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For

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PREFACE

With the appearance of *MidAmerica V* the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature begins its eighth year; it has existed for a period of time long enough in some contexts to be called a history and the fact of its existence a reality. During 1978 the Society will publish three issues of the *Newsletter*, a *Midwestern Miscellany*, and this volume; and it will conduct special programs at the annual meetings of the Modern Language Association, the Midwest Modern Language Association, and the Popular Culture Association.

In 1977 the Society inaugurated the *MidAmerica* Award, its first presentation to John Flanagan for "distinguished contributions to the study of Midwestern Literature." In 1978 it will break new ground in its eighth annual conference, a symposium on The Cultural Heritage of the Midwest, to be held May 18, 19, and 20, 1978.

Seven years ago in the inaugural issue of the *Newsletter*, the Society's purpose was made clear; it was to be devoted to "encouraging and supporting the study of Midwestern literature in whatever directions the interests of its members may take." As those diverse directions have become increasingly evident in the ensuing years, the Society and those whose support makes it possible continue to provide the voice those interests seek and the printed record of a living literature and a vigorous scholarship.

DAVID D. ANDERSON

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THE VARIETIES OF HUMOR IN JOHN HAY'S PIKE COUNTY BALLADS

JOHN E. HALLWAS

When John Hay began to publish his Pike County Ballads a little more than a century ago, he became one of the most famous poets in the country. "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso," and the ballads that followed them into print in the 1870's won for Hay not only a national readership but also the admiration of such literary giants as Mark Twain and Willian Dean Howells.[1] However, the seven dialect poems which make up his canon of Pike County Ballads have received very little critical attention. Tyler Dennett, in his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, *John Hay: From Poetry to Politics* (1934), does a good job of describing the controversial public reaction to Hay's ballads—which were praised by some for being original and vivid, and condemned by more conventional critics as coarse, irreligious doggerel.[2] But Dennett says little about the poems themselves, evidently summing up his response by saying that "the authenticity of these ballads is their outstanding quality" (meaning their depiction of life on the Illinois frontier).[3] Much more recently, Thurman Kelly, in *John Hay as a Man of Letters* (1974), has commented separately on each of the ballads, emphasizing Hay's colorful language and—in "Jim Bludso," "Banty Tim," and "Golyer"—his creation of the authentic western hero.[4]

It is especially surprising that there has been no discussion of the humor in Hay's ballads (except for a few scattered remarks by Kelly), for five of the seven poems are comic—and they are among the most successful humorous poems in American literature. A close examination of "Little Breeches," "Banty Tim," "The Mystery of Gilgal," "The Pledge at Spunky Point," and "Benoni Dunn" will demonstrate, in fact, that within the confines of the

dialect poem John Hay displayed a remarkable comic versatility. In spite of the fact that "Jim Bludso" (a serious ballad) is Hay's most well-known poem, it should become clear that his greatest achievement is really in the area of humorous verse.[5]

"Little Breeches," which was the first ballad to be published, achieves its broad comic effect chiefly through the grotesque remarks of the simple-minded speaker, who is describing the event that forms the basis of his faith in "God and the angels": the survival of his four-year-old son, who was lost in a snowstorm.[6] For example, early in the poem he describes the boy (nicknamed "Little Breeches") as

> Peart and chipper and sassy,
> Always ready to swear and fight, —
> And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
> Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.[7]

And this grotesquerie prepares for the climactic moment of the ballad, when the lost child is found in a sheepfold, and the tension of the search is not so much eased as deflated:

> And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
> As peart as ever you see,
> "I want a chaw of terbacker,
> And that's what's the matter of me."

Moreover, after finishing his story, the speaker comments on the miraculous survival, concluding the poem with a grotesque remark about the operation of the heavenly hosts:

> How did he git thar? Angels.
> He could never have walked in that storm;
> They jest scooped down and toted him
> To whar it was safe and warm.
> And I think that saving a little child,
> And fotching him to his own,
> Is a derned sight better business
> Than loafing around the Throne.

The poem became famous, perhaps because it combined all of the qualities that made a local color writing popular in the period following the Civil War—humor, pathos, dialect, regionalism—and managed to spark some controversy over its religious content as well. However, it is not the best of Hay's humorous ballads. The most that can be said for "Little Breeches" is that the grotesque humor appropriately derives from the simple-minded nature of the speaker.

The next comic ballad to appear was "Banty Tim," which displays a very different kind of humor. It is a dramatic monologue which depends for its effect on colorful (and even abusive) language generated by the speaker's utter contempt for his audience. Sergeant Tilmon Joy has brought a black soldier (Tim) home with him from the Civil War and, as a result, has run afoul of "the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois."[8] Joy has contempt for the men who confront him for two apparent reasons: 1) they are acting on the principle that "This is a white man's country," while Union soldiers like himself have just demonstrated that it belongs to blacks as well, and 2) more importantly, the Sergeant is a man of action who has not gone through a war just to come home and be intimidated by men who pass resolutions.

His contempt for his listeners is first revealed in stanza one, as he mockingly summarizes their words to him:

> I reckon I git your drift, gents, —
> You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
> This is a white man's country;
> You're Dimocrats, you say;
> And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
> The times bein' all out o' j'int,
> The nigger has got to mosey
> From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Hay's ability to capture the speech rhythms of the uneducated westerner is also clearly evident here, helping to make this the most effective opening in all of Pike County Ballads.

In the next two stanzas Joy proposes to "reason the thing a minute," but true to his nature, he does not really intend to argue his case. What comes after is no reasoning at all but the abusive comment that "it gravels me like the devil to train [live]/ Along o' sich fools as you," which is followed by a simple threat:

> And furder than that I give notice,
> Ef one of you tetches the boy,

He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy [i.e. to Hell].

Joy's colorful slang is in stark contrast to the pretentious justification of their racism, which he mocked in the opening stanza, and his ability to change the level of the conversation so rapidly adds to the humor in this part of the poem.

In the middle of the ballad Joy tells the story of how Tim saved his life at Vicksburg—in a non-comic segment that elevates the stature of both men—and then at the end of the poem he reasserts both his defiance of the Committee's resolution and his threat. Contemptuously referring to the members of the White Man's Committee as "my gentle gazelles," he says,

You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy.

This is a beautifully effective ending, for it stresses the essential difference between audience and speaker: the Committee may go ahead and pass their resolutions, but the Sergeant will remain outside of their influence because he realizes that no one would dare to enforce them. His contempt for both the Committee's function and the individuals who compose it could not be more evident. And it is also appropriate that such a combination of bravado and invective should end with the assertion of the speaker's name, for the Sergeant's contempt for them is surely encouraged by his awareness that they are not rugged individuals like himself.

"The Mystery of Gilgal" has been called by Thurman Kelly "by far the poorest of the Pike County Ballads," but this is not the case.[9] "Golyer," a serious ballad like "Jim Bludso," in which the hero dies, is the only unsuccessful dialect poem that Hay wrote. It is a sentimentalized story that lacks tension and fails to present an interesting character. "The Mystery of Gilgal," on the other hand, presents a barroom brawl in what can be loosely termed a mock-heroic style, and it succeeds very well.

At the outset, the speaker, who is obviously fascinated by some as-yet-unrevealed aspect of the story, heralds his tale in

superlatives that set the stage for his unintentionally mock-heroic treatment:

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall —
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could get through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doins;
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

The "doins"/"youans" rhyme is just one of several in the ballad which are humorous, and in this case, the fact that "day's" in line three so clearly rhymes with "ways" and "maze" makes the actual rhyme word in that line, "doins," appear to be almost misplaced, or tacked on.

With great deliberation the speaker sets the scene, thus elevating the tale in mock-heroic fashion:

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was fa'r,
The neighbors round the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

In this stanza "bar"/"fa'r" rhyme is humorous because the speaker's dialect alone makes it possible, and the "drawed"/"jawed" rhyme yokes together an ungrammatical word and a slang term which—as very slowly pronounced monosyllables—underscore the casual behavior that proves to be the calm before the storm.

But perhaps the most humorous rhyme in the poem occurs in the next stanza, where the speaker rhymes the monosyllable word "Pike" with a polysyllabic dialect term of imprecise—but somehow appropriate—meaning:

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "a whiskey-skin."

The fact that both men utter the same words—quoted here only once—hints at the impending struggle over the drink, the preparation of which is described in the following stanza:

> Tom mixed the beverage full and fa'r,
> And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
> Some says three fingers, some says two, —
> I'll leave the choice to you.

It is appropriate to the mock-heroic technique that the most trivial aspect of the story, the drink itself, receives such elaborate attention.

The stanzas which follow give the details of speech and action that lead to the fight and are humorous because of the manner in which the men draw their knives during the discussion. Colonel Blood (appropriately named) brings out his knife *before* he casually points out Phinn's mistake:

> Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
> Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
> "I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn —
> Jest drap that whiskey-skin."

And "Judge" Phinn, likewise, eagerly draws his weapon—and then stresses both his Christian character and his violent intentions:

> He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife: —
> "I tries to foller a Christian life,
> But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
> My bloomin' shrub, with you."

The incongruity of his remarks is emphasized by the rhyme that links "bowie-knife" and "Christian life."

Perhaps the most amusing line in the ballad is the speaker's terse summary of the knife fight itself: "They carved in a way that all admired." It alludes to that lust for violence among the spectators which later turns the quarrel into a free for all: "Then coats went off, and all went in."

The results of the brawl are soon described (with mock-heroic exaggeration) as a vast reduction of the local male population:

> They piled the stiffs outside the door;
> They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
> Girls went that winter, as a rule,
> Alone to spellin'-school.

Obviously, the speaker has no real appreciation of the loss of life involved. In fact, his insensitivity to the carnage is further emphasized by his closing comment, as he finally reveals what it is that fascinates him about the event:

> I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
> Sheba, to make this mystery clear;
> But I end with *hit* as I did begin, —
> "Who got the whiskey-skin?"

Like Colonel Blood and Judge Phinn, he sees the possession of the whiskey-skin as the matter of first importance. The "Beer-"/ "clear" rhyme draws attention to the biblical allusion that here serves a satirical purpose, as the speaker exaggerates his quest for clarity only to appear more ridiculous. And so while Hay's poetic style elevates a frontier brawl only to satirize the often pointless violence of western life, the poem also satirizes the speaker, who exhibits the kind of shallowness and insensitivity that fosters such behavior.

"The Pledge at Spunky Point" is, like "Banty Tim," a dramatic monologue. In this case the speaker is a habitual drinker addressing a local dignitary (evidently a church official) who wants him to sign a temperance pledge. The humor in the ballad is of two kinds: 1) the speaker's story itself is amusing, and 2) his application of the tale to his present situation is ironical.

When refusing to sign the pledge at the outset of the poem, the speaker excuses himself by saying that he has already "give the thing a fair trial." But the very opening stanza of his story indicates that it was not really a fair trial at all:

> A year ago last Fo'th July
> A lot of the boys was here.
> We all got corned and signed the pledge
> For to drink no more that year.

Not only were "the boys" drunk at the time, their purpose was clearly greed rather than temperance:

And we anteed up a hundred
In the hands of Deacon Kedge
For to be divided the follerin' fo'th
'Mongst the boys that kep' the pledge.

Moreover, they were not betting *for* themselves so much as *against* each other—each knowing the rest as inveterate drinkers:

And we knowed each other so well, Squire,
You may take my scalp for a fool,
Ef every man when he signed his name
Didn't feel cock-sure of the pool.

And to make matters worse, they were not above cheating each other out of their shares:

Fur a while it all went lovely:
We put up a job next day
Pur to make Joy b'lieve his wife was dead,
And he went home middlin' gay;
Then Abner Fry he killed a man
And before he was hung McPhail
Jest bilked the widder outen her sheer
By getting him slewed in jail.

Finally, toward the year's end only the speaker had kept the pledge (he was the only one who had not gotten drunk, in fact), but the strain was clearly telling on him:

I never slep' without dreamin' dreams
Of Burbin, Peach, or Rye,
But I chawed at my niggerhead [tobacco] and swore
I'd rake that pool or die.

This is, of course, definite indication that temperance in and for itself never entered the speaker's mind, and the same is true of his action on the final day—when his haste to make up for lost time leads to his undoing:

The clock struck twelve! I raised the jug
And took one lovin' pull—
I was holler clar from skull to boots,
It seemed I couldn't get full.
But I was roused by a fiendish laugh
That might have raised the dead—

Them ornary sneaks had sot the clock
A half an hour ahead!

The ironic end of the story comes with their discovery that Deacon Kedge—to whom they had entrusted the stakes—has just lost their money to Parson Skeeters in a poker game. This has the effect of setting the speaker against all church-oriented members of the community, including the Squire who is listening to him. As he says at the beginning of the poem, "It's all very well for preachin',/ But preachin' and practice don't gee [correspond]."

However, the ultimate irony is that while the speaker tells his story to illustrate his earnest effort to keep a temperance pledge, he unwittingly reveals, in the process, his complete lack of interest in temperance. Indeed, he is just using his unfortunate betting experience to do a little preaching of his own—about the hypocrisy of those who urge others to mend their ways.

The last of Hay's humorous ballads is "Benoni Dunn," which was published much later than the other Pike County Ballads—in 1916, eleven years after the poet's death.[10] However, it was undoubtedly also written during the 1870's, for Hay abandoned dialect poetry after that decade. It differs from the other ballads only in that the speaker is neither telling a story nor addressing an audience in the poem. Rather, he is portraying a character by quoting what he said. The humor derives from Benoni Dunn's revelation of his discontent with life and from the contrast that the speaker provides between Dunn's view of the world and his actual circumstances.

The latter's basic outlook is simply that "'Nothin' in all this 'varsal yerth [universal earth]/ Is like what it ort to be'," and although he asserts twice that "'I've give up tryin' to see the nub—/ It's too hefty a job for me'," it is apparent that he does little else than ruminate on the way things are. He explains his perspective both in general terms and by an occasional example, as in the following lines:

"The weaker a feller's stummick may be,
The bigger his dinner, you bet,
And the more he don't care a damn for cash,
The richer he's sure to get.

Thar's old Brads — got a pretty young wife
And the biggest house in Pike —
No chick nor child — says he's sixty-two,
But he's eighty-two more like.

I 'low God thinks it a derned good joke —
The way he tries it on —
To send a plenty of hazel-nuts
To folks with their back teeth gone."

The final four lines here suggest why Hay may have decided not to publish the poem: Dunn's view of life is a comic attack on Providence, and the poet had already been severely criticized for being irreligious in his earliest ballads, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso."

In any case, the true depth of Benoni Dunn's dissatisfaction with life is demonstrated when he discusses his own situation. First of all, he feels that he " 'ort to be in Congress' " in the place of that " 'natural fool' " Colonel Scrubb, to whom he feels superior for the silliest of reasons:

"When he come here, Lord! he didn't know
Peach blow from a dogwood blossom,
And the derned galoot owned up to me
That he never seed a 'possum!"

But wanting to be something he could never be is perhaps not as absurd as his love for what he gets the least of:

"And talk about pleasure — ef I was axed
The thing that mose I love,
I'd say it's gingerbread — and that
I git the littlest uv."[11]

When it comes to his occupation, Dunn's outlook is clearly self-defeating:

"Everything works contrary —
You never knows what to do:
Ef I sow in wheat I'll wish it was corn
Afore the fall is through."

The result of this perspective, as the speaker points out at the end of the poem, is that the discontented frontier farmer no longer does anything at all:

And this was the sum of the thinking
Of tall Benoni Dunn, —
While gay in weeds his cornfield laughed
In the light of the kindly sun.
Ruminant thus he maundered
With a scowl on his tangled brow,
With gaps in his fence, and hate in his heart,
And rust on his idle plough.

As this section reveals, in conjunction with the speaker's description of a benevolent natural world in stanza one, Dunn creates his own problems—God doesn't send them.

In a way, Benoni Dunn is the polar opposite of Tilmon Joy, Jim Bludso, and the brawlers at Taggart's bar. They are all men of action, rather than reflection. For the Pike character, who is not long on intellect, meditation on the world is bound to be a frustrating enterprise, as it surely is for Benoni Dunn.

It is apparent, then, that all five of Hay's humorous ballads are successful, but the remarkable fact about them is that the comic technique varies from poem to poem. The grotesque remarks of the simple-minded speaker in "Little Breeches" are the broadest kind of humor, while the amusing quality of "Banty Tim" derives from Tilmon Joy's contempt for, and consequent mockery and abuse of, his listeners. "The Mystery of Gilgal" is a mock-heroic treatment of a barroom brawl that includes several examples of comic rhyme, and "The Pledge at Spunky Point" offers a humorous story told by a speaker who ironically reveals the insincerity of his previous trial of temperance. Finally, "Benoni Dunn" presents a hopelessly discontented frontier farmer through the technique of character trait exaggeration. While "Jim Bludso," with its tight dramatic construction, may never be replaced as the most often reprinted Pike County Ballad, these five comic poems surely deserve a wider readership than they have received, and John Hay deserves some long overdue recognition for his achievement as a writer of humorous dialect poetry.

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NOTES

1. Both Howells and Twain knew Hay, and both wrote articles about him shortly after he died: see W. D. Howells, "John Hay in Literature," *North American Review,* 181 (1905), 343-51, and Mark Twain, "John Hay and the Ballads," *Harper's Weekly,* 21 Oct. 1905, p. 1530.
2. Tyler Dennett, *John Hay: From Poetry to Politics* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1934), pp. 77-80.
3. *Ibid.,* p. 77.
4. Thurman Kelly, *John Hay as a Man of Letters* (Reseda, Calif.: Mojave Books, 1974), pp. 17-22, 31.
5. Hay wrote many other poems besides his Pike County Ballads, but they have never been highly regarded. His only other literary works of any importance are his biography of Lincoln (co-authored by John G. Nicolay) and his novel, *The Breadwinners.* If Hay is to be credited with an achievement of lasting value in American literature, it must be recognized within his small canon of dialect poems.
6. According to A. S. Chapman, "The basis of 'Little Breeches' was a story related as fact by a Baptist minister in a sermon 'Special Providence' preached at Warsaw [Illinois] when John Hay was a boy. . . ." ("The Boyhood of John Hay," *The Century,* 78 [1909], 453.) Moreover, all of Hay's ballads are generally indebted to his early life in west-central Illinois.
7. *The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1916), p. 6. All subsequent quotations from Hay's ballads will be from this edition, and since the poems are brief and easy to locate, page numbers will henceforth be omitted.
8. According to the article mentioned above by A. S. Chapman (p. 454), "the original [for Tilmon Joy] is found in Captain D. E. Bates, a resident of Pittsfield, whose sister married John G. Nicolay. The situation drawn in 'Banta Tim' was founded on fact. Captain Bates was in command of a detachment of Illinois troops, and was wounded before Vicksburg. He offended the prejudices of Pike County, where sentiment against the negro still ran high, by bringing a colored boy home with him. Bates, who was young and defiant, aroused hostile comment by driving about the region with a coloured boy as a driver, till he finally received warning from a committee of citizens to get the boy out of the country."
9. Kelly, p. 20.
10. Kelly (p. 31) neither labels "Benoni Dunn" as a Pike County Ballad nor discusses it along with the other six dialect poems, but it clearly belongs in the group. It appears only in *The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay,* where it is printed apart from the other ballads in a section called "Uncollected Pieces."
11. This reference in the poem has for its source a story that Lincoln supposedly liked to tell: a childhood friend in Indiana once ravenously consumed two gingerbread men that Lincoln's mother had baked, and then said, " 'I don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do.' " See Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1926), II, 290. Although the "gingerbread story" is not included in the Nicolay and Hay biography, the poet may well have heard it from Lincoln himself during their close association in Washington while he served as the President's private secretary.

EDWARD EGGLESTON AND THE EVANGELICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

MADONNA C. KOLBENSCHLAG

Foreign visitors to America have never failed to note the strange alchemy by which American religious fervor has often been converted to crass and secular pursuits. The classic paradigm for this phenomenon of transformed energy has been Max Weber's theory of the "Protestant Ethic," which appeared early in the twentieth century.[1]

Weber's theory provided an important sociological precedent for locating the vital spring of a systematic, rationalized social economy in the residue of an intense, non-rational religious asceticism. Weber traced the rise of modern capitalism from its roots in European history and distinguished it from its predecessors as a species founded not upon the amoral pursuit of personal gain, but upon the moral obligation of disciplined work. The new ethos is seen as a psychic economy based on the Calvinist tenets of spiritual isolation and worthlessness, on the doctrine of the "calling" and the intrinsic value of work and frugality. Godliness becomes the way of economic success.

While his thesis was conceived for the most part in terms of European history, Weber did not fail to note the obvious relevance it had for America. He described the curious paradox by which an intense capitalistic spirit of profit-making developed first in the New England colonies, settled largely by preachers and tradesmen for religious purposes, and remained comparatively less developed in the Southern colonies, in spite of the fact that the latter were founded by successful capitalists for business motives.

In Part II of the *Protestant Ethic* Weber outlines four principal forms of ascetic Protestantism: 1) Calvinism 2) Pietism

3) Methodism 4) Baptist, and related sects. The greater part of the *Protestant Ethic* deals with the Calvinist disposition. Then Weber gives brief consideration to the curious alliance between Anglo-American Methodism and Continental Pietism. The emotional, voluntaristic quality of Methodism and the individualistic conscience of the Baptists and Quakers are perhaps of even greater significance than Calvinism in the development of American capitalism.

In another work written after first-hand observations of America, Weber elaborates the connection between membership in an evangelical sect and social mobility. Baptism into a sect, he notes, secures for the individual a "certificate of moral qualification" as well as unlimited financial credit. In more recent times exclusive clubs and associations function as extension of this sectarian mentality, a quasi-religious regulation of conduct which perpetuates the bourgeois ethic.[2]

Since church discipline in these sects was in the hands of laymen, the necessity of "holding one's own," of proving oneself to the congregation, was paramount. Weber concludes that this emphasis on individual self-esteem and performance guaranteed the natural selection of capitalistic types and formed one of the most important historical foundations of modern individualism. Hence the evangelical sect was able to do what no other guild, union, society or church could do—canonize and cultivate the economic individualist, the "enthusiastic" capitalist.

What Weber's sociological investigations suggest and what historical evidence seems to confirm is that neither orthodox Calvinism, economic conditions, nor the teleology of the frontier have been the most definitive influences in the development of the American character and social structure. Rather, it is what might be called the "evangelical ethos," in the presence of all three exigencies.

Among the Midwestern writers of the nineteenth century, none was more preoccupied with the evangelical consciousness than Edward Eggleston. Thematically, his novels often trace the Weberian paradigm of transformed transcendental energy. And, in a way analogical to many of his characters, his own writing history transcribes a "downward" conversion from didactic polemic to agnostic realism.

Eggleston's novels resemble working sketches for a series of Brueghel paintings. The narratives are carefully mortised with "folk-ritual" chapters and passages. Hoedowns, shivarees, corn shuckings, barbecues, "infares," camp meetings, and political rallies intersperse the development of the story and function as pivotal points of convergence for major crises. However, the underlying pattern, the skeleton beneath the dense texture of Midwestern primitive manners, is the typical conversion-illumination pattern of a salvation parable. The hagiographical mode and the structural residue of the Prodigal Son motif form the very spine of the narrative. Chapter headings recapitulate the conventional motifs of the Christian experience: "Back-slidings," "Mission," "Retreat," "Short Shrift," "Repentance," "Deliverance," "Decision." A residual typological quality impinges on the characters, making them somewhat one-dimensional. Stylistically, biblical allusions appear as assimilations of rustic folk wisdom, often in proverbial form.

Eggleston's didactic motive is evident in the obvious authorial intrusions. The editorial "you" often intervenes in the uncomplicated, linear exposition of a simple plot. After *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871), Eggleston's second and third novels reveal his preoccupation with the collusion of spiritual and economic motives in the consciousness of frontier cultures. *The End of the World* (1872), an explicit treatment of the millenial fervor and fanatical expectations stirred up by a pietist sect in the Ohio valley, is no less a polemic than the *Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873), in which the theme of credulity, the millenium, and Christianity-made-to-pay are implicit.

The Circuit Rider, published in 1873, is one of the most indigenous works in the history of American fiction and the most representative novel of the Eggleston corpus. Its significance as an American cultural product has been verified by a whole series of imitations which followed its publication; it remains a crucial prototype in the emergence of the entire genre of the religious novel, so prolific in America in the late nineteenth century. Like the *Hoosier Schoolmaster,* the appeal of the *Circuit Rider* lies chiefly in its native subject matter and in its rustic idiom. Not long after its publication in serial form in the *Christian Union* (an event which stimulated remarkable sales in spite of the

economic depression of 1873), the *Circuit Rider* was published in French in condensed form in the Paris *Le revue des deux mondes*; in book form in 1879; and in a second French version in 1883, as well as in a Danish translation. In the U.S. the book went through five more printings prior to 1902.[3]

Eggleston, however, intended more than a provincial duplication of a heroic myth of the frontier, a mere regional curiosity or aboriginal peep-show. This is clear from the first paragraph of his "Preface":

> Whatever is incredible in this story is true. The tale I have to tell will seem strange to those who know little of the social life of the West at the beginning of this century. These sharp contrasts of cornshuckings and camp-meetings, of wild revels followed by wild revivals; these contacts of highwayman and preacher; this *melange* of picturesque simplicity, grotesque humor and savage ferocity, of abandoned wickedness and austere piety, can hardly seem real to those who know the country now.[4]

Eggleston is preoccupied with religion and its roots in human psychology. More specifically, he is the first native writer of significance to identify the evangelical ethos as a dominant shaping energy in American life, to distinguish it from establishment Puritanism, and to portray explicitly its transformational capacity. His portrait of the *Circuit Rider*, a Methodist itinerant named Morton Goodwin, contrasts Morton's frontier "mushroom religion" with the more conventional, orthodox Presbyterianism of the heroine, Patty Lumsden. The contrast is made explicit in one of Eggleston's typical digressions:

> Dear, genteel, and cultivated Methodist reader, you who rejoice in the patristic glory of Methodism, though you have so far departed from the standard of the fathers as to wear gold and costly apparel and sing songs and read some novels, be not too hard upon our good friend Donaldson. Had you, fastidious Methodist friend, who listen to organs and choirs and refined preachers, as you sit in your cushioned pew — had you lived in Ohio sixty years ago, would you have belonged to the Methodists, think you? Not at all! your nerves would have been racked by their shouting, your musical and poetical taste outraged by their ditties, your grammatical knowledge shocked beyond recovery by their English; you could never have worshiped in an excitement that prostrated people in religious catalepsy, and threw weak saints and obstinate sinners alike into the contortions of the jerks. It is easy to build the tombs of the prophets while you reap the harvest they sowed, and after they have been already canonized. It is easy to build the tombs of the early prophets now while we stone the prophets of our own time, maybe. Permit me, Methodist brother, to believe that had you lived in the days of Parson Donaldson, you would have condemned these rude Tishbites as sharply as he did. But you would have been wrong, as he was. For without them there must have been barbarism, worse than that of Arkansas and Texas. *Methodism was to the West all that Puritanism was to New England.* Both of them are sublime when considered historically; neither of them were very agreeable to live with, maybe. (132-133)

Morton's initial resistance to religion and his erring ways set up another polarity; Eggleston consistently portrays one extreme as the natural result of another, and dwells repeatedly on the tendency of one form of enthusiasm to produce, in due course, its opposite.

> . . . Morton in his contending with the religious excitement of the morning rushed easily into the opposite excitement of gambling. The violent awakening of a religious revival has a sharp polarity — it has sent many a man headlong to the devil. (109)

Moreover, Eggleston appears to have been uniquely conscious of the phenomenon of transformed energy, of the metamorphic quality of the religious impulse. The character of Kike embodies this conception, arrested as it is by his early death, the result of a hyperbolic temperament which marked his discipleship with extreme austerity.

> All his natural ambition, vehemence, and persistence, found exercise in his religious life; and the simple-hearted brethren, not knowing that the one sort of intensity was but the counterpart of the other, pointed to the transformation as a "beautiful conversion," a standing miracle. (109)

Eggleston's focus on the vagaries of religious enthusiasm elicits some of the most colorful imagery in his relatively plain style. Morton's delivery before the tempestuous Salt Fork meeting rouses a "hurricane of feeling." (203) The early Midwesterners are described as "inflammable as tow." (94) Eggleston characteristically punctuates a manifestation of exalted religious feeling with a pragmatic counterpoint: "It is barely possible that the stimulus of the good parson's cherry bounce had quite as much to do with Morton's valiant impulses as the stirring effect of his discourse." (49) Morton himself, son of a religiously fanatical mother and hypochondriac father, is described as craving excitement as an antidote for depression and frustration. The stage is carefully set for his "conversion" which occurs exactly halfway through the narrative. But his true "illumination" is delayed until the climax of the novel and is less gratuitous than the initial conversion. Like Patty's, his final illumination strikes a note of moderation, even of compromise with secular pursuits and motives. The return to normalcy indicated in his marriage to Patty, and his assumption of supervisory duties over his father- in-law's property and affairs is emblematic of the "civilizing" force which Eggleston saw in the pervasive influence of Methodism in America.

Eggleston's affinity with George Eliot should not be overlooked. Not only did the two authors share a similar preoccupation with the social and psychological effects of evangelicalism, but the English author's novels were published well before Eggleston's and had a relatively wide circulation in America.[5] Eggleston gave evidence on several occasions of familiarity with her works. In particular, *Romola* and *Middlemarch* seem to have had a substantial influence on Eggleston's novel, *Roxy*.[6] The plots of *Roxy* and *Romola* are practically identical, if one makes allowances for cultural differences. In Eliot's version, for example, the husband is appropriately executed after the fashion of Florentine revenge plots, whereas in the American version the husband is redeemed and saved for a repentant and useful life. Even more significant is Eggleston's central theme, the heroine's pretentious pietism. In this respect, Roxy is a dilution of the heroic Dorothea of *Middlemarch*, with her delusions of sacrifice and devotion, recorded, of course, in her diary:

> "Oh, that the Lord would prepare me to do and suffer for Him in the same spirit!"
>
> The outer form of this entry was borrowed no doubt from the biographies she read. But the spirit was Roxy's own.[7]

The adaptation of the theme of female quixotism to the evangelical impulse of the nineteenth century, while not uncommon, was given an added dimension by Eggleston, who stressed emphatically the tyranny which the religious animus exerts over ordinary human beings. Roxy's husband Mark "could not live at a moral concert-pitch," and he is driven inevitably to the "tangible apostasy" of attending a circus and sleeping with another woman, both symbolic of his struggle to reclaim a truly human condition. Eggleston's conception of energy transformed into its opposite permeates *Roxy* even more emphatically than the *Circuit Rider*. The suggestion of self-delusion and psychological abberation in perfectionist and pietistic persuasions is the very essence of the moral of the novel.

> Luther might not have been an iconoclast if he had not begun by being a monk; and Mark might have reached an average piety, if he had not striven for more. (246)

Roxy's mystical elevations are in reality false conversions; her true illumination comes only through inexplicable, unverbalized suffering. The goodness that "lies in reach" becomes the final meaning of life. The concluding image of the novel is indicative of the realistic psychology embedded in its archaic forms. Eggleston describes the ambiguity of human perfection as a "Sisphyian toil," a verbal icon that is a startling contrast to the "perfectionist," utopian persuasion.

Like George Eliot's, Eggleston's own biography is a paradigm of the thematic development of his novels. In his progress from Midwestern circuit rider, Bible agent and religious pamphleteer, to secular journalist, historian and cosmopolitan agnostic, his own consciousness as well as his career traces a downward modulation of the religious motive. His gradual conversion from a transcendental to a secular epistemology recapitulates one of the most significant sociological phenomena of the nineteenth century.[8] His last two works demonstrate the terminal phase of his thought.

