ray Lewis White, Distinguished Professor of English at Illinois State University, whose research has made Sherwood Anderson and his works clearer and closer to all of us, and to Diana Haskell, Lloyd Lewis Curator of Midwest Manuscripts at the Newberry Library, who has made the riches of the Newberry collections more easily and pleasantly used by all of us.

October, 1988

DAVID D. ANDERSON

## Contents

Preface	5
All Winter the Snow	
The Midwest Poetry Festival Prize Poem	Diane Garden 9
Failure and the American Mythos:	
Tarkington's <i>The Magnificent Ambersons</i>	
The Midwest Heritage Prize Essay	Marcia Noe 11
Humility and Literature: Is there a Plains Style?	
An Honorable Mention Essay	Jeffrey Gundy 19
"You dear! You dear! You lovely dear!":	
Failure and Promise in Sherwood Anderson's "Death"	Michael Wentworth 27
The Community in <i>Winesburg, Ohio</i> :	
The Rhetoric of Selfhood	Clarence Lindsay 39
Ruth Suckow's <i>New Hope</i> :	
A Symbolic Parable	Mary Jean DeMarr 48
The Search for Control:	
Eliot, Hemingway, and <i>In Our Time</i>	John Rohrkemper Karen L. Gutmann 59
Chicago in <i>Studs Lonigan</i> :	
Neighborhood and Nation	Peter A. Carino 72
Hemingway and Henderson in the High Savannas, or Two Midwestern Moderns and the Myth of Africa	David D. Anderson 84
The Ladies of Waynesboro (a.k.a. Xenia), Ohio	
	Ellen Serlen Uffen 101
Renovating the House of Fiction: Structural Diversity in Jane Smiley's <i>Duplicate Keys</i>	Jane S. Bakerman 111
"Immediate Effects and Ultimate Tendencies": Users of Lincoln-Caesar Analogies by American Writers	Robert D. Narveson 121
Early American Literary Realism I: The National Scene	Ronald M. Grosh 132
The Annual Bibliography	Editors: Robert Beasecker Donald Pady 145
Recipients of the Mark Twain Award	Back Cover
Recipients of the MidAmerica Award	Back Cover

## ALL WINTER THE SNOW

DIANE GARDEN

I can no longer tell  
the pond from the field,  
except for the flimsy fence  
bent in and out,  
like fences on sand dunes  
dry red slats,  
buffeted by the wind.

The pond's so sad and still —  
no children scatter snow  
with their boot toes,  
no skaters draw magic  
eights upon it —  
two hands in white gloves  
push everyone away.

Wooden houses cast shadows,  
square after square,  
with no fine lines —  
brown paper bags on the snow.  
The trees leave blue-grey  
branches in a tangle,  
disheveled on the snow. . .

In the light the blue snow  
looks like crystal,  
too precious to touch,  
placed in a cupboard  
behind a wall of glass.

I ask my daughter  
 who just learned to talk  
 who puts words together  
 like her snap beads,  
 "Where did the water go?"  
 She tells me,  
 "snow's a blanket,  
 water's sleeping."  
 Her answer doesn't help me.

I understand why a fisherman  
 might light a fire on the ice,  
 why he might draw a circle,  
 bore through it, lift  
 the lid and look into it.

I only want the snow  
 to go away, to see  
 a sliver of water, light  
 trickling through a window blind.

Michigan State University

## FAILURE AND THE AMERICAN MYTHOS: TARKINGTON'S *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*

MARCIA NOE

"We tell ourselves stories in order to live," writes Joan Didion in *The White Album* (11). In America, one of the stories we tell ourselves most often is the rags-to-riches story. From the autobiography of America's first self-made man, Benjamin Franklin, through the Horatio Alger stories of orphaned newsboys succeeding through luck, pluck, and hard work to the twentieth century tales of Jay Gatsby, Theodore Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood, Frank Norris's Curtis Jadwin, and the more contemporary example of Sylvester Stallone's Rocky Balboa, the account of the penniless young nobody who achieves wealth and prominence through a combination of hard work, daring, determination, and self-reliance has become America's most popular story.

Why do we tell ourselves this story so often? To answer this question, we must look at the way myths function within a culture. In his essay, "Beyond Brutality: Forging Midwestern Urban-Industrial Mythology," Philip Greasley says that myths give people a sense of order and purpose, as well as values, an identity, and a sense of their relation to society (10-11).

It is easy to see why the success story has become so popular in America, the biggest success story of all. The story of the infant nation that became, in little more than a century, the most powerful and wealthy country in the world, is a macrocosm of the Horatio Alger tale, achieving mythic proportions and giving rise to hundreds of other little success stories. Thus, the rags-to-riches story has dominated our culture because it tells us who we are: we are Americans; therefore, we are successful.

America's success story has been told since her beginnings. The view of America as a New Eden where a man could start from scratch and carve a civilization out of the wilderness, achieving a new identity in the process, was prevalent during the days of exploration and colonization. The eighteenth century perpetuated this myth through the political philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, who believed that the opportunity to settle on and farm cheap land would spawn a natural aristocracy of yeoman farmers to undergird the American democracy. Nineteenth century Americans were edified by the real-life rags-to-riches stories of such public figures as Andrew Carnegie, James A. Garfield, and Abraham Lincoln as the myth gained credence from the works of inspirational writers and sentimental novelists of the era.

There is another kind of self-made man in our literature and culture, no less American but much less known. If the rags-to-riches story is a key element in the American tradition, then that story, turned on its head, is no less a part of the American mythos. If we look to the success story to discover what it means to be an American, we should also ask what the failure story has to say about our national character.

The failure story has been an important part of American literature from its beginnings. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *The House of the Seven Gables*, gives us the story of Hepzibah Pyncheon, who experiences moral regeneration by facing poverty and obscurity, becoming self-reliant and self-supporting, abandoning the old family ideals of hereditary wealth and aristocratic pretensions. Though a member of an old Salem family, she finds herself only through facing her inability to live up to the ideals of that family and deciding to earn her own living as a shopkeeper. Though Hepzibah and her brother Clifford seem to be relics of the past, haunting the old Pyncheon mansion in mid-nineteenth century Salem, their country cousin Phoebe, cheerful and capable, can look forward to a happier future. Her forthcoming marriage to the daguerrotypist Holgrave suggests a union of the old and the new, paralleling America's evolution from an Old World-influenced agrarian society to a modern industrial one. The natural aristocracy that Jefferson envisioned will come from such unions;

the old hereditary aristocracy represented by the wealthy and degenerate Jaffrey Pyncheon has seen its dying day.

Another failure story that tells us what it means to be an American is William Dean Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. As has frequently been noted (most recently in a *Jeopardy* question), the "rise" alluded to in the title is a moral one. The main action of the novel details Silas Lapham's social and financial failure and his subsequent moral growth, which he achieves because he makes responsible choices while attempting to save his business. The sub-plot focuses on the romance between Lapham's eldest daughter and the scion of the prominent Corey family of Boston. This union of *nouveau riche* and aristocrat, like the union of Holgrave and Phoebe, suggests that America will be the stronger for such comminglings of the old and new orders.

During the first decade of the twentieth century, two novelists took as their subject the failure of a young person to find a niche in the upper-middle class society into which he or she was born. Edith Wharton, in *The House of Mirth*, wrote of the failure of Lily Bart, who fails the only way a woman of her time and place can fail: she is unable to find a wealthy and socially prominent man to marry her. Though her inability to achieve this goal relegates her to a life of menial employment, Lily, like Silas Lapham, achieves moral growth because she resists the temptation to save herself by ruining other people and handles her problems with honesty and integrity. Though Lily achieves her objective of repaying a large debt and salvages her self-respect, the novel ends with her death, suggesting that it is futile for a woman to try to live her life by male standards.

David Graham Phillips published *The Second Generation* in 1907, two years after *The House of Mirth* came out. Phillips's protagonist, young Arthur Ranger, returns to the Midwestern city where his father has become a wealthy mill owner to tell him he has flunked out of Harvard. Disappointed at the way his son has turned out, Hiram Ranger disinherits him, and the former Harvard man finds himself learning his father's business from the ground up as he works as a mill hand. Replete with melodrama and authorial commentary, *The Second Generation* is a virtual diatribe against inherited wealth and its attending

values: a concern for appearances, a love of material possessions, and an obsession with social status and family background. Like Hepzibah Pyncheon, Silas Lapham, and Lily Bart, Arthur Ranger becomes a better person through the way he handles failure; the novel is the story of his and his sister Adelaide's moral growth as they learn from experience the value of hard work, achievement, integrity, honesty, and decency. The pattern of a marriage symbolizing a union of the old and the new is also seen in *The Second Generation*, as Arthur weds Madalene Schulze, a young doctor who is the daughter of an atheistic immigrant physician.

Some patterns can be seen in all of the novels discussed above. First, there is the concept of failure as the mirror image of success. If, in America, self-improvement paves the road to success, as it did for Franklin and Gatsby, it is conversely true that failure can bring about moral growth. Another aspect of the failure story involves the rejection of the values and trappings of aristocracy, a recognition of the moral decadence that a life of idleness can bring about, and an embracing of the work ethic and its concomitant values. A third element of the failure story involves the union of a representative of the old aristocratic order and a more typically American character, such as a technocrat, a democrat, or an entrepreneur. Thus, the protagonist of the failure story not only becomes more mature, but more American as well.

All of these elements are present in Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Although failure is a motif that recurs in many of Tarkington's works, from Willie Baxter's hapless attempts to win the enduring love of his Baby Talk Lady in *Seventeen* to Alice Adams's social failures and John Harkless's rout by Ku Klux Klan-type thugs in *The Gentleman from Indiana*, *The Magnificent Ambersons* reveals his most thorough development of the American failure myth.

Much of the critical response to the novel has focused on the way it chronicles the industrialization of America from the perspective of a small Midwestern city that becomes a factory-dominated, smog-defiled metropolis.<sup>1</sup> But another American tale is told here as well—that of the maturation through failure of George Amberson Minafer.

At the beginning of the novel, Tarkington's protagonist is depicted in clear contrast to the character type that R. W. B. Lewis dubbed the American Adam. The latter is self-created, adventurous, unencumbered by family, inventive, innocent, self-reliant. George Amberson Minafer is aristocratic, snobbish, judgmental, proud, arrogant, self-centered, domineering. He does not create himself through his actions, as does the American Adam; rather, he defines himself almost entirely through his membership in one of the oldest families in his city. He is an Amberson first and foremost, a member of the elite, hurling his favorite epithet, "riffraff," at anyone who dares to offend him.

From the first pages of the novel, Tarkington describes his protagonist with language that suggest royalty, aristocracy, and the Old World. As a young boy, he is described as "princely," (27), as he lords it over his less fortunate playmates while seated on his white pony. He is dressed as a young nobleman in black velvet suit, silk stockings, lace collar, and fringed sash (28). "We all spoiled you terribly and let you grow up *en prince*—and I must say you took to it," his Uncle George later remembers (436).

At prep school George is nicknamed "King" Minafer, and when a hometown friend asks him how he got in with the right crowd there, George explains, "I let them get in with *me*" (49). After his expulsion from prep school, George enters an Eastern university, where he disdains study and concentrates on establishing his social superiority. Tarkington describes his demeanor during the Christmas vacation of his sophomore year as "politeness . . . of a kind which democratic people found hard to bear. In a word, M. le Duc had returned from the gay life of the capital to show himself for a week among the loyal peasants belonging to the old chateau . . ." (50). At the Christmas ball given in his honor, he imperiously orders pretty Lucy Morgan, whom he has just met, to give him every third dance and to accompany him on a sleigh ride the next day.

In a later conversation with Lucy, George expounds his world view: "I never have been able to see any occasion for a man's going into trade, or being a lawyer or any of these things if his position and his family were such that he didn't



need to" (252). Lucy, however, admires people for their accomplishments rather than for their wealth or social position. She is a little embarrassed by George's complacent belief that "being things is rather better than doing things" (221).

Lucy's ideal man is not George but her father, Eugene Morgan, a lawyer-inventor and former suitor of George's mother who has returned to the Ambersons' midland city to manufacture automobiles. Morgan is the quintessential American: an intelligent, optimistic self-starter with technical know-how, an eye for the main chance, and a determination to succeed. In his commitment to the automobile as the wave of the future, Morgan proves an effective foil to George, who scorns autos as a passing fad and longs for his grandfather to buy him a tandem. He resents Morgan for his friendship with his mother and for his approach to life, which differs radically from George's. The latter holds the view that what people are, not what they do, should command respect: "I think the world's like this: there's a few people that their birth and position, and so on, puts them at the top, and they ought to treat each other entirely as equals" (106).

With this attitude, George Amberson Minafer appears ripe to prove true the old saying, "From shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations," and this is exactly what happens. As the town grows, the Amberson properties in the older section decline in value, and the Amberson fortune evaporates in the absence of sound money management. When his grandfather dies, George is left virtually penniless.

A series of emotional blows shocks George into realizing that he is not the man he should be. Faced with the deaths of his mother and grandfather and the departure of his Uncle George for a diplomatic position abroad, he becomes aware that times have changed and he has not changed with them. When he fails to find the Amberson name in a recently published history of his city, he realizes that not only are the Ambersons no longer a power in the city but that except for himself, the family no longer exists.

In his struggle to deal with the aftermath of his family's financial collapse and provide a livelihood for himself and for his Aunt Fanny, who has bankrupted herself through a foolish investment, George abandons the aristocratic values he was

taught from babyhood. Through his ability to cope with crises and find a well-paying job as an explosives expert in a chemical company, he transforms himself from a spoiled, rich, arrogant boy into a mature, self-actualizing young man. At the end of the novel, he is reconciled with Lucy and her father, and a happy future for Lucy and George is foreshadowed, reminiscent of the marriages of Phoebe Pyncheon and Holgrave, Penelope Lapham and Tom Corey, and Arthur Ranger and Madalene Schulze.

*The Magnificent Ambersons* is energized by the tension that derives from the juxtaposition of the decline of the Ambersons' fortune with the growth of the city they helped to found. This juxtaposition highlights the dichotomy between being and becoming that lies at the heart of the concepts of success and failure, for success, like the kind of failure that results in moral growth, is a matter of process, of becoming. All of the characters discussed above—Hepzibah Pyncheon, Silas Lapham, Lily Bart, Arthur Ranger, and, of course, George Amberson Minafer—become more authentic persons and more truly American because they abandon the reverence for being that is a hallmark of the old aristocratic order and commit themselves to the task of becoming. It is this tension between being and becoming, the old and the new, the European and the American, the aristocratic and the democratic, that energizes the failure story and makes it a significant part of the American mythos.

University of Tennessee at Chattanooga

#### NOTE

1. See Adam Sorkin's "Chance, Bigness, and the Romance of Reality: Booth Tarkington's Growth," Douglas Nover's "Change, Growth, and the Human Dilemma in Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*," and Charlotte LeGates's "The Family in Booth Tarkington's Trilogy" for discussions of this theme.

#### WORKS CITED

- Didion, Joan. *The White Album*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1979.
- Greasley, Philip. "Beyond Brutality: Forging Midwestern Urban-Industrial Mythology." *MidAmerica: The Yearbook of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature* 11: 9-19.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *The House of the Seven Gables*. Ed. Philip Young. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1957.

- Howells, William Dean. *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. New York: New American Library, 1963.
- LeGates, Charlotte. "The Family in Booth Tarkington's Growth Trilogy." *MidAmerica: The Yearbook of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature* 6: 88-99.
- Lewis, R. W. B. *The American Adam: Innocence, Tragedy, and Tradition in the Nineteenth Century*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1955.
- Noverr, Douglas. "Change, Growth, and the Human Dilemma in Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*." *Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature Newsletter* (1981) ii (i): 14-32.
- Phillips, David Graham. *The Second Generation*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1907; Rpt. 1974, Scholarly Press, Inc.
- Sorkin, Adam. "Chance, Bigness, and the Romance of Reality: Booth Tarkington's Growth." *Pennsylvania English* 10:33-44.
- Tarkington, Booth. *The Magnificent Ambersons*. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1918.
- Wharton, Edith. *The House of Mirth*. New York: The New American Library, 1964.

## HUMILITY AND MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: IS THERE A PLAINS STYLE?

JEFFREY GUNDY

American poetry today is a bewildering tumult of voices. Among them is one quiet but persistent tone to which I would like to listen with you for a few moments. It is a voice that began to be heard in the early 1960s, a voice strikingly at odds with the ornate formalism that dominated the fifties and the histrionic confessionalism that replaced it:

### III.

Nearly to Milan, suddenly a small bridge,  
And water kneeling in the moonlight.  
In small towns the houses are built right on the ground;  
The lamplight falls on all fours in the grass.  
When I reach the river, the full moon covers it.  
A few people are talking, low, in a boat. (17)

Along with their simple syntax and vocabularily, these lines from Robert Bly's "Driving Toward the Lac Qui Parle River" are remarkable for their downward motion. Every line pushes our attention outward and downward, toward the earth and the water; even the moonlight is seen on the river. This movement, as well as this language and tone, exemplify what I am calling here the "plains style": a style characterized by verbal simplicity, understated emotional resonance, and the movement of attention away from the anxious ego and toward the ground-level particulars of the plains landscape.

At the time he began writing in this style Bly was closely associated with James Wright, whose poems of the early 60s also present the poem-self in the act of trying to get rid of the self-centered and rational ego, stepping outside of standard categories of what is valuable and important. Typically the

poems in *The Branch Will Not Break* (1963) and *Shall We Gather at the River* (1968) end in epiphanies, but not of the Joycean, psychological sort. Instead they seek to touch the physical world, to expand outward into it, without mere grabbing hold and possessing. In "A Blessing," for example, the final epiphany is prepared for by quiet, delicate lines that echo the gentleness of the speaker's approach to the pony:

I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,  
For she has walked over to me  
And nuzzled my left hand.  
She is black and white,  
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,  
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear  
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.  
Suddenly I realize  
That if I stepped out of my body I would break  
Into blossom. (135)

The source of the mystery and beauty of these lines, I have come to believe, is a stance toward the self and the world that I would like to discuss under the rubric of humility, following at least two earlier discussions of the term. The first, David Young's "The Bite of the Muskrat: Judging Contemporary Poetry," speaks approvingly of William Stafford's poem "Ceremony" and "the humility from which [it] springs," as opposed to "the essential egomania" of James Dickey's "The Poisoned Man" (129). Young suggests that poems may flow "toward the ego and its concerns, or away from the individual self and toward the existence of things beyond it, be they other people, animals, plants, stones, or water" (130), and that "Poetry which indulges the self in its greed and obsessiveness is inimical to the true spirit of poetry, which seeks self-transcendence" (133).

As Young himself recognizes near the end of his essay, the flatness and moralistic quality of such precepts invites attack by more "literary" critics. And indeed the most recent book from the formidable Charles Altieri begins with such an attack. Distrustful of a humility he claims is rooted in ideology, himself eager to claim the postmodernist, deconstructivist high ground of indeterminacy and uncertainty, Altieri writes that Young "treats values as obvious and morally significant that are in fact rife with internal contradictions," arguing that Young's

"mimetic criteria of naturalness and ethical standard of humility" are both doubtful: "the naturalness is difficult to reconcile with the desire for visionary self-transcendence, and the insistence on rhetorical control hard to link with anything more than a stage humility" (3).

Altieri's fundamental argument is that the "scenic style" (as he terms it) is inadequate for contemporary poetry: by valuing a sincere or natural style, moments of visionary lyricism, and "resonant silence" it encourages flatness, a "smug, self-satisfied lyrical persona," and a "cult of silence [that] makes it easy to luxuriate in vague emotions" (15). In contrast, the poets he finds most promising and satisfying are those, most notably John Ashbery, who "make the conditions of speaking their central thematic concern" (17). His lengthy defense of Ashbery as "the major poet of our minor age" (19) once again emphasizes the epistemological skepticism of deconstructionism:

Thus poetry becomes coextensive with the vagaries of the thinking self . . . The point is that self is imaginary, or comprises selves in positions, and thus the solipsist is a realist because he can play all the functional roles in dialogue. (139)

I hope I will be forgiven some skepticism of my own here. Even if we grant that "self is imaginary, or comprises selves in positions" (ideas which are far from the same), it hardly follows that solipsism is "realistic" in any but the most perverse senses of that term. One may "play all the functional roles in dialogue" while remaining blissfully oblivious to the substantive lives being lived outside that play, just as my children play Mommy and Daddy without ever paying the mortgage or fixing the sewer line.

Of course the solipsist is free to refuse to acknowledge the exterior world—though it includes, we should remember, all of us. Likewise, we are free to regard the poems he produces, whatever their merit as verbal artifacts, as fundamentally private and even trivial except as they engage our experience, emotions, and values. Altieri himself quotes Wallace Stevens' challenge: "The measure of the poet is the measure of his sense of the world and of the extent to which it involves the sense of other people" (139). It seems to me, at the very least, reasonable to claim that the plains style engages the sense of

other people, at least those who live west of Manhattan, in ways that deserve and reward our attention.

This too-long digression is almost over. I have wandered this far afield because it seems to me crucial to understand that a key disagreement in contemporary poetry centers on this set of questions. The split is in some ways rural versus urban, or small-town versus big-city; Ashbery is certainly a quintessential, although I think not the essential, New York poet. It is related to academic critics: the lingering heirs of the New Criticism and their Derridean successors both operate most comfortably with texts which foreground syntactic and ideational complexity and ambiguity. As I have argued elsewhere, it is political, with the adherents of the plains style tending toward an activism and commitment to social issues largely foreign to the essentially private and elitist Ashberian mode (see Gundy).

Yet in the remainder of this essay I want to turn away from theory and back toward the poems themselves. I want to explore some of the variations and possibilities of what I am calling the stance of humility and the plains style, not as the only ways to write poems by any means, but as ways that have given and will I think continue to give us much work that is worth cherishing.

William Stafford's use of the rhetoric of humility is far more subtle and self-aware than Altieri's treatment of him would allow. In "Allegiances," the title poem of his 1970 book of poems, he claims a typically modest place in the world:

It is time for all the heroes to go home  
if they have any, time for all of us common ones  
to locate ourselves by the real things  
we live by.

Far to the north, or indeed in any direction,  
strange mountains and creatures have always lurked—  
elves, goblins, trolls, and spiders:—we  
encounter them in dread and wonder,

But once we have tasted far streams, touched the gold,  
found some limit beyond the waterfall,  
a season changes, and we come back, changed  
but safe, quiet, grateful.

Suppose an insane wind holds all the hills  
while strange beliefs whine at the traveler's ears,  
we ordinary beings can cling to the earth and love  
where we are, sturdy for common things. (77)

As Sanford Pinsker notes, Stafford's allegiances are more complicated than the flat statements here suggest; the strange creatures and 'insane wind' hold obvious attractions even though the speaker finally rejects them (10-11). Yet the term "allegiances," suggesting as it does loyalties which are self-chosen and deliberate, is significant: those allegiances allow the journey outward to return, they allow the traveler an orientation based in the "common things" that provides balance and stability.

In a 1970 essay Richard Hugo raises related issues of landscape and possession in his typically stimulating way. He argues that "landscape poets" like Stafford, whom he credits as "one of the very best," must take possession of the exterior landscape and indeed "sacrifice" it "to get to the internal landscape where the poem is." "Selfishness precedes sharing," Hugo insists; "generosity and warmth may be commendable in life but seldom find their way into good poems." (33) Hugo's position here is akin to Altieri's doubting of Stafford's humility as a stance from which poems can be written, and Hugo's own success as a poet gives his words weight.

Yet Hugo also supposes, like Altieri, that the real poem is interior rather than exterior in its concerns and landscapes, that the landscape is present in the poem only to provide the poet with an indirect way of talking about himself. At this point he and Stafford part company, and it becomes less important to ask which is "right" than to recognize again that poems can move outward from the self as well as inward toward it. Indeed, by doing so Stafford makes many of the questions raised by epistemology more or less moot for him. Here are the imperative opening lines of "Spectator":

Treat the world as if it really existed.  
Feel in the cold what hoods a mountain—  
it is not your own cold, but the world's.  
Distribute for the multitude this local discovery. (66)

If we take the "as-if" nature of reality as a provisional but functional given, this poem suggests, we can move out into it

with the subtle mix of modesty and confidence that distinguishes Stafford's approach from Hugo's. We need not prove that the world exists in order to apprehend it, Stafford insists, just as we need not own the world in order to feel its cold. While we cannot claim more than "local discoveries," those may be of things which are genuinely substantial and exterior to our selves, things which it is worth the effort to "distribute to the multitude" precisely because in a quite practical way they are part of a common reality.

In a poem like Kooser's "Fort Robinson," such awareness extends beyond physical perception, into a muted but deep sense of rage and danger:

When I visited Fort Robinson,  
where Dull Knife and his Northern Cheyenne  
were held captive that terrible winter,  
the grounds crew was killing the magpies.

Two men were going from tree to tree  
with sticks and ladders, poking the young birds  
down from their nests and beating them to death  
as they hopped about in the grass.

Under each tree where the men had worked  
were twisted clots of matted feathers,  
and above each tree a magpie circled,  
crazily calling in all her voices.

We didn't get out of the car.  
My little boy hid in the back and cried  
as we drove away, into those ragged buttes  
the Cheyenne climbed that winter, fleeing. (Field 227)

Here the poet-speaker's presence is quite without modernist, much less postmodernist, complications. We learn that he knows a little history, has a son, drives a car; but he is not interested primarily in telling us about himself, but about what he witnesses. The merciless, methodical slaughter of the magpies is made parallel to the earlier victimization of the Indians, and in the last lines the speaker and his boy themselves feel at risk, with an identification that is unforced and yet compelling.

A salient feature of any style of poetry is the risks it chooses and the risks it avoids. Kooser here risks charges of mere sentimentality and liberal guilt, of restating the known, of

deploying his technique simply to conceal his didactic purposes. Certainly these charges could be laid against all of the poets I have mentioned here, and many others who have written memorably in the plains style as well. But it seems clear that seeking to engage fundamental moral and ethical issues, as well as philosophical ones, is no weakness in itself. The question then becomes one of the strategies and tactics; if Kooser's are the traditional ones of compressed narrative, coherent identity, and emotion suggested through image and action, we need not claim that those are equal to or adequate for all subjects in order to claim that for some subjects, some emotions, some poets, they remain forceful and alive.

One of the most memorable recent books of poetry in any style is Mary Oliver's *American Primitive*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1984. In her concern for history, for the landscape, in her concentration outward, Oliver shares fully in the outlook I have been tracing. Key moments in the book also contain the downward gestures, the movement away from the self and toward earth, water, and animals, that signify what I have called the humility perspective. The final section of "Ghosts," a poem about the destruction of the bison, is a virtual gathering of the themes, strategies and intentions of the plains style:

Once only, and then in a dream,  
I watched while, secretly  
and with the tenderness of any caring woman,  
a cow gave birth to a red calf, tongued him dry and nursed  
him in a warm corner  
of the clear night  
in the fragrant grass  
in the wild domains  
of the prairie spring, and I asked them,  
in my dream I knelt down and asked them  
to make room for me. (30)

The resonance and power of these lines come largely, I believe, from their refusal of arrogance, their willingness to kneel and to ask of the wildness outside what we have more often taken without thought or gratitude, their refusal of the standing tall and demanding that is far more typical of our history. If it is only a gesture here, still it strikes me as a gesture in the right direction: toward remembering and recog-

nizing what we owe to the land, what we go on owing, where the sources of our life in every possible sense are.

I have spoken with a sense that these poets are underappreciated, and I believe that is true. Yet most American poets are underappreciated, and I do not want to strike a false note of persecution. Instead, I want to close by recognizing and celebrating the persistence and the thriving of the plains style in many more poets than I can mention here, all over the country, who are finding and sharing the sustaining vitality of a land which, however stressed and stripped and degraded, still persists and nourishes. Finally, a brief poem from Wendell Berry:

"The Springs"

In a country without saints or shrines  
I knew one who made his pilgrimage  
to springs, where in his life's dry years  
his mind held on. Everlasting,  
people called them, and gave them names.  
The water broke into sounds and shinings  
at the vein mouth, bearing the taste  
of the place, the deep rock, sweetness  
out of the dark. He bent and drank  
in bondage to the ground. (313)

Bluffton College

WORKS CITED

- Altieri, Charles. *Self and Sensibility in Contemporary American Poetry*. Cambridge/New York: Cambridge U P, 1984.
- Bly, Robert. *Silence in the Snowy Fields*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan U P, 1962.
- Field, Edward. *A Geography of Poets*. New York: Bantam, 1979.
- Gundy, Jeff. "Arrogant Humility and Aristocratic Torpor: Where Are We Going, Where Have We Been?" Jubilation of Poets Conference, Cleveland State University Poetry Center, Oct. 1986.
- Hugo, Richard. "Problems with Landscapes in Early Stafford Poems." *Kansas Quarterly* 2,2 (1970): 33-38.
- Oliver, Mary. *American Primitive*. New York: Little, Brown, 1983.
- Pinsker, Sanford. *Three Pacific Northwest Poets: William Stafford, Richard Hugo, and David Wagoner*. Boston: Twayne, 1987.
- Stafford, William. *Allegiances*. New York: Harper and Row, 1970.
- Wright, James. *Collected Poems*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan U P, 1971.
- Young, David. "The Bite of the Muskrat: Judging Contemporary Poetry." In *A Field Guide to Contemporary American Poetry and Poetics*. Stuart Frieberg and David Young, Eds. New York: Longman, 1980. 123-134.

"YOU DEAR! YOU DEAR! YOU LOVELY DEAR!":  
FAILURE AND PROMISE IN  
SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S "DEATH"

MICHAEL WENTWORTH

One of the most remarkable aspects of Sherwood Anderson's craftsmanship in *Winesburg, Ohio* is his frequently synecdochic evocation of the personal tragedy or the essential "grotesqueness" of the individual life depicted in terms of a single image, impression, mannerism, nervous tic, part of the body or, on occasion, even a character's name. An especially striking instance of this technique occurs in "Death," one of the later stories in *Winesburg*. Ostensibly, the story deals with the death of George Willard's mother Elizabeth, though, within the larger framework of the novel as a whole, Elizabeth's death provides George with the necessary impetus and motivation to leave—and thus escape—a small-town environment that ultimately would have proven as enervating and self-defeating to him as it had to his mother. One of the most intriguing and curious features in the story is the recurrence, with minor variations, of the statement "You dear! You dear! You lovely dear!"

Spoken to or about Elizabeth Willard on three separate and unrelated occasions and by three different men in Elizabeth's life, the question arises, "Why would Anderson risk such an obvious coincidence and what did he hope to gain by such an effect?" The answer, I sense, lies, once again, with Anderson's characteristic use of less to say more, his characteristic tendency to reduce character and that complex of circumstances by which character is shaped and determined to their simplest, minimalist terms. In the most obvious sense, the refrain-like recurrence of

the statement serves as a formal emblem of the tragic failure and disappointment in Elizabeth's life. Yet at the same time, the three iterative instances of the statement reveal as much, and once again in typically synecdochic fashion, about the individual speakers themselves.

The statement first appears in the second section of the story which, like the preceding and following sections, examines the mutual attraction of Elizabeth and Doctor Reefy. For Elizabeth, who has been victimized by a loveless marriage and who, as a result of her own thwarted dreams, has isolated herself from the community, Doctor Reef is as much spiritual confidant as medical consultant. There is, in fact, a special likeness between the two that no doubt explains their mutual attraction. Thus, though "their bodies were different . . . , and the circumstances of their existence, . . . something inside them meant the same thing, wanted the same release, would have left the same impression on the memory of an onlooker" (221).<sup>1</sup> Following her occasional afternoon visits with the doctor, Elizabeth is temporarily revived and "strengthened against the dullness of her days" (222) and even regains a measure of her former youthful vigor. But eventually she is overcome by weariness, a feeling intensified as she recalls "her girlhood with its passionate longing for adventure" and "the arms of men that held her when adventure was a possible thing for her" (222-23). She remembers in particular

one who had for a time been her lover and who in the moment of his passion had cried out to her more than a hundred times, saying the same words madly over and over: "You dear! You dear! You lovely dear!" *The words, she thought, expressed something she would have liked to have achieved in life.* (italics added 223)

The occasion for the concluding afterthought is, of course, the perceived contrast between the promise of Elizabeth's youth when the achievement suggested above, like adventure, would still have been "a possible thing for her" and the total and irrevocable failure of that possibility in the present and, by extension, the future. What, in retrospect, Elizabeth "would have liked to have achieved in life," while no less ardent, is no more definite than her "passionate longing for adventure." But similar in either case is a desire to be perceived in terms equivalent to

her lover's impassioned declaration: "You dear! You dear! You lovely dear!" Such a need, consciously identified as it is in retrospect, is clearly the result of her loveless marriage to Tom Willard. But Elizabeth's relationship to her father (she does not remember her mother who died when she was five) had been equally loveless and explains the fact that as a young woman she

was forever putting out her hand into the darkness and trying to get hold of some other hand. In all the babble of words that fell from the lips of the men with whom she adventured she was trying to find out what would be for her the true word. (224)

The "true word" for which she seeks would seem to be embodied in the lover's declaration. Yet in terms of the lover himself, the effect of the declaration proves no more lasting than the passion that provoked it. Still, for Elizabeth the words linger and signify even years later a quality of perception by which she would be measured, though a quality of perception that she has never managed to find, the consequences of which are no less apparent to her than Alice Hindman when at the conclusion of "Adventure," Alice recognizes that "many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg" (120). In this sense, Elizabeth's recurring recollection of the lover's words might properly be viewed as a self-epitaph, a continual reminder of her lost youth, her entrapment, and the failure of the longing for escape and fulfillment that might have saved her. As such, the lover's words say much more about Elizabeth Willard than the lover himself who, in fact, is neither named nor described but is evidently forgotten, obliterated no doubt by the cumulative weight of disappointment that marks Elizabeth's life.

The occasion for the next appearance of the lover's words is a meeting between Elizabeth and Doctor Reefy in Reefy's office. As he sits, quietly listening to Elizabeth, Doctor Reefy, "without realizing what was happening," began to love her (226). As Elizabeth continues to speak of her unhappy marriage to Tom Willard and, more specifically, of her longing shortly after her marriage "to run away from everything" but, at the same time, "to run towards something too," she instinctively turns to Doctor Reefy and kneels on the floor beside his chair. He in turn takes her in his arms and begins "to kiss her passionately" (227). Then, no longer conscious of Elizabeth's account, he mutters, "You

dear! You dear! Oh you lovely dear!" Reefy's unconscious reprise of the lover's words recalls the occasion for and circumstances of their first appearance when Elizabeth was still a young woman. It is appropriate therefore that Elizabeth is suddenly transformed in the doctor's perception from "a tired-out woman of forty-one" into "a lovely and innocent girl who had been able by some miracle to project herself out of the husk of the body of the tried-out woman" (227-28). Unlike the questionable sincerity of the unidentified lover's original declaration, however—occasioned as it is by the reckless spontaneity of the moment—Doctor Reefy's declaration—though voiced, too, in a moment of passion—is motivated by a genuine affection and regard for Elizabeth's sensitivity and vulnerability. The integrity and selflessness that underlie Doctor Reefy's declaration parallel that sensitivity of feeling and judgment demonstrated in his own story "Paper Pills." Though, in relation to that period in Doctor Reefy's life described in the story, Elizabeth has been dead for some years, the story does have a direct bearing upon Elizabeth's relationship to Doctor Reefy in "Death."

"Paper Pills" deals in part with Doctor Reefy's brief but happy marriage (one of the few happy marriages in *Winesburg*) to a "tall dark girl" who originally comes to him because she is "in the family way and had become frightened" (37), though it is later established that her condition eventually "pass[es] in an illness" (38). With the same compassionate understanding that later marks his attraction to Elizabeth, Doctor Reefy comforts the young woman and "it seemed to her [in turn] that she never wanted to leave him again" (38). When, shortly afterward, they are married, the event mystifies the community since the girl is young, beautiful, and wealthy whereas Doctor Reefy is much older (he is forty-five when he marries), unkempt, and, though apparently self-sufficient, far from prosperous. During the course of "Paper Pills," there are a number of references to the "twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg." These "few gnarled apples" are rejected by the pickers who prefer instead those more perfectly formed apples which are "put in barrels and shipped to the cities where they will be eaten in apartments that are filled with books, magazines, furniture, and people" (36). What the apple-pickers fail to recognize and appreciate, however, is the wonderful sweetness

of the apples, a sweetness known only to a privileged "few" who see beyond the apples' twisted appearance. What the community misses in the mutual attraction of Doctor Reefy and the young girl is precisely what the majority of apple-pickers miss in rejecting the "gnarled apples." At the same time the basis for the attraction between Reefy and the young girl is a sensitivity of feeling and perception that parallels the more discriminating judgment of those few who value the "twisted apples" for their special sweetness. Appropriately, then, the narrator directly compares the story of Doctor Reefy's "courtship of the tall dark girl" to the deliciousness of the "twisted apples" and, even more pointedly, likens the girl's attraction to Doctor Reefy to "one who has discovered the sweetness of the twisted apples" (38). It is precisely this quality of perception, this instinctive capacity for sympathy and understanding in others that Elizabeth Willard, prior to her afternoon meeting with Doctor Reefy, has never found, the very thing that she, in recalling the words of her former lover, has failed to achieve.

As a young woman, Elizabeth, "like all women in the world [had] wanted a real lover" (224). As it turns out, Doctor Reefy is "the real lover" for whom Elizabeth has always longed and whom to this point she has never found. Physically, in fact, Doctor Reefy is "on the point of becoming her lover," though unlike the various lovers to whom in loneliness and desperation she turned as a young woman, his passion is informed by an appreciation of Elizabeth's special sweetness which like the hidden sweetness of the "twisted apples" has gone largely, if not altogether, undetected. Any possibility of consummation is thwarted, however, by the sudden sound of footsteps on the stariway outside. The two spring to their feet and stand "listening and trembling" and the passion and promise of the previous moment give way to hysteria. The spell is thus irrevocably broken and Elizabeth, who moments before had through Doctor Reefy's transforming perception recovered the beauty and vitality of her youth, is returned to the present and a corresponding realization of who she is. Following their adventure, or near adventure (*Winesburg* is full of such adventures that are interrupted or ultimately come to little, if any, effect) that afternoon in Doctor Reefy's office, he doesn't see Elizabeth again until after her death several years later.



Finally, then, Doctor Reefy's reiteration of the lover's words is tragically ironic. Though Reefy's declaration is motivated by a genuineness and quality of feeling—no doubt lacking in the nameless lover's earlier declaration—the promise of achievement, at least in any sustained sense, that Elizabeth reads in the words of her former lover is now, as earlier, conclusively denied and defeated. For Elizabeth, the "real lover," the gentleman caller for whom she has always longed finally appears too late as does the "true word" (manifested in the doctor's declaration) for which she has always searched. Of course, had Doctor Reefy and Elizabeth actually managed to consummate their passion, it is doubtful that anything would have come of it, trapped as they are by age, circumstance, a suffocating small-town morality, and, for Elizabeth, a cumulative legacy of defeat and humiliation and a resulting resignation to the joylessness of her life. Thus when she sees once again the lights of the New Willard House which, as a reminder of the failure and defeat not only of herself but of her father and her husband as well, is as cursed as any house in Greek tragedy, "she began to tremble and her knees shook so that for a moment she thought she would fall in the street" (228). As for Doctor Reefy, he never again speaks directly to Elizabeth (his last words to her are the very words of her former lover), though years later he does speak fondly of her to the "tall dark girl" who becomes his wife, the "tall dark girl" who, had circumstances and the conditions of achievement been different, could at one time just as easily have been Elizabeth herself.

The final and perhaps the most perplexing appearance of the lover's words is occasioned by Elizabeth's death and is spoken by her son George Willard. At the time, George is only eighteen and though he has previously listened tolerantly, if passively, to the tragedies of other failed lives in Winesburg (in fact, his presumed intelligence, understanding, and sensitivity are the very reasons that such characters as Wing Biddlebaum, Doctor Parcival, and Enoch Robinson seek him out as a confidant), he originally has "but little sense of the meaning of [Elizabeth's] death," for "only time could give him that" (229). In fact, if anything, he is annoyed and inconvenienced by his mother's death or, at any rate, the timing of her death since he

is forced to cancel a meeting that evening with the daughter of the town banker, Helen White.

