MIDAMERICA XXII

The Yearbook of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature

Edited by
DAVID D. ANDERSON

The Midwestern Press
The Center for the Study of
Midwestern Literature and Culture
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan
1995

Copyright 1995
by the Society for the Study of
Midwestern Literature
All rights reserved.
Printed in the United States of America
No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission
of the publisher.

In honor of
Douglas Wixson

PREFACE

With the observance of the Society's Twenty-fifth Annual Conference, the symposium "The Cultural Heritage of the Midwest" and the concurrent Midwest Poetry Festival in May 1995, this anniversary year concludes with the publication of *MidAmerica XXII*, containing the symposium's prize essay, Guy Szuberla's "George Ade at the 'Alfalfa European Hotel'" and the Festival's prize poem, Mary Ann Samyn's "Midnight in the Kitchen," as well as a varied and distinguished array of essays and the Annual Bibliography of Midwestern Literature for 1993, ably edited by Robert Beasecker.

Suitably, this *MidAmerica* is dedicated to Douglas Wixson, recipient of the MidAmerica Award for 1995 and author of *Worker-Writer in America: Jack Conroy and the Tradition of Midwestern Literary Radicalism, 1898-1990*. A work that exemplifies the excellent studies that Society members have contributed and continue to contribute to our understanding of the literature of our time and place, Wixson's study, a career-long pursuit, re-discovers and re-defines the work of a significant writer and a genre too long overlooked.

October, 1996

DAVID D. ANDERSON

Contents

Preface		5
Midnight in the Kitchen The Midwest Poetry Festival Prize Poem	Mary Ann Samyn	9
George Ade at the "Alfalfa European Hotel" The Midwest Heritage Prize Essay	Guy Szuberla	10
The Romance of Suffering: Midwesterners Remember the Homestead	Liahna Babener	25
The Public Helga Skogsbergh and the Private Johan Gidmark: Swedish Immigrants, Wisconsin Homesteaders	Jill Gidmark	35
Upton Sinclair: Never Forgotten	Dorys Crow Grover	41
Midwestern Voices and the Marginal Canon: Reconsidering Proletarian Fiction	James W. Boehnlein	50
The Indian Drum and Its Authors: A Reconsideration	Mary DeJong Obuchowski	60
Tone and Technology in Harriet Monroe's "The Turbine"	Marilyn J. Atlas	69
Vachel Lindsay's Crusade for Cultural Literacy	Lisa Woolley	83
Wanderers and Sojourners: Sherwood Anderson and the People of Winesburg	David D. Anderson	89
First Crop: Pioneers of Poetry in the Red River Valley of the North	Lawrence Moe	97
Clifford D. Simak's Use of the Midwest in Science Fiction	Mary Jean DeMarr	108
"This country has so many ways of humiliating": Bharati Mukherjee's Depiction of Midwestern Community Values	Roger J. Bresnahan	122
Ecocriticism and Midwestern Literary Studies: Some Points of Departure (and Arrival)	William Barillas	128
Annual Bibliography of Midwestern Literature	Robert Beasecker, editor	139
Recipients of the Mark Twain Award		Inside Back Cover
Recipients of the MidAmerica Award		Back Cover

MIDNIGHT IN THE KITCHEN

Mary Ann Samyn

Teeth and eyes, fish with open
mouths: fragile world she dreams of
like pictographs hung in museums
where she's been. She wants

The kitchen like a concert hall,
faint music of cornfields plowed
under, this small town gone.

She wants her knife and fork,
flash and gleam of Beethoven,
spotlight on her hands, fingers
plucking at the plate, strange harp.

Night is a half-note, small word.
Day rides like dirt in the wind,
a thickness, fields on her tongue.

She wants subtraction, chip of paint,
iridescent scale from the frame's
narrow fins. Then glass in pieces,
shutters come unhinged and banging,

wide throat of window, something
circling there or swimming through.

Royal Oak, Michigan

GEORGE ADE AT THE "ALFALFA EUROPEAN HOTEL"

GUY SZUBERLA

No one, without the heavy armor of qualification and a snootful of Jim Beam, will ever declare George Ade, author of *The Girl Proposition*, *The College Widow*, *Woman Proof*, and "The Fable of Sister Mae, Who Did as Well as Could Be Expected," to be a "feminist." Yet, in oblique and oddly congruent ways, his novel *Doc' Horne* (1899) finds a loose fit in Sidney Bremer's definition of the Chicago "Residential Novel," a genre she firmly identifies with feminist strategies for "'writing beyond' individualism and other masculine values" (85). Whether Ade's *Doc' Horne* moves beyond "masculine values"—as Bremer with a nod to Rachel Blau DuPlessis outlines them—is a question that leads to a simple and direct answer. It does not. The Residential Novel, according to Bremer, "recreated" a "woman's sphere" and an extended or idealized "civic family." Ade's novel embraces the value of its male characters' modest ambitions, humorously parades their assertions of individual will, and insists that certain retrograde Victorian pieties about "gallantry," love, and marriage make for the utmost common sense. The book can be read, on such points, as a companion piece to Ade's tradition-bound newspaper sketch, "The Advantage of Being 'Middle-Class.'" Despite all this, I want to argue—with a brace or more of qualifications—that Bremer's definition of the women's Residential Novel opens a useful perspective on *Doc' Horne* and Ade's particular and limited notions of the "civic family."

Bremer sees two large and largely separate traditions in early Chicago fiction: the "Standard Chicago Novel" and the "Residential Novel." (She does not take up *Doc' Horne* or Ade under either heading.) For her, Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* (1900), Robert

Herrick's *The Memoirs of an American Citizen* (1905), Will Payne's *The Money Captain* (1898), and Henry Blake Fuller's *The Cliff-Dwellers* (1893) represent the Standard Chicago Novel. These are, as she states, stories of an urban "melodrama": tales of a "lone" newcomer's struggle against the city; they record at once the "demoralizing impact" and "material grandiosity" of Chicago's civic life. Such stories of Chicago, "City of the Big Shoulders," emphasize a masculine public sphere and heroic acts of individual enterprise; they speak of the city's menace and its economic power through what Bremer calls an "exclamatory and explanatory rhetoric." Summing up this canon and its values, she concludes that its male authors ignored "the communal and organic continuities that were also a part of Chicago's story" (78-80).

That neglected part of Chicago's story fell to the women who wrote the Residential Novel. Cather's *The Song of the Lark* (1915), Clara Laughlin's *"Just Folks"* (1910), Elia W. Peattie's *The Precipice* (1914), and Edith Wyatt's *True Love* (1903) represent a tradition and literary genre that stressed family ties and participatory democracy, that valued social, "rural and urban continuities" (80). These authors, Bremer says at one point, "enmesh their characters in family networks. . . ." Even when a central character "strikes out on her own in Chicago," as Peattie's Kate Barrington does, she typically and quickly finds a "familial substitute." Through her central character, Peattie invokes and reiterates Jane Addams' vision of the city as "a great home" and a "civic family" (90). In short, the women's Residential Novel deploys a "communal protagonist," makes the group and the family network "the central character"—its authors inevitably prize the collaborative life and communal values over the hard-bitten city's commercial ethos of alienation and self-assertion.

Ade's *Doc' Horne: A Story of the Streets and Town* (1899) situates a group protagonist at its center. Though its title seems to announce a conventional lone hero, its miscellaneous cast of type-characters—Doc', the lush, the "lightning dentist," the actor, the book agent, the bicycle salesman, the freckled boy, and assorted other con men and transients—form themselves into a "small community" (101). The four or five principals and a rotating cast of supernumeraries rent rooms at the Alfalfa Euro-

pean Hotel, a clean if low-rent residential hotel "toward the smoky center" of Chicago's downtown (26). Their struggles and stories of ambition, set to the loose rhythms of an episodic plot, unfold on a modest scale; the novel's rhetoric seems archly domestic, faintly ironic, never keyed to a grandiose or exclamatory pitch. Unlike the Standard Chicago Novel, then, *Doc' Horne* mutes documentary evidence of the business world and discounts its assumed mythic power. We see these men at leisure, telling stories after work and outside business hours. Ade's translations of middle-class ideology, in fact, place this novel's ethos somewhere just outside both of Bremer's genre designations.