The setting of the *Faith Doctor,* published in 1891 at the height of the social gospel and spiritualistic era, is New York City rather than the early Midwest. (Eggleston himself had migrated to the New York metropolis in his later years.) The urban setting provides the backdrop for a polarity between the ambitious young-man-from-the-provinces-who-has-made-it, and a young woman of modest means but great philanthropic reserves. Worldly-wise Charley pursues Phillida at some "sacrifice of that position of social prominence and leadership which he had striven so hard to secure."[9] Charley is a self-made man well on his way to becoming a financial magnate. Phillida, the "virginal enthusiast," is infected with the Dorothea-complex of doing good for others less fortunate than herself, of which species there are many in New York. Eggleston portrays her as a victim of the same delusion that affected Roxy, "the lust after perfection—the realest peril of great souls." (199)

Eggleston's characteristic proverbial style is urbanized by 1891, and the folklore of capitalism punctuates the novel. The hazards, the facades, the rules of the game of business, and other assorted maxims of gentility, take the place of the rustic folk wisdom of his earlier works:

> . . . commerce by the very rudeness of its encounters makes men forgiving. In business it is unprofitable to cherish animosities, and contact with a great variety of character makes business men usually more tolerant than men of secluded lives. (54)
>
> Ah, Jack! You are too young to comprehend the necessity that rests upon us of swelling our dignity into some proportion to a growing stock balance. It is irksome this living on stilts, but an unfortunate inability to match our fortune by increasing our bulk leaves us no alternative but to augment our belongings so as to preserve the fitness of things at any cost. (59-60)

Biblical imagery survives in Eggleston's late work, but it acquires in many instances ironic implications, as in the case of one of the initial descriptions of Mrs. Frankland, whose temperament "inclined her to live like a city set on a hill." (163) Mrs. Frankland is undobutedly the most unique character in the novel. A Bible-reading, breast-beating "apostle to the rich," who has made

a business out of belief, she is a female prototype of Sister Soulsby and Elmer Gantry—the incarnation of Eggleston's conviction that the religious impulse is a rudimentary energy which is easily converted to meretricious ends. Mrs. Frankland's self-delusion is evident in her platform:

> Mrs. Frankland's imagination had been moved by her success. It was not only a religious but a social triumph. Some of the rich had come, and it was in the nature of an orator of Mrs. Frankland's type to love any association with magnificence. Her figures of speech were richly draped; her imagination delighted in the grandiose. The same impulse which carried her easily from drab Quakerism to stained-glass Episcopalianism now moved her to desire that her ministry might lead her to the great, for such an association seemed to glorify the cause she had at heart. She did not think of her purpose nakedly; she was an artist in drapery, and her ideas never presented themselves in the nude; she was indeed quite incapable of seeing the bare truth; truth itself became visible to her only when it had on a wedding garment. As she stated her aspiration to herself, she longed to carry the everlasting gospel to the weary rich. "The weary rich" was the phrase she outfitted them with when considered as objects of pity and missionary zeal. To her mind they seemed, in advance, shining trophies which she hoped to win, and in her reveries she saw herself presenting them before the Almighty, somewhat as a Roman general might lead captive barbarian princes to the throne of his imperial master. Mrs. Frankland could not be oblivious to the fact that a Bible reading among the rich would be likely to bring her better pecuniary returns than one among the poor. But she did not let this consideration appear on the surface of her thoughts, nor was it at all a primary or essential one. (168-169)

The picture of the *nouveaux riches* drawn by Eggleston is that of dupes easily mesmerized by an expensive religion. He exposes the dichotomy between the sexes in an urban, affluent society, where men engage in "dollar-hunting" and women must substitute operas and scientism for the prayer meetings of the Western frontier—better yet, philanthropy or spiritualism. Eggleston underscores the mercenary delusions of Mrs. Frankland when he

makes a pun out of her "repentance" of the advice she gives to Phillida:

> She was a little dazzled at the brightness of Phillida's worldly prospects, now that they were no longer merely rhetorical, but real, tangible, and, in commercial phrase, convertible. (271)

Phillida is at first taken in by the whole scene, even to the point of believing herself to be a faith healer. When the pathetic invalid Wilhelmina deteriorates, Phillida's common sense triumphs and she swallows her pretentious piety by calling on Charley for help. When the faith healer, Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, calls on her with a proposition of "success, usefulness, and remuneration," Phillida recognizes her Mephistopheles and apostasizes. She relinquishes her grandiose causes and the meretricious complicity they involve and falls comfortably into the arms of the sane and thoroughly secular Charley, a blessed undeluded capitalist.

There is a suggestion in the denouement that the pragmatic American milieu has made religion into something that it is not. Philip Gouvernour, an artistocratic, somewhat cynical voice of experience in the novel, remarks that "Trifles are the only real consolation of such being as we are. They keep us from being crushed by immensities. If we were to spend our time chiefly about the momentous things, life would become unendurable." (330) Phillida's desire to visit Siam (which, no doubt, Charley Millard can afford) reiterates Philip's observation:

> "I am tired to death of this great, thinking, pushing, western world, with its restlessness and its unbelief. If I were in the East I could believe and hope, and not worry about what Philip calls the 'immensities'." (397)

The Faith Doctor is a well-defined attempt to show explicitly the affinity between the religious and the mercenary instinct. Nevertheless, the novel implicitly represents the secular conversion as the true illumination and capitalism as a redeeming force in society. (The influence of important novels which predated Eggleston's treatment of the same theme should not be underestimated: Howell's *Undiscovered Country* and *Dr. Breen's Practice*; and James's *The Bostonians.*) Eggleston's final novel, *The Agnostic,* begun in 1896 and unfinished at the time of his death, would undoubtedly have provided an appropriate coda to a series of novels which deals so perceptibly with the transformation of the evangelical ethos.

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NOTES

1. Max Weber, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism,* trans. Talcott Parsons (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958). First published in 1904-1905.
2. Max Weber, "The Protestant Sects and the Spirit of Capitalism," (1906), *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology,* trans, and ed., H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills (New York: Oxford University Press, 1958), pp. 310, 308.
3. William Randel, "Introduction," *Edward Eggleston* (New York: Twayne Publishers, inc., 1963), pp. 12-14.
4. Edward Eggleston, *The Circuit Rider* (New Haven, Conn.: College and University Press, 1966), p. 23. All subsequent references are to the same edition.
5. Publishing histories indicate that Eliot's immense popularity with American readers began in the late 50's and accelerated in the 80's when cheap, paper-covered editions of her novels sold for ten to fifty cents. See Frank L. Mott, *Golden Multitudes: the Story of Best-Sellers in the United States* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1947), p. 136. A brief survey of the magazines of the period indicates persistent attention given to her works by readers and reviewers.
6. Randel notes that Eggleston's contemporary reviewers were aware of his affinity with George Eliot. See Randel, *Edward Eggleston,* pp. 111, 114.
7. Edward Eggleston, *Roxy* (Ridgewood, N.J.: Gregg Press, 1968), p. 62. George Eliot's shadow lies over the portrait of Roxy even more explicitly in the chapter entitled "St. Theresa of the Honeysuckles." *Middlemarch* opens with a famous passage in which Eliot recalls the mystical fervor of St. Theresa and her childhood dream of being martyred for the faith at the hands of the Moors. Eggleston's allusion is an obvious borrowing: ". . . with the enthusiams of St. Theresa, when she sought in childhood a martyrdom among the Moors . . . ," *Roxy,* p. 179.
8. Basil Willey, *Nineteenth Century Studies, Coleridge to Matthew Arnold,* Torchbook edition (New York: Harper and Row 1966), pp. 204-205, on George Eliot:

   "Probably no English writer of the time, and certainly no novelist, more fully epitomizes the century; her development in a paradigm, her intellectual biography a graph, of its most decided trend. Starting from evangelical Christianity, the curve passes through doubt to a reinterpreted Christ and a religion of humanity: beginning with God, it ends in Duty."
9. Edward Eggleston, *The Faith Doctor, A Story of New York* (Ridgewood, N. J.: Gregg Press, 1968), p. 129. All subsequent references are to the same edition.

LUCY MONROE'S "CHICAGO LETTER" TO *THE CRITIC*, 1893-1896

JAMES STRONKS

Lucy Monroe wrote a weekly "Chicago Letter" to *The Critic* (New York) from 1893 to 1896. Running to 135 installments of 1000 words each and never reprinted, the "Chicago Letter" is in effect a book-length "new" source of Chicago cultural history. Few of the books in the field show awareness that it exists; it is a rich lode of information virtually untapped.

Lucy Monroe is not well known. The daughter of a Chicago lawyer, in 1904 she would marry William J. Calhoun, a lawyer and later U.S. minister to China, and live much of the rest of her life in Peking. She was sister to Harriet Monroe, who in 1912 would found and edit Chicago's *Poetry* magazine; and sister-in-law to a distinguished architect, John Wellborn Root, of Burnham & Root, whose Rookery and Monadnock buildings still stand in the Loop as architectural landmarks. And for the seven years 1898-1905 Lucy Monroe would be an editor for Herbert S. Stone & Co., successor to Stone & Kimball, the adventuresome young Chicago publishers of the nineties. But in 1893, when she began writing her "Chicago Letter" for *The Critic*, Lucy Monroe was about thirty, well informed in art history, an ironic Western feminist of the upper class, well read in the new fiction, and a good writer.[1]

She began her "Chicago Letter" in that most exciting season in Chicago's history—the summer of '93, the summer of the Columbian Exposition. At first she wrote much about the Fair, but thereafter her dispatches were most concerned with new painting and fiction. She wrote a great deal about exhibits in the Art Institute, but also about such things as architecture (though never about Chicago skyscrapers); of Theodore Thomas and the

Chicago symphony orchestra (which she called "the only perfect thing we possess"[2]); of the new University of Chicago and the new Newberry Library; of Jane Addams and Hull House; of the Chicago phenomenon of little theatre, twenty years before it became avant garde at Washington Square; and regularly of the Loop theatres and art galleries.

She finds room too for notes on social history, manners, and anecdotes (she collects Lincoln stories). She regularly reports the activities of Chicago literary clubs and cultural societies—mentioning no fewer than thirty-one of them. She records the birth of the famous "Little Room," that artistic social group whose name she herself proposed. She mentions Chicago's lively newspaper scene, especially the *Herald*, whose art critic she had been. And with an insider's relish she reports much news of Chicago book-publishing; of novels by local authors, with whom she is none too gentle; of the darling of her eye, *The Chap-Book*, published by her own firm, Herbert S. Stone & Co.; of Chicago editors and critics, book design and posters, and of new titles issued by Chicago houses such as Stone & Kimball, Rand McNally, Way & Williams, McClurg, Dibble, Schulte, Sergel, and Callaghan.

As for literary people, she refers to many Chicago writers, especially the most popular writer-personality in town, Eugene Field (whose drollery, in his daily column, she can imitate exactly, as in number 704). But most often and regularly she has occasion to write about Henry Blake Fuller and Hamlin Garland.

For Henry B. Fuller's Chicago novels Lucy Monroe was in one sense the ideal reader. About Fuller's own age, she too had grown up in the town and like him was both loving and critical of it, though less caustic when writing about it to Easterners. Her very first, inaugural, "Chicago Letter" opens with the announcement that Fuller has written a novel about Chicago, *The Cliff-Dwellers* (as yet untitled). Her eventual review of this book turned out to be negative, however. It was not that Fuller's portrait of the city was unflattering—or at least she says nothing about that. Her objections are literary and artistic. She dislikes the new realism of the 1890's, and finds *The Cliff-Dwellers* coarse in what she calls its harsh colors, its lack of idealization, its lack of sensiblity and poetry (602). She says nothing about its melodrama and slapdash form.

But Lucy Monroe's ability to learn and change, and Fuller's improvement in his second and better Chicago novel, *With the Procession* (1895), appear in her unqualified praise of that book twenty months later. Cultivated Chicagoans had been aching for the city to distinguish itself, especially in the eyes of the East, and to alleviate its image as butcher and railyard to the hinterlands; and the appearance of so good and so intensely Chicagoan a book as *With the Procession* was a prime and gratifying event. Hence the excitement in Lucy Monroe's language when her review of that novel opens with the dramatic line, "This 'vast and sudden municipality' is no longer voiceless." Her review, indeed, concerns the municipality as much as it does the novel. Fuller "places the city firmly before the world," she writes,

> with all its imperfections on its head, yet with its energy too, its ambition, its courage and generosity, its striving for great ends. Here, at last, we seem to find a logical explanation of its growth and development. We discover its secret; we learn to search its mystery. . . . And through each stage it is Chicago to the life — a truthful, vivid portrait, Whistlerian in its subtle portrayal of the character of the town. It is realism but realism lit by an imagination which grasps the deeper motives of action, the finer issues of thought. The spirit of a community is far more elusive than that of an individual, and it is therefore the greater triumph to evoke it. (691)

In all, Lucy Monroe mentions Fuller on nine occasions in "The Chicago Letter," but Hamlin Garland, who was more conspicuous and provocative, is discussed twelve times. Monroe did not take Garland at his own valuation. Like most critics of the day, she scorned the rough workmanship in his fiction and scoffed at his vision of a great flowering of Midwestern literature. Yet no critic in the mid-nineties, including W. D. Howells, measured Garland with more even-handed good sense than did Lucy Monroe. Their later correspondence sounds as if they were by then cordial friends, and they may have been from the beginning; but if so, Garland was being a good sport, for she seldom mentioned him in print without driving in the needle.

As early as July 1893, before Garland had formally moved to Chicago, she reported a lecture he delivered there on Midwestern

local color realism. Garland, she told her eastern readers, was the "victim of a theory that every novelist should draw his inspiration from the soil, should write of nothing but the country he was bred in." And ever the ironist, she said that he delivered his points "with his accustomed felicity of phrasing," meaning the opposite (596). The next year, 1894, when she reviewed his book of criticism, *Crumbling Idols*, she summarized its main ideas patronizingly, then pronounced that Garland, "because of his emphatic opinions, because of his earnestness and enthusiasm, because of his dogmatic narrowness, even, [is] lively and entertaining. Quarrel with him as one may, one cannot but admire his fearless zeal" (642).

As for Garland's fiction, Lucy Monroe's adverse criticism of it shows her conventional "good taste" and genteel idealist convictions. In fact the anti-Realism position during the 1890's is caught in a nutshell in her comments on a Garland story in 1895: "It is a bit of brutal realism," she begins, taking a firm stand, as usual.

> The characters are doubtless true to life, but the writer covers up the finer truths with the externals. His theme is a spiritual one, and yet the impression left upon the reader is anything but uplifting, so far do the vulgar actualities overbalance the higher motives. This, I maintain, is not art, but the glorification of the unimportant . . . The effect . . . is not what [Garland] intends, for the heavy network of details obscures the finer issues, which he himself nevertheless sees clearly. Herein lies the falsity of the realist's position, and it emphasizes once more the necessity of selection in art. (703)

Since their interests overlapped everywhere, Lucy Monroe and Hamlin Garland must have run into each other all over town. Both were keen on impressionist painting, for example, and both wrote about it. When Garland was scheduled to lecture on impressionism one day in 1894 Lucy Monroe made it a point to be in the audience. Her next "Chicago Letter" called it

> something of a surprise to find Mr. Hamlin Garland lecturing upon art, to hear this son of the prairies giving utterance to the most *fin-de-siècle* theories of painting, and declar-

> ing the new discoveries to be as important as the law of gravity. . . . Mr. Garland is accustomed to follow his theories to the bitter end, and he is so aggressive an advocate of them, that one is forced at the point of the pistol to agree with him, and is consequently rebellious. He can hardly be called, therefore, a judicious pleader, but he is a suggestive one, and he certainly provokes discussion. The structure which he so carefully reared, however, in this talk upon "Impressionism," is built upon the sands. (626)

She goes on to explain the error in his art theories, and then supplies a masterful little one-paragraph lecture of her own upon impressionism, one which stands up perfectly today, as Garland's dated remarks do not.

Lucy Monroe's commentary on the Chicago scene reveals over and over again two special points of view, or perspective. One of these was her feminism; the other was her Westernness.

Her feminism—it is a term she never uses in any form—may have been encouraged in her by the fact that her New York editor was a woman, Jeannette Gilder, as were probably most of her readers in *The Critic*. And her consciousness must surely have been raised by the strong feminist atmosphere in the Columbian Exposition, in which she and all her family were much involved.[3] While her feminism was never obtrusive or shrill, it affected what she chose to write about and the way she presented it. For example, when Hamlin Garland's Chicago novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, was still only one-third written in 1895, Lucy Monroe, who had learned from Garland his heroine's general story, predicted to her readers that, given Rose Dutcher's "desire for self-realization and development," the

> problems which she faces in her struggle for existence will be interesting ones to solve. After all, comparatively little has been written of the difficulties which confront women in their new attitude towards the world — difficulties all the more serious because of their inexperience and the imperfect adjustment of men of affairs and the business world itself towards this new departure. If Mr. Garland can let in some light upon the situation, pathetic in spite of the prevalent vigor and hopefulness, his will be fruitful work. (697)

Steadily feminist though she was, Lucy Monroe remained a balanced critic. She deplores the mediocrity of some of the women's exhibits and conferences at the world's fair, and the error of having a Woman's Building there in the first place. In mid-1893 she calls it "humiliating to find that all of the talk about woman's right to work has produced so small a result" (601). She is contemptuous about the discord in the Chicago Women's Club over a black matron's application for admission (668), and scathing about the Chicago authoress who has rewritten St. Paul's epistles into a "Woman's Bible" for female chauvinists (698). But despite such disappointments she keeps the faith: "We accept the New Womanhood with some misgivings, trusting to acquire wisdom from experience in that great day which is to free us all" (668).

It is not too much to say that Lucy Monroe had a bearing on women's liberation in our own day. Kate Chopin's novel *The Awakening*, which has become an honored text in feminist literature, was first published in 1899 in Chicago by Herbert S. Stone & Co. And who advised Herbert Stone as chief reader of book manuscripts at that time? Lucy Monroe. That *The Awakening* was actually of special value for her is argued by the fact that she still had her own 1899 copy with her in her home in Peking in 1937.

Lucy Monroe was not only feminist; she was also aware of herself as being a Midwesterner. Her western point of view—in which, again, she may have been encouraged by her New York editor—in no way resembled Garland's provincial boasting, which in fact she ridiculed. But she was very explicit about being a Chicagoan, and she never forgot that her readers were mostly Easterners (and once addresses them, revealingly, as "you in New York"). There are times when the "Chicago Letter" is delicately defensive, anticipating the so-called "second city complex" of today. Even the dignified *Dial*, Chicago's best and least windy magazine, was objecting in 1893 that "Mr. Lowell's famous essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners' is in need of a supplement. 'A Certain Condescension in Easterners' is a theme that calls for treatment" (XV:173). This theme was not often treated in Lucy Monroe's dispatches to New York, but she does protest that some Easterners "give ready credence to any state-

ment detrimental to [Chicago's] intelligence" (609), and she cites the *Revue des Deux Mondes* observation that "to jeer at Chicago is a bad habit common to all civilized America" (652). She loves to quote compliments upon the city by distinguished and polite visitors, such as Paul Bourget, or Walter Besant's incautious 1893 praise of Chicago as "rich, daring, young, confident" and "destined to become the centre of American literature in the future" (596).

She is willing to score a point vis-a-vis New York when she can. Reporting an exhibit mounted in Chicago of avant garde painting, she mentions with a half-smile that it now moves to New York, where her readers can enjoy it; and of a certain Chicago show of old masters she calls it "a pity that New York will not see it" (614). When she reviews Beerbohm Tree's Chicago production of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, she quietly throws away in a subordinate clause the fact that it is the American premier of the play, as she does other times when reporting the first American performances of *The Master-Builder*, of Sudermann's *Magda* with Modjeska, or Massenet's *Werther*.

But loyal Chicagoan though she was, Lucy Monroe remained also a sensible critic of the city. She denounces ugly municipal architecture, a foolish statue in the park, a mawkish hit play, a sentimental painting or inferior novel, or the easy standards of the art jury which awarded medals to too many paintings at the world's fair. When she reports in 1895 the heartening news that Chicago seems at last to be encouraging the arts, she goes on to mock wryly at the shallow inconstancy of that support. (686). Week in, week out, her tone of voice in such criticisms is a light irony, so cool that it must have escaped over the heads of many *Critic* subscribers. And sometimes the irony is not so light. "Through some happy chance," she begins one week, "the Trustees of the Peoria Public Library have entrusted the decoration of their new building to artists rather than paper-hangers."[4]

Emerging from Lucy Monroe's three years of weekly essays is a portrait of Chicago as a special place of special character. "The passions of the people come to the surface here," she says, her language warming to this theme, "and the effervescence, agitating as it is, is exhilarating to witness. It is certainly modern—this restless, turbulent, ambitious city, which is nevertheless American to the core; its dramas are always on a large scale, and

have some element of grandeur in their composition" (648). While the music critic James Gibbons Huneker might classify Chicago as "the scherzo in the great civic symphony of America,"[5] Lucy Monroe, who actually lived there, wrote more graphically: The "rush and whirl of Western life," she says, and Chicago's "hurry and excitement, exhausting our nervous energy before its time," make the "current too strong for any individual to stand against" and "he is inevitably engulfed." This "strenuous city of ours" is "always evolving new phases and surprising qualities. There is nothing monotonous about its life or its character, and one never knows where to look for its next development" (682).

That is, when her theme is the spirit and personality of Chicago, when she is defining its image, or is perhaps aware that she is contributing to myth-making, she uses a heightened diction. Whether this is unconscious or whether it is a journalist's affectation is hard to say, but this was no doubt the way the city liked to think of itself, and wanted to be seen by others. And long before the florid metaphors of Garland's "Chicago Studies" or the steaming prose of Frank Norris's *The Pit* (see pp. 59-65), or indeed Upton Sinclair or Carl Sandburg on the same subject, it was well-bred Lucy Monroe whose rhetoric first strained to capture the force and exciting energy of the city.

Lucy Monroe's "Chicago Letter" freshens our interest and adds a wealth of new detail existing nowhere else to what we have known previously of the city's cultural life during its yeasty mid-1890's, when Chicago was first reaching, or reaching for, maturity. Because of its weekly installment form, the "Chicago Letter" does not lend itself to reprinting as a book, but it is a rich deposit awaiting the special student. Meanwhile, we have discovered in Lucy Monroe a new source of hard facts and piquant eye-witness commentary to sharpen our understanding of Midwestern arts and letters.[6]

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NOTES

1. There seems to be no previous article about Lucy Monroe. Some books which mention her include: Anna Morgan, *My Chicago* (Chicago: Seymour, 1918); Harriet Monroe, *A Poet's Life* (New York: Macmillan, 1938), with Lucy's

photo on p. 93; Sidney Kramer, *The History of Stone & Co.* (Chicago: Forgue, 1940); *Hamlin Garland's Diaries*, ed. Donald Pizer (San Marino, Cal.: Huntington Library, 1968); and Muriel Beadle, *The Fortnightly of Chicago* (Chicago: Regnery, 1973). She is identified in a group photo in *The Bookman* [N. Y.], 35 (August 1912), 648. There are several dozen of her letters in the Newberry and University of Chicago libraries.

2. Lucy Monroe, "Chicago Letter," *The Critic*, n.s. 21, no. 624 (3 Feb. 1894), 81. Hereafter I will cite (in parentheses within the text) only the issue, or number, of the *Critic*, which convenient numeral appears at the top of every left-hand page of the magazine. The "Chicago Letter" ran from 18 March 1893 to 27 June 1896 (no. 578 to 749), appearing irregularly toward the end.
3. See Duncan Jamieson, "Women's Rights at the World's Fair, 1893," *Illinois Quarterly*, 37 (Dec. 1974), 5-20.
4. (749). The sharpest sarcasms in the "Chicago Letter" are in the ten installments written by Harriet Monroe in January and February 1895 when Lucy was in Mexico.
5. "The Raconteur," *The Musical Courier*, 30 (19 June 1895), 18, in remarks on *With the Procession*.
6. I have compiled a 400-item index to the 135 installments of the "Chicago Letter" and will be glad to put it to the service of any researcher who may inquire.

"AWAKENED AND HARMONIZED:" EDGAR LEE MASTERS' EMERSONIAN MIDWEST

RONALD PRIMEAU

As a "child of Walt Whitman," a worshipper of Shelley, and a devoteé of Browning, Edgar Lee Masters naturally admired the power and energy of Emerson. For Masters, the Midwestern poet who was often thought of as bitter and querelous, Whitman offered more expanse than the prevailing American modernism. Shelly further ignited his political views and stirred his lifelong mystical celebration of new forms and expansive powers. Browning helped him channel those powers into controlled dramatic-lyrics and questing monologues and parleyings. In these same directions Emerson was—in Masters' own words—"The most inspiring and formative influence in American life."[1] Emerson "awakened" Masters to enlarging forces in his own experience and helped him "harmonize" the unique and sometimes conflicting forces of his life in the Midwest. As a unifying strength, Emerson helped him synthesize these other influences.

Emerson was a formidable influence on all American writers who came after him. A recent volume from the English Institute was devoted to the problems of measuring that influence in the light of Emerson's insistence on "an original relation to the universe."[2] Ironically, his largest influence on American poets was his cry that they "never imitate," that they avoid being influenced and instead trust themselves. Harold Bloom refers to this phenomenon as "the only poetic influence that counsels against itself and against the idea of influence."[3] Bloom traces "the War of American poets against influence" through its long Emersonian heritage of self-reliance. Comfortable with that heritage, Masters told a *New York Times* interviewer in 1942: "I believe in an America that is not imitative, that stands alone, that is strong,

that leans on nothing outside itself and permits nothing to lean on it."[4] The Emerson in Masters helps explain apparent contradictions in his repeated allusions to sources while he insists, at the same time, on a fiercely self-reliant originality. To use Bloom's terms again, Masters "completed" Emerson by displacing his fierce self-reliance into the unique experiences of the Midwestern plains and the Illinois town not so different from Concord.

The chronology of Masters' awakening in Emerson reveals a long and steady exposure of his life and works. In his autobiography *Across Spoon River,* he recalls that he read Emerson's "pruning his slim wings/for flights into broad spaces" ("Autochrothon," p. 34). Twenty years later in his biography of Vachel Lindsay he approvingly quoted his fellow poet at length on Emerson's insight.[5] In 1939, Masters included a glowing tribute to Emerson in *More People*; two years later he wrote "The Pasture Rose," a poem remarkably close to Emerson's "The Rhodora" which he called "one of the most beautiful poems in the English language." This kind of abiding interest in Emerson culminated finally in the collection *The Living Thoughts of Emerson* which Masters edited for "The Living Thoughts Library" series in 1940. His critical introduction for the volume is not only a tribute to Emerson but a fitting conclusion to a highly productive and often overlooked decade in his own career. Twenty years after *Spoon River Anthology*, Masters found joy and consolation in Emerson. In rapture he would break through to the visions found in the "wild honey" of Emerson's poetry; and it was at Emerson's grave that he took a measure of brooding strength from the admission that life had "cornered" him.

Above all else, Emerson helped the poet of small-town Illinois to find himself. Initially, the effect was a loosening of insulation:

> Out in Middle Illinois when I was in high school we eager young found ourselves stifled by the parochial orthodoxy that surrounded us. The unsmoked sky was above us, the fields and woods were around us, yet we needed air. We could not be free without knowing what we were, and what we possibly could do. We could not think, speculate, or examine the evidence of things without being emancipated from the bandages that tied us in.

In Emerson, Masters found an energetic Americanized rendition of Shelley's quests for the infinite and Browning's heroic self-exploration: "We needed someone to say that we had possibilities, and moreover in the encouraging doctrine of Emerson that we were potential genuises, ready to expand wings and fly if we laid our hands upon the springs of courage that were within us and within the human breast everywhere." (p. 2) Back in the Midwest, Masters heard no condescending Eastern tones in Emerson's counsel. Rather, he read Emerson's accounts of the courage needed to emerge from suffocation as descriptions of a universal malaise that was fatal to poetic creativity at any time and in any place. Faced with "the cramping influence of the village," Masters felt that Emerson "lifted and strengthened us, and gave us courage, and opened up to us fields of interest by which we escaped from the American conditions, which were the same in his youth in Boston and Concord."

Beyond the "new life" Emerson gave to those struggling with "orthodoxy," his liberating hymns to visionary insight helped Masters in at least three other ways. First, Concord's most famous citizen strengthened Masters' triumphant celebration of the village in the midst of sardonic attacks. Secondly, the visionary poet in Emerson provided a solid traditional basis for Masters' attempts to counter the modernism of the Eliot-Pound school. Finally, in Emerson's essays and poems and especially in *Representative Men,* Masters found heroism and magnanimity in the daemonic energy of Goethe, Milton, and Nietzche. The best clues to the Emerson in Masters are found in "Presenting Emerson" (the Introduction to his Living Thoughts volume), in his selection and arrangement of Emerson's writings, and in his own poems of the thirties.

Liberation is the keynote of Masters' forty-one page tribute to Emerson. From his high school days, he recalls the great delight at finding in the sage a "sportive and abandoned license" so untypical of the "lofty-minded Wordsworth," "the metaphysical Coleridge," or "the pious America of the last century." He also found in Emerson "strength and understanding which sang the American spirit (instead of patriotism) and which stood for truth rather than regularity." Masters' examples were always to a point: "In the case of my girl schoolmate it did not make a genius

of her, but she became an interesting mind, much beyond what she would have become without Emerson, and she had happiness in the circumstance of her self-confidence." From these often poignant reminiscences, Masters builds to a final assessment: "I can think of no other American that did so much for the general emancipation of the growing mind of America." And he adds: "Not even Whitman counts for so much, all things considered."

Following his Introduction, Masters presents 125 pages from *Essays, Representative Men, English Traits, Poems, May Day and Other Pieces,* and *Various Notable Lectures.* His editorial decisions are good indicators of his thinking at the time. He included passages in "History" about the perfection of "the Grecian State" wherein "spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with the body"; he stressed Promethean scepticism, and the realization that "every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool." Of course the most famous passages are there—from "Self Reliance" about nonconformity and foolish consistency and other classic quotations that backed-up Masters' own tough-minded confidence in himself. He included also many descriptions of the relationship between spiritual and material laws, definitions of beauty and the oversoul, and strong beliefs about politics, education, and poetry. The sections on the poet as Sayer and on Emerson's opinions of others (including impressions after a trip to England) tend to reinforce Masters' own developing visionary aesthetic. Most of what he included from *Representative Men* and from "The American Scholar" describes the inner power and "active soul" required for characters who sum up "eras, life-logics, masterful dealings with conditions, and interpretations of the living of a given time."

Emerson also helped Masters celebrate the Midwest. Critics have often noted Emerson's attraction for "rural quiet" and "personal associations" found in the spirit of place in Concord.[6] His entries in his journals reflect his enthusiasm about the people and customs of the town, an enthusiasm that Masters must have found refreshing in the climate of critcism fixed on the cramping influences of Midwestern Life. Excessive romanticising about the pastoral village had always been hard to dispel in commentary on American literature, and Masters began—or at least was a part of—what was to be a long demythologizing process in the

works of the twenties. Alongside his cynicism about small town life there was his strong identification with the land and with the basic goodness of people reflected in his populist politics. Emerson's harmonious vision of small-town life became a part of Masters' solid identification with the land which was very often free of the romantic gloss created later by his critics.