When, following her death, George enters his mother's room, he at first thinks "of his own affairs" and definitely decides "he would make a change in his life, that he would leave Winesburg" (230)—a resolution that parallels Elizabeth's own previous "uneasy desire for change, for some big definite movement to her life" ("Mother" 46) when she was approximately the same age as George. The next moment, however, his mind turns once again to Helen White and as before, he becomes "half angry at the turn of events that had prevented his going to her" (230). He imagines Helen's "red young lips" touching his own, the very thought of which makes his body tremble and his hands shake, even as the youthful body of his mother had trembled in the embrace of a youthful lover. Like his mother, George's sense of personal ambition, his expressive needs, his desire for change and "some definite movement" to his life are confused by the sudden, more immediate need for physical fulfillment. Fortunately, George recovers himself. Ashamed of his thoughts, he begins to weep, and then, convinced that "not his mother but someone else lay in the bed before him" (231), he suddenly becomes "possessed of a madness to lift the sheet from the body of his mother and look at her face" (231). George's following estimate of the covered body is revealing since it recalls not only Doctor Reefy's earlier transforming perception of Elizabeth but recalls as well the loveliness and innocence of Elizabeth's own youth:

The body under the sheets was long and in death looked young and graceful. To the boy, held by some strange fancy, it was unspeakably lovely. The feeling that the body before him was alive, that in another moment a lovely woman would spring out of the bed and confront him, became so overpowering that he could not bear the suspense. (231)

As George leaves the room he remains unconvinced that the body in the room is his mother's—"That's not my mother. That's not my mother in there" (231).—until "half blind with grief," he confronts and accepts the truth: "My mother is dead" (231). Then he turns and "stare[s] at the door through which he had just come" and, "*urged by some impulse outside himself*" (italics

added), he mutters, "The dear, the dear, oh the lovely dear" (232). Here, then, is the final iterative instance of the lover's words which thread their way throughout the story and, by extension, of course, Elizabeth Willard's life—and death. The statement acquires special significance given the occasion and its occurrence near the end of the story. Yet the relationship of George's declaration to the previous declarations of Elizabeth's lover and, later, Doctor Reefy is problematic. Equally problematic is what is evidently the unsolicited nature of the statement since it originates in "some impulse outside [George] himself."

Compared to the two previous statements, the tone of George's declaration is less intimate, more detached. This modulation in tone is signaled by the shift from the more intimate second person "*you dear*" (italics added) to the more formal "*the dear*" (italics added). If not directed specifically to his mother, George's declaration is nonetheless very much about her. This, together with the formality and finality of his declaration, suggest the characteristic features of the epitaph. The primary purpose of epitaph is, of course, the commemoration of the special qualities and distinctive achievements of the deceased. Considered in such a commemorative sense, George's statement is directly suggestive of and at the same time anticipated by Elizabeth's recollection of her lover's words, a recollection that in itself is very much a self-epitaph, though, as in the case of George's declaration, the characteristic function of epitaph, is ironically undercut by the fact that Elizabeth's life, at least in her own estimation, has been one of failed achievement since, with the previous exception of Doctor Reefy—and possibly the present exception of her son George—her special qualities have gone unrecognized. Ironically, of course, George is unaware of the shared intimacy between his mother and Doctor Reefy and this irony is underscored when the two meet without speaking in his mother's room immediately after her death. Still, George's observation upon leaving the room establishes, though unconsciously of course, an unspoken bond between the two men. This bonding is further suggested by George's perception of the youthful grace and unspeakable loveliness of the form of his mother's body which, of course, recalls Doctor Reefy's own earlier transforming perception.

If George's parting observation is viewed as an epitaph, it is still very much an unselfconscious epitaph, originating as it does outside of George himself. However, it might be argued that the statement does originate with George himself or, more precisely, a more mature and selfless version of himself than he had previously known. Viewed as such, George's announcement not only marks a formal acknowledgment of his mother's death but may also mark a threshold in his own life of which he himself at this point is, no doubt, largely unconscious—a transition, therefore, from the narcissistic self-preoccupation of infancy and adolescence to a more sensitive awareness of the world and corresponding concerns beyond the self. Earlier in the story, George is completely absorbed by self-interest and he is thus more concerned with the personal inconvenience wrought by his mother's death than he is with the magnitude and meaning of the event itself. Eventually, however, he feels ashamed of his thoughts, but though his own self-interest has been chastened and replaced by a sense of guilt, he is still unable to accommodate himself to the fact that the woman lying in front of him is actually his mother and not some stranger. Then finally, upon leaving the room and "half blind with grief," he sobs, "My mother is dead." To this point, George has moved from a preoccupation with his own selfish wants to a less self-occupied awareness and understanding of the fact that his mother has died. When he observes, "The dear, the dear, oh the lovely dear," he moves further from a recognition of the *event* of his mother's death to an even more self-distanced recognition and understanding, as if for the first time, of his mother herself—the *other* beyond the threshold. Though it is noted earlier in the story that "only time" would provide George with some "sense" of the meaning of his mother's death, he does manage to come by or, at any rate, approach that "sense" by the end of the story, a realization signaled by the companion statements "Mother is dead" and "The dear, the dear, oh the lovely dear."

On frequent occasions prior to his mother's death, George often betrays a naive and inflated sense of his own importance, his ambitions, and his presumed understanding of thoughts, ideas, and feelings which as yet he has never experienced. Typical in this regard are his thoughts in "An Awakening" when

he walks alone one evening through the deserted streets of Winesburg:

The desire to say words overcame him and he said words without meaning, rolling them over on his tongue and saying them because they were brave words, full of meaning. "Death," he muttered, "night, the sea, fear, loveliness." (185)

George demonstrates a similar tendency toward self-inflation when he informs Seth Richmond, in "The Thinker," of his intentions of becoming a writer:

"It's the easiest of all lives to live. . . . Here and there you go and there is no one to boss you. . . . Wait till I get my name up and then see what fun I shall have." (134)

Following his mother's death, George's sense of himself is much less certain and his perceptions of life much more tentative. In "Sophistication" (which immediately follows "Death") George finally does keep his appointment with Helen White, but whereas previously he "had tried to make her think of him as a man when he knew nothing of manhood" (235), he now is ashamed (as he had been ashamed of his petty selfishness in "Death") of his former presumption. He now feels a special "reverence" for Helen as he does for all the people of the town, a reverence that parallels and reinforces the belated reverence he feels for his mother at the end of "Death." In the case of his mother this reverence is signaled by George's compassionate recognition of his mother as a distinct and separate "other," a recognition that receives formal expression in George's unconscious reiteration of the words of his mother's former lover. So too, when George and Helen embrace in the darkness, they are both occupied with the same thought: "I have come to this lonely place and here is this other" (241). George and Helen's shared intimacy—together with their mutual, though unspoken, discovery of "the sadness of sophistication"—mark the occasion as a rite of passage: "Man or boy, woman or girl, they had for a moment taken hold of the thing that makes the mature life of men and women in the modern world possible" (243). In George's meeting with Helen, then, the heightened understanding and sensitivity immanent, if not consciously recognized, in George's parting testimonial to his mother is fully realized and George, through the event of his

mother's death, succeeds in negotiating the distance between the egocentrism of adolescence and that locus of self-disinterestedness and a concomitant recontextualization of the self that occasions and informs the testimonial itself. The final and most significant implication of George's testimonial is not realized, however, until the final story in *Winesburg*—"Departure."

When during the long years of loneliness and disappointment that follow her marriage to Tom Willard, Elizabeth recalls the words of her former lover, she is reminded of the failed achievement of her life and the defeat of the possibility of love and fulfillment which she later associates with her lover's words. To compensate for her own personal disappointment, Elizabeth transfers her previous expectations for herself at a time when adventure was still "a possible thing for her" to her son George. Though she does not live to see it, her faith in her son and her faith as well in the promise of achievement that life and circumstances have denied her are ultimately vindicated when, at the end of "Departure" George, possessed now of a deeper understanding of himself and attuned to what Wordsworth describes as "the sad still music of humanity," leaves Winesburg. Nor is George's departure the idealized and romantically invested escape his mother had originally imagined for herself since George retains a constructive sense of his past in Winesburg, the legacy of which will finally serve as the canvas upon which he will "paint the dreams of his manhood" (247). Finally, then, the achievement that always eluded his mother is not only "a possible thing" for George but, given his maturity of judgment and the self-understanding that his mother lacked as a girl and that George himself had previously lacked, is more possible than it ever would have been for Elizabeth Willard or, prior to his mother's death, than it ever would have been for George himself. Thus, though George may not figure directly in every story in *Winesburg*, each of the failed lives depicted serves as a foil to his ultimate departure and the promise of achievement enabled by his departure. Within the broader context of the novel as a whole, it is the probable prospect of achievement that provides, perhaps, the most meaningful and significant link between George's reiteration of the lover's words and the meaning that Elizabeth retrospectively assigns to those words. Where others—and most specifically his mother—have failed, George will

succeed or, at any rate, is in a position to succeed. In this regard, George's observation "The dear, the dear, oh the lovely dear" has as much to do with his own beginning as it does with his mother's end.

University of North Carolina at Wilmington

#### NOTE

1. All quotations from *Winesburg, Ohio* are based on the Penguin edition of *Winesburg, Ohio* published in 1976.

#### WORK CITED

Anderson, Sherwood. *Winesburg, Ohio*. Ed. Malcolm Cowley. New York: Penguin, 1976.

## THE COMMUNITY IN WINESBURG, OHIO: THE RHETORIC OF SELFHOOD

CLARENCE LINDSAY

David Anderson says that critics accepted as literally true Sherwood Anderson's created romantic myth of self-discovery and rejection of the village.<sup>1</sup> By the time of *Winesburg, Ohio*, David Anderson argues, "critics delighted in reading into Anderson many of the same hostilities and prejudices that they held against what they saw, rightly or wrongly, as a repressive and hostile American society, and Anderson, with his comments about industrialism, seemed to be emerging as a spokesman against these anti-individual values and for a new liberation."<sup>2</sup> David Anderson might have added that some critics have perhaps read into Sherwood-Anderson some of their own affection, right or wrong, for a way of life that is no longer. However that may be, the fact is that critics' insistence on Anderson's advocacy on one side or the other of that romantic revolt has obscured an important aspect of Anderson's understanding of the issue. And in obscuring that meaning, critics have failed to observe just how radical and contemporary was *Winesburg, Ohio* as a formal literary experiment.

Perhaps the most apparent instance of a repressive community hostile to the individual is seen in "Hands." That story opens with an image of Wing Biddlebaum, a grotesque casualty of a crass community's narrowminded repression of a sensitive dreamer. Some twenty years before his arrival in Winesburg, Wing (then known as Adolph Meyers) had been a gentle, effective, and remarkably loved teacher in a town in Pennsylvania. Effective if we mean the capacity to make his students lose all "doubt and disbelief" and begin to dream.<sup>3</sup> (It is precisely such teachers who seem to win outstanding teaching

awards). This golden pedagogical eden is disrupted by an idiot-student who under the influence of Wing's dreams becomes enamored with Wing, has apparently homosexual dreams involving Wing, tells those dreams as facts—all of which results in a mob that beats Wing senseless and drives him into the darkness. Now, whether we choose to see Wing's expulsion merely as an instance of a conforming community's antagonism to an individual, the one who is different, or whether we choose to be only slightly more subtle and see it as a bit of classical scapegoating—the community imposing its own intolerable and unrecognized sexual longings on the one who is different and then exorcising those unspeakable desires—either interpretation is a version of the romantic paradigm which privileges the individual at the expense of the community, locates in the individual all that is worthy and locates in the community or society all that is evil or distasteful. What I've just described is a fair assessment of the way our most influential critics have chosen to understand Anderson's treatment of the individual's relation to the community. And it is unlikely that Anderson will ever recover from their misreadings.

It was Trilling, of course, who connected Anderson with the "tradition of the man who maintains a perpetual quarrel with society."<sup>4</sup> Trilling sees Anderson celebrating the "precious secret essence" of the individual at odds with society.<sup>5</sup> Now even before moving beyond the boundary of this particular story to see how other stories might affect our perception of Anderson's understanding of this romantic revolt, we can argue that the romantic paradigm is already fairly well complicated with "Hands" itself. Stated most simply, we don't know if the boy's idiocy has allowed him to interpret the dream correctly, to see what lies under the noble words. Does the idiot boy represent Wing's buried, unacknowledged self or does he represent the repressed desires of the community? Or perhaps we can see the triangle as a psychological dramatization where each represents a facet of human psychology with Wing representing the super ego, the community the ego, the idiot boy the id? Or is it perhaps a parable of the artist (Wing) and possible interpretations of his dreams (art), perhaps even a joke at Anderson's own expense? So even the original story of Wing as dreaming teacher expelled from a repressive town invites a remarkable number of interpre-

tations, invites in fact the kind of interpretive play that we associate with the most sophisticated of modern texts. But the story is complicated even further. For one thing Wing has again become a teacher of sorts with George Willard as his pupil. And although we were never told the specifics of the dream he imparted to the lads in Pennsylvania, we are given a description of the dream he paints for George. He imagines a golden, green time when clean limbed young men came to sit at the feet of a wise and older teacher. If we merely seek support for a romantic interpretation of Anderson's fiction, we see Wing's stubborn dreaming as a persistent idealism. Wing will continue to dream and to pass his ethical vision on. His advice to George is faithful to the romantic imperative of individualism. He fears George Willard will succumb to the dread disease of conformity: "You want to be like others in town here." (30) Wing passionately urges George to follow the lonelier and, it is implied, nobler path: "You must try to forget all you have learned. You must begin to dream. From this time on, you must shut your ears to the roaring of the voices." (30)

But we should also note that Wing's vision is a story, a narrative, which enthrones and empowers the figure of the teacher who, it becomes clear later in the story, is a thinly disguised version of Wing's understanding of himself. Wing's narrative goes considerably beyond even my own wildest Mr. Chips fantasies. Furthermore, we should also note that the romantic ethic Wing so urgently imparts to George—be yourself, follow your own superior dreams, do not listen to the common voices—that ethic is a version of the relationship implicit between the teacher and the young men. Only, in Wing's dream, the inferiority, the commonness of the others, has been idealized. The clean limbed young men recognize and not only submit to the teacher's superiority but revere it as well. It might be said that Wing's dream is a pastoral, idealized version of a romantic self's disdainful relation to the common life about it. In real, messy life such superiority, of course, can only be achieved by either psychological or physical exile.

What I'm suggesting is that "Hands" is a story that doesn't advocate the values implicit in the romantic formula (privileged individual versus a repressive community) so much as it interprets that formula as an aspect of selfhood. The vision of the self

enthroned, empowered through adoration on the one hand and the urged exile and isolation of the self on the other are separate narratives that are versions of one another—the critical similarity being an isolation of self that dramatizes its specialness.

I will admit that we are likely on our first reading of "Hands" to focus merely on the more accessible romantic interpretation of the precious, valued individual expelled by the repressive community, and the pathos of the individual's precious essence threatened by conformity, conventionality and blindness. One of the reasons we are likely to be seduced by such romantic interpretations is that the Anderson narrator, not only in "Hands" but in all the stories of *Winesburg, Ohio*, generally does very little interpreting of the experience he records. Consequently the narrator(s) is free in a sense from Anderson's own potentially inhibiting ironic intelligence. Anderson's irony is generally and most effectively expressed in the story's internal juxtapositions, its parallel plots and complicated imagery. The narrator for the most part leaves any ironic or cynical awareness out of his apprehension. Being free from irony (at least stated irony) allows the narrator to stand as an amazed witness to the human spectacle, to come to each story fresh and to treat each instance of bizarre humanity as if it were unique. In the absence of clearly stated, evaluative narrative intelligence and by ignoring complexities of structure and image, Trilling and others have mistakenly assumed Anderson's advocacy of that romantic self's rebellion. Anderson, in fact, coyly builds into the story's concluding image the kind of mis-interpretation that indeed the story and Anderson himself have received. In that image we are told that as Wing's hands, with incredible quickness, carry crumbs to his mouth (crumbs that mar the otherwise perfectly washed floor), we might well mistake him for a priest in an act or prayer and service to his church.

Let us say for a moment that we have read "Hands" contented with Trilling's sense of Anderson as one who lyrically celebrates the plight of the individual. Let us say in other words that we have not seen the hunger in that final image and have "mistaken" Wing for a selfless priest in holy service. It is a significant part of my thesis that were we to read the story in such an uncomplicated fashion, the reading of other stories would or should unsettle us, short circuit our romantic interpre-

tation. For example, in "The Philosopher" we are told the story of Dr. Parcival, another of George's mentors—who is himself an artist. He tells George all sorts of tales—tales that "began nowhere and ended nowhere," that at times seem to be a pack of lies and at other times the very "essence of truth." (51) One of the truly extraordinary qualities of Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, a quality that marks him as one of the most contemporary of writers, is his ability to co-opt interpretations by building those interpretive possibilities into the text. Here, when Dr. Parcival introduces his stories to George, he first sounds like a Robbe Grillet theorist who treats himself as an irreducible fact capable of generating multiple narratives. Then, before he tells his story he blurs the boundaries between fact and fiction; and finally when he tells his story we are struck by its "freudian" content (as impotent son, the "good father" paralyzed, the evil tyrannical father played by an older brute of a brother who terrorizes both the mother and the weaker son—but the mother still idolizes him—all of this told by the weaker son who is in Winesburg expressly to write a book about, we are likely to assume, those very experiences). So if we are Freudians who want to see some of Anderson's own biography, the tensions between himself and his father, the celebration of the female, etc. expressed in George Willard—if that is our critical inclination, Anderson has in a sense gotten in ahead of us—embedded such an interpretive possibility deep within an unrelated tale, creating that sense of the text as an open ended interpretive maze. By offering a view of an artist telling stories that may or may not be true, that may or may not reveal the author's own psychology, Anderson's own relationship to the text becomes murkier, the overall text's meaning more elusive. We are confounded, and we remember Dr. Reefy yet another artist or arranger of truths who says to his old friend as he throws the rolled up truths at him, "Here, this is to confound you, you blithering old sentimentalist." (36)

But back to my original and by now perhaps irretrievable point—that this story unsettles our romantic interpretation of the first. It does so because Dr. Parcival's advice to George echoes Wing's advice in an unsettling way. Wing had wanted George to shut his ears, forget what he knew, above all else not become like those around him. Parcival wants to fill George with hatred and contempt for his fellows, wants George to become superior.

Again the advice is a form of self-address; the goal, to incorporate George Willard into Parcival's own drama of selfhood. Later when a small girl is injured and killed, Parcival refuses to come to her aid. His refusal is not even noticed in the confusion, but his response reveals his paranoiac sense of self. He imagines that there will soon be a lynch mob. When none appears, he is convinced that sooner or later he will be crucified and pleads with George to complete his book. The idea he wants conveyed, that "everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified" is, of course, an expression of his own sense of self. His paranoiac relation to a community which exists, it turns out, only in his mind, and Wing's pastoral community reverentially sitting at the wise teacher's feet are both fictions of the self, strategies of selfhood, ways that the self dramatizes its specialness through the act of separation.

In "The Thinker" Seth Richmond makes love to Helen White by making sure she understands the difference between him and the other men—especially his good friend, George—who only talk compared to his silence, a silence which, it is implied, conveys his special real worth. *One* of George's functions in the novel is to expose the fiction of "otherness," of the very notion of community. Wing and Parcival see in George something special making him an appropriate agent for living out and continuing their own personal separation from the general others. But to Seth Richmond and Elmer Cowley, he represents the very community, the commonness, they are denying. In "Mother" Elizabeth Willard sees her son as the chance to recreate "something that had once been a part of herself" (40), to complete, in other words, the story of self that life had frustrated. For she was different from the "dull clod(s) about her who were all words and smartness; she too had a secret something that is striving to grow." (43)

Each of the characters in Winesburg feels himself in possession of just such a secret something that separates him from the necessary fictive component of his specialness, the community. Each character's consciousness is a slightly different dramatic expression of its own secret something to otherness, but it is easy to see the principal configurations. There are characters who, like Elizabeth Willard and Seth Richmond, despair of the commonness about them, imagine that there is a special outside

setting more appropriate to their secret selves. And they must become exiles, expatriates of Winesburg, to locate what, of course, cannot exist. And then there are those who are either physically outside Winesburg like Louise Bentley (who "for years had dreamed of the time she could go forth into the world . . . Always it had seemed to her that in town all must be gaiety and life") (88) or spiritually outside like Elmer Cowley who is convinced that the town finds him queer and attacks George Willard for no apparent reason to prove that he isn't queer.

If taken individually, and read without close attention to internal qualifying complexities any of these stories might seem to affirm the romantic sensibility that Trilling and others have ascribed to Anderson, and might affirm the romantic opposition of individual to community, the "perpetual quarrel with society." But read together, the repetitions of these specialness, as character after character expresses its uniqueness in either seeking exile or feeling exiled, then the effect is quite different. Then, the stories and their repetitions act to define human consciousness (or humanness) as the very act of defining oneself through the act of fiction; and in these stories the fiction always involves a drama of separation. The great enduring theme of American culture, the self's romantic disaffection with community, is from Anderson's perspective, the rhetoric of selfhood.

In the "Godliness" sequence Anderson allegorizes the American experience in terms of the historically successive dominant fictions of the self. Jesse Bentley's sense of self is linked to old-fashioned Puritanism. Bentley seeks to affirm an Old Testament special relationship with God by means of his worldly success—the Jimmy Bakker of his day. He wants to serve, but his sense of specialness (he feels he is set apart from his fellows) is defined in his longing to be a special servant of God. At the end of the sequence David Bentley—whom Jesse has tried to absorb into his mad Old Testament dream (he shows every sign of actually sacrificing his grandson, a metaphor for all parental relations in this novel)—defines himself as the one who has killed the man of God: "I don't care—I killed him but I don't care . . . I have killed the man of God and now I will myself be a man and go into the world," (102) and so he does, equipped with his own heroic drama of self—the modern rebel, the killer of tyrants, another

exile, a Huck Finn with blood on his hands and not feeling too bad about it.

Earlier in "Godliness" the narrator had described the materialistic transformation of American culture:

The beginning of the most materialistic age in the history of the world, when wars would be fought without patriotism, when men would forget God and only pay attention to moral standards, when the will to power would replace the will to serve and beauty would be nigh forgotten in the terrible headlong rush of mankind toward the acquiring of possessions. (81)

David Bentley's concept of self as it succeeds Jesse Bentley's sense of self encapsulates the will to power's succession of the will to serve. This seems like one of those happy places where two different kinds of literary interpretation can co-exist comfortably—the cultural/literary historians who believe that concepts of self are controlled by history—and critics like myself who believe history to be the product of the play of consciousness, the forms of which are generated by formal, literary rules.

It is both ironic and unjust that Sherwood Anderson is neglected and in some cases held in contempt by contemporary critics whose aesthetic standards are the very qualities Anderson achieved. His only crime, I suppose, was doing so with subtlety and grace. J. Hillis Miller justly celebrates Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* because the novel's repetitions and parallel plots lead to an open-ended interpretive maze, and in so doing dismantle the passé notion, passé at least to Miller, of assigning a particular meaning to a text. But the internal parallel plots of individual stories and the parallel plots and repeated configurations among the stories in *Winesburg, Ohio* make *Lord Jim* look, at least in this respect, fairly simple. Lately it has become fashionable to value those texts which are dialogic in spirit; that is, to value those texts that do not convey the triumph of a single point of view but rather allow for the full and equal competitive play of different voices, different points of view. No work could be more dialogic in spirit than *Winesburg, Ohio*. I cannot imagine, for example, any work which could more fully represent competing aesthetic theories. *Winesburg, Ohio* obsessively takes as its subject the aesthetic act itself as any good contemporary work should. Not only are there the actual artists, George

Willard and Enoch Robinson, but there are a number of artist representatives such as Dr. Reefy, Dr. Parcival and Wing Biddlebaum. Each of these characters (and others) has an aesthetic theory, acts out an aesthetic creed, represents a different stage of aesthetic development or attitude toward the truth. It can be said without exaggeration that *Winesburg, Ohio* is the most compelling, complicated examination of aesthetic theory in American culture, the opposition of individual to community.

But for me Anderson's real achievement lies in his ability to convey that double sense of life, a sense of romantic wonder combined with ironic detachment. In "Sophistication" the narrator describes the peculiar double sense of life one feels standing secluded in a deserted fair ground, a kind of representation, perhaps, of Anderson's own reflected looking back. He says "one shudders at the meaninglessness of life while at the same time . . . one loves life so intensely that tears come into his eyes." (241) That is a fair description of the double sense of life that *Winesburg, Ohio* conveys. The individual story told with the narrator standing rapt conveys the magic of selfhood; but when the tales are taken together, their repetitions create recognitions, insights, and ironically qualify the lyrical intensity of the individual moment.

Strangely, it is in their repetitions that the stories achieve, for me at least, their special human quality. In their sameness each character becomes an emblem or a metaphor for all other characters. So, when Jesse Bentley is described as never getting "what he wanted out of life and he did not know what he wanted," Anderson describes all those whose searches cannot possibly match the self's imperious needs. When the stranger in "Tandy" says "I am a lover and have not found my thing to love" we are touched because we know why. When Alice Hindman stumbles naked into the rain and embraces the knees of a deaf old man in a desperate search for love, she becomes Anderson's Titania and represents all his characters in all their sweet futilities.

#### NOTES

1. David Anderson, "Sherwood Anderson and the Critics," *Critical Essays on Sherwood Anderson*, David D. Anderson (Boston: G. K. Hall and Co., 1981)5.
2. David Anderson, "Sherwood Anderson and the Critics," *Critical Essays on Sherwood Anderson*, ed. David D. Anderson (Boston: G. K. Hall and Co., 1981)7.
3. Sherwood Anderson, *Winesburg, Ohio*, ed. John Ferres (New York: The Viking Press)32. Subsequent references to *Winesburg, Ohio* will be to this edition.
4. Lionell Trilling, *The Liberal Imagination* (Garden City: Anchor Press, 1953)23.
5. Lionell Trilling, *The Liberal Imagination* (Garden City: Anchor Press, 1953)25.



## RUTH SUCKOW'S *NEW HOPE*: A SYMBOLIC PARABLE

MARY JEAN DEMARR

Clarence sat in awe, his mouth slightly open and his lower lip hanging, his eyes raised to Mr. Greenwood's face. Even to Clarence, the sermon, in its directness and brevity, had meaning. The words sank down into him and through him, although he was too young for realization. He could not have been said to comprehend; but there was something about the words as they were spoken that heightened the sunshine in the dry summer air, that made the country round about still wider and more open, the sky more immense and of a more exultant blue. Delight sat next to him. He saw her lifted profile, confident and eager. Her long hair shimmered in the morning brightness. The children listened together to the minister's clear, firm voice—telling them what this church could be, what the town could be, in the great continent, the new nation "conceived in liberty," in the New World—where all were to share equally in the boundlessness of light hope.<sup>1</sup>

Ruth Suckow's last two novels, *New Hope* (1942) and *The John Wood Case* (1959), coming widely spaced and long after the more ambitious novels that had established her reputation, have not received the respect and critical attention of her earlier work. They differ from the earlier novels in being more overtly symbolic, more clearly intended to represent not only a special place and time but to comment explicitly on the history of that place at a special moment in time. Both, but especially *New Hope*, reveal the discrepancies between the ideals of the agrarian and small town Midwest and the realities. Critics have tended to stress in *New Hope* the optimism, what one called "the innocent freshness of an uncorrupted time that allowed the liberation of the spirit through imagination."<sup>2</sup> Another suggests that in *New*

*Hope* Suckow "professed her belief in change, progress and a forward-looking quality as essential characteristics of American life," showing here "the central experience of American life, the fresh beginning, . . . symbolized in the origin and life of this community" and depicting "a community where the values of the folks are still the realities."<sup>3</sup> That the novel dramatizes life in an apparently idyllic community, as these critics have suggested, is true, but it is equally true that almost from the beginning we are shown that this utopian period is but a brief phase, unable to endure and carrying the seeds of its own withering.

Nearly two decades earlier, another Midwesterner wrote what might be taken as an epigraph for *New Hope*:

I became aware [the narrator tells us] of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees . . . had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder . . . [Gatsby] had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . [Fitzgerald's ellipses] And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.<sup>4</sup>

In telling Gatsby's story, F. Scott Fitzgerald symbolized, through an idealistic creator of himself, the American dream and its end in lies and disillusionment. More simply and obviously, Ruth Suckow used the tale of a town and two men and a small boy, idealists all, to tell much the same tale. And unlike Fitzgerald's displaced Midwesterners, hers remain—if only shallowly rooted—in the Midwest, in the Iowa of which she was a pre-eminent interpreter. The crucial characters of *New Hope* are

Dave Miller, an entrepreneur certain that his new town will become a leading commercial center; the Reverend Will Greenwood, whose brief two-year ministry in the town gives the novel its structure, and Clarence Miller, Dave's six-year-old son who finds his Daisy (a more worthy one) in Delight, the aptly named little daughter of the Greenwoods. The symbolic associations of these three central male characters are clear: Dave Miller stands for commerce and material expansionism, Mr. Greenwood for spiritual involvement in this physical growth, and Clarence for potential future generations in this putative new worldly and spiritual center.

The name of the town is obviously symbolic. New Hope is a recently made village, created after the ruin of a nearby former town in a "cyclone." That former town, always referred to now as the "the old community," had actually been named Canaan. Neither Suckow nor her characters make explicit the Biblical parallel obviously implied here, and the characters do not see Canaan's destruction as punishment for any particular sin. Nevertheless, its presence in their historical awareness and its continued existence in enfeebled form give the backers of New Hope a sense of their mission in making a better future. Underlining this vision is the change of name to New Hope. Taylorsburg had been the prosaic name given to a new station by the railroad; when Canaan was destroyed, those families who moved to the "railroad settlement" (80) gave it the new and hopeful name. New Hope, then, was in some respects a phoenix-like rebirth of Canaan. Or, to revert to Suckow's Biblical image, one promised land, having not fulfilled its potential, is succeeded by another. And the reader must soon feel that the new attempt is equally doomed to failure.

Suckow makes use of contrasting symbolic places to stress the differences between the old community and New Hope. In an introductory tour of New Hope, Dave takes the Greenwoods to see the store and bank, the new reservoir, and the nearly empty cemetery.

Even the cemetery looked new, bright, fresh, with its few clean, shining granite stones. There wasn't even a Civil War monument, the town was so young; although a few of its older citizens had fought in the Civil War, John Budd and Horace Livermore. Decoration Day exercises were held in town, in the

City Hall—there were so few soldiers' graves on which to put flowers. Young trees had been planted, and snowball bushes. There was a sunny freshness about this high airy spot. (29)

The cemetery in the old community is very different. This burial ground has seen much use. "They'd looked at all the other ruins," Suckow tells us, "so they might as well have a glimpse of that" (76). Surrounded by other signs of human activity—a family's "grounds," a pasture, a cornfield—it is now overgrown and neglected, although it is still occasionally in use. Dave points out some of the most interesting monuments, those of relatives of people still remaining in the vicinity. But both the spiritual and financial community leaders explicitly deny any interest in the past, even in the continuity, represented by this graveyard. Mr. Greenwood says his work keeps him sufficiently in touch with cemeteries; he prefers to "make my travels among the living" (76), and Dave is simply curious about how much it may have deteriorated.

A leading citizen of New Hope, Dave is its biggest booster. He is a businessman with his finger in just about every pie in the community. His enthusiasm for his town is epitomized by his refusal to call an annual spring event a "flood"; to him it is merely an "overflow." Because he is a trustee in the church, the Millers are appropriate welcomers of the new minister and his family in the novel's opening chapter. His wife, Bertha, always calls him "Mister," speaks with a German twist, and clearly sees her role as purely domestic. Three attractive unmarried daughters and little Clarence, through whose young eyes much of the action of the novel is seen, comprise the rest of his family. He was the original proprietor of the town's major store, and a brother is the village banker. A third brother farms nearby, while a fourth brother still remains in Illinois, reminding us that the leaders of New Hope are mostly new arrivals. Old settlers tend to remain clustered around the "old community" and to be resistant to the expansive plans of men like Dave for the growth of New Hope.

The new minister, the Reverend Will Greenwood, is an equally vigorous and hopeful man. Probably based partly on Suckow's memories of her own father, a Congregational minister,<sup>5</sup> he is unlike the Millers in being a man of intellectual

aspirations, a reader who startles them by pulling out a pocket edition of Aristotle when he has a few spare moments. This does not mean that he is highly educated, for, we are told, "He had not had the advantages of reading these things in college—one year in a small denominational school, and a few terms of Teacher's Institute, were all he'd been able to get in the way of formal education. But he was trying to catch up as he went along (19)." His theology, unlike that of the strict Old Testament preachers who had preceded him both in the old community and in New Hope, is a theology of love and unity. His family consists of his pretty wife Alice and his little Delight. Unlike the Millers, the Greenwoods point to the future in yet another way: their marriage startles the more traditional Millers by being suprisingly egalitarian. Bertha Miller muses on the difference:

"They're so close, the two of them, they seem so kind of close together. He talks everything over with her, his sermons even. He takes care of her just as much as she does of him. He's always looking out for her, too. Ach, I don't know. I never see two just like them before. Well, ja, he's a minister though." (53)

The novel, carrying us through the two years of the Greenwoods' stay in New Hope, is skillfully structured to emphasize the central theme of the dream and its loss. There are twelve chapters, all succinctly named, each consisting of one or several brief episodes. The opening and closing chapters serve to frame the novel: chapters 1, "Arrival," depicts their being met at the train by the Millers and their introduction to the community. Chapter 12, "Exodus," shows us their leave-taking, with the Millers at that same railroad station to see them off to a new life in Oregon. The titles of chapters 2 through 5 all refer to places ("The Church," "The Town," "The Countryside," and "The Parsonage"); these chapters move us forward slowly in time, but primarily they introduce the Greenwoods—and us—to the community and its surroundings. The next group of chapters is more variously titled: "Festivals," "The Big Crowd," "May Day," "The Turn of the Year," "Commemoration," and "The Call." Most of these titles allude to specific events: "Festivals" takes us through several ritualized celebrations as the church moves through its year, and "May Day" obviously continues the calendric theme. "The Big Crowd," intervening between those last-named chap-

aspirations, refers to the older young people, as seen by six-year-old Clarence and Delight, but it also develops the theme of temporal continuity. Omrcanin has pointed out that Suckow's method here is "similar to that of the pageant. Outstanding days that reflect the life of the community pass before the reader as he follows with interest the activities of the two young children."<sup>6</sup> "The Turn of the Year" is the climactic chapter, making explicit the earlier hints of change and decay and giving Clarence the first test of his loyalty and humaneness, a test which he fails.

Following the high drama of this chapter is the falling action of "Commemoration" and "The Call." In "commemoration," two deaths and two funerals occur: one of a dour Civil War veteran who is buried in the cemetery of the old community and one of a beloved old man who is buried in the New Hope cemetery. "The Call," continuing the falling action, brings us through the Greenwoods' second winter in New Hope, to the revelation that Mr. Greenwood has accepted a call to a church in Oregon (a new "promised land" which is now replacing Iowa visions of the dream), through the church service that celebrates his service in New Hope as well as his departure for more promising arenas. Finally, then, the novel closes with the aforementioned "Exodus."

Clearly the dream of a Western paradise proclaimed by the name New Hope was foredoomed to failure: this fact is symbolized, of course, by the pre-existing Canaan, or "old community," and even by the prosaic beginnings of New Hope as a "railroad settlement" named Taylorsburg. Thus, unlike the vision of Fitzgerald's Dutch sailors, this ideal was tainted from its beginnings. Corruption further befouls the dream during the novel in two ways: an act of criminality by a minor character and the seduction into a cruel act of a major character, both acts occurring during the climactic ninth chapter, which is entitled "The Turn of the Year" and which also symbolically recounts the "turn" of the fate of the village.

Clayt Hetherington, brother of a prominent local woman, had arrived in the village earlier, in chapter 3 ("The Parsonage"). He had served a term in prison back East, and it was decided to help him make a new start. Significantly, both the social system, represented by Dave Miller, and the church, represented by Mr. Greenwood, had combined in the attempt to aid him: at a

meeting of the church trustees, held at Dave Miller's home, Mr. Greenwood requested that Clayt be given the position of church janitor (113). This new start for Clayt Hetherington parallels the beginning being made by the village and by the church, for which rapid growth under its new and dynamic minister is anticipated.

"The Turn of the Year" begins normally enough and speeds rapidly through the summer a year after the arrival of the Greenwoods, through the following autumn, into a winter which also seems ordinary enough at first. But then, "The turn of the year came, in lingering cold, and rainy darkness; and it seemed then as if spring could never make up its mind to arrive" (227). Immediately following that gloomy statement, Suckow describes the method used in the church for handling the money from the church collections—and a count that does not tally is described (229). Meetings of the trustees are held, this time in the parsonage, one private and surrounded by mystery and rumor and one public. In the public meeting, Mr. Greenwood describes his confrontation with Clayt and his pain over the entire situation:

This was the first bitter, rankling task of his whole pastorate in New Hope: the first event which, as he said, "worked the other way." That was what hurt him the most . . .

"So I asked him, how could you do such a thing? What did you expect to gain by it? That was what I couldn't make out. The money could make little difference—the amounts he had been taking were so small. Then what did he expect to gain?"

The man seemed unable to answer. In fact, he didn't even try! He was standing all this time near the desk. "I asked him to be seated but he refused." There was a look on his face that the minister couldn't penetrate: an "ancient" look, Mr. Greenwood said—as if the man had slipped down to an old low level from which he'd been trying to climb. (37)

That "ancient" look represents the human frailty which had been brought to New Hope just as it had been to the green world seen by the Dutch sailors. Clayt Hetherington does not wait for the church board to decide what to do about him; instead he flees. His flight, however, does not really change anything. In the interim, while the children are feeling a delicious interest in the whole story, Clarence has an unexpected sense of incongruities,

"old things" perhaps representing to him the evil that the "ancient look" had implied to Mr. Greenwood:

Clarence had again the feeling that the sky was darkened. He looked up—it was not the joyous blue prairie sky. The sense of old things haunted him; when he was alone, he thought of these things. He saw old rusty iron, dead leaves, an empty bird's nest . . . he thought of the gun fastened up over Mr. Stiles's desk. The branching pale antlers and dark eyes of the deer's head haunted him. Then he tried to hear again the sound of Mrs. Stiles's music—the noble, firm harmony of that piece she had played. He whispered over the text of the minister's first sermon—"Light is come into the world." He said that over when he thought about the janitor's bent and downcast eyes . . . when he dug up an old rusted kitchen knife down near the Creek bed, and thought the overflow must have carried it there. (240-1; ellipses are Suckow's.)

This brief but significant passage draws together a number of motifs already established in the novel. The Stileses referred to are an elderly couple of New England origins. He had been involved in mining out West, and the discovery that he had shot the deer whose head is displayed above his desk had horrified Delight but confused and frightened Clarence. Mrs. Stiles, an accomplished pianist with the Christian name of Electa, is the most cultivated woman in the community, a pacifist who had forced her husband to forswear using guns before she would marry him. Though she usually played only Bach (considering Beethoven "too passionate" [p. 127]), she had played Luther's hymn, "*Ein Feste Burg*," in the scene which had so moved Clarence.

The text, "Light is come into the world," was the basis Mr. Greenwood's for installation sermon, described in the quotation at the beginning of this paper. As described in chapter 2, "The Church," that sermon was an optimistic statement about possibilities. The complete Biblical chapter from which the text is taken, however, is ambiguous. John 3:19 reads in full in the Authorized or King James version used by Mr. Greenwood, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Mr. Greenwood's sermon concentrates on the possibilities opened by the "light," but the novel depicts human

even evil—the “darkness.” The full Biblical text, then, strands as a fitting text for the Clayt Hetherington episode, for Clarence’s confusion in that dreary winter, indeed for the entire novel.