If Ade writes "beyond" the narrative and ideological forms of the Standard Chicago Novel, it does not follow that he's written a standard or new-form Residential Novel. Had Bremer considered Ade's *Doc' Horne,* she might well have argued that the very transiency of the all-male Alfalfa group, their evident detachment from family and their apparent indifference to an extended "civic family"—along with their removal from the settled routines of the village—demonstrate that they are cut off from those "evolutionary continuities" and "social bonds" defining the residential novel. Not all the lonely men in the Alfalfa Hotel set out to marry or to find a surrogate family. In the end, most remain bachelors, separated from what Bremer terms "a network of ongoing overlapping relationships" (87). The novel's narrative telos does not carry them onward into some idealized community and "civic family."

Ade scholars have often remarked that, in his journalism and in his fiction, he discovered or recreated within Chicago the intimacy and sense of community that tradition granted to Midwestern small towns and suburban villages. Perhaps better than anyone else, James DeMuth makes this claim in *Small Town Chicago*. Speaking of Ade's "typical story," he says:

> Ade will introduce a character as an isolated individual, usually new to Chicago and apprehensive about finding a secure place there. Then, as the story develops, Ade will carefully mute the character's apprehensions about employment, personal security, and social acceptance, which he had initially raised. He will unfold the various means by which an isolated Chicagoan is initiated into a wider and more secure community. Briefly and

THE ALFALFA EUROPEAN HOTEL

Plate 1. "The Alfalfa European Hotel." Line drawing by John T. McCutcheon from *The Chicago Record* (28 July 1897) showing Doc' and his circle before the Hotel entrance.

> unexpectedly, a character will be drawn into the lives of his neighbors to discover, if only for a moment, that the routine relationships of a small community are still possible in the large, intimidating city. (47)

DeMuth's formulation directs us to look to Ade's fitful if transient realization of the "small community" within the city: neighborhoods, boarding-houses, street corners, pool halls, and other examples of democratic social space. What he does not point out, however, are the many ways that Ade's "small community" depends upon what the anthropologist Fredrik Barth calls a "boundary-constructing process." The city's democratic space, as Ade plots and formulates it in *Doc' Horne,* alternately includes and excludes the outsider and codified "other." This novel implicitly constructs certain boundaries, giving particular significance to those that separate the Alfalfa European Hotel and its small community from Chicago's immigrant and ethnic groups.

Eighteen of the twenty-seven chapters of *Doc' Horne* first appeared in Ade's *Chicago Record* column, "Stories of the Streets and the Town." The untitled series ran intermittently in the *Record* in 1896 and 1897. For the finished novel, published in 1899, Ade rewrote sections, invented chapter heads, dropped certain episodes, and deleted several of James T. McCutcheon's line drawings. He generally shuffled the order of the original installments. To bridge gaps in the narrative and round out the ending, he added nine wholly new chapters. In an insertion clearly written for the novel, Ade addressed his readers as follows:

> In the succeeding pages, when it is related that Doc' and his companions moved in and about the hotel, it is not to be concluded that they had the hotel to themselves. Many strangers came to the desk and claimed their keys and rode upwards in the tremulous elevator. Men whose names do not appear and whose comments will be suppressed stood at a respectful distance and heard what Doc' had to say of love and life. (27)

Ade grants his readers what the critic Peter J. Rabinowitz calls "a license to fill" (148-54). We are to understand that events in the gaps and blanks of the text continue along a pre-ordained path: the conversations that are not heard still occur, the "many strangers" we do not see continue to exist and act in the shadowed background. Even without Ade's intrusive authorial announcement, we could infer their silenced presence—and much else—from one rough and ready rule of realism. Ade need not, through full and repetitive re-enactments, remind us that at all hours crowds of shoppers, workers, clerks, theater-goers, and others ebb and flow through downtown Chicago. Their presence or absence just outside the doors of the Alfalfa might be gathered from scattered references in the text and, of course, from our own assumptions about this urban world: in other words, from the sense of reality and those social constructs of the modern city that readers share with Ade.

AN EVENING SESSION

Plate 2. "An Evening Session," drawn by John T. McCutcheon, shows the bearded Doc', telling a story in the lobby of the Alfalfa European Hotel (*Doc' Horne,* 45).

But why should Ade first mention the "strangers" within the Alfalfa only to suppress further references to them? Why allude to the "babel of voices" and "squirming multitudes" outside only to indicate that, for the principal characters, they hold no palpable existent or significance (49)? We need not take too seriously Ade's whimsical suggestions that such erasures suit his convenience as a novelist busily managing already overcrowded pages. Ade's narrative strategies and general purpose run in far too many other directions. For one thing, suppressing detailed representations of the strangers within the Alfalfa draws a circle tightly around Doc' and his "little community." Doc' and his "satellites," as they tell their stories and exchange the secrets of their pasts, seem to emerge from the loneliness that grips them. Ade's erasure of the outside crowds and "strangers" within inevitably foregrounds Doc', his companions, and their "fellowship" (101). Such representations and actions, to recall Fredrik Barth, signal both community "membership and exclusion" (15).

That is nowhere more clear than in chapter two, "The First Symptom of Matrimony." The "lightning dentist," standing in the doorway of the Alfalfa one night, watches the deserted and rain-washed streets outside. Seeing two pedestrians slosh along, he pulls his coat collar up and "shivered with sympathy." From his perspective, we then see:

> Doc' Horne, the actor and the lush seated in drooping silence near the steam heater. They had moved their chairs toward the radiator as if to deceive themselves, but they knew the radiator was the coldest thing in the room. Doc' Horne had been attempting to read an evening paper. Even the paper was moist, for it did not crackle when he folded it and gave it a disgusted fling.
>
> "Bad night," observed the dentist, gloomily, rubbing his hands.
>
> "Miserable, miserable," said Doc' Horne. (9-10)

This unpromising exchange of tired greetings brings the four together. In the lush's room, they talk desultorily for a time, refuse their host's offer of whisky and seltzer, and, having exhausted "the commonplaces," Doc' proceeds to tell a long and complicated story about his brush with matrimony.

With a grandiloquent air and an assertive manner, Doc' expands to fill the part of the rustic sage.[1] If that role and the

intimacy it implies stand at odds with the urban setting and the immediate circumstances—he's known his three listeners but a short time—he more than makes up for it in his "reassuring" gestures and the engaging prologue to his tale:

> "Here we are gentlemen, four of us," said Doc' Horne. "All of us have reached the age at which men should marry—perhaps have all passed the age at which it is advisable to choose a helpmate." (12)

Doc' thus states and reifies their common identity. Of course, this community of bachelors—he poetically christens them "Benedicts"—does not represent the same continuities of a family and the enmeshing "family networks" that Bremer found in the women's "Residential Novel." But the Alfalfa group is nonetheless bound together by Doc's stories or, rather, by the cycle of stories and story telling that he initiates. This night, he tells a fantastic tale about his forced marriage to a Brazilian beauty. In subsequent chapters, a half-dozen or more Alfalfa residents, each in his turn, will tell an answering tale or two, and this exchange of secrets and personal histories—however exaggerated, boastful, and fanciful—will draw them into a "small community."