Emerson's effects on Masters show up also in what Charles E. Burgess has called "village-based cultural influences."[7] Again Emerson's influence ironically yet appropriately stimulated the fierceness of Masters' Midwestern independence. "In the pragmatic Midwest of the 1880's and 1890's," Burgess notes, "there was no Brook Farm to combine their creative energies, no *Dial* to give them a convenient vehicle for expression. They were often judged eccentric or at least 'high-brow'!" Emerson fed what could be considered such eccentricity in Masters. In a lengthy passage worth quoting in its entirety, Burgess describes the Midwest in which Masters grew:

> The Midwestern village of several thousand persons in the late nineteenth century cannot be compared intellectually to the moribund rural hamlets of today, culturally anesthetized by television, the *Reader's Digest,* and the outpourings of book clubs. True, the villages of Masters' time did know conformity, isolation, poverty, and ignorance — and how effectively he portrayed these shortcomings! — but a surprising number of villagers lived active, cosmopolitan lives of travel and of the mind. If they lacked continuous urban diversions and broadening, they escaped the city's inconveniences and petty distractions. In the quiet village milieu there was a comforting sense of civilized ease that came with the transition from a rough pioneer society to a stable community buttressed by traditions. Many minds there found excitement in following and contributing to the courses of science and philosophy or in joining the effort toward mature American literature and criticism.

Masters found that excitement in Emerson, and he kept that mature Emersonian vision alive at a time in American letters when it was less than fashionable. Tough-minded as Masters always was in the thirties and forties, his critical insights are appreciated now in ways not imaginable then. Our age has given

Emerson the place Masters wanted for him. We are perhaps only now recovering from the tyranny of so many narrow poetics which long controlled judgments on the "modern" sensibility, and so the critic in Edgar Lee Masters deserves a good deal more study. Again Emerson's influential push to go beyond influence is Masters' saving recognition: "Under his influence we felt that we were not hostile to the good life by free thinking about religion, or about anything else. . . . As he (Emerson) told an old theologian that he must go his way, and if he were a child of the devil it had to be so, we too could stand forth as children of the devil, if that was our role in life. We did this very thing and were happy and strong as we did it" (*Emerson*, p. 2). In Masters, that strength became one Midwestern rendition of Emerson's legacy for the moderns.

That nearly *daemonic* strength also contributed to Masters' Emersonian sense of "magnitude." One of Masters' chief reasons for editing the "Living Thoughts" volume was to dispel what he called the popular misconceptions that linked Emerson and "the quackery of mental healing" and other "rubbish of his day." Masters' intent was not to produce another collection for intellectuals but a compact volume which ordinary people would read to experience the power of primary documents instead of "dilutes of Emerson" in which his thought was too often "reduced to quackery."

The selections in Masters' volume demonstrate strong links between Emerson's reflective life in Concord and his ability to break through trivialities to what was real and eternal. Masters remarked that in Puritan New England, as anywhere, "repressed conditions" stimulated the need for self reliance and led Emerson to the "rebellion that characterizes his philosophy." Masters understood that much of Emerson's sense of magnitude grew from a rebellion against stifling forces similar to what he and his friends experienced in the Midwest. Emerson's counter to such restriction was a complex mix of rebellion and calm withdrawal, a paradoxical indignation (so typical in the scathing attacks found in his own and Thoreau's journals) tempered by an appreciation for the deep calm that allowed his mind to mature: "When he said goodbye to the proud world and took up his residence in Concord, in the Old Manse, he brought himself into a

state of peace where he could reflect upon his country and its people, and draw out of the woods and the fields around that beautiful place the secrets of nature, the intimations of the Over-Soul, the laws and characters of compensation. Here too he could evolve the worlds of representative men."

Emerson's "representative men" were often shocking in ways similar to the people of Spoon River of Masters' later characterizations. The ambivalence of struggling serenity and daemonic greatness in Emerson's portraits shows up later in Masters and may help explain some of the controversies surrounding his reputation. Masters the editor stressed the "audacious spirit" in Emerson's critiques of the values of his time: "He was writing and saying that life was halfness, shallowness. That will not do in an optimistic country like America, preaching success." Masters included poems about "the feel of earth," the richness of life in the country, and other selections that suited his own beliefs about the struggle to achieve greatness:

> We can judge Emerson's reaction to the earth-scene and the lives of men upon it by casting up the types that he treated in *Representative Men.* There is no theologian, no divine in the list, and no reformer. . . . In fact, Emerson disliked reformers and professed philanthropists. He said once that they were an altogether odious set of people whom one would shun as the worst of bores.

This, too, is typical of the Emerson in Masters' thinking around 1940.

Masters' commentary on Emerson's style and major themes also anticipated later critics and revealed how like Emerson he was himself: "His essays are full of *nonsequiturs,* except where they are considered in their total effect. He was a mind of spiritual discernment in reference to man and society, moral, social and political wisdom. One of the pleasures in reading Emerson lies in the fact that he so often expresses what was in your own mind as something nebulous, but surely felt." On themes close to his own thinking throughout the thirties, Masters even used Emerson's metaphors: "Emerson said that what draws men and women together was deciduous, or was the scaffolding by which the house was built, but the purification of the intellect

and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness." The metaphors of "urge" and physical union are of course the same as Masters had developed in "Cleanthus Trilling" (*More Spoon River*, 1924) and in "Amphimixis," (1938). Emerson's image of the "scaffolding" represented in the language of correspondences, much of Masters' thinking at the time. It was another way in which Emerson told potential writers in Lewistown that they "had possibilities."

Many of Masters' selections from *Representative Men* are about self-sufficiency and the creation of soul through "love of the sexes." The "uses of great men" show that "each man is by secret linking connected with some district of nature, whose agent and interpreter he is." Through Plato's "Banquet" Masters found in Emerson an explanation for "the passion of the soul for that immense lack of beauty it exists to seek." There follows the expected comments on the doctrine of correspondence, on the necessity for "wise scepticism," and the inevitability that "great believers are always reckoned infidels." Much of what Masters referred to as his "Hellenism," (which he set against America's "Cinderella complex") came through Emerson's assessments of Plato, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

With Emerson, Masters believed that the poet is the "eternal man" who not only bears the torch but is of "the same divinity" as the fire itself. Emerson's view of the poet was surely linked up in Masters' mind with his selection from "Self Reliance" on "mendicant" and "sycophantic" reading. The "imitative" must be replaced with "new thought" while "the world seems always awaiting for its poet." Perhaps Masters thought of himself as that poet for which his age was or should have been waiting, that poet who could 'tell us how it was with him" and who would thereby make all men "richer in his fortune." That this recognition had not come forth may be buried in the admission at Emerson's grave that he had been "cornered." At least such thinking from a poet of some thirty years was not self-serving or pathetic. Later in the volume Masters gives us Emerson on why society mistreats its writers:

> The writer does not stand with us on any commanding ground. I think this to be his own fault. . . . How can he be honoured, when he does not honour himself; when he loses himself in the crowd; when his is no longer the law giver, but the sycophant ducking to the giddy opinion of a reckless public; when he must sustain with shameless advocacy some bad government, or must bark, all the year round in opposition; or write conventional criticism, or profligate novels; or at any rate, write without thought, and without recurrence, by day and by night, to the sources of inspiration?

Emerson on the abandonment of true poetry in his day sounds very much like Masters' conclusions about the moderns of his day: "They have no principles, no individuality, nor moral code, and no roots."

For Masters, Emerson's poetry was a way back from the wayward stuff of his own time, a way to "forget the machinations of merchants that have put us in the grip of monopolies and reduced the people to doles, and the whole land to distress and poverty." Emerson's poems had for Masters the "earthy smell" of "uncultivated blossoms" singing of "the oneness of things," "the feel of earth," and "daemonic and celestial love." The poems Masters called "the very wild honey of poetry" accomplished much of the "casual" almost "improvised" techniques which he called "gnomic"—effects he wanted to create in his own works. He saw in Emerson's essays "poetry in the best sense of the word" and he pictured the Emersonian poet-saver as "a fine seismograph that records the slightest trembling of the earth." Masters also shared Emerson's attraction to scientific metaphors, and in his extended image of swarming flies their mystic hymns and scathing satire merge:

> All through Emerson's works can be found his sensitive appreciation of what was going on in America. The pangs and trials of life are multiplied by growing and mounting evils and immoralities and injustices, as flies can propogate and swarm and bite and at last life can show up as something regarded chemically as the environment of an homunculus, instead of something in which thinking and feeling spirits live and move.

Again, Masters on Emerson is as much a commentary on the poet's own beliefs and accomplishments in 1940, twenty-five years after *Spoon River Anthology*.

Of the twenty poems Masters selected from Emerson's small canon, several are well-known. "Fate," "The Snow Storm," and "Brahman" are reprinted often, as are "Merlin's Wisdom" and "Terminus." "Give All to Love," with its ascending bond of physical love, was one of Masters' favorites, and the magnitude of self sufficiency in "History" supports many of Masters' own beliefs. In fact, he wrote companion pieces to many of the poems.

In "An Unpublished Poem by Edgar Lee Masters" Charles E. Burgess has noted the "many references to Emerson" in Masters' poems of the thirties and examined in detail the parallels between "The Rhodora" and Masters' "The Pasture Rose" (1914).[8] What Masters called "a lifelong devotion to Emerson" shows up often in his own poems of the thirties. In "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra" (1932), in "Hymn to the Earth" (1935), and in "Hymn to the Universes" and "Ode to America" (1938), Masters celebrated the fusing of Nature and spirit, "Eternal essence" and "the intelligence of nature," and "the transcendent miracle" of "the spirit of man." Masters' poems of this time owe to Emerson their peculiar qualities as "lyrical chant"—a term Masters used to describe Emerson's themes and techniques.

In *The Litany of Washington Street* (1929), Vachel Lindsay described the mind of the Midwest as a mix of "the peculiar pride of the South" and "the iron mind of the Emersonian."[9] The resulting hybrid created according to Lindsay "a standard of self-reliance and freedom and dignity." Lindsay published these attempts at a "Definition of the Middle West" about fifteen years after the initial impact of *Spoon River Anthology* and seven years before Masters' autobiography. Masters' own mix of pride and self-reliance was strengthened by a self critical sense for which he also found support in Emerson. As an epitome of American thought and poetics, Emerson showed Masters not only how to take pride in the Midwestern prairies—but even more importantly—how to eternize them by using the land he came from and his own experiences as an access to vision. Through Emerson, Masters realized his ambitions by elaborating systematically what he had learned earlier through experience and wide reading. Masters' "Presenting Emerson" was a ritual enactment of one poet's debts to another as well as a significant document in modern poetics.

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NOTES

1. *The Living Thoughts of Emerson* (New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green, 1940), p. 1.
2. David Levin, ed. *Emerson: Prophecy, Metamorphosis, and Influence* (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1975).
3. *A Map of Misreading* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), p. 163.
4. Robert van Gelder, "An Interview With Mr. Edgar Lee Masters," *New York Times Book Review* (February 15, 1942), pp. 1-2, 28.
5. *Vachel Lindsay: A Poet in America*, p. 78.
6. Ima Honaker Herron, *The Small Town in American Literature* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1939).
7. "Masters and Some Mentors," *Papers on Language and Literature*, 10 (1974), 175-201.
8. *Papers on Language and Literature*, 5 (1969), 183-189.
9. New York: Macmillan, 1929. p. 42.

MID AMERICAN POETRY IN MIDWESTERN LITTLE MAGAZINES

PHILIP GREASLEY

American poetry has changed dramatically in the last hundred years. In the mid-1800's two popular European inspired alternatives existed for American poets: neoclassically inspired social poetry and romantic treatment of the asocial individual, nature, and the universe. The techniques of these two modes suited their diverse purposes. Neoclassical poetry tried to guide conduct by presenting thinly-disguised homilies in simple yet formal language. Romantic lyrics, on the other hand, attempted to liberate the spirit, using elaborate poetic diction, exotic setting, and high emotion. Increasingly, however, the old European formulas failed to stir Americans. A new poetic mode was needed.

But where was this new poetry to come from, and what values would it celebrate? Clearly, twentieth century American industrial, urban life at mid-continent has little in common with imported genteel East Coast literary standards. Instead, the new poetry must present life consistent with that of the Midwest, the heartland of twentieth century industrial America. It has to mirror the shift from East Coast salons to Midwestern farms and factories, from the pristeen optimism of the early nineteenth century to the increasingly troubled twentieth century. A poetry is needed which builds on Whitman's bold experiments in American subject, language, and form.

Three Midwestern magazines, *Reedy's Mirror*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, and the *Little Review* support the new poetry and its early practitioners, especially Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay. These magazines celebrate poetry which deals with common American life

and uses the oral speech patterns and vocabulary of the American masses.

With these objectives, *Reedy's*, *Poetry*, and the *Little Review* embrace Whitman as their literary progenitor, citing him as a rebel against moribund forms and a poet of the people, attuned to the real American language. Regularly, they extol his poetry as an apt model for aspiring poets. Nevertheless, these magazines are less directly influential in fostering Whitman's distinctively American language and form than might be expected. Only rarely do they specifically treat Whitman's vocabulary, prose rhythms, or organizing techniques. A short look at these three early proponents of the new poetry will demonstrate the contributions of each magazine.

Reedy's Mirror, the earliest of the three magazines, is not strictly a literary magazine. Its approximately eight folio page, three column issues include regular features dealing with social events, the arts, personalities, business trends, finance, and the stock market. Large blocks of advertising space are also present. Literature generally fills approximately one page per issue. Poetry is lucky to receive a single one column article. Often it does not appear at all.

The poetry articles which do appear in *Reedy's* show real sensitivity and awareness of literary trends world wide. By 1898 William Marion Reedy is corresponding regularly with William Butler Yeats. As early as 1908 the magazine is regularly publishing attacks against the still dominant genteel romanticism. It complements these attacks with advocacy of twentieth century verse experiments.

The *Mirror* consistently praises Whitman's poetry, innovativeness, and willingness to express the American language and experience. Articles like "A Poet of the People" (June 29, 1911), "The Cult of Walt" (June 26, 1914), "Home Rule in Poetry" (November 24, 1916), "American Poetry" (September 7, 1917), and "Whitmanic" (May 24, 1918) show *Reedy's* early and continuing admiration for Walt Whitman and his poetry. However, these are certainly not the only articles which enthusiastically recommend Whitman as a model for American poets. Even articles as apparently unrelated as "Culture in the Encyclopedia Britannica" emphasize the world's debt to this poet.

Walter Pater also receives a surprising amount of recognition in the *Mirror*. Between 1911 and 1917 four major articles stress his importance to later literature. These articles—or the discussion they foster—may well have led Sherwood Anderson and Edgar Lee Masters to write poems using Pater's theory of imprisoning human subjectivity.

The only other writer receiving special notice from *Reedy's Mirror* is Edgar Lee Masters. From mid-1914 on almost every issue carries a few poems from Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*. Other Masters poems appear as early as April 17, 1914. They continue to appear regularly for several years. By 1916 articles praising Masters begin to appear. "Home Rule in Poetry,"[1] "Poets and Poets,"[2] and "Masters, American Master"[3] are among these.

William Marion Reedy's "discovery" of Masters' work lends credence to Masters' assertion that Reedy had himself inspired his writing of poems mirroring the simplicity and directness of Greek epitaphs. This suggestion is consistent with Reedy's literary philosophy. It may also explain the continuing close association of Masters and *Reedy's Mirror*. If this is true, however, it remains unclear why Masters publicly acknowledges his debt to Carl Sandburg's *Chicago Poems*. Perhaps both Reedy's suggestions and Sandburg's poems direct Masters to produce the *Spoon River Anthology*.

The *Mirror* emphasizes the work of other poets, but not to the same extent as Whitman, Pater, and Masters. Amy Lowell receives support as do Sara Teasdale, Theodore Dreiser, and Witter Bynner. Vachel Lindsay, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Sandburg receive much less attention. Except for Masters, then, imagists get far more notice in the *Mirror* than do the four Chicago Renaissance poets.

Reedy's Mirror supports poetic doctrines and techniques as well as poets. Several critics contribute articles, and opinions vary widely. However, the magazine remains overwhelmingly in favor of the new poetic experiments. Many "new" poetic techniques are discussed at length. Yet even more important are the comments regularly interspersed in book reviews or treatments of authors. The collective impact of these articles and short statements is far greater than one would expect from the *Mirror's* table of contents.

Many important techniques and types of poetry receive support in William Marion Reedy's magazine. They include *vers libre*, imagism, the French symbolist experiments, realistic poetry, poetry as craft, spoken or changed poetry, popular and oral poetry, and American indigenous ("local village") poetry. In almost every case, they are touted at the expense of hackneyed genteel romanticism with its etheral subject matter, poetic diction, syllabic verse, and abstract treatment.

A study of *Reedy's Mirror* must also consider the personality, intellect, and orientation of William Marion Reedy, the founder and guiding spirit behind the *Mirror*. His personal influence must have been considerable despite—or perhaps because of—the philosophical positions he was able to bridge.

> Until he was forty Reedy was an avowed conservative in politics and in literary taste. From that time on events forced him into an even more radical position. He became a supporter of Theodore Roosevelt, . . . and a partisan of Masters, Theodore Dreiser, and other spokesmen of literary dissent. Yet in essential ways he remained a conservative all his life, even though it was the rebels who always claimed him for their own. Carl Sandburg said he never missed an issue of the *Mirror* because he *had* to know what Reedy was thinking. Dreiser called him a "Balzar manque," and read his magazine for twenty-five years. . . . Ezra Pound would retort angrily when Reedy ridiculed his novel poetic theories and the obscurity of his poems, yet Pound praised him for having the courage to print *Spoon River Anthology*. Masters, who could not have written that pivotal work without Reedy's early tart rejections and subsequent applause, boasted of Reedy as both his friend and the "Literary Boss of the Middle West."[4]

Reedy's personal stamp is evident throughout the magazine he edited. But nowhere is his perspective more clear than in his periodic articles entitled, "What I've Been Reading." Here, Reedy sets forth very convincing arguments favoring the new experiments in literature.

Reedy's Mirror, then, is important in emphasizing the importance of Whitman's poetry, fostering new experiments in literature, and advocating the central principles of twentieth century poetry. However, despite the *Mirror's* early advocacy of new poetic norms, two factors minimize its importance to the Midwestern poets of the Chicago Renaissance. First, *Reedy's Mirror* does not print enough articles on poetry to emphasize more than the central core of this evolving form. Second, despite Reedy's emphasis on Whitman, nothing ever appears in the *Mirror* which details specifically Whitmanic techniques of oral prose-based poetry. Instead, the *Mirror* advocates the techniques of imagism and symbolism. Only insofar as Whitmanic and imagistic poetry share assumptions and technique do the Chicago poets learn from the man behind the *Mirror.*

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, starts publication in 1912. Its editor, Harriet Monroe, has far more ambitious plans. She wants *Poetry* to be a journal dedicated solely to poetry. The first words printed in this magazine are by Walt Whitman. "To have great poets there must be great audiences too."[5] The same issue carries this clarifying statement of editorial purpose:

> Poetry alone, of all the fine arts, has been left to shift for herself in a world unaware of its immediate and desperate need of her, a world whose great deeds, whose triumphs over matter, over the wilderness, over racial enmities and distances, require her everlasting voice to give them glory and glamour.
>
> Poetry has been left to herself and blamed for inefficiency, a process as unreasonable as blaming a desert for barrenness. This art, like every other, is not a miracle of direct creation, but a reciprocal relation between the artist and his public. The people must do their part if the poet is to tell their story to the future. . . .
>
> We believe that there is a public for poetry, that it will grow, and that as it becomes more numerous and appreciative, the work produced in this art will grow in power, in beauty, in significance.
>
> We hope to publish in *Poetry* some of the best work now being done in English verse. . . . The test . . . is to be quality alone; all forms, whether narrative, dramatic, or lyric, will be acceptable.[6]

Her goal is the revitalization of poetry, of poetry worthy to express the experiences of the twentieth century.

While *Poetry* magazine does offer some space to competing schools of verse, the words "The best work now being done in English verse" and "the test is quality alone" are important. While some conservative criticism appears, very few genteel romantic poems are able to survive Miss Monroe's critical gauntlet. The basis for this judgment in favor of new, experimental poetry appears in these words:

> Many people do not like poetry . . . as a living art to be enjoyed, but as an exact science to be approved. To them, poetry may concern herself only with a limited number of subjects to be presented in a predetermined and conventional manner and form. To such readers the word "form" means usually only a repeated literary effect; and they do not understand that every "form" was in its first and best use an originality, employed not for the purpose of following any rule, but because it said truly what the artist wished to express. I suppose that much of the monotony of subject and treatment observable in modern verse is due to this belief that poetry is merely a fixed way of repeating certain meritorious though highly familiar concepts of existence — and not in the least the infinite music of words meant to speak the little and the great tongues of the earth.[7]

From the first, Whitman is the symbol of the new poetry. As early as 1912 long articles eulogizing Whitman appear consistently. They cite him as an ignored American genius, an iconoclast who broke the shackles of earlier poetry, an innovator of new chanting rhythms, and the spiritual father of *vers libre.* These articles cite Whitman's acceptance of his universe, his country, and his fellow man as well as his willingness to write directly from nature. Whitman is more than a convenient symbol of revolt, however. His poetry introduces most of the techniques essential to *vers libre* and oral vernacular American verse.

Poetry advocates many "new" techniques and modes of writing. Unremitting editorial comments, book reviews, retrospective articles on major poets, and educational articles coalesce into a consistent editorial position on what constitutes good verse.

Poetry is to be realistic in handling the probabilities of life, imagistic, and concrete. The magazine also calls for local, current American democratic subjects presented in simple American speech patterns and vocabulary. There is to be no external ornament, especially rhyme. Poets are to use original, organic forms and quantitative verse. Finally, poetry is to be "craft," using language and images precisely and creating its own organic form. Modern verse, according to *Poetry*, is to avoid the excesses of earlier poetry while it links the best aspects of popular and elite poetry. The new amalgam is to have the simplicity and immediate emotional impact of popular verse and the density, craftsmanship, and longterm appeal of elite poetry.

While Whitman would certainly have agreed with these guidelines, they are really only the assumptions held in common by almost all twentieth century verse. His specific techniques for creating an oral prose-based vernacular poetry never appear in these articles. Although *Poetry* consistently defends Whitman and advocates that poets study his form, the magazine never really defines Whitman's form. Thus *Poetry's* emphasis on Whitman encourages experimentation and careful reading of Whitman, though it seldom if ever deals with his writing techniques. To *Poetry*, Whitman is a source of inspiration, not the originator of a specific form to be imitated.

Poetry goes beyond advocacy of literary norms, however. It teaches young poets of the early 1900's what they need to know. The "new" poets are largely unschooled, middle or working class Midwesterners. Some, like Carl Sandburg, are the children of immigrants. All are strangers to the East Coast literary salons. Therefore, the magazine fills a real need when it publishes long, informative articles examining the major writers and literary movements of the twentieth century as well as detailed studies of form and technique.

These timely, informative articles include famous pieces like Ezra Pound's "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste"[8] and F. S. Flint's "Imagisme,"[9] along with several others which deserve recognition. These include Harriet Monroe's two part series on "Rhythms of English Verse,"[10] Amy Lowell's "Vers Libre and Metrical Prose"[11] and "Nationalism in Art,"[12] Ford Madox Ford's "Impressionism—Some Speculations,"[13] and Ezra Pound's "The Renaissance,"[14] a

discussion of the most appropriate artists for young poets to emulate.

Contemporary doctrine and necessary explanations are available to young poets in the pages of *Poetry*. And even if the Chicago Renaissance poets have already learned their poetic lessons, they must certainly be encouraged at seeing their radical poetics supported in print. Even more important than the magazine's instruction for poets are the education it gives readers and the support it offers young poets.

Support comes in the form of extensive, flattering book reviews and favorable editorial comment. Sandburg, Masters, Anderson, and Lindsay receive unfailingly strong reviews. The great length of these reviews is in itself important. It suggests the favor in which *Poetry* magazine holds these poets.

Whenever other, more conservative literary journals are harsh, *Poetry* can always be counted on for support. The most notable such incident occurs when the *Dial* rebukes Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*. The *Dial* reviewer objects to what he calls Masters' "deliberate unloveliness," to the "extraordinary study in mortuary statistics," and to the "cruel and unusual" events which occur.[15] Alice Corbin Henderson responds for *Poetry*. She repudiates the charges, castigates the "wordy artifice" of older poetry, sets forth the tenets of modern poetry, and ends by denouncing the *Dial* and the literary standards it supports. "Is Mr. Alden's criticism of a type to guide or instruct in any way the professional craft of poets? I do not think so. Its tendency is simply to discourage the public. . . . The *Dial* is one of the few journals in America devoted exclusively to the interests of literature. It is a sad commentary on the present state of criticism that it should be recorded of the *Dial* . . . that it recognizes merit only *after the fact*. For the initial recognition, genius must look to other tribunals."[16]

Though *Poetry* supports all the Chicago Renaissance poets, Carl Sandburg clearly gets the most attention. Vachel Lindsay, too, as the other of *Poetry's* discoveries, receives great respect. Ironically though, despite *Poetry's* special attention to Sandburg and Lindsay, these two are the most completely developed of the four poets and, as such, the least subject to any possible attempt to alter their poetic method. Carl Sandburg's 1910 poetry

is essentially the same as his "mature style," reputed to begin with *Chicago Poems* in 1914. Since Sandburg appears to be the intermediate step through which Anderson and Masters receive Walt Whitman's poetic techniques, it is questionable that they could be swayed toward conformity with *Poetry*'s views.

Similarly, Vachel Lindsay's highly oral, repetitive poetic methods are the basis of his fame. These are fully formed before *Poetry* receives his first manuscript. Although Lindsay does change his technique several times, only his early, repetitive style receives approval in *Poetry* magazine. It is also the only poetry he writes using Whitman as one of his models.

It is unfair, however, to suggest that *Poetry* attempts to dictate the vision or technique of its poets. The "Editorial Comment" dated April 1913 makes this clear. It maintains that

> It is not a question of subject, nor yet of form, this new beauty which must inspire every artist worthy of the age he lives in. The poet is not a follower, but a leader; he is a poet not because he can measure words or express patly current ideas, but because the new beauty is a vision in his eyes and a beauty in his heart, and because he must strain every sinew of his spirit to reveal it to the world. He cannot resign his ancient poetic office; and the techniques of its fulfillment — the style which he achieves with joyous ease or more or less painful effort according to his temperament — necessarily cannot satisfy him until it matches the beauty of his vision.[17]

The motivating force for both *Poetry* magazine and the Chicago poets is the same. They are all responding to the stifling influence of nineteenth century genteel romanticism. Thus, agreement is instinctive; it requires no attempt to gain compliance.

Poetry magazine does a great deal for the Chicago poets. Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters gain greatly from it. They are lionized in its pages. Their poetry is consistently praised. Their audiences are tutored in the nuances of the "new" poetry. But the debts are all personal, not intellectual. These men would have written the same verse without *Poetry* magazine or its influence on their behalf. The magazine simply hastens the public and critical acceptance while bolstering the egos of its fledgling poets.

The *Little Review* begins publication in March 1914, a year and a half after *Poetry*'s first issue and several years after *Reedy's Mirror* first appears. Margaret C. Anderson, the *Little Review*'s editor, is committed to the new movement in literature. Unfortunately, some of this commitment is to poetry as an advocate of social change rather than as an art in itself. The "Announcements" section of the first issue cites the *Review*'s field of interest as "criticism of books, music, art, drama, and life." The many interests expressed here restrict the amount of attention paid to any one subject. Similarly, the dual interest in art and life or "art and revolution" discourages extensive attention to technical aspects of poetry. Instead, the magazine appears to court poets at least partially on the basis of their social commentary or their "truth of life." Most articles are abstract and general.

The *Little Review* modifies *Poetry*'s ideal of "New Beauty" with a call for "Life for Art's sake [as] the only way to get more Life—a finer quality, a higher vibration. The bigger concept . . . [inferring more than] merely more Beauty. It means more intensity. In short, it means the New Hellenism. And that is a step beyond the old Greek idea of proportion and moderation. It pushes forward to the superabundance that dares abandonment."[18] Friedrich Nietzsche is consistently cited in support of this irrational quest for intensity through "Art and Revolution."[19]

Later editorials emphasize this double emphasis on art and social change. Statements like "Revolution is Art," and "paroxysm is the poetic expression of . . . modern spirit. . . ."[20] occur frequently. Even Ezra Pound couches his 1917 acceptance of the position as the *Little Review*'s foreign editor in these terms. He says, "*Poetry* has never been 'the instrument' of my 'radicalism'."[21] Finally, in August 1917 some shift in policy becomes evident as Margaret Anderson ruminates editorially on her prior dedication to the anarchist cause.

> For three years at irregular intervals, . . . [the *Little Review*] reflected my concern about various . . . matters. When I got incensed over the sufferings of . . . the proletariat, I preached profound platitudes about justice and freedom. . . . When I decided that the only way to prevent the exceptional from being sacrificed to the average was for everybody to become anarchists, I preached the simple and

> beautiful but quite uninteresting tenets of anarchism. I have long given them up. I still grow violent with rage about the things that are "wrong", and probably always shall. But I know that anarchism won't help them.[22]

Neither the anarchist bent, nor the sympathy for the work of the radical magazines, like *Broom, Blast,* and the *Masses,* would be important were it not that they color the artistic choices made by the *Little Review.* Thus, for example, Carl Sandburg is viewed as the Midwestern poet who exposes the rape of the American proletariat.

> Carl Sandburg has understood the failures and the lies and exposed the cause. He has shown the lie of your government and the farce and folly of monuments to those who kill to keep it alive. He exposes your little deaths and their perfumed sorrow and the bunk of words and antics of your Billy Sunday and fellow citizens. He has heard the "fellows saying here's good stuff for a novel or it might be worked up into a good play," when speaking of an Italian widow living in city slums. He has the courage and the knack of giving them the challenge — calling their bluff; and he declares with strong conviction that he's able to back up his defiance. Who of the scatter-brains living could put her or her daughter-in-law or the working girls or the entire mob, for that matter, into a play? But he has put them, their spirit, into lines, gaunt and vivid as their lives. And I declare he is the only modern that has got it across[23].

Similarly, Masters gains favor, at least partially through his exposés of robber baron capitalism and Midwestern village life. Sherwood Anderson and Vachel Lindsay, too, are poets whose proletarian sympathies enhance their reception in the *Little Review.* This magazine emphasizes the poet's "vision." and technique becomes subordinate to philosophy. Even Whitman's poetics are linked to his social views. They assert, "Go with Whitman into the heart of humanity—struggle with them—not far above them—to lift from off their backs the crushing weight of wealth and masters and idle snobs and false gods so that they may get *room* to spread their wings—for they *have wings* and then you will know them as they are, and yourself but as one of them."[24]

Ironically, then, the *Little Review* popularizes the "new" poetry as one exponent of social change. Spokesmen for women's rights, labor problems, and anarchy share the pages with advocates of imagism, impressionism, *vers libre,* and the overthrow of genteel romanticism.

Under the circumstances, the *Little Review* is unexpectedly successful in getting major poets and critics to submit articles and poetry. Ezra Pound, Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, Amy Lowell, Alice Corbin Henderson, Richard Aldington, Eunice Tietjens, Maxwell Bodenheim, Wyndham Lewis, and Carl Sandburg are among the many influential contributors.

One base of the *Little Review*'s critical position is support of Whitman as the father of modern poetry. Article after article names him, and one even uses his poem to judge Edgar Lee Master's poetry.

> What is it you bring my America?
> Is it uniform with my country?
> Is it not something that has been better told or done before?
> Have you not imported this, or the spirit of it, in some ship?
> Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness? — is the good old cause in it?
> Has it not dangled long at the heels of the poets, politicians, literats of enemies' lands?
> Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is still here?
> Does it answer universal needs? Will it improve manners?
> Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?
> Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, to appear again in my strength, gait, face?
> Have real employments contributed to it? original makers, not mere amanuenses?[25]

There is never any article though which details Whitman's oral prose-based poetic technique. In this respect the *Little Review* is like *Poetry* and *Reedy's Mirror.* Whitman and his poetic principles are consistently honored, but his technique is ignored in favor of imagism's greater compression, precision, and representational ability.