The other revealing, and the most moving, episode of chapter 9, “The Turn of the Year,” concerns Clarence and is foreshadowed by his sense of unease over Clayt Hetherington, his sense that Clayt’s act has somehow altered things. Even more specifically, however, it is foreshadowed by his recollection of Mr. Stiles’ deer head and Delight’s horror at learning the deer had been killed. That summer, after a spat with Delight and feeling at loose ends, Clarence is enticed by some older—and reputedly much tougher—boys to join them. The leader, significantly named Harm Smelzer, radiates a “swaggering masculinity” which has “a shine to it” (252). In going with these boys, Clarence feels the fascination of doing something forbidden.

He thought how scared his mother would be if she knew with whom he was running around! His father would scold him but would want him not to be afraid of these kids. He wouldn’t think of Delight. He was entering a world that had no knowledge of her. There was a girl’s world and a boy’s world. He was proud to shut her out. (253)

They go deep into the woods, and Clarence, feeling more and more out of place with them, is yet increasingly determined to conceal his inexperience and insecurity. Harm hands Clarence a slingshot, an instrument which Clarence is too embarrassed to admit he has never used, and challenges him to use it. Clarence is quite conscious that shooting the slingshot would be a denial of all that has been dearest to him—but he is tempted.

The contraption felt neat in his hands, with its smooth wood and worn leather. He hated it. He saw Delight’s outraged eyes and trembling lips when she had clenched her fists at Mr. Stiles [when she learned he had shot the deer].

But he wasn’t with Delight now. For this hour they were separate and far apart. He would deny his love, and keep it hidden. (257)

As a result, when Harm points out a muskrat, Clarence shoots it, feeling a “queer sense of fatalism . . . a pleasure, strange-tasting and perverse (258). The muskrat is wounded by his stone, and its brief struggle for life as the boys, Clarence among them, drag

it ashore and beat it to death, is graphically described. In Suckow’s version of the old motif of a boy’s coming to manhood through a first kill, Clarence, “pulled between hard triumph and sick aversion” (258), is given the pathetic little corpse, which he picks up and then tosses away. At home, washing his hands for dinner, he sees “that the dirty water running off them was faintly pink” (259), and he continues to be torn between pride and revulsion at his act, with the revulsion gradually becoming overwhelming. His dinner is unappetizing, and he quickly leaves, to seek out an old hiding place where he can consider his action.

That sight of the mangled body, with the fur warm, wet and muddy, and with the broken back, the helpless small paws, the sharp, futile nose and dead eyes, was imprinted on his memory, exact, indelible. He saw more clearly than at the actual moment of slaughter, the nasty mess . . . saw it with Delight’s eyes, not his own—those outraged, shining eyes. He tried to oppose that gaze with hardy triumph. Muskrats were no good except for fur. It didn’t hurt to kill a muskrat. (259-60; ellipses are Suckow’s.)

His attempts to comfort himself are futile, and he wishes to retreat into the past, before he was tempted into his cruelty. but no more than *Gatsby* can he change his past. He cannot now revert to the “pristine world” he had shared with Delight, and he will always have to keep secret from her his action of betrayal (261). Nevertheless, the chapter ends on a hopeful note, as Delight comes running to him and their unity is partially restored. But they can never recapture the simple communion of joy they had felt on another day picking wildflowers in another woods. And the next chapter, beginning the novel’s falling action, centers around death (two funerals are contrasted with each other) while the next (and penultimate) chapter, “The Call,” presages the end—Mr. Greenwood’s call to a bigger and better church on the west coast, a move which is to permanently separate Clarence and his Delight.

The Dream moves further west; it had lasted only briefly in *New Hope*—and the inescapable conclusion is that it can also last only briefly in the new promised land of Oregon. From Oregon, there is no land further west, so its final doom is clear. but Suckow’s characters think only of this moment. Both Clarence and Delight struggle unsuccessfully against their separation, and after she is gone, Clarence “somehow sensed that this marked

the end of a time" (340). The town already seems different to him, diminished and barren.

Still, it was not like the earliest time, dark and vaguely troubled in his memory, before the minister's family had come to New Hope. It seemed to Clarence now as if that were before he was awake—almost before he was born. He had begun to live on the summer morning when he had gone down with his father to meet the train, when the little girl had come—had been awakened to that bright early hour of time, with the freshness of beginnings upon it. (342)

That fresh beginning had been just a moment in the lives of Clarence and of the town. Suckow's concluding paragraph stresses both its brevity and its preciousness. Perhaps it is so lovely precisely because it is foredoomed to be so very short. At least Clarence and the town have had their moment; although everything to follow must pale by comparison, an ideal has been set for him and for it. The remembered light of that summer moment will both make all that is to come seem unsatisfactory and dim and serve as a moral inspiration to him.

He faced the austere, enlarged demand to place completion far ahead, if necessary, beyond his own time; beyond any time he could see or realize; but to find his individual fulfillment in acting in accordance with its realization. (342)

Thus the tone of the ending is ambiguous, and those critics who have emphasized the idyllic, utopian quality of the novel have oversimplified and diminished its thematic complexity. It presents an idyllic moment, flawed in its origin, besmirched even in its apparently best moments by evil, and doomed to be brief. The perfect moments are balanced against contrasting tarnished moments, and Clarence discovers the evil that most horrifies Delight within himself. A full and fair reading of the novel demands recognition of the tension between the illusion of the dream and the reality of actual village life and of human frailty which Suckow so skillfully depicts.

Indiana State University

#### NOTES

1. Ruth Suckow, *New Hope* (New York and Toronto: Farrar & Rinehart, 1942), p. 46. All further citations will be to this edition and will be made parenthetically in the text.
2. Leedice McAnelly Kissane, *Ruth Suckow* (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1969), p. 122.
3. Margaret Stewart Omrcanin, *Ruth Suckow: A Critical Study of her Fiction* (Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company, 1972), p. 88.
4. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (New York: The Scribner Library, n.d.), p. 182. The final ellipses are Fitzgerald's.
5. Kissane, p. 126.
6. Omrcanin, p. 152.

## THE SEARCH FOR CONTROL: ELIOT, HEMINGWAY, AND *IN OUR TIME*

JOHN ROHRKEMPER AND KAREN L. GUTMANN

In his 1919 poem, "The Second Coming," William Butler Yeats portrayed the modern era as an age of chaos in which "Things fall apart / the center cannot hold." Those words could function as an epigraph for the twentieth century, and, indeed, have been invoked formally more than once. Many forces contributed to the sense of violent dissolution that marked those early years of the century. The Great War certainly was one, but other social, political, and economic factors also contributed to the feeling that some cataclysmic break with what had seemed to be an orderly past was at hand. The recent past has seemed orderly because of one of the dominating beliefs of nineteenth century Euro-American culture, the belief that change equaled progress. Darwin had argued thus in the biological sciences. Marx's laws of history were posited on the belief. Politically, the nineteenth century seemed to many an age of reform, i.e., an age of gradual and rationally controlled change that spelled political progress. Economically, industrialization seemed to bring ever improving conditions for the rich and poor alike. And the development of colonial trade seemed to bring reciprocal benefits to both colonizer and colonized. While both of these economic assumptions—and perhaps some of the others as well—seem dubious at best today, we should not underestimate the extent to which they were a part of the fabric of nineteenth century belief.

But the abiding faith of the nineteenth century seemed to be both literally and symbolically routed on the fields of European battle. Many of the combatants, in particular, were justified in questioning the very idea of progress, living and dying, as they

were, with such fruits of progress as better bombs and poisonous gas. Change as progress died on the battlefields of the Great War; it was replaced with the idea of change as chaos. And it became the challenge of the survivors to find a way out of the chaos, or at least a way to live in its midst. This challenge motivated one of the great searches of the modern age, the search for control. Certainly such a search was at the center of the art of many postwar writers. T. S. Eliot and Ernest Hemingway were among those who engaged the struggle between chaos and control.

Although Hemingway tended to disparage Eliot, to suggest that his poems lacked some essential greatness, the poet had a powerful influence on Hemingway's generation that the younger writer could not avoid. In fact, the strong echoes of Eliot that we hear in Hemingway's prose—especially the early work—suggest that Hemingway took no great pains to avoid Eliot's influence, particularly the influence of the 1922 masterpiece, *The Waste Land*. Thus, while Carlos Baker suggests that "Ernest was unable to take [*The Waste Land*] seriously" (107), that Hemingway's poem "The Lady With Foot Notes" was a "left-handed" satire on Eliot's poem (134), many others have noted how extensive Hemingway's borrowing from the poem seemed to be. Robert W. Lewis, Jr., for instance, has demonstrated how the use of the rhythms of the natural cycle as structuring device in both *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* closely parallels Eliot's use of it in *The Waste Land* (44). Richard P. Adams, in his essay "Sunrise Out of the Waste Land," demonstrates in some detail the strong stylistic and thematic similarities between the poem and Hemingway's fiction and poetry throughout the twenties.

Such similarities are evident in Hemingway's first major, and arguably finest work, *In Our Time*, published in 1925. This collection of taut short stories, interspersed with brief impressionistic vignettes, reminds us of *The Waste Land* in a number of ways. First, both works share the basic assumption of the power of the Edenic myth in the American consciousness—and in this sense both works are aggressively American despite the use of European settings for much of *In Our Time* and virtually all of *The Waste Land*. Both ironically juxtapose that mythic image with the waste land reality of the modern world. This contrast, in turn, engenders much of the imagery and many of the motifs of both works: the dust and ash of the modern landscape and the

redemptive waters that might revitalize it; and the barren relationships, psychic numbness, and crises of faith of the post-war world.

Furthermore, the two works share similarities in method, particularly in their objectivity. Indeed, as Richard Hasbany has pointed out, Hemingway believed that Eliot's use of the objective correlative in his poems, including *The Waste Land*, made them "perfect in their way" even though he did not consider them great (226). Frederic Svoboda has argued persuasively, in his book, *Hemingway and "The Sun Also Rises": The Crafting of a Style*, that Hemingway relentlessly honed his objectivity through successive drafts of his first novel, but that from the beginning he apparently found a spare objective voice the natural one for his stories, just as Eliot found objectivity appropriate for his poems (33). Finally, Jackson Benson has suggested stylistic and structural similarities between the two works, noting, for instance, that the vignettes placed between the stories function in a way similar to *The Waste Land* "wherein fragments, compressed and seemingly dissimilar, are presented solo, together" (106-107). Like so many of his contemporaries—Faulkner and Fitzgerald among others come to mind—Hemingway seemed to find in *The Waste Land* a model for the emerging modernist literature he sought to create. We can draw an even more specific and, for our purposes, more important parallel between the two writers and their work, however, by briefly examining the ending of Eliot's poem, in which he seems to offer an antidote to the malaise of the waste land in the thunder's command: "Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata" (Give. Sympathize. Control.). Then we can see the ways in which *In Our Time* responds to similar imperatives.

Eliot creates in *The Waste Land* an archetypal image of modern humanity blasted by the war in particular and the dehumanizing aspects of the modern world in general. In a world gone to waste, men and women too have been sucked dry, have become barren of the ability to feel and the power to act.<sup>1</sup> To transcend the waste land, according to Eliot, we first must strip away the self-protecting ego in order to *give* ourselves to another in "the awful daring of a moment's surrender" (49). Having surrendered our ego to another, we may go



beyond ourselves, we may *sympathize*, knowing that all men and women share the common plight of the prisoner: having "heard the key / Turn in the door once and turn once only / We think of the key, each in his prison / Thinking of the key . . ." (49). The last injunction—*Damyata* (Control)—is the final and most important element of the thunder's command. It is final in the sense that it must emanate from giving and sympathy; it is important in that it is proactive, allowing us to manifest the new-found power we assume when we can give and sympathize. It is not the control of brute power, of the will to dominate; rather it is a power that seeks harmony with the world, a control which Eliot beautifully represents with a seafaring image: "The boat responded / Gaily to the hand expert with sail and oar" (49).

Hemingway heard the thunder's words. *In Our Time* is a search for the control that embodies giving and sympathizing, that possesses the subtlety of Eliot's expert helmsman. For both writers the search for control in a world in which "things fall apart / the center cannot hold" began in technique, and Hemingway's technique, both as we read it and as he wrote and spoke of it, is a testament to the modernist search for artistic control. But, for Hemingway, technical mastery was not enough; hence the Hemingway code of "grace under pressure," a prescription for living based on self-control.

In fact, we can read *In Our Time* as a quest for control, a trying out of various kinds of control, a search for the control that is enspirited by giving and sympathy. This quest is evident in the vignettes. The first describes a battery of soldiers on a march. It begins simply: "Everybody was drunk" (13). Even sober, as we see them in later vignettes, the soldiers are out of control, caught in the chaos of a modern war that neither they nor their commanders can understand. In these vignettes Hemingway captures, as well as any writer has, the surrealistic insanity of modern war and the fury of uncontrollable power that it unleashed.

Critics have speculated about the rationale for Hemingway's development of the vignettes, however, for, about midway through the book, their subject shifts to the bullfight. In addition, there are four "wild card" vignettes that deal at least obliquely with social issues: the shooting of two immigrants by a couple of

Irish-American policemen, two scenes of executions with socio-political overtones, and the musings of a deposed king. If we think of the vignettes as various attempts to achieve control, the structure is clear. If war represents an attempt to impose control through violence that destroys all control, the bullfight is a ritualized violence that is highly structured and designed to act out humanity's desire to impose control over nature, and class strife is the struggle for socio-political control. None of these prove successful within the world of the vignettes, however. Without the spirit of sympathy and giving that Eliot found essential, these attempts to achieve control lead only to further chaos: to dead soldiers, matadors, and prisoners. Within the stories of *In Our Time*, however, we see a more nuanced search for control that at least leads to the promise that a rejuvenating order can once more be achieved. This can be seen through a closer look at six stories: the first two Nick Adams stories—"Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife"—that introduce us to young Nick and his family; the next two stories—"The End of Something" and "The Three-Day Blow"—that deal with an adolescent Nick; and the last two—the two parts of "Big Two-Hearted River"—that show us an older and more experienced Nick. For certainly Nick, though he is not a character in every story, is the book's protagonist, and his search for control is the book's search as well.

Appropriately, the first story, "Indian Camp," is an initiation story, an important passage toward manhood for young Nick who has joined his father and his Uncle George on expedition to an Indian camp nearby their summer home in northern Michigan. Nick's father, a doctor, has been summoned because an Indian woman is having problems giving birth. It is a glorious moment for Dr. Adams, a chance to exhibit his expertise to his young son. A Caesarian section is required and the doctor performs it with his only available tools: a jackknife and fishing line improvised from his tackle box. In his exhilaration he brags to George, "That's one for the medical journal" (18), but when he tries to rouse the woman's husband, who has been lying on the bunk above his wife throughout the operation, he discovers that the man has slit his throat. Later, as they walk along the logging road back to the lake, Nick asks "Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"



His father can only respond lamely, "I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess" (19).

Nick's father, for all his expertise in the healing arts, is left powerless to prevent or even understand the man's suicide. Glorifying in his technical expertise, Dr. Adams has missed the compelling human drama that was taking place before him. For all his technical control, he cannot fathom what he has experienced because he lacks the power to *sympathize* with the pain of both father and mother, and so cannot *give* them what they need. Just before the operation Nick had asked "can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" Dr. Adams, in his professional arrogance, responded: "No. I haven't any anaesthetic . . . But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important." (16) In this brief story, Nick is initiated not only to life and death, but to a type of control—a control based merely in technical expertise—that is shown wanting, inadequate to repair the damage caused by human suffering.

As they row home across the lake at the very end of the story, Dr. Adams mans the oars while Nick sits in the stern trailing his hand in the water behind him. Perhaps this image is meant to suggest that although the father possesses a kind of power—here the power to move the boat through the water—he is directionless without the emotional rudder the son's hand might provide. It would appear that it is Nick, his hand symbolically guiding the boat, who might possess the potential to make "the boat respond" as Eliot's image of control would suggest is necessary. "Indian Camp" suggests the ultimate failure of that control that is merely technical and is lacking in the warmth and insight of human sympathy. It also hints at another form of false control—based in inherent sense of one's own social superiority—that will be considered more directly in the very next story, for the object of Dr. Adams' cool, callous professionalism had been an Indian. And a woman.

And in the first part of "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," the control is based on the politics of race and class; in the second part it is based in the politics of gender, of patriarchy. The story begins by exposing Dr. Adams' facile rationalizations that allow him to claim as his own the cut logs that drift free of the steamer that tows them down the lake to the sawmill. The

Doctor decides, as he always does, that these errant logs will never be reclaimed by the logging company—even though they in fact would be—and on this day he orders a hired hand, an Indian named Dick Boulton, to cut them up for cord wood. Boulton obliges, but not without complimenting Dr. Adams on "the nice lot of timber" he has "stolen" (24). Perfectly willing to cut up the stolen timber, Boulton will not let the doctor avoid confronting his own moral culpability. Nick's father unconvincingly tries to justify his actions, then explodes at what he thinks is unwarranted familiarity on the part of the Indian hired hand. He threatens Boulton, but Boulton stares him down, and the doctor stalks off, his sense of his racial and class superiority—and the control he expects to go with it—badly if temporarily frustrated.

He returns to the cottage where his wife questions him about the row:

"Henry," his wife called. Then paused a moment. "Henry!"

"Yes," the doctor said.

"You didn't say anything to Boulton to anger him, did you?"

"No," said the doctor.

"What was the trouble about, dear?"

"Nothing much"

"Tell me, Henry. Please don't try and keep anything from me. What was the trouble about?" (26)

As she continues to quiz him, the doctor loads, unloads, then loads again his shotgun, creating a almost unbearable tension that finally is released with a loud bang as he slams the screen door while leaving the house. Frustrated in both his roles as master and patriarch, only Nick can soothe him by asking his father if they can walk together.<sup>2</sup> Some have argued that this suggests that Nick has consciously cast his allegiance with his father and against his mother. It seems more plausible that Nick has recognized his father's failed attempts at control for what they are, just as he has seen his failure in the Indian Camp. If that is the case, then his offer to walk with his father might well be the budding in Nick of the generous spirit that Dr. Adams lacks, but that is necessary to rejuvenate the modern wasteland.

These first two Nick Adams stories show us several kinds of control that fail to enhance life, fail to rejuvenate and suggest direction, and these really are the seeds of what will become the

destructive attempts at control that propagate the waste land. For in Dr. Adams' technical expertise shorn of humanity are the seeds of the technical marvels of modern weaponry that later will wound Nick in the war; in his petty classism are the seeds of the political strife of various sections of *In Our Time*; in his will to sexual domination is a germ that will grow into the various pictures of frustrated relationships that characterize such stories as "Cat in the Rain" and "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot," in the middle of the book. Throughout the rest of *In Our Time* we and Nick will try out a number of different situations in which control equals domination. They all will be proved wanting.

Nick moves from observer to active participant in the next two stories, "The End of Something" and "The Three-Day Blow." He is now older, an adolescent in his mid- to late-teens, and both stories concern his relationship with his girlfriend, Marjorie. In "The End of Something" Nick and Marjorie are trolling along the river channel, setting markers for night fishing. Nick is moody and irritable and by the end of the story we learn the reason. He wants to break it off with her. When she asks why, he can offer not better reason than "It isn't fun anymore" (34). Nick seems genuinely confused and pained by his feelings, but, when Marjorie leaves, Nick's friend Bill shows up. It becomes obvious that Nick and Bill have rehearsed the break-up and, in "The Three Day Blow," we will see that Bill seemed to have instigated it, to have worked on his friend by arguing that Marjorie is beneath Nick socially, that, in general, women are barriers to a man's freedom and independence. While we still believe in Nick's pain at the break-up, we are less inclined to sympathize with him because of his ultimate complicity with Bill's scheming. As in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," we are presented male-female relationships in terms of power relationships, and Nick, by acquiescing to Bill, has assumed a control that does not feel emotionally right or natural to him. It is a control regardless of rather than mindful of the need for sympathy and giving. It is a control that leads to the end of something rather than a beginning.

In this story Hemingway equates such sexual control with the larger issue of economic control. "The End of Something" begins, "In the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town" (31), and then describes the ways the logging companies pulled

up stakes and abandoned the region after they had clearcut the virgin forest. The consequence of such exploitation is a natural and economic wasteland that is implied in an aptly transformed image of *The Waste Land's* dust: "The one-story bunk houses, and the big mill itself stood deserted in the acres of sawdust that covered the swampy meadow by the shore of the bay" (31, emphasis added). Thus, Hemingway shows us two parallel forms of destructive control, the personal and the public, that will resonate throughout *In Our Time*.

In "The Three-Day Blow," Nick visits Bill on a stormy day when Bill's father is out hunting. There is little to do so they break out a bottle of the father's whisky and begin to talk. Their first topic is the major league pennant races. Their team, the Cardinals, has lost a double header to the Giants and they cynically agree that the Cards don't have a chance as long as the Giants "can buy every good ball player in the league." Carried away by the "grown-up" cynicism that seems beyond their years, Nick suggests that maybe the Giants bought one player because of his talent for losing games, implying scepticism about the integrity of the men who control the game. Clearly they are playing a role that they think complements their drinking. They are playing grown up. They are hard-drinking men who know that the fix is in on everything that matters, that power and control mean buying what or who you want, cheating when you like. They are trying out an attitude that may seem to them mature, but that divorces control from anything like giving and sympathy. After all, this cynicism, which posits a world without values, is the kind of attitude that leads to raped woodlands and the scorched earth of war.

But, as they drink more, Nick can't hold on to his cynicism. he can't help thinking about Marjorie, can't help feeling that his break-up with her was a mistake, can't help grasping at the belief that maybe his actions aren't irrevocable. Here again we see Nick as vulnerable, unsure, even regretful of his actions. Significantly, he becomes aware of the blowing wind outside the cabin at just this moment when he returns to his doubts about his behavior toward Marjorie. Stripped of the cynicism that Bill seems to evoke in him, he seems to discover feelings that are as natural as the wind, as natural as the water in which he held his hand like a rudder in "Indian Camp." Ultimately, in *In Our*

*Time*, Nick will have to discover a kind of control that both is located in the natural world and is natural to him. By the end of "The Three-Day Blow," however, he is brought back into Bill's world, and callously decides that "he could always go into town Saturday night [to see Marjorie]. It was a good thing to have in reserve" (49). It will take his experiences in the war to convince Nick that some things cannot be held safely in reserve, that some events are unchangeable, some decisions irrevocable, some things beyond his control.

In these first four Nick Adams stories, we see Nick encounter many different ways one can seek and exercise control. And in the rest of the stories of *In Our Time*, in most of which Nick is not a character, will see other manifestations of destructive control. It is only at the end of the book, in the two parts of "Big Two-Hearted River," that we see Nick begin to discover that kind of control at which Eliot had hinted in the last lines of *The Waste Land*. Returning from the war and his accumulated wounds, psychic as well as physical, Nick journeys to the northern Michigan of his childhood. On a solitary fishing trip, Nick comes upon the town of Seney, now burned over and reminiscent of the waste land he left behind in Europe and in the war. The town is the objective correlative of Nick's emotional state, which is signalled primarily by the staccato narration, the syntactical over-simplification of the early parts of the story. The language itself is our primary evidence of Nick's tightly reined emotions, his need for control:

Nick was happy as he crawled inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day. This was different though. Now things were done. There had been this to do. Now it was done. It had been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was done. He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing could touch him. (139)

As he moves deeper into nature and farther up the trout stream, the evidence of the fire's destruction diminishes while, simultaneously, the language loosens and Nick's thoughts begin to expand from mere concentration on the details of the very specific task at hand. In fact, it becomes apparent that there are beginning to be things that *can* touch him. Finding himself again, finding a kind of control in his respectful interaction with the timeless rhythms of nature, Nick begins to experience a re-

kindling of his ability to give and sympathize. Two particular scenes—excellent examples of Hemingway's brilliant understatement—suggest this. This first occurs as Nick makes camp on his first night in nature. Making an evening pot of coffee, Nick, for the first time in the story, allows himself to think about his past and is reminded of an old friend named Hopkins with whom he used to fish this same river. Although he has not seen him in years, his memory of Hopkins brings Nick back to human contact and, in homage to his old friend, he decides to make "the coffee according to Hopkins" (142). And the next morning, Nick has his first strike, landing a small trout. Before unhooking and releasing him, Nick wets his hand so as not to disturb the fish's delicate mucus because "if a trout was touched with a dry hand, a white fungus attacked the unprotected spot" (149). In these two small occurrences, on connecting Nick with his human past, the other connecting him harmoniously with nature, Nick tentatively demonstrates his ability to give and sympathize.

Early in the first part of the story, shortly after his arrival in the burned-over area, Nick studied some grasshoppers which apparently had turned black in adaptation to their changed environment. Nick, too, is searching for and begins to find a way to adapt to the postwar wasteland in which, as Eliot wrote, "the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief" (38). He could not change what had happened to Seney and to the land around it, but he could journey up the river, to find the places where nature remained unscarred. Similarly, he could not erase the brutalizing experiences that he and his surrogates throughout *In Our Time* had experienced, but he could journey inward to a place within himself that is natural and free of his own emotional waste land, to a place where he could feel "cool and clear inside himself," as Hemingway describes it in an earlier story (69). The result is not only power, but wisdom as well; not only a knowledge of what is within his control, but, equally important, a respect for what lies beyond it; not only the control to "fish the deeper water," but also the control to know not to fish the "tragic swamp."

*In Our Time*, like *The Waste-Land*, is a work that catalogues the horror of an Eden made over into a wasteland. While Eliot mythologizes the waste land, making a cosmos drawn from

disparate times and places, Hemingway makes it concrete and particular by studying the effects of the waste land on his protagonist, Nick Adams. And, while Eliot offers a generally stated possible solution to the modern dilemma, Hemingway illustrates the ways in which one can once again make the boat respond, not through the power of mere expertise devoid of human feelings, and not through the brute force of domination, but "gaily to the hand expert with sail and oar," the hand which, like that of a wise sailor, seeks not dominion *over* nature, but control which comes from finding harmony *with* it.

*In Our Time* is the quest for a control that is made of and radiates giving and sympathy. It did not end, but commenced a search for Hemingway, for, if nature was a source of consolation and healing—a place where one could learn wise control—it was not the only place where that control would have to be put into practice. In such works as *The Sun Also Rises*, *To Have and Have Not*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway would look to apply the knowledge Nick gains from nature to the even more problematic world of men and women. Hemingway had found a way at least to consider a control based in giving and sympathy and in his later works he would have to fish that particular swamp that is society.

Elizabethtown College

#### NOTES

1. We see such characters in countless other modern works, such as Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, in which Septimus Warren Smith, upon the death of his friend on the battlefield, discovers the terror of the fact he no longer can feel. We see it in Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers* (written before *The Waste Land* appeared) in the character of Chrisfield, and idealistic young man turned into a hollow killing machine as a result of his combat experiences. Eliot did not invent the character type, but certainly the influence of the poem was great.
2. We are to presume that Doctor Adams feels further emasculated by the reading material in the cottage. He is irritated by the sight of his unopened medical journals, while we are pointedly told that his wife is a Christian Scientist and that her Bible, a copy of *Science and Health*, and her *Quarterly* are on a table by her bed, presumably well read. Her religion opposes the medical profession and in that opposition she apparently is more well read than he. Furthermore, the subtle detail that her reading material is "by *her* bed" (emphasis added) suggests that her reading is a substitute for conjugal relations with her husband. Joseph M. Flora calls the confrontation between the couple a "symbolic castration" of the doctor (38).

#### WORKS CITED

- Adams, Richard P. "Sunrise Out of the Waste Land." *Ernest Hemingway: Five Decades of Criticism*, Ed. Linda Welshimer Wagner. East Lansing: Michigan State U P, 1974, pp. 241-51.
- Baker, Carlos. *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*. New York: Scribner's, 1969.
- Benson, Jackson J. "Patterns of Connection and Their Development in Hemingway's *In Our Time*." *Critical Essays on Ernest Hemingway's "In Our Time"*, Ed. Michael S. Reynolds. Boston: G. K. Hall, 1983, pp. 103-19.
- Eliot, T. S. *The Complete Poems and Plays, 1909-1950*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1952.
- Flora, Joseph M. *Hemingway's Nick Adams*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State U P, 1982.
- Hasbany, Richard. "The Shock of Vision: An Imagist Reading of *In Our Time*." *Ernest Hemingway: Five Decades of Criticism*, Ed. Linda Welshimer Wagner. East Lansing: Michigan State U P, 1974, pp. 224-40.
- Hemingway, Ernest. *In Our Time*. New York: Scribner's, 1958.
- Lewis, Robert W., Jr., *Hemingway on Love*. Austin: U of Texas P, 1965.
- Svoboda, Frederic Joseph. *Hemingway and "The Sun Also Rises": The Crafting of a Style*. Lawrence: U P of Kansas, 1983.

## CHICAGO IN STUDS LONIGAN: NEIGHBORHOOD AND NATION

PETER A. CARINO

Few novels evoke a sense of place as powerfully as James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. With cartographic accuracy, Farrell's rendering of the southside Irish-Catholic neighborhood where Studs lives and dies maps out particular streets, parks, schoolyards, and buildings. As Edgar Branch has noted, when Studs cuts through an alley from Wabash to Indiana Avenue, we know we could probably find that alley today (39). This accuracy reveals Farrell's position as an insider whose closeness to his subject matter caused him to confront it personally. Unlike Dreiser or Anderson, outsiders who often wrote of Chicago with a smalltown sense of wonder, Farrell, as native, harbored no illusions about the city as he used Studs's story to escape and purge himself of the southside neighborhood where he grew up. In the words of Danny O'Neill, his autobiographical *persona*, Farrell wrote to "do battle so that others did not remain as unfulfilled as he and his family had been" (*My Days of Anger*, 401). Farrell himself said of Studs, "There but for the grace of God go I" ("How *Studs Lonigan* was Written," 89). In this sense, the Lonigan trilogy reflects intense personal and local interests that contribute to the concreteness and particularity which, for better or worse, are the trademark features of Farrell's novels.

While the concrete particulars of *Studs Lonigan* testify to Farrell's position as native informant, they also empower the trilogy as a sociological examination of the Irish-Catholic milieu and its effect on the young men who lived there. Farrell forcefully creates St. Patrick's parish and the street corners around Charley Bathcellar's poolroom as insular enclaves breeding a narrowminded ethnic chauvinism that stifles the vision and

potential of youth. The neighborhood's insularity also leaves it vulnerable to and intolerant of urban change. With the influx of black families into the Southside, the Irish are dispersed and embittered. *Studs Lonigan*, then, has double focus, combining Farrell's personal commitment with sociological and national issues.

Several critics have commented on the devices Farrell employs to expand the novel's scope beyond the immediacy of Studs and his neighborhood: references to World War I, synopses of popular films Studs sees, lyrics from popular songs, the use of newspaper headlines reminiscent of Dos Passos' *USA*, and allusions to cultural figures of the time such as Woodrow Wilson, Charles Lindberg, Father Coughlin (Moylean in the novel), and Samuel Insull (Imbray in the novel). Like these devices, Farrell's treatment of the setting itself contributes to the realistic presentation of Studs's Chicago while pointing beyond it to advance a critique of modern urban America. As Edgar Branch, David D. Anderson, and Blanche Gelfant all have noted, Farrell uses setting as a means of character development (Branch, 38; Gelfant, 189; Anderson, 43-44). But in addition, he renders setting in such a way that his presentation of Chicago's Irish southside, while preserving his local commitment, expands the scope of the novel to implicate American culture at large in Studs dilemmas.

This double focus is already evident in the trilogy's first novel, *Young Lonigan*. On the one hand, its plot certainly exemplifies Farrell's personal interest in the experience of the individual adolescent growing up on Chicago's Irish-Catholic southside. At fourteen, Studs graduates from St. Patrick's elementary school; beats up the neighborhood bully, Weary Reilly, earning local status as a tough guy; woos and rejects Lucy Scanlon, the adolescent sweetheart who represents his sensitivity and tenderness; and discovers and struggles with his sexuality before losing his virginity with Iris, a promiscuous fourteen-year-old exploited by the 58th St. gang. On the other hand, for all the novel's personal interest in Studs and his adolescent problems, allusions to place juxtapose an earlier America against the grim present of Studs's southside neighborhood, enabling the reader to glimpse the social and historical forces that have shaped the urban environment that shapes Studs.

As is often noted, when Paddy Lonigan sits on his porch reflecting on his son's graduation and his own achievements, his lengthy reverie traces the personal history of the successful immigrant. Paddy recounts his rise from shantytown poverty to middle-class stability as a father, landlord, and independent businessman. Contained in this history, local illusions, while characterizing Paddy, define the social stratification of the city in the late nineteenth century and chart the development that took place in the twenty-odd years before the novel opens. Paddy catalogues the immigrant neighborhood around Blue Island and Archer Avenues, the luxurious mansions of Marshall Field and George Pullman at Nineteenth and Prairie and Eighteenth and Calumet respectively, and the days when 58th St. was still prairie (13-14).

As the specificity of place in Paddy's memory grounds him and the novel in Chicago, his memories of boyhood rock fights, workmen's saloons, and Irish shanties in the Blue Island district are interchangeable with the lower East Side setting of Crane's *Maggie* or the slums of any other American city of the late nineteenth century. Likewise, his references to Field and Pullman recall the success stories of the various merchants, industrialists, and railroad magnates who contributed to the urbanizing of America. Finally, the mention of the prairie reminds the reader of its subjugation to urban development and the subsequent ascendance of money and competition at the expense of the humane values and respect for nature which characterized the potential of an earlier America.

Farrell also takes up the history of settlement with Studs's thoughts, placing the violence of the past against the violence of the city. Hearing the father of one of his friends jokingly brag of fighting Indians as a boy, Studs knows that "what old man O'Brien said couldn't be true, and yet he half believed it was." He then wishes that he, like O'Brien, could fight "through a whole field of Indians, throwing them up for grabs" (96). While the comic boyishness of this fantasy characterizes Studs, Farrell's evocation of the Indians connects the violence of settlement to the violence of Studs's neighborhood. In the gang's beatings of black and Jewish boys, the same impulses surface that in the previous century led to the dispersal of the Indians.

In opposition to the violence of the past, *Young Lonigan* harks back to the possibilities of a younger nation, aligning a vision of nineteenth-century pastoralism with the youthful potential of the boy protagonist. Studs's reveries as he sits in a tree in Washington Park with Lucy Scanlon are commonly cited as evidence of the potential stifled in his actions as an urban tough. With Farrell casting the boy's thoughts of the park in transcendental images, Studs displays an Emersonian capacity to integrate his surroundings into a unifying and fulfilling vision of self and nature:

He glanced about him. He looked at the grass which slid down to the bank, and at the shrubbery along parts of the lagoon edge. He gazed out at the silver-blue lagoon that was so alive, like it was dancing in the sun . . . He listened to the sounds of the park, and it seemed as if they were all, somehow, part of himself, and he was part of them (111-112).

Although the thought and sentiment of this passage belong to Studs, the lyrical language is clearly Farrell's as he manipulates the setting to transform the boy into a "transparent eyeball" attuned to and merged with the visual and audial particulars of Washington Park.

But for all the beauty and potential of Studs's vision, it does him no good, for he must return to the urban neighborhood, where transcendental thoughts of nature and the love for Lucy which inspires them would only brand him "goofy" (passim), the gang's perjorative codeword for sensitivity. Thus, his potential for love and compassion is sacrificed to his need to survive in the urban neighborhood where he must subscribe to tough-guy values which, as Lewis Fried writes, "caricature a malicious, rugged individualism" out of place in a modern urban culture (149).

Much of Studs's loss of possibility and resulting displacement is expressed in terms that illustrate the city dweller's alienation from nature. When at the end of *Young Lonigan*, Studs laments his rejection of Lucy and his better self, Farrell's language conveys the boy's alienation and sense of displacement. The novel closes with Studs first spending a cold, cloudy November day in Washington Park before going home, where he sits

looking out the parlor window, listening to the night sounds, to the wind in the empty tree outside. He told himself he felt like a sad song. He sat there, and hummed over and over to himself . . . [Farrell's ellipsis] *The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia* [the song Lucy sang when she and Studs enjoyed the idyllic day in Washington Park] (201).

With the loss of Studs's youthful potential tied to nature, *Young Lonigan* suggests a loss of national potential in urbanization. Indeed, the urban neighborhood is associated with sadism and filth in Farrell's presentation of the poolroom. Of course, poolrooms are an American stereotype of urban corruption even in the popular imagination—witness *The Music Man*—but Farrell exploits this stereotype with singular effectiveness. The initial poolroom scene in the trilogy, occurring near the end of *Young Lonigan*, is Studs's initiation into manhood. Though wearing the short pants that mark him as a boy, Studs feels "stamped as an equal" (152) when the older toughs let him in on a cruel joke in which they trick an old man into believing some horse manure is a special blend of tobacco. As Branch points out, the boy "attains brotherhood through a sadistic action" (44). In addition to the sadism, the initiation rite is an initiation into filth, for Studs, as the youngest of the group, is elected to pick the manure out of the gutter. So wrapped up in being let in on the joke, he never questions the distastefulness of his actions, and in a telling baptismal scene he feels elated when taken into the poolroom to wash his hands "in the filthy lavatory" (150). Placed against nature as a symbol of the boy's potential, the poolroom scene, with its particular references to the manure and the filthy lavatory, establishes the urban neighborhood as a perversion of nature, foreboding the degeneration and death which are eventually Studs's fate.

While *Young Lonigan* certainly contributes to the critique of America emerging from the whole of the trilogy, by itself the novel lacks the scope to thoroughly examine the plight of the individual in the modern American city. With the point of view limited almost solely to Studs, the ploy grounded in his adolescent problems, and the setting limited to the few blocks around his home, the novel, despite its evocative suggestions, is essentially "a boyhood in the Chicago streets" (its original subtitle).

Nevertheless, *Young Lonigan* adumbrates the larger themes that emerge in the novels following it.

Like *Young Lonigan*, *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* is steeped in personal and local experience. As Donald Pizer deems it, the trilogy's second novel is a "rake's progress" (25), concerned on one level with Studs's personal dissipation, following him through a seemingly endless round of drinking and whoring until he lies drunk and beaten near to death in the street. But in addition, Studs, more and more, becomes locally representative as his erosion parallels that of the Irish-Catholic neighborhood. In its middle-class aspirations, the neighborhood, like its young toughs, valorizes aggressive self-reliance. By the end of the novel, however, the neighborhood no longer exists as the stable pocket of Irish-Catholic Americans presented in *Young Lonigan*. The Lonigans, the Scanlons, the O'Briens, and all the other lace-curtain Irish have moved away, and St. Patrick's church primarily serves black parishioners.

Of course, much of the change on the Southside is recorded in terms of character, but as in *Young Lonigan*, the personal struggles of the characters are firmly grounded in the setting. For instance, almost to the novel's end Paddy Lonigan resists the Irish flight from St. Patrick's parish. When his daughter argues that "the best people . . . are moving to Hyde Park or out in South Shore," he retorts that upon completion of the new St. Patrick's Church, lower Michigan Avenue, where his apartment building stands, will become "a boulevard straight through" (138). Farrell describes the new church, however, in terms suggesting fragmentation and disarray rather than the stability and regeneration which Paddy envisions: a "square red box of dull red brick . . . The edifice was built in no specific architectural style. It was a loot of tradition" (319). At its inaugural mass "four new and totally edified parishioners" are black (320).

The transformation of the neighborhood is further documented in terms of place when Studs returns to visit his old haunts after his father has sold the Lonigan apartments to a black man and moved the family south of Cottage Grove Avenue. Looking to recapture the glory of his youth, Studs tours the neighborhood but finds young black men "gathered around the fireplug, talking, kidding, laughing," on the gang's old corner at 58th. and Prairie (385). Continuing on his walk, he curses the



black family living in Lucy's former home on Indiana Avenue and tries to deny change upon seeing St. Patrick's school: "With this building here, looking the same, things couldn't be changed" (386). Finally, he locates the remnants of the old gang pushed to the far end of Washington Park, where Tommy Doyle bitterly explains, "The jiggs drove us over here" (388).