Ade contends, in lines much quoted since he wrote them, that "Chicago is a city made up of country people, . . . a metropolis having a few saving virtues of a village" (25). As if to support such claims, he casts nearly uniform accounts of the small town and rural origins of Doc' Horne and his companions. The "lightning dentist," like Ade himself, comes from "an interior county of Indiana"; the actor—aging, shabby. but dignified—hails "from a farm in Ohio"; the lush, from a "village" in New York. Ike Francis, proprietor of the Alfalfa, once ran a hotel in a country town. With the exception of the tough-talking "freckled boy," none of the Alfalfa crowd and, for that matter, almost no other principal characters that we see come from Chicago. Even the Alfalfa European Hotel, "overtopped by two mountainous structures," seems to stand apart from the city and the modern urban landscape that surrounds it (26).[2] Like the "lightning dentist," the hotel and its residents are "in the city but not part of it" (179).

Within the Alfalfa's rooms and office, Ade recreates the intimate scale and atmosphere of the village store, the loafers'

bench, and the neighboring farmer's front porch. The McCutcheon line drawings that show Doc' telling a tale in the Alfalfa lobby or before its entrance door could, with a few changes in detail, grace a story about a small town in the Midwest (plates 1 and 2). Though we see no pot-bellied stove, no feedbags, and no crackerboxes, though no one smokes a corncob pipe or chews on an alfalfa sprout, Doc' and his huddled circle still strike the iconic poses that Josh Billings and other rustic sages codified. Like them, the Alfalfa group forms a tight circle, leans forward to hear homely aphorisms and lines of native wit. The Alfalfa European Hotel in such scenes takes on the familiar comfort and insulated security of a sit-com space: the feel of "Cheers," that place "where everybody knows your name." Within the fictional space of the Alfalfa, Ade can exorcise the city's impersonal and alienating spirits. Doc' and the others in the Alfalfa "colony," as they tell their tales in the hotel office, return to Crosbyville, Pagowic, Plankinac, Leadville, and the other farms and villages that figure in their narratives. Or rather, they transform this bounded and islanded piece of the city into a surrogate country town.

As long as Doc' and company remain within the enclosure of the Alfalfa, so long as they stay within the homogeneous community that the Alfalfa preserves, they need not encounter "the other," need not confront the city's strangeness, immensity, and heterogeneous character. Ade's aphoristic assertion, "Chicago is a city made up of country people," frames this idea of community as a paradox. But, as Ade must have immediately recognized, it also stated a half truth. Little more than a half-dozen lines later, he acknowledges that Chicago is a city made up of new immigants *and* country people:

> In 1880 the population was 500,000 and few over. In 1900 it is to be 2,000,000, census or no census. Ask any real estate man. . . .
>
> Whence came the 1,500,000 increase? From Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, Poland, Russia, China, Austria, Greece, and any other country you choose to name. Also from all those towns set in close columns in the United States Postal Guide. (25)

In a Dreiser or Fuller novel, as Bremer has argued, such a recital of documentary facts and population figures typically

introduces a narrative of a lonely and lone newcomer struggling against the city and its "swarming hordes" and "conflicting nationalities" (Fuller, 53-54). For Ade, these population facts can speak of communities forming within the impersonal urban mass, newly formed neighborhoods of "country people" and new immigrants securing their homes and families in the city.

In his *Chicago Record* column, "Stories of the Streets and of the Town," Ade had generally written about Chicago's new immigrant population and the attendant questions of assimilation and immigration with a strained optimism.[3] He could joke, as his friend Finley Peter Dunne had, about the earnestness and intellectual exertions of those who debated "the immigration problem." In "The Intellectual Awakening in Burton's Row," for example, he restated rather fully the 1890s favorite arguments for and against immigration restriction. To the debater at "the lap supper" who contends that "we are all foreigners," Ade supplies a winningly comic argument: some of us "got here twenty years ahead" of the rest. Those at the supper who would, in one way or another, restrict immigration stumble over the arguments raised by their good neighbors who, as it turns out, represent the groups they want to restrict (Meine, 42-44).

"The Junk Shops of Canal Street," a sketch of a Russian-Jewish neighborhood south of Chicago's loop, typifies Ade's distanced yet benign understanding of the city's poor immigrant communities. This community lies in a "backward region." Its boundaries stand out clearly: "passing 12th Street one could imagine himself out of Chicago." And yet this foreign territory swarms with children, "happy, . . . plump and healthy." For them, "the second generation," Ade predicts future prosperity and assimilation:

> In this second-hand strip and along the overcrowded streets leading off to the west reside many Russian Jews, new to American privileges, but half-recovered from the persecution which held them down for generations. . . . If frugality and untiring industry count for anything this district will work out its own salvation. The second generation will do business in tall brick buildings like those up toward Van Buren Street. In the heart of this populous settlement stands the magnificent Jewish

> training school, a voluntary contribution by the representative Jews of Chicago to their less favored brethren. (Meine, 80-81)

If Ade found the Russian-Jews' language "strange," felt their signs and playbills "in the angular characters of the Hebrew alphabet" to be disorienting, and characterized their "little cheap stores" as "queer," he nevertheless declared that the immigrants' new commercial enterprises and the "manual training" school constituted a "hopeful sign" of a coming assimilation (Meine, 81). He charged, in his concluding paragraph, that "poor people" pay "more dearly" than "families on a boulevard" for "home comforts." Their homes and stores might be called "picturesquely dull and smoke stained," but the rooms in them were "stuffy" and the yards behind them a "tangled mass" of "decrepit wagons" and "worthless odds and ends" (Meine, 82-83). To be sure, Ade's reporting, even here, generously mingles condescension with his subdued outrage, but it never disguises the squalor, overcrowding, and injustices ruling Canal Street.

Because he was given to writing in the shorthand of character-types, Ade's representations of immigrants sometimes edged towards conventionalized formulas and, on occasion, lurched into the racial typologies of the time. "Clark Street Chinamen," "Olof Lindstrom Goes Fishing," "Sidewalk Merchants and Their Wares," "Some of the Unfailing Signs"—these and other columns played up the immigrant as type-character: exotic, picturesque, and bewildering in manner. Ade criticized the politics of foreign anarchists, tittilated his readers with reports on "the Chinaman" and the "territory that few white men ever . . . explore"; he worried over the work ethic of the new "broad-shouldered immigrant" who prefers to become a peddler (Meine 118, 164, 111). In such columns, Ade wrote to the prejudices of his "American" readers, fixing boundaries that confirmed the immigrant's otherness and privileged the American character and community. Consider the following comments on immigrants and Italian immigrant children from his column on "Sidewalk Merchants and Their Wares":

> The rush of immigration is responsible for the unloading in the streets of Chicago of the cheap and picturesque ragamuffins to be found in the poverty districts of European cities. Five years ago the Italian children who played and sang on the street corners were regarded as novelties. Now the streets swarm with them. . . .
>
> They tag at coat-tails and beg for pennies. With noisy concertinas and capering dances they infest saloons. The smallest girls have learned the vulgar dances of the day. . . . (Meine, 111)

He goes on to complain about Italian "flower girls": they are "saucy, forward, and with a frightful knowledge of the things which children should not know. . . ." His indirection and halting reticence about sexual matters does not not blunt his suggestive point. These "frowsy young creature[s]" of Clark Street—he does not call them prostitutes—wander through basement taverns at "the hour of midnight" soliciting money for flowers (Meine, 111)

Ade's rhetoric and his fears, his fierce yet subtle moral condemnations, add up to an indictment of "the rush of immigration." The "swarm" of children, which were viewed with such charity and optimism in "The Junk-Shops of Canal Street," also herald the spread of poverty, the kind that's already corrupted "European cities." In this sketch, the "second generation" fails to play its traditional part in the drama of assimilation. Such children will not be converted into Americans, but instead threaten the American city and its civic order and morality.