The *Little Review*'s articles dealing with modern poetry are very disappointing. Over twenty articles which purport to treat realistic, imagistic, oral vernacular poetry, or *vers libre* appear

from 1914 to 1917. But of these, eighteen articles offer a few platitudes concerning the goals or techniques of these forms and then slip into page after page of uselessly general philosophical or impressionistic criticism. Eunice Tietjen's "Poetry and the Panama-Pacific," for example, begins by asking if art has any meaning for the American people. Then she shifts to impressionistic comments. The majority of the article centers on the philosophical implications of not finding a listing for poetry on the official program for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco.

The extent to which the *Little Review* encourages substitution of emotional response for concrete analysis is well shown in this short excerpt from Miss Tietjen's article: "All the other arts are here. Architecture, music, sculpture, mural and easel painting, drawing, prints and etching, landscape gardening together with the so-called 'Liberal Arts' are adequately represented. But not Poetry. A perusal of the official list in an attempt to discover it is significant. 'Poultry' is there with a large exhibit, so is 'Plumbago,' 'Plumbers' Implements,' 'Pomology,' and 'Ponies.' Excellent exhibits all, but hardly lyrical."[26] Though this is the most extreme example, other "critical" articles are distressingly similar.

One critic and three other critical articles do not follow this trend. The critic is Ezra Pound, whose work is far above the level normally achieved in the *Little Review*. Yet if his philosophy and criticism are superior, they certainly do nothing to advance the cause of Midwestern poets. Pound rejects all the views which support the poetry of Sandburg, Masters, Anderson, and Lindsay. He grudgingly admits Whitman's importance, but he asserts Greek parallels for Whitman's poetry. He rejects Whitman's premise that America itself is a great source of poetry, and he scorns the movement toward realistic local village poetry. Finally, Ezra Pound asserts that art is for the elite, not the masses. While all these positions have some basis in fact, they all undercut the confidence and importance of the Chicago Renaissance poets.

The three other substantial articles on poetry published from 1914 to 1917 include Alice Corbin Henderson's "Don'ts for Critics,"[27] Edward J. O'Brien's "A Note on Paroxysm in Poetry,"[28] and Margaret C. Anderson's "The Great Emotional Mind."[29] Unfortunately, even these articles are not quite what they first

seem. They are actually patterned after Ezra Pound's "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," published in *Poetry* a few months to a year earlier. The *Little Review* articles copy Pound's format and parrot his ideas. The *Review* article entitled "Don'ts for Critics" even asserts this relation indirectly by using this statement as a parenthesized subtitle: "(Apropos of recent criticisms of Imagism, *vers libre*, and modern poetry generally.)"[30] The value of even these critical essays is, therefore, not very great.

The *Little Review*'s greatest contribution to modern poetry occurs in its many short reviews on volumes of current verse. About half of these reviews concern imagistic poets—especially F. S. Flint, Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, and H. D. Most of the other reviews comment on the works of Sandburg, Masters, and Lindsay. One of them, entitled "Notes for a Review of the *Spoon River Anthology*,"[31] is even written by Carl Sandburg. These articles have more real critical merit than all the general "critical" articles published by the *Little Review* during its first four years. The reviewers grasp important elements of each poet's work. The reviews are interesting, capably written, and generally correct in their arguments. Also, the reviewers are not afraid to criticize negative aspects of each man's poetry. Unfortunately, the reviews are usually too short to add measurably to critical understanding of the modern poets being considered.

The *Little Review* is important in fostering the drive for social justice, a drive which Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters fully support. The *Little Review* keeps their names, along with Whitman's, before the public. Further, this publication shares the common assumptions of twentieth century poetry with the Chicago poets. This sharing of beliefs leads, for example, to *Review*'s acceptance of Sherwood Anderson's articles entitled "The New Note"[32] and "More About the New Note."[33] Although these deal most directly with prose writing, they touch the central concerns of both prose and poetry. Anderson deals with craft, truth, and simplicity in writing. The *Little Review* fails, however, in never really probing the nature and importance of Whitman's writing. The wide field of attention which the magazine assumes and its general emotional or impressionistic criticism also detract seriously from its potential importance. Perhaps most important though is the fact that the

Little Review arrives on the scene too late. It cannot possibly have the importance of *Poetry* or *Reedy's Mirror.*

We must reconsider the importance of the little magazines, and not solely in relation to the careers and poetic forms used by the Chicago Renaissance poets. *Reedy's Mirror, Poetry,* and the *Little Review* are important, each for different reasons. We can say, however, that they all offer encouragement, critical support, and literary markets to the struggling Midwestern poets. They hasten the transition from genteel romanticism to modern poetics. Finally, they keep the Chicago poets aware of Whitman. Despite these successes, there are serious failures, too. All the little magazines fail to investigate seriously Whitman's poetic heritage as they scramble to catch the newer movements in literature. This failure is important to our understanding of the Chicago Renaissance poets. It means that Masters, Anderson, and Lindsay either receive their Whitmanic inheritance directly or through Carl Sandburg!

Going beyond the limited importance of clarifying the passage of Whitman's oral techniques to the Chicago Renaissance poets, there is a far greater failure involved. It is the failure by these influential magazines to recognize the importance of Whitman's contribution to all twentieth century poetry—the integration of the American vernacular into the poetry of the highest caliber. This Whitmanic quality has since then taken its place with the centering on the image to produce the best and most characteristic twentieth century American poetry.

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at Fort Knox

NOTES

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4. Max Putzel, *The Man in the Mirror: William Marion Reedy and His Magazine* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1963), p. 6.
5. Walt Whitman, "Epigraph," *Poetry,* I, No. 1 (Oct. 1912), 1.
6. Harriet Monroe, "The Motive of the Magazine," *Poetry,* I, No. 1 (Oct. 1912), 24.
7. E. W., "On the Reading of Poetry," *Poetry,* I, No. 1 (Oct. 1912), 24.

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12. Amy Lowell, "Nationalism in Art," *Poetry,* (Oct. 1914), 32-38.
13. Ford Madox Ford, "Impressionism—Some Speculations," *Poetry,* II, No. 6, 182-185, and II, No. 6, 222-225.
14. Ezra Pound, "The Renaissance," *Poetry,* V, No. 5, 227-233, and V, No. 6, 280-287.
15. "*Dial* Review of Masters' 'Spoon River Anthology'," quoted in Alice Corbin Henderson, "Our Friend and Enemy," *Poetry,* VI, No. 5, 259.
16. Alice Corbin Henderson, "Our Friend and Enemy," *Poetry,* VI, No. 5, 261.
17. "Editorial Comment," *Poetry,* II, No. 1 (April 1913), 22.
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19. "Editorial," The *Little Review,* March 1916, p. 23.
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21. Ezra Pound, "Editorial," The *Little Review,* May 1917, p. 1.
22. Margaret Anderson, "What the Public Doesn't Want," The *Little Review,* August 1917, p. 20.
23. Caesar Zwaska, "Modernity Exposed," The *Little Review,* August 1915, p. 9.
24. "The Reader Critic," The *Little Review,* August 1915, p. 48.
25. "The Case of Masters," The *Little Review,* August 1916, pp. 11-12.
26. Eunice Tietjens, "Poetry and the Panama-Pacific," The *Little Review,* May 1915, p. 45.
27. Alice Corbin Henderson, "Don'ts for Critics," The *Little Review,* June-July 1916, pp. 12-14.
82. O'Brien, "Paroxysm," p. 15.
29. Margaret C. Anderson, "The Great Emotional Mind," The *Little Review,* Jan. 1917, pp. 1-3.
30. Alice Corbin Henderson, "Don'ts for Critics," The *Little Review,* June-July 1916, p. 12.
31. Carl Sandburg, "Notes for a Review of the Spoon River Anthology," The *Little Review,* May 1915, pp. 42-43.
32. Sherwood Anderson, "The New Note," The *Little Review,* March 1914, 42-43.
33. Sherwood Anderson, "More About the New Note," The *Little Review,* April 1914, pp. 16-17.

DISPERSION AND DIRECTION: SHERWOOD ANDERSON, THE CHICAGO RENAISSANCE, AND THE AMERICAN MAINSTREAM

David D. Anderson

In 1867 an anonymous visitor to Chicago wrote that

> In good times the western bottom lands will spontaneously grow poets. The American mind will be brought to maturity along the chain of Great Lakes, the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri and their tributaries in the far Northwest. There, on the rolling plains, will be formed a republic of letters, which, not governed like that on our seaboard by the great literary powers of Europe, shall be free indeed. . . . The winds sweep unhindered from the lakes to the Gulf and from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains; and so do the thoughts of the Lord of the prairie. . . . Some day he will make his own books as well as his own laws. . . . He will remain on his prairie and all the arts of the world will come and make obessance to him like the sheaves in his fields. He will be the American man and beside him there will be none else.

Fifty years later, in the English *Nation*, H. L. Mencken explained what had transpired in the American heartland to a sceptical English public to whom Sherwood Anderson's *Windy McPherson's Son* had recently been introduced with somewhat less than spectacular results. Mencken wrote that "In Chicago there is the mysterious something that makes for individuality, personality and charm. In Chicago a spirit broods upon the face of the waters. Find a writer who is indubitably an American in every pulse-beat, snort and adenoid, an American who has something new and peculiarly American to say and who says it in an unmistakable American way and nine times out of ten you will find that he has some sort of connection with the gargantuan

and inordinate abbatoir by Lake Michigan—that he was bred there, or got his start there or passed through there in days when he was young and tender. . . ." In Chicago, he concluded, young American writers found ". . . free play for prairie energy . . . some imaginative equivalent for the stupendous activity they were bred to."

Although the prophecy of fifty years earlier may have been the result of misguided exuberance or enthusiasm, Mencken was certain of what he wrote: the Chicago of Francis Hackett and Floyd Dell's *Friday Literary Review*, of Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, and of Margaret Anderson's *Little Review*; of the poetry of Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay; the promising fiction of Sherwood Anderson, the Chicago, in other words, of the Chicago Renaissance.

But the Renaissance of which Mencken wrote, which its participants hailed as a "liberation" and which Sherwood Anderson was later to call a "robin's egg renaissance," had already largely run its course, its momentum spent in less than ten years; the *Friday Literary Review*, the first voice of liberation had been founded in 1909, *Poetry* in the fall of 1912; and the *Little Review*, the product of the liberation and its authentic voice, in 1914. During those years, too, the writers who were to give substance to the Renaissance had gathered in Chicago, those of the second generation of Chicago writers who followed Henry Blake Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Robert Herrick, William Vaughn Moody: among the newcomers, Floyd Dell had come from Davenport, Iowa, as had George Cram Cooke; Ben Hecht came from Racine, Wisconsin; Carl Sandburg from Galesburg, Illinois; Edgar Lee Masters from Garnett, Kansas; Sherwood Anderson from Elyria, Ohio. Burton Rascoe later insisted that the beginning of the Renaissance could properly be dated from the founding of the *Friday Literary Review*, but one might argue that its spiritual inception was 1911, when Margaret Anderson, then a twenty-one-year-old apprentice book reviewer newly-arrived from Columbus, Indiana, received from the only slightly older Floyd Dell a book to review, together with his instruction: "Here is a book about China. Now don't send me an article about China but about yourself."

The Chicago Renaissance was essentially an ingathering of the young from the Midwestern towns that radiate from Chicago to

the reaches of the Midwest, and just as parcel post had made Chicago the marketing center of the region and the railroads had made it the terminal of the East and the departure point for the West, these young people—Sherwood Anderson at 36 was the oldest, and he had already served a long, solitary apprenticeship—were convinced that they, in secret isolation in the towns from which they had come, had discovered truth and themselves, and they had come to Chicago to celebrate their discovery. Anderson himself sounded the keynote of liberation in the first issue of the *Little Review* in a brief essay called "The New Note":

> In the trade of writing the so-called new note is as old as the world. Simply stated, it is a cry for the reinjection of truth and honesty into the craft; it is an appeal from the standards set up by money-making magazine and book publishers in Europe and America to the older, sweeter standards of the craft itself; it is the voice of the new man, come into a new world, proclaiming his right to speak out of the body and soul of youth. . . .
>
> . . . Given this note of craft love all the rest must follow, as the spirit of self-revelation, which is also a part of the new note, will follow. . . .

Although the new note Anderson describes was the spirit of liberation, the life's blood of the Chicago Renaissance, that blood had begun to thin by the time Mencken named it the literary capital of the United States. Dell had already gone to New York in 1913, following Francis Hackett, his predecessor on the *Friday Literary Review*, taking with him the manuscript of Anderson's *Windy McPherson's Son*; in 1916 Margaret Anderson took the *Little Review* briefly to San Francisco and then to New York and on to Paris, and with it she took much of the fire of liberation. Fourteen years later in *My Thirty Years' War* she remembered why: "I found my reasons for wanting to go. Chicago had all it wanted from me and we had all that it could give. It was time to touch the greatest city of America. It would then be time for Europe. We hadn't as yet met all the interesting people of the world."

While Dell went on to *The Masses*, *The Liberator*, and the charge of sedition, Margaret Anderson to the publication of *Ulysses* and her own well-enjoyed notoriety, George Cram Cooke

and Susan Glaspell to Provincetown, and lesser lights with them to the East and beyond, Anderson remained, perhaps the most celebrated of them all after the publication of *Winesburg, Ohio* in 1919, knowing his own brand of notoriety as reviewers noted that he had discovered if not invented sex. He was chained, he felt, to an advertising desk, working sporadically on *Poor White* and writing that ". . . I hate to see the years and the days go by in the writing of advertisements for somebody's canned tomatoes . . . [but] . . . I have three children to support. . . ." By early 1921 Anderson himself was gone, briefly to New York, more briefly to Paris, and then to wander. Only Ben Hecht and Harry Hansen remained behind, Hecht to go East in 1924, Hansen, after writing the epitaph of the Liberation in *Midwest Portraits* (1923), in 1926. Hansen was the last to arrive, after his stint as a war correspondent, and the last to leave, and with him the Renaissance, a movement that, if not dead, was certainly old hat. By then Chicago had become a jazz town.

Hansen's epitaph was nostalgic but kind; Anderson's, in *Dark Laughter* in 1925, was not. In his memoir, Hansen began by recreating the atmosphere of Schlogels, the tavern where all of them had met, talked, and read from their works in progress and then, a young man looking ahead and behind him, he turned to his inspiration:

> . . . I observed to Keith Preston that thirty or forty years hence, when we were frail and toothless, we would stir the embers of a dying fire and try to rekindle the flame that had once burned brightly in our hearts. These our contemporaries would no longer be subject to abuse or laudation; their stars would be fixed, and a younger generation of artists would be waging war upon a materialistic world under banners not yet furled. A couplet from one of Arthur Davison Ficke's poems kept recurring to me and it seemed to fit the theme: "You whose old sins have in the later time become a legend perilous and sweet" — into what legendary stuff, thought I, will the dawning years transform Sherwood Anderson's boyishness, Ben Hecht's vivacious cynicism, Carl Sandburg's slow-spoken philosophy, Edgar Lee Masters' unwilling aloofness? Why wait until these living men have passed to transmit the story of how they thought and spoke?

> And then tradition rose up to caution me: there was that oft-quoted remark that writing about living men is not criticism, but conversation, and there was the apology Andrew Lang addressed to Thackery, in the first of his Letters to Dead Authors, where he said that he "would not willingly be regarded as one of the many parasites who now advertise each movement and action of a contemporary genius." Fair enough, and worth thinking about, but just then adventure called, and romance beckoned, and reason, as aways, stood aside. The adventure, the recklessness of it! To tell about living writers when their careers were still in the making; when their importance was, in the east at least, still a matter for debate; when one knew not whether their labors were the beginning of a new school or the echo of an old one, or a cry into the night; when the future lay ahead, like a golden river, leading either to the marshes or to the sea. One thing was true: if their place in literature was not certain, their place in our affections was assurred. . . .

Two years later in *Dark Laughter*, his only novel to approach best-seller status, Anderson was not nostalgic; he was bitter. The novel is another of Anderson's stories of rejection and the search for fulfillment, but his rejection is not of the materialism of the past; it is the rejection of rejection, the rejection of the Chicago liberation of which he had been a part.

In *Dark Laughter*, the central figure is John Dudly, who had been a Chicago advertising man, a member of the liberation group, and a partner in a childless, liberated marriage. All three had become meaningless to Dudly, the first because it offended his growing sense of craftsmanship and the integrity of words; the second because it was so involved in the celebration of liberation that it could not go beyond the proclamation and celebration; and the third because the relationship had no depth. Although the novel had initially been seen as itself a celebration of liberation, of self-expression at all costs, Anderson's intent is evident in his portrayal of the movement as shallow and trivial. In a single sketch Anderson makes clear the depth of Dudly's—and his—disenchantment.

Dudly's wife is a writer. A vivid street scene strikes her as significant, and she tries to turn it into a story, but she is unable to finish it. Although she reproduces the appearance of the story, she is unable to capture its essence, and it remains not only unfinished but meaningless. Anderson punctuates his indictment with an acid "For the sake of art, eh?"

Dudly, like Anderson, went on to seek his fulfillment in the South, in craftsmanship, and in art. For him, as for the others who had left Chicago behind, the robin's egg renaissance was over, liberation still unachieved. Other, later epitaphs were yet to be written: Margaret Anderson's *My Thirty Years' War* in 1930; Floyd Dell's *Homecoming* in 1933; Ben Hecht's *A Child of the Century* in 1954 and dozens more memoirs and reminiscences, as well as a growing list of scholarly studies that began with Bernard Duffey's *The Chicago Renaissance in American Letters* in 1954. All of them agree on one point: the Chicago Renaissance was over; by 1926 it belonged to literary history and to experience.

Yet in another sense the Chicago Renaissance is not over; in its effects on the mainstream of American literature it is with us yet, acknowledged publicly even among the literary debts of our most recent Nobel laureate. But the elements of the debt owed by Saul Bellow and the rest of us to those few fertile years in Chicago early in this century are too often forgotten or ignored, its dimensions largely uncatalogued or unknown.

First, and of fundamental importance to any recognition of our debt to the Chicago Renaissance, is our recognition of our origins, not in some dim memory of a collective European heritage but in our own nineteenth century America, a time and place that for the emigres to Chicago in the early years of this century was only yesterday in the fertile crescent that radiated from the city. For them those origins were in the towns, and the towns loom large in the literature they gave to America and the subject matter they gave to later generations of writers.

The towns they gave to the mainstream were as they had been in the mid-nineteenth century and as they had become in the century's last two decades, affected by a new restlessness, ambition, and determination to succeed in material terms. But they were towns, too, of people, some of them—Anderson's George Willard, Dreiser's Carrie Meebler, Dell's Felix Fay—who had left the towns to seek their success in the city and later to pursue a greater success in a larger city.

They were also, and perhaps more durably, the towns of people who had remained behind, unable or unwilling to join the exodus to the city, and of these towns and people there are none more durable than *Winesburg, Ohio* or Doctor Reefy, Wing Biddlebaum, Louise Trunnion or Helen White. In the nearly six decades since its publication *Winesburg* and its people have moved beyond legend or the printed page to take on a new dimension of life. Anderson himself did not remain in New York but went on to find another town, and in Marion, Virginia, he found much that he thought had vanished from the American countryside, alive only in the pages of *Winesburg* and the works of his contemporaries. Not incidentally Anderson wrote near the end of his life that he "must be an incurable small town man," and the last work published in his lifetime, now fortunately reprinted, was *Home Town.*

From Anderson and his contemporaries the small town became, in the works of Anderson's protege William Faulkner and another generation of American writers, largely from the South, the substance of a new dimension of American literature, and many of the people who inhabited Winesburg have their counterparts in Faulkner's works and in those of Carson McCullers, Flannery O'Connor, and young writers still at work. Just as those who came from the towns found a neighborhood of their own in Chicago, the town has become, too, for writers who have never known it, the neighborhoods and the neighborhood people of later Chicago writers—James T. Farrell, Nelson Algren, and most recently, Saul Bellow. Perhaps the microcosmic world of the Chicago Renaissance and its writers is their most lasting influence upon the American literary mainstream.

Perhaps as important in their legacy to American literature as the towns and people from whence they came, the writers of the Chicago Renaissance gave a new—or more properly rediscovered—language to the mainstream. Just as Mark Twain a generation earlier had written in the language of his youth, to be categorized as a nostalgic humorist by his contemporaries, Anderson, Sandburg, and others wrote in the language of their origins, a language that shared roots with Twain's. The result, first evident in Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" and Anderson's *Mid American Chants,* reached its highest level of expression in Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio,* the most complete statement that the Liberation was to make.

Through Anderson and *Winesburg, Ohio* those easy rhythms of the heartland provided a language and style for Ernest Hemingway and through him for a new generation of writers, not only in America but throughout the western world. And as long as the American idiom embraces the living language, the natural rhythms, and the pungent words of the great valley between the mountains, the language of the Renaissance will be recognized and understood.

In their search for personal liberation, a new identity, and a new fulfillment, the members of the Renaissance introduced, too, their own attitudes toward themselves and American life of their time to the American mainstream. Not only did they determine to be free from the social elements that inhibited their pursuit of fulfillment—and nowhere in America of the time had so many of the avowedly liberated, particularly women, gathered together —but particularly through Sherwood Anderson and Floyd Dell, the image of the liberated woman, that is, the image of Margaret Anderson, Tennessee Mitchell, Susan Glaspell, and dozens of others, made their new identities known to a nation and a reading public not yet ready to understand or accept them.

In no work of the Renaissance is this new woman more evident than in Sherwood Anderson's *Poor White,* the last product of his Chicago years and the first significant portrayal of the new, recognizably human, influential woman with a mind of her own, a woman who was to remain a significant part of Anderson's work in the future. The novel is the story of Hugh McVey's unwitting unleashing of the forces of industrialism and his belated attempt to understand what he had done, but it is also the story of Clara Butterworth, whose twin struggles, against the mores of convention that inhibit her and against the dehumanizing forces of industry, provide whatever hope for man still exists in an industrial society. Significantly, however, too many critics, then and now, have seen Clara's story as a digression rather than the substantial part of the novel that it is.

The Renaissance contributed, too, a strong populist strain that not only was to merge with and humanize the eastern radicalism of the *Masses* and the *Liberator* through the editorship of Dell

and the articles of Anderson and others, but also to provide a strong but ambivalent strain to the social criticism of the next two decades. Neither Sandburg nor Anderson surrendered to the hostility directed against industrialism, its creator, the machine, or its product, the cities, but recognized instead the misguided human values that had made them forces for evil. Their revulsion toward the cities and the factories is balanced by an alternate awe, a perception of a peculiar beauty, and a determined search not for the means to undo what had been done, to destroy in the hope of rebuilding, but to discover the values and provide the direction that would humanize the means and replace the ends of an industrial society. Just as Vachel Lindsay concluded in 1908 that "a city is not builded in a day," nearly three decades later, in the midst of the worst concomitant of existing values the country had even known, Anderson asserted with equal assurance that "We do not want cynicism. We want belief."

The underlying note of the Chicago Renaissance was a note of affirmation, a faith in man and his ability to shape his destiny that had been absent from American Literature and the American psyche for more than a generation, battered by Civil War and driven by industrialism into the towns from whence, as the new century began, those seeking to revitalize that faith had come to Chicago. In that exodus to Chicago and in the brief decade that these young people spent there, they created a new mythical interlude in the history of the nation and its literature.

But that interlude was much more than the "historical curiosity" that Irving Howe insists it was, or "the revolt from the village" unfortunately described by Carl Van Doren. The Chicago Renaissance and Sherwood Anderson, its only contribution to the first rank of American writers, have, almost single-handedly, contributed the elements that have given American literature its vitality and its recognition in this century. They have contributed a sense of the past that is almost mystic in its dimensions, constructed of values and of people, of faith in man and celebration of his identity, of the folk figures that were Lincoln and Grant, Edison and Ford, of a countryside and its rivers and cities, a sense of change and of movement, but at the same time a sense of permanence, and in so doing they have added a substantial dimension to the growing American myth.

At the same time they have done much more. Not only have they given a measure of validity to that anonymous prediction of more than a century ago, but they have pointed out a direction and given much substance to writers of our own day, making inevitable and necessary such diverse statements as those of William Saroyan and Saul Bellow in recent issues of the *New York Times*. Saroyan wrote on August 15, 1976:

> At 14, this writer learned from "A Story Teller's Story" what he most needed to know in order to begin to really write: that which is under your nose, that is your subject. . . . Sherwood Anderson in "A Story Teller's Story" showed me where and how to start, in order never to run out of subject matter (as it used to be called). . . .
>
> Whether Sherwood Anderson's significance rises or falls, I acknowledge his influence and am beholden to him.

Three months later, on November 21, as his Nobel Prize was announced, Bellow commented on *The Adventures of Augie March*, the book that brought him prominence:

> Augie was excited by the memory of someone I had known in childhood, who disappeared and whom I never saw again. I thought I'd imagine what his life might have been like. What happened was that I drew on a lesson I learned from Sherwood Anderson and other American innocents. . . .

As other fourteen-year-old embryo writers find themselves and their subject in Anderson's work, as still other writers draw on Anderson and the other innocents of the Renaissance for the direction of their own, the influence of that movement continues, moving side by side with the works of that movement—Sandburg's "Chicago Poems," Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, and above all, Anderson's, *Winesburg, Ohio*, all of them not only the source of a vigorous literary influence, but, as we move into the last quarter of this century, substantial and permanent additions to our collective literary heritage.

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"STRIVING FOR POWER" HEMINGWAY'S CLASSICAL NEUROSIS AND CREATIVE FORCE

JACQUELINE TAVERNIER-COURBIN

Hemingway's mental condition during the last months of his life, which has been described in detail by A. E. Hotchner, Carlos Baker and now Mary Hemingway,[1] may help us to understand one aspect of Hemingway's psychology which has not yet been studied in depth. His inability to accept old age, accompanied as it was by a normal weakening of his powers as a man and a writer, and his concurrent transference of responsibility onto the outside world, evidenced by his delusions of persecution, suggest that he had never come to terms with himself. The patterns of behavior which emerge from his life—the overemphasis on courage, stoicism, endurance and on the ability to control one's emotions even in the most trying circumstances, the refusal to give up even against overwhelming odds, and finally, the public personality which he helped more than a little to create and which made him appear as an undaunted adventurer, indifferent to danger and suffering, and as a specialist in the arts of war, fishing, boxing, drinking, love-making and bull-fighting—are all characteristic of what Karen Horney describes as the neurotic quest for power. However, before considering the theory of Karen Horney, and later that of Snell and Gail Putney, one must remember that the patterns of behavior here discussed did not exclusively dominate Hemingway's outlook on life, nor do they fully explain the nature and direction of his career as man and artist. Hemingway was a complex, enigmatic and fascinating man and one must not forget the other, and more attractive, features of his personality not discussed here.

In *The Neurotic Personality of Our Times*, Karen Horney explains that, although the wish to dominate is not in itself a neurotic trend, the neurotic striving for power is born out of anxiety and feelings of inferiority. "The striving for power serves in the first place as a protection against helplessness, which . . . is one of the basic elements of anxiety. . . . In the second place, the neurotic striving for power serves as a protection against the danger of feeling or being regarded as insignificant."[2] The individual who suffers from this neurosis will develop an ideal of strength which will make him believe that he can master any situation, no matter how difficult or dangerous, and that he can do it right away. Then, "This ideal becomes linked with pride, and as a consequence the neurotic considers weakness not only as a danger but also as a disgrace. He classifies people as either 'strong' or 'weak', admiring the former and despising the latter."[3] The desire to control any situation and to surpass everyone leads the neurotic to emphasize self-control because being carried away by feelings or emotions might prevent him from achieving his aim. "Another attitude in the striving for power is that of never giving in."[4] Anyone acquainted with Hemingway's Code and Code-Hero is already familiar with these notions.

In a modern society such as America, the means of acquiring power nearly always lead the individual to compete with others. Thus, it is far from surprising that the individual suffering from neurotic striving for power should be more than normally prone to measuring himself against others and, consequently, should also suffer from neurotic competitiveness. Neurotic competitiveness differs from the normal in three ways: first, "the neurotic constantly measures himself against others, even in situations which do not call for it," secondly, "the neurotic's ambition is not only to accomplish more than others, or to have greater success than they, but to be unique and exceptional," and finally, there is "implicit hostility in the neurotic's ambition, his attitude that 'no one but I shall be beautiful, capable, successful'."[5]

Throughout his life, Hemingway seems to have suffered from such neurotic competitiveness, for he always felt the urge to surpass others, to prove that he was the best in every field of human activity open to him. As the picador in "The Capital of

the World," he lived "in a small, tight professional world of personal efficiency."[6] It is this neurotic competitiveness which I propose to deal with. But one cannot fully understand the subconscious motivations which underlay it if one is not familiar with two commonplace concepts of sociology and psychology: the concepts of "indirect self-acceptance" and of "other-direction."

In *The Adjusted American*,[7] Snell and Gail Putney discuss the concepts of self-image and of indirect self-acceptance. Their study, which is specifically oriented towards the North-American scene, has universal validity. Using the phrase "other-direction" coined by David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd*, they explain what basic needs the anxiety-ridden, "other-directed" American fails to satisfy and the reasons for his failure.

During childhood, the child becomes conscious of self and elaborates an image of the adult he wishes to become. This self-image is formed through contact with his parents, his friends, his teachers and society at large. He internalizes the norms he learns from others and becomes selective; that is to say, he seeks to develop certain potentialities of the self which he has come to admire in others and to abandon other potentialities of which he has come to disapprove. Thus, he creates a self-image which he likes and which, he believes, represents him accurately. Snell and Gail Putney distinguish three kinds of self-needs:

> (1) *the need for an accurate and acceptable self-image;* (2) *the need to certify the self-image and expand the self through association;* (3) *the need to verify the self-image and expand the self through action.*[8]

When the child has elaborated a self-image which he finds acceptable, he feels the urge to verify this image through his actions and relations with others. This stage usually takes place during adolescence. Morever, the individual must act in order to discover who he is; he must also act in order to experience aspects of himself he values and enjoys. In fact, he must always act in order to be, for the past actions through which he sought to know and accept the self are not capable of satisfying this need in the present. Recalling the past can only remind the individual of what he used to be, and he must either go on actualizing his self-image or revise it. Having been elaborated through contact with

others, the self-image must verify and expand itself in association with them. The individual is concerned with the way others perceive him because this provides him with an invaluable means of self-evaluation; thus other people become his *mirrors*. "Secondly, he needs association with others to see what *they* are, and, by extension, what he might be."[9] By comparing himself with others, he can come to a better understanding of himself: *they are his models*. "Finally, but by no means least in importance, association with other people provide the only possible situation in which the individual can experience many aspects of the self. . . . *They are the recipients of his actions.*"[10] When his self-image has been satisfactorily verified and expanded through his actions and his association with others, and if he is able to redefine himself when it becomes necessary to do so, a man will accept himself and move peacefully towards old age.

But such is not always the case. Snell and Gail Putney believe that most Americans lack self-approval, that they have not developed a self-image which they can believe is both accurate and acceptable, and so attempt to substitute the good opinion of others for self-approval. Thus they become "other-directed." In this indirect quest for self-acceptance, the individual tries to present himself to others in an appealing way, hoping that their approval will convince him that he is a better man than *he* thinks he is.