Intepreted through the Irish, the changes on the Southside are local, exemplifying personal problems, ethnic prejudice, and a failure to understand social forces. Farrell, however, abstracts the reaction of his characters in the sociological analysis of John Connolly, a radical speaker in Washington Park and one of Farrell's surrogates in the novel. Connolly defines the changes in the neighborhood as "interstitial" urban growth, which begins in the center of the city and moves outward creating a pattern of concentric circles—the downtown financial district at the center, the industrial district surrounding it, and both in turn surrounded by residential districts which become more affluent the farther they are from the center. As the inner circles of the financial and industrial districts grow, Connolly explains, "the pressure of growth . . . forc[es] the [the blacks] into newer areas" (313) to find living accommodations to replace those that have been eliminated by the outward expansion of the inner city.

Connolly's analysis, while explaining the plight of the Irish, also accounts for the effect of the urban neighborhood on ethnic groups in general. The young black men whom Stude sees on the streetcorner recall the behavior of the Irish lads, and the novel closes with the telling vignette on Stephen Lewis, a fourteen-year-old black boy who displays the same youthful vitality and hope as the young Studs but who is already being corrupted. He steals from a local grocery and watching the older fellows longs for the day "when he would be big enough to stand on the corner and shoot craps for real money . . ." (412).

Given this parallel, the Irish-Catholic neighborhood of *The Young Manhood* could represent any ethnic neighborhood in any city. On the other hand, the quotidian experience of the protagonist and the ethnic specificity of character and milieu are so painstakingly and concretely detailed that the novel simultaneously resists its own attempts to encompass a larger subject matter. As Ann Douglas has written, "Studs is 'there' as few characters in literature are 'there'" (495). Indeed, most readers

remember his debilitating round of experiences in the streets, poolrooms, brothels, dancehalls, and parks long after the novel's connections to a larger urban America are forgotten.

The protagonist of *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*, then, is more representative of the Irish-Catholic neighborhood than of a larger America. In fact, he literally merges with the setting when after the vengeful beating by Weary at the novel's climactic New Year's Eve party (significantly 1929), he lies drunk and bleeding in the gutter, a bloody carcass frozen in the falling snow, a piece of debris in an urban street scene.

Farrell originally planned *Studs Lonigan* as one novel, which was to include the events of *Young Lonigan* and *The Young Manhood*, to the exclusion of *Judgment Day*. This plan suggests that although aware of the story's larger implications, Farrell was at first more engaged with personal and local concerns. Together the trilogy's first two novels constitute a Chicago story, for despite their broader implications they flatten the larger critique of America under the accumulated weight and inertia of Studs's day-to-day experience. But by the writing of *Judgment Day*, Farrell clearly saw the parallels between the failure of a young man on Chicago's southside and the failure of modern America. He later wrote in an introduction to the novel, "when this trilogy began, Studs was a healthy boy. Now in 1931, Studs is run down. And the American economy no longer seems young and healthy either" (5). Though continuing Studs's story, *Judgment Day* openly invokes a larger America and asserts his experience as representative of the nation. Thus, the novel summons forth and empowers the national critique muted in the earlier novels, and in turn, their accrued energy injects the particularity of the Chicago experience into the larger America presented in *Judgment Day*.

The more ambitious project of *Judgment Day*, of course, required additional treatment of America at large, and many of the techniques which critics cite as expanding the scope of the trilogy—the references to national figures, films, headlines, and popular songs—occur more often in *Judgment Day* than in earlier novels. Similarly, the setting, though still primarily Chicago and though necessarily filtered through Studs's experience, takes on national proportions. But ironically as the setting expands, Studs's possibilities diminish.



As *Judgment Day* opens, Studs is returning to Chicago on a train from Terre Haute, Indiana, where he attended a friend's funeral. Sickly and underweight as a result of the pneumonia he suffered from lying beaten in the snow all night after the New Year's party, he fears his own death but vows to recover the strength and hopes of his youth. Now, however, he aspires to conventional goals rather than to a reputation in the demimonde of the tough guys. He wants to marry and prosper but questions his chances in the face of the Depression. As he looks from the train window, Farrell's narrative rhetoric entwines his fear of death with a dying America, exposing his hope for a successful future as a desperate paliative. The following excerpts from Chapter One, worth quoting at length, illustrate my point:

And then again, the altering picture of flat farmlands, dreary and patched with dirty snow at the end of February, houses, barns, silos, telephone posts, steel towers connecting lines of strung wires, with a row of wintry trees in the distance bare like death, and appearing to speed as swiftly as the train travelled (4).

The train shot up an embankment and rattled along parallel to a cement road. Below he saw a large and shiny automobile, probably a Cadillac, racing even with the smoking car, shooting ahead, slowing down, falling back at a right turn to a road that cut through the dreary fields, regaining its lost speed, darting and forward until he could see only the back bumper and rear end (5).

Another farmhouse light stabbed the darkening obscurity, and to Studs, for the moment that he saw it, it was like some supernatural and all-seeing eye. The train rumbled over a crossroad spanned by the track, and he saw the headlights of an automobile coming forward. He turned from the window, fearing to look out now and continue thinking" (16).

While the perspective and mood, as always, belong to Studs, the narrator's presentation of the setting creates a mournful lyricism. As the descriptions of the setting underscore Studs's personal anxiety, they bind in with a bleak American landscape suggesting not regenerative nature but death. From the train window, the heartland is dreary, stark, and bare, bound by "strung wire," cement roads, and railroad tracks—all images of progress and power. But for all the rattling, rumbling, and

whistling of the train, for all the "shooting ahead" and "darting forward" of the "large and shiny automobile," the machines offer little hope as they move through the shadows of a dead land in a dead season. The machines are in the garden, but the garden is dying around them, while the "supernatural and all-seeing eye"—an image recalling the eyes of T. J. Eckleberg—looks on indifferently.

Once Studs is back in Chicago, similar references to place mark his decline and foreshadow his death. Walking in Grant Park with Catherine, his fiancée, and envisioning future success, he is momentarily inspired by the city's skyscrapers:

And as he stumbled through these thoughts, he seemed to carry in a corner of his mind a fragmentary sense of the buildings standing along Michigan boulevard with all their soaring suggestions of power. And in those buildings, he suddenly realized, there were men with power and money and everything they wanted . . . And he could be like them (45).

Fittingly, Studs is shaken from his reverie by the sound of the wind whipping off Lake Michigan, and when he begins to contemplate the power of the breakers pounding "until the Day of Judgement," he feels weak and is startled by the "screech from an automobile brake" (47). In both cases, he is alienated, disconnected as the sounds of nature and the sounds of the city contend about him.

Throughout the novel, images of the modern city puncture Studs's dreams, accentuating his weakness and feat. As he and Catherine imagine themselves becoming a happily married couple living in "the most wonderful city in the world" and enjoying its coming "Century of Progress," a passing train throws "a flurry of hot cinders" in his face (42). When he proposes and kisses Catherine, he worries that they will be "exposed if an automobile turns a headlight" toward them (46). When after losing most of his money in the stockmarket, he tries to find solace with a peaceful day in the park, a transcendental vision similar to that of *Young Lonigan* is broken by factory whistles (189). Suffering a sleepless night after a quarrel with Catherine, he sees "black buildings" in his mind and is disturbed when he hears "an automobile pass outside" (266). Late in the novel, as the two leave the beach after Studs's heart attack, a

gray Stutz Bearcat, which they momentarily admire, swerves menacingly toward them (346). As Studs desperately looks for a job near the close of the novel, he constantly assaulting by the cacaphony of autos and streetcars in the Loop. And on his deathbed he hears "the exhaust pipe of an antiquated automobile backfire like a gun going off" (392). The images of urban power do not promise success and fulfillment but foreshadow Studs's inevitable failure, and though tied to his individual dilemma, they link him to the many others destroyed in the quest for success in the modern city.

Desperately seeking a job near the novel's end, Studs does not find in the previously inspirational skyscrapers "an office with WILLIAM LONIGAN painted large on the glass window" (351). Rather he confronts clanking elevators, dim hallways, and dismal waiting rooms filled with hapless men on benches, as his experience mirrors that of the unemployed multitudes in the cities of Depression America. Turned away time after time, he ends up in a burlesque house in the seamiest part of the city, where he ejaculates watching the strippers—a symbolically unregenerate act in keeping with Farrell's presentation of the failure of urban America to fulfill the possibilities it seemingly promises. Like the strippers, the city teases but most often leaves the individual alone and degraded.

Farrell has written that as a young man he found confidence in reading Sherwood Anderson, seeing in Anderson's towns the characteristics of his own neighborhood and thinking that it, like Anderson's country towns, could serve as significant material for art ("A Note on Sherwood Anderson," 166). This confidence is evident in the detailed treatment of Studs's daily life in the Southside neighborhood. At the same time, Farrell discovered in the immediate experience of Chicago the significance that later enabled him to refer to the trilogy as "the aftermath in dream of the frontier days" (letter to Sherwood Kohn, quoted by Branch, 60). Combining these visions, the local and the national, Farrell created in *Studs Lonigan* a Chicago which is at once neighborhood and nation.

## WORKS CITED

- Anderson, David D. "The Midwestern City as Reality and Myth." *Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature Newsletter* 11, No. 3 (1981): 35-44.
- Branch, Edgar M. *James T. Farrell*. Twayne United States Authors Series. New York: Twayne, 1971.
- Douglas, Ann. "Studs Lonigan and the Failure of History in Mass Society: A Study in Claustrophobia." *American Quarterly* 29 (1977): 487-505.
- Fried, Lewis. "James T. Farrell: Shadow and Act." In *Jahrbuch für Amerikanstudien*. Eds. Lewis Freid and Yoshinobu Hakutani. Heidelberg: Carl Winter, 1977, 140-55.
- Farrell, James T. "How Studs Lonigan was Written." In *The League of Frightened Philistines and Other Essays*. New York: Vanguard Press, 1945, 82-89.
- . Introduction to *Judgement Day*. 1935; rpt. Cleveland: World Press, 1944.
- . *My Days of Anger*. New York: Vanguard Press, 1943.
- . "A Note on Sherwood Anderson." In *Reflections at Fifty and Other Essays*. New York: Vanguard Press, 1954, 164-68.
- . Prefatory Note to "Studs." In *The Short Stories of James T. Farrell*. Garden City, NY: Sun Dial Press, 1945.
- . *Studs Lonigan*. Modern Library Edition. New York: Random House, 1938.
- Gelfant, Blanche. *The American City Novel*. Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1954.
- Pizer, Donald. *Twentieth-Century American Naturalism: An Interpretation*. Carbondale, IL: SIU Press, 1982.

## HEMINGWAY AND HENDERSON ON THE HIGH SAVANNAS, OR TWO MIDWESTERN MODERNS AND THE MYTH OF AFRICA

DAVID D. ANDERSON

In 1954, the year that a promising young novelist named Saul Bellow left the East to return to his Midwestern roots—those roots being a drab temporary office at the University of Minnesota that he was later to share with a promising young poet named John Berryman—Africa and Ernest Hemingway were much in the news. For Africa, after a century of transition during which the blank spaces on the map of the continent had been filled by Richard Burton, John Speke, Henry Stanley, and others, and they had taken on the shades of red, green, yellow, and pink that marked the course of European empire, the decade of the 1950s was punctuated by explosive change. The literary Africa of the West was no longer that of H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) or even of Isak Dineson's *Out of Africa* (1938) or Peter Viertel's *White Hunter, Black Heart* (1953). The Africa of Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" (1902) and of Joyce Cary's *Mister Johnson* (1939) was coming apart; on the political horizon were struggle, violence, and independence. On the Western literary horizon were Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* (1956) and Robert Ruark's *Something of Value* (1955) and *Uhuru* (1962), and in the far shadows were a number of young African writers, including Wole Soyinka, who was to win the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1986.

In 1953 Ernest Hemingway, just turned fifty-five, had already portrayed himself as the aging, dying Colonel Cantwell in *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950) and metaphorically as the aging, determined Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). Brawny, white-bearded, hypertense, he was a self-styled

"strange old man," as he had described himself to Lillian Ross a few years earlier, using the same words that Santiago later used to describe himself to himself in the novella. In August of 1953 Hemingway began a sentimental journey to the Africa of his young manhood, the Kenya of two decades earlier, to his literary Africa of "The Snows of Kilimanjara" (1936), of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (1936), of *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935), of Western tragicomedies played on an African veldt, under an African sun. With him on the safari was "Miss Mary" Welsh, his fourth wife, on her first journey into his past, and a photographer for *Look* magazine.

Hemingway was returned, too, although he was apparently unaware of it at the time, to his earlier youth, a youth that had marked the course of his life, that had provided the substance of much of his work, and that was part of his psychological baggage that Sunday morning in Idaho in July, 1961. That was the youth of the summers before he went to war in 1918, those spent in Northern Michigan, those that had given birth to his *alter ego* Nick Adams, the adolescent who also went to war, and who was to grow, too, into the *personae* of Jake Barnes, of Frederick Henry, of Robert Jordan, of Thomas Hudson as well as those of Colonel Cantwell and Santiago.

Hemingway's Africa, like his Michigan of forty years earlier, was not only setting for some of his best short fiction, but it remained the place that both stirred his imagination and introduced him to the reality, the brutal innocence thinly overlain with an arbitrarily-imposed order, that was to become Hemingway's fictional and self-created world. In Michigan early in the century and Kenya a generation later, Hemingway saw violence omnipresent in the shadows, life reduced to a primitive simplicity, and uncluttered, passionate sex adolescently alive and readily available in the twilight.

Hemingway's life, like his work, had been characterized by the restless movement, the continual search, for an elusive fulfillment, an impossible permanence, a dream perhaps unfulfillable, that has characterized much of the writing—and the lives of many of the writers—who had come out of the Midwest to dominate American literature in the late 19th century and much of the twentieth. Hemingway and his people, like Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson before him, his contempo-

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Louis Bromfield, Glenway Wescott, and others, and his successors as diverse as Saul Bellow and Wright Morris, had come out of the Midwest on a search in their lives and works for meaning, for what could best be described as a living past. In Spain, in Africa, in war, and beyond, Hemingway was convinced in his youth that he could find it. In his last African safari he was convinced that he had.

In Kenya in the Fall of 1953 Hemingway felt that he had truly come home, at once a resentfully aging Papa and an eager, active hunter. He shot his lion, his zebra, his gerenuk, and he prided himself that he had killed each with one shot. But he didn't shoot well, missing more often than not, and he was concerned.

Also concerned was Miss Mary, but for different reasons, as she recalled in *How It Was*. At one point he talked about "going native," as he had attempted to do on occasion in the Northern Michigan of his youthful summers. He contemplated taking a "new wife," Debba, a Wakamba girl from a nearby village, reminiscent, perhaps, of the three-quarters Indian girl, Prudence Boulton, with whom he first had sex and who figured in some of his early short stories. When Mary returned from a Christmas shopping expedition to Nairobi, she found that Ernest had shaved his head, laying bare his old scars, that he had dyed his clothes in bright native colors, that he had hunted with a spear, had killed a leopard savagely in the brush, then popping a bit of its shoulder blade into his mouth, that in the ensuing celebration Mary's cot had been broken and replaced, that finally Ernest had taken a carload of girls, including Debba, into the village, bought them dresses as presents, and sent them home.

In lieu of a Christmas present for Mary, Ernest promised her a flying trip to the Belgian Congo, a place she wanted to see. They celebrated Christmas with candles on a thorn tree, presents, spaghetti, and gossip. Finally they left for the Congo on January 21, flying, in a Cessna 180 from Nairobi. Both felt their concerns ease. (464-471)

No hint of these concerns appears in "Safari," Hemingway's account of the first five weeks and 2,000 miles of the journey, that appeared in *Look* for January 26, 1954. Echoes of the old Hemingway abound:

The never-ending monsoon was breaking the sea white over the reef outside Mombasa as we came in through the channel. The hills rose green beyond the harbor and the white town and that night the rain beat on the roof of the hotel and there were pools of water in half-finished streets when we started out in the morning for the upper country. (20).

And again, deep in the bush:

There were only seventeen warriors with their spears, and that is much too few to surround three lions. We tried it; but the lions broke through and I shot the lioness. It would have been easier to shoot the lion but the lioness was the killer that they wanted. Once she was dead, the spearmen did not press the hunt. They had stimulated themselves by drinking a potion brewed from the bark of a certain tree, and as they had to wait for us the effect had worn off. (25)

And again, at the moment of truth:

As we came down the dusty road to the first camp of the trip we met the game ranger who said very cheerily, "Would you like to kill a rhino? If you don't I'll have to. Some sod wounded him in the leg and he's been charging all the traffic of the locals. I've just located him.

"Where is he?"

"Just down the road."

He came at a trot that turned into a gallop. I let him come much further than it was good for either of us in order to be truly sure. As the .577 fired he whirled with the shot and you could not see him in the rising of the red dust. (29)

Equally evident if less eloquent are the symptoms of an aging Hemingway as moments of petulance creep into the text: zebra running at night are "zebra moving as they do not in El Morrocco;" the sky clouded over and "The mountain [Kilimanjaro] did not show itself for three weeks. Then one morning it was there and it looked nothing like the Snows of Zanuck. There was not even much snow . . .," and again, "Philip has only one defect. He is going to die as all of us will . . ." Finally, he concludes with a photo caption in prose worthy of the old Hemingway, punctuated by echoes of his aging:

The guinea fowl is perhaps the strongest and smartest living thing in Africa if we exclude the cockroach and the lion fly that

you cannot kill without a spanner. This is a hawk killing a guinea. The hawk dived on the flock and broke them. They regrouped and he broke them again and drove his talons into this bird. Then the hawk left the bird, gained altitude and dropped like a plummet with his claws set forward. The guinea was tough and took the thrusts and went into a thick bush. The hawk went in after him in the thorn, pecking, hitting with both feet and smashing the bush with his wings. The other guineas regrouped and went away fast seeming to discuss the incident with their cackling as they ran. The hawk started to eat the guinea alive and the guinea protested vocally. Finally the hawk picked the guinea up and flew with him to the road where he continued to feed on him and the guinea continued to protest. They were obviously of different tribes. Watching this action I was not wholly sure of the white man's role in Africa. (34)

Through the agency of a young game warden, Denis Zaphiro, Ernest had been appointed Honorary Game Warden for the Kimana Swamp region of Kenya, and in spite of the Mau Mau emergency, he took his responsibilities seriously, substituting for Denis when he was away. In early January the Christmas trip for Mary had been postponed while Ernest investigated complaints of marauding wildlife. He was pleased with the title and accepted the temporary responsibilities gladly, referring to them in the second of his articles for *Look*.

While *Look* for January 26 was on the newsstands, on January 24, 1954, Africa and Hemingway were in headlines worldwide. The Cessna, with Miss Mary, Ernest, and pilot Roy Marsh, was down near Murchison Falls in Uganda; a circling BOAC pilot had spotted the wreckage but could see no signs of survivors; the Hemingway legend was believed to have come to an appropriate end. Obituaries already written were taken out of the files, filled in with relevant dates, places, and incidents, and duly printed.

But the obituaries were premature: the three had survived, Mary with cracked ribs and shock, Ernest with a strained shoulder, and Marsh with bruises. After a fitful night, they were discovered by a small excursion boat that took them to Butiaba on Lake Albert by late afternoon, and a local bush pilot offered to fly them to Entebbe. As night fell, they went to the airstrip.

But the second plane, a De Havilland, lurched suddenly on the rough airstrip, stopped, and burst into flames. Mary, Marsh,

and the pilot escaped through a forward window Marsh kicked out; Ernest literally butted his way through a jammed door. Once more they were alive but battered, and a policeman drove them fifty miles to a hotel in Masinda, a drive which Ernest later described as "the longest ride of my life." The next day they were driven the hundred miles to Entebbe.

Mary had added a wrenched knee to her injuries; Ernest was seeing double, he had trouble hearing, and could not stop coughing. He vomited often and his head was seriously injured. Later in the week they flew to Nairobi. Ernest, it was learned, had a concussion, a ruptured liver, spleen, and kidney, temporary hearing and vision loss, and various strains and sprains.

In Nairobi Ernest read the obituaries and tributes that had dominated the news, he wrote letters that exhibited a combination of stoic acceptance, bravado, and sentimentality, and he dictated a 15,000 word article for *Look*. It was published as "The Christmas Gift," in two parts, April 20 and May 4, 1954, together making up what Ernest called "a true and humorous account of the late unpleasantness in Uganda."

The account is true but humor is badly strained, particularly in the three dream sequences reported in part two: Ernest's affair with a lioness who became his fiancée, his bare-footed hunt with his "second-best spear" for wild dogs, and an encounter in the bush with Senator Joseph McCarthy. The prose is uneven and circumlocutory; in the telling, he refuses to take his injuries seriously; and he concludes with comic references to the obituaries. He reads them in the toilet and "... would like to say that I dropped them and flushed them away." However, he writes that they're preserved in scrapbooks bound in zebra and lion skin, and "I intend to read them at least once a year in order to keep my morale up to par when the critics have recovered their aplomb and return to the assault."

His preoccupation with the obituaries is a curious echo of his letter to his parents from a hospital bed in Milan on August 19, 1918, after having been wounded a month earlier. Being wounded, he wrote, is "the next best thing to getting killed and reading your own obituary." (*Letters*, 120)

The remarkable thing about the account of the crashes is neither its truth nor its strained humor but the professionalism that drove Hemingway to complete it. He remained in pain, as

he was to for more than a year. But before the articles appeared he and the others went to the sea for some fishing, a trip recounted by Mary Welsh Hemingway. Helping to fight a brush fire near the camp, he stumbled into the flames and suffered second-degree burns.

Finally, in constant pain, he and Mary sailed for Venice; at sea, Ernest kept to his cabin. In late March they arrived at Venice, and then drove on to Nice and finally Madrid. By early summer they were in Cuba, where Ernest, twenty pounds lighter, insisted that he was already homesick for Africa. He wrote letters; he followed a rigorous therapy program, and he talked at every opportunity about the craft of fiction and about Africa. He was determined to write well and to return to the high plains at the first opportunity. On July 21, 1954, in Havana, he was awarded the Order of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, and there was talk of the Nobel Prize. He began to write again, of Africa, in what might become a novel. The text was permeated with journalism, and it told of an African girl who resembled the Prudy Boulton of his youth. (491-508 and 512-521)

In the Fall, while the promising young writer named Bellow was unpacking his books in Minnesota and the myths of Hemingway the tough guy and Hemingway the corpse were being replaced by that of Hemingway the indestructible, talk of Hemingway's receiving the Nobel Prize continued, and on October 28 an announcement from Stockholm made it official: he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1954. He was pleased and yet irked by the citation. Clearly his work was at odds with the stated purpose of the award—to honor writers whose work reflected idealistic tendencies—and Hemingway had been passed over for that reason in the past. But, although the committee dismissed his earlier work as "brutal, cynical, and callous," he was praised for his influence on modern fictional style, for his awareness of the role of "heroic pathos" in modern life, for his "natural admiration for every individual who fights the good fight . . ." In the citation there are undertones of another Hemingway obituary.

Hemingway's physical condition prevented him from receiving the prize in person, but he recorded an acceptance speech. Among other things, he said, "For a true writer each book should be a new beginning where he tries again for something that is

beyond attainment." But he spent much of the new year in pain. He was never to return to Africa although he talked about it often and planned an aborted trip in the Fall of 1956. In the five years that remained to him, however, he neither finished nor published a major book. Among other manuscripts, he left behind an untitled, unfinished, unfocused book on Africa. (521-525)

Hemingway's Africa was clearly as much a territory of the mind and spirit and imagination as it was geographical reality; it was the Africa of myth as much as it was of green hills and high savannas and shooting safaris. It was neither the Africa of empire, of Speke and Burton and Stanley and other imperial emissaries, nor was it that of *Mau Mau* and *Uhuru* and bodies rotting along dusty roads. It was the Africa that, as he later wrote in *The Garden of Eden*, begins at the Pyrenees, echoing Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote three centuries earlier that "We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: There is Africa and her prodigies in us." It is the Africa, too, for which Pistol yearns in *Henry IV*, Part II, when he says, "A Footra for the World and Wordlings base, I speak of Africa, and Golden joys;" it is the Africa that one can smell from the top of the Spanish steps in Rome when the sirocco blows, the Africa that existed for an eighteen-year-old American who came ashore in Algeria in the Fall of 1942, concerned not with the reality of French mortar fire but with the wonder of Africa.

Hemingway's Africa is that of the collective imagination of the Western World; it is the Africa of wonder, defined in a language that Northrop Frye has called "the only possible language of concern . . .;" it has, in Frye's words, "more to do with vision and with an imaginative response than with . . . evidence and sense experience." (40) And, in the Western imagination as in Western headlines, Ernest Hemingway himself, grizzled, gray-haired, gigantic, indestructible, spear in one hand, gin bottle in the other, strides through a landscape as gigantic, as fearsome, as fascinating as himself.

This is the Africa, this is the Hemingway, of psychological reality for two generations of Americans, even while we know the contradictory facts, the Africa and the Hemingway who dominated the literary world of midcentury America, the Hemingway and the Africa that captured the imagination of that 18-year-old American in 1942 and that of the young writer in

Minnesota a decade later, for whom Africa existed only in his memory as the subject of the anthropological studies that he rejected when he found that "every time I worked on my thesis, it turned out to be a story," the Africa of Anthropology Professor Melville J. Herskovits, under whom Bellow studied at Wisconsin in 1937. But for Bellow it was also the Africa that captured the imagination of the West at midcentury, the Africa in which Hemingway looms, larger than life.

Whether or not the momentous happenings of 1953 and 1954 in Africa and Stockholm turned Bellow's attention to the substance of his next novel, it is impossible to say; certainly, Bellow had not yet visited Africa, and the years in Minnesota were very busy: he published short fiction, including "A Father-to-be" in *The New Yorker* in 1955, "The Gazanga Manuscripts" in *Discovery* in 1956, "Leaving the Yellow House" in *Esquire* in 1958; he published *Seize the Day*, a novella that was a remnant of his last sojourn in New York in *Partisan Review* and in book form in 1956; he taught; he received a second Guggenheim award in 1955-56; and he married for the second time, to Alexandra Tschachbasov, known as Sondra, in 1956. He looked after, listened to, and worried about his friend John Berryman. In 1958 he published "Henderson the Rain King," a novella that, revised, was to become chapters I-IV in the novel, in *Hudson Review*, and "Henderson in Africa," an early version of chapters X-XIII, in *Botteghe Oscure*. That same year he received a two-year Ford Foundation grant to finish *Henderson the Rain King* as a novel. It was published by Viking early in 1959.

As the novel opens, the protagonist, Eugene Henderson, describes himself in terms and incidents reminiscent of Ernest Hemingway, larger and more legendary than life, in 1953 and 1954: "When I think of my condition at the age of fifty-five," Henderson says of himself, "all is grief . . . Six feet four inches tall. Two hundred and thirty pounds. An enormous head, rugged with hair like Persian lamb's fur. Suspicious eyes, usually narrowed. Blustery ways. A great nose . . . In my own way I worked very hard. Violent suffering is labor, and often I was drunk before lunch . . . I was too old for combat duty [in the war] but nothing could keep me from it . . ." (3-4) Henderson's red velvet dressing gown, purchased on the Rue de Rivoli as a badge of

liberation, echoes Hemingway's "red Emperor's robe" that he wore on symbolic occasions, including the morning of his death.

The Africa to which Henderson flees, from an America grown too complex, Bellow's Africa, is that which lies beyond human experience, beyond Midwestern American experience—Bellow was not to visit Africa until more than a decade after the publication of *Henderson the Rain King*—and yet, in its emphasis on space and time and movement, at the heart of it. Henderson's Africa, Bellow's Africa is, like Hemingway's Africa, the ultimate goal that had taken a people across an ocean, across mountain ranges, across a continent; Africa, like the West, the City, the New World, had become for Henderson as for Hemingway not the end of the search but a new beginning—for manhood, for trophies, for lost youth, for fulfillment. Henderson's Africa, like Hemingway's, is as much a territory of the mind and the memory and the imagination as it is of geography. Hemingway's Africa is that of his own memory transmuted into his own legend; Bellow's Africa, that in which Henderson pursues himself, is woven of a different memory, that of an anthropological reality transmuted into metaphysical place and time.

The Africa to which Henderson, rich, aging, searching, turns in his pursuit of sanity and of life, both of which his America and his marriage had denied him, is that which refracts prismatically the America he leaves behind him. It promises a direct object to the insistent and persistent "I want, I want, I want," of the voice within him. It is the Africa, too, that he cannot find on a photo-taking expedition with his friends, but ultimately it is the Africa that tells him "how bountiful life is."

But his decision to go to Africa and then to go beyond the tourist's Africa is his flight as much as his search:

America is so big, and everybody is working, making, digging, bulldozing, trucking, loading, and so on, and I guess the sufferers suffer at the same rate. Everybody trying to pull together. I tried every cure you can think of. Of course, in an age of madness, to expect to be untouched by madness is a form of madness, too. (25)

The Africa to which Henderson travels, in which he looms larger, more American, more obsessed and obsessive than life, is the Africa of Hemingway's extended metaphor of the hawk and

the guinea fowl, of the Africa of two tribes, the peaceful Arnewi, and the violent Wariri, to each of which, in turn, his Christian African guide, Romilayu, leads him. And to each, Henderson, an American, of the nation that gave the Marshall Plan and green revolutions to the world, wants to be helpful. But again, practical, he expects aid in return. "... this will be one of those mutual-aid deals," he tells himself; "where the Arnewi are irrational I'll help them, and where I'm irrational they'll help me." (87)

The Arnewi, cattle raisers, are suffering from drought. After Henderson gains acceptance by ritualistically wrestling and defeating Prince Itelo and is welcomed by the one-eyed Queen Willatale who tells him that he is dominated by *grun-tu-molani*, translated as "man who wants to live," he finds the source of their problem: cattle are dying of thirst, but paradoxically their cistern, while full of water, is also full of frogs. They are forbidden to remove the frogs, and they cannot permit their cattle to drink the water.

Henderson's response is as the immediate, practical American; he is an outsider, not bound by taboos; the Arnewi "... might have the wisdom of life, but when it came to frogs they were helpless." (87) He will filter them out or poison them. Then, more practically, using the explosive powder from his cartridges, a flashlight, his military training, and old memories of a mad bomber in New York, he constructs a primitive bomb.

But assistance becomes disaster; as the bomb explodes, the retaining wall collapses, and frogs and water spread out over the sand: "It was a moment of horror," Henderson says, "with the cows of course obeying nature and the natives begging them and weeping, and the whole reservoir going into the ground." (109) Princess Mtalba, with whom Henderson had begun a mild flirtation in response to her admiration, tells him "*Aiik, Yelli Yelli*," ("Goodbye for ever"), (111) and Henderson has no choice but to go on through difficult terrain and continuing melancholy to the Wariri.

Among the Wariri, people of the lion, Henderson finds after a ten-day trek a people and a world more nearly his scale. First, he is ambushed: "A dozen guns massed at you is bad business, and therefore I dropped my .375 and raised my hands. Yet I was pleased just the same, due to my military temperament." (117)

The tribesmen are tough, and he and Romilayu are marched to the village, where "We waited, and for a violent person waiting is often a bed of troubles . . ." (119)

For Henderson the immediate trouble is a painfully damaged dental bridge, the result of biting into a hard biscuit, leading him to wonder, "Maybe you've lived too long, Henderson." (129) But the subsequent troubles are worse: he and Romilayu are confined in a hut together with a corpse. Henderson escapes to dump the body into a ravine, but he is recaptured, and he, Romilayu, and the corpse are restored to their original relationship. Finally, however, he is taken to King Dahfu, speaker of African English, descendant of kings turned maggots turned lions turned men, educated in Syria, leader of amazons, like an earlier Henderson, unhappy. His tribe, like their distant kinsmen the Arnewi, are victims of drought. In conversation with him, Henderson finds a moment of truth:

... Christ! What a person to meet at this distance from home. Yes, travel is advisable. And believe me, the world is a mind. Travel is mental travel . . . What we call reality is nothing but pedantry . . . the world of facts is real, all right, and not to be altered. The physical is all there, and it belongs to science. But then there is the noumenal department, and there we create and create and create . . . Oh, what a revelation . . . (167)

But Henderson's reality among the Wariri is not to create but to move a statue, literally rather than metaphorically to cause it to travel. The Wariri have a ritual by which the drought is combatted: after a game played by the king and an amazon with two skulls, after cattle sacrifices and ritual dances, the tribe's strong men begin to lift and move the tribe's gods—statues of the gods of air, mountains, fire, water, sickness, birth, and death, each larger and heavier than its predecessor. Finally the strongest moves Hummat, the mountain god, but fails to move Mummah, the goddess of clouds. Henderson, a bit wary after his failure among the Arnewi, nevertheless volunteers; his great strength is adequate; he moves the statue twenty feet. The clouds come, followed by the rains, and Henderson is king of the rain—the Sungo, the rain king.

Like Ernest Hemingway, Honorary Game Warden for the Kimana region of Kenya, Henderson-Sungu takes his responsi-



bilities seriously: he becomes the king's confidant; he wears the appropriate transparent trousers over his jockey shorts; he is introduced to Atti, the king's lioness, who lives under the palace; he learns, too, that the king must capture a cub in order to verify his kingship.

Of most importance, Henderson learns that he is in charge of the tribe's fertility; while cheers echo in the market place, he sprinkles water on aspiring mothers, and they chant "Sungu! Aki Sungu," or "Great White Sungu." His friendship grows with the king, who shares with Henderson the knowledge he has gained from extensive if untutored reading and the pondering that relates it to life. With overtones of Wilhelm Reich, of William Blake, of Lamarck, he tells Henderson what he has learned:

"Sungu," he said, "listen painstakingly, and I will tell you what I have a strong conviction about . . . The career of our species is evidence that one imagination after another grows literal. Not dreams. Not mere dreams. I say not mere dreams because they have a way of growing actual. At school in Malindi I read all of Bulfinch. And I say not mere dream. No. Birds flew, harpies flew, angels flew, Daedalus and son flew. And see here, it is no longer dreaming and story, for literally there is flying. You flew here, into Africa. All human accomplishment has this same origin, identically. Imagination is a force of nature. Is this not enough to make a person full of ecstasy? Imagination, imagination, imagination! It converts to actual. It sustains, it alters, it redeems! You see," he said, "I sit here in Africa and devote myself to this in personal fashion, to my best ability, I am convinced. What *Homo sapiens* imagines, he may slowly convert himself to. Oh, Henderson, how glad I am that you are here! I have longed for somebody to discuss with. A companion mind. You are a godsend to me." (217)

King Dahfu has become not only Henderson's friend but, like Einhorn in *The Adventures of Aggie March* and later Von Humboldt Fleisher in *Humboldt's Gift*, he has become Henderson's mentor. Like others he is a man of experience and learning; he is that recurring Bellowian wise man who can create the vision for Bellow's heroes that they cannot construct or call up for themselves.

Dahfu instructs Henderson in the art of becoming a lion in the tradition of Wariri royalty. Henderson roars convincingly.

Finally, Henderson learns that he can write to his wife, that he has learned to come to terms with his life:

. . . I thought I had lost my opportunity to study my life with the aid of a really wise person . . . But I love Dahfu, king of the second tribe we came to. I am with him now and have been given an honorary title King of the Rain, which is merely standard, I guess, like getting the key to the city from Jimmy Walker used to be. A costume goes with it. But I am not in a position to tell you much more . . . (283)

He tells her, too, that, like Dahfu, he will study medicine on his return, that through Dahfu he has learned that "I once had a voice that said I want! I want? It should have told me *she* wants, *he* wants, *they* want. And moreover, it's love that makes reality reality. The opposite makes the opposite." (286) But the last pages of the letter, he later learns, have been lost before Romilayu mails them.

Henderson has begun to learn to love when Dahfu invites him to join in the traditional king's pursuit of a young male lion, captured and released earlier and believed to be the reincarnated late king, Dahfu's father. If he captures the lion alone, his kingship will be validated. But the elaborate trap falters, and the king falls onto the lion and is badly mauled. With his last breath, Dahfu announces that not only is the lion not his reincarnated father, but Henderson-Sungu will be the next Yassi, the king. He has inherited Dahfu's amazons, and he must capture the lion into which Dahfu's soul has passed. The cub has been captured; it will be released so that Henderson-Sungu-Yassi can recapture it at maturity.

But Henderson suspects that the King's death had been murder, that the trap had been tampered with, and he manages to flee with Romilayu, determined to go home with his new knowledge. And with him he takes the cub who is Dahfu. In ten days, ill with fever, he is in Barentai; then after two weeks of recovery, he travels by jeep to Harar, where he leaves a reluctant Romilayu, and then goes by plane to Khartoum and, by stages punctuated by his gaunt, bearded sightseeing, by indignant and doubtful customs and passport officials, he arrives in England. With the lion in a basket, Henderson boards a stratocruiser, the last of the great propeller planes, in London for New York.

But one last scene remains: Henderson befriends an orphan boy on the plan. When it stops in Newfoundland for refueling, Henderson takes the child, an American who can only speak Persian, for a walk. Suddenly, exuberantly, with the boy in his arms, he begins to run:

... to me he was medicine applied, and the air, too; it also was a remedy. Plus the happiness that I expected in Idlewild . . . And the lion? He was in it, too. Laps and laps I galloped around the shiny and riveted body of the plane . . . I guess I felt it was my turn now to move, and so went running—leaping, leaping, pounding and tingling over the pure white lining of the gray Artic silence. (340-41)

Literally and metaphorically Henderson, like Hemingway, has returned from the dead. He has passed through the two tribes of his exile, having interfered, having survived, having come to terms with his humanity and his mortality. Carrying with him all we can know of immortality, the living mythical incarnation of his friend and mentor, and the child to whom he can only communicate love, Henderson celebrates exuberantly his triumph—if only for a moment—over space, over time, over the wasteland of his time.

Out of Burton and Speke and Herskovits and the other anthropological giants of his youth, Bellow has constructed an Africa that is, as he later told Herskovits, "serious business." But it is the serious business of myth, the serious business through which Henderson, like Hemingway, moves larger than life, creating at the same time, like Hemingway, a myth in which he can survive and a context in which we, like Hemingway reading his obituaries in Nairobi, like Henderson bounding through the Arctic silence, can, however fleetingly, transcend our mortality.

It would be nice to speculate on Hemingway's reaction, had he read *Henderson the Rain King* after its publication in 1959, whether he would have recognized the obvious parallels, and if he had whether he would have chuckled, or, more characteristically, been furious. But all the evidence is the contrary. Although he had recovered sufficiently from the crashes to travel several times to Europe, once to Peru, and several times between Cuba and Idaho, and although he wrote furiously—on the African book, in which a young African girl reminded him of

Prudy Boulton of his youth, on a book on bullfighting, on *A Moveable Feast*, on *Garden of Eden* and on *Islands in the Stream* (working title: *The Island and the Stream*), by the summer of 1959 he began the decline, physically and psychologically, that was to take him twice to Mayo Clinic, where he underwent shock treatments, and to that Sunday morning of July 2, 1961, in Idaho, when, clad in his red emperor's robe, he blew his head off.