Such fearful visions and rhetoric slide far into the background of *Doc' Horne*. While Doc' and his circle sit comfortably inside the Alfalfa, the "swarm" of children, the crowds of immigrant peddlers, and the seductive flower girls seem invisible or nonexistent. And yet, the immigrant and ethnic presence in the city can be felt and, on occasion, seen and heard with a startling clarity. When Doc' and others in the Alfalfa community venture outside, Ade finds his occasion to realize this presence, to hint at some of the same fears that "Sidewalk Merchants and their Wares" disclosed openly.

We are treated, with little sense of any immigrant threat, to some comic representations of the German tavern and beer garden. The lush tells a rambling story, a kind of ethnic joke, about the thick-wittedness of Germans. He once caused consternation, he says, by ordering a "German cocktail" at a "German garden"; the waiter, manager, and a "conference of bartenders"

make it, after a good half-hour, with Pilsener beer, Rhine wine, and assorted fruits (115; *Chicago Record,* 14 July 1897). At another point in *Doc' Horne,* an insurance agent who has quarrelled with his rather imperious wife comes to live at the Alfalfa. As he tells his story, we learn that, among other things, he and his wife exchanged hard words about his visit to a German tavern. He characterizes it as "a saloon—nice, quiet German place." She, in her turn, sniffs at his breath, at his drinking, and at the German owner's name—for her the unpronounceable "Schamwurst." Snubbing the German as "this man," she marks off with contempt the social line that, she makes clear, her husband should never have crossed (96-97).

These slight episodes might not bear mentioning, save that Ade reprises their story lines—and the social boundaries and ethnic divisions they express—in a subsequent tale about the Lightning Dentist. Following the necessary and appropriate introductions, he meets a Miss Laura Tupham in a "German garden on the north side." He first finds her attractive, and, having just had a lovers' quarrel, promptly falls into his characteristic romantic reverie. To his great despair, she, like the others in their party, drinks a beer. He now knows that he cannot marry her. He discovers that, though he's destined to live in Chicago, he still judges people and moral questions by what he acknowledges to be "the narrow code of the fanatical village" (177-79). Like the insurance agent's wife, he divides the city and his own world into two parts: on one side, a recreated village, defined by the standards of "the community in Indiana" that he left years ago; on the other side, the "cosmopolitan" and immigrant city, represented by the German beer garden, the German saloon, and the strange ways of those from outside his village.

It is Doc's encounter with immigrant and ethnic Chicago, however, that constructs this boundary line with the fullest clarity. Doc', having imprudently given his name to a fradulent patent medicine scheme, is arrested, wrung through headlines in the yellow press, and finally brought to trial. Though the court proceedings clear him, he's deeply embarassed by the "infamous" stories of his arrest and brush with jail. What Ade emphasizes, in taking Doc' and the "colony" outside the Alfalfa, are the ambiguities of the social space these characters inhabit.

Within the Alfalfa Hotel they are surrounded by immigrant and ethnic Chicago, and yet they seem to live separate from it. They have constructed an islanded existence.

Once in the station house and the court room, Doc' and his supporters must confront another Chicago. They meet—as they do nowhere else in the novel—"glistening negroes," "placid Chinamen," and "restless Italians" (274-75). A Detective Clancy, an archetypal Irish cop, arrests Doc'; "a negro who made a business of signing bonds" secures his release before the trial (268). Ade had, in the third chapter, noted the existence of this multi-ethnic city, when he blandly recorded Chicago's growing immigrant population and catalogued the names of the foreign countries that contributed to it. Not before this station house scene had he recognized or represented the city's African-American population. To Doc', the lush, the freckled boy, the dentist, the book agent, the bicycle salesman, and his other supporters from the Alfalfa, this heterogeneous city—mentioned allusively as the "squirming multitudes" and heard only as a "babel of voices"—can hardly be said to exist (49). They retreat from its strangeness and the phantoms it conjures up. To summon their fears, Clancy need only remind them that in jail Doc' "might get in with a bum or a Chinaman, or any one" (263).

Ade's vision of "community," as he redacts it through the Alfalfa "colony," projects a limited and exclusory ideal. The men of the Alfalfa, from small towns and of established American identities, view with some suspicion and with narrowed eyes those outside their group, even when like the dentist they seem most self-conscious of their own narrowness. Their "fellowship," as Ade dramatizes it at moments of crisis, stands up as genuine and sincere. But almost nowhere does he suggest, as did Jane Addams and the authors of the women's Residential Novel, that it reached beyond their "small community" to a larger "civic family." Like the flaneurs and boulevardiers of impressionist paintings, whom they otherwise so little resemble, they are uneasy in the new democratic spaces of the city. Confrontations with immigrant and ethnic characters, those marked as the other, may be rare here, but, for that reason, they seem all the more discomforting and disorienting. Early in the novel, the dentist gave a sympathetic glance to those outside the Alfalfa

walking and shivering in the rain. It stands as characteristic of his vision and Ade's imagined community that he should measure out such sympathy from a distance, and then turn within the Alfalfa for fellowship.

University of Toledo

NOTES

1. DeMuth notes that the character of Doc' was based on a popular vaudeville performer, described in an Ade column as "an amiable old falsifier, not unlike 'Lightnin,' so delightfully played by Bacon" (DeMuth,52).
2. McCutcheon's illustrations, in the *Record* and in the book publication, appear to contradict this. The Alfalfa, shown as five stories tall in both line drawings, stands about two stories higher than the neighboring building to its right. See the plate in the novel (24) and the foreshortened line drawing in *The Chicago Record,* 28 July 1897.
3. Ade supplied these titles for the book publication. The sketches originally appeared untitled in his *Chicago Record* column, "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." My source for the text of these columns, except where otherwise noted, is the collection edited by Franklin J. Meine, Chicago Stories (Chicago: Regnery, 1963). Cited parenthetically in the text as Meine.

WORKS CITED

Ade, George. *Chicago Stories.* Ed. Franklin J. Meine. Chicago: Regnery, 1963.

———. *Doc' Horne: A Story of the Streets and of the Town.* New York: Grossett, 1899.

Barth, Fredrik. *Ethnic Groups and Boundaries: The Social Organization of Culture Difference.* Boston: Little, 1969.

Bremer, Sidney J. *Urban Intersections: Meetings of Life and Literature in United States Cities.* Urbana: University of Illinois Pr., 1992.

DeMuth, James. *Small Town Chicago: The Comic Perspective of Finley Peter Dunne, George Ade and Ring Lardner.* Port Washington: Kennikat, 1980.

DuPlessis, Rachel Blau. *Writing Beyond the Ending: Narrative Strategies of Twentieth-Century Women Writers.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1985.

Rabinowitz, Peter J. *Before Reading: Narrative Conventions and the Politics of Interpretation.* Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1987.

Russo, Dorothy Ritter. *A Bibliography of George Ade: 1866-1944.* Indianapolis: Indiana Historical Society, 1947.

THE ROMANCE OF SUFFERING: MIDWESTERNERS REMEMBER THE HOMESTEAD

LIAHNA BABENER

Recollecting life in the Midwest has always been an ambivalent exercise. Readers familiar with the memoirs of the region's most laureled literary fugitives—Hamlin Garland, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Susan Glaspell, Theodore Dreiser, Zona Gale, Glenway Wescott, Wright Morris, Loren Eiseley, among others—will recognize immediately the counteractive impulses of these writers to both validate and vilify their Midwestern roots.