> This process requires openness and honesty both in the individual's self-scrutiny and in his approach to others, for *the opinion of others can contribute to self-acceptance only when the individual believes that others see him as he really is.* Otherwise, he cannot give credence to the image he sees reflected in their eyes.
>
> But the person who is caught up in the quest for indirect self-acceptance is more concerned with making a favorable impression on others than with seeing an honest reflection of himself. He attempts to manipulate the way he appears to others. Consequently he cannot credit any favorable image they may reflect, for he has good reason to think that what he sees is only his most flattering angle.[11]

Moreover, he is likely to become overly concerned with the limitations he is trying to conceal from others and, consequently, these

limitations will take disproportionate importance in his mind. Thus, he begins "by trying to manipulate the image he presents to others and ends by having a distorted self-image in which his defects are magnified."[12] By substituting success and popularity for self-acceptance, the individual is caught up in a vicious circle where success and popularity become a necessity, without, however, eliminating self-doubts.

Hemingway had elaborated a glorious and exacting self-image that led him to live a spectacular life, never giving him respite from the need to prove himself, and eventually condemning him to suicide. This magnificant self-image also severely limited his relationship with others, prompting him to see them only as the witnesses of his accomplishments and to feel an interest only in those who possessed the qualities he admired. This need to surpass himself and others, which was barely detectable in his first works, became more and more obvious in his last ones. It was squarely dealt with in *Green Hills of Africa*, found near pathological expression in *Across the River and Into the Trees*, and is not confronted honestly in *A Moveable Feast*.

That the child was father to the man to a remarkable degree, and that many traits of Ernest's boyish character were retained in his adult life is unquestionable. At the age of three, when asked what he was afraid of, he would shout "fraid of nothing" with great gusto, and his great ambition was to be taken for a man.[13] He enjoyed dramatizing everything and making up stories in which he was always the hero "and told his stories with such wholehearted conviction that his auditors swallowed them whole. On the show-off side of his character, which was as real as his shy and modest side, he secretly enjoyed the open-mouthed belief that his yarns engendered. It helped to enhance his reputation as the tough kid he wanted them to think he had been, and also paid silent tribute to his considerable powers as actor-narrator."[14] Even more interesting than his desire to show off is the fact that he soon actualized his childhood statement "fraid of nothing." Leicester Hemingway relates one incident which is revealing in this respect:

> Later, when Ernest saw an advertisement for boxing lessons in a Chicago gymnasium, he got Father's permission to sign up. The very first day he got his nose injured by Young A'Hearn. It didn't discourage him. Long after, he told a friend, "I knew he was going to give me the works the minute I saw his eyes."
>
> "Were you scared?" asked the friend.
>
> "Sure. He could hit like hell."
>
> "Why did you go in there with him?"
>
> "I wasn't that scared."[15]

Nothing then could be more painful to him than not being able to live up to his self-image, and nothing was to be avoided more strenuously than cowardice or even the mere appearance of cowardice.

Hemingway's self-image was greatly influenced by what he admired and despised in his father. It was his father who impressed upon him the importance of doing things "properly," "whether building a fire, rigging a rod, baiting a hook, casting a fly, handling a gun, or roasting a duck or a haunch of venison."[16] He also shared his father's love of nature, of hunting and fishing, of the freedom to be found in the woods or on the water. But he despised, and perhaps feared to discover in himself, two features of his father's personality: his reluctance for physical violence and his inability to stand up to his wife. One may find here the origin of the "machismo" which he projected throughout his life. Being deeply attached to his father, he transferred his resentment onto his mother, condemning her as a domineering shrew responsible for the suicide of her husband. His father's suicide was a major trauma in Hemingway's life and it seems that he was never free of the subconscious fear of being driven to the same extremity. At various times in his life, he expressed the fear, and even the conviction, that he would eventually commit suicide.[17] Robert Jordan's obsession with the death of his father mirrors Hemingway's own obsession.

His self-image clearly defined, Hemingway needed to verify it through action. World War I was the ideal testing ground and, more than anything, he wanted to take part in this great show and prove that he was the man *he* thought he was. Unfortunately the result of this experiment was far from positive. Although he behaved courageously, he discovered not only that he was mortal, but that he could experience fear. These two "discoveries" affected him deeply for they revealed that, if his

self-image was acceptable, it was not accurate. Instead of realizing that his self-image was too exacting in human terms and recognizing that, when faced with danger and death, a man may legitimately be afraid without necessarily being a coward or behaving like one, Hemingway would, from then on, consider fear as degrading and be haunted by the fear of being afraid again. Unable to redefine himself in less exacting terms, and his self-image not allowing him to avoid danger, he spent the rest of his life trying to prove that he was not afraid of anything or, at least, that he could control his emotions in any situation. Thus, the Siegfriedian theme of the "undefeated" became the major theme of his work. Another consequence of his wound during World War I was that death became an obsession with him and that, throughout his life, he travelled the world in search of it. Philip Young analyses this compulsion most convincingly in terms of Freud's theory "Beyond the Pleasure Principle."[18]

His self-image not having been verified to his satisfaction, and being unable to redefine himself, Hemingway became other-directed and spent the rest of his life attempting to convince others that this self-image was accurate, in the hope that he might finally convince himself. Thus, he lent himself to the creation of a public personality which emphasized all the qualities he wanted to believe he had.

His heroes are all fictional projections of himself, and the similarities existing between them and their creator are striking. He was tortured by doubts and fears just as they were, and, like them, he behaved as if he were indifferent to danger and immune to weakness. Projecting an image of complete self-control and self-confidence despite interior confusion was the whole aim of the Code, and Hemingway always advertised his admiration for people who could manage this hardboiled composure. It is this ideal that his heroes all attempt to reach, whether they are named Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, or Robert Jordan. If they do not always succeed, they are redeemed by the fact that they try and keep trying. But Hemingway castigates those who, like Robert Cohn, give way to their random impulses and are emotionally messy. The very cruelty with which he lashes at this character reveals clearly his fear of ever behaving similarly.

Although the letters he wrote to his family during his hospitalization in Milan betrayed his interior confusion, he "sat or lay in his bed like a king on a throne, holding court and greeting all comers."[19] He already behaved as a veteran who knew all there was to know about war, and he led a young British officer, Eric Dorman-Smith, to believe that he had been wounded while he was leading troops on Monte Grappa.[20] This attitude became his second nature. He would always exaggerate his achievements, show himself as tougher than he really was and cover up his weaknesses. He surrounded himself with a romantic aura, complaining of an unhappy childhood, considerably exaggerating his poverty in Paris, claiming to have slept with all the women he had desired and pretending to be an experienced warrior. An incident which took place during World War II deserves to be mentioned, for it illustrates Hemingway's constant self-control even in situations which did not require it. Hemingway, John Groth, and several officers were having dinner in an old farm house where Hemingway had established his headquarters:

> It was pleasant inside. Pictures . . . had been brought by Hemingway, and they were being passed around when an explosion batted through the window, breaking it, and cutting loose the lamp from the ceiling. Eighty-eights were coming in. When candles were lighted, we were all, officers and correspondent, on the floor making ourselves small, and groping for helmets. All, that is, except one: Hemingway was still seated at the table, his broad back to the window, helmetless, eating.[21]

Getting killed might have been the only result of such "courageous" behavior, and for no conceivable purpose. This attitude would appear a useless exhibition of courage and self-control, unless one remembers that Hemingway needed to impress others in order to impress himself. Many people did not appreciate this behavior, and the poet John Pudney, an RAF Public Relations Officer, even found it offensive.

> "To me . . . he was a fellow obsessed with playing the part of Ernest Hemingway and 'hamming' it to boot: a sentimental nineteenth-century actor called upon to act the part of a twentieth-century tough guy. Set beside . . . a crowd

> of young men who walked so modestly and stylishly with Death, he seemed a bizarre cardboard figure."[22]

John Pudney discovered exactly what Hemingway's problem was: he was playing a part, the part his self-image kept dangling in front of his eyes, a part which he thought was himself. As Santiago (The Old Man)) who wanted to let the marlin (The Sea) think that he was more man than he really was so that he would be so, Hemingway wanted people to believe that he was tougher than he actually was, hoping to convince himself that he really was so.

In his relationship with others also, he seems to have wanted to prove that he knew more than they, that he was better and stronger. He behaved as if the whole world was challenging him. In 1919, when he was twenty, Grace Hemingway told Marcelline that "as soon as he had learned to stop 'fighting himself and everybody else,' he would turn into a fine man."[23] He certainly turned into a fine writer, but he never stopped fighting himself and everybody else. Of course, this competitive spirit lost him many friends who could not bear a constant struggle for the upper hand. The anecdotes which exemplify this aspect of Hemingway's character are numerous and well known. Morley Callaghan and Jed Kiley, among others, have related such incidents in their books *That Summer in Paris* and *An Old Friend Remembers*,[24] while the desire to prove his manhood gave rise to such ridiculous incidents as the fight he had with Max Eastman in Max Perkins' office. Hemingway's feeling that his virility was questioned by Max Eastman's article "Bull in the Afternoon" is rather surprising and even amusing; but it clearly shows that for Hemingway everything revolved around, or was reduced to, virility or the lack of it.

His natural charm, which was real, was not always sufficient to offset the unpleasantness of his manner. When he decided to go on his first African safari, he had planned to be accompanied by Archibald MacLeish, Mike Strater and Charles Thompson. When the time came, MacLeish and Strater declined "partly because neither of them relished the prospect of spending two months on safari with a friend so competitive that he would make a death-struggle contest of each day's hunting."[25] This is exactly what happened according to Hemingway's own testimony in

Green Hills of Africa. It is to his credit that he confronts honestly his neurotic competitiveness in this book; it is perhaps the only book in which he consciously does so. He studies himself candidly and acknowledges that he cannot stand to find someone who succeeds better than he. He resents deeply Karl's hunting successes and, when his friend has been lucky enough to bring back a trophy more beautiful or bigger than his own, he cannot congratulate him wholeheartedly:

> I knew I could outshoot him and I could always outwalk him and, steadily, he got trophies that made mine dwarfs in comparison. He had done some of the worst shooting at game I had ever seen and I had shot badly twice . . . still he beat me on all the tangible things we had to show. . . . Now, on this rhino hunt, I had taken the first crack at the country. We had sent him after meat while we had gone into a new country. We had not treated him badly, but we had not treated him too well, and still he had beaten me. Not only beaten, beaten was all right. He had made my rhino look so small that I could never keep him in the same small town where we lived. He had wiped him out.[26]

In Hemingway's eyes, Karl is a lousy but lucky shot, and this infuriates him all the more, for he feels wronged by fate. Hemingway would not have felt cheated by his friend's success if the verification of his self-image had not constantly required new proofs of his superiority and the admiration of others. He could not tolerate the possibility that any one might excell or be truly knowledgeable in fields of human activities he considered his own. When, during World War II, he met Charles Wertenbaker, who had been an *aficionado* for twenty years, he behaved as if bullfighting had been a "personal claim which others could invade at their peril."[27]

And, of course, this competitive spirit found near pathological expression in *Across the River and Into the Trees.* The novel's hero, Colonel Cantwell, is a pathetic figure who is constantly on the defensive, continually threatened. He cannot even enter a restaurant without *checking* everything in a glance, and he always chooses a table where he "had both his flanks covered."[28] The frequent use of the verb *to check* and the colonel's obsession with battle foreshadow Hemingway's future delusions of persecution,

for the mere fact that Cantwell is a soldier in no way accounts for his attitude.

Hemingway's competitive spirit was nowhere so obvious as in his writing career itself. Although his talent and self-discipline had been rewarded early in his life, he continued to experience the need to prove that he was the *best* writer of his time, for nothing less could satisfy him. With writing as with hunting: he could not bear his rivals, scoffed at those who could not go the distance, and seldom missed an opportunity to lower and ridicule them in the eyes of his readers. In *Green Hills of Africa*, he states that there are no great contemporary writers, and the only writers whose achievement he praises are writers of an older generation such as Mark Twain, Henry James and Stephen Crane. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," he mocks Fitzgerald's belief that the rich are different, and it is only after Fitzgerald had complained about having his name ridiculed in a book that Hemingway changed Fitzgerald's name to Julian. It was a little late. In *A Moveable Feast*, he delights in describing the very episodes which show his contemporaries in the worst light. Forgetting their friendship and the literary value of their work, he pokes fun at their human failings. Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford and F. Scott Fitzgerald are not spared any of their faults. In 1937, Sherwood Anderson had already guessed at what, twenty years later, would climax in complete mental breakdown:

> I keep wondering why the man feels life as he does. It is as though he saw it always as rather ugly. "People have it in for me. All right. I'll go for them." There is the desire always to kill. Stein says that it is because he cannot bear the thought of any other men as artists, that he wants to occupy the entire field.[29]

This neurotic competitiveness influenced his attitude toward all other people and, in particular, his attitude towards the natives of the foreign countries in which he lived. Together with the obsession of death, it was at the heart of the Code and one of the reasons which prompted him to live and travel so much abroad. The need to verify his self-image had been the main reason for his participation in World War I. Europe had thus been the theatre of what he subconsciously considered his first

major failure. Logically, then, Europe should be the very place where he proved that this failure was not significant. The theatre of his failure must be the place of his triumph. Consequently, it was more important for him to prove his manhood in Europe than in the States.

Europe was also the place where he had met courageous men for whom war was not a complex psychological problem, men who accepted the possibility of death with simplicity. Hemingway wanted to meet these men again for they alone could be useful to him as the models, the mirrors and the recipients of his actions. By living with them he subconsciously hoped to assume their virtues. That he considered the Europeans as the models of his actions is clearly evidenced by the Code. Throughout his work the Europeans play the roles of Code-Heroes, that is to say of "Tutors," while the Americans play the roles of "Tyros."[30] The Spaniards, such as Pedro Romero, Cayetano or Maera, are the most gallant, heroic and stoic of all Code-Heroes. The physical and moral courage which Hemingway so admired and which was so necessary to the verification and extension of his self-image is always, in his work, the attribute of the Europeans. Foreign countries not only provided him with the models to emulate, but also with the reassurance that such "Undefeated" existed.

The need for self-acceptance influenced his relationship with Europeans and was generally the cause of the very superficiality of this relationship.[31] In *The Adjusted American*, Snell and Gail Putney point out that the other-directed individual avoids close relationships with others, for he fears that they might discover his true identity below the flattering mask he presents to them. Hemingway, who considered the Europeans as the repositories of wisdom and courage, wanted above all to impress them, hoping again, that if they accepted him he might accept himself. But fearing to have them discover those facets of himself which he despised and wanted to forget, he avoided close relationships with them. Thus, the Europeans who appear in his work are divided into two groups: those whom he ignored almost completely and who are merely there in order to provide some local colour, such as restaurant owners, concierges, waiters and tarts—all the people whom a tourist could not help meeting—and the others, the Gods whom he wanted to emulate and whose esteem

he yearned for. Hemingway displays an interest in the natives of foreign countries only as expressions of his psychological problems.

The very fact that he was looking for the embodiment of the virtues he desired for himself limited and simplified his understanding of Europeans. Because he was searching for distinct characteristics, he was only sensitive to their presence or absence. Thus he emphasized European examples of physical courage, in particular the bullfighter who faces death gallantly every afternoon; and their lack of psychological problems—chiefly the fact that they accept their human condition with simplicity. The American characters who appear in Hemingway's work are always those who are involved in psychological dilemmas and who cannot take life as it comes. Frederick Henry is the "remorse boy" who cannot have fun with the prostitutes of the Villa Rossa. His Italian friend, Rinaldi, who, on the contrary, enjoys simple pleasures, is amused by Frederick Henry's puritanism:

> ". . . Look, baby, this is your old tooth-brushing glass. I kept it all the time to remind me of you."
> "To remind you to brush your teeth."
> "No. I have my own too. I kept this to remind me of you trying to brush away the Villa Rossa from your teeth in the morning, swearing and eating aspirin and cursing harlots. Every time I see that glass I think of you trying to clean your conscience with a tooth-brush."[32]

Obviously an exception, and notably therein, is Old Anselmo, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, who cannot reconcile the need to kill with his religious beliefs and so is one of the few Europeans who have to solve a moral dilemma. Because of this obsession with certain qualities, Hemingway greatly over-simplified the psychology of Europeans, ignored many sides of their personality, and was only interested in knowing those who best exemplified these qualities. Thus, his knowledge of them was limited to certain stereotypes: the bullfighters, the *aficionados*, and some Italian and Spanish soldiers. But even his understanding of these people whom he knew best was severely limited by his own subjective search. The bullfighters are the only human beings whose psychology he really tried to understand, as far as his own subjectivity would allow him, of course, but they are in no way basically representative of the Spanish people.

The English, it should be noted, are in a unique position in Hemingway's work. Since he had never lived in England, except for a short time during World War II, and since he had never been fascinated by Great Britain, he paid little attention to the English as such in his work. Those who appear in it, such as Lady Brett Ashley and Mike Campbell in *The Sun Also Rises*, are expatriates and share the same problems as the Americans. On the other hand, Wilson, in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," partakes of the superior qualities of the Code-Heroes. If the need for self-acceptance urged Hemingway to mix with Europeans, it also prevented him from seeing them objectively and becoming aware of their complexity.

Hemingway's literary quest for self-acceptance was also the origin of the Code, for unwavering obedience to the rules of the Code enables Hemingway's protagonists to hide their doubts and fears and to project the image of the virile and heroic man they want to be. Moreover, the aim of the Code is not merely self-control when faced with danger and suffering. It has a further purpose, more ambitious and more essential: it enables Hemingway's protagonists to overcome the human condition, or so they think, and, more to the point, so Hemingway wanted to believe. The thought that death could annihilate everything was unbearable to a man as obsessed with his own need for greatness as Hemingway was. He needed to believe that, in some way, he could transcend death, and he found the solution to this problem in the Code. According to Hemingway, a man, who goes through life with courage and dignity and who follows his chosen path to the end, without wavering, will never be defeated: he will die, but he will die victorious: ". . . man is not made for defeat. . . . A man can be destroyed but not defeated."[33] Manuel Garcia, the "Undefeated," is such a man. He has been wounded several times in the bullring, but he nevertheless refuses to give up his vocation. He is a bullfighter and intends to remain one until his death. He fights until the end, until he has killed his last bull and, even on what appears to be his death bed, he refuses to let his friend Zurito cut off his coleta.[34] He who, before passing out or perhaps dying, still affirms "I was going good,"[35] dies un-

defeated, and Hemingway always expressed clearly his admiration for such people:

> I have known some wonderful people who even though they were going directly to the grave (which is what makes any story a tragedy if carried out until the end) managed to put up a very fine performance en route.[36]

That view, of course, implies that the universe—the nature of things—is the antagonist. Since the quest for self-acceptance, and especially indirect self-acceptance, deeply influenced Hemingway's attitude in foreign countries and misdirected his relationship with the natives of these countries, added to the obsession with death, it made it impossible for him to become truly involved in a cause. Obsessed as he was with his own problems, he had little time for what was not directly related to them. The defense of an ideology was only the pretext for his involvement in World War I, the Spanish civil war, and World War II; he never felt sufficiently concerned with the fate of the people he was helping, to forget his own problems.

Because Hemingway attempted to achieve the approval of others to gain self-acceptance, it was absolutely necessary for him to excell constantly and to prove his superiority at all times. His whole life was characterized by a series of adventures and exploits, all of which tended to imply that he was the man he wanted to be. Not being finally convinced ever, he constantly had to prove it anew. Past actions through which he had sought to verify his self-image would not satisfy this need in the present. As he says of one of his own characters, "The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. . . . Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it."[37] *To be* meant *to act* in Hemingway's eyes; thus, he who did not act, was not. Action was so essential to him that he could not at a certain point resign himself to a life devoid of adventure and great deeds as, say, Malraux did. When he was no longer able to actualize his self-image, he broke down mentally. Unable to redefine himself, and unable to continue exemplifying the virtues to which he had attached such importance since early childhood, his life had become meaningless. Had he not once told Aaron Hotchner:

> The worst death for anyone is to lose the center of his being, the thing he really is. Retirement is the filthiest word in the language. Whether by choice or by fate, to retire from what you do — and what you do makes you what you are — is to back up into the grave.[38]

Towards the end of his fifties, his body and his creative ability had already begun to betray him. He was suffering from various organic ailments which made it imperative that he stop drinking and take life easy. But that was impossible. He who had always insisted on physical courage, stoicism, and endurance could not accept such decline and he became despondent and aggressive. In Hotchner's words:

> He was a man of prowess and he did not want to live without it: writing prowess, physical prowess, sexual prowess, drinking and eating prowess. Perhaps when these powers diminished, his mind became programmed to set up distorted defenses for himself. But if he could only be made to adjust to a life where these prowesses were not so all-important . . .[39]

But he could not be made to adjust to a different life and to a different self-image. Moreover, the decline of his physical powers was matched by a decline in his creative powers. He had not been unaware of the reading public's lack of interest in his last books and of the critics' unfavorable comments—with the exception of *The Old Man and the Sea* which won general acclaim—and he had begun to doubt his own ability. In 1936, when he wrote "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," he already appeared to express, through his hero's self-accusations, self-doubts and the fear that his acquaintance with the rich might harm his integrity as a writer:

> He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions by laziness, by sloth and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. . . . It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it.[40]

In 1960, Hemingway found himself almost completely unable to write. What he found most unbearable was not so much the

thought that he was unproductive for a while as the thought that he might never be productive again:

> . . . it doesn't matter that I don't write for a day or a year or ten years as long as the knowledge that I *can* write is solid inside me. But a day without that knowledge, or not being sure of it, is eternity.[41]

This loss of self-confidence occurred gradually and probably accounts for the increasing aggressiveness with which he received unfavorable criticism of his work. It is also evidenced by the fact that, in 1957, he experienced the need to turn to the musty documents forgotten in the Ritz basement more than twenty-five years before. As long as he had felt secure in his creative ability, he had not felt the need to look back; but, now that his creative ability was declining, he found great stimulation in these Paris notes. Mary Hemingway tells us with what eagerness he seized upon them:

> Rather than risk damage to his windfall of old notes and manuscripts in their dilapidated trunks from the Ritz basement, Ernest had gone up to Louis Vuitton's shop in Paris and splurged on a battery of luggage big and varied enough for a troupe of chorus girls. Now he was spending mornings picking gingerly through his records of his early Paris days, making little piles of papers on the library floor, and in his head correlating the memories they evoked.[42]

This fascination for the past is almost pathetic for it shows only too clearly that he needed a crutch to help him bear the emptiness of the present.

His mind could not accept this mental and physical degradation and, by 1960, he showed symptoms of extreme nervous depression and delusions of persecution. For instance, he was haunted by the delusions that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was after him for having brought Valerie Danby-Smith, his latest love interest, to the United States while she was still legally a minor. He also believed that federal agents were pursuing him, that his phone was bugged and his mail intercepted; he believed that the whole world was out to get him, and he found the most innocent incident threatening. According to the alienist whom Aaron Hotchner consulted, Hemingway's fears of impoverishment

and of being in jeopardy both physically and legally came from his refusal to accept his impoverishment as a writer with the attendant diminution of his stature and doubts concerning his identity. Refusing to acknowledge the fact that he himself was deficient, characteristically he subconsciously transferred the responsibility for his failure onto the outside world, revealing how desperately he needed to believe in his self-image. His mental balance was shattered when he was confronted with failure, and past glory was useless in this predicament. He had elaborated a self-image so exacting and so rigid that no man could fulfill it indefinitely. His mind "seemed to have constructed an intolerable prison from which there was no escape,"[43] and suicide was the only solution. It seems that he had foreseen the fate which awaited him when he told his friend Luis Castillo Puche:

> Luis, the very worst thing in the world is losing your mind and making a spectacle of yourself. That's the very last thing I'd want to happen to me.[44]

Whether Hemingway killed himself during a period of lucidity or in a fit of intense depression is a question which will never be answered. In any case, it was the only logical end to the life of a man who had been his own sole universe and who found himself deprived of everything he cared for by old age. He may have realized that it was too late for him to change, to resign himself to being an ordinary man; or he may have refused to change, for the idea of being an ordinary man was even more distasteful to him than death. In the long run, death was unavoidable, but witnessing his own decline was not. The complete mental breakdown which darkened the last months of his life is the logical consequence, as well as the best proof, of the fact that he had never been able to accept himself, a truly human self which was not the glorious self-image he wanted to believe in. Thus, retrospectively, *The Old Man and the Sea* takes on a dual symbolic significance. Through Santiago, Hemingway seems to have attempted to come to terms with old age: Santiago, who was growing old but who was at peace with himself and everyone else, and who dreamt peacefully of young lions playing on white beaches; Santiago, who had kept his physical strength

nearly intact and who compensated for the little he had lost of it with superior knowledge; and, finally, Santiago, who was able to win the greatest victory of his life just before dying, was the man Hemingway dreamt of being, but also the man Hemingway knew he could never be. For unlike Santiago, who had lived a life of poverty but also a life of temperance, Hemingway had used his life voraciously, had destroyed his health and perhaps his mind by too much of everything. Hemingway won his last great victory nine years before his death with the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea.* The applause had died away.

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NOTES

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   Mary Welsh Hemingway: *How It Was,* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1976).
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5. *Ibid.,* pp. 188, 189 & 192.
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7. Snell Putney and Gail J. Putney: *The Adjusted American: Normal Neuroses in the Individual and Society,* (New York: Harper Colophon Books, Harper & Row, 1966).
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9. *Ibid.,* p. 31.
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11. *Ibid.,* p. 64.
12. *Ibid.,* p. 65.
13. Baker, p. 12.
14. *Ibid.,* p. 34.
15. Leicester Hemingway: *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway,* (Cleveland and New York: The World Pubuishing Company, 1961 & 1962), p. 30.
16. Baker, p. 27.
17. For instance, see: Carlos Baker: *A Life Story,* pp. 298, 373 & 616.
18. Philip Young: *Ernest Hemingway,* (New York: Rinehart, 1952), pp. 136-7.
19. Baker, p. 67.
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21. John Groth: "A Note on E. Hemingway," introduction to *Men Without Women,* Living Library Edition, The World Publishing Company, 1946.
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24. Morley Callaghan: *That Summer in Paris,* (New York: Coward, McCann, Inc., 1963), p. 96.
    Jed Kiley: *An Old Friend Remembers,* (New York: Hawthorn Books, Inc., 1965), p. 86.
25. Baker, p. 313.
26. Ernest Hemingway: *Green Hills of Africa,* (New York: Scribner's, 1935 & 1963), p. 86.
27. Baker, p. 498.
28. Ernest Hemingway: *Across the River and Into the Trees,* (New York: Scribner's, 1950), p. 115.
29. Sherwood Anderson: Letter to Laura Lou Copenhaver, November 9, 1937, *Letters of Sherwood Anderson,* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1953), p. 392.
30. See: Earl Rovit: *Ernest Hemingway,* Twayne's United States Authors Series, (New Haven, Conn.: College and University Press, 1963), p. 53-77.
31. See my book *Ernest Hemingway: L'éducation européenne de Nick Adams,* Etudes Anglaises Series, (Paris, Didier, 1977) for a discussion of Hemingway's actual relationship to Europe and Europeans.
32. Ernest Hemingway: *A Farewell to Arms,* (New York: Scribner's, 1929), p. 168.
33. Ernest Hemingway: *The Old Man and the Sea,* (New York: Scribner's, 1952), p. 103.
34. Coming from a man who created Jake Barnes' problem for him, the implications of the coleta are clear.
35. Ernest Hemingway: "The Undefeated," *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway,* p. 266.
36. Ernest Hemingway: Letter to Maxwell Perkins, August 12, 1822.
37. *The Old Man and the Sea,* p. 66.
38. Hotchner, p. 228.
39. *Ibid.,* p. 300.
40. Ernest Hemingway: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway,* p. 60.
41. Hotchner, p. 298.
42. Mary Welsh Hemingway, p. 444.
43. Hotchner, p. 294.
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"THE DIVINE AVERAGE": CONTEMPORARY MISSOURI VERSE

ROBERT L. KINDRICK

Contemporary poetry not only exists but thrives in Missouri. As a border state in the Midwest, Missouri is a microcosm of the whole country, a sort of Whitmanesque "divine average." The rich texture of cultural and dialectal backgrounds is echoed in the diverse voices and themes of its verse. Poetry in Missouri today not only exemplifies the currents found in contemporary poetry in general but also reflects the distinctive character of the state and region.

Missouri is both a rural and an urban state. It is an important agricultural center which helps to feed the nation. Its trees, rivers, fields, and farm buildings appear in its poetry, as do references to Virgil, Plato, Joyce, and Auden. Missouri's cities are also important in its verse: roughly two-thirds of the state's population dwell in Kansas City and St. Louis and the several smaller towns, such as Springfield, Joplin, St. Joseph, and Columbia. The cities offer exciting, but sometimes little publicized, activities which produce poetry significant both in quantity and quality.

Missourians have considerable pride in and awareness of the poetry of their state, as demonstrated by numerous anthologies of Missouri verse, some dating back to the late nineteenth century. Most recently, there have been collections of Kansas City poetry in *Kansas City Outloud*[1] edited by Dan Jaffe, Mid-Missouri poetry in *A Full House of Poets*[2] edited by Donald Drummond, and state poetry in *The Missouri Poets*[3] edited by Robert Killoren and Joseph Clark. There are numerous magazines and journals throughout the state that make poetry either the focus or a regular part of their contents. Poetry societies and groups in Kansas City

and St. Louis have long records and one of the country's most distinguished reading series, the American Poets Series, is sponsored by the Kansas City Jewish Community Center. The pride shown by individuals, groups, and civic clubs, has been reflected in a more official way by the Missouri Council on the Arts, which has helped to underwrite many poetry projects in the state including the Poets in the Schools Program.

Because of the very nature of the state, Missouri poetry must present many faces. The rural character often shows itself in the poetry which speaks of the land. It is axiomatic that not all such poetry is written by rural poets. It is also axiomatic that it runs far deeper than what many Americans are accustomed to reading in shallow popular publications. In some respects, this rural strain is the deepest, most genuine, and most truly indigenous of the several varieties in the state. Missouri poets, however, respond to other influences as well. Like poets all across the country, they write poetry of social comment and protest. Because the colleges and universities have played such a large role in the state's poetry activities, much of the verse by Missouri poets is academic and allusive in tone and quality (after all, T. S. Eliot was native to St. Louis).

But it is important to remember that while the poetry of the countryside is the most distinctive to the state, part of the appeal and interest of Missouri verse and paradoxically part of its individual character are to be found precisely in its variety. Missouri's position as a crossroads for the country means that it often functions as a melting pot. Influences creep west and east, meeting in Missouri—sometimes mixing successfully, sometimes not. Literary trends that originate in New York or California are tested in the nation's heartland, and Missouri is one of the best proving grounds the country has. As a result, Missouri poets often reflect most of the strengths and weaknesses of contemporary American verse throughout the land.

St. Louis, the most populous urban center in the state, has produced poetry exemplifying both the long history and the variety of Missouri verse. Charles Guenther has chronicled the writings of Francois Gregnier, a poet in the St. Louis area some 150 years ago.[4] Other well-known poets who wrote or lived in the area include Franz Sigel, Eugene Field, Sara Teasdale, T. S.

Eliot, and Marianne Moore. Contemporary St. Louis poetry lives up to its distinguished forbears. There is first and foremost a striking amount of poetic activity in the city.[5] The University City Public Library has organized public readings. The St. Louis Poetry Center has been a significant focus for poetry activities since 1946. It sponsors readings, poetry workshops, and two major prizes. Other programs are arranged by local branches of national and statewide organizations, including the Missouri Writers' Guild and the McKendree Writers' Association.