Bellow visited Africa in 1970, like Hemingway and Henderson, with friends, but only once more, in 1978, in a short story entitled "A Silver Dish" did he write again, however briefly, about Africa. His central character, Woody, a travelled, sensitive South Chicago businessman, ruminates about the death of his father and mourning and death, in terms reminiscent of Hemingway if not Henderson:

... there was an African experience that was especially relevant to mourning. It was this: on a launch near the Murchison Falls in Uganda, he had seen a buffalo calf seized by a crocodile from the bank of the White Nile. There were giraffes along the tropical river, and hippopotamuses, and baboons, and flamingoes and other brilliant birds crossing the bright air in the heat of the morning, when the calf, stepping in the river to drink, was grabbed by the hoof and dragged down. The parent buffaloes couldn't figure it out. Under the water the calf still threshed, fought, churned the mud. Woody, the robust traveler, took this in as he sailed by, and to him it looked as if the parent cattle were asking each other dumbly what had happened. He chose to assume there was pain in this, he read brute grief into it. On the White Nile Woody had the impression that he had gone back to the pre-Adamite past, and he brought reflections on this impression home to South Chicago . . . (192)

Like Hemingway's memory of the hawk and guinea fowl, like Henderson's experience of the two tribes, Bellow's memory of Africa has become one with the human experience. And his traveling, like Henderson's a decade earlier and Hemingway's trip into his past before that, is a journey of the mind, a journey of vision and imagination, expressed in Frye's terms, in "the only language of concern." Hemingway's reality, although he would deny it, is of the memory, transmuted by talent and imagination, into myth, the point at which Bellow's African reality begins and ends.

Michigan State University

## WORKS CITED

- Bellow, Saul. *Henderson the Rain King*. New York: Viking Press, 1959.
- Bellow, Saul. "A Silver Dish," in *Him With His Foot in His Mouth and Other Stories*. New York: Viking Press, 1984. Originally published in *The New Yorker*, September 28, 1978.
- Fry, Northrop. "Literature and Myth," in *Relations of Literary Study*, James Thorpe, ed. New York: the Modern Language Association of America, 1967.
- Hemingway, Ernest. "the Christmas Gift," Parts I and II, in *Colliers Magazine* 18, April 20 and May 4, 1954.
- Hemingway, Ernest. "Safari," in *Colliers Magazine* 18, January 26, 1954.
- Hemingway, Ernest. *Selected Letters*, Carlos Baker, ed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1981.
- Hemingway, Mary Welsh. *How It Was*. New York: Ballentine Books, 1975.

THE LADIES OF WAYNESBORO  
(A.K.A. XENIA), OHIO

ELLEN SERLEN UFFENN

It is no mistake that the title of this study mingles the real and the fictional, the geographical fact of Xenia, Ohio, and its midAmerican, middleclass, Republican and otherwise conservative fictional counterpart, the Waynesboro of Helen Hooven Santmyer's "... *And Ladies of the Club*." Any college freshman, armed with the ready clichés of a term of literature, knows that fiction, in some degree and at some level, was once true. It begins as real experience and emerges, after some magical authorial assimilation and imaginative filtration, metamorphosed into a universe of words. It is now not-true in any literal sense. To be not-true, of course, is not to be false. Fiction makes vivid and valid comments about our reality, so much so that it often compels us, for the space of the reading, to accept as real what we know is not. There is some fiction, however, which goes even a step further, and seems less to comment on reality than to be it or, at least, to call extraordinary attention to its former existence as fact. Santmyer's Waynesboro, our case in point, is closer to Xenia than is supposed to happen.

"... *And Ladies of the Club*" is ostensibly the story of the experience of two women throughout much of their lives in Waynesboro. But this is hardly a gossipy "women's novel." It is not so much a private history as it is a social, economic, and political panorama of America from 1868 to 1932, from the post-Civil War years of adjustment to the pre-World War II years of the Great Depression, with Waynesboro and its citizens as the microcosm of that emerging modernism. It is fitting, then, that the book should be immersed in the quotidian. Fashions, furniture, architecture are described frequently and in detail by the

narrator. But always in the service of the larger historical interest. The people in the novel themselves rarely discuss their surroundings. There is no need to; what is trivial or taken for granted in its time only in our time becomes significant. There is even little space taken for such personally meaningful occasions as weddings or births. These are often tossed off as literary asides, much after they have actually happened. If a funeral plays an extended narrative role, it is the death of a Civil War officer that is worth the space and, even here, not particularly because that officer was himself important so much as that his death signals the diminution of another part of the past. A great deal of narrative time is also taken up with politics; conventions and elections and the concerns and machinations preceding them are discussed at great length. But this is not surprising. Politics played a particularly formidable role in the real Ohio of the time span covered by ". . . *And Ladies of the Club*." As Vance Borjaily reminds us in his review of the book, in those sixty-four years, Ohio supplied half of our presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft and Harding.

History, then, real history and its inexorable movement, is what interests Santmyer. Personal events yield to their context. Yet history functions here not as it does in novels concerned most with character development, simply as a backdrop to action or the contextual matrix in which action happens. Here it is rather the force responsible *for* the action. History in this novel causes the action, contains it, and moves it. Characters operate within it and not, again as is true of most fiction, extra-historically. For instance, Sally Cochran Rausch, who, along with Anne Alexander Gordon, is one of the two central figures of the book, can lord it over her family and friends because historical circumstances made her rich. They cause and allow her snobbery. Her husband, Ludwig Rausch, is a smart businessman who understands and uses to his benefit the vicissitudes of the American economy which existed during his fictional life. Ludwig works with history. He knows when to invest his money, when to mechanize his rope factory, when to expand, and, therefore, how to become wealthy. Character does not determine event in this book. Event determines character; it is the economy of the time which "makes" Ludwig. This is a horizontal novel, an overview of a portion of American history, told using those who (fiction-

ally) lived it. If we know Ludwig Rausch and the others less profoundly than we might were they characters in the traditionally vertically oriented serious novel, this is why.

But, perhaps contrary to what this technique might suggest, readers are indeed engaged on a personal and emotional level, which deepens as the book progresses. It is simply that Santmyer's technical emphasis differs from that of other fiction. We know her characters better in one way, perhaps, and not so well in another. Certainly, if we do not fully understand the depths of John Gordon's despair, we are not meant to, but we are meant to be privy to at least some of its causes. "Dock" Gordon, as much as his friend Ludwig Rausch, is a creature of historical circumstance. His experience as a physician in the Civil War has largely created the psychological foundation for his later actions. In a nineteenth-century novel, Dock would be a brooding romantic hero, perhaps. In the twentieth, an alienated modern, a man not uncomfortable in the world of Hemingway. But in this twentieth-century novel about the nineteenth century, where character is subordinated to history, Santmyer only suggests the depths of Gordon. Yet, as we read, what we are told suffices. In context it is enough to see him as a product of the fully realized fictional universe to which he clearly belongs.

So, oddly, do we belong as well. As the story goes on, that is, we, real readers, initially so far outside, are more and more drawn in on the level of story and on the level of history. History moves, bringing stories with it, and our turn must, of necessity, come. By the time, eight hundred pages in, that we reach the chapter headed "1898," we realize with a jolt that Waynesboro, Ohio, is getting closer to home: The pretext of a July Fourth celebration brings together three generations of people; we see the Rausches' new prosperity (a summer house with electric lights throughout); one of the book's first automobiles makes its appearance; there is a war with Spain; new love interests become evident in the younger generation. "Do you realize," says John Gordon to his wife, Anne,

that you and I, Ludwig and Sally, are, all of a sudden, the older generation? . . . The country won't ever be quite the same, either; this Fourth of July marks the end of an era . . . We can't even foresee the complexity of the questions that will come up.

And we can't go back, not ever. Can't turn the clock back. America will be different. (820-21)<sup>1</sup>

And that is where we come in, in the next phase of the scheme. With that realization on our part, the novel is transformed for us into our own biography-that-might-have-been. The history is real history and shared, not simply used as fictional background. As we read this chapter, the depth of our engagement with Santmyer's ladies and their families and friends emerges clear to us. We are the fruit of this history and, by a logical, if imaginative leap, of the fiction as well.

Lest this appear to be romantic overreading on my part, Santmyer herself, toward the end of the novel, in the 1920's, provides a bit of evidence which appears to sanction this interpretation. She introduces briefly into the fictional action a character who is clearly the young Helen Hooven Santmyer, a budding author named Theresa Stevens, who begins writing and publishing before the book ends. She is plain, smart, gifted with total recall and "had set her heart," we are told in the last chapter, on writing this book:

. . . a long one, covering several generations of life in a small midwestern city: the sort of thing that had been popular a few years back, like *Jean-Christophe* and *Remembrance of Things Past* and *The Forsyte Saga* . . . She was no Galsworthy, much less a Rolland or a Proust. But she would like to write an answer to Sinclair Lewis, whose *Main Street* had made her so angry that after a decade she seethed when she thought of it . . . There was a chance that, after the depression had somehow been dealt with, some readers might still be interested in what she felt compelled to do: Old America changing, while New America seemed to be tumbling about one's ears. (1169)

Theresa is, on one level, a personal joke of sorts, a forgivable instance of autobiographical self-indulgence, but she is also Santmyer's brief explanation of how ". . . *And Ladies of the Club*" may have come to be written. She suggests as well an historical and literary continuity and another way in which fiction and fact are connected. We imagine that another book will be written, perhaps, by someone who knew Santmyer and that that new book will be another fiction based on what was once fact. Moreover, if we accept Theresa as Santmyer's image

of herself fifty-odd years earlier, a fact to which real chronology attests, and which we are obviously meant to do, then the world in which she places the young writer becomes *our* reality outside the book fifty years earlier.<sup>2</sup> If Theresa is real—almost—then Waynesboro, Santmyer is suggesting, is, likewise, a lot more than a fictional location.

"The Waynesboro Woman's Club" is the device which mirrors the movement of history. And a particularly lucky device it is, serving so many functions so technically unobtrusively. The Club is a microcosm of Waynesboro, just as Waynesboro is a microcosm of America; it is Santmyer's major external means of fictional organization, the narrative center of the story, the originating point of the action, and its continuing focal point. The changes in the lists of Club members preceding each chapter are changes in the history of Waynesboro. As the book goes on, the names of "Members of the Waynesboro Woman's Club" move into the companion list entitled "In Memoriam." The Club is also a means of social organization for the women of the fiction themselves. Structurally, this becomes an internal method of plot organization. Sociologically, the mere existence of a woman's club suggests a good deal about these women's places in late nineteenth-century American society and, not unimportant in reference to the novel and the real world beyond it, about their intellectual capabilities as well. Historical, philosophic, and literary issues are assigned to each member for consideration in an essay and then, at each meeting, papers are read and discussed. Even Sally Rausch, hardly the most academically inclined of the book's female characters, needs this aspect of the Club. She has "come to care a good deal about that Club," she explains to Anne, "just because it is something apart from domesticity, I suppose: you do have to use your mind at least once a year" (525). For other members, those who have no domestic life, the Club is even more important because it serves the opposite function: it provides them with a substitute family and an artificial domestic arrangement. All of these women use the Club to fill in their lives and give them whatever it is they are missing.

Santmyer's technique of heading each chapter with a short quotation from the Club minutes subtly emphasizes the importance of the Club and hints at the content of each section of the

novel. It is as if the Club is itself setting the general narrative parameters and directing the movement of the story. Certainly the Club's centrality is assured, even apart from the more obvious clue provided by the title of the novel, when we encounter these as its first—italicized—words: "*The formation of the Waynesboro Woman's Club was first proposed in the early summer of 1868*" (3). The last we hear from this source is the heading of the last chapter, in which Anne Gordon dies: "*The end of an era: we lose the last of our charter members . . .*" (1141).

Yet each chapter, headed significantly by a date as well as the quotation, actually deals with very little that transpires at Club meetings. We are told, occasionally, who delivers what paper on what author, we are told about how preparations are proceeding for the annual Christmas celebrations, or about the political maneuvering behind the selection of new Club members and officers. All of this is dealt with briefly and in surprisingly little detail. Santmyer's detailed scenes are saved for events surrounding Club meetings. Presidential elections and their intricacies, for instance, which she is clearly fascinated by, and domestic scenes revelatory of human character.

But, even here, these revelations are allowed to go only so far. The narrator is a great deal more interested in politics than in psychology, and this is fitting. Waynesboro's place in the movement of America, the subject of the novel, after all, will not be determined by an understanding of why the Gordon men are unfaithful to their wives so much as it will be by how they vote. The voice of the narrator is, in fact, the choral voice of the town, which chooses to concentrate attention on certain events to the detriment of other, more private ones. That voice is so much Waynesboro that its omniscience is even geographically limited. It is expert only in describing events which have occurred in the town. Other situations are left to those individuals who were actually there: news of wars comes to us through direct reminiscences of participants, or indirectly through letters: news of political conventions is given by the Waynesboro citizens who attended them; descriptions of out-of-town journeys come from the travellers themselves. The narrative voice knows its limitations.

The narrator, then, denied an intimate view of the secret depths of Waynesboro's inhabitants, even the major characters

rarely excepted, prefers instead to define character externally, by using vignettes, quick, incisive views of situations, sometimes even in the form of silent tableaux vivants. When Mrs. McCune, for instance, the wife of the Reformed Presbyterian minister, accepts an invitation to an "entertainment to be provided by Members of the Waynesboro Woman's Club," her husband violently and—unknown to him—publicly objects. Anne and John Gordon, with their sleigh driver, Tim O'Reilly, caught as unwilling witnesses outside the home where the entertainment will occur, overhear as Mrs. McCune defies her husband. Then,

Mr. McCune took a slow step toward her, and another. Tim O'Reilly grunted. Molly would stand without holding; he got out of the sleigh on his side and came around to the carriage block to help Anne. She kept one hand in her muff, with the other she threw back the carriage robe, and her cloak with it; as she stepped down, her legs were uncovered. At that moment the McCunes first became aware of them. If he had intended to seize his wife and carry her away Mr. McCune was shocked out of his intention. He stopped in his tracks, stared at Anne in horror, and went off up the hill. Anne did not wait for John; she did not wait even to pull her cloak together around her. Mrs. McCune was watching, her gloved fingers clasped now around the ironwork. Anne went directly to her, but did not touch her: instead she reached for the handle of the gate, to open it. Mrs. McCune turned then and stepped inside with Anne. Anne held the gate for John, trying to speak easily as she did so. "Mr. McCune had to answer a pastoral call? We'll be glad to have you go in with us." (265-66)

Such scenes are common. Quietly, they work in various ways: dramatically, they move the action; historically, this one delineates the opposing moral views of two religious factions of Waynesboro; psychologically, it reveals Anne's quick and sensitive response to Mrs. McCune's fear and embarrassment. It also, of course, fixes our sympathies. In a book where psychological subtlety is not a priority, there are allowed to be villains. Mr. McCune is here revealed as a pompous, mean, and potentially destructive prig. We will later find out that this determination is correct. Eventually, he will be responsible, albeit indirectly, for the deaths of his wife and, by forcing her to run away from home, of one of his daughters as well.

The narrator presents us with such scenes as this in a purely descriptive tone, as devoid as possible of adjectival hints. Although this Victorian universe is one in which a Jane Austen would discover much fodder, Santmyer keeps her tone aggressively objective, never satirical, and rarely even analytical. The simple revelation of Waynesboro, its citizens and their beliefs remains uppermost. Where that world is subject to any analysis at all, this is a task assigned to the members themselves of that world, the characters of the novel, and how they respond to their experience reveals to us looking in, much about themselves. To the reader is left the final analysis. When Douglas Gardiner's Aunt Lavinia, for instance, here objects to his marrying the Irish Catholic Barbara Bodien, she is oblivious to the comic hypocrisy of her feelings, but we are not: "Of course," says Aunt Lavinia, "a—seduction—would have been reprehensible. But marriage! Marriage is for a man's whole life" (426).

But it is the fine touches which create the truth of a fictional environment, and the charm of this novel. Santmyer provides these in abundance. Sometimes they just indicate the passage of time: a soda fountain added to the drug store, telephones, indoor plumbing, gas lights, and even discussions on the current state of eye surgery and medical technology. As for Waynesboro itself, if we are to inhabit the town, its environs and its homes for twelve hundred pages and sixty odd years, they, especially, had better "feel" right. The precision which Santmyer does not expend on people she lavishes on things, on clothing, on furniture, on architecture, even, early in the book, on a detailed tour of Ludwig Rausch's rope factory. Here, for an elaborate and wonderfully flavorful instance of this narrative technique, is a view of the two parlors at the Cochran house:

Everything was dark and rich, with a depth to the richness: the gold-patterned wallpaper, the walnut woodwork, the flowered carpet. The sides of the double door between the rooms as well as the long windows were hung with maroon chenille draperies, looped back and up with the cord and tassel, the extra length spread in half-circles on the roses of the carpet. Each room had its fireplace, with a peacock screen, a mantelpiece of black marble veined with green, and a mirror above as long as the width of the mantel, with elaborately carved frames of misted gold leaf. Twin chandeliers hung far below remote and shadowy ceilings, six-branched, with a stiff-legged heron standing rigid at the top of

each branch, in his bill one end of the chain that held suspended a prisms lamp. There were walnut-and-horsehair sofas and marble-topped stands, a couple of heavy tapestry armchairs, and on the walls vast dark engravings, with wide walnut frames. The rosewood piano . . . gleamed with a high polish; it was open, and the mother-of-pearl inlay behind the keyboard glittered when it caught the light and reflected it. (23)

This picture is presented in clear, unadorned language, devoid of the potential obfuscation—and, some might say, poetry—of metaphor. This is also a description of a human environment temporarily uninhabited by human presence. Only after we are allowed to see the room in its pristine existence, does Santmyer open it to her characters. It is the presence itself of the room in all its detail and, therefore, in all its reality, that lends credence to the fictional creatures who sit in its chairs, and not the characters who enliven the inanimate furnishings. The room is a permanent fixture in time—that is its lasting significance. Here it is a real backdrop to unreal, that is, fictional, action, the container, as it were, for those tableaux vivants revelatory of human character. This, interestingly, is the larger narrative and macrocosmic version of the same technique of tableaux vivants that the ladies of the Club themselves use in their annual Christmas entertainments.

These descriptions work to fix or "set" the scene. There are many such descriptions which, in sum, set the past. Just as the Club itself functions as a haven outside of time ("Even when things were at their worst," we learn, "'depression' was a word not mentioned by the ladies" [88]), and the environments of the people are realer and more lasting than the people, so the narrative as a whole means to exist in a realm more permanent than the purely temporal. The book subordinates the ephemeral—and this includes people—to the lasting and inarticulate environments of these people. Santmyer, in a technique which becomes clear only in retrospect, had set forth her fictional priorities on the opening page, indeed in the opening sentence of the novel, when she introduces the fact of locale and tells us that "The Waynesboro Female College in the eighteen fifties and sixties was a fitting subject, along with the Court House, the churches, the 'gentlemen's mansions,' for a steel engraving of the sort then fashionable" (3). That steel engraving is as permanent, we come to understand, as is the town of Waynesboro, Ohio, a.k.a. Xenia.<sup>3</sup>

And this is where we began, with "... *And Ladies of the Club*" as a literary anomaly, a made up story which is more loyal to the facts of the reality upon which it is based than to the conventions of the fictional form in which it purports to present itself. We can only conjecture why Helen Hooven Santmyer did not choose to write an autobiography devoid of the trappings of what was never true: maybe because modesty forbade her being so obviously the center of a world; or maybe a world of fact is less open to interpretation than a world of fiction, the latter of which can be, by extension, the world of every reader; or maybe because time is not rigid in fiction and one is free to look forward from the past as well as back from the future; or maybe because the author of fiction, rather than the one who remembers, can see through eyes other than her own, too, and know through other minds what she, in fact, does not really know; or maybe because, after all the academic arguments are made, fact, when it is written down, is hardly perceived as any more authentic than fiction, anyway.<sup>4</sup>

Michigan State University

#### NOTES

1. This and all other quotations from "... *And Ladies of the Club*" are from the 1984 G. P. Putnam's Sons ed. The book was originally published in 1962 by Ohio State University, but not until the 1984 edition and its subsequent choice as a "Book-of-the-Month Club Selection" for the Summer of 1984 did it gain any significant recognition.
2. That Theresa is meant to be Santmyer is clear also from extranovelistic evidence. An old friend of hers attests to the talents of the young author: "Helen had good ears and good eyes and a wonderful ability at characterization. She also had total recall. As a child she could listen to her grandparents and remember everything they said" (Silverman 5). Theresa, too, has total recall and is seen in the novel collecting the information for her books by listening to her relatives and friends.
3. There is an additional dimension to the book which exists outside of it and which lends truth to this argument: after the publication of "... *And Ladies of the Club*," the town of Xenia presented a plaque to Santmyer which will be fastened to her house. It reads: "HOME OF HELEN HOOVEN SANTMYER—AUTHOR" (Silverman 6).
4. Or maybe because she had already tried a factual view of Xenia in *Ohio Town* which she published in 1982, and found that she was not satisfied with only the facts.

#### WORKS CITED

- Bourjaily, Vance. "The Other Side of 'Main Street'." Rev. of "... *And Ladies of the Club*," by Helen Hooven Santmyer. *The New York Times Book Review*, 24 June 1984, 7.
- Santmyer, Helen Hooven. "... *And Ladies of the Club*." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1984. Originally pub. Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State Univ., 1962.
- . *Ohio Town*. New York: Harper & Row, 1984. Originally pub. Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State Univ., 1962.
- Silverman, Al. "A Visit With Helen Hooven Santmyer." Interview in "Book-of-the-Month-Club News," Summer 1984, 5-6.

## RENOVATING THE HOUSE OF FICTION: STRUCTURAL DIVERSITY IN JANE SMILEY'S DUPLICATE KEYS

JANE S. BAKERMAN

As every student of American literature knows, Nick Carraway went home again, abandoning the perplexities of life among the very rich and forswearing the confusion of life in and on the fringes of New York City. Furthermore, every student of American literature agrees, despite Thomas Wolfe's dictum, that Nick Carraway made the right decision. And, every student of American literature realizes that in the process of sending Nick home, Scott Fitzgerald voiced some serious doubts about the American Dream.<sup>1</sup>

If a young person had, as advised gone West and enjoyed great success and happiness, could that young person's offspring eventually go East and make a successful life? Are Americans' personal ethics and social ideals transportable or are they tied irrevocably to region? to social class? to education? Does property bestow propriety as readily as it bestows power? Do the rules of acceptability apply equally to the self-made man and to the inheritor of wealth? What is love? How can one attract his beloved? What promotes friendship—shared pasts, shared adventures, shared values, pragmatism, proximity, pity? *The Great Gatsby* is so firmly associated with these unresolved questions that it informs readers' responses to other novels which share its setting or its themes.

Certainly Jane Smiley's *Duplicate Keys*<sup>2</sup> (1984), an extraordinarily rich crime novel, invites comparison with *The Great Gatsby*. Like *Gatsby*, *Keys* reflects Americans' continuing hope—and doubt—that personal ethics and values developed in the "bored, sprawling swollen towns beyond the Ohio" (Fitzgerald



177) can withstand the assaults mounted by Eastern, megalopolitan life. Like *Gatsby*, it is a delayed *Bildungsroman*. Like *Gatsby*, it examines the meaning of friendship and the meaning of love. As in *The Great Gatsby*, Smiley's novel depicts the dangerous adventures of Midwesterners living in the East. Like Jay Gatsby, Alice Ellis, the protagonist of *Duplicate Keys*, wholly misunderstands the true desires and motives of a beloved person who she has idealized. Because of these similarities, those who have read *The Great Gatsby* know before they are very many pages into *Duplicate Keys* that the price of Alice's misapprehensions will be very high.

Just as *Duplicate Keys* gains power by its thematic similarity to *The Great Gatsby*, so it also gains resonance from its relationships to several subgenres of the novel. Such relationships are not at all rare, of course; they are the very factors which help readers identify favorite types of fiction and which stimulate critics' attention and analysis. *Duplicate Keys*'s distinction lies in the variety of associations upon which it draws and in the smooth sophistication with which they are interwoven with its gripping plot, quick pace, and crisp dialogue.

Like most good fiction, this novel addresses matters of enduring interest which particularly concern contemporary audiences. A female character's late maturation, subject of much recent critical attention, is the compelling variation of the education novel apparent in Alice Ellis's tardy, painful revision of her world view. Because learning to distinguish between true and false friends is a crucial step in any apprentice's education, the relationships between Alice, her best friend Susan Gabriel, and their small group of intimates serves Smiley's delayed *Bildungsroman* handily. It also, however, associates *Duplicate Keys* with other novels which examine the viability of close friendships between adult women. Thematically, then, readers understand *Duplicate Keys* as a separate, fully realized work even as they perceive its connection to several traditions.<sup>3</sup>

In *Duplicate Keys*, it is the crime story which generates the action, complications, and tension by providing the traditional initiation tests which education novel heroes must undergo. The initial crime the (the murder of two of Alice Ellis' close friends) and its consequences endanger Alice's life; to survive, she must tap hitherto unsuspected reserves of physical strength. Simul-

taneously, she must restructure her personal life and alter most of her attitudes toward others, emotional tasks which are as stressful as her physical exploits are exhausting. The accounts of these efforts are so absorbing that Alice's healthy maturation becomes the central, redemptive action, replacing the journey motif common to more conventional *Bildungsromane*.

In constructing this novel, Jane Smiley subordinates neither the crime story nor the *Bildungsroman*. Instead, she maintains a fruitful balance, altering some elements of each formula, adhering to other elements, so that *Duplicate Keys* satisfies readers' expectations in some instances, redirects them in others. The result is a strong, individualistically structured novel which depends heavily upon detailed characterization (especially of the protagonist) and upon a satisfying degree of complexity which strengthen the story to the point that *Duplicate Keys* crosses the great divide between formulaic crime writing and "serious" fiction.

Smiley's adroit manipulations of structure succeed because they contribute usefully to the plot, require character-revealing action, and allow fundamental elements such as setting to enhance the narrative in a variety of ways. For instance, she capitalizes on urbanites' endemic wariness, cleverly playing off the generalized dangers of New York City streets against the double murder which Alice discovers and reports to the police. Very much involved with this specific case—the victims were her friends; the suspects are her friends—Alice grows more and more fearful. Never a very self-confident person, she understands that the protection and trust supplied by her social circle have died with Denny Minehart and Craig Shellady. As she realizes that the smile of a friend conceals the snarl of the killer, Alice also, at long last, realizes how very vulnerable she—or almost any citizen—is to the random violence of the city.

Taking the broken circle as a major symbol, Smiley develops it by dramatizing Alice's changing attitudes toward specific, familiar locations. The murder takes place in Susan's home. The killer stalks Alice in her own flat. A drug-dealing friend hides out in her apartment. At work, she feels pursued and spied upon. Uneasiness, then outright fear and suspicion occupy her thoughts. Tension builds steadily as Alice realizes that neither the comfortable interiors in which she has conducted her life—her home,

Susan's apartment, the New York Public Library—nor her ordinary, orderly round—of work, mild pleasures, strong friendships—offers any real security.

Early in the investigation, Detective Honey, the officer in charge of the case, foreshadows these changes by calling attention to the damage inflicted on Alice's social circle. He warns her that

'a violent crime is the beginning of a train of events, and a sign that whatever balance a given social network has achieved is strained. The crime is a change, and the change is always sudden and profound, affecting every member of the network in unforeseen ways and often violently . . . Something else is always true. The parties to the violence, whether guilty or not, always assume that they know what is going on and can predict what will happen and can make their own judgments about what to do, when nine times out of ten, they don't, can't, and shouldn't' (22).

In the days following the murder, events fulfill Honey's prediction. Nevertheless, Alice tries to close her mind to his warning. Readers, however, do not. They remember Honey's words as they remember the formulas for murder mysteries, and they feel the pervasiveness of the tension Honey predicted in every action and reaction which the formulaic narrative requires. The concept of the strained network or the broken circle, then, colors every incident in the plot.

Jane Smiley also uses the ruptured circle motif to develop the theme of friendship, an important subject of *Duplicate Keys*. As is so commonly the case in popular fiction, we meet the protagonist at the exact moment when she is ripe for her great adventure. Chronologically thirty years old, Alice Ellis is an adolescent emotionally. She imagines and desires total union with a lover or friend with whom to share endless confidences and conversations which will reflect and explore their mutual absorption. If she is ever to mature, it must be now before some destructive realignment of her friendships envelops her in permanent, yearning adolescence.

Alice considers herself to be richly endowed with friends. Like herself, her intimates were originally Midwesterners. She and Ray Reschley attended public school and college together.

Alice's best college friend was Susan Gabriel, who fell in love with Denny Minehart. Denny and his foster brother, Craig Shellady, formed a band, Deep Six, whose bass player was Noah Mast. Rya Mast, Noah's wife, and Jim Ellis, Alice's ex-husband (the 'only defector in the crowd'), completed the circle of ambitious youngsters who were bound together by friendship, love, music, hopefulness and memories. They were so close that when "'Dinah's Eyes' [the band's one good single] had brought Denny and Craig to New York . . . the rest of them had followed." It simply seemed to them "the natural thing to do" (6).

Because Smiley limits herself to Alice's perceptions in telling her story, readers initially see the group as Alice believes them to be: self-sufficient, mutually supportive, rather insular, gifted, quite happy. However, readers soon recognize the Deep Six crowd as Smiley's version of the formulaic closed circle of suspects commonly found in "cozy" or English country-house mysteries. Those characters are generally united by love, hate, blood, self-interest and/or self-sacrifice, exactly as Alice's friends are united.

The powerful emotions which bind circle members to one another can breed trouble at least as readily as they foster happiness, and when, in country-house stories, it transpires that only circle members had access to the victim, the familiar, cantalizing situation is complete. No matter how often surviving circle members suggest that a homicidal itinerant happened along at the pertinent moment, neither reader nor investigator is much fooled; the killer is an intimate of both victim and survivors. That is a terrifying, potentially heartbreaking—and terrifically exciting—realization.

Clearly, then, the concept of a close associate turned killer allows for plenty of excitement, tension, and suspicion, and Smiley recognizes and thoroughly exploits those narrative energies. However, to explore Alice Ellis's late maturation fully, Smiley depicts Alice not only colliding sorrowfully or angrily with other Deep Six survivors but also, as has been noted, becoming much more aware of New York's dangerous, mean streets where at any given moment, anyone might become a killer, anyone might become a victim.

Yet, dangerous as they may be, Manhattan's mean streets are also streets of dreams where, many believe, the American

Dream can best become reality. So pervasive are the incongruities of American' perceptions of New York that one critic speaks of the ambivalence that "has become the trademark of the contemporary City."<sup>4</sup> For Smiley, who organizes *Duplicate Keys* around Alice's need to separate a youngster's opinion, hope, and fancy from adult perceptions of reality, particularly toward herself and Susan, these widely held but seemingly contradictory attitudes enhance her larger setting. In New York City, where ambivalence is the defining feature, incorporating two seemingly incongruent formulas, country house and mean streets, seems almost natural—if the author is as skillful as Jane Smiley.

Smiley uses the novel's dominant symbol, the duplicate keys of the title, to integrate qualities of the mean streets crime novel with those elements of the country-house mystery which she has selected and deployed so carefully. Originally, there was one set of duplicate keys to the Alice's apartment; Susan had it. Alice had keys to the Minehart-Gabriel flat. So did Craig. So did Noah. So did Ray—and so did so many acquaintances and friends of friends that no one knew how many keys existed, let alone where they were. As Alice tells Detective Honey,

'Once on the subway I overheard a guy with a suitcase say to someone else, "Richie knows a place where we can sleep. He's got a key." I didn't know any Richie, but I can't say I was surprised when the guy on the subway turned up at Susan's apartment a day or so later, and let himself in. He wasn't a bad kid . . . but nobody knew him, and he did have a key' (1)

Reading such a passage, it's impossible not to remember Gatsby's huge, flashy parties which everyone attended though no one knew the host. The student of crime fiction is apt to go further, thinking also of lavish weekend house parties in the English countryside. The perpetual open house which makes Craig and Denny feel important and successful is the ultimate symbol of the duality at this novel's core: the Deep Six crowd are a closed circle; the transient key holders plunk mean streets' dangers into the circle's midst. Even the dangers are twofold—an outsider might be a thief, a rapist, a murderer or the flow of outsiders might upset the balance of the friends' relationship as, in fact, happens. The fabric of the Deep Sixers' loving alliance has long been worn thin, but the pattern is so familiar that only the killer has noticed and reacted to the disintegration.

In order to mature successfully, Alice must accept the fact that her circle cannot—wholly or in part—be reassembled. Indeed, she must realize that it has been years since the circle actually functioned as she supposed. It becomes imperative that she understand that the relationships of various pairs within the group differ sharply from what she imagined them to be. And finally, perhaps the hardest realization she must come to is the knowledge that her dream of absolute union with another is a childish fancy far more suited to a self-absorbed adolescent than to a mature adult. If she masters these lessons in time, Alice will make proper choices. Meanwhile, she considers her options as she tries to understand the new realities confronting her.

Like Nick Carraway, Alice, who has been stunned by an attempt on her life and horrified by the cold, detached, unrepentant tone of the killer's confession, considers returning to the Midwest.

Going home wasn't necessarily a defeat. Thirty-year-olds settled near their parents every day, and viewed it as a matter of coming to their senses, bolstering up the disintegrating American family, or even out-growing all of those spurious resentments that had driven them away in the first place. If you could freely return to the geography of your parents, after embracing to your heart's content the most dangerous, exciting, and alien landscape imaginable, didn't you thereafter have everything? Weren't you then forever both small town and cosmopolitan, experienced, and yet reaping the abundant fruits of innocence? (303)

Aware that her small family (her parents and both sets of grandparents) lead and enjoy good, active lives,

Alice had always liked them. They had not been battered by random events into numbness, as Alice felt in danger of being. Each of her forebears had a peculiar and fully branched inner life (304)

In other words, Alice's parents and grandparents are true adults; they lead responsible, examined lives even as they live physically active lives—working, gardening, preserving, thinking, caring for one another. Tom and Daisy Buchanan never think; they gratify; they cheat; they sneak. Craig and Denny never think; they remember (and ritualistically describe and relive) their one old triumph; they dream and drift and pretend to fame, power, and influence they will never have. In the end,

these perpetual children are deadly—Tom and Daisy are responsible for others' deaths; Craig and Denny cooperate in their own victimization. At last, after the murder, Alice becomes aware of the pain Craig and Denny's self-absorption has inflicted on Susan; finally she allows herself to see Susan's lot as it really was rather than as she, Alice, imagined it to be. Understanding the Denny-Craig-Susan relationship enables Alice to make some wise choices about her own life. In the dynamics of *Duplicate Keys*' structure, her choices close the action on a note of hope.

Few if any elements of the mean streets formula are more rigidly applied than the successful-but-futile ending, one of the most important differences from the country-house pattern. The writers and readers of formulaic cozy mysteries usually presuppose an orderly universe (represented by the country house itself). Once the miscreant is identified and removed, the evil will have been removed. The circle will be different, but order will prevail and the center will hold. The metropolis-jammed universe of the mean-streets novel has no center; on the mean streets, one can hardly sustain a belief in order, let alone presuppose its universality. In the mean-streets world, even the most optimistic reader is "left with that sense of something profoundly unsolved lying just behind the foreground solution of that peculiar crime."<sup>5</sup> In terms of structure, then, the cozy mystery generally attains full closure; the mean-streets plot almost never does so.

*Duplicate Keys*, which relies so heavily on the mean streets formula, nevertheless *does* achieve closure which seems realistic and believable. Moreover, as has been noted, the plot closes in a spirit of hope. Smiley achieves that believability because of an important element of the country-house mystery which she has developed carefully, consistently throughout *Duplicate Keys*. The device, the most common means of signaling a happy—or at the very least moderately contented—ending, is the love story subplot, staple of the country-house mystery and key symbol in many *Bildungsromane*.

Readers attend closely to Alice's courtship because Smiley develops it with the same devices she uses for amplification and emphasis throughout *Duplicate Keys*; she details Alice's emotional responses in and to specific, clearly defined spaces. Having observed that the larger setting, mean-streeted, dangerous New

York City, invades one after another of Alice's familiar havens, it is reassuring for readers to notice that the city takes no toll of the places Alice associates with a new acquaintance, Henry Mullet.

In a rare display of independence, weak, clinging Alice willfully, intentionally conducts a separate, secret life, well apart from her Deep Six friends and from the murder investigation. In that life, she falls in love with Henry, whom she meets very early in the story, conducting her courtship as if it runs parallel to her ordinary, daily life now suddenly so chaotic and dangerous. As Smiley uses specific spaces and interiors to reveal the mean streets' steady encroachment into Alice's closed circle, so she uses other specific settings—particularly Henry's apartment (from which Alice literally gains a different perspective on her own flat) and his workplace, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden—to suggest security and support, should Alice only be wise enough to identify them correctly and to make the proper choice. The beauty, peace, and order of the Garden as achieved by Henry and his co-workers suggest that even though no ordinary person can hope to abide in Eden, she can find and appreciate Edenic havens created by right-thinking mortals.

On another tried-and-true but very useful symbolic level, Alice must choose between her past and her future. To choose intimacy with surviving members of the Deep Six group who might attempt to repair that relationship would suggest that Alice has not grown and changed much in the course of the action. To choose Susan specifically over Henry would indicate that Alice retains her fond and foolish adolescent notion of relationships without reserve, without privacy, without autonomy. By choosing Henry, Alice moves forward to embrace an imperfect but loyal, satisfying lover and an imperfect but intriguing, fulfilling union.

Smiley underscores Alice's choice by taking her protagonist, alone and uncertain of her welcome (she and Henry have quarreled), into Henry's bailiwick. Having recognized and accepted the fact that each person is alone, a separate unit, unable to merge wholly with anyone else (301), Alice is prepared to love another adult as the adult woman she has finally become. The last action of *Duplicate Keys* is Alice's undramatic but positive and loving response to Henry's easy, natural gesture of commitment and union. As they walk side by side, "his arm came around Alice's shoulders and he squeezed. Alice lifted her chin and kissed

him lightly on the cheek" (307). The love story subplot climaxes quietly to indicate the successful completion of Alice's *Bildungsroman* and to signal that she can and will carry on with her life.

In *Duplicate Keys*, it's not proper for Alice to go home again. She has no unresolved quarrels with the home folks; she has outgrown the perpetual adolescence of Deep Six's commune-like buddy system. Now strong enough to accept the contemporary "suburban experience" (to which Henry is drawn), as "a mixed blessing, offering a flawed Utopia, a Garden of Eden with problems,"<sup>6</sup> Alice shows every sign of being "forever both small town and cosmopolitan" (303), just as she had hoped she could be.

By redefining the phrase "cultivate your your garden," Alice and Henry dismiss useless Edenic longings as they eschew easy, street-smart cynicism. Sobered but hopeful and confident, they opt for full adulthood, merging Midwestern and Manhattan values in a consciously selected suburban world where mature judgment and natural ability join to make many (but never all) fine things possible. They will, one might say, domesticate the American Dream.

It's an astonishingly simple and conventional resolution for such a complexly structured novel, and yet it's a conclusion which satisfies pop fiction's rage for order as it serves "high" fiction's commitment to hard truth. In the realistic world Jane Smiley depicts in *Duplicate Keys*, Midwesterners can indeed transport their ethical standards to the East. In one important sense, then, Alice Ellis enjoys more freedom than Nick Carraway; she need not go home again.

Indiana State University

#### NOTES

1. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (New York: Scribner's, 1953). All further references are to this edition and are indicated in the text.
2. Jane Smiley, *Duplicate Keys* (New York: Pocket Books, 1985). All further references are to this edition and are indicated in the text.
3. Among the novels which combine crime story plots with the delayed *Bildungsroman*, Lois Gould's *Sea-Change*, Diane Johnson's *The Shadow Knows*, Beth Gutcheon's *Still Missing*, and Charlayne Harris' *A Secret Rage* are particularly useful choices for comparison with *Duplicate Keys*. Each of these novels also offers a thoughtful examination of the ability or inability of friendship to withstand the pressures generated by the heroes' late maturation.
4. Robert A. Gates, *The New York Vision; Interpretations of New York City in the American Novel* (Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 1987), p. xiii.
5. Erik Routley, *The Puritan Pleasures of the Detective Story* (London: Gollancz, 1972), p. 210.
6. Gates, pp. 125-126.

## IMMEDIATE EFFECTS AND ULTIMATE TENDENCIES: USES OF LINCOLN-CAESAR ANALOGIES BY AMERICAN WRITERS

ROBERT D. NARVESON

"... American schoolboys read of Abraham Lincoln as they did of Julius Caesar" (*Education of Henry Adams* 367).