Indeed, paradox sits at the heart of Midwesterners' self-conception. A curious blend of endearment and animosity has been identified by numerous critics as characteristic of the regional mindset. In a study published in 1992, James Hurt writes of Illinoisans' "mixture of affection and embarrassment" for their native locale (1), while Paul Ferlazzo has argued that heartlanders look upon their place of origin with "a complex mixture of pride and regret, . . . love and denial, . . . necessary dependence and inevitable rejection" (33). It is this prototypical double-mindedness that Hamlin Garland registers so acutely in his biting memoir of growing up on the middle border, where regional life is understood as a condition both hallowed and blighted, one that Midwesterners cling to avidly while they hasten to take flight from it.

While such sophisticated contrarieties are hardly surprising coming from the expatriate literati, significantly, they also underlie the plainspoken reminiscences of commonplace folk who stayed in their native region and later wrote affectionate remembrances of their childhoods. Intended primarily to celebrate the values of hard work and rural living inherited from pioneering parents, such memoirs verge off in unanticipated and often

unconscious directions, revealing a deep-seated, if unacknowledged, bitterness for the hardships endured on the homestead. Their unheralded authors—people like Ohio daughter Irene Hardy, Wisconsin native Victor Hass, Minnesotan Minnie Ellingson Tapping, and Iowan Cyrenus Cole, all of whom wrote prosaic accounts of growing up on small farms and in backwater towns in the Midwest—display the same ambivalence about regional life as do their more famous counterparts, albeit with much less self-consciousness.

In particular, the attitudes of such autobiographers toward work—the definitive force in their lives—are revealing. Raised under the ideological sway of Jeffersonian agrarianism, they were taught to exalt the labor of the earth. The propriety of cultivation and husbandry, and the larger mission of domesticating the wilderness, were the hallmarks of their world view, in conjunction with a reverence for the economic self reliance associated with independent yeomanry and the ownership of land. Almost entirely white middle- and lower middle-class descendants of European immigrants, these settler's children were schooled in the belief system to which their parents had given credence and which, of course, served the larger interests of American capitalism, a belief system affirming the functional necessity and moral efficacy of work; work was thought to be intrinsically worthwhile, it was the testing ground for character and true grit, and it was the instrument of personal betterment. While men's and women's tasks on the agrarian frontier differed, and while their expectations for fulfillment and success diverged, nonetheless a romanticization of labor fueled the activities of both genders.

Although experience tended to deflate the more idealized myths of westering for these early homesteaders, the trials of settlement did not dispel their closely held convictions about the venerability of work; indeed, if anything, their sufferings seemed often to entrench such precepts all the more firmly. The more egregious the hardships, the more pronounced was the need to vindicate their efforts through the comforting reassurances of supportive doctrine.

The legacy they passed on to their progeny—the ideology of work—was thus the operative ethos of Midwestern upbringing

and becomes the central subject—even the compulsive focus—of retrospective autobiographies of childhood: what work was done; how hard and how habitually children worked and their parents worked; how cheerfully they did their chores; how many chores they had to do; how upstanding was their labor. For these children, work was a way of life and an article of faith; as one autobiographer put it, "It was instilled in us that *work was necessary.* Everybody worked; it was a part of life, for there was no life without it" (West 73). As Elliott West has recently shown in *Growing Up With the Country,* a particularly incisive study of childhood on the frontier, children contributed fundamentally to the essential business of western settlement (and more broadly, to the objectives of capitalist politics): they assumed sizable responsibilities for the ongoing operation of farms and households, they mastered a diverse range of duties, they performed services to supplement family finances, and they concocted inventive strategies to make such toil tolerable if not pleasurable.

In spite of the philosophy of work under which they were raised and their own indispensability to the economy of household and homestead, however, as adults recollecting their youth, these men and women reveal a covert resentment of the labor that drove their lives and bent their parents. Though they often begin their narratives by proclaiming the standard dogma about the benefits of diligence, their narratives tell another story, an unwitting tale of deadening routine, arduous travail, and stifling duty. Rarely do these homespun writers assert their grievances; rather, their discontent emerges from beneath the accumulation of grim detail that they catalogue in the process of reproducing their world for the reader. Their utilitarian narratives tend to read like compilations wherein the piling on of particulars serves the unintended purpose of exposing the adversities of daily life.

Too, narrative chronology in these pedestrian memoirs is structured around work events in their pragmatic order (diurnal regimens such as firing up the kitchen stove, preparing breakfast, feeding livestock, going to the fields, gathering eggs, bedding down the animals, etc.; or seasonal practices such as tilling, plowing, fertilizing, weeding, husking, and harvesting). Work thus becomes not merely the governing mode of living, but the

deterministic principle which shapes remembrance and orders narrative.

Hence, though Midwestern autobiographers often claim fond devotion to the tasks that gave substance and direction to their days, contemporary readers may tease out the sometime embitterment that lies beneath such sanguine sentiments. Children's chores were often tedious, approached with a predictable blend of readiness and disinclination, as one autobiographer's retelling of his boyhood job demonstrates: "To have to milk two or three cows morning and evening is to be a slave to them, I know, but I felt my slavery less than my pride in being the eldest brother and bearing this responsibility. And I enjoyed milking, even the cantankerous, tough-uddered old Shorthorn and the Jersey that kicked like a horse" (Van Doren 42). In spite of the author's declaration that he found his work fun, the disagreeable cameo of the cows and the imagery of enslavement leave a more unsavory impression on the reader.

Though work was glorified by parents as felicitous activity, children often chafed under their tasks. Minnie Ellingson Tapping, for example, growing up on a Minnesota homestead, reports that her father "had an idea that to be happy we must have work to do," a prescription she tries to endorse, but the grueling inventory of duties that follows—gathering the wood, chopping the kindling, filling the woodbox, sweeping the porch steps, retrieving the wandering livestock and ushering them home, watering the calves, shelling corn for the chickens, pulling vegetables for the pigs, picking up and sorting fruit from the orchard, collecting the eggs, scaring the blackbirds from the cornfields, weeding the cornrows—seems hardly to evoke gladness. The author's dubious enthusiasm for her labors shows forth in her (unwitting) strategy of enumerating them one by one to highlight their tedium. Moreover, as the author acknowledges, the moral gratifications of labor—supposedly the impetus for tackling chores with gusto—had to be shored up with tangible rewards (a stick of candy, a ride in the wagon, a dime to spend at the local confectionery), and more to the point, she and her siblings were punished if they executed their assignments without a "cheerful spirit" (17).

In spite of their indoctrination into the contentments and character-building bonuses of labor, children were not immune from the boredom of routine, the repetitiveness of tasks, and fatigue of interminable toil. One might take pride in one's accomplishments, but duties had to be re-executed all over again the next day, dulling the satisfactions that ensued. Clara Erlich recalls the unrelenting agonies of growing sugar beets on her family's prairie farm. Purporting to look back upon the daily routine with nostalgia, Erlich's narrative details the drama of cultivation like a gothic horror story. She tells of hours of hoeing in the hot sun to thin the beet plants, followed by hand pruning, where one had to crouch down among the rows of plants, measure the distance between stands, extract the excess plants, and leave the remaining beets in an even, regular line, which was often muddled from exhaustion and blurred vision.

Sometimes, one inadvertently pulled too many plants, which produced a dilemma: "If your conscience had not yet become too dulled through fatigue and a longing for the end, the accusing space of two hoe lengths made you furtively set a plant back with a prayer for its taking hold. . . . as the day wore on, your knees burned, and your wrist ached from leaning on it. You would try leaning now on the back of the hand, now on your fingers alone, or you would finally give up the crawling for a time and go bent back." To the trauma of contorted bodies, raw knees, and fatigue were added afflictions: gnats which left faces "a mass of reddened welts," hunger pangs in the long stretches between meals, sun stroke and dehydration, fingers sore and stained from beet juice. Erlich sums up her tale with the reminder that "work was vital and must be done," but though she means her maxim as an affirmation of the labor that sustained the farm, it comes off not as a rallying credo, but as a sign of the irremedial drudgery that she has just outlined. That these hardships were endured when she was a mere four-year old girl and were an unquestioned expectation of her filial duty are matter-of-factly noted in her narrative (124-26).