And there are many fine poets to read and submit their work to the several small journals which have flourished in the city. *Curled Wire* was a publication which grew out of the poetry society of the same name. Edited by Kasey Casebole, it published the works of numerous American and English poets. *Neurotica, American Poetry Publisher,* and *Whimsey* may all be added to the list of journals out of St. Louis's past. *Focus/Midwest* is now published in the city and its poetry editor is the Kansas City poet Dan Jaffe. Michael Castro's *River Styx* is in its second year. These journals and others have provided a forum for work by St. Louis writers such as Anne-Marie de Moret, Harry J. Cargas, Peter Carlos, Gene Conrad, Harry Fisher, Jarred Metz, Howard Schwartz, Leslie Konnyu, Peter Simpson, and Walter J. Ong, who is best known as a critic and philosopher. St. Louis poets have not been content to rely only on publications to make their appeal to the public. Some of them have read in bars and supper clubs such as The Strad and Duff's. Many of the major contemporary poets of the town are associated with one of the three universities there and spread their influence through teaching. Washington and St. Louis University have a long tradition of sponsoring readings by their own faculty and noteworthy visitors. They have also had a vital role in providing the kind of atmosphere in which an audience for poetry can be developed and encouraged.

Howard Nemerov is one of the St. Louis poets who has a national reputation. Professor of English at Washington University, he reveals his academic background and environment in the highly allusive quality of his verse. Often abstract and profoundly intellectual, much of Nemerov's poetry is in the modern confessional school. He is moved by political events, conversation with a friend, or even the memories of an icehouse in

the summer to ruminations and personal responses.[6] Many of Nemerov's most important poems deal with death, the overwhelming problem of human existence. Against the background of the history of Western culture, Nemerov explores the problems that death poses for living man. In a poem such as "The Way," he even explores the afterlife in a comi-tragic fashion. Because of both his subject matter and his technique, Nemerov is probably one of the Missouri poets least affected by his immediate environment, but his response to art and politics, along with his strong narrative technique, make him one of the most important and attractive writers in the state.

Probably one of the most highly allusive of the St. Louis poets is Donald Finkel, who is Poet-in-Residence at Washington University. The response to art is extremely strong in Finkel's poetry. His volumes such as *Answer Back*[7] may begin with lengthy quotations from the most diverse literary sources; and he starts many of his poems with epigraphs from the writings or speeches of such figures as Smart, Veblen, Byrd, Whitman, Lyndon B. Johnson, Bacon, or Timothy Leary. Finkel's eclectic sources, however, do not result in merely predigested academia: like Nemerov, he is able to explore the total range of human feelings engaged by the piece of art or writing that is his inspiration. He is moved by the Bible to write "Cain's Song." In response to Smart's comments about the toad, he writes the highly inventive "Spring Song." Finkel's poetic vision is also moved by politics and current events. Whereas Nemerov seems more interested in meditative introspection, Finkel is concerned with man as a factor of his culture. In trying to encompass man's total cultural background, Finkel includes the sights and sounds of St. Louis and Missouri.

Finkel's wife, Constance Urdang, is also a notable poet whose work makes closer reference to the Missouri setting.[8] "The Oracle of St. Louis" uses the city as a site for ironic comment on the nature of modern oracular pronouncements. But her incorporation of St. Louis scenes into her work is part of her general response to setting. Her poetry is filled with the life and imagery of Latin America: one of her most noteworthy pieces is a poem about the Emperor Maximilian. Besides being interested in the

"Where" of humanity, Constance Urdang is also intrigued by relationships among family and friends. Her poems "Grandfather" and "Lines for My Grandmother's Grave" suggest the kind of reminiscence to be found in many of her works. The personal immediacy of a friend or relative or a vivid setting dominates her poetry, but, like Finkel, she is also capable of fine allusive and academic verse. Her "For Picasso" and "The Idea of A Hero" are marked by reference to visual and literary arts and a sense of the importance of cultural understanding.

One of the St. Louis poets most immediately touched by his environment is Charles Guenther. A long-respected figure in poetry circles in the city, he has been involved in almost every major poetry movement in the area. For many years a non-academic, Guenther is well known for his distinguished series of translations, for some of which he was awarded the Order of Merit by the Italian government, and for six volumes of poetry. His familiarity with foreign poetry is evident in the thematic and structural development of the poems in his own volumes of verse. French, Spanish, and Italian metric forms abound: his "Missouri Woods" for instance is written in the form of a villanelle, even though its subject is distinctively the state countryside. One of Guenther's most impressive and best-known poems is also about a specific Missouri locale, the Ste. Genevieve Memorial Cemetery.[9] In generalizing his setting, Guenther begins with children playing among the cemetery's headstones and concludes with his own musings about the contrast between life and death and the relations of human beings. Guenther has also shown his talents as an editor, with considerable work on many St. Louis publications and *Weid* for which he now serves as poetry editor.

Mona Van Duyn is associated with the academic poets in St. Louis. A co-founder of *Perspective*, she has taught at the University of Louisville and Washington University. Indicative of the respect for her beyond the state is the National Book Award for poetry that she won in 1971 for *To See, To Take*.[10] Van Duyn's poetry combines elements found in that of Nemerov and Urdang. Much of her work is confessional and meditative. Her inspiration is often simple and common; rain, a view from a window, a few kind or unkind words spoken by a friend or relative. While her verse is full of concrete details, she seems most concerned with the inner person, as a poem such as "The Miser" illustrates. Many of the cues for her writing are based on general experiences which could occur as easily in New York as in St. Louis. Through her editorial work and teaching, she has had a profound effect on the quality of verse written in the state.

One St. Louis poet who is also a chronicler of area verse is Robert Killoren, who teaches at the University of Missouri at St. Louis. With Joseph Clark, he has edited the most recent anthology of state poetry, *The Missouri Poets*, and is at work on a volume of verse and critical essays about the plains poets for BkMk Press. Killoren's own poetry partakes of the region he chronicles, as his book *Rising Out of the Flint Hills*[11] makes clear. Killoren has an interest in the homey and homely things that make up an important part of life in the Midwest. Very much in the rural tradition in the state, Killoren draws attention to the countryside and natural settings. One of his poems relates the musings engendered by "Spending the Night in Ray's Fishing Shack," while another is constructed around the biology and folklore of the toad. Killoren is using his eye for details and images drawn from the Kansas, Missouri, or Illinois locales of his work to produce first-rate poetry of the countryside.

John Knoepfle is fashioning a distinguished career both as a published poet and a lecturer-reader. A conscious regionalist who has chosen the Ohio-Mississippi area as his "territory," he has taught at St. Louis and Washington University. He is now Professor of English at Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois. Much of the excellence of Knoepfle's verse comes from his firm understanding of both city and country.[12] "On the Front Porch" and "The Farmer and the Owl" derive their strength from the poet's sharp perceptions and his keen sense of comic and tragic. The latter also illustrates Knoepfle's "good ear" for speech patterns. His occasional poetry, such as "Debris" and "So Lost in Space," places him in the mainstream of American verse, but the majority of his poems, as represented by *The Intricate Land*, clearly identify him with the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the St. Louis area. And the area could hardly ask for a better representative. Knoepfle has the gifts of technique and sympathetic understanding to make the area and its people not only intelligible but important to any serious reader of his

verse. Knoepfle's abilities as a reader and explicator of his poetry have gone far to encourage popular appreciation of his own writing and the poetry of the state.

All of these St. Louis poets live and write under conditions made similar by the mixture of rural and urban elements in their environment. They have the cultural opportunities and excitement of the city with the tranquil countryside readily available only a few miles down the freeway. They also write under the influence of a hot climate of ideas. If poetry must flourish under the influence of patrons or through the activities of a "group,"[13] St. Louis offers numerous opportunities for activity. The city is eastern in its ethos. Its urban problems, population structure, political organization, concepts of status, and quality of life all are more similar to those of cities in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and even Pennsylvania than to cities to the west.

If St. Louis looks east for its standards, Kansas City looks west. It shares characteristics with Denver, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. The city is less formal than its sister across the state, and the pace of life is more relaxed, but it is still a major center of poetic activity. As in St. Louis, the universities are the gathering places. The University of Missouri at Kansas City, around the Plaza area, Central Missouri State University in Warrensburg, some thirty minutes from the city limits, and, to the west, the University of Kansas at Lawrence are the major centers of poetic activity. The activities of the groups at the two universities on the Missouri side of the border coalesce in the poetry programs at the Jewish Community Center, which for many years has sponsored the American Poetry Series. Although the series has arranged for readings by distinguished figures from across the country, including Richard Wilbur and James Dickey, it has also included Missouri poets such as Howard Nemerov, Mona Van Duyn, and Donald Finkel. Through the commitment of the members of the Center's coordinating board, it has also given strong encouragement to the development of new poetic talent. Poetry in Kansas City is also on the streets and in the clubs in the Plaza, the River Quay and workshops funded by the Missouri Council for the Arts at Central Missouri State.

Some might say that Kansas City has been long awaiting the renaissance it is now witnessing, but it has had a long though

erratic history of verse activities. Edward Dahlberg is a native son who felt that he had to leave the city to develop his talent. John Ciardi lived in Kansas City during the 1940's but found there was no poetry center to help birth his poems.[14] But poetry has survived in the city, and there is now an atmosphere in which it can flourish.

The grand lady of Kansas City verse has been Virginia Scott Miner, who wrote and read for the public and encouraged others to read. Her influence on the Kansas City scene through her own publications was enhanced by her powerful voice in the Jewish Community Center's Series and her work with Thorpe Menn in reviewing books for the Kansas City *Star*. She was also a teacher at Pembroke Country Day School, where she encouraged her students with talent. Dickinsonesque in her own writing, Virginia Scott Miner is capable of responding to as wide a variety of inspirations as Hindemith, a flight to Chicago, a squirrel at her back screen, or her first thoughts on confronting Bouillbaisse.[15] Consciously exploring the aspects of "occasional verse," she has helped to show poets in the area that "regional verse" need not be a pejorative term.

The work of many other poets such as Frankie Wu, Dorothy Brown Thompson, and Michael Paul Novak has helped to create a congenial climate for poetry in Kansas City. Several younger poets of great promise have been attracted by the burgeoning activity. One of the most interesting is David Anstaett, whose poetry is complemented by his excellence as a teacher of creative writing. Students of Jaffe, Ray, Jones, and McReynolds such as Mbembe, Ken Lauter, Sylvia Wheeler, David Baker, and Anstaett swell the ranks of Kansas City poets and contribute to the production of high quality verse in the city.

Dan Jaffe is one of the academic poets in Kansas City. A member of the faculty at UMKC, Jaffe is a transplanted Easterner who has found the Missouri-Kansas-Nebraska area much to his liking. Jaffe's attempt to come to an understanding of his dual environments, the New Jersey background in his head and heart and the Kansas City sights and scenes that surround him, is the subject of much of his best poetry. "This World and Another" perhaps sums up much of the need for reconciliation of the dual worlds of Jaffe's thought. This same dualism also

appears in his major poem, *Dan Freeman.*[16] A poetic search for Jaffe's own roots through an attempt to understand the life of the first settler to file for land under the Homestead Act, Jaffe's poem acquired greater power because the main protagonist's name appears in Jaffe's own name. It is significant that the poem begins with Jaffe's drive westward, and, as it chronicles the career of "Old Number One," it reflects many of the personal characteristics that Jaffe observes in himself. Jaffe's retelling of Freeman's life history reflects not only the poet's search for his own identity but also a national state of mind. Jaffe has been largely responsible for the prominent role that BkMk Press has played in printing the work of area poets. Through a series of Halfbooks, the press has made area poetry readily and inexpensively available.

Another UMKC poet is also a major force on the Kansas City poetry scene. David Ray, who moved to Kansas City relatively recently to take over the editorship of the city's most distinguished journal *New Letters*, shows that he too is concerned about roots and origins. He finds his inspiration in the most common and homey of objects. His "Archeology" seems to epitomize the kind of thinking in this type of his verse: in the process of a trip to an old farm, where he digs "in the ruins," he finds "the rusty three-pronged/ pitchfork . . . that linked Grampa/ to the sea."[17] Other sources of his poems include catfish, a ruined shack, and the five-and-ten-cent store. One of the most touching of this group is "Father and Son and Bedsprings" which is an initiation poem generated by the removal of the old bedsprings on which the boy was conceived. The locales that help create Ray's poems are often local places. He is moved to verse by a trip through the Winnebago Reservation and by the incident of stopping near a highway. Besides rustic-regionalist verse, Ray writes poetry in response to the political life about him and to art. The range of Ray's verse shows the extent of his accomplishment, but it is in his regional verse, where he helps the reader to see homey commonplaces through new eyes, that we hear his most authentic voice.

James Tate, who attended UMKC and originated near Kansas City, has attracted a good deal of nationwide attention lately. Winner of the Yale Younger Poets Award in 1966, Tate has found

a most receptive audience for his verse. Much of his poetry is in the confessional school, consisting of the poet's musings on the problems of his own identity. A goodly portion of Tate's confessional poetry, such as "Still Movement in Reflection" or "The Private Intrigue of Melancholy," is of excellent quality, but he succeeds best when his poetry becomes more concrete. "Coming Down Cleveland Avenue," for instance, which Dudley Fitts praised so highly in his preface to *The Lost Pilot*,[18] is better than some of the poems collected with it because of its firm grounding in a specific locale full of machine-soiled snow. "Flight," "Mystics in Chicago," and "The Lost Pilot" all illustrate Tate's use of almost palpable imagery. A particularly touching group of Tate's earlier poems are structured similarly to "The Lost Pilot" which is a monologue in which the poet addresses his long-dead father. The hardness of mind which avoids sentimentality in this poem is also to be found in Tate's other poems involving his friends and relatives. At his best, Tate is a remarkably powerful poet, and much of his power derives from his firm and deep involvement in the world of fact.

Only a short drive from downtown Kansas City is a group of poets who provide a transition between the verse of the urban centers and the exceptional poetry that is to be found in the small towns and the countryside. Robert C. Jones and Ronald McReynolds are poets of both city and country. Members of the English Department at Central Missouri State University, they are much involved in Kansas City poetry activities, including participation in readings and in the programs of the American Poets Series.

Robert C. Jones is a self-admitted regionalist. In his own words, he conceives of himself as "a poet who draws his images and ideas from a particular part of the world—from a fairly easy-to-identify piece of landscape with fairly distinctive or recognizable flora and fauna."[19] Jones responds to the sense impressions of his Missouri environment when he discusses local images as he does in "Three Images in Missouri." His locales are specific; his situations vividly drawn. Much of the emphasis in this type of Jones' poetry is on the moment of perception itself, and this emphasis is reinforced by the haiku quality in his verse. But his reliance on sense impressions does not mean that

Jones is unable to extrapolate from his environment. The specific regional things and places lead him to broader themes as in "Red-Tailed Hawk." Jones is also able to respond to works of art, as demonstrated in his "Nelson Fallery: Portrait of a Man in Armor" and "After Breughel." Of vital importance as well is his influence as a teacher and publisher. His Mid-America Press has published the work of fine younger poets in the area such as David Anstaett and David Baker.

Ronald W. McReynolds, a native of eastern Missouri, is most touched by the forces of the Missouri landscape. Much of his recent work has emphasized the relationship between man and nature. "The Blooding" describes an incident with his sons, in which the death of a bird is evolved into a ritual involving father, sons, and the rites of maturity. "On Canoeing on Jack's Fork" uses a canoe trip as a means of contrasting the massive and pacific qualities of nature with the "sadness" that "is of men."[20] McReynolds is interested in exploring the effect of nature and natural creatures on the life of man. And his response to nature is not limited by the state boundaries: like another major regionalist, Bruce Cutler, McReynolds has been much influenced by Latin America. His use of Latin American history and culture is similar to that he makes of the history and culture of Missouri—he finds social and personal definition in his perusal of past and present. "Teotihuacan" deals with "The habit of returning" and its failure in Indian history, while "Mexican Peasant" is a confrontation between two different types of people and two different types of culture. So too, McReynolds has responded to other areas in the United States. "Twice in the Michigan Dunes" and "At Port Aransas" illustrate his general interest in the American landscape. His interest in nature as his subject also appears in his metric structure: his verse is full of the cadences of natural things, full of a complex rhythm that he finds in nature and human life.

The third center of poetry in the state is Columbia, the home of the University of Missouri, and, once again, it is the university that has provided the focus for activity. Over the years, Columbia has attracted its share of poets. Donald Drummond, in his *Full House*, has demonstrated the variety and quality of mid-Missouri verse. Many of the poets in his anthology have been

associated with the University of Missouri during their period of residence in Columbia. Besides Drummond himself, the other major Columbia figure is Tom McAfee who is included in the volume, but Drummond also provides poetry by Alan Stephens, R. P. Dickey, and Donald Justice. Activities sponsored by the university to encourage the cause of poetry in the state include the "Breakthrough" series at the Missouri Press. This experimental verse series has attracted many good manuscripts over the years and has provided the university a list of distinguished authors. Every year, the winner of the Devine Award is published in the "Breakthrough" series and gives a reading in the American Poets Series in Kansas City.

Much of the focus of creative activity in Columbia's poetry scene has centered on Drummond and McAfee. A large part of Donald Drummond's verse shows his long association with academic life. His subjects include his students, as in "Intent," and his colleagues, as in "For Teachers: 1965" and "Academe."[21] Even the meeting of the Modern Language Association appears in one of his poems, "Soliloquy." But his use of these subjects does not mean that Drummond is pedantic or precious. As a part of his everyday life, these subjects evoke a genuine response in his verse. There is an undoubtable authenticity too in his use of literary allusions. Poems such as "For Dylan Thomas" and "Poseidon" show that Drummond is moved by the history of Western culture and the Western literary tradition. Drummond's allusive style relies on the reader's knowledge of the Bible, Medieval history, and the poetry of Keats, among others. His range extends to poetry of nature as evident in "Jornado," a very sensitive treatment of the landscape and history of Nueva Mexico. Drummond writes well about all kinds of subjects.

Variety is also the hallmark of Tom McAfee's poetry. One of the major forces behind the "Breakthrough" series, McAfee is also Professor of English at the University of Missouri. McAfee is inspired by political and social conditions which appear in poems such as "Eichmann in Jerusalem," "Zone of Quiet Desperation, and "Pearl Harbor Day, 1974."[22] Beyond occasional poetry, his voice too includes an awareness and appreciation of things academic and literary. He addresses his poetry to other artists, such as John Crowe Ransom and Mary Lou Williams, and his

acknowledged inspirations include Anthony Trollope and Virgil. Yet, like David Ray and Robert Killoren, McAfee finds in common and unremarkable objects the inspiration for much of his meditative and confessional poetry. The mating of flies, a trip to the city, or skipping rocks on the Missouri River may generate McAfee's poems. In his poetry there is to be found much of the sense of rural Missouri, but it is strongly intellectual poetry as well. One of his greatest works, "The Body and the Body's Guest," is an elegy for a former student. While it is concrete and touching, it makes substantial demands on the reader's thinking as McAfee wrestles with the question of human mortality. McAfee's poems will provide the reader both emotional and intellectual touchstones. Without the efforts of Drummond and McAfee, poetry would not have thrived in the center of the state.

The activity in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Columbia reflects the types of programs and publications to be found in a lesser way throughout the state. College and university towns such as Springfield, Maryville, Kirksville, and Cape Girardeau have their own "groups" and senior poets. Teaching writers such as Jim Barnes, Peter Hilty, Jimmy Aubert, and Bob Henigan are fine poets who are helping to determine the nature of Missouri poetry for years to come. Their influence beyond their individual campuses will often be through readings or their contributions to one of the many literary periodicals in the state.

Poetry journals in Missouri function as a forum for poets from all over the state. *Focus/Midwest* and *River Styx* are published in St. Louis, but, like *New Letters* in Kansas City, they are receptive to quality verse from any part of the state or beyond its boundaries. *Quoin*, edited by Arliss Snyder, is representative of the work of poets such as Jimmy Aubert from Hillsboro and Bob Henigan, who teaches and writes in southwestern Missouri. One of the newer journals is *The Chouteau Review*, edited by David Perkins and W. Conger Beasley. It offers the best works by northwestern Missouri poets such as David Quemada, Frank Higgins, Linda Wheeler, and Mbembe, but it also contains works by poets from across the country.

Jim Barnes and Andy Grosshart have solidly developed *The Chariton Review*. Partially funded by a grant from the Missouri Council for the Arts, *The Chariton Review* is published at Northeast Missouri State University. While it features the work of Missouri poets, it also provides work by other Midwesterners, including Robert Bly and Lucien Stryk. Not the least among its contributors is editor Jim Barnes, whose poetry reflects yet another side to Missouri verse, the American Indian voice.[23] Barnes' subjects for the most part are natural phenomena, including numerous state sites and scenes. He writes of LaPlata Missouri, Tongue River, and Yuma. His settings include beaches, mountains, and the "Rest Stop at Horse Thief Spring." His approach to nature includes a teleological perspective so that the nature he describes becomes a living, purposeful force. In his description of a strongly wilfull power in nature, Barnes brings a vital and distinctive element to the state's nature poetry.

There can be no doubt that poetry thrives in Missouri and that the many facets of Missouri poetry, even though touched by qualities peculiar to the environment, in turn reflect the nature of poetry across the country. There is confessional and abstract verse; there is social and political poetry; there is bucolic verse; there is academic and allusive verse. Almost every conceivable school in the country is now represented in this state. And the poetry produced is far better than most non-Missourians or even natives might expect. In its strongest voices, Missouri poetry can compete with poetry written anywhere in technique or complexity of theme. The quality of the poetry may appear all the more remarkable when its quantity is considered. Kansas City, Columbia, and St. Louis, along with all of the smaller university towns in the state, are seething with activity, much of it involving figures already of national stature. This activity appears in creative writing classes, poetry readings, small publications and magazines, meetings of poetry societies, and even in bars and supper clubs. There is a kind of renaissance in Missouri. Poets and poetry are esteemed and encouraged.

Central Missouri State University

NOTES

1. *Kansas City Outloud* (Shawnee Mission: BkMk Press, 1975).
2. *A Full House of Poets* (Columbia: Lucas Bros., 1974).
3. *The Missouri Poets* (St. Louis: Eads Bridge Press, 1971).
4. "An Early St. Louis Poet: Pierre Francois Aegnier," in *The French in the*

Mississippi Valley, ed. John Francis McDermott (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1965), 59-80.

5. In evaluating the history of St. Louis poetry, I am especially indebted to Charles Guenther for generous counsel and information. One source which provides additional detail on the current state of poetry in the city is "The Place of Poets and Poetry in St. Louis," by Robert Stanford, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (March 22, 1976), 3D.
6. A good sampling of Nemerov's verse is to be found in *New and Selected Poems* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1960) along with *The Blue Swallows* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1967) and *The Western Approaches* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975).
7. *Answer Back* (New York: Atheneum, 1968). See also *A Mote In Heaven's Eye* (New York: Atheneum, 1975).
8. A representative selection of Ms. Urdang's work is to be found in *Charades & Celebrations* (New York: October House, 1965).
9. *Phrase/Paraphrase* (Iowa City: The Prairie Press, 1970).
10. *To See, To Take* (New York: Atheneum, 1970). See also *Merciful Disguises* (New York: Atheneum, 1973).
11. *Rising Out of the Flint Hills* (Shawnee Mission: BkMk, 1972).
12. See *Rivers into Islands* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965), and *The Intricate Land* (St. Louis: New Rivers Press, 1970). A good introduction to Knoepfle's verse is *Whetstone* (Shawnee Mission: BkMk Press, 1972).
13. The importance of the "group" and its lack are discussed by John Ciardi in his preface to *Kansas City Outloud*, 1-2.
14. *Ibid.*, 2.
15. All of these influences are evident in *The Slender Screen* (Kansas City: Pembroke-Country-Day, 1967), which contains an excellent selection of Mrs. Miner's work.
16. "This World and Another" is found in *Kansas City Outloud*, 89; *Dan Freeman* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1967).
17. *Gathering Firewood* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1974), 15. See also *Dragging the Main and Other Poems* (New York: Cornell University Press, 1968).
18. *The Lost Pilot* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1967), ix. See also *Absences* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1972) and *Viper Jazz* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1976).
19. "Contemporary Missouri Poetry," (unpublished paper presented at the 1976 meeting of the MMLA), 1. For a selection of Jones' poems see *Within This Center* (Warrensburg: Mid-America Press, 1975).
20. "Canoeing on Jack's Fork," *Weid*, 11 (September, 1976), 49-50. See also *A Time Between* (London: The Mitre Press, 1967).
21. *The Mountain* (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1971). See also *The Grey Tower* (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1966).
22. *The Body & The Body's Guest* (Shawnee Mission: BkMk Press, 1975). and *I'll Be home Late Tonight* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1967).
23. *Carriers of the Dream Wheel*, ed. Duane Niatum (New York: Harper and Row, 1975).

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WILLARD MOTLEY? A DOCUMENTARY

Ray Lewis White

I first heard of Willard Motley (1912-1965) in 1963, when as a graduate student I read Charles Child Walcutt's *American Literary Naturalism, A Divided Stream* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1956). There, on page 270, were the words that caught my interest: ". . . *Knock on Any Door*, by Willard Motley, . . . depicts the vicious life of a character without character, a personality without any knowledge of himself. We are told that his instincts are not bad, and we see that crime and vice attract him because he has not been properly educated; but because he is not a personality with an ethical center his story is a tract, or a case history, with sociological implications but without the form and insight that make art."

Tired of the required reading of Milton's poetry and Richardson's novels to find current "values," I eagerly found and quickly read the 504 pages of *Knock on Any Door*. Here at last, I happily thought, is pure literary Naturalism, free of the tribal idols of "higher values" than mere life or—even in 1963—"relevance."

Years passed before I met anyone else who had read *Knock on Any Door*. Then, while talking with one of my own graduate students about writers of Chicago, I learned that Willard Motley had written other books that I should read and that he was Black. Intrigued, I looked for Motley's three other novels and found them all to be out of print; wondering why, I looked for criticism about Motley's total of 1947 pages of fiction and found very little. Then I was fortunate enough to find and buy an extensive file of newspaper and magazine clippings about Willard Motley's four novels from 1947 through 1966, and from these 238 reviews—the contemporary introduction of author to reader—I learned

that Willard Motley had failed to give readers of his day optimism, that he had shocked their post-World War II modesty, that he had found no welcome in the literary hypocrisy of the 1950's, that fiction without "ethical centers" is unacceptable, and that Motley's Naturalism had outraged the earlier "post-moderns" who admired only absurdist fiction.

Nevertheless, I continue to think that Willard Motley wrote brilliantly and beautifully in his chosen style and from his well-believed philosophy; and I think it is time that attention was paid to this writer. In order to encourage and aid the serious study that Motley's life and works deserve, I present below an annotated catalogue of my collection of periodical reviews of the four Motley novels:

KOAD	*Knock on Any Door.* New York: D. Appleton-Century, 1947.
WFAN	*We Fished All Night.* New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1951.
LNMWME	*Let No Man Write My Epitaph.* New York: Random House, 1958.
LNBF	*Let Noon Be Fair.* New York: Putnam, 1966.

This bibliography is arranged chronologically; the names of authors and titles of reviews are given when known.

In order to make this material available to other scholars, I have given the entire collection to the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature.

1. Watson, Jim. "The Book I Like the Least." *San Francisco Examiner* (14 June 1947).
   Besides including unnecessary detail and improbably actions, Willard Motley in his first novel, KOAD, "has loaded the dice against his hero"; "The only inevitability in the toboggan slide of Nick to the death house is the inevitability of the coincidences Motley introduces."
2. Lynn, Denise Dryden. "Significant Novel." *Hartford Courant* (15 June 1947).
   KOAD "turns out to be a monumental attempt to portray a whole segment of American society. The effect, much like that of one of Rodin's sculptures, is massive, crude and cumulative. With this novel, a potentially significant writer makes his bow."
3. "Rough and Realistic." *New Orleans Times-Picayune* (15 June 1947).
   "No one reading KOAD . . . will lay it down without having felt the impact of the story squarely between the eyes," for "Willard Motley writes with a pen dipped in gall and wormwood. Writes with a searing conviction you cannot deny. His characters are not ink and paper, they are flesh and blood and they speak with sneering voices, they swagger and they challenge. But they are real, and they will not let you alone."
4. Morrison, Louise Douglas. "Sordid Story of Slums." *Nashville Banner* (18 June 1947).
   Without the slightest lightness to KOAD, Motley "writes with the force of a whip cutting the air. . . . Realism, which is appallingly enough the truth about slum life, adds a brutality to this novel which is horrible. You might find this novel shocking, hideous—any number of things—but it's guaranteed you'll find it quite stirring."
5. Review of KOAD. *Tiffin Advertiser* [OH]) (19 June 1947).
   Settings for KOAD, "Reformatory life, Chicago's Hull House area, and West Madison Street where Nick learned a variety of crimes are graphically detailed; and the trial and his final hours in the death cell are forceful and dramatic."
6. Bright, Yvonne Younger. "Naturalistic Failing." *San Francisco Argonaut* (20 June 1947).
   KOAD is "successful in the powerful, spewing, animalistic tradition of naturalism, assiduously following Darwin, Balzac, Stephen Crane and Dreiser"—or "the growing decadence of naturalism." Yet today, "the mark of greatness cannot be applied to a strictly naturalistic work, unless it is extended to include that part of man's nature which expresses itself in the form of allegory and symbolism."
7. Review of KOAD. *Tucumcari News* (22 June 1947).
   Now to total 50,000 copies in the third printing, KOAD must be compared to Wright's *Native Son*: "Mr. Motley is perhaps even more successful than Mr. Wright in persuading the reader that the criminal was the victim of society before becoming its foe, because he is so much less savage in his indictment."
8. W., D. Review of KOAD. *Pasadena Star-News* (25 June 1947).
   "Mr. Motley writes extremely well, in the Dreiser-Farrell manner, and his characters have vitality, if little attraction. It seems probable that the author will ultimately be numbered among the masters of his particular school of fiction.
9. Tyrrell, Sherwood. Review of KOAD. *Sacramento Bee* (28 June 1947).
   "While the book is not without its tender moments, it has been written to bring home the cruelty of the streets, the reform school, the jail. It is intended to shock and to make the reader think and it is definitely good reading, if you like your reading on the rough side."
10. Jackson, Katherine Gauss. "Books in Brief." *Harper's* (July 1947).
    ". . . the lost beauty, the pathos, the shocking inevitability in Nicky's downfall" are what make KOAD "a novel of power and stature. And responsibility for this tragedy of the Chicago slums is deposited firmly in the laps of a society that lets such places exist."
11. Review of KOAD. *Cincinnati Guidepost* (July 1947).
    "Superb realism in this indictment of society which traces the causes, effects, and results in the life of a young criminal."
12. "Tough Guy in Chicago." *Book-of-the-Month Club News* (July 1947).
    "There are venom and horror and tears" in Willard Motley's KOAD, "a

sincere passion of indignation and warping of youth": "Mr. Motley spares the reader and his hero nothing in his portrayal of the evolution of a gently inclined child into a criminal."