"Without the death of Caesar, we could not have had Lincoln" (Weston La Barre, *The Human Animal* 290).

Critics in our time are calling into question the very notion of "author," and hence to ask what motivated acts of composition, as I intend to do, has become problematic. Nevertheless, the question refuses to go away. I raise it with respect to certain writers about Abraham Lincoln. Was Lincoln one who, in the words of Jacques in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, "[sought] the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth"? For some writers, such as most recently Gore Vidal, Lincoln precipitated the Civil War as the historical stage whereon to enact a vision of himself as epic or tragic hero. But this point of view did not originate with Vidal. In the following pages I will trace it through some of its manifestations.

In 1962 Edmund Wilson published *Patriotic Gore*, his book of "studies in the literature of the Civil War." On the title page he quotes John Brown: "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." Immediately following, he quotes a Confederate war song, from which he takes his title: "Avenge the patriotic gore/ That flecked the streets of Baltimore." Thus from the outset he suggests a bloody-minded, morally self-justifying fervor on both sides. In one of the first essays of this book he quotes a forgotten figure of Civil War literature named Francis Grierson:

The principles enunciated by Abraham Lincoln are abiding examples, not only for the English speaking peoples but for the whole world. Out of what seems universal confusion, tending toward chaos, there arises a new era. . . . the truth is beginning to dawn in the minds of thousands that behind all material phenomena there dwells the divine idea. (86)

A few years before the nearly forgotten author wrote these lines, another American writer, Edgar Lee Masters, whom Wilson does not quote, had written an essay with the title "The War between the States and the New Era." The "new era" of Grierson and the "new era" of Masters both refer to the aftermath of the war designated by the victors the Civil War, but the valuation could hardly be more different. Grierson's is spiritual and benign, Masters's is political, economic, and disastrous. Each stems from a totally different assessment of the causes and consequences of the war. To the adherents of one side, Lincoln was a martyred hero in a war of liberation. To those of the other side, Lincoln was instrumental in replacing a constitutional government of limited powers with a centralized government of unlimited powers, tending toward despotism and imperialism.

Wilson's own point of view is closer to Masters's than to Grierson's. After Wilson has described some of the literature, including Grierson's, that mythologized Lincoln, he continues: "Let us see how far Lincoln himself contributed to this Northern myth" (98). "It was not at all inevitable," Wilson says, "to think (of the Civil War period) as Lincoln thought" (123). "We have, in general, accepted the epic that Lincoln directed and lived and wrote. . . . But let us see," Wilson says, "what Lincoln's epic leaves out" (125). He summarizes, with evident approval, the economic interpretation of the war offered by Charles A. Beard in *The Rise of American Civilization*: the tariffs imposed by Northern economic interests to prevent the South from buying cheaper English manufactures; governmental policies favoring railroads and industries; and much more. Lincoln had no understanding of any of this, Wilson says. "His real vocation was for what we call statesmanship, and as a statesman, he was entirely absorbed by the problems created by secession," and "it is partly these limitations that give Lincoln's career its unity, its consistency, its self-contained character" (127). Wilson credits Lincoln with successfully performing and imposing on the public a role

shaped by the sense of drama that, Wilson argues, he had possessed from the beginning. Wilson concludes: ". . . the molding by Lincoln of American opinion was a matter of style and imagination as well as of moral authority, of cogent argument and obstinate will" (123). Lincoln's dreams and premonitions, Wilson says, are part of the drama. "He had foreseen and imagined his doom; he knew it was part of the drama." He had even "prefigured Booth and the aspect he would wear for Booth when the latter would leap down from the Presidential box crying, 'Sic semper tyrannis.' Had he not once told Herndon that Brutus was created to murder Caesar and Caesar to be murdered by Brutus? And in that speech made so long before the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield, he had issued his equivocal warning against the ambitious leader, describing this figure with a fire that seemed to derive as much from admiration as from apprehension—that leader who would certainly arise among them and "seek the gratification of (his) ruling passion," that "towering genius" who would "burn for distinction, and, if possible . . . have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving freemen." . . . In the poem that Lincoln lived, Booth had been prepared for, too, and the tragic conclusion was necessary to justify all the rest" (129-30).

Wilson was not the first to describe Lincoln as an actor playing a role analogous to Julius Caesar's. Wilson had read a description of Lincoln as "actor indeed, playing well your part" in Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, in which Masters ascribed this conception of Lincoln to William H. Herndon. Masters knew Herndon's *Life of Lincoln*, thought it the best biography written by an American, and included Herndon in the *Anthology* even though Herndon was not a native of the Spoon River country of Masters's own boyhood. In his biography Herndon had quoted Lincoln as having repeatedly said, "I am sure I shall meet with some terrible end." Herndon continues:

In proof of his strong leaning toward fatalism (Lincoln) once quoted the case of Brutus and Caesar, arguing that the former was forced by laws and conditions over which he had no control to kill the latter, and, *vice versa*, that the latter was specially created to be disposed of by the former. (346)

It would not seem accidental to a reader familiar with Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* that Herndon remembers Lincoln as

having chosen Caesar for his example in illustrating fatalism. Lincoln (and Herndon) would have had in mind Caesar's speech (I, ii, 139-141):

Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Nor would Edmund Wilson and Edgar Lee Masters, in pondering Lincoln's career, have failed to speculate about the resonance of these lines.

Perhaps from Herndon's passage on fatalism Masters drew his idea of Lincoln as "actor indeed, playing well your part." And perhaps the mention of Caesar in this passage was sufficient to suggest the image of Lincoln as hastening on "To the place where his path comes up to the path/ Of a child of Plutarch and Shakespeare" (*Spoon River* 223). Or Masters may have derived those lines from reading about the assassin Booth, who clearly had the Caesar-Lincoln parallel in mind when, as Wilson reminds us, having fired a pistol ball into Lincoln's head, he leapt to the stage of Ford's Theater crying "Sic semper tyrannis." In his diary, Booth underlined the identification, labeling the day he shot Lincoln "Friday the Ides," an allusion to Caesar's death on the "Ides of March." In a later entry he wrote:

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold, and starving with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for . . . (in Roscoe, *Web of Conspiracy*, 395).

Booth clearly felt that he was continuing an established tradition. "Sic semper tyrannis," the motto of the State of Virginia, reminds us that the independent United States of America had their origin in rebellion against what the colonist regarded as the tyranny of George the Third of England. The connection of tyrannous Kings of England with Julius Caesar had been made explicit in the famous speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—George the Third may profit by their example!" Several generations of classically educated writers, artists, politicians, and orators felt and asserted parallels between the new nation and republican

Rome. No informed American citizen—whose seat of government was denominated "the capital," whose elected representatives met in "congress," who referred to the upper house as the "Senate" and to its members as "Senators," and whose statues and paintings depicted statesmen and generals in Roman togas—could be unaware of the assumed analogy of this nation and republican Rome. Certainly Masters, an avid student of history, knew of it. Booth, and after him Masters, were merely adding Lincoln to the enemies of liberty cited by Patrick Henry. (For extended accounts of classical influences on colonial and early federal life and thought, see Gummere and Jones.)

Nevertheless, we may suspect that Masters found the fullest development of parallels between the personalities and careers of Lincoln and Caesar where Edmund Wilson found it—in *A Constitutional View of the War between the States* by Alexander H. Stephens, former Vice President of the Confederacy. Wilson quotes Stephens's account at length:

A man may possess many amiable qualities in private life—many estimable virtues and excellencies of character, and yet in official position commit errors involving not only most unjustifiable usurpations of power, but such as rise to high crimes against society and against humanity. This too, may be done most conscientiously and with the best intentions. This, at least, is my opinion on that subject. The history of the world abounds with apt instances for illustration. Mr. Lincoln, you say, was kind-hearted. In this, I fully agree. No man I ever knew was more so, but the same was true of Julius Caesar. All you have said of Mr. Lincoln's good qualities, and a great deal more on the same line, may be truly said of Caesar. He was certainly esteemed by many of the best men of his day for some of the highest qualities which dignify and ennoble human nature. He was a thorough scholar, a profound philosopher, and accomplished orator, and one of the most gifted, as well as polished writers of the age in which he lived. No man ever had more devoted personal friends, and justly so, too, than he had. And yet, notwithstanding all these distinguishing, amiable and high qualities of his private character, he is by the general consent of mankind looked upon as the destroyer of the liberties of Rome!

The case of Caesar illustrates to some extent my view both of the private character of Mr. Lincoln, and of his public acts. In what I have said of him, I have been speaking only of his official

acts—of their immediate effects and ultimate tendencies. I do not think that he intended to overthrow the institutions of the country, I do not think he understood them or the tendencies of his acts upon them (447-48).

In developing at length the comparison of Lincoln to Caesar, Stephens is continuing a well established tradition of character typology. Seeing figures in Biblical literature as types repeated in their present experience was a pervasive practice in colonial New England. Typology was the practice of educated men throughout the colonies, who commonly looked to classical Greece and Rome, as well as to the Bible for analogies. Typological references must of course strike the audience addressed as applicable if they are to have their effect. Given the history already cited, writers such as Stephens and Masters could assume that the Lincoln-Caesar analogy was such a reference.

An underlying purpose of typologies is inevitably political in some degree. In an earlier article, "The Two Lincolns of Edgar Lee Masters," I have described the tone and contents of Masters's *Lincoln, the Man*, in which he assails the character of Lincoln as a brooding, scheming, drifting fellow, a failure as lawyer, politician, and lover, with a dark, mystical, unscrupulous turn of mind that saw political and social issues in a dangerous moralistic light. Whereas Stephens attacks the North for prosecuting the war against the South, Masters, living two generations later, ties tendencies loosed by that war to the subsequent "Philippine conquest of McKinley." He goes on:

Out of these two contests, with their half truths uttered for cause speciously good, and with their criminal objects veneered with religious pharisaism, arose the American spirit of this day, with prohibition and other social tyrannies on the one hand, and with the putrefying rulerships of trusts and money on the other. . . . From 1865 to 1900 there were fast and systematic policies of overthrowing liberty in America, . . . (*Lincoln, the Man*, 450)

Wilson, too, had a political motive in his portrayal of Lincoln as one who imposed on his fellow citizens and on their posterity a dramatic role of his own creation. Though he labors to document some of the literary strands in the construction of the heroic view by which Lincoln is seen as the Great Emancipator, Wilson himself does not share it, and in fact portrays it as the product of self-delusion. "Whenever we engage in a war or

move in on some other country," says Wilson ironically, "it is always to liberate somebody," and he goes on to review the expansion of the American empire. "The wars fought by human beings are stimulated as a rule primarily by the same instincts as the voracity of the sea slug" (xi). The difference between animals like the sea slug and human beings, Wilson says, "is that man has succeeded in cultivating enough of what he calls 'morality' and 'reason' to justify what he is doing in terms of what he calls 'virtue' and 'civilization' " (xi-xii). Wilson makes plain his distaste for such moral rationalizations. His moral animus increases his fascination with literary expressions of the human propensity for moralizing what he explains as after all only a biological imperative. Wilson the writer is, however, not interested merely to set down disinterestedly his revisionist interpretation of history. He cannot resist, for example, adding his own footnote after summarizing Alexander Stephens's litany of steps taken by Lincoln "in the direction of despotism." Wilson writes:

One is reminded of the boast attributed to Robert Moses, New York Commissioner of Parks and head of the New York State Power Authority: "I can take your house away from you and arrest you for trespassing if you try to go back to it." (417)

Wilson seems to desire the portrait he paints of imperialist America to be morally repugnant to his readers, and he can hope that their response will be to oppose, as citizens, further imperialistic ventures.

Gore Vidal recently quoted Herbert Mitgang from *The New York Times* (no further citation given): "several revisionist academics have advanced the incredible theory that Lincoln really wanted the Civil War, with its 600,000 casualties, in order to eclipse the Founding Fathers and insure his own place in the pantheon of great presidents" (*NY Review of Books* 58). Vidal then comments: "there is no single motive driving anyone but, yes, that is pretty much what I came to believe . . . The Lincoln portrayed by me . . . is based on a speech he made in 1838 at the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield." Vidal quotes the passage quoted by Edmund Wilson, and then repeats, in his own even stronger words, a conclusion similar to Wilson's: "Nothing that Shakespeare ever invented was to equal Lincoln's invention of himself and, in the process, us."



In Vidal's novel, Stephen A. Douglass visits the newly inaugurated President Lincoln in the White House. He reminds Lincoln of the 1838 Springfield talk and quotes from it. He recalls that Lincoln in that speech had mentioned Julius Caesar. Lincoln, in the novel, does not deny having had, in that long-ago speech, himself in mind. Vidal's novel presses the point that now Lincoln found himself, Caesar-like, in the position to pursue distinction "whether at the expense of emancipating slaves, or enslaving free men."

It is of course part of Vidal's story that to meet the emergencies caused by secession and rebellion, Lincoln acted in general without regard to constitutional or legal niceties. The indictment made by Stephens, Masters, and Wilson is repeated by Vidal. When his version of Lincoln met criticism from reviewers, Vidal once again following the course more moderately set by Wilson, vented his spleen on historians who feed the Lincoln myth so dear to schoolteachers and a naive general public. Like Herndon, Vidal claims to portray the true Lincoln, a mortal man with human strengths and failings, whose faults do not detract from his stature, and who is more honored by truthful presentation than by mythmaking.

I suspect that a key to the interpretations by Wilson and Vidal is this: having literary imaginations, they write as though the God of History must have a literary imagination, too. Anyone with a literary or dramatic cast of mind takes it for granted that a character who in Act I makes a speech such as Lincoln's Springfield speech will in Act V take decisive and dramatic action congruent with that speech. By the conventions of literature, Act I speeches and actions provide expectations and explanations for Act V conduct. Such explanation and expectation become less persuasive if, instead of two hours or a few hundred pages intervening, twenty and more years have intervened, and if, instead of being no more than the sum of what is shown on the stage or inscribed on the page, the character is the sum of the multifarious experiences of real life. Historical speculation of this sort is attractive but inconclusive, and can easily be quite mistaken.

The argument made by Vidal, following Wilson, is not that Lincoln controlled and shaped events in quite the way that an author shapes a literary work. Rather it is that through his

utterances Lincoln influenced the way his and future generations would view events. Instead of Masters's portrayal of an "actor indeed, playing well your part," Wilson far more ingeniously portrays a Lincoln who is *author* indeed, imagining well his part, then creating and stage-managing the dramatic and epic role he had imagined for himself. If Lincoln did what they say he did, he shares some responsibility for "the immediate effects and ultimate tendencies" of events he set in motion, just as Stephens and Masters charge.

Wilson argues that Lincoln's actual role in history contrasts with the imagined role Lincoln persuaded his countrymen to take of him. How Wilson sees Lincoln, is, inevitably, colored by his view of "immediate effects and ultimate tendencies" of events which Lincoln influenced. But exactly the same may be said of how one sees Caesar. The Caesar seen by Patrick Henry, Booth, Stephens, and Masters is the Caesar portrayed by Plutarch and Shakespeare. This Caesar was the tyrannical destroyer of the liberties of republican Rome. This is the Caesar compared by Patrick Henry to Charles the First and George the Third of England, would-be destroyers of the liberties of England and the colonies respectively. This is the Caesar for those who wish to view Lincoln as instrumental in replacing the constitutional union of free and sovereign American states and people with a central government of a nation of subservient states and subjects.

If we are to see that the Lincoln image created by Lincoln is not the inevitable one, Wilson says and shows us, other Lincoln images must be possible. By the same token, if we are to realize that the Caesar image accepted by American republicans (small "r") from Plutarch and Shakespeare is not the only Caesar image possible, we must know an alternate Caesar image. Such an alternative lies conveniently at hand in the work of another literary man, the Irish dramatist George Bernard Shaw. Shaw, we are told, drew his portrait in *Caesar and Cleopatra* from the work of the German historian Theodore Mommsen (Larsen, "Introduction" to Shaw, *Caesar and Cleopatra* xvi). To quote Larsen:

Mommsen and his followers viewed the Roman Republic as an oligarchy of selfish, partisan interests, which had degenerated into an instrument of tyranny and injustice. They accordingly viewed Caesar as the great political reformer whose

vigorous leadership and consummate statesmanship were geared to the reconstruction of the Empire on a more humane and progressive basis . . . Plutarch had exalted Cato and Brutus as the ideal heroes of Rome and, conversely, denigrated Caesar as the ambitious destroyer of the status quo. Shakespeare's Brutus, in turn represented the triumph of honor and conscience over a great but demagogic Caesar. In contrast, Shaw, a believer in social democratic principles, admired Caesar, for he saw in him the practical statesman and popular hero in whom rested the hope of the Roman populace and subject nations of the Empire. (xvi)

In the choice of one Caesar or another for the analogy with Lincoln, what is at stake is not a question of Lincoln's stature as a statesman or popular hero. It is rather a perspective on American history. To see Lincoln as playing a role similar to that of the tyrant Caesar, tearing constitutional government to shreds, is by implication to defend the Southern cause and impugn the course of United States history since the defeat of the South. On the other hand, to see Lincoln as playing a role similar to that of the statesmanlike Caesar, triumphing over a corrupt oligarchy, would be to defend and justify Lincoln's conduct of the war and by implication the course of history consequent thereon. Such a defense and justification would not, however, have much appeal in this country, and no such uses of the Mommsen-Shaw Caesar have come to my attention.

The impetus behind all of the literary comparisons of Caesar and Lincoln that I have cited is a revisionist one. To some extent all of these writers have had, among their many motives, at least a sneaking wish, if not always to excuse and defend the lost Southern cause, then at least to indict Northern self-righteous mythologizing. Gore Vidal ends his novel with a character saying that "the Southern states had every Constitutional right to go out of the Union. But Lincoln said no" (656). This character, to whom Vidal gives the final word, is "more than ever convinced that Lincoln, in some mysterious fashion, had willed his own murder as a form of atonement for the great and terrible thing that he had done by giving so bloody and absolute a rebirth to his nation" (657). Edmund Wilson concludes: "There are moments when one may wonder today—as one's living becomes more and more hampered by the exactions of central-

ized bureaucracies of both the state and the federal authorities—whether it may not be true, as Stephens said, that the cause of the South is the cause of us all" (434). Masters did not wonder; he believed this true. Even Herndon, Lincoln's admiring law partner, wrote, according to his biographer David Donald, in reaction against Northern deification of Lincoln as well as out of disgust with post-war Republican economic policies (*Lincoln's Herndon* 170, 263). All of these writers, even Masters until he changed his mind, use the Lincoln-Caesar analogy both to affirm Lincoln's greatness and to deplore the immediate effects and ultimate tendencies of his self-dramatizing career.

University of Nebraska

#### WORKS CITED

- Adams, Henry. *The Education of Henry Adams*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin (Sentry Edition).
- Donald, David. *Lincoln's Herndon*. New York, 1962.
- Gummere, Richard M. *The American Colonial Mind and the Classical Tradition*. Cambridge, Mass., 1963.
- Herndon, William, and Jesse William Weik, *Life of Lincoln*. Ed. Paul M Angle. Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett, 1961.
- Jones, Howard Mumford. "Roman Virtue." *O Strange New World*. New York, 1964. 227-272.
- La Barre, Weston. *The Human Animal*. Chicago: Chicago UP, 1954.
- Masters, Edgar Lee. *Lincoln, the Man*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1931.
- . *Spoon River Anthology*. New York: Macmillan, 1916.
- . "The War Between the States and the New Era." *Watson's Magazine* VI (1906): 56-61, 249-56.
- Narveson, Robert D. "The Two Lincolns of Edgar Lee Masters." *Discourse* (Winter 1961): 20-39.
- Roscoe, Theodore. *The Web of Conspiracy*. New York, 1959.
- Vidal, Gore. "Gore Vidal's 'Lincoln'? An Exchange," *New York Review of Books* 35 (April 28, 1988): 56-58.
- . *Lincoln. A Novel*. New York: Random House, 1984.
- Wilson, Edmund. *Patriotic Gore*. New York: Oxford U.P., 1962.

## EARLY AMERICAN LITERARY REALISM I: THE NATIONAL SCENE\*

RONALD M. GROSH

The period between the Civil War and the 1890's saw in American literature a movement, evident in most regions of the country, toward a realism reacting against but not totally displacing romanticism's idealism and literary excesses. By the mid-1880's American realism had ripened into "a genuine cultural movement in itself with fairly definite chronological limits and recognizable aesthetic principles and techniques" (Falk 383). In larger measure this development in prose fiction, already the dominant and firmly-entrenched movement of contemporaneous Continental and British fiction, owed its rich quality to its three best exemplars: William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James. By 1886 each had produced mature works of American literary realism: Howells, *A Modern Instance* (1882) and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885); Twain, *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) and *Huckleberry Finn* (1884); and James, *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881) and *The Bostonians* (1886).

Howells, Twain, and James, who build upon a foundation laid by earlier realists, brought about the marriage between an age of radical changes and its literature which the romantic-idealistic view of life had been unable to effect. Facing the changes in "institutions, systems of belief, ideological and social assumptions, ways of feeling at home in the world—in short the whole scene of human endeavor and thought . . . Their culture forced upon them in the way of development and alteration," these realists "undertook the task of preserving culture and accommodating the contents of consciousness for their age." They became, "as seldom before, public men: they mixed and

\*This is the first part of a three-part essay on American realism.

mingled, sharing their visions with their contemporaries." They "brought new depth to their culture by balancing and assessing the preoccupations, or 'themes,' of their age, and interweaving them into more complex patterns of understanding and belief so that past culture could have an intelligible future" (Martin 1-2).

While these three authors eventually achieved major stature as well as a rather consistent quality of realism, in the late 1860's and 1870's they wrote as only three among a wide and active range of authors attempting, to various degrees consciously or unconsciously, to forge a realistic alternative to romanticism. George Washington Cable, Rebecca Harding Davis, John W. DeForest, Edward Eggleston, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Hamlin Garland, Edgar Watson Howe, Sarah Orne Jewett, Joseph Kirkland, David Ross Locke, Elizabeth Stewart Phelps (Mrs. Ward), Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many lesser-known writers struggled to free themselves, with varying degrees of success, from the philosophical and methodological trappings of romanticism and fulfilled the various overlapping criteria of locale, psychological personality of character, and topic and event which are both common and probable, each author advanced, though often unevenly, toward realism.

Most novels written by these early realists do not reflect an accomplished realistic fiction, but each does reflect the historical-literary milieu of an amateur's grassroots regional attempt to thrust toward contemporaneous realism and to shed much of the romantic *Weltanschauung*, usually unable to avoid mingling realism with some degree of romanticism and its excesses—melodrama and sentimentality—their novels represent more the product of leisure-time creativity of writers busy with active, non-belletristic careers than they do the product of authors dedicated to the professional craft of fiction. But far from being dilettantes, as becomes evident under closer examination, many of these writers, especially those from the Middle West, achieve a considerable measure of realistic narration and exhibit an obvious seriousness of purpose characteristic of a later, mature literary realism's social and economic criticism. Yet to be catalogued and signified adequately by cultural historians, however, are 1) the complexities of nineteenth-century cultural movements which spawned early American literary realism, 2) reasons why the realistic movement took such a significantly deep root in

Midwestern regions, and 3) factors experienced by early Midwestern writers which may have imposed constraints upon their literature that limited the development of a mature literary realism.

### POST-WAR CULTURAL BACKGROUND

The American cultural milieu which confronted the writer of fiction between the Civil War and 1890 rested upon drastically changed and changing circumstances. In generally accepted terms, Darwin's theory of evolution, the Civil War itself, and the domination of business and politics by the frontier spirit contributed to the "gradual decline of romantic idealism, the rapid growth of materialism in public and private life, and the beginning of the new method of realism in literature." In specific terms, Jay Martin summarizes seven "themes," concerns, or characteristics of the period. 1) The Civil War fostered the rise of wealth through its large demands upon transportation, industry, and capital. Feverish corporate and business activity by the masses as well as the wealthy few preceded an insatiable appetite for entertainment and, especially, architectural evidence of the new opulence. 2) Concomitant with secession's destruction of agrarian control of congress came the rise of the city, its aspirations, and its way of life. In the fifty years after the Civil War rural population doubled but urban population multiplied seven times, becoming the norm of American cultural experience. 3) An enormous influx of immigrants helped swell the cities, with good and bad results, but certainly affecting the American character. Offering industry an overly-cheap source of labor and yet steadily revitalizing America's optimism, some immigrants became victims and some more than fulfilled their dreams for themselves and for others. 4) Although the Civil War provided a momentum for reform, issues of reform were idealistically abstract or moral and were more complex, demanding knowledge of politics, economics, sociology, and science. "Making a science of reform, clergymen, civic organizations, and men of letters from the 70's onward joined as never before to prove and reveal the disease of the social body." 5) The rise of the free public school, the free circulating libraries, and the Chautauqua movement reflected the increased interest

in mass education and literacy. (Harold Kolb estimates that between 1865 and 1885 the number of magazines in America jumped by five-hundred percent to 3,300.) Newspaper circulation expanded accordingly. 6) Science and Darwinism went to war with religion in a bitterly-fought campaign, revolutionizing academia. Philosophy, theology, sociology, anthropology, and aesthetics all felt the pressure of new ideas and assumptions. 7) As America surged to the forefront of the industrial revolution, it further endorsed the urban, materialistic life vision at the expense of the agrarian. Costing heavily, though, "now technological innovation became an end in itself and compelled, rather than fulfilled, needs" (Martin 2-11 and Kolb).

Not only did the writer of fiction face new multiplicity and complexity of culture; he also wrestled with the moral disintegration which followed the Civil War. Partly as a result of materialism's unscrupulous use of Darwin's theory of natural selection as "justification for acts which their consciences would otherwise have repudiated," and partly as a result of the rampant individualism fostered by the frontier (Stovall, "Decline" 98-103), the moral tone of the country in the decade following the war reached a new low. The "rampant individualism" which clearly developed in the frontier "after the war spread back eastward until it infected the entire nation. Men were intoxicated with dreams of fabulous wealth and took advantage of the moral letdown following the war to twist the confused thoughts and emotions of the people into a fabric of materialistic philosophy that suited their own pecuniary aims" (Stovall, *American* 98-103). The result was, in Robert Falk's words,

an age which our historians have variously named "The Great Barbecue," "The Dreadful Decade," "The Tragic Era," or "The Age of Accumulation"—the period of Black Friday and the *Credit Mobilier*, of unashamed public and private debauchery, of the diamond-studded, hawk-nosed Boss Tweed who defrauded the city government of three million dollars and died in disgrace pilloried by the powerful lampooning of Thomas Nast in *Harper's Weekly* . . . Fisk, Jay Gould, "the-public-bet damned" Commodore Vanderbilt, Oakes Ames, and a hundred more "railway wreckers, cheaters, and swindlers" for the most part—they moved through the panorama of the Age of Innocence . . . (386)

Such a culture could only spring from and contribute to a new American consciousness. "Opened to new varieties of experience; undergoing enormous changes in population and social patterns; perplexed and dazzled by increased wealth; delighted by science, the American mind wavered and, unable to control the rush of experience, lost a firm hold on tradition. The nineteenth-century mind was fragmented by the knowledge violently thrust upon it." Values became confused and dulled as the post-war consciousness lost the ability to discriminate. "Most of the participants in the Credit Mobilier scandal could not be convinced that they had done anything wrong; and in 1876, a large number of Americans, supporting Blaine for President, could not see that his railway transactions, even if admitted, discredited him . . ." Again Jay Martin summarizes the development so well:

The new demands of the machine, the city, and widened knowledge resulted, on the one hand, in an insensitivity to conflicting values; and, on the other, in a new sensibility consisting of a receptivity to fact and detail. The decline of the traditional value-governed mind, that is, was accompanied by the corresponding growth of a peripheral mind open to a torrential rush of experiences precisely because it no longer discriminates amount them (21-2).

Post-war American literature, finding the pressure of these dramatic changes in culture as traumatic as did the American consciousness, experienced several reactions as it groped toward a native literary realism. To Stovall, this

span of less than two decades (1855-1871) is really a period of transition; all the writers who came into prominence at this time belonged to two worlds, one dying and the other struggling to be born. Because they were creatures of the declining power of romanticism, their allegiance to the new power of realism was more of the head than of the heart. As we should expect, the literature produced at this time reveals contradictory qualities. New books by writers in their middle years or older take their places alongside the works of the younger generation.

Stovall goes on to associate the period's literature with the decline of romantic idealism and the rise of the method of literary realism ("Decline" 317-8). Romantic idealism no longer

seemed culturally viable and yielded on several fronts to efforts to displace it.

Even as romantic idealism reached its peak in the mid-1850's, the seeds of its downfall were germinating in a literature abusing its idealism and its romanticism to new degrees of excess. Beginning in what Fred Lewis Pattee has characterized as the "feminine fifties," there emerged a flood of sentimental novels which did not abate until well after the Civil War. Whatever the New England sociological causes, the type of fiction supplied by *Godey's Lady Book* and similar magazines blossomed into the sentimental romance with Susan Warner's *The Wide, Wide World* (1850). Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, Mary Jane Holmes, Maria S. Cummings, Augusta Jane Evans, and other domestic sentimentalists soon followed. While they wrote more prolifically, they did not write alone; men such as Donald Grant Mitchell and George William Curtis published similar fiction. These, with Timothy Shay Arthur (*Ten Nights In A Bar Room*, 1854), as well as the most successful of all sentimentalists—Harriet Beecher Stowe—all forged the tradition of idealism run amuck to sentimentalism. Evangelical sentimentalism soon appeared with the voluminous publications of two New England clergymen, Rev. Josiah Gilbert Holland and Rev. Edward Payson Roe, as well as General Lew Wallace (*Ben Hur*, 1880). "And these particular successes emerge from a ruck of smaller undertakings which swarmed over literature, coloring the world pink and white, scenting it with the dry perfume of pressed flowers, quieting it to whispers and gentle sobs, neglecting all the bitter and pungent tastes of life, softening every asperity, hiding every thorn and thought" (Van Doren 107).

Sentimentalism alone, though, did not abuse romanticism. "Just as idealism easily degenerates into sentimentality in second-rate writers, so romanticism degenerates into sensationalism when the great romancers are succeeded by their imitators" (Stovall, "Decline" 335). In 1851 Robert Bonner bought *The New York Ledger* and deliberately turned it into a patron of sensational fiction as well as sentimentalism. The early American agrarian and frontier mythology, so critical to western literary and cultural development as carefully documented by Henry Nash Smith and others, rapidly degenerated in the hands of Fenimore Cooper's successors. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., published *The Gun-*

maker of *Moscow* (1856) and scores of variations upon the two stock themes of love and adventure. In 1860 the New York publishing firm of Beadle and Adams launched the dime novel on its long and unbroken career, patronizing authors such as Albert W. Aiken, who long averaged one novel per week (Van Doren 104), and Prentiss Ingraham, who produced more than six hundred "novels" besides plays and short stories. Reportedly Ingraham on one occasion even wrote a thirty-five-thousand-word tale in a day and a night. And Edward S. Ellis's *Seth Jones* far surpassed the average printing of sixty-thousand, reaching the revolutionary figure of four-hundred-thousand copies (Smith 99-100). Stoval indicts bluntly the impact of this mass-produced fiction designed for the newly-discovered plebeian audience: "At their worst, sentimental and sensational novels provide a ready means for a vicarious sensual indulgence that may lead to complete debauchery" (Stoval, "Decline" 336). Excluded from this assessment, however, would be a few works which have enduring qualities as literature for boys and girls. Some of the works by Horatio Alger, Jr., a few of Mrs. Stowe's works, and Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* rise above the lurid and sickly mass. "*Little Women* itself accepts the limitations of the domestic sentimentalists and imposes charm and common sense upon them" (Wagenknecht 89).

Even as romantic idealism was yielding on one front to sentimentality and sensationalism, another development was occurring which would undercut these excesses in the popular mind and would provide further impetus toward a realistic fiction. At about the same time that Jacksonian democracy was becoming popular, so was newspaper humor—a humor which had no sacred cows and struck the fancy even of the cultivated reader as well as the less-refined classes. New England spawned Seba Smith's Jack Downing and T. C. Haliburton's Sam Slick, Mrs. Francis Witcher's Widow Bedott and Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. The Southwest's journalistic humor crystallized in George W. Harris's coarse prankster, Sut Lovingood. The South's major pre-war humorist was J. J. Hooper, who created the rogue Simon Suggs. In all of these, satire through character, action, and speech exposed contemporaneous follies. And most of these figures, as well as others, helped popularize the use of dialect as both a note of realism and as a ridiculed provincialism.

The role of the newspaper humorist as critic of region developed into one of critic of national politics and society during and after the Civil War. Charles Farrar Brown published and "lectured" his humor in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and on stage in a good-natured criticism of the ridiculous. More vitriolic, David Ross Locke and Charles H. Smith used bitter satire as propaganda for the Union and Confederate points of view in published letters addressed to Lincoln. Their Petroleum V. Nasby and Bill Arp were joined after the war by Robert H. Newell's Orpheus C. Kerr and Henry W. Shaw's Josh Billings. Their contemporaneous popularity and impact remain unrivalled.

In attacking sham, folly, pretense, and sentimentality wherever found, these humorists, their contemporaries, and their successors, have done a genuine service to literature and to society. They also helped to keep the nation sane before and after the Civil War and, not least of all, encouraged the use of greater realism in serious literature . . . the sketches and stories of several of these humorous writers are local and realistic in character, and may justly be called early examples of local-color fiction. Two of the early local colorists, Brett Harte and Mark Twain, were closely affiliated with the humorists . . . Mark Twain's ridicule of the romantic and the sentimental, beginning in the sixties and continuing throughout his career, did much to eliminate them from serious literature (Stoval, "Decline" 341-2).

Laughter which fostered criticism of American economic, political, and cultural institutions was not the only front on which romanticism yielded to a growing grassroots inclination in favor of realism. A reactionary transition had begun in a number of writers in favor of a more realistic fiction, "not to experiment for the sake merely of a delight in aesthetic advance, but in order to make a literature that could truly reflect the actualities by which they and their fellows lived" (Martin 12). In 1854 *Putnam's Magazine* rejected fiction with "a monstrous assemblage of grotesquely illusive pictures of life and nature, interlaced with inconceivable sentiments, unheard-of adventures, and impossible exploits," instead favoring "veritable and veracious segments of the great life-drama, displaying Nature and Man as they are, sentiments as they are felt, and deeds as they are done." An 1858 reviewer of George Eliot's writing prophesied in the *Atlantic Monthly* that "the unreal ideal" will soon be confined to

the second-rate writers for second-rate readers" (Stovall, "Decline 343-4).

There had been, moreover, passages of realistic description with increasing frequency, even in sentimental and sensational novels, in American fiction. Among Hawthorne's "damned mob of scribbling women and their "trash" there yet appears "much quiet realism," according to Edward Wagenknecht (84). Elizabeth Wetherell, Louisa May Alcott, Rebecca Harding Davis, and others utilized realism, primarily in descriptions of regional locale and, occasionally, in character. Perhaps all were responding to similar passages in Dickens and Thackeray, for George Eliot did not attract wide-spread attention in America until the 1870's.

The major consciously literary impetus for realism gained momentum with the publication of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* (1868) by Brete Harte. In that same year John DeForest, characterized as "Perhaps the most unjustly neglected of all American writers" (Wagenknecht 104), verbalized the national urge for the "Great American Novel," and novelists continued to work their way toward a native realism. But the burgeoning practice of short story writing made at least an equally significant contribution in the progress toward a mature realism of the mid-1880's.

The post-war fictionalist labored under the call for an American epic-turned-novel and sought to showcase a nationally united culture. A common language, a common historical heritage and goals, a common vision of a national cultural, economic inter-dependence, improved forms of communication and travel, as well as feelings of guilt over the war-time sectional hostilities all created a demand for literature which reflected a national unity and identity. DeForest himself probably came as close as anyone during this period to achieving such a goal. *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty* (1867), and his subsequent books sought to reconcile wide-ranging diversities and conflicts into harmony—regions, races, religions, morals, emotions, politics, and other diversities—in a National Novel and in a nation. So obsessed, though, does DeForest become with "working out a complex structure of contraries and resolutions . . . that his structure itself may be said to form the novel's subject. DeForest, who first announced the need for, and described the

nature of, the Great American Novel, was its first victim" (Martin 30-5). But his "task of painting the American soul within the framework of a novel"

became the goal and the province of major and minor authors who perhaps strove toward it with a little less intensity, yet greater success. In the hands of DeForest, Howells, and James . . . the Great American Novel achieved definable form. Based on the fact and condition of travel—of Americans in America or Americans in Europe or in the Orient—it measured emotional, racial, and intellectual contraries against each and all others. In this dialectic of expanding (and deepening) consciousness, opposites attract, and the Southerner comes to ask, What does it mean to be an American?; the Puritan experiences and understands passion . . . Into the bright circle of consciousness new shapes come bulging, until the self-contained consciousness is obliterated and remade (Martin 50-1).

Lesser fictionalists such as Albion Tourgee, with his "American Historical Novels" series, and Constance Fenimore Woolson, who with William Dean Howells was one of the only two writing in English whom James said on one occasion that he read, contributed to this new American consciousness.

But paradoxically, something else was happening to foster realism as these authors sought to unify and objectify the national novel. Most of them—Howells, Twain, James, Constance Woolson, and many others—had taken some of their first tentative steps toward fiction by writing descriptively of region and character in the extremely popular travel literature vogue or some quasi-fictional version of it, such as Twain's *Innocent Abroad* (1869) and *Roughing It* (1872) and Howells's *Their Wedding Journey* (1871). This interest in specific description of locale and character possessed significant ramifications for fiction.

The war had stirred the surface of various provincialisms which now discovered themselves and one another. Many writers set out, apparently, to furnish the country with an ordnance survey of all its riches of local custom . . . Nevertheless, the episode contributed something to the advance of realism. Scenes could no longer be unlocalized; costume and dialect had to be reported with accuracy; characters and plots must consequently be fitted, more or less, to the actual circumstances among which they moved. The ordinary methods of local color, no less than the doctrines of realism imported from Europe,

cleared the way for a critical conflict between romance and realism (Van Doren 116).

Regions and local allegiances had unexpectedly provided the materials of realism even as they strove for union of the American consciousness (Martin 53). In other words, little or no clash emerged between the national novel and the regional novel, for

these writers helped to formulate the images of distinctive sections that would emerge as full-fledged stereotypes in regional literature. In this sense, the creation of a series of articulate regional points of view was, paradoxically, in part the consequence of that growth of national uniformity described in the previous chapter. As political barriers and antagonisms eased, North and South were able to recognize and resolve their culture differences. No longer likely to bring war about, these differences became subjects in and of themselves. And as a result, between 1880 and the end of the century regional writing predominated in American literature, especially in the magazines (Martin 81).

Americans had become both curious and proud of their variegated cultural diversity and a literary expression of it.

J. G. Holland, Rebecca Harding Davis, DeForest, Edward Eggleston, and their major successors of the 1870's Howells—Twain, and James—all wrote short stories as well as novels, and in their early short fiction, by nature of the genre and the times perhaps more quickly responsive to literary currents, local color advanced significantly toward realism. Brete Harte encountered no resistance to his new fiction. "When *The Luck of Roaring Camp* was published, California was the microcosm and focus of America. Every section was represented there among the gold seekers who gave the community its picturesqueness. Every section of course read Brete Harte with an interest compounded of curiosity about the unknown and delight in the familiar. The success of the master naturally suggested imitation, not only in regard to the local manners and types of other neighborhoods but in the dimensions of the tales he had begotten." The consequence was a prolific outpouring of short fiction, an incubator for the mature realism of the mid-1880's, which helped break the continuity of the romantic novel. Van Doren continues:

The generation after 1870 practised the short story as no generation had ever done before. Brown and Cooper and Simms and Melville and Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe had all written short stories, but the novel had called forth their major faculties. Brete Harte, a voluminous author, wrote only one full-length novel; most of his followers are better known for their shorter stories than for their novels or wrote no novels at all.

Publishing economics, of course, remained a significant factor.