Though work was strenuous for children on the homestead, temporary defections from the chore docket or temperamental work stoppages by youthful laborers were viewed as moral failings. Mildred Renaud remembers the primary dictum of her

household: "Idleness is sinful." Girlhood amusements were disallowed if they conflicted with assignments like drying dishes, peeling potatoes, beating rugs, tanning hides, cleaning the well, drying the hops. Compensatory pleasures—like the straw hat with the pretty colored streamers the narrator had brought with her to her prairie home—were denounced as distractions from the narrow path: "Vanity, vanity, vanity. All is vanity, vanity, vanity" was the admonition of her guardian (76-77).

Just as their own disaffection for the chore roster seeps through the cracks of their remembrances, these Midwestern autobiographers register mixed perspectives on their parents' working lives as well. Taught the virtues of labor, these authors commend the assiduousness they witnessed on the part of their elders, but in spite of their complimentary recollections, it is the punitive qualities of rural subsistence which loom large in their narratives.

Irene Hardy, for example, tells us early in her autobiography, *An Ohio Schoolmistress*, that her first conscious recollection is of her mother kneading bread on a table, while one baby lay in a cradle in another part of the room, the author wriggled at her feet, the grandmother sat holding still a third child in her lap, and everyone awaited the return of the men from the fields for a meal. Remarking on her mother's pink cheeks, Hardy means to celebrate her genial nature and cheerful outlook, but the reader is more impressed with the stresses upon the woman baking bread in a hot kitchen with seven mouths (including her absent husband and the grandfather) to feed. Similarly, Hardy's first remembrance of her father has him outdoors on a freezing morning bending over to scald a hogshead with steam rising and water sloshing (27-28), another reminder of the self-sacrifices that running a homestead entailed.

What is important here—and typical—is the way work activity constitutes the framework within which these memoirists reconstruct their upbringing. The memories of their parents that have crystallized into permanence are images of punishing labor and silent martyrdom. Though Cyrenus Cole in *I Remember I Remember* (a reminiscence of growing up on a farm in central Iowa) assures readers that his parents found their burdens "a joy" to bear and that he appreciates the "beauty" of agricultural labor, his narrative becomes, in spite of his blithe declarations, a jeremiad of farming: for a "pittance we had planted and plowed, pulled weeds and picked beetles from the vines . . . and scratched them out of the dirt with our bare fingers. And for all that, fifteen cents a bushel! That was my father's sigh of sorrow and the burden that bent his back" (72-73).

Cole's mixed feelings are typical of these narratives; what begins as praise for his family's perseverance in a way of life to be valued expressly for the enterprise it demands of its followers, spills over involuntarily into rancor about the injustices of a farm economy and the sufferings of its workers. Like Cole, many of these regional autobiographers record, often unmindfully, a virulent resentment of the privations of rural labor. Carl Van Doren writes of his grandfather's efforts to break sod in *Three Worlds*, noting that it took "five yoke of straining oxen" to cut through the grass roots, required that he stop "every hour or so to hammer the iron plough-share to a sharper edge," dig "hundreds of miles of drainage ditch," fell the timber on his property to clear the land and provide lumber, cut and split the fence rails, haul them to the building site, lay the foundations for his barn and house, erect the structures, only to face the daunting prospect of plowing, planting, cultivating, and harvesting the newly cleared farmstead (25-26).

Though the author admires his grandfather's determination and extols pioneer farming as a heroic occupation, the narration of the passage, with its relentless tabulation of tasks, its building sense of physiological exhaustion, and its somber tone, suggests a latent aversion to the very culture it seems to honor. Van Doren goes on to observe that his grandfather, caught up in the belief system that equated industriousness with virtue, was unable to be content with the fruits of his labor, and was driven to undertake ever more projects. "Besides all the work he had to do, he invented other work" we are told by his grandson (26), thus setting into motion a perpetual cycle of new endeavors. So what starts out as an admiring portrait of his grandfather's mettle becomes an unwitting critique of the obsessional ramifications of the Midwestern work ethic.

Bertha Van Hoosen, a Michigan farm child, reinforces the point in telling of her father who, when the chores were com-

plete at the end of the day, or the crops were in at harvest time, was unable to rest or recreate, but rather felt impelled to fill leisure hours with new tasks. "When the farm work was a little slack, we pulled stumps"; when the seeds were in the ground in spring, it was time to construct a water system for the house; the hay was hardly mown before the pipes were to be extended to the barn. Then a new barn had to be built, and a new fence around it (15-20).

The ever-proliferating cycle of activities on the farm was relived indoors, where household duties were staggering in their repetitiveness. Each day saw the endless revisitation of basic tasks which women of necessity undertook again and again, though it is clear that housekeeping chores afforded markedly less freedom of movement and less creativity than counterpart labor outdoors. The agenda was dominated by food preparation, housecleaning, sewing, and health care. Just keeping a family in suitable apparel, for example, involved a remarkable range of operations. Fabric had to be spun, carded, loomed, and dyed; garments had to be measured, cut, stitched, and fitted; clothing had to be laundered, dried, ironed, folded, and mended. A parallel program was enacted for all domestic doings.

Remembering the work regimen of their mothers, these children of the homestead express the predictable veneration for womanly industry, but as is typical of such narratives, the vexing realities of homemaking chores overpower the authors' upbeat declarations. In paying homage to his mother's efficiency in the kitchen, Victor Hass inadvertently emphasizes how wearisome and physically punishing was her labor. With naive complacency, in the context of what he characterizes as her go gettum spirit and her pride in a job well done, we learn that she rose at 4:00 AM to haul wood and heat the wash water on the stove, and that she went to bed nightly with roughened fingers, sore back, and aching limbs—reminders of the hardships that were borne under the sway of the work ethic (187).

Bruce Bliven notes with uncritical enthusiasm in "A Prairie Boyhood" that mealtime on the farm was "an epochal feast" that (ironically) had to be recreated every day. "All morning my mother and the hired girl worked furiously in the kitchen preparing vast platters of meat, mashed potatoes, baked beans,

two or three other vegetables, apple and pumpkin pies, and, of course, big tin pots of coffee. The men sat around and ate ravenously" (325-26), with little cognizance of the toil involved in preparing such an ample meal under relatively primitive conditions. But then the menfolks themselves were merely resting between rounds of exhaustive activity in the fields.

Such accounts illustrate the typical pattern of Midwestern autobiographies wherein the adversities of rural living surface through itemization of mundane data rather than through reflective assertions, and take hold even against the insistent nostalgia of the narrators. As a body, these reminiscences call into question the romance of labor and the mythology of the agrarian heartland that are established components of American tradition, even while they are intended to affirm the very way of life that they effectively critique. As Elizabeth Hampsten has argued in her recent study of pioneer children, "those who came after the first generation deeply want to praise and honor and memorialize their past" but despite their optimistic impulses, "memories of deprivations will not leave them" (240).

In a larger sense, these narratives invite scrutiny about the ways in which we understand the function of memory. All of us revise and reshape our childhoods as we grow older, looking back at youth through the refracting glass of cultural expectations and rooted values. Sorting through the disparities between experience and remembrance in the stories of these Midwestern homesteaders, and uncovering the strategies through which they reveal covert feelings about the past, we contemporary readers gain insight not only into the history of our precursors, but also into the formative patterns and psychic processes of our own lives.

Central Washington University

WORKS CITED

Cole, Cyrenus. *I Remember I Remember: A Book of Recollections*. Iowa City: The State Historical Society of Iowa, 1936.

Erlich, Clara Hilderman. "My Childhood on the Prairie." *Colorado Magazine* 51 (1974): 115-40.