13. Arnold, Nason Henry. "Chicago Slums." *Worcester Telegram* (6 July 1947).
The flaw in KOAD is that Motley's hero is "too intelligent to properly illustrate the destructive influence of his environment. The author has achieved a negative view of society and while Mr. Motley follows his hero's every step with meticulous care and at unusual length in many instances it is not a pleasant picture. He sought to present a picture of the life in a city's slums and succeeded."
14. Noble, Johnny. "Juvenile Crime Topic of Novel." *Oakland Tribune* (6 July 1947).
As "the criminal mind, once turned, is not the normal," the reader tires of KOAD: "Author Motley draws a sordid picture. There is nothing pleasant in it. But, then, that is true of the plight of most juvenile delinquents and not only the fictitious Nick Romano. Read your headlines. We are surrounded by Nick Romanos. Knock on any door."
15. "Swedish Rights." *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (6 July 1947).
Motley is now in New York City for "a series of engagements"; the Stockholm publisher Wehlstrom and Widstrand have bought rights for publication of KOAD in Swedish.
16. "The Door Ajar." *New York Times Book Review* (13 July 1947).
KOAD to Motley is "simply an attempt to show how criminals are made." Motley "didn't write about Negroes because he knows whites just as well, and because he feels the Negro writer musn't lose sight of other problems—the basic problems that underlie all human beings."
17. "Something About Willard Motley." *Little Rock Gazette* (18 July 1947).
"The first draft of KOAD ran to about 500,000 words, and many more were written and then cut out before the final version of some 240,000 words was ready for publication."
18. "Motley Story Selling Well." *Oklahoma City Oklahoman* (20 July 1947).
Now selling 2000 copies weekly, KOAD will be featured in *Look* Magazine.
19. "Novel Rights Sold." *Detroit News* (20 July 1947).
Rights for publication of KOAD in other countries have been arranged—England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and France.
20. "Has Wide Circulation." *Pasadena Star-News* (27 July 1947).
Sales of rights for abridgment and foreign publication show that KOAD is "Headed for international recognition."
21. "City Environment Condemned Again." *Springfield Union* [MA] (28 July 1947).
Indebted to James T. Farrell and hence liable to lose some impact, KOAD " is a painstaking novel of the seamy side of life, not so brutally told as some but just as condemning of city environments as Farrell was in his saga of Studs Lonigan."
22. "No Slump for 'KOAD'." *Little Rock Gazette* (31 July 1947).
Published in May, KOAD "continues high on the best seller list."
23. Notice of KOAD. *Redlands Facts* [CA] (1 August 1947).
"An unsparingly realistic account of Nick Romano's descent from altar boy to executed criminal, shocking to the sensibilities and, in the author's intention, to the conscience of society."

24. Review of KOAD. *Hobbs News-Sun* [NM] (1 August 1947).
KOAD is "a novel of power, understanding and compassion . . . effective, mature, and vivid."
25. News item. *Fort Worth Star* (3 August 1947).
Foreign and abridgment rights to KOAD have been sold.
26. "More Laurels for 'KOAD'." *Little Rock Gazette* (10 August 1947).
Abridgment and translation rights, foreign English-language rights, and a *Look* magazine article show the popularity of KOAD.
Published also: *Nashville Banner* (13 August 1947); *New Orleans Times-Picayune* (24 August 1947).
27. M., M. H. Review of KOAD. *El Paso Times* (24 August 1947).
"Anyone still hazy as to the many-sided evils of juvenile delinquency, can gain a thorough education on the subject from reading Willard Motley's novel of one of its victims."
28. "Summer Highlights." *Chicago Sun* (24 August 1947).
KOAD remains on the best-seller lists in Chicago.
29. "Tragic Close Comes To Life Which Opens With Promise." *Dayton Journal-Herald* (30 August 1947).
"The one thing that clings to the reader's mind about [KOAD] is the fact that there may be countless other boys like Nick; boys who somehow may lose childhood faith and goodness by a turn of circumstances which put them with bad company and on the path to destruction."
30. Dedmon, Emmett. "Worth Noting." *Chicago Sun* (31 August 1947).
Willard Motley, author of KOAD ("the story of a boy who slid from juvenile mischief into adult crime"), and Nelson Algren will discuss social deprivation.
31. "Publishers' Row." *New York Times Book Review* (7 September 1947).
Real Chicago citizens will pose for *Look* magazine's story about KOAD: "No professionals, no models; mainly slum guys and young thugs some of whom were up to their ears in stick-ups and jackrolling."
Published also: *Pittsburg Press* (7 September 1947); *Little Rock Gazette* (14 September 1947).
32. "Novel in Pictures." *Chicago Sun* (14 September 1947).
The issue of *Look* magazine for 16 September will carry "an 11-page picture spread" about KOAD—not only the largest coverage ever given a book in the magazine but with one exception the most space ever given to a single subject."
33. Notice of KOAD. *Mademoiselle* (15 September 1947).
In KOAD Motley has "dealt with white characters."
34. Notice of KOAD. *San Francisco Chronicle* (16 September 1947).
Today Look honors KOAD with "a picture spread."
35. Thickens, Jean Wiley. "Book Review." *Appleton Post-Crescent* (18 September 1947).
"Mr. Motley makes his readers realize that one can 'knock on any door' and find a young boy or girl who if exposed to evil companionship in his or her formative years can be made a criminal member of society rather than a respectable citizen. The author can qualify as an American Charles

Dickens, and it is to be hoped that his novels will prove as effective in correcting some of the evils existing today in our great American cities."

36. News item. *Nashville Banner* (1 October 1947).
Besides the *Look* story about KOAD, the novel will be "the coverpiece and lead story in the October issue of *Omnibook Magazine*," and screen rights have been sold for movie release in 1949.

37. News item. *Saturday Review of Literature* (4 October 1947).
The *Look* magazine editor preparing a story on KOAD was escorted by Motley through the Chicago prison; while trying out the electric chair for himself, the editor fainted.

38. Review of KOAD. *Allentown Call* (5 October 1947).
KOAD could happen "in any city, large or small": "It isn't a pretty picture he paints but it is one which will cause every reader to stop and think. Boys like Nick can be helped before it is too late. Families like the Romanos can retain their self-respect. It requires an enlightened public to do anything about it and Willard Motley attempts to do just that in this novel."

39. Review of KOAD. *Compton Journal* [CA] (12 October 1947).
KOAD is "another brutal novel in a supposedly more civilized day Chicago setting. It is the story of a boy who apparently could have lived a decent life if he hadn't had to live in the slums among vicious people."

40. L., E. B. "Country's Social Problem Is Used In 'KOAD'." *Honolulu Advertiser* (19 October 1947).
KOAD "should be on the best seller list, for one of our greatest and most serious problems in these times is the question of the anti-social individual or border line case in a hospital. This novel is highly recommended by doctors trained in the neuro-psychiatric field of medicine. It is a picture of a tragic problem which faces all human beings as members of society."

41. "'KOAD.'" *Little Rock Gazette* (2 November 1947).
Motley helped *Look* magazine photographers find and use "real slum characters" to pose for the characters in KOAD: "Several of the boys had actually been involved in hold-ups and jack-rolling."
Published also: *El Paso Times* (28 September 1947).

42. Notice of KOAD. *Dallas Times-Herald* (9 November 1947).
KOAD is "tough realism" "a startlingly real account of a boy from sweet childhood to the electric chair."

43. "Realism in Modern Fiction." *Chicago Tribune* (9 November 1947).
Speaking 29 October to the Society of Midland Authors, Motley pleaded for the writer as the "conscience of civilization" and stated that the atomic bomb had destroyed ivory towers of writers.

44. Notice of KOAD. *Newsweek* (17 November 1947).
"A first novel about Chicago slums, Dreiser-like in its power."

45. Notice of KOAD. *Cleveland News* (26 November 1947).
"Portrait of a Chicago boy infected by criminality."

46. Review of KOAD. *Catholic World* (December 1947).
"This book, written presumably for the purpose of impressing upon the reader the disastrous effects of reform schools and the brutality of the police 'third degree', would convey its message much more effectively if it were shorter, cleaner, and more coherent."

47. Kogan, Herman. "Willard Motley: Star or Meteor?" *Chicago Sun* (3 December 1947).
With one hundred pages of WFAN completed, Motley faces the challenge of measuring up to or surpassing KOAD: "If Motley's naturalistic talents and literary style are sometimes crude and clumsy, they are also great and magnificent. Certainly his is the freshest genius to bloom for some years in a city that always seems to have inspired many of its younger writers to look about them and try to find some of the answers to this problem."

48. "Chicagoans Are Authors Of Many New Volumes." *Chicago Sun* (3 December 1947).
The greatest "find" of 1947 was KOAD, a novel "monumental" and "sometimes crude, sometimes awkward."

49. Notice of KOAD. *New York Times Book Review* (7 December 1947).
"A naturalistic novel of Chicago—and a young criminal's road to the death house."

50. Notice of KOAD. *Pittsburgh Press* (7 December 1947).
"A hard, super-realistic novel of a boy who grew up in Chicago's slums and what he did to all the people about him."

51. Notice of KOAD. *Boston Post* (15 December 1947).
Harnett Kane called KOAD "as impressive a book as he has read or expects to read in years."

52. Notice of KOAD. *Cleveland News* (24 December 1947).
KOAD is "a bitter story of juvenile delinquency and easily one of the hardest-hitting novels of the year."

53. "Recommended Reading." *Beverly Hills Script* (February 1948).
KOAD is "a bitter, sordid novel of considerable power, about a sensitive boy and his futile fight against social and criminal elements in a Chicago slum."

54. Smith, Harrison. Review of KOAD. *Saturday Review of Literature* (14 February 1948).
KOAD "can be labeled as social criticism of the highest order. There have been other books in which the enemy of society is presented as society's victim; few of them are as powerful and thorough a condemnation of the cities that permit the young Nick Romanos of the slums to become hardened criminals."

55. "Willard Motley." *Saturday Review of Literature* (14 February 1948).
Now writing at an Oregon ranch, Motley has lived widely and felt life deeply: "All the experiences of menial jobs and menial people—the wanderers and the workers, the poor and the desperate—he poured into a giant hopper from which he drained off the tale of brutal honesty and profound compassion" told in KOAD.

56. Dedmon, Emmett. "Book Day." *Chicago Sun* (28 February 1948).
Motley has fled to the quiet of a ranch near Battle Ground, Washington, after enduring "a wave of parties, luncheons and meetings."

57. "Medium or Rare?" *Times Literary Supplement* (29 May 1948).
The American novel KOAD "succeeds because it has purpose. . . . The book is written with sincerity and in a hard, factual style. Studies of character are deep and thorough. The analysis of social machinery is never more searching than in the account of the trial. The only danger

with this excellent and terrible book is that the case may be lost through over-emphasis."

58. "Holds Reader Interest." *Sacramenta Union* (30 May 1948).
KOAD is "absorbing reading, not pleasing, rather disturbing, in fact. The trial scene is given in too much detail for the average reader. The end is anticipated by all."
59. Dedmon, Emmett. "Mexico—land where bright lights are for books as well as starlets." *Chicago Sun* (27 July 1948).
Motley has just left Mexico City after a visit.
60. News Item. *El Paso Times* (5 September 1948).
Humphrey Bogart and Robert Lord will produce the film version of KOAD; some parts will feature John Derek and Allene Roberts.
61. Review of KOAD. *Roanoke Times* [VA] (30 January 1949).
"Relistic story of a Chicago boy whose early tendencies toward decency were slowly beaten down by his contacts with life among the poolrooms and honky-tonks."
62. News item. *Rutland Herald* [VT] (15 March 1949).
Use of juvenile delinquency in fiction is not new, for KOAD "graphically pointed out some of the tragedies in this social crime, especially in relation to reform schools; the setting was Chicago."
63. Notice of KOAD. *Newmarket News* [NH] (29 September 1949).
"Story of a boy who dreamed of being a priest, but who became a gangster instead, finding his doom in the gangsters' code. . . . Movie of the same title."
64. W., A. M. "All for Alf-Dollar." *Hartford Times* (26 August 1950).
Now in paperback, KOAD is "the story of a disillusioned city lad who's an altar boy at 12 and dies in the electric chair at 21."
65. "Book Notes." *Springfield Republican* [MA] (3 September 1950).
KOAD is available for fifty cents "on your news stand and maybe in your bookstore."
66. "One Thing and Another." *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* (17 September 1950).
Motley liked the jacket of the paperback edition of KOAD so well that he presented the original art to "his favorite saloon down the street from his home on East Superior Avenue, Chicago. It hangs behind the bar, whose clients gaze at it steadily and with such approval that a number of them have made offers for it. The offers have been declined by the management, which appreciates Mr. Motley, and, in fact, has a stock of copies of his book on sale at one end of the bar."
67. "'KOAD.'" *Bryan Times* [OH] (2 October 1950).
"Almost a quarter of a million copies of Willard Motley's best seller have been sold in less than a month in its new 50¢ Signet Double Volume. A new large printing of the book has just been ordered. This sensational sale is particularly significant in view of the fact that the Signet Double Volume edition of KOAD introduced the first 50¢ edition in mass-distribution paperbound books—an innovation that has proved spectacularly successful."
68. News item. *Norristown Herald* [PA] (26 February 1951).
"It's still unannounced, but Willard Motley . . . has just completed the script of his second novel, WFAN."
69. News item. *New York Times* (3 July 1951).

Tentatively set for publication in November, WFAN "deals with the underworld of Chicago ward politics and, in particular, with the lives of three ex-G.I.s who return to their own homes seeking to pick up where they had left off at the outbreak of war."

70. News item. *San Francisco Fortnight* (17 July 1951).
About "the underworld of Chicago politics and crime," WFAN will appear in November.
Published also: *Worcester Telegram* (27 July 1951); *Omaha World* (2 September 1951); *New York Herald Tribune* (21 September 1951).
71. Review of WFAN. *Virginia Kurkus Bulletin* (1 October 1951).
WFAN is "a sordid, bitter book, with sex a dominant factor, often in unpalatable form. There is almost no character one can like, major or minor. There seems no ray of hope. Lacking the tenderness, the compassion that saved KOAD from utter brutality, this book will shock and horrify the average reader. Caution to Public Libraries. It is not for the thin skinned."
72. Review of WFAN. *Retail Bookseller* (November 1951).
"A picture of seduction, labor strife, and political skulduggery that lacks the concentrated force of KOAD. It will get the 'works' in advertising and promotion, and is a sure best seller and best renter."
73. Ellis, John. "Mr. Motley Knocks On Door Again." *Toledo Blade* (11 November 1951).
Breaking the pattern of second-book failures, Motley's WFAN is not a happy book: "It is not meant to be. But it is unmistakably honest, and a masterful job of handling and developing a complex and delicate theme."
74. "Author of the Week." *Charleston News* (11 November 1951).
Motley, author of WFAN, born in Chicago in 1912, worked in World War II for the Office of Civilian Defense and later for the Chicago Housing Authority.
Published also: *Scranton Tribune* (11 November 1951); *Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter* (11 November 1951); *Pensacola Journal* (18 November 1951); *Tacoma News-Tribune* (2 December 1951).
75. Prescott, Orville. "Books of The Times." *New York Times* (16 November 1951).
Written "according to the rigid conventions of the ultrarealists, which means that its pungent dialogue is clotted with obscenities and that its sexual episodes are explicitly detailed," WFAN "isn't even minor-league material compared with its predecessor. As a work of fiction it's strictly amateur," "the raw material for a novel, not a novel itself. Formless, confused, lumpy with undigested facts and ideas," this second novel "taxes credulity and exhausts patience."
76. S., P. Review of WFAN. *Hollywood Citizen* [CA] (16 November 1951).
A "powerful, brutal story about the Chicago underworld and a dirty political machine," WFAN shows Motley's "remarkable power of bringing the squalid, the vicious and dehumanizing influences to light. However, he seems to dwell too much on this phase of human existence, unenlightened by humor or the capacity for enjoyment of life."
77. Rogers, W. G. "Literary Guidepost." *Augusta Kennebec Journal* [ME] (16 November 1951).
Characters in WFAN "have imposed their wills on the author at the

expense of his activating ideas; the reader believes them and their dramatic story though, of course, abstractly he is ready to accept the idea. So it's a book primarily about people, and that's what counts above all else. Though it is diffuse, it is not too long; it has drive, fire, and imagination."
Published also: *Bakersfield California* (16 November 1951); *Manhattan Mercury-Chronicle* [KN] (16 December 1951); *Tacoma News-Tribune* (2 December 1951); *Syracuse Post-Standard* (24 November 1951); *Portland Press-Herald* [ME] (18 November 1951); *Walla Walla Union-Bulletin* (18 November 1951); *Seattle Intelligencer* (17 November 1951); *Keene Sentinel* (17 November 1951); *Atlanta Constitution* (2 December 1951); *Phoenix Gazette* (16 November 1951); *Wausau Record-Herald* (16 November 1951).

78. "Up From the Alleys." *Los Angeles Mirror* (16 November 1951).
After KOAD, WFAN is "rather tepid stuff" but also a "highly readable book, without the sincerity of his first novel. You do get a sense of both mixed-upness and evil here. And little hope for tomorrow."

79. Smith, Harrison. "The World of Books." *Easton Express* [PA] (17 November 1951).
Written by "an angry man," a novel "brutal and grim," WFAN states Motley's belief "that the brutal business tycoon still dominates American industry, that city politics are inconceivably corrupt, and that the war destroyed the morals of the young men who enlisted or were drafted. There is not a single likable character in this bitter book."
Published also: *Dallas Times-Herald* (18 November 1951); *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (18 November 1951); *Pittsfield Berkshire Eagle* [MA] (17 November 1951); *Roanoke Times* (18 November 1951); *Santa Barbara News* (18 November 1951); *Wichita Beacon* (18 November 1951).

80. Review of WFAN. *Milwaukee Sentinel* (17 November 1951).
Writing like Dreiser instead of Hemingway, Motley in WFAN has fulfilled the promise of his first novel.
Published also: *Baltimore News-Post* (17 November 1951); *New York Journal-American* (17 November 1951); *San Francisco Examiner* (7 December 1951); *Los Angeles Examiner* (25 November 1951).

81. Bedell, W. D. "Postwar Confusion Along A Too-Well-Traveled Road." *Houston Post* (18 November 1951).
At times "epochal," WFAN reads like the work of Mailer, Jones, and Shaw; the local color is unreal; and the author may confuse "authentic passion" and "pure titillation."

82. Cain, James M. "Into the Lower Depths." *New York Times Book Review* (18 November 1951).
Motley's gift for dialogue and word choice is fine, but WFAN is "bad, one of the most tormentingly bad books I have any memory of, for it could so easily have been better, might perhaps have been great. For Motley, who sets his verbal, racial and social sights so high, sets his esthetic sights so low the result is simply a mess."

83. MacGregor, Martha. "Motley Writes Angry Novel." *New York Post* (18 November 1951).
WFAN is a "powerful, sometimes over-powering novel, written in a drum-beat prose that is often irritating, often effective. . . . It is so intensely serious and humorless that it is, occasionally, a bit ridiculous. But whether you like it or don't like it, you have to respect it."

84. Porterfield, Waldon. "Men Who 'Fished All Night'." *Milwaukee Journal* (18 November 1951).
In local color, characterization, and political knowledge, Motley's WFAN is bitter and moving.

85. Murway, Richard. "Great Intensity Overcomes Bad Points of Novel." *Cleveland Press* (20 November 1951).
WFAN is "a big book, powerfully and frankly written," but its "most disturbing fault is that all the minor characters—and occasionally the major ones—act like stereotypes."

86. B., E. T. "Motley Turns Out Another Angry Book." *Lewiston Journal* [ME] (24 November 1951).
As was KOAD, WFAN is "peopled by well-wrought characters, credible, rounded and understandable; and it, too, is marked by spots of violence and sordidness which leave a sharp imprint on the reader. Some of the passages seem to have been written just for the sake of shock."

87. Review of WFAN. *New Yorker* (24 November 1951).
"Mr. Motley's heavy, wearisome irony, his rhapsodizing, and his frequent deviations into faraway lives and faraway places make one wish that he had cooled off long enough to allow his story, which could have been a strong one, to speak for itself."

88. Bloom, Edward A. Review of WFAN. *Providence Journal* (25 November 1951).
"In his first novel since KOAD, Willard Motley has combined the tenderness of human relationships and the propaganda of social protest, and in so doing he has contorted an art form and sentimentalized a tract."

89. Cochran, Polly. "Chicago Scene Of Motley's Second Novel." *Indianapolis Star* (25 November 1951).
"Part of the failure" of WFAN "may be laid to the technique of following three principals through their sordid tragedies. The main trio stem is further broken up into diverse elements of society, economics, politics and war. It seems that all the base qualities both of the earth and of its people are magnified to shock our cautious eye."

90. Cromie, Robert. "War's Impact with Chicago Background." *Chicago Tribune* (25 November 1951).
While WFAN "may leave you disheartened or perhaps depressed, it is very doubtful that it will leave you yawning." Having entered "the limelight with his first novel," Motley has proved in his second that the brightness is not to be dimmed.

91. Lindsay, Steel. "Motley Book Both Powerful And Brutal." *Boston Herald* (25 November 1951).
WFAN "may be the novel to end all novels dealing with the problems of GI's returning from World War II. . . . It is that sort of theme that might have been conceived by Galsworthy or Bennett."

92. P., T. "Unfortunate People." *Charleston News* (25 November 1951).
WFAN is "truly brutal, it may have compassion—it certainly has passion, and in a certain sense it has power. How truthful the characters are is difficult to say."

93. Redding, J. Saunders. "Mr. Motley's Chicago, Big and Grim." *New York Herald Tribune* (25 November 1951).
With too many characters and too little progress in plot, WFAN "is as

if it were written out of a desperate testing of experience and talent; dredged up from deep, muddied pits of emotion and dumped into an intellectual stream neither swift enough to dissolve it nor deep enough to absorb it."

94. Author of 'KOAD' Presents Second Novel of Chicago," *Washington Star* (25 November 1951).
WFAN "again shows Mr. Motley's ability to write hard-hitting prose, but it is as overwritten as KOAD and less persuasive, less real. The author obviously is a writer of serious purpose who works prodigiously, but thus far he has designed life to fit a meaning rather than a meaning to fit life."

95. Notice of WFAN. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (25 November 1951).
"A novel of the underworld of postwar Chicago politics seen through the eyes of three men who are corrupted by it."

96. The '30s Revisited." *Time* (26 November 1951).
"If sincerity were enough to make a good novel, WFAN might be a minor masterpiece. It has few vivid moments: a comic meeting of ward heelers, a warm glimpse of a Polish family. But for the most part its political sermonizing stirs unhappy memories of the 'proletarian fiction' of the 1930s. In 560 closely printed pages, that is too much of a bad thing."

97. Foree, James L. "Book Review." *Philadelphia Tribune* (27 November 1951).
Perhaps comparable to *All the King's Men* in having idealists fail, political honesty be impossible, and holding back nothing, WFAN unfortunately reveals Motley taking up space "in repeating himself."

98. Jackson, Joseph Henry. "Bookman's Notebook." *San Francisco Chronicle* (29 November 1951).
Both important and powerful, WFAN "is a depressing piece of fiction if you choose to take it that way." Yet the effect of the book is weakened by having too much plot—enough "for two or three novels."
Published also: *Los Angeles Times* (30 November 1951).

99. Kingery, Robert E. Review of WFAN. *Library Journal* (1 December 1951).
Derivative from Dos Passos, WFAN "moves against a background of class hatred, and machine politics. It's a dim view of life, indeed, with the writing far ahead of the content. Recommended only where popular demand is met or where attention must be given to fiction of serious intent, competently written."

100. Davis, Ken. "Angry Sociological Novel by an Author Who Tries Too Hard." *Columbus Citizen* [OH] (2 December 1951).
WFAN is "an obvious Farrell-type novel of the brutal realism school with esoteric overtones from the fringe of the avant-garde authors." Motley—"a very angry sort of person"—"degenerates into mouthiness, into a confused searching for oblique approaches to what he wants to say." Finally, it is "an exhausting party, friends."

101. Mulford, Ralph. "'WFAN' Largely An Empty Net." *Charlotte Observer* (2 December 1951).
Never does WFAN become "monotonous or dull. It is the work of a great mind, but one that appears to be groping in the dark. Possibly Motley, who is a Negro, has gotten much out of his system with this volume and will go to something greater and more meaningful. It would be a shame if he didn't, for his capabilities are good."

102. Sutton, Calvin. "Characters' Clarity Stands out in 'WFAN'." *Fort Worth Star* (2 December 1951).
A challenge to Farrell as "analyst and observer of Chicago's melting pot slums," Motley with WFAN "has proved that KOAD was not a flash of creative talent to be topped or equaled by no later work."

103. Weir, Marion E. "Postwar Corruption." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (2 December 1951).
An "even more impressive book" than KOAD, WFAN "establishes Mr. Motley as one of our best writers today" and is a "powerful indictment of present day standards and yet compassionate toward all men who have visions of a better world and who, frustrated by war or inability or self-interest, lose all their bright dreams and hopes."

104. Notice of WFAN. *Milwaukee Journal* (2 December 1951).
"A powerful panoramic novel of postwar Chicago and ex-soldiers who came back from World War II wounded physically or spiritually. . . ."

105. E., L. F. "Three Youths From Chicago." *Winnipeg Tribune* (8 December 1951).
"No one will deny" that in WFAN Motley "has the gift of words to bring the city violently to life. A great deal of the writing is excellent. That is about all which can be said. What might have been a crackerjack novel becomes wobbly and enfeebled through sheer weight of devious material which seems to serve no purpose."

106. Gray, James. "Counsel of Despair." *Saturday Review of Literature* (8 December 1951).
Having in WFAN replaced with "dogged throughness" the passion of KOAD, Motley "offers familiar counsel of despair. . . . He appears to be suffering from the Cotton Mather complex, an obsession with one's own sadistic eloquence. Sinners, be damned! he seems to say."

107. W., C. "Three Defeated Men." *Hamilton Spectator* [Ont.] (8 December 1951).
"A long novel of raw realism in the Dos Passos-Farrell manner," WFAN assumes exhaustion of moral force. Further, "Motley has been compared with Dreiser. As his sentences are shorter, Motley is easier to read. But short sentences are no vehicle for the nuances of wit and feeling which make Dreiser's works live."

108. Notice of WFAN. *Moose Jaw Times-Herald* (8 December 1951).
"What KOAD did for the West Madison slums, Willard Motley now does for the underworld of Chicago ward politics, and the broken men who returned to an empty peace."

109. Murway, Richard. "Caught Nothing." *Indianapolis Times* (9 December 1951).
WFAN proves that "when a novel is written with great intensity of feeling and deep convictions of right and wrong, it can override a number of fairly serious faults and remain a rich experience for the reader."

110. Review of WFAN *Detroit News* (9 December 1951).
"It would be pleasant to say this novel equals the author's memorable KOAD—but it doesn't. It is dreary 'naturalism' without the saving grace of creative synthesis."

111. Review of WFAN. *Wilmington Star* (9 December 1951).
With unconvincing characters, in a style "cynical, bitter and at times

obscure," WFAN "fails to live up to the promise of the author's first novel, KOAD."
Published also: *Atlantic City Union* (13 December 1951); *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (23 December 1951); *Fullerton News-Tribune* (24 January 1952).

112. G., E. M. "Cynical Censure Of Modern Life." *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* (15 December 1951).
WFAN is "a hard pill to swallow for it lashes out at nearly every phase of democracy. It features the seamy side of life in all its wretched reality. It is big and forceful and the author has shown a remarkable study of the complexity of social relations but he has been ruthless with his deductions. Every character is a deplorable crook, schemer, racketeer, radical or a near-sexual maniac. There is nothing pleasant about this book but it has power in its cynical censure of modern life." The book might be "listed among the great American tragedies."

113. Fuller, Edmund. "Rise of A Faker." *Philadelphia Inquirer* (16 December 1951).
WFAN is "a massive book, with many moments of power, and fine qualities. In the sum, however, it is a little disappointing."

114. M., W. B. "A Slice of Life." *Montreal Gazette* (22 December 1951).
WFAN is "tough, mostly about tough people—the ones who aren't are the hurt, the casualties. Motley, successor to Dreiser and Farrell, tells a brutal story about a slice of American society. He's on another trail completely from the modern authors who take a book to tell about the inside of one man's mind. He's concerned with many men and the women who love them."

115. Review of WFAN. *San Francisco Call* (22 December 1951).
"There is tremendous sincerity in this book, brutal and tortured though it is. There also is implied compassion and ultimate hope for humanity."

116. G., R. A. "Novel Delves Into Depths of the Mind." *Victoria Daily Colonist* (23 December 1951).
The reader "not averse to strong language and a liberal dash of sex" will find WFAN "good entertainment," for Motley "not only delves into men's minds but brings out the worst in all his characters and they are either oozing out of or slithering into the gutters of Chicago's slum areas."

117. Simak, Clifford D. "Chicago Trio Gets Little Sympathy." *Minneapolis Tribune* (23 December 1951).
The author of WFAN "smolders with too much anger and resentment. Never for a moment does the tone of the book lift itself above a depressing monotone." The author of KOAD "deserved to write a better second novel than this. There is no doubt he can write a better novel than this. Probably this would be a better novel if he didn't get his reader so depressed and so worn out before the thing is done."

118. Swados, Harvey. "Angry Novel." *Nation* (29 December 1951).
Whether anti-war or proletarian in WFAN, Motley has failed to leave naturalism behind: "The paradoxical truth is that while realistic novels like Mr. Motley's have a superficial correspondence to the facts of American life—so that to Europeans they probably have the quality of revelation—in actuality they express all too little of the inner quality of our existence and seem rather like the troubled utterances of writers who feel that they should have something strong and polemical to say about the ugliness of the post-war world but do not quite know what it is they must say, or even how it should be said."

119. "WFAN." *Vancouver Sun* (29 December 1951).
Motley—"a young Chicago negro"—with WFAN has written a "discoursive, undisciplined, episodic novel reminiscent of the 'proletarian' fiction of 20 years ago." Using "raw, steam-roller effects," Motley has "one or two effective scenes in the book but mostly it is just coarse—and rather silly."

120. Jenkens, Jay. "Motley Novel." *Raleigh Observer* (30 December 1951).
Lacking the "one-two punch" of KOAD, in WFAN "it may be that Motley tried to include too much . . . for he is one of the better writers in the tough-as-nails school. Next book, perhaps, he will get a leaner theme and fulfill the promise he exhibited in KOAD."

121. Review of WFAN. *Pomeroy East Washingtonion* (3 January 1952).
WFAN "reveals the emotional intensity and intellectual integrity of a major creative talent."

122. Huckvale, Jane E. "Books in Review." *Letheridge Herald* [Alberta] (5 January 1952).
In WFAN Motley "lacks the craftsmanship to develop an intense interest in the outcome of his jerkily constructed narrative. He is inspired by bitterness. . . . To what extent the fact that Willard belongs to an oppressed minority group—he is a Negro—is responsible for his furious bitterness it is hard to say since there is no direct reference to it."

123. Shulman, Irving. "Novelist divides modern man into three parts." *Los Angeles Times* (5 January 1952).
Good in background and motive and intensity, WFAN fails "because its symbolic men and women are nothing more than stiff and stereotyped moralities, single dimensional shades, and as such there is seldom a feeling of reality about the principals or secondary players."

124. "Vast, Hardbitten Novel." *Nashville Tennessean* (6 January 1952).
WFAN is "a long, hardbitten (also on occasion, adolescently sentimental), lusty piece of fiction, ultra-modern and frank," yet "the only polish to the book is the lack of it, deliberate or otherwise."

125. Joost, Nicholas. "Without ethos or eschatology." *America* (12 January 1952).
Destined for popularity for "its unintentionally comic portrayal of life in Chicago as a dour marathon of sex, liquor, and chicanery," WFAN is yet "a novel of dismay, a novel without an ethos and without an eschatology—yet it purports to discuss good and evil and the relation of God to man. But human nature cannot be adequately defined within the framework of a muddled, murky, materialistic sociology. Neither is despair the answer to Mr. Motley's question; neither does the class struggle give men a valid ideal to live and die for."

126. McStay, Angus. "Believes General Strife Best Way to Brotherhood." *Toronto Globe & Mail* (12 January 1952).
The "parade of unsavory characters" in WFAN is scarcely the people to suggest spiritual and economic renewal; Motley's "lengthy sociological tract" suggests irresponsible actions and "says nothing new."

127. Watson, John L. "Not Nice People." *Toronto Saturday Night* (16 January 1952).
The characters of WFAN are "beyond salvation and death is the kindest

thing that can happen to them. Reading WFAN suggests that there's nothing wrong with Chicago—nothing wrong with western civilization—that a few well-placed atom bombs couldn't cure."