Until the passage of the international copyright law of 1891, British novels could be freely pirated in the United States and American competition increasingly took the form of short stories, further encouraged by the multiplication of native magazines particularly hospitable to brevity. The novel, in consequence, was left standing for a few years out of the main channel of imaginative production (117).

Both Rebecca Harding Davis and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for example, practiced just such increasingly realistic local-color fiction in both novel and short story. And in portraying the setting of wretched milltown existence, both directed their energies toward criticism of social and economic abuses, an act characteristic of a later, mature realism.

Literary realism did not burst onto the American literary scene but ripened gradually nourished and mandated by a variety of cultural influences. The extensive political and social changes attendant upon the national crises of the 1850s and 1860s, the scientific and industrial developments after the war, the moral climate of the nation, the development of vast fortunes and changed economies, the promises and harsh realities of agrarian life, the frontier and its humor, the contortions of popular literature, and the rise of local color all cultivated a complexity which the idealistic vision found itself incapable of assimilating. As local colorists and regionalists began to share sectional ideas, regional values, and divergent modes of living with a steadily growing national audience, the movement away from romanticism and toward an identifiable style of realism began to coalesce. Early regionalists and local colorists developed a fidelity to recording factual life and laid the foundation upon which a soundly authentic, mature realistic vision could grow.

Springfield, Ohio



## WORKS CONSULTED

- Falk, Robert P. "The Rise of Realism: 1871-1891," *Transitions in American Literary History*, ed. Harry Hayden Clark. 1954; rpt. New York: Octagon Books, Inc., 1967.
- Kolb, Harold H., Jr., *The Illusion of Life: American Realism as a Literary Form*. Charlottesville, Va.: The Univ. Press of Va., 1969.
- Martin, Jay. *Harvests of Change: American Literature 1865-1914*. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1967.
- Pattee, Fred Lewis. *The Feminine Fifties*. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc., 1940.
- Smith, Henry Nash. *Virgin Land*. New York: Random House, 1950.
- Stovall, Floyd. *American Idealism*, 1943; Port Washington, New York: Kennikat Press, Inc., 1965.
- Stovall, Floyd. "The Decline of Romantic Idealism," *Transitions in American Literary History*, ed. Harry Hayden Clark 1954; rpt. New York: Octagon Books, Inc., 1967.
- Van Doren, Carl. *The American Novel: 1789-1939*. Rev. ed. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1945.
- Wagenknecht, Edward. *Cavalcade of the American Novel*. 1952; rpt. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1965.

# ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: 1986

*Editors:* ROBERT BEASECKER AND DONALD PADY

*Bibliographers:* Clarence A. Andrews, *University of Iowa*; Liahna Babener, *Montana State University*; Robert Beasecker, *Grand Valley State College*; Michael D. Butler, *University of Kansas*; Mary Ellen Caldwell, *University of North Dakota*; Pamela A. Grudzien, *Central Michigan University*; 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 1986. 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 this bibliography's editors: Robert Beasecker, Grand Valley State College Library, Allendale, Michigan 49401, and for computerized literature searches, Donald Pady, Mayo Foundation Library, 200 First St. SW, Rochester, MN 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.

- Abbott, Raymond H. *That Day in Gordon*. (Novel) New York: Vanguard, 1986, (South Dakota).
- Adams, Harold. *The Fourth widow*. (Novel) New York: Mysterious Press, 1986, (South Dakota).
- Adler, Carl. *In the basement*. (Short Fiction) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring, 1986), 125-32.
- Akins, Ellen. *Her Book*. (Short Fiction) *Georgia Review*, 40 (Winter, 1986), 972-85.
- Alice, Joyletta A. *Quilt poem #1*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 74, (Nebraska).
- (Anderson, Sherwood) Anderson, David D., *Chicago city scapes by Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Saul Bellow*. (Criticism) *Midwestern Miscellany*, XIII, (1986), 43-49.
- (Anderson, Sherwood) Anderson, David D., Mark Twain, Sherwood Anderson, Saul Bellow, and the territories of the spirit. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 116-24.
- (Anderson, Sherwood) Benfry, Christopher. *Inconstant Anderson*. (Review essay) *New York Review of Books*, 33 (30 January 1986), 16-20.
- (Anderson, Sherwood) Bredahl, A. Carl, *The Young thing within: Divided narrative and Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio*. (Criticism) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 422-37.
- (Anderson, Sherwood) Haskill, Diana. *A Sherwood Anderson checklist: 1984*. (Bibliography) *The Winesburg Eagle*, 11(2) April 1986, 4-8.
- Ardizzone, Tony. *Heart of the order*. (Novel) New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Arnot, Marie. *Celebration*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 73, (Nebraska).
- Auerbach, Emily. *To a writer*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (April 1986), 28.
- (Austin, Mary) Langlois, Karen S., Mary Austin and Lincoln Steffens. (Criticism) *Huntington Library Quarterly*, 49 (Autumn 1986), 357-83.
- Averill, Thomas Fox. *Passes at the moon: stories from Kansas*. (Short Stories). Topeka, KS: Bob Woodley Memorial Press, 1985.
- Bailey, Rick. *Word from Anzio*. (Poetry) *College English*, 48 (December 1986), 800.
- Baker, Beverly. *Unprepared*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (February 1986), 57.
- Barnes, Candyce. *Bride of the thing*. (Short Fiction) *Southern Fiction*, 22 (Summer 1986), 589-99.
- Barnes, Jim. *Ubi sunt; International student union coffee shoppe: Ramadan; Vespers*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 96-97.
- Bauer, Nona Kilgore. *Left behind*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 22.
- (Baxter, Charles) Benedict, Elinor. *The Power and the gift: Interview with Judith Minty and Charles Baxter*. (Interview) *Passages North*, 7 (Winter 1986), 3-4.
- Beasecker, Robert, and Donald Pady. *Annual bibliography of midwestern literature: 1984*. (Bibliography) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 148-65.
- Behm, Richard. *Getting Al Kaline's autograph*. (Poetry) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 350.
- Behrendt, Stephen C. *Farm auction*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 48-49.
- (Bellow, Saul) Anderson, David D., *Chicago cityscapes by Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Saul Bellow*. (Criticism) *Midwestern Miscellany XIII* (1986), 43-49.
- (Bellow, Saul) Anderson, David D. Mark Twain, Sherwood Anderson, Saul Bellow, and the territories of the spirit. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 116-24.
- (Bellow, Saul) Yetman, Michael G. *Toward a language irresistible: Saul Bellow and the romance of poetry*. (Criticism) *Papers on Language and Literature*, 22 (Fall 1986), 429-47.
- Benedict, Elinor. *A Bridge to China; Two women leaving Peking; In a far city*. (Poetry). *Helicon Nine*, nos. 14-15 (1986), 116-18.
- Benedict, Elinor. *Evidence*. (Poetry) *Pennsylvania Review*, 2 (Fall-Winter 1986), 67.
- Benson, Robert. *War games*. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, n.s., 27 (Fall 1986), 27.
- Berris, Sandra. *Onion evenings*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 458.
- Blei, Norbert. *The Ghost of Sandburg's Phizzog*. (Short Fiction) Peoria, IL: Ellis Press, 1986.

- Blei, Norbert. *This horse of a body of mine*. (Short Fiction) *TriQuarterly*, no. 66 (Spring-Summer 1986), 116-28.
- (Bloch, Robert) Larson, Randall D. *The Complete Robert Bloch: an illustrated, international bibliography*. (Bibliographies) Sunnyvale, CA: Fandom Unlimited, 1986.
- (Bloch, Robert) Larson, Randall D. *Robert Bloch*. (Biography) Mercer Is., WA: Starmont House, 1986.
- Blossoms & blizzards; an anthology, ed. C. J. Fosdick, Linda Essig, Laurel Winter. (Short Stories) Rochester, MN: Pegasus Press, 1986.
- Bly, Robert. *Selected poems*. (Poetry) New York: Random House, 1986.
- (Bly, Robert) Roberson, William H. *Robert Bly: a primary and secondary bibliography*. (Bibliography) Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1986.
- (Bly, Robert) Sugg, Richard P. *Robert Bly*. (Biography) Boston: Twayne, 1986.
- Borden, William. *Wikiup*. (Poetry) *South Florida Poetry Review* (Winter 1986).
- Borden, William. *The Word split open*. (Poetry) *Writer's Info* (Winter 1986).
- Borden, William. *In the snow*. (Poetry) *Inkstone*, 2 (Winter 1986).
- Borden, William. *At the Museum of Modern Art*. (Poetry) *Nyctocorax* (Spring 1986).
- Borden, William. *Who asked*. (Poetry) *Beyond*, no. 4 (May 1986).
- Borden, William. *Greenspeak*. (Poetry) *Zone* 3, 1 (Summer 1986).
- Borden, William. *Joining the people tribe*. (Short Fiction) *Phoenix*, 6 (Spring-Summer 1986).
- (Boyle, Kay) Spanier, Sandra Whipple. *Kay Boyle: artist and activist*. (Biography) Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois University Press, 1986.
- (Bradbury, Ray) Grabowski, William J. *Whales, libraries, and dreams: Ray Bradbury*. (Biography) *Fantasy Review*, no. 93 (1986), 11, 16. (Bradbury, Ray) Mogen, David. *Ray Bradbury*. (Biography) Boston, MA: Twayne, 1986.
- Bridgeford, Kim. *The Only reason*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 51.
- (Britton, Nan) Anderson, David D. *From Marion, Ohio, Schoolroom to White House Cloakroom*. (Criticism) *SSML Newsletter*, 16(2) Summer, 1986, 1-15.
- Broadhead, Marlis Manley. *On things predictable*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 28 (Autumn 1986), 88-89.
- (Brooks, Gwendolyn) Greasley, Philip. *Gwendolyn Brooks's "Afrika"*. (Criticism) *Mid-America XIII* (1986), 9-18.
- Brown, Iris J. Johnson. *Wishing; Stairs*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 114-16, (Nebraska).
- Brown, Vincent J. *Birthday forenoon*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (March 1986), 80.
- (Browne, Howard) Bowman, David A. *Halo for hire: the novels of Howard Browne/John Evans*. (Biography) *Armchair Detective*, 19 (Spring 1986), 147-56.
- Brownstein, Andrea. *Studies*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (November 1986), 91.
- Brummels, J. V. *Weather in the bones*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 45-58, (Nebraska).
- Buettner, Shirley. *Birthday; In Cottonwood Township; Recovering the corn*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 66-68, (Nebraska).
- (Burnett, William Riley) Noverr, Douglas A. *Chicago as setting and force in William Riley Burnett's Little Caesar (1929)*. (Criticism) *Midwestern Miscellany*, XIV (1986), 25-33.
- Burns, Michael. *The August casualties*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 449.
- Campbell, Charles. *Salvation; Winter landscape; Sanctuary*. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. 4, May 8-10, 1986.
- Campbell, Robert. *The Junkyard dog*. (Novel) New York: Signet Books, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Cantoni, Louis J. *After the heart; Counterpoise*. (Poetry) *Alura*, 11 (Summer 1986), 41.
- Cantoni, Louis J. *Beginnings*. (Poetry) *Counselor's Voice*, 2 (Winter 1986), 4.
- Cantoni, Louis J. *Bright moment; To a blind counselor*. (Poetry) *Counselor's Voice*, 3 (Fall 1986), 3, 8.
- Cantoni, Louis J. *Dawning; A Machine bird; For L. J. C.* (Poetry) *Quest*, 19 (June 1986), 7.

- Cantoni, Louis J. Discovery; Tending; When Summer comes. (Poetry) *Quest*, 19 January 1986), 9.
- Cantoni, Louis J. For Sylvester. (Poetry) *Parnassus*, 10 (Fall 1986), 63.
- Cantoni, Louis J. In too many memories; Museum encounter. (Poetry) *South End*, 19 (18 April 1986), 12.
- Cantoni, Louis J. The Lanterne. (Criticism), (Poetry) *SSML Newsletter*, 16(2) (Summer 1986), 16-18.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Now—and then. (Poetry) *Modern Images*, 74 (Summer 1986), 41.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Now that you are gone. (Poetry) *Poetic Justice*, number 13 (1986), 28-29.
- Cantoni, Louis J. One alcoholic's prayer. (Poetry) *Poet*, 27 (October 1986), 54.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Pain. (Poetry) *Peninsula Poets*, 41 (3rd quarter 1986), 11.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Plaything of the gods. (Poetry) *Pancontinental Premier Poets*, ed. B. Falkowski, et al., Campbell, CA: World Poetry Society, 1986, 79.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Pure poetry. (Poetry) *Prophetic Voices*, 7 (1986), 16.
- Cantoni, Louis J. R. R. Crossing. (Poetry) *Orphic Lute*, 36 (Winter 1986), 41.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Testament. (Poetry) *Alura*, 11 (Winter 1986), 11.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Though the words cascade. (Poetry) *Quest*, 20 (October 1986), 6.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Trepidation. (Poetry) *Modern Images*, 75 (Fall 1986), 27.
- Cantoni, Louis J. Workshop. (Poetry) *Scanner*, 16 (October 1986), 9.
- Cantoni, Louis J. You know I love you. (Poetry) *Poet*, 27 (February 1986), 17.
- Carey, Michael. The Noise the earth makes. (Poetry) *Cumberland*, IA: Pterodactyl Press, 1986.
- Carlson, Ann. Malibu spring; In the Black Hills. (Poetry) *Dragonfly*, 14 (Spring 1986), 18, 31.
- Carrier, Warren. Death of a chancellor. (Novel) New York: Dodd, Mead, 1986, (Wisconsin).
- Casullo, Joanne. The Harvest; Mdlame kind-heart; The Needle, the bowl; The Accident. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 107-10.
- Cather, Willa. Interviews, speeches, and letters, ed. L. Brent Bohlke. (Correspondence) Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1986.
- Cather, Willa. Uncle Valentine and other stories: Willa Cather's uncollected short fiction, 1915-1929. (Short Fiction) Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1986, ed. Bernice Slotte.
- (Cather, Willa) Ammons, Elizabeth. The Engineer as cultural hero and Willa Cather's first novel, *Alexander's bridge*. (Criticism) *American Quarterly*, 38 (Winter 1986), 746-60.
- (Cather, Willa) Arnold, Marilyn, ed. Willa Cather: a reference guide. (Bibliography) Boston: G.K. Hall, 1986.
- (Cather, Willa) Baker, Bruce. From region to the world: two allusions in Cather's *A Lost Lady*. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 61-68.
- (Cather, Willa) Bender, Eileen T. Pioneer or gadgeteer: Bergsonian metaphor in work of Willa Cather. (Criticism) *Midwest Quarterly*, 28 (Autumn 1986), 130-40.
- (Cather, Willa) Gleason, John B. The "Case" of Willa Cather. (Criticism) *Western American Literature*, 20 (February 1986), 39-45.
- (Cather, Willa) Mason, Julian. An Interesting Willa Cather letter. (Correspondence) *American Literature*, 58 (March 1986), 109-11.
- (Cather, Willa) O'Brien, Sharon. Willa Cather: the emerging voice. (Biography) New York: Oxford University Press, 1986.
- (Cather, Willa) Petry, Alice Hall. Caesar and the artist in Willa Cather's "Coming, Aphrodite!" (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Summer 1986), 307-14.
- (Cather, Willa) Rosowski, Susan. The Voyage Perilous: Willa Cather's Romanticism. (Criticism) Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986.
- (Cather, Willa) Strychacz, Thomas F. The Ambiguities of escape in Willa Cather's *The Professor's House*. (Criticism) *Studies in American Fiction*, 14 (Spring 1986), 49-61.
- (Cather, Willa) Swift, John N. Memory, myth, and The Professor's House. (Criticism) *Western American Literature*, 20 (February 1986), 301-14.

- Cavillo, M. Kimberly. Evening chores; "Cottonwood country" Backflap; Coon Rapids; "Gotta getta block." (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 50-53, (Nebraska).
- Cherry, Eileen C. Miss Syreeta. (Short Story) *Open Places*, 41 (Spring 1986), 22-28.
- Cherry, Kelly. The Daughter who visits the green river singing; The Relation that art bears to silence. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Winter 1986), 196-97.
- (Cherry, C. J.) Williams, Lynne F. Women and power in C. J. Cherriy's novels. (Criticism) *Extrapolation*, 27 (Summer 1986), 85-92.
- (Chicago) Anderson, David D. "That somber city" since midcentury. (Criticism) *Midwestern Miscellany XIV* (1986), 58-69.
- (Chicago) Williams, Kenny J. "Creative defiance": an overview of Chicago literature. (Criticism), (Bibliography) *Midwestern Miscellany*, XIV (1986), 7-24.
- (Chopin, Kate) Ewell, Barbara C. Kate Chopin. (Biography) New York: Ungar, 1986.
- Citano, David. On Looking into Homer for the first time since becoming a father. (Poetry) *North Dakota Quarterly*, 54 (Spring 1986), 84.
- Citano, David. On the nature of the beast. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 40.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Anderson, David D. Mark Twain, Sherwood Anderson, Saul Bellow, and the territories of the spirit. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 116-24.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Anderson, Douglas. Reading the pictures in *Huckleberry Finn*. (Criticism) *Arizona Quarterly*, 42 (Summer 1986), 100-20.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Bassett, John E. Life on the Mississippi: being shifty in a new country. (Criticism) *Western American Literature*, 21 (May 1986), 39-45.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Bell, William R. The Relationships of Joel Chandler Harris and Mark Twain. (Criticism), (Biography) *Atlanta Historical Journal*, 30 (Fall-Winter 1986-87), 97-111.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Berret, Anthony J. *Huckleberry Finn* and the minstrel show. (Criticism) *American Studies*, 27(2) (Fall 1986), 37-49.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Calisch, Richard. Mark Twain and the American myth. (Criticism) *English Journal*, 75(6) (October 1986), 60-63.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) David, Beverly R. Mark Twain and his illustrators: Volume I (1869-1875). (Biography) Troy, NY: Whitson, 1986.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Gottschalk, Jane. Mark Twain's detectives: Tom Sawyer didn't just paint fences. (Criticism) *Armchair Detective*, 19 (Spring 1986), 179-84.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Kolb, Harold H., Jr. Mere humor and moral humor: The example of Mark Twain. (Criticism) *American Literary Realism*, 1870-1910, 19 (Fall 1986), 52-64.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Kordecki, Lesley C. Twain's critique of Malory's romance: *Forma tractandi* and *A Connecticut Yankee*. (Criticism) *Nineteenth Century Literature*, 41(3), December 1986), 329-48.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Machan, Tim Williams. The Symbolic narrative of *Huckleberry Finn*. (Criticism) *Arizona Quarterly*, 42 (Summer 1986), 131-40.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Machlis, Paul, ed. Union catalog of Clemens letters. (Bibliographies), (Correspondence) Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1986.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Maik, Thomas A. The Village in Tom Sawyer: Myth and reality. (Criticism) *Arizona Quarterly*, 42 (Summer 1986), 157-64.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Robinson, Forrest G. In Bad faith: the dynamics of deception in Mark Twain's America. (Criticism) Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1986.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Robinson, Forrest G. Patterns of consciousness in *The Innocents* abroad. (Criticism) *American Literature*, 58 (March 1986), 46-63.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Stahl, John Daniel. American Myth in European disguise: fathers and sons in *The Prince and the Pauper*. (Criticism) *American Literature*, 58 (May 1986), 203-16.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Strohmidel, Karl-Otto. Tranquil ecstasy: Mark Twain's Pastoral neigung und Ihre Literarische Gestaltung. (Criticism) Amsterdam: B. R. Gruener, 1986.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Werth, Robert D. Mark Twain and the Gorky affair. (Criticism) *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 85 (Winter 1986), 32-39.

- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Weeks, Mary Louise. A Meeting of Southerners: Joel Chandler Harris, Mark Twain, and George Washington Cable. (Criticism), (Biography) *Atlanta Historical Journal*, 30 (Fall-Winter 1986-87), 89-96.
- (Clemens, Samuel L.) Wilson, James D., ed. A Reader's guide to the short stories of Mark Twain. (Bibliographies) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1987.
- Climenhaga, Jim. Three poems: Everybody has reason; If Charles Olson were alive now, he'd know; Do not tell me the child is dead in me. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 54-55.
- Collins, Max Allan. The Million dollar wound. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Contoski, Victor. Conversations over hot coffee; My father's ties; The Things of the dead. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 94-95.
- Cook, Olive Rambo. Trails to Poosey. (Juvenile Fiction) Sebastopol, CA: Misty Hill Press, 1986, (Missouri).
- (Cooper, James Fenimore) Clark, Michael. Benjamin Franklin and Cooper's The Pioneers. (Criticism) *English Notes*, 24 (September 1986), 73-78.
- Cooper, M. Truman. Piece work; Inside the wind. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, n.s. 27 (Fall 1986), 39-40.
- (Coover, Robert) Cope, Jackson I. Robert Coover's fictions. (Criticism) Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1986.
- (Coover, Robert) Lee, L. L. Robert Coover's moral vision: Pricksongs and descants. (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Winter 1986), 63-69.
- Crane, Hart. The Poems of Hart Crane, ed. Marc Simon. (Poetry) New York: Liveright, 1986.
- (Crane, Hart) Wolf, Jack C. Hart Crane's Harp of evil: a study of orphism in The Bridge. (Criticism) Troy, NY: Whitson, 1986.
- Cronwall, Brian. After atomic screen tests: a question on nuclear culture. (Poetry) *Minnesota Freeze News*, Spring 1986, 5.
- Cronwall, Brian. Before dawn. (Poetry) *Mankato Poetry Review*, May 1986, 17.
- Cronwall, Brian. Early morning dream. (Poetry) *Dreamworks*, 5(1) 1986, 17.
- Cronwall, Brian. Requiem. (Poetry) *Minnesota Freeze News*, Fall 1986, 6.
- Cronwall, Brian. "The Robins here sing with a foreign accent." (Poetry) *Altadena Review*, no. 8 (Winter-Spring 1986), 42.
- Curry, Jane Louise. The Lotus cup. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Atheneum, 1986, (Ohio).
- Cutler, Bruce. Angelita. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 64-69.
- Daniels, Celia. Suicide; Old trails. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 460-62.
- Davidson, Gay. Drumlin; Headhunting; Donna's sonata; Men need snows. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival* (East Lansing, MI) Vol. IV, May 8-10, 1986.
- Decelles, Paul. Crickets. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 34.
- (Dell, Floyd) Roba, William H. Floyd Dell in Iowa. (Biography) *Books at Iowa*, 44 (April 1986), 27-41.
- Dell, Floyd. The Earth abideth. (Novel) Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1986, (Ohio).
- Delton, Judy. The Mystery of the haunted cabin. (Juvenile Fiction) Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1986, (Minnesota).
- denBoer, David C. Welcome; Desire. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 98.
- (Detroit, Michigan) Goldstein, Laurence. The Image of Detroit in Twentieth century literature. (Criticism) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 269-91.
- (Detroit, Michigan) Lee, Dorothy H. Black voices in Detroit. (Biography) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 313-28.
- DeWitt, Jim. Robert Frost reversed. (Poetry) *East Lansing, MI, Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, May 8-10, 1986, Vol. IV.
- Dexter, Pete. Deadwood. (Novel) New York: Random House, 1986, (Dakotas).

- (Drama) Birdwell, Christine. America's last old time theatre. (Drama) *Michigan History*, 70 (January/February 1986), 24-29.
- (Drama) Selmon, Michael. Between prairie wolves and Puritans: Shakespeare's early Chicago stages. (Drama) *Old Northwest*, 11 (Fall-Winter 1985-86), 127-48.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Anderson, David D. Chicago cityscapes by Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Saul Bellow. (Criticism) *Midwestern Miscellany* XIII, (1986), 43-49.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Boswell, Jeanetta. Theodore Dreiser and the critics, 1911-1982: a bibliography with selective annotations. (Bibliography) Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1986.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Bowlby, Rachel. Just Looking: consumer culture in Dreiser, Gissing and Zola. (Criticism) New York: Methuen, 1985.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Gerber, Philip L. The Tangled web: offstage acting in Sister Carrie. (Criticism) *Dreiser Newsletter*, 17(2) Fall 1986, 1-8.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Fisher, Philip. Hard facts: setting and form in the American novel. (Criticism) New York: Oxford University Press, 1985.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Griffen, Joseph. The Small canvas: an introduction to Dreiser's short stories. (Short Stories) Teaneck, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1985.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Lingeman, Richard. Theodore Dreiser: at the gates of the city, 1871-1907. (Biography) New York: Putnam, 1986.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Machor, James L. Carrie's other sister. (Criticism) *Studies in American Fiction*, 14 (Autumn 1986), 199-204.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Mitchell, Lee Clark. And then rose for the third time: repetition and doubling in An American tragedy. (Criticism) *Novel*, 19 (Fall 1985), 39-56.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Nostwich, Theodore D. Dreiser's apocryphal fly story (Criticism) *Dreiser Newsletter*, 17(1) (Spring, 1986), 1-8.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Riggio, Thomas P. Farrell, Masters and Mencken on Dreiser; the Los Angeles Public Library Celebration. (Criticism) *Dreiser Newsletter*, 17(1) (Spring 1986), 10-15.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) Rusch, Frederic E. A Dreiser checklist, 1985. (Bibliography) *Dreiser Newsletter*, 17(2) Fall 1986, 9-13.
- (Dreiser, Theodore) West, James L. W. III. A Sister Carrie portfolio. (Criticism) Charlottesville, VA: University Press of Virginia, 1985.
- Drury, John. Weeping fig. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 243.
- Duggin, Lorraine. Miracle at Stink Creek. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 70-71, (Nebraska).
- (Dunne, Finley Peter) Bresnahan, Roger. Mr. Dooley and Slat's Grobnik: Chicago commentators on the world around them. (Criticism), (Biography) *Midwestern Miscellany*, XIV (1986), 34-46.
- Early, Gerald. Six poems. (Poetry) *American Poetry Review*, 15 (September-October 1986), 53-55.
- Eis, Jacqueline. Imaginary lives, Brinnell, Nebraska, 1956. (Short Fiction). *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 10-19, (Nebraska).
- Elkin, Stanley. Early Elkin. (Short Fiction) Flint, MI: Bamberger Books, 1986.
- Ellis, Ron. Mystical; Insufficient light; Canto five. (Poetry) *East Lansing, MI: Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, May 8-10, 1986.
- Erdrich, Louise. The Beet queen. (Novel) New York: Holt, 1986, (North Dakota).
- Estleman, Loren D. Every brilliant eye. (Novel) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1986, (Detroit), (Michigan).
- Evans, David Allan. Remembering the Soos. (Autobiography) Kansas City, MO: BkMk Press, 1986.
- Evans, David Allan. Stucco'd with quadrupeds. (Short Fiction). *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 51-54.
- Farley, Carol. Mystery of the melted diamonds. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Avon, 1986, (Kansas).
- Ferguson, Moira. Women's weeds. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 26-28.

- (Field, Eugene) Koda, Paul S. Addenda to BAL: Eugene Field. (Bibliography) *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, 80 (First quarter 1986), 99-100.
- Field, Robert. Seasons where I love. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Fall 1986), 478-79.
- Fink, Eloise Bradley. *Girl in the empty nightgown*. (Poetry) Winnetka, IL: Thorntree Press, 1986.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Christensen, Bryce J. The Mystery of ungodliness: Renan's Life of Jesus as a subtext for F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* and "Absolution." (Criticism) *Christianity and Literature*, 36 (Fall 1986), 15-23.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Greiff, Louis K. *Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby*. (Criticism) *Explicator*, 44 (Spring 1986), 49-52.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Mandel, Miriam B. When did Nick write *The Great Gatsby*? (Criticism) *Notes on Modern American Literature*, 9 (Winter 1985), item 12.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Person, Leland S. Fitzgerald's "O Russet witch!": Dangerous women, dangerous art. (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Fall 1986), 443-48.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Pike, Gerald. Four voices in "Winter Dreams." (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Summer 1986), 315-20.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Stern, Milton R., ed. *Critical essays on Tender is the night*. (Essays), (Criticism) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1986.
- (Fitzgerald, F. Scott) Weinstein, Arnold. Fiction as greatness: the case of *Gatsby*. (Criticism) *Novel*, 19 (Fall 1985), 22-38.
- Flanagan, Robert. *Naked to naked goes*. (Short Fiction) New York: Charles Scribner, 1986, (Ohio).
- Fosdick, C. S. *Blossoms and blizzards; an anthology*. (Short Stories) Rochester, MN: Pegasus Press, 1986.
- Fox, Hugh. *Symmetries*. (Short Fiction) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 187-98.
- Friebert, Stuart. St. Sebastian. (Poetry) *North Dakota Quarterly*, 54 (Spring 1986), 118.
- Friman, Alice. The Boy in the black leather jacket. (Poetry) *Confrontation*, nos. 33-34 (Fall-Winter 1986-87), 45.
- Friman, Alice. *Girls; Walking in Holcomb Gardens*. (Poetry) *Texas Review*, 7 (Spring-Summer 1986, 70, 72).
- Friman, Alice. Her son. (Poetry) *Images*, 12 (November 1986), 5.
- Friman, Alice. The Magician's daughter. (Poetry) *North Dakota Quarterly*, 54 (Winter 1986), 60.
- Friman, Alice. Myself; Turning fifty. (Poetry) *Cream City Review*, 10 (August 1986), 60-61.
- Friman, Alice. The Reckoning. (Poetry) *Georgia Review*, 40 (Fall 1986), 663.
- Friman, Alice. Suppose, suddenly. (Poetry) *Images*, 11 (February 1986), 5.
- Friman, Alice. Tattoo. (Poetry) *Images*, 11 (June 1986), 5.
- Frommer, Sara Hoskinson. *Murder in C major*. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, (Indiana).
- Fryer, Sarah. Single mother's vita. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Winter 1986), 63-67.
- Garcia, Leroy. Pen. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 309-10.
- Gardner, John. Stillness and shadows. (Novel) New York: Knopf, 1986.
- (Garland, Hamlin) Wherry, Peg. At Home on the range; reactions of pioneer women to the Kansas Plains landscape. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 71-79.
- (Gass, William) Saltzman, Arthur M. The Fiction of William Gass: the consolation of language. (Criticism) Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1986.
- Gautreau, Ann L. Mind snack. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (October 1986), 39.
- Geller, Mark. *My Life in the seventh grade*. (Juvenile fiction) New York: Harper and Row, 1986, (Illinois).
- (Gilfallan, Archer B.) Etulain, Richard W. Archer B. Gilfallan: Scholarly shepherd of South Dakota. (Biography) *South Dakota History*, 16 (Winter 1986), 373-91.
- Gorman, Edward. *Murder in the wings*. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Gottlieb, Elaine. Joker. (Short Fiction) *Southern Review*, 22 (Summer 1986), 620-33.

- Gould, Philip. *Kitty Collins*. (Novel) Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin Books, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Graham, Jorie. Ten Poems. (Poetry) *American Poetry Review*, 15 (September-October, 1986), 25-35.
- (Graham, Jori) Meek, Jay. An Interview with Jori Graham. (Biography) *North Dakota Quarterly*, 54 (Spring 1986), 162-68.
- Gray, Patrick Worth. The Farm. (Poetry) *Mr. Cogito*, 7 (Summer 1986), 1.
- Gray, Patrick Worth. Jogger. (Poetry) *New York Quarterly*, no. 29 (Spring 1986), 75.
- Gray, Patrick Worth. Too soon solos. (Short Fiction) *Georgia Review*, 40 (Spring 1986), 146-54.
- Greeley, Andrew M. *Angels of September*. (Novel) New York: Warner Books, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Greeley, Andrew M. *Confessions of a parish priest*. (Autobiography) New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986.
- Greeley, Andrew M. God game. (Novel) New York: Warner Books, 1986.
- Greeley, Andrew M. Happy are the clean of heart. (Novel) New York: Warner Books, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- (Greene, Bob) Shereikis, Richard. Farewell to the regional columnist: the meaning of Bob Greene's success. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 125-33.
- Greenberg, Jan. *Exercises of the heart*. (Juvenile fiction) New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1986, (Midwest).
- Gunn, James. *Crisis*. (Novel) New York: Tor Books, 1986.
- Gunn, James. Out of my head. (Short Fiction), in *Afterlives*, ed. P. Sargent and I. Watson. New York: Vintage Books, 1986, 90-112.
- Hall, Kathryn. A Toast for a wedding. (Poem) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Summer 1986), 337.
- Hallwas, John E. *Illinois literature: the nineteenth century*. (Anthology) Macomb, IL: Illinois Heritage Press, 1986, (Illinois).
- Hancock, Alex. Into the light. (Novel) Berkeley, CA: Creative Arts Book Co., 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Hansen, Ron. *Nebraska*. (Short Fiction) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 5-9, (Nebraska).
- Hansen, Tom. Reflections on Wittgenstein. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 71.
- Hansen, Twyla. Airing out; Nuance. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 34-35.
- Harrington, R. E. *Marvels*. (Novel) Briarcliff Manor, NY: Stein and Day, 1986, (Midwest).
- Harris, Peter. Gravely elegy. (Poetry) *College English*, 48 (February 1986), 143.
- Harvey, Brett. *My Prairie year*. (Juvenile Fiction). New York: Holiday House, 1986, (Dakota).
- Hassler, Donald M. 1/28/86. (Poetry) *Fantasy Review*, no. 89 (March 1986), 40.
- Hassler, Donald M. Two dozen lines for Rich. (Poetry) *Tar River Poetry*, 26 (Fall 1986), 30.
- Heaberlin, Hal. Sweet revenge. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (November 1986), 75.
- (Hearst, James) Sears, Jeff. The Worth of the harvest: James Hearst and his poetry. (Criticism) *SSML Newsletter*, 16(1) Spring 1986, 8-16.
- (Heinlein, Robert A.) Golden, Kenneth L. Stranger in a strange land as myth: Robert A. Heinlein and Carl Jung. (Criticism) *Extrapolation*, 27 (Winter 1986), 295-303.
- Heller, Janet Ruth. Departure (for M.A.). (Poetry) *Pilgrimage*, 12 (July-August 1986), 19.
- Hemingway, Ernest. *The Complete short stories of Ernest Hemingway*. (Short Fiction) New York: Charles Scribner's, 1986.
- Hemingway, Ernest. *The Garden of Eden*. (Novel) New York: Scribner's, 1986.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Atherton, John. The Itinerary and the postcard: minimal strategies in *The Sun also rises*. (Criticism) *ELH*, 53 (Spring 1986), 199-218.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Bakker, J. Ernest Hemingway in Holland, 1925-1981: a comparative analysis of the contemporary Dutch and American critical reception of his work. (Criticism) Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1986.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Beasley, Conger, Jr. Hemingway and the Kansas City Star. (Criticism), (Biography) *SSML Newsletter*, 16(1) Spring 1986, 1-7.

- (Hemingway, Ernest) Brasch, James D. Hemingway's doctor: Jose Luis Herrera Sotolongo remembers Ernest Hemingway. (Biography), (Interview) *Journal of Modern Literature*, 13 (July 1986), 185-210.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Collins, William J. Taking on the champion: Alice as liar in "The Light of the world." (Criticism) *Studies in American Fiction*, 14 (Autumn 1986), 225-32.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Fellner, Harriet. Hemingway as playwright: the fifth column. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research Press, 1986.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Fleming, Robert E. Perversion and the writer in "The Sea change." (Criticism) *Studies in American Fiction*, 14 (Autumn 1986), 215-20.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Florick, Janet L. and David M. Raabe. Longfellow and Hemingway: the start of something. (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Summer 1986), 324-26.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Gladstein, Mimi Reisel. The Indestructible woman in Faulkner, Hemingway, and Steinbeck. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research Press, 1986.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Hannum, Howard L. Nick Adams and the search for light. (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Winter 1986), 9-18.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Holmesland, Oddvar. Structuralism and interpretation: Ernest Hemingway's "Cat in the rain." (Criticism) *English Studies*, 67 (June 1986), 221-33.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Johnston, Kenneth G. "A Way you'll never be": A Mission of morale. (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Fall 1986), 429-35.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Monteiro, George. "This is my pal Bugs": Ernest Hemingway's "The Battler." (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Spring 1986), 179-83.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Moorhead, Michael. Hemingway's "The Short happy life of Francis Macomber" and Shaw's "The Deputy sheriff." (Criticism) *Explicator*, 44 (Winter 1986), 42-43.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Pizer, Donald. "The Hemingway - Dos Passos relationship." (Criticism), (Biography) *Journal of Modern Literature*, 13 (March 1986), 111-28.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Reynolds, Michael S. A Supplement to Hemingway's Reading: 1910-1940. (Bibliographies) *Studies in American Fiction*, 14 (Spring 1986), 99-108.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Reynolds, Michael. The Young Hemingway. (Biography) New York: Basil Blackwell, 1986.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Smith, Paul. Hemingway's apprentice fiction: 1919-1921. (Bibliography), (Criticism) *American Literature*, 58 (December 1986), 574-88.
- (Hemingway, Ernest) Wilkinson, Myler. Hemingway and Turgenev: the nature of literary influence. (Criticism) Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research Press, 1986.
- Henry, Laurie. Leaks; as they start at the top of the orchard. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 183-84.
- Herriges, Greg. Secondary attachments. (Novel) New York: William Morrow, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Herrin, Sally. Down on the farm in Heaven, Nebraska; The Love of a good woman. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 105-106.
- Hill, John Meredith. Home and away. (Poetry) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Spring 1986), 208.
- Hill, Rebecca. Among birches. (Novel) New York: William Morrow, 1986, (Minnesota).
- Hind, Steven. Flint Hills, Kansas country. (Poetry) *American Land Forum*, 6 (Summer 1986), 50-51.
- Hinger, Charlotte. Come Spring. (Novel) New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986, (Kansas).
- Homer, Art. I-80 with Charles Darwin; Forecast. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 112-13, (Nebraska).
- Hoogstraet, Jane. Learning the language. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 56.
- Houghton, Timothy. Sleeping face. (Poetry) *College English*, 48 (November 1986), 684.
- Houser, Gordon. Praying at the missile site. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 254-56.
- (Howells, William Dean) Daughterty, Sarah B. Howells, Tolstoy, and the limits of realism: the case of Annie Kilburn. (Biography), (Criticism) *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910*, 19 (Fall 1986), 21-41.

- (Howells, William Dean) Kaplan, Amy. "The Knowledge of the line": realism and the city in Howell's *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. (Criticism) *PMLA*, 101 (January 1986), 69-81.
- (Sykes, Robert H. William Dean Howells: the Ohio Valley years. (Biography), (Criticism) *Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review*, 16 (Autumn-Winter 1986), 2-5.
- Huddleston, Tom. The Platte thaws before the flood. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 111.
- Hudgins, Andrew. Love letter from the grave: Sidney Lanier, 1881. (Poetry) *Southern Review*, 22 (October 1986), 766-67.
- Huffstutter, Robert R. Dreams on relief: when the mind and soul go their own way; The Party. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 161-62.
- Hunter, Lanny and Victor I. Hunter. Living dogs and dead lions. (Novel) New York: Viking, 1986, (Kansas).
- Hutchings, Pat. Living in the here and now. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 279.
- (Inge, William) Adler, Thomas P. The School of Bill: an inquiry into literary kinship (William Inge, Robert Anderson, and Arthur Laurents. (Biography) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 113-19.
- (Inge, William) Bailey, Jeffrey. William Inge: an appreciation in retrospect. (Biography), (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 139-47.
- (Inge, William) Chandler, Laura. Independence honors Inge: the William Inge Festival. (Biography) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 149-53, (Independence), (Kansas).
- (Inge, William) Gale, Stephen H. Small town images in four plays by William Inge. (Drama), (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 89-100.
- (Inge, William) Juhnke, Janet. Inge's women: Robert Brustein and the feminine mystique. (Drama), (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 103-11.
- (Inge, William) Knudsen. Last words: the novels of William Inge. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 121-29.
- (Inge, William) Lange, Jane W. "Forces get loose": Social prophecy in William Inge's Picnic. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 57-70.
- (Inge, William) McIlrath, Patricia. William Inge, great voice of the heart of America. (Biography), (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 45-53.
- (Inge, William) Scheick, William. Self and the art of memory in Inge's *My son is a splendid driver*. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 131-37.
- (Inge, William) Voss, Ralph. William Inge and the Savior/Specter of Celebrity. (Biography), (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 25-40.
- (Inge, William) Wentworth, Michael. The Convergence of fairy tale and myth in William Inge's Picnic. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 75-85.
- (Inge, William) Wood, Michael. An Interview with Daniel Mann. (Interviews) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 7-22.
- (Iowa City, Iowa) Rogers, Earl M. Fiction with an Iowa City background. (Bibliography) *Books at Iowa*, 44 (April 1986), 10-26.
- (Irving, John) Hansen, Ron. The Art of Fiction XCIII: John Irving. (Criticism) *Paris Review*, no. 100 (Summer-Fall 1986), 74-103.
- Jackson, Angela. From Tremont stone. (Short Fiction) *TriQuarterly*, no. 65 (Winter 1986), 131-40.
- Jackson, Angela. Miz Rosa rides the bus. (Poetry) *TriQuarterly*, no. 65 (Winter 1986), 129-30.
- Jacobs, Dorothy H. The Silent girl. (Poetry) *Northeast Journal*, 5(1) 1986, 4.
- James, Dakota. Milwaukee the beautiful. (Novel) New York: Donald I. Fine, 1986, (Milwaukee), (Wisconsin).
- James, David. What do you want to be?; The Accident. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Summer 1986), 347-49.
- Johnson, Michael L. For Margie; To my dying grandmother. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Summer 1986), 352-53.
- Johnson, Michael L. Four poems: To Harry Crews; Comet P/ Halley; Modigliani; Some common weeds of Kansas. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 42-44.