Ferlazzo, Paul. "The Expatriate in the Fiction of Glenway Wescott." *Old Northwest* 4 (March 1978), 25-34.

Hampsten, Elizabeth. *Settlers' Children: Growing Up on the Great Plains.* Norman and London: University of Oklahoma Press, 1991.
Hass, Victor. "Looking Homeward: A Memoir of Small-Town Life in Wisconsin." *Wisconsin Magazine of History* 65 (1982):176-94.
Hurt, James. *Writing Illinois: The Prairie, Lincoln, and Chicago.* Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1992.
Tapping, Minnie Ellingson. *Eighty Years at the Gopher Hole: The Saga of a Minnesota Pioneer.* New York: Exposition Press, 1958.
Van Doren, Carl. *Three Worlds.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1936.
West, Elliott. *Growing Up with the Country: Childhood on the Far Western Frontier.* Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1989.

THE PUBLIC HELGA SKOGSBERGH AND THE PRIVATE JOHANN GIDMARK: SWEDISH IMMIGRANTS, WISCONSIN HOMESTEADERS

JILL B. GIDMARK

From the rim of the hill above Port Wing, a northern Wisconsin village on what's labeled the south shore of Lake Superior, you can see a long way out over big water. If it's a bright afternoon, the thin blue haze of the sky seems to cook against the darker, white-specked ice-blue slates of the lake. If it's autumn, you can smell the barley and some derelict apples that have cropped out wild from the sandy clay of crooked, white ravines, littered with bleached driftwood like stumps of old bones. To the right, the bay bends up and out to the northeast, into the storms and on toward the smoking mills and the acrid toughness of steel towns; down and back to the left, it funnels into the ore boats and hillside restaurants of Duluth. From the rim you can see a long way out. On a bright day, you bite down hard on a stem of ripening foxtail and squint, hoping to see back in, on to the other side into Two Harbors, maybe Duluth.

With hardwood and pine forests, mossy ravines thick with linnea flowers, and sounds of the sea all redolent of the old country, such similar environment created a nostalgic pull for the mass emigration of the third wave of Swedes who settled in Minnesota and Wisconsin between 1880-1893 (Holmquist 258). A stormy, month-long sea voyage by Cunard Line, then a steamboat excursion through the Erie Canal and then Sault Ste. Marie to the westernmost terminus of the Great Lakes brought the published writer and homesteader Helga Skogsbergh, as well as my husband's grandfather, Johann Alfrid Gidmark, a farmer

who worshipped God devoutly and kept pretty much to himself, to Duluth, Minnesota, within two years of each other.

Their separate removal to Lake Superior's south shore in Wisconsin to develop the settlement that came to be called Port Wing certainly coincided, with Skogsbergh and her husband leading the vanguard in the fall of 1892 and Gidmark following in the spring of 1895. In the manuscript of Gidmark's 1933 autobiography, his list of devout community members does not include Skogsbergh's name, and Skogsbergh's three postumously published volumes of fictionalized memoirs—*Comes the Day, Comes a Way* (1960), *From These Shores* (1963), and *That Was Then* (1969)—does not reveal an acquaintance with Gidmark, yet their mutual fortitude, devotion, and brute faith in the earliest efforts to civilize Wisconsin's "primeval forests" (Johann Gidmark 3) is a fortuitous eclipse. Along with the oral recollections of Laurance Gidmark, Johann's son and my father-in-law, such records chronicle both whimsical anecdote and hard work: a pastoral simplicity in a brutally difficult time.

Skogsbergh downplays the staggering difficulties with resolve, with faith that her family in particular and the community in general will endure. Agonizing trials, in fact, are brushed off with equanimity in a sentence or two. The following passage is typical of this tendency:

> There have been crop failures, leaving flat purses in the pockets of their faded overalls; illness, not so little, and even death has laid its solemn hand upon the settlement, man and beast alike. *Ack*, hadn't Papa nailed together several coffins in his little carpenter shed behind the house? And one could also speak of lesser trials that never seemed to lift: the howl of wolves on winter nights, enormous bear tracks in the garden patch, the peas and carrots eaten up by bear or hare, the disappearance of the choicest hen with only a mound of feathers left to tell the tale. But should some traveler stop at Mama Hanson's door and say, "How do you like it here?" she would rise up and smile and say with strength, "Worse days could one well see" (137).

It's not hard to find the genesis of Midwestern stoicism and reserve in such lines. The Swedish proverb "Comes a day, comes a way" guides the settlers' work and shapes their dreams: the day of trial will bring with it a way to endure. A sense of adventure

and the lure of free land in the 1891 Lake Superior land boom, where Skogsbergh's account begins, had tantalized Papa Hanson and Per Isakson east from the relatively civilized town of Duluth onto a claim of 160 acres apiece of south shore wilderness. Though their wives seemed reluctant to leave established community comforts and civility, especially with young children in tow, "So it has ever been for the wife of a new settler," accepts Emma Isakson (22) . . . "The men have won" (25).

Rather than emphasize the hardships, Skogsbergh's saga dwells instead, in almost compulsive detail, on happier, if blander, scenarios: the planning of a Sunday School picnic; the purchase of Ingrid Hanson's pump organ; the trek of the Hanson and Isakson women through unbroken woods to call upon spinster settler Sophie Monson; the continual shovelling out, in winter, of a pathway between the Hanson and Isakson's households, the later a particular metaphor for the necessity of nurturing human bonds that drives the novel.

In the face of the settlers' depravation, such a focus deflects the reader's potential sympathy and sorrow. If loneliness is mentioned, there's always a woodfire snapping or a lantern glimmering to dispel it. When it's necessary to cross the big slough on Corduroy Road by foot in the winter, half a mile in lashing winds, the focus is not on the ordeal but on the peace of reaching Flag River Valley. When three-week-old Ruth Hanson dies, the suffering of her parents is all but concealed amid descriptions of the homesteaders' gathering and singing at the funeral, and the testimony that, with this first funeral, the baby's mother thereby "set her first real roots in this wilderness soil" (88).

Johann Gidmark's memoir likewise glosses over hardship with triumph. The building of a church, the first priority of the settlers, is "joyfully completed" (3). His fifteen-mile walk from work at the lumber camp home on Saturday nights is illuminated with a lantern, the glow from which keeps wolves at bay. He commends and credits in some detail specific pastors who served the Port Wing church, those "mighty and consecrated pioneer[s] and patriarch[s] . . . who preached with enthusiasm and fervor . . . [and] labored for . . . years with great success" (4). Above all, Gidmark lingers lovingly on details that chronicle the stages

of the construction of the church: the frame, the steeple, a basement, a choir loft, the parsonage.

Both Skogsbergh and Laurance Gidmark use Christmas, spiritual genesis of all community and personal celebration for the homesteaders, as focus for extended narration. Branches of balsam and spruce on the threshold, a tree decorated with red apples and colored paper, gifts of apron lace and homeknit socks, *lutfisk* soaking in a wooden tub, the whiff of Santa Claus laundry soap on the children's garments, readings from chapter two in *Lukas Evangelium,* the songs and prayer of the *Julotta* gathering (Skogsbergh 105-107, 111-130, 173-190)—Skogsbergh's pencil clicks long under specifics of the season.