128. Review of WFAN. *Edmonton Journal* [Alberta] (19 January 1952).
In WFAN the author "always has a whole basket of chips on his shoulder, and he will knock them off himself if no one else will!"

129. Review of WFAN. *Louisville Courier-Journal* (27 January 1952).
Motley "has important material in his hands in this book. . . . But he also has too many people and too many plots and too much political haranguing—in short, too much of a load for any single novel to carry."

130. Notice of WFAN. *Chicago Library Book Bulletin* (February 1952).
"A novel of social protest showing the disastrous impact of World War II experiences on three G.I.'s who return to Chicago."

131. Review of WFAN. *Baltimore Independent Woman* (February 1952).
Not so good as KOAD, WFAN is "a fine piece of work which demonstrates the capacity of the author for fresh inventions and continuous growth and leaves no doubt as to his creative vitality."

132. McCaslin, Walt. "Motley Book Misses Goal." *Portland Journal* [OR] (10 February 1952).
Erratic, formless, stereotypical, WFAN shows that compassion without craft is sadly used.

133. "And Caught Darn Little." *Denver News* (24 February 1952).
WFAN does not belong on the best-seller lists, for it is "a well-intentioned jumble"; Motley "should be warned . . . that the unsubtle proletarian novel per se is out of vogue and rasps as gauche on readers who have seen the same end accomplished with greater literary skill."

134. Parish, Philip. Review of WFAN. *Oklahoma City Oklahoman* (2 March 1952).
". . . the central character is well realized in the early stages and then distorted for the story line. The minor characters and the settings are vivid."

135. Notice of WFAN. *Montreal Star* (15 March 1952).
". . . a terifying picture of confusion and corruption."

136. "New Books In Library." *Saint John Evening Times* [New Bruns.] (21 March 1952).
WFAN "has again revealed the emotional intensity and intellectual integrity of a major creative talent."

137. "Signet Books." *Sacramento Union* (18 July 1954).
A story of "vice and final death in the electric chair," KOAD is "the best of the Signet paperbacks for July. The story, by Willard Motley, is terrific. More than a million copies have been sold."

138. Notice of KOAD. *Oakland Tribune* (25 July 1954).
"An unsparing, compassionate and shocking story of youth in a futile struggle to overcome the inescapable influences of sordid slum conditions."

139. Review of LNMWME. *Virginia Kirkus Bulletin* (1 June 1958).
Narcotics addiction is "the overwhelmingly dominant theme" of Motley's third novel, and the plot is "almost incidental to the expose of the tragedy of addiction, of pushers, perverts, prostitutes, crooks, gangsters, small and large—and of the few, the very few, in authority who care enough to risk unorthodox means to help."

140. Review of LNMWME. *Bangor News* (26 July 1958).
In LNMWME Motley continues the story told in KOAD. A "brutally frank and deeply theatrical writer," he has told "a strong, pounding story, full of depth and well-rounded, not happy but trimuphant and leaving echoes which are sobering indeed."

141. Greenwood, Walter B. "Motley's Non-Conformists Prove a Motley Crew." *Buffalo Evening News* (2 August 1958).
Because the characters in LNMWME are Chicago's "thieves, drunkards, murderers and dope fiends," Motley's pity is "unwarranted and gratuitous . . . the reader is asked to love these bums." Hence "it's the striving after nonconformity that corrupts truth and reality," making the new novel "a ludicrous, pitiful thing."

142. "The Beast Beneath the City." *Albany Democrat-Herald* [OR] (2 August 1958).
Written in Mexico, LNMWME is a "long story, reading like fictionalized biography" and having on each page "movement, color, feeling."

143. Barley, Rex. "Slum Horrors Starkly Told." *Los Angeles Mirror* (4 August 1958).
"In spite of occasional passages which make the reader uncertain whether he is reading a documentary or a novel, LNMWME has an important and gripping story to tell and tells it with enormous power and intensity."

144. Hogan, William. "A Bookman's Notebook." *San Francisco Chronicle* (4 August 1958).
LNMWME is "probably the least appetizing novel to appear since Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*"; and, although the author "appears to be a derivative writer, influenced perhaps by Langston Hughes as well as proletarian American writers of 20 years ago," Willard Motley is a "vivid, uninhibited writer who deals quick, stunning scenes to create a kaleidoscopic montage of slum life and types."

145. Davis, M. E. "Reading for Pleasure." *Wall Street Journal* [Pacific Coast Edition] (6 August 1958).
"Every form of vice, crime and degradation possible or imaginable" is displayed in LNMWME, making the novel "out of bounds for the squeamish," yet descriptive of a Chicago changed since Sandburg described it.

146. Hicks, Granville. "Art and Reality." *Saturday Review of Literature* (9 August 1958).
Motley's LNMWME is naturalistic in detail and in theory: "The difficulty is that he has only occasionally been able to embody his intuition in dramatic form and has therefore had to rely on documentation."

147. R., W. H. "New Motley Novel Is Powerful Brew." *Springfield News* [MA] (9 August 1958).
LNMWME is "a turgid tale of booze and drug addicts, of gang warfare at the slum level; of soul-searching frustration, lust, honest and crooked policemen, violence, hate, gentleness, understanding and love."

148. Barkham, John. "Novel Portrays Life In Chicago Slums." *Philadelphia Bulletin* (10 August 1958).
Written in imitation of Farrell's fiction, LNMWME is done "in large segments of action and color, substituting violent hues for Farrell's uniform grayness." And, unlike KOAD, "this book has a distinctively affirmative note, which leavens its depressing overall realism."

149. Dempsey, David. "Skid Row Revisited." *New York Times Book Review* (10 August 1958).
Setting LNMWME in the slums of Chicago, Motley "hoists his trolley after the line has been abandoned. Nothing remains, in this immensely long, crowded and confusing novel about the downtown slum and the society from which it draws its victims, but to turn the screws tighter."

150. Gibson, Felton A. "The Second Generation." *Norfolk Pilot* (10 August 1958).
In this sequel to KOAD, "life has been restored, and no epitaph need be written."

151. Holmberg, Michael. "Good Crop Flourishes, Even Among Weeds." *Pittsburgh Press* (10 August 1958).
With LNMWME Motley probes Chicago's drugland: "Under Motley's microscopic eye and from his tape-recorded ear come the words, the sounds and the sights that show a good crop can flourish even among the weeds and poisons of Skid Row."

152. Houk, Norman. "Motley's New Shocker Succeeds in Boring." *Minneapolis Tribune* (10 August 1958).
Titled from "Robert Emmet's speech on his 1803 conviction for treason," LNMWME asks the reader to suspend judgment: "Most readers will accept that there is some good in the worst of us without having to wade through 467 pages of vulgarity, vice, delinquency, perversion and depravity, during which the point is belabored at such length that wickedness becomes a bore long before the end."

153. Hughes, Ed. "Filth of Slums Told in Brutal Motley Books." *Atlanta Journal & Constitution* (10 August 1958).
LNMWME "reeks of immorality, perversion and sex. From a lesser author it could be considered obscene trash. But from Motley the filth becomes an accepted part of an existence which few people know exists." If power counts, LNMWME will go "kneeing and gouging its way into the best-seller list."

154. Inman, Julia. "Motley Continues Story Of Chicago's Maxwell St." *Indianapolis Star* (10 August 1958).
Because Motley brings "compassion and a strange lyrical skill" to LNMWME, the "result is rather earthly and gloomy reading but not without its stories of heroism and hope."

155. Jones, Carter Brooke. "Mr. Motley's New Novel May Be Author's Best." *Washington Star* (10 August 1958).
Unfortunately naturalistic but artistically well written, LNMWME "will be highly praised and . . . will be a leading candidate for the National Book Award and could well win it."

156. Rogers, W. G. "Novel shows a sordid way to manhood." *Augusta Chronicle* [GA] (10 August 1958).
While the main character's story in LNMWME is familiar, "the lurid picture of the vicious slum existence will be hard to forget, emotion is dished out raw, and perhaps most unforeseen is Motley's evident belief that in our white society some benevolent forces are at work effectively to relieve the wretched lot of the poverty-stricken whether white or black."
Published also: *Bridgeport Post* (10 August 1958); *Chicago American* (10 August 1958); *Gabriel Valley Daily Tribune* (10 August 1958); *Toledo Blade* (10 August 1958); *New York Post* (17 August 1958); *Binghamton Press* (24 August 1958); *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (31 August 1958); *San Antonio Express* (14 September 1958); *Knoxville News-Sentinel* (7 December 1958).

157. Sanders, David. "A Major Voice for Naturalism." *Washington Post* (10 August 1958).
LNMWME is "a naturalistic novel, written not by a sociologist taking up fiction but by an artist whose chosen subject is the human condition. In his skill, Motley is quite comparable to such fellow Chicagoans as Algren and James T. Farrell."

158. Spieler, Cliff. "New Willard Motley Novel Powerful Tale of Chicago." *Niagara Falls Gazette* (10 August 1958).
Motley gives the characters in LNMWME the "understanding without which great fiction cannot be written," making the work perhaps "the most impressive novel of the year, hammering at the reader with the force of a *Compulsion*. It will drive us to a rereading of KOAD."

159. Weinberg, Stan. "Chicago Slum Crawls Again." *Dallas Morning News* (10 August 1958).
LNMWME is "like plunging headlong into a Salvador Dali painting, an experience discouraging to even the most hardened reader. The story is authentic, but the message gets lost in the telling."

160. Review of LNMWME. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (10 August 1958).
"Very likely to be a best seller."

161. "Underworld Story Grim But Gripping." *Miami Herald* (10 August 1958).
"Perhaps the impact [of LNMWME] is too strong. One wearies of unrelieved crime and suffering, of vice that seems to lead nowhere but to potter's field or the electric chair."

162. "The Wire-Recorder Ear." *Time* (11 August 1958).
More "querulous whimper" than "bellow of rage," LNMWME offers only "authenticity of setting and speech that recall Nelson Algren's excursion into the same territory. Unfortunately, Author Motley has not written another *Man With the Golden Arm*—but only a sort of Man With the Wire-Recorder Ear."

163. Turner, Jim. "Dope Addiction Is Novel's Topic." *Cleveland Press* (12 August 1958).
A sequel to KOAD, LNMWME is a story of "dope addiction and all the seaminess that goes with it." Motley "writes a savage indictment—one that is all the more effective because it offers hope that something can be done about it."

164. Algren, Nelson. "Epitaph Writ in Syrup." *Nation* (16 August 1958).
Unlike KOAD, LNMWME lacks pity and has only "a syrup that pours too slowly."

165. Horowitz, Bob. "Sequel to 'Knock'." *Navy Times* (16 August 1958).
With a few episodes perhaps "too rugged for comfort" and an ending perhaps unrealistic, LNMWME is a "relentless study of poverty and misery. Author Motley has turned a powerfully bright light on the most sordid level of American society, and although he avoids none of the grisly details, he doesn't point any puritanical fingers, either."

166. Kaufman, Georgia K. "'KOAD' Continued In Young Nick." *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel* (16 August 1958).

The plot of LNMWME "weaves in and out of many lives with great richness of description in the 188 episodes. Some readers will be repelled by the sordid and sex-ridden lives it portrays but none can come away without admiring the writing skill of Mr. Motley."

167. Review of LNMWME. *Air Force Times* (16 August 1958).
"Rugged in spots," LNMWME is a "study of poverty, misery and dope addiction. . . ."

168. Algren, Nelson. "Motley Novel Tackles the Dope Problem." *Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books* (17 August 1958).
The problem of LNMWME is that Motley "flies at times like Farrell, again like Wright, and then like Sandburg, but never in his own style. The result is a magpie's nest marking a kind of backward progress, since his first novel, from the derivative to the imitative."

169. Bryan, Jack. "Heroin Is the Villain." *Houston Post* (17 August 1958).
The villain of LNMWME is "heroin, the white powder with the wonderful initial kick followed by a lifetime of misery." As KOAD "sold more than 1.5 million copies," the new work "should reach the same rarefied atmosphere of publishing statistics. It is recommended for family circle reading, however, only among extremely broad-minded families."

170. Geismar, Maxwell. "Mr. Motley Again in Darkest Chicago." *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* (17 August 1958).
The tone of LNMWME—"theatrical or cinematic"—poses a danger to Motley's career, and the characters are stereotypically good or bad, but as local color the book is from "a poet of the urban underworld, and of its human ruins."

171. "Fiction." *New Yorker* (23 August 1958).
LNMWME "represents an excursion of Steinbeck's soft-boiled Cannery Row characters to Nelson Algren's hardboiled Chicago. The thinking is blowzily sentimental, the writing is bogus energetic."

172. Grant, William A. "Lengthy Gutter-Wallowing." *Louisville Journal-Courier* (24 August 1958).
Full of "scenes of degradation interminably repeated," LNMWME appeals only to the reader "who has a taste for wallowing in the gutter."

173. McLarn, J. C. "Low Life Of Chicago Is Theme Of 'Epitaph'." *Charlotte Observer* (24 August 1958).
More powerful than KOAD, Motley's third novel "is a strange book. It seems to have been written by someone bearing a cross. The theme of savage resentment of things as they are speaks from every page." Unfortunately, Motley shows little understanding of his characters' struggles.

174. Snyder, Marjorie B. "Fiction Deserving Attention." *Boston Herald* (24 August 1958).
LNMWME is "one of the important novels of 1958" and "a mighty novel with a trenchant message."

175. White, Barbara. "Dope's Pitiable Victims." *Columbus Dispatch* (24 August 1958).
Not an expose of the drug trade, LNMWME "begs the understanding of society": "The author is never brutal. His compassion would not allow that."

176. B., M. J. "Novel Shows Seamy Side of Addiction." *Richmond News-Leader* (27 August 1958).

Either LNMWME lacks concentration of plot or "we have now become immune to the simpler effects of naturalism. Terrible details no longer impress us on their own. Our sophistication requires that naturalism be transmuted by brilliant writing and special insights."

177. B., J. "Jungles In The Streets And Jetsam In The Jails." *St. Petersburg Times* (31 August 1958).
Unlike KOAD, LNMWME "has a distinctly affirmative note, which leavens its depressing overall realism." The novel is "a strong, moving, frightening, and—unfortunately—familiar tale."

178. Douglas, Bob. "Note of Hope Final Sorrow In Bad Sequel." *Little Rock Gazette* (31 August 1958).
LNMWME is an "unnecessary" sequel to KOAD, and the hopeful ending of the new novel "rings false."

179. Review of LNMWME. *Harper's* (September 1958).
LNMWME is "ungainly in style and organization, sprawling, a rather naive attempt at experimentalism, chiefly typographical. The intellectual point of view wavers between a crude sentimentality and a crude environmentalism. Yet by the end of the book Motley has achieved an effect of some power, simply by piling up detail after detail. . . ."

180. Review of LNMWME. *International Blue Printer* (September 1958).
Not for "the queasy-stomached," Motley's third novel is "a powerful book written with great compassion for not only its main characters but for all who have become addicted to dope and a life of vice, poverty, and degradation that accompanies it."

181. McDonough, James P. Review of LNMWME. *Best Sellers* (1 September 1958).
"Readers for whom information on the subject of drug addiction would not be superfluous could gain something from this book but for the most part it would not be a rewarding experience."

182. Review of LNMWME. *Booklist* (1 September 1958).
"A stark, sordid tale of society's dregs, told with an unsentimental compassion that is extremely moving."

183. "Drug Addiction Theme of Novel." *Syracuse Post-Standard* (6 September 1958).
LNMWME—though indicating "that Mr. Motley is beginning to run low on material"—is "a good cut above most of the current fiction."

184. Kentera, George. "Motley Sequel." *Newark News* (7 September 1958).
Nick Romano of LNMWME is "only a peg for the story. The chief character is Chicago itself, which Motley, with grating frequency, refers to as 'the blue-black panther of a city'."

185. N., B. C. "Chicago Slums. . . ." *Pasco Columbia Basin News* [WA] (22 September 1958).
Although novels of social protest are out of fashion, "in Willard Motley the decade has produced at least one novelist with sufficient power to make the nation's conscience hurt." LNMWME "assails our national smugness."

186. Review of LNMWME. *U. S. Lady* (October 1958).
"Good fast reading with a striking solution to the dope problem and some very fascinating characters, the latter to be described as a motley crew."

187. J., F. "In Search Of Their Paradise They Can Find Only Suffering." *Winnipeg Tribune* (18 October 1958).
LNMWME is "powerful proof that drug addiction in a 20th century city is an ugly thing, not resembling in the least the idyllic picture Tennyson painted" in "The Lotus-Eaters."

188. Blackburn, E. B. "Motley's Message Can't Be Ignored." *Memphis Commercial Appeal* (19 October 1958).
Although Motley deals solely with the bums and dregs of society, "it's impossible to keep from being bludgeoned with Motley's message." LNMWME is "strangely compelling, with the same compulsion you feel for looking at some secret, slimy thing you find when a rock is turned over."

189. Ehmann, Alan. "The Books." *El Paso Herald-Post* (24 October 1958).
Sometime in 1959 a movie of LNMWME will be released. In the book, "trying to convince the reader of the deterministic power of bad environment," failing in "literary craftsmanship," Motley esthetically ruins his work by strictly "concentrating his efforts on social disease."

190. Mackell, Peter. "Poverty And Vice." *Montreal Gazette* (25 October 1958).
LNMWME fails because only a master craftsman can turn sociology into fiction and because the author's "treatment of his characters is both superficial and flashy. He does not give the impression that he understands very much about the human weaknesses which lead his characters into vice and, in fact, even his underworld slang does not have the ring of truth."

191. Review of LNMWME. *Portland Oregonian* (26 October 1958).
"A natural for the movies." LNMWME is "distinguished by the same tight, tough writing" as in KOAD.

192. Review of LNMWME. *Nashville Tennessean* (9 November 1958).
In his third novel Motley loses control of his material: "Sugary sympathy for the boy Romano bogs him down. The writing is wooden. And politics gets in the way, too: bleeding-heart socialism."

193. Review of LNMWME. *Portland Express* [ME] (14 November 1958).
"If you like today's novels which deal so much with respair, frustration and degradation, then LNMWME will interest and maybe entertain you."

194. Black, Charles A. "Killer's Wife Hits the Skids." *Chattanooga Times* (16 November 1958).
Most of the slum dwellers in LNMWME "are fine people at heart: they just didn't get the breaks or they had a fatal chink in their armor. The scenes are realistic, tough, sometimes brutal—but they are thoroughly leavened with human intelligence and understanding."

195. Review of LNMWME. *South Bend Tribune* (16 November 1958).
Here is "exciting reading in an overdetailed, yet basically simple story of the slums and their victims."

196. Marx, Paul. Review of LNMWME. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (29 November 1958).
"That a core of dignity remains even in the most wretched is a truth that certainly is insufficiently realized. But to continually tell this to the reader in narrative and dialogue is to divest the characters of reality. The book contains much obtrusive moralizing and sentimentality, and Mr. Motley also makes his presence felt by an extremely self-conscious style. A novice might be excused for all this, but LNMWME is Mr. Motley's third novel."

197. Review of LNMWME. *Denver Post* (30 November 1958).

The hero's "fight for survival, aided by loving deeds of men who live in the mush of a big city, makes a powerful novel."

198. Review of LNMWME. *Cleveland Press* (9 December 1958).
Motley's story of narcotics is "a powerful one. The author writes a savage indictment—one the more effective because it offers hope that something can be done about the vice."

199. Tellyer, Pardner. Review of LNMWME. *Albuquerque Tribune* (20 December 1958).
Written in Mexico and Motley's third novel about Chicago, LNMWME gives "a glowing conviction that the true qualities of manhood can flourish and triumph regardless of the obstacles and pitfalls."

200. Reynolds, Jerry. "Digs Deep Into Slum Evils." *Des Moines Register* (21 December 1958).
Gripping plot and powerful characters make LNMWME far more than only "a penetrating editorial against the evils of dope."

201. M., M. "Grim, Sordid Tale Of a Slum Boy." *New Bedford Standard* (11 January 1959).
"In lively romps through Chicago gutters, the author [of LNMWME] traces vice to deep, sordid roots, and tries to show that something worthwhile occasionally emerges from this environment. The chief characters in the book, however, seem to be bitterness, violence and crime, with people around merely to supply the dirty words."

202. Flanigan, James. "Motley Knocks On Slum Door." *Toledo Blade* (23 August 1959).
If LNMWME "has a message, it is against the hypocrisy of people who choose to ignore the fact that this [slum] demi-monde exists. Willard Motley is too good a writer to let his message obtrude too much, however. Instead he gives us a starkly written and well handled story of human suffering and compassion, need and fulfillment, and invites us to draw our own conclusions."

203. Review of LNMWME. *Sioux City Journal* (28 January 1962).
Motley's third novel is "a relentlessly detailed, yet compassionate story of drug addiction and the vice, degradation and poverty that go with it."

204. "Willard Motley Dies in Mexico; Author of 'KOAD'." *New York Times* (6 March 1965).
Sergio Lopez, adopted son of Willard Motley, said the author died in Mexico City on March 4 of gangrene at age fifty-two. Motley had been hoping to finish the writing of "My House Is Your House" within a week. For the last thirteen years he had lived in Mexico, "a greatly talented but unfulfilled author of the naturalistic school. . . ."

205. News item. *Sioux City Journal* (4 April 1965).
"Willard Motley, author of KOAD, WFAN and LNMWME, completed another manuscript just before his death early in March. "Tourist Town," which Putnam will publish in the fall as its lead novel, is about a small Mexican seaside resort. . . ."

206. Etheridge, Mark, Jr. "When an Undiscovered Mexican Village Gets Discovered. . . ." *Detroit Free Press* (20 February 1966).
Like KOAD from nineteen years ago, LNBF is "a powerful document": "Motley had the spirit of a muckraker and the soul of a poet. He had the rare talent of being angry with the world and loving the people in it.

Through the multihued characters who populate Las Casas he has told his story without preaching its message."

207. Robinson, Tanna. "Willard Motley's Last Is Probably His Least." *Huntsville Times* (20 February 1966).
"The saddest part of [LNBF] is not the trash between the covers but the fact that Motley is a good writer. He handles a multitude of characters in a difficult episodic style, only to reveal up-to-the-minute hanky-panky. Occasionally he touches on the good story he seems capable of writing, that of a Mexican village as it changes from a survival economy to a tourist bonanza. Unfortunately he died soon after this book was completed. Was the research what done him in?"

208. Rudkin, W. Harley. "Books and Authors." *Springfield News* [MA] (23 February 1966).
LNBF is Motley's "valedictory. It is a good, warm, human story. . . . This is a realistic book, with high drama and low humor. It is too bad for all of us who are fond of good, original writing that we shall hear no more from Willard Motley. The loss is ours."

209. Casper, Linda T. "From The Bookshelf." *Boston Traveler* (24 February 1966).
"A reading of LNBF gives the impression that civilization is boredom and sin its only recreation. . . . The theme apparently was transported from the slums of Chicago when Motley, author of KOAD, moved to Mexico in 1952. This is Motley's final book; and luckily not his worst."

210. Poore, Charles. "Books of The Times." *New York Times* (24 February 1966).
Motley's "experience with Mexican life was deep. His revulsion against touristic shallowness was strong. In LNBF he created a memorable picture of the clashing meeting of north and south."

211. B., C. A. "Motley's Novel Unfolds Destiny Of Spoiled Eden." *Buffalo Evening News* (26 February 1966).
"With Willard Motley dead at 52 and his new novel just now posthumously issued, perhaps there is no point in asking why the author of KOAD never fulfilled the promise that seemed so bright in 1947." Whatever the reason, LNBF is "his last and his poorest" novel.

212. W., H. L. "Swan Song Best Book." *Hartford Times* (26 February 1966).
LNBF is "far and away . . . [Motley's] best. In some ways it is a stunning achievement that graphically marks the maturing of his story-telling powers."

213. B., J. C. "Americanization Of Las Casas A Defilement." *Lincoln Journal & Star* [NB] (27 February 1966).
In LNBF "selfishness and greed lead [mankind] to destroy his neighbor, his village, himself."

214. Coleman, Alexander. "All the Farther for Being Near." *New York Times Book Review* (27 February 1966).
LNBF "has no real direction. New characters are introduced catalog-fashion, with no depth or insight. The Americans are pallid and unconvincing, while the Mexicans shuffle through their roles . . . without any penetration at all into the elusive character of Mexico. Motley has fallen into every trap that the picturesque could offer. In doing so he makes this explosive and wild country a bore."

215. Goran, Lester. "The North American Corrupters." *Chicago Tribune Books Today* (27 February 1966).
LNBF is "too long and too sketchy at the same time, suggesting that had the author had more time with his manuscript his characters might have been more rounded, their affairs less starkly out of psyche textbooks and certainly repetitious."

216. Read, David W. "A Fast-Moving Novel." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (27 February 1966).
"An unsentimental, fast-moving, crowded novel about a town in Mexico, LNBF should find readers by the score. It is the last novel Willard Motley can write—he died in Mexico last March. Possibly, LNBF is his best novel, although readers of his best-selling KOAD may protest. Anyone who has ever gone to Mexico or thought of going to Mexico, or thought of not going to Mexico, should read LNBF, looking for himself along the way to the last page. It is an honest, compelling, realistic novel, and it will certainly shock tame readers into reassessing their own lives and towns."

217. Reynolds, Max. "Burying Boredom in Mexico Surf." *Houston Chronicle* (27 February 1966).
With shock-value and wit, Motley's LNBF is "written in a simple style. The short, effective sentences are a delight. His feeling for Mexico is deep. In his final book, Motley seems to have mastered the novelist's art. His delineation of many characters, with constantly changing scenes, supports this view."

218. Notice of LNBF. *Portland Oregonian* (27 February 1966).
". . . a long, episodic chronicle of the corruption of a Mexican seaside village."

219. Review of LNBF. *Chicago Heights Star* (27 February 1966).
Without all possible dispatch and strength, "Motley's final novel has all the magnificent styling and power we would expect."

220. Jones, Carter Brooke. "Caught in a Web Spun by Fate." *Washington Star* (28 February 1966).
With too many characters and too-frequently-shifting center, LNBF is, thanks to Motley's gifts, "immensely entertaining."

221. "Peyton Place." *Newsweek* (28 February 1966).
Considering LNBF alongside *Peyton Place*, the latter is "a model of Kiwanis propriety": "It is sad that, at the moment when Negro novelists are coming powerfully and relevantly into their own, one of the first to make an impression should, through the wrong kind of success, have lost his roots, his subject matter and his strength."

222. Review of LNBF. *Ebony* (March 1966).
"In his last novel the late author writes about the debauching of a small Mexican seaside village by American progress, American tourism and American sophistication."

223. Hill, Ed. "Eden Turns to Sodom As Expatriates Arrive." *New Bedford Standard* (6 March 1966).
"In LNBF. the late Willard Motley has collected a grab bag of stereotypes [and] moved them to Mexico."

224. Algren, Nelson. "The trouble at gringo gulch." *Book Week* (6 March 1966).
LNBF is Motley's "last, saddest and most skillful book—and his first book

altogether his own: a book about bored people by a bored man." With no "grasp of the economy of the world in which he lived," Motley was forced "to depend upon degeneration for subject matter." Finally, "Willard Motley was a subjerged personality. He was kind, courteous, magnanimous and gentle, but nobody ever got to know him. He was a Negro and a writer but he was not a Negro writer. His scene was always White Bohemia. His men and women spent their lives making gestures of great joy; their lives, they claimed, were full of zest. Yet all of them are woefully bored. And nowhere in all of Motley's work is there either zest or joy."

225. Hollister, Jon. "Spoilers Of Eden." *Pittsburgh Press* (6 March 1966).
With LNBF the reader "witnesses a human drama that is disheartening, but real. Many characters are involved, but the story is well pursued and well told. The book is published posthumously, and it is a shame that Motley, who wrote novels well (such as KOAD), cannot write more."

226. Robertson, Don. "Noble Savage Bites Dust of Civilization." *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (6 March 1966).
LNBF is, "by every standard used to judge fiction, an almost unbelievable disaster. It is superficial; it is slapdash; it is dull; it is dirty for the sake of dirtiness; its protagonists are wooden; it possesses neither wit nor rhetoric; it is empty, cheap, amateurish, an incredible melange of bad writing that is so hideously clumsy that one wonders whether perhaps it is some sort of hoax."

227. "Modern-Day Vandals With 2 Cameras Go South of the Border." *Miami Herald* (6 March 166).
Motley—"one of our greatest Negro writers"—with LNBF "had the skeleton of a fine novel. It is almost as though he knew death were at his heels and he had not time to develop it. As the author of KOAD and LNMWME, he will be remembered as one of our most powerful and promising novelists."

228. Donoso, Jose. "From Heaven to Hilton." *Saturday Review* (12 March 1966).
"An expose of corruption seems to be the author's intention" in LNBF. "But his story is so linear and so relentless in its tracking of decay . . . that it leaves no place for irony. Without irony, Willard Motley's compassion looks like sentimentality, and sentimentality is, in the end, lack of knowledge, of understanding, and of respect. . . ."

229. Altman, Peter. "Tourism Corrupts a Mexican Village." *Minneapolis Tribune* (13 March 1966).
"The weakness in LNBF is that in the shifts from the lyrical to the expository, we sense that the author is doing his duty conscientiously and not writing from his inspiration."

230. Cook, Bruce. "Wide, Wide World of Books." *National Observer* (14 March 1966).
LNBF "shows that Mr. Motley had made a firm step forward in a new direction; it also shows he had a good many more steps ahead of him."

231. "Novelist Motley's Books Made Millions, He Didn't." *Jet* (17 March 1966).
Motley died with no will written, and the direct sales to movie companies of KOAD (for perhaps $15,000) and LNMWME gave the estate "no money (or investments therefrom)."

232. Hallett, Betty A. "Why Descend to Trash?" *Monterey Peninsula Herald* (19 March 1966).

To publish LNBF—"drivel that passes for a novel"—is a disservice to Motley's memory: "I can't recall that I have ever been so bored by sin—but I found it unutterably dull. There is not one character in the book that I remember—or care to. I can feel only pity that such a once powerful and timely storyteller should descend to writing such trash."

233. Thomas, Phil. "Posthumous Look at Paradise." *Detroit News* (20 March 1966).
"This is a grim book and an angry one, as were all of Motley's novels. But the rage is greater here. In the first books it was the city that destroyed man, in LNBF it is man in unholy collaboration with the city destroying himself and his world and seemingly enjoying it."

234. Trainor, Marian. "Sun Has Harsh Brilliance." *Birmingham Eccentric* [MI] (24 March 1966).
Using "a panorama of exoticism" in LNBF, Motley "shows what the luxury hotel has wrought, making it implicitly clear, as he unfolds the stories of his crowded cast, in a long erotic saga told under the torrid noon-day sun."

235. Ferguson, William. "On[e] Mexican Village." *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel* (26 March 1966).
Telling of a village's life "in a powerful staccato style, and in depth," Motley never loses sight of his objective, but the reader is sometimes confused about the length of time that passes between episodes."

236. Friedman, Paul. "Then the Gringos Came." *Milwaukee Journal* (27 March 1966).
The reader of LNBF does not feel with the characters, for they are mere cardboard.

237. Heilman, Edward J. "Hackle-Raiser Deals With Mexican Town Tourists." *Sacramento Union* (10 April 1966).
LNBF will offend tourists, Catholics, and Mexicans; but "it is fascinating reading and may be a truer account of what is happening to Mexico than any government statistic."

238. Stearns, Murray S. "No More Villains." *Newark News* (24 July 1966).
"Motley had no more villains" for LNBF. "His characters are ludicrous, disgusting, boring or pathetic. . . . Though not an old man when he died, Motley somehow gives the impression he just wasn't young enough to be mad any more."

Illinois State University.

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