- Johnson, Peter. Mud season. (Poetry) *College English*, 48 (December 1986), 799.
- Johnston, Carole. To the writing teacher. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (March 1986), 89.
- Jones, Douglas C. Roman. (Novel) New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1986, (Kansas).
- Jones, Jack P. Three across Kansas. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1986, (Kansas).
- Jones, Margaret. Protege. (Short Fiction) *Minnesota Review*, N.S., 27 (Fall 1986), 61-69.
- Joseph, Lawrence. Sand nigger. (Poetry) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 366-68.
- Kaminsky, Stuart M. The Man who shot Lewis Vance. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986.
- Kangas, J. R. Agnus Dei. (Poetry) *James White Review*, 3 (Summer 1986), 10.
- Kangas, J. R. Desire; Out of the mouths of ample women. (Poetry) *South Carolina Review*, 18 (Spring 1986), 76-77.
- Kangas, J. R. Hell if I know; Sidewalk cafe rendezvous. (Poetry). *Brix*, 1 (Spring 1986), 27-28.
- Kangas, J. R. Lines in summer. (Poetry) *Bogg*, no. 56 (1986), 26.
- Kangas, J. R. Prodigal son. (Poetry) *New York Quarterly*, no. 30 (Summer 1986), 87.
- (Kansas) Kimble, Mary Ellen. Literary presentations of pioneer women in Kansas and neighboring States. (Bibliography) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 105-20.
- Kaye, Frances W. Crocheting at the arts festival; Pond. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 52.
- Kaye, Frances W. Nebraska, Sweet Nebraska land. (Short Fiction) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Winter 1986), 93-98, (Nebraska).
- Kees, Weldon. The Waiting room. (Drama) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Spring 1986), 5-18.
- Kelley, Shannon Keith. Hilderman's store, Cape Girardeau, Missouri. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 24.
- Kendig, Diane. Elegy for my pet, Gerard Turtle Hopkins. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (March 1986), 115.
- Kienzle, William X. Deathbed. (Novel) Kansas City: Andrews, McMeel and Parker, 1986, (Detroit), (Michigan).
- Kim, Myung Mi. Pleasure as steadfast; The Days she came to. (Poetry) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Summer 1986), 327-28.
- King, Robert. The Car at the edge of the woods. (Poetry) *North Dakota Quarterly*, 54 (Spring 1986), 143.
- Kinsella, W. P. Dance me outside: more tales from the Ermineskin Reserve. (Short Fiction) Boston: David R. Godine, 1986.
- Kinsella, W. P. The Iowa baseball confederacy. (Novel) Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1986, (Iowa).
- Klein, Carol. Emancipation. (Short Fiction) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 3-25.
- Klein, Elizabeth. Fishbein's feast. (Short Fiction) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 71-91.
- Kloefkorn, William. Nebraska, early March. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 117, (Nebraska).
- Kooser, Ted. Eastern meadowlark; Starlings; Barn owl; Five finger exercise. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 102-105.
- Kooser, Ted. A Poetry reading. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 118, (Nebraska).
- Kutney, Bruce. Swampfire. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 267.
- La Gattuta, Margo. Stripped down; Silent women under the sand; Another poem about the sea. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- Lahey-Dolega, Christine. Do it in Detroit. (Poetry) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 386.
- Lasky, Kathryn. Pageant. (Juvenile Fiction). New York: Four Winds Press, 1986, (Indianapolis), (Indiana).
- Lawlor, Laurie. Addie across the prairie. (Juvenile Fiction) Niles, IL: Albert Whitman, 1986, (Dakota).
- Leach, Chet. My favorite fable. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Fall 1986), 473-74.

- Lewin, Michael Z. Late payments. (Novel) New York: William Morrow, 1986, (Indianapolis), (Indiana).
- Lichtman, Wendy. Telling secrets. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Harper & Row, 1986, (Michigan).
- Lietz, Robert. Preparations. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 116-17.
- Lifshin, Lyn. She said I'll never forget one evening. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, n.s., 27 (Fall 1986), 25-26.
- (Lim, Paul Stephen) Bresnahan, Roger J. Can these, too, be midwestern? Studies of two Filipino writers. (Criticism), (Biography) *MidAmerica*, XIII (1986), 134-47.
- Lindner, Carl. Spring pruning. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 143.
- Lipman, Joel. Language deals in bargain city; The Real idea (translitic from Julian del Casal "Idilio realista"). (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. 4, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986. Little, Geraldine. Reminiscences; Victorian life, Olive Schreiner. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, n.s., 27 (Fall 1986), 94-96.
- (Locke, David Ross) Grosh, Ronald M. Civil war politics in the novels of David Ross Locke. (Criticism) *MidAmerica* XIII (1986), 19-30.
- Lockert, Lucia Fox. Architecture of the memory. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. 4, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- (Lockridge, Ross, Jr.) Goist, Park Dixon. Habits of the heart in Raintree County. (Criticism) *MidAmerica* XIII (1986), 94-106.
- Looney, George. Halley's comet. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 28 (Autumn 1986), 95-97.
- Looney, George. The Last vision of light. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 97-99.
- (Lane, Rose Wilder) Anderson, William T. Laura Ingalls Wilder and Rose Wilder Lane: the continuing collaboration. (Criticism) *South Dakota History*, 16 (Summer 1986), 89-143.
- (Lardner, Ring) Blythe, Hal and Charlie Sweet. The Barber of Civility: the chief conspirator of "Haircut." (Criticism) *Studies in Short Fiction*, 23 (Fall 1986), 450-53.
- (Lardner, Ring) Blythe, Hal. Lardner's "Haircut." (Criticism) *Explicator*, 44 (Spring 1986), 48-49.
- (Leonard, Elmore) Sutter, Gregg. Getting it right: researching Elmore Leonard's novels. Part I. (Criticism) *Armchair Detective*, 19 (Winter 1986), 4-19.
- (Leonard, Elmore) Sutter, Geg. Advance man: researching Elmore Leonard's novels. Part II. (Criticism) *Armchair Detective*, 19 (Spring 1986), 160-72.
- (Levine, Philip) St. John, David. Where the Angels come toward us: the poetry of Philip Levine. (Criticism) *The Antioch Review*, 44 (Spring 1986), 176-91.
- (Lewis, Sinclair) Bucco, Martin, ed. Critical essays on Sinclair Lewis. (Criticism) Boston: G. K. Hall, 1986.
- (Lewis, Sinclair) Fisher, Joel. Sinclair Lewis and the diagnostic novel: Main Street and Babbitt. (Criticism) *Journal of American Studies*, 20 (December 1986), 421-33.
- Loud, Lucy Ann. The Edge of the earth. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- Low, Denise. An Ice age ghost story. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 34.
- Low, Dennis. Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos: Comets. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 28 (Autumn 1986), 98.
- Luebke, James. White ground; First blizzard, worst blizzard. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 130-31, (Nebraska).
- McCleary, Joy. The Night before the first day of school. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (February 1986), 54.
- McCorkle, James. The Accident of seasons. (Poetry) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Summer 1986), 329.
- McDonough, Robert E. Enough; Against mementos. (Poetry) *Whiskey Island*, Spring 1986, 15, 32.
- McGraw, Erin. Life drawing. (Short Fiction) *Georgia Review*, 40 (Summer 1986), 475-86.
- McGuane, Thomas. To skin a cat. (Short Fiction) New York: Dutton, 1986.
- (McGuane, Thomas) Klinkowitz, Jerome. The New American novel of manners: the fiction of Richard Yates, Don Wakefield, and Thomas McGuane. (Criticism) Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 1986.



- McGuane, Thomas Lear, Liz. A Conversation with Thomas McGuane." (Autobiography) (Interviews) Shenandoah, 36(2) 1986, 12-21.
- McInerney, Ralph. Leave of absence. (Novel) New York: Atheneum, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- McKnight, Juilene Osborne. Nuclear holocaust (William Shakespeare's warning). (Poetry) English Journal, 75 (March 1986), 53.
- McManus, James. Curtains: new and selected stories. (Short Fiction) Chicago: Academy Chicago, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- McNamara, Eugene. Square dancing in Naperville; From far and near. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- McPherron, Till. Front porch; the Spring lamb show; Kansas Flint Hills. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 38-39.
- Madgett, Naomi Long. Images. (Poetry) Michigan Quarterly Review, 25 (Spring 1986), 312.
- Magee, Kevin. A Time of sundering. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 44 (Fall 1986), 431.
- Magner, James, Jr. Flaming minister; Galatea. (Poetry) Carroll Quarterly, Spring 1986, 18, 60.
- (Mamet, David) Jacobs, Dorothy H. Working worlds in David Mamet's dreams. (Biography), (Drama) Midwestern Miscellany, XIV (1986), 47-57.
- Mandrell, James. Postcard; Disarticulations. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 44 (Summer 1986), 334-6.
- Marek, Jayne. Braiding; Trapping season. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- Marshall, J. M. Elegy; Early snow. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 260-61.
- Marshall, Jack. Arabian nights. (Poetry) St. Paul, MN, 1986.
- Marshall, Jack. Self-portrait, Cezanne. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 15 (May/June 1986), 42.
- Marshall, J. M. Long seasons of fathers. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 256.
- Marshall, James M. Land fever: Dispossession and the frontier myths. (Criticism) Lexington, KY: University Press of Kentucky, 1986. (Contains autobiography of Omar H. Morse, a homesteader in Wisconsin and Minnesota).
- Martins, Richard. The Cinch. (Novel) New York: Villard Books, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- (Masters, Edgar Lee) Noe, Marcia. The Johari window; a perspective on the Spoon River Anthology. (Criticism) MidAmerica XIII (1986), 49-60.
- (Masters, Edgar Lee) Riggio, Thomas P. Farrell, Masters and Mencken on Dreiser. The Los Angeles Public Library celebration. (Criticism) Dreiser Newsletter, 17(1) Spring 1986, 10-15.
- Matthews, Greg. Heart of the country. (Novel) New York: Norton, 1986, (Kansas).
- Matthews, William. Writer-in-residence; Worm sonnet. (Poetry) College English, 48 (March 1986), 268-69.
- Matthias, John. Facts from an apocryphal midwest. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Matuzak, Joseph. Woman casting a lion's shadow. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Summer 1986), 92.
- Matyshak, Stanley. Another for the same. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 148.
- Mead, Robert Douglas. Heartland. (Novel) New York: Doubleday, 1986, (Kansas).
- Meats, Stephen. Let new the stargazers. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 27 (Summer 1986), 472.
- Meats, Stephen. Waiting for the pale eagle. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 49.
- Meier, Kay. Island belle. (Poetry) English Journal, 75 (April 1986), 27.
- Mele, Kate. The Veil. (Poetry) Minnesota Review, N.S., 27 (Fall 1986), 71-72.

- Metz, Jerred. Halley's comet, 1910: Fire in the sky. (Drama) Planetarian, 14 (January 1986), 14-20.
- Mihopoulos, Effie. How to become an angel. (Short Fiction) Pikestaff Forum, no. 7 (Spring 1986), 24.
- Mihopoulos, Effie. Nouns like the wind. (Poetry) Piddiddle, no. 4 (1986), 13-14.
- Mihopoulos, Effie. One last poem for Ted Berrigan. (Poetry) Connecticut River Review, 7 (Spring-Summer 1986), 48.
- Miller, Leslie Adrienne. Lost flamingo; Owning a bar; The Future of beauty; All the rooms of the house. (Poetry) Antioch Review, 44 (Fall 1986), 439-43.
- Miller, Philip. Rat snake. (Poetry) College English, 48 (February 1986), 145.
- (Minty, Judith) Benedict, Elinor. The Power and the gift: interview with Judith Minty and Charles Baxter. (Interview) Passage North, 7 (Winter 1986), 3-4.
- Mootry, Maria K. To Winnie on Ecumenical Day, October, 1985. (Poetry) Open Places, 41 (Spring 1986), 65-69.
- Morin, Edward. Badger on the loose. (Poetry) Negative Capability, 6 (Winter 1986), 99.
- Morin, Edward. Bullfinches' mythology; Filling station; Petit déjeuner. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI: May 8-10, 1986.
- Morin, Edward. Epithalamion. (Poetry) SPSM&H, 1(4) 1986, 10.
- Morin, Edward. The Liberal education rag. (Song) Lucky Star: Contemporary Poetry and Poetics, 2 (October 1986), 48-49.
- Morken, Lucinda O. Century farm. (Poetry) Wisconsin Academy Review, 33 (November-December 1986), 36.
- Morken, Lucinda O. Women of spirit. (Poetry) Ettrick, WI: Author, 1986.
- (Morris, Wright) Bredahl, A. Carl. The Outsider as sexual center: Wright Morris and the integrated imagination. (Criticism) Studies in the Novel, 18 (Spring 1986) 66-73.
- (Morrison, Toni) Edelberg, Cynthia Dubin. Morrison's voices: formal education, the work ethic, and the Bible. (Criticism) American Literature, 58 (May 1986), 217-37.
- (Morrison, Toni) Otten, Terry. The Crime of innocence in Toni Morrison's Tar Baby. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 14 (Autumn 1986), 153-64.
- (Morrison, Toni) Portales, Marco. Toni Morrison's The Bluest Eye: Shirley Temple and Cholly. (Criticism) Centennial Review, 30 (Fall 1986), 496-506.
- Nevius, Francis M. The 120-hour clock. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1986, (St. Louis), (Missouri).
- Nichols, James. Boundary waters. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Holiday House, 1986, (Minnesota).
- Novak, Robert. Birthday poem: Paul Stieber; Four poems calculated for the rolling stone. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Ancient airs, Voices. (Short Fiction) Antioch Review, 44 (Winter 1986), 17-39.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Detroit expressway, 1971; Upstairs. (Poetry) Michigan Quarterly Review, 25 (Spring 1986), 364-65.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Double solitaire. (Short Fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 25 (Spring 1986), 336-46.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Green hornet. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 67 (Fall 1986), 126.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Old Concord cemetery. (Poetry) TriQuarterly, no. 67 (Fall 1986), 127.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Raven's wings. (Short Fiction) New York: Dutton, 1986.
- Oates, Joyce Carol. Testimony. (Short Fiction) Southern Review, 22 (Summer 1986), 600-605.
- (Oates, Joyce Carol) Brennan, Matthew C. Plotting against Chekhov: Joyce Carol Oates and "The Lady with the dog." (Criticism) Notes on American Literature, 9 (Winter 1985), item 13.
- (Oates, Joyce Carol) Lercangee, Francine, ed. Joyce Carol Oates: an annotated bibliography. (Bibliography) New York: Garland, 1986.
- (Oates, Joyce Carol) Severin, Hermann. The Image of the intellectual in the short stories of Joyce Carol Oates. (Criticism) New York: Peter Lang, 1986.



- (Oates, Joyce Carol) Severin, Hermann. *The Image of the intellectual in the short stories of Joyce Carol Oates*. (Criticism) New York: Peter Lang, 1986.
- Oldknow, Anthony. *Confidences*. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, N.S. 27 (Fall 1986), 70.
- (Olsen, Tillie) Niehus, Edward L. and Teresa Jackson. *Polar stars, Pyramids, and "Tell me a riddle."* (Criticism) *American Notes & Queries*, 24 (January-February 1986), 77-83.
- Olson, Jon N. *Old farmhouse roof*. (Short Fiction) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Spring 1986) 161-66.
- Orr, Ed. *A Place to go*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (January 1986), 59.
- Packard, Chris. *Tornado weather*. (Short Fiction) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Summer 1986), 582-89.
- Pady, Donald see Beasecker, Robert.
- Page, Tom. 1986. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- (Panshin, Alexei) Walker, Jeanne Murray. *Survival of the fittest in Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage*. (Criticism) *Extrapolation*, 27 (Spring 1986), 19-32.
- (Paris, France) Miller, Paul W. *Paris of the 1920's through Midwestern novelists' eyes*. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 84-93.
- Parotti, Phillip. *The Prickly pear*. (Short Fiction) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 41-45.
- Peck, Richard. *Blossom culp and the sleep of death*. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Delacorte Press, 1986, (Midwest).
- Pederson, Cynthia. *The Key*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Winter 1986), 211.
- Pederson, Cynthia. *Theories*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 28 (Autumn 1986), 84-85.
- Pei, Loury. *Family resemblances*. (Novel) New York: Random House, 1986, (Illinois).
- Peters, Nancy. *White Sands*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 120, (Nebraska).
- Petry-Anderson, Maxine S. *What they could not take with them*. (Poetry) *Minnesota Review*, N.S. 27 (Fall 1986), 23-24.
- (Phillips, Carrie) Anderson, David D. *The Carrie Phillips letters and the Presidency of Warren G. Harding*. (Criticism) *SSML Newsletter*, 16(3) Fall 1986, 1-14.
- Pierman, Carol J. *The Incredible journey*. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Summer 1986), 349-50.
- Pike, Lawrence. *Epitaph for Vanessa; Being home; Constant comment*. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Plumpp, Sterling D. *Sanders bottom*. (Poetry) *Open Places*, 41 (Spring 1986), 8-17.
- Prosser, Harold Lee. *Desert whispers*. (Short Stories) *Uncle*, 3(4), 1986, 58.
- Prosser, Harold Lee. *Epitaph*. (Poetry) *Fantasy Review*, 8(12), 1986, 23.
- Prosser, Harold Lee. *Ghost faculty*. (Short Fiction) *Green Feather Review*, 1(1) 1986, 39.
- Purdy, James. *In the hollow of his hands*. (Novel) London: Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 1986, (Midwest).
- Pyle, A. M. *Murder moves in*. (Novel) New York: Walker, 1986, (Cincinnati), (Ohio).
- Rawson, Eric. *Two poems*. (Poetry) *American Poetry Review*, 15 (May/June 1986), 14-15.
- Ray, David. *A Four mile walk*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 74-76.
- Ray, David. *Ropewalk; Bhopal*. (Poetry) *College English*, 48 (April 1986), 350-51.
- Rector, K. K. *Circus people*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 174.
- Reed, John R. *Salt mines*. (Poetry) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1986), 349.
- Reiter, Lora K. *Bonding*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 80-81.
- Reynolds, William J. *Moving targets*. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, (Omaha), (Nebraska).
- Richter, Robert. *Badger Flats and the topography of Spirit*. (Essay) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 132-42, (Nebraska).
- Ridl, Jack. *Post-impressionism on a nuclear morning*. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festivities*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.

- Riggs, John R. *Let Sleeping dogs lie*. (Novel) New York: December Books, 1986, (Wisconsin).
- (Riley, James Whitcomb) Lanier, Doris. *James Whitcomb Riley's Georgia connection*. (Criticism) *Old Northwest*, 11 (Fall-Winter 1985-86), 173-95.
- Robertson, Don. *The Forest of Arden*. (Novel) Cleveland, OH: John T. Zuba, 1986, (Cleveland), (Ohio).
- Robinson, Ron. *Bindings*. (Short Fiction) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 15-22.
- (Roe, C. P.) Szuberla, Guy. *Reborn in Babel: immigrant characters and types in early Chicago fiction*. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 31-48.
- (Roethke, Theodore) Janssen, Ronald R. *Roethke's "My Papa's waltz."* (Criticism) *Explicator*, 44 (Winter 1986), 43-44.
- (Roethke, Theodore) Smith, Nancy Ann. *Roethke's "Where knock is open wide."* (Criticism) *Explicator*, 44 (Spring 1986), 59-60.
- (Rolvaa, O. E.) Wherry, Peg. *At home on the range: reactions of pioneer women to the Kansas plains landscape*. (Criticism) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Summer 1986), 71-79.
- Rosen, Michael J. *Traveling notions; What Penn overhears at the health club; Penn's relations; Voting at his elementary; A Sudden upset*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Fall 1986), 109-16.
- Ross, Aden. *Semaphore; Your Bavarian cremes*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 28 (Winter/Spring 1986), 185-86.
- Ross, Bob. *Chicago*. (Short Fiction) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 54-61, (Nebraska).
- Rostkowski, Margaret I. *After the dancing days*. (Juvenile fiction) New York: Harper & Row, 1986, (Missouri).
- Russell, Carol Ann. *The Color blue in certain cars; The Fork in the road; Midway*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 62-65, (Nebraska).
- Russell, Carol Ann. *When you are gone*. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 473.
- Russell, Scott. *Courthouse in Menominee*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 278.
- Russell, Scott. *Going for apples*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 268.
- (Sandburg, Carl) Callahan, North. *Carl Sandburg: his life and works*. (Biographies) University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1986.
- Sanders, Mark. *Night fishing on the Missouri; Before rain*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 146-47.
- Sanders, Scott R. *Bad man ballad*. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Bradbury Press, 1986, (Ohio).
- (Santos, Bienvenido N.) Bresnahan, Roger J. *Can these, too, be midwestern? Studies of two Filipino writers*. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 134-47.
- Sautter, R. Craig. *The Late American; escaped mythologies, episode 7877*. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Schanche, Carol. *Shuttle-shock*. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (April 1986), 39.
- Scheele, Roy. *A Freshening*. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 33, (Nebraska).
- Sher, Steven. *Postmarked Indiana*. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 55.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Calling it down*. (Poetry) *Liguorian*, 74 (July 1986), 59.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Channel charting*. (Poetry) *Galaxy of verse*, 12 (Spring 1986), 25.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Descant; Lo, the winter is past; Medrigal*. (Poetry) *Amaryllis Review*, (Winter 1986), 48-50.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Desk-work; In Praise of blossoms and honeyscombs*. (Poetry) *Lyric*, 66 (Summer 1986), 55.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Divertissement; Return*. (Poetry) *Lyric*, 66 (Fall 1986), 84.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. *Farming for poems*. (Poetry) *Gryphon*, 11 (Spring-Summer 1986), 15.

- Schoonover, Amy Jo. Flee from the destruction to come. (Poetry) *Hiram Poetry Review*, no. 40 (Spring-Summer 1986), 22.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. Old Songs. (Poetry) *Voices International*, 21 (Summer 1986), 25.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. Safety regulations. (Poetry) *Wayfarers*, no. 46 (August 1986), 22.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. Secant of myth. (Poetry) *Roanoke Review*, 13 (Summer 1986), 33.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. What's new. (Poetry) *In Kentucky*, 9 (March-April 1986), 43.
- Schoonover, Amy. When I count to three. (Poetry) *Cotton Boll/Atlanta Review*, 1 (Winter 1986), 82.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. When I count to three; That other kind (for William Stafford); Whom the gods destroy. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Schoonover, Amy Jo. Winter tears. (Poetry) *Pen Woman*, 41 (February 1986), 27.
- Schramm, Darrell G. H. The Tree. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Summer 1986), 474-75.
- Schuff, Karen. Cold late afternoon; over a cold grave. (Poetry) *Piedmont Literary Review*, 11 (December 1986).
- Schuff, Karen E. Gentle rain drops. (Poetry) *Cicada*, 2 (September 1986).
- Schuff, Karen E. Gold finch song; Spring asparagus; An Old oak leaf. (Poetry) *Jean's Journal*, 23 (March 1986), 60-61, 75.
- Schuff, Karen E. In Season. (Poetry) *Bell's Letters*, no. 41 (April 1986), 25.
- Schuff, Karen E. In the sycamores. (Poetry) *Red Pagoda*, 4 (August 1986), 23.
- Schuff, Karen E. Last roses of Indian summer. (Poetry) *Bell's Letters*, 43 (October 1986), 34.
- Schuff, Karen E. Leafless trees. (Poetry) *Peninsula Poets*, 41 (January 1986), 7.
- Schuff, Karen E. Lone sparrow cries; Tribute to a biology teacher; conceits of spring; Green as April were we; Dance of the decibels; Grande dame of history; Like a dream I dreamed once long ago; Even as Einstein; Rain spills; Hummingbird. (Poetry) *Jean's Journal*, 23 (June 1986), 29, 37, 42-44, 46, 60.
- Schuff, Karen E. Moorings and bearings. (Poetry) *Pegasus*, 15 (July 1986), 21.
- Schuff, Karen E. November sun. (Poetry) *Peninsula Poets*, 41 (December 1986), 16.
- Schuff, Karen E. An Odyssey of the heart. (Poetry) *Bell's Letters*, no. 40 (January 1986).
- Schuff, Karen E. On learning poems are meant to be sung. (Poetry) *Bell's Letters*, no. 42 (July 1986), 25.
- Schuff, Karen E. Our daily bread; Circle the wagon; On altering the gene; All seeming joy and sunlight. (Poetry) *Cyclo-Flame*, December 1986, 135.
- Schuff, Karen E. Patience and the muses. (Poetry) *Having writ*, 3 (April 1986), 4.
- Schuff, Karen E. Red Cross climb. (Poetry) *Pegasus*, 15 (December 1986), 6.
- Schuff, Karen E. Rice bowl with poppies. (Poetry) *Poets' Roundtable*, May 1986, 3.
- Schuff, Karen E. River road; Reaching for your hand; Grandma grew love. (Poetry) *Jean's Journal*, 23 (September 1986), 36, 52, 56.
- Schuff, Karen E. Stone marker unveiled. (Poetry) *Peninsula Poets*, 41 (April 1986), 21.
- Schuff, Karen E. A Thousand tongues. (Poetry) *Having Writ*, 3 (July 1986), 6.
- Schuff, Karen E. Wind-swept patio; Under the floodlights. (Poetry) *Jean's Journal*, 23 (December 1986), 22, 37.
- Shaw, Janet. Kirsten learns a lesson: a school story. (Juvenile Fiction) Madison, WI: Pleasant Co., 1986, (Minnesota).
- Shaw, Janet. Kirsten's surprise: a Christmas story. (Juvenile Fiction) Madison, WI: Pleasant Co., 1986, (Minnesota).
- Shaw, Janet. Meet Kirsten: an American girl. (Juvenile Fiction) Madison, WI: Pleasant Co., 1986, (Minnesota).
- Sheehan, Marc J. The Counting poem. (Poetry) *Centennial Review*, 30 (Winter 1986), 57-58.
- (Shirreffs, Gordon D.) Cox, Carole Shirreffs. Gordon D. Shirreffs: an interview with a western writer. (Interview) *English Journal*, 75 (April 1986), 40-48.
- Shura, Mary Frances. The Josie gambit. (Juvenile fiction) New York: Dodd, Mead 1986, (Illinois).

- Shuttleworth, Paul. Frank James at age seventy in 1913; A Widow's grief, 1897; Beneath a cottonwood. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 88-90, (Nebraska).
- Siegel, Robert. Cancer surgeon at St. Joseph's; Levity. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Spring 1986), 57-59.
- Sinclair, John. "If I could be with you." (Poetry) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25 (Spring 1985), 205-12.
- Skeen, Anita. Travelers; Making sense of it all. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 73-74.
- Sleadd, Marcie. The Girls in their summer dresses (after a short story by Irwin Shaw). (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 102.
- Smith, Charles Merrill. Reverend Randolph and the splendid Samaritan. (Novel) New York: Putnam, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Spelius, Carol. Feckless feelings; Indian woman at hospital in Taos; From the wild blue yonder over Burma. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Spencer, LaVyrle. Years. (Novel) New York: Jove Publications, 1986, (North Dakota).
- Spencer, Ross H. Monastery nightmare. (Novel) New York: Mysterious Press, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Spencer, Scott. Waking the dead. (Novel) New York: Knopf, 1986, (Chicago), (Illinois).
- Spring, Barbara. Canadian geese. (Poetry) *Art/Life*, 6 (December-January 1986-1987).
- Spring, Barbara. The Gatherer. (Poetry) *Art/Life*, 6 (August 1986).
- Spring, Barbara. Ix Chel. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986, *Art/Life*, 6 (October 1986).
- Spring, Barbara. Wolfman. (Poetry) *Grand Valley Review*, 2 (Fall 1986), 54.
- Stanton, Maura. The SeaFairies. (Short Fiction) *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 25, (Fall 1986), 642-54.
- Stein, Kevin. Highlights; The Physics of Free Will. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Steinke, Russell. Burchfield's Six O'Clock, 1936. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Fall 1986), 120.
- Stern, Richard. A Father's words. (Novel) New York: Arbor House, 1986, (Chicago).
- Stern, Richard. Losing color. (Short Fiction) *Antioch Review*, 44 (Winter 1986), 40-1.
- Stevens, Peter. Queen of the moaners, Clara Smith, 1894-1935; making the Marsh poem; Border aubade. (Poetry) *Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival*, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Stover, Lois. The Preposition love. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (September 1986), 69.
- Stryk, Dan. Fishing after the rain. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 212-13.
- (Stryk, Lucien) Guillory, Daniel L. The Oriental connection: zen and the representations of the midwest in the collected poems of Lucien Stryk. (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 107-15.
- (Suckow, Ruth) DeMarr, Mary Jean. Ruth Suckow's Iowa "Nice girls." (Criticism) *MidAmerica XIII* (1986), 69-83.
- (Suckow, Ruth) Oehlschlaeger, Fritz. A Book of resolutions: Ruth Suckow's Some Others and Myself. (Criticism) *Western American Literature*, 21 (August 1986), 11-121.
- Suhor, Charles. The Death of excellence. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (March 1986), 110.
- Svoboda, Terese. Go South, Old Man; Curtis, Nebraska. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 121-22, (Nebraska).
- Swanberg, Christine. For Robert Pirsig. (Poetry) *English Journal*, 75 (January 1986), 78.
- Swann, Susan Marie. Life's first thunderstorm. (Poetry) *American Poetry Review*, 15 (January-February 1986), 14.
- Szeman, Sherri. Vin ordinaire vin chaud. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 278-79.
- Tate, Diana. For the barley sower. (Poetry) *Prairie Schooner*, 60 (Summer 1986), 65.
- Thomas, Jim. Cissy's Ciseaux. (Poetry) *Midwest Quarterly*, 27 (Winter 1986), 212.
- Thomas, Jim. On grace. (Poetry) *Kansas Quarterly*, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 112.

- Thomas, Karen. Changing of the guard. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Harper & Row, 1986, (Michigan).
- Thompson, Laurence S. Applied chauvinism: building collections of State literature. (Bibliographies) Books at Iowa, 45 (November 1986), 32-37.
- Thorndike, John. Anna Delaney's child. (Novel) New York: Macmillan, 1986, (Ohio).
- (Thurber, James) Blythe, Hal and Charlie Sweet. Coitus interruptus: sexual symbolism in "The Secret life of Walter Mitty." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 23 (Winter 1986), 110-13.
- Tierney, Terry. The Boxer's choice. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Winter/Spring 1986), 214.
- Tommaro, Thom. Lyrids. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 27 (Spring 1986), 314-15.
- Trudell, Dennis. We all came out . . . ; Nicaraguan. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Winter 1986), 67-68.
- Trussell, Robert C. They do it all on purpose. (Poetry) Kansas Quarterly, 18 (Summer 1986), 82.
- Valin, Jonathan. Life's work. (Novel) New York: Delacorte Press, 1986, (Cincinnati), (Ohio).
- Van Allsburg, Chris. Caldecott Medal acceptance. (Speech) Horn Book, 62 (July-August 1986), 420-24.
- Van Allsburg, Chris. The Stranger. (Juvenile Fiction) Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1986.
- (Van Allsburg, Chris) Macaulay, David. Chris Van Allsburg. (Biography) Horn Book, 62 (July-August 1986), 425-29.
- (Van Allsburg, Chris) McKee, Barbara. Van Allsburg: from a different perspective. (Biography) Horn Book, 62 (September-October 1986), 566-71.
- Van Winckel, Nance. You get so. (Poetry) Georgia Review, 40 (Winter 1986), 938.
- Vertreace, Martha M. Celestial navigation; Tycho's ghost, 1572. (Poetry) Midwest Quarterly, 28 (Autumn 1986), 86-87.
- Vertreace, Martha M. Trade secrets. (Poetry) College English, 48 (November 1986), 686.
- Volkmer, Jon. The Elevator man. (Short Fiction) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Summer 1986), 123-29, (Nebraska).
- (Vonnegut, Kurt) Sigman, Joseph. Science and parody in Kurt Vonnegut's *The Sirens of Titan*. (Criticism) Mosaic, 19 (Winter 1986), 15-32.
- (Vonnegut, Kurt) Zins, Daniel L. Rescuing science from technocracy: Cat's Cradle and the play of Apocalypse. (Criticism) Science-Fiction Studies, 13 (1986), 170-81.
- Walburg, Lori. Hot-blooded. (Short Fiction) Christianity & Literature, 36 (fall 1986), 9-13.
- Weaver, Will. Red earth, white earth. (Novel) New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986, (Minnesota).
- West, Kathleen. The Bush baby at the Henry Dorley Zoo; Proving ground; Mother, mother, talk about olden times. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Summer 1986), 20-24, (Nebraska).
- Westerfield, Nancy G. Going somewhere in Nebraska. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Summer 1986), 72, (Nebraska).
- Weston, Gerald. Kenosha Christmas, 1930; The Luck of the draw; Cornucopia. (Poetry) Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival, Vol. IV, East Lansing, MI, May 8-10, 1986.
- Weston, Susan B. Children of the light. (Novel) New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, (Midwest).
- Wheatcroft, Jack. Night landing. (Poetry) College English, 48 (February 1986), 144.
- Whalen, Gloria. The First city. (Short Fiction) Michigan Quarterly Review, 25 (Spring 1986), 182-93.
- Whipp, Les. August in Nebraska. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Summer 1986), 69-70, (Nebraska).
- White, Mary Jane. Hawaii as a cure. (Poetry) American Poetry Review, 15 (May-June 1986), 28.
- White, Paulette C. Paper man. (Short Fiction) Michigan Quarterly Review, 25 (Spring 1986), 329-32.

- (Wilder, Laura Ingalls) Anderson, William T. Laura Ingalls Wilder and Rose Wilder Lane: the continuing collaboration. (Criticism) South Dakota History, 16 (Summer 1986), 89-143.
- (Wilder, Laura Ingalls) Miller, John E. Place and community in "The Little town on the prairie: De Smet in 1883." (Criticism) South Dakota History, 16 (4) (Winter 1986), 351-72. [De Smet, South Dakota, focus of several novels by Laura Ingalls Wilder]
- Willey, Margaret. Finding David Dolores. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Harper & Row, 1986, (Michigan).
- Wilson, Duane. Easter Island. (Poetry) Arizona Quarterly, 42 (1986), 140.
- Wiltse, David. Home again. (Novel) New York: Macmillan, 1986, (Nebraska).
- Wise, Leonard. Doc's legacy. (Novel) Richardson & Steirman, 1986, (Iowa).
- Woiwode, Larry. Blindness. (Short Fiction) Antioch Review, 44 (Summer 1986), 276-81, (Wisconsin), (Minneapolis), (Minnesota).
- Worley, Jeff. After the move to South Clifton: 1965. (Poetry) College English, 48 (January 1986), 42.
- Wosmek, Frances. A Brown bird singing. (Juvenile Fiction) New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1986, (Minnesota).
- (Wright, Richard) Bone, Robert. Richard Wright and the Chicago renaissance. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 446-68.
- (Wright, Richard) Burrison, William. Another look at Lawd Today: Richard Wright's tricky apprenticeship. (Criticism) CLA Journal, 29 (June 1986), 424-41.
- (Wright, Richard) Davis, Thadious M. Wright, Faulkner, and Mississippi as racial memory. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 469-80.
- (Wright, Richard) DeCosta-Willis, Miriam. Avenging angels and mute mothers: black southern women in Wright's fictional world. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 540-49.
- (Wright, Richard) Dissanayake, Wimal. Richard Wright: a view from the third world. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 481-91.
- (Wright, Richard) Gibson, Donald B. Richard Wright's Black Boy and the trauma of autobiographical rebirth. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 492-98.
- (Wright, Richard) Hakutani, Yoshinobu. Richard Wright's experiment in naturalism and satire: Lawd Today. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 14 (Autumn 1986), 165-78.
- (Wright, Richard) Joyce, Joyce Ann. Richard Wright's Art of tragedy. (Criticism) Iowa City, IA: University of Iowa Press, 1986.
- (Wright, Richard) Loftis, John E. Domestic prey: Richard Wright's parody of the hunt tradition in "The Man who was almost a man." (Criticism) Studies in Short Fiction, 23 (Fall 1986), 437-42.
- (Wright, Richard) Miller, James A. Bigger Thomas's quest for voice and audience in Richard Wright's Native Son. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 501-6.
- (Wright, Richard) Reilly, John M. Richard Wright and the Art of non-fiction: stepping out on the stage of the world. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 507-20.
- (Wright, Richard) Tremaine, Louis. The Dissociated sensibility of Bigger Thomas in Wright's Native Son. (Criticism) Studies in American Fiction, 14 (Spring 1986), 63-76.
- (Wright, Richard) Ward, Jerry W., Jr. The Wright critical paradigm: facing a future. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 521-28.
- (Wright, Richard) Williams, John A. The Use of communications media in four novels by Richard Wright. (Criticism) Callaloo, 9 (Summer 1986), 529-39.
- Young, Fr. Gary. Solatio. (Poetry) English Journal, 75 (March 1986), 82.
- (Zelazny, Roger) Krulik, Theodore. Roger Zelazny. (Biography) New York: Ungar, 1986.
- (Zelazny, Roger) Morrissey, Thomas J. Zelazny: mythmaker of the nuclear war. (Criticism) Science-Fiction Studies, 13 (1986), 182-92.
- Zydek, Frederick. Second meditation; Black mint dreams. (Poetry) Prairie Schooner, 60 (Summer 1986), 119, (Nebraska).

**PERIODICALS**

- The Acts the shelflife. Vol. 1-(1986- ) Miekal And, editor: 1341 Williamson, No. B, Madison, WI 53703 (Wisconsin).
- Another place to publish (No. 1-(1986- ) Ione K. Peuce, editor: P.O. Box 102, Delafield, WI 53018 (Wisconsin).
- The Burning world (No. 1-1986(?)-Michael Kolhoff, editor: 203 Leslie, Lansing, MI 48912 (Michigan).
- Caliban. Vol. 1-1986-Lawrence R. Smith, editor: P.O. Box 4321, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 (Michigan).
- Expressions. Vol. 1-1986(?)-Sharon Lynn Drake, editor: 3871 Apple Creek Road, Smithville, OH 44677 (Ohio). Mayfly.
- No. 1-(January 1986- ) Randy and Shirley Brooks, editors: High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920 (Indiana).
- Off Main Street. No. 1-(May 1986- ) David Vinopal, et al., editors: 229 Starr, Ferris State College, Big Rapids, MI 49307 (Michigan).