Laurance Gidmark recalls his father, our Port Wing homesteader Johann, striding magnificently into the early-evening Lake Superior wind with a lantern, frocked in his majestic, red flannel-lined *hunde palsen* coat, to harness the horses up to the bobsled/manure spreader, a hybrid vehicle I'm still not quite able to feature. The coat's collar stood nearly as high as Johann's head, the coat itself cobbled of multicolored dog pelts—brown, black, yellow, and white. The stench of the sled/spreader must have been made only slightly more tolerable by the numbing, sterilizing cold. Aboard it the parents and all seven children piled for the ride into Port Wing for the Christmas Eve church service—but not before the brisk parade of hot field stones from the house. The children had one apiece, first heated in the parlor stove until nearly too hot to handle, then mittened like a hot baked potato into the sled and down into the straw, where each child would burrow in to caress the warmth that he or she had muscled personally over for the ride. From depths of musky horseblankets, I imagine children's eyes peered up at the stars. There were few words as their Pa made some clicks in his cheek and slapped reins against the backs of two fat horses.

The Swedish Lutheran church in Port Wing smelled generally of damp wool and balsam, modestly garlanded with pine, infused with verses pumped vigorously from a small organ. The organist was Johann's sister, Ida, animated yet curiously rigid and wiry, like a female Charlie Chaplin, her face canted up at forty-five degrees from the organ manuals, her eyes serene and half closed as her body swayed earnestly, as if endorsing the sentiment of each phrase. More carols, scriptural readings and a long sermon by Pastor Benzon, and then came each child's treasure, a box filled with peanut brittle and hard candies, a treasure hoard from which to select one a day until all were consumed.

Later that evening was a gathering at Aunt Ellen's in town, a few modest blocks from the church. In the warmth of her hard coal stove, the exchange of gifts—a pair of long black socks or fleece-lined underwear for anyone whose own had worn out. And then the food—*eple kake* with whipped cream, *potatis korv,* head cheese, with delectable bits of meat ground into the pig brain before it was cooked and frozen, wealthy winter apples, some baked with spices and butter and brought out steaming, others simply carried up cold in milk pails for slicing, raspberries and strawberries and blueberries canned fresh in the summer for winter eating, now tasting "wild and sweet," like the words of peace in the Christmas hymn. More carols were sung, and the children mellowed into drowsiness with the late hour and the abundance of food.

When the family arrived back home on the farm on Christmas morning, one of the livestock seemed always to be dead, frozen already, with a lip or an eye bent from some trauma. Dealing with it was expeditious, like the slightly depressing tidying up the morning after a party. God had been born again among canned fruits and musky woolen caps with pink satin linings, and that was so much more important (John Gidmark, 12).

Such Port Wing Christmases were enjoyed by the Gidmarks for only a few years. Johann's wife passed away; his grocery store in town burned to the ground, food he had given his customers on credit remaining unpaid; the depression market for the farm's meager produce dried up with the clay soil. When Pastor Benzon and his family accepted a call to St. Cloud, Minnesota, the Gidmarks followed and Johann became a butcher—the family Christmases of later years, instead of evolving from those early Christmasses, springing as something new and quite satisfactory, but different.

For Johann's young son Laurance, leaving Port Wing was a stroke of luck, for off the farm he and his sisters would be relieved of milking twelve cows twice every day. Ingrid Hanson,

daughter of Skogsbergh's settlers, moves away for education to Duluth and returns as an adult to Port Wing for a nostalgic visit which closes Skogsbergh's final volume, *That Was Then*. Her departure is likewise fortunate, for she finds on her return the mill and logging camps silent, farms idle, the long pier into Lake Superior bare and bleached. A state highway cuts through the settlement, drivers on their way to the new homes tucked into the woods along the thoroughfare barely glancing at Port Wing, whose one cafe, co-op store, two churches, and marina today can be easily ignored. If the settlers' dreams have not all materialized, still the land along the shore, oldtimer Isakson tells Ingrid in Skogsbergh's account, is now selling for a fancy price each foot rather than a fancy price each acre, and surely it can't be long before another "sand village" will spread itself along the beach (228).

From the rim you can see a long way out over the lake. On a bright day, you keep hoping to see Two Harbors; on a clear night, you can see its lights.

University of Minnesota

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Gidmark, Johann Alfrid. "Autobiography." Unpublished ms., 1933.
Gidmark, John. "Carried up Cold in Milk Pails: Christmas in Port Wing." Unpublished essay, 1992.
Holmquist, June Drenning, ed. *They Chose Minnesota: A Survey of the Ethnic Groups*. St. Paul: Historical Society Press, 1981.
Skogsbergh, Helga. *From These Shores*. Chicago: Covenant Press, 1975.

UPTON SINCLAIR: NEVER FORGOTTEN

DORYS CROW GROVER

The reason Upton Sinclair [1878-1968] has not faded from the literary scene may have more to do with his political fervor than with his literary accomplishments. His biographer Leon Harris concludes "whether or not Sinclair's place in American Literature will finally be deemed to have been significant, the importance of his role in his country's history seems secure" [347].[1]

After a period of neglect in the 1960s, recent years indicate a slight rise in books and essays, particularly concerning Sinclair's political career. Still, the scholarship was slight in 1994, as the most recent listing is Sally E. Parry's "Upton-Sinclair-Lewis: The Crossed Paths of Two American Reformer Novelists" (81-92).[2]

The single essay to appear in 1993 was that of Kathryne V. Lindberg, "Mass Circulation versus *The Masses*: Covering the Modern Magazine Scene," which details Sinclair's efforts to expose the influence George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, had over middle-class Americans in forming their attitudes about public policy (15-83).[3] Not only did the *Post* have such influence, but other contemporary popular magazines did as well.

In 1993 Margaret Ann Brown submitted a dissertation for the Ph.D. degree to George Washington University titled *Not Your Usual Boarding House Types: Upton Sinclair's Helicon Home Colony*, 1906-07. Helicon Hall had been a former boy's boarding school and Sinclair proposed a utopia for like-minded socialist people who favored cooperative living. Unfortunately the paradise ended abruptly when a fire destroyed the colony four and one-half months after it was founded.

Reed Whittemore's *Six Literary Lives: The Shared Impiety of Adams, London, Sinclair, Williams, Dos Passos and Tate* [1993], is a collection of interesting essays on writers who show a philosophic questioning toward the issues of their times and includes a chapter on Sinclair titled "The Fixed Ideals of Upton Sinclair." The chapter covers Sinclair's early writing years prior to his receiving the Pulitzer Prize for one of the Lanny Budd novels, *Dragon's Teeth,* and points out his major social impieties. Whittemore concludes Sinclair "had other causes than literature" [116].[4]

An important 1992 study based upon extensive primary research is Greg Mitchell's *The Campaign of the Century: Upton Sinclair's Race for Governor of California and the Birth of Media Politics.*[5] Mitchell's well-written day-by-day account of "the most astonishing smear campaign ever directed against a candidate" recovers Sinclair's unfavorable reputation as a politician, but neglects his influence as a writer. Fourteen pages of photographs portray Sinclair's many exciting campaign activities as a candidate who ran on the EPIC [End Poverty in California] platform and was defeated.

There was a running battle between Sinclair, the Hollywood moguls, and the film studios' campaigns against his election as governor on the Democratic ticket in 1934, and his EPIC plan to decrease unemployment through the tax structure. Mitchell says the Socialist ticket was the first media campaign in U. S. politics. Sinclair's novel *The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism* [1920] is an attack on the American press, and at the time did help establish more objective newspaper practices.

For the first time in years, a study appeared on 1992 dealing with the Lanny Budd series. Sally E. Parry's essay "Learning to Fight the Nazis: The Education of Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd," appeared in *Visions of War: World War II in Popular Culture and Literature,* edited by M. Paul Holsinger and Mary Anne Schofield (47-55).[6] Parry traces Budd's development and growing political awareness through the eleven "World's End" novels to show that they were written to warn readers [and all of America] of the dangers of fascism and dictatorship. The novels document Sinclair's own evolving political consciousness, and reflect the American liberal's failure to believe in his own idealism. It was Sinclair's idealism in conflict with what he felt was an an unjust capitalistic society which made him such a tireless crusader for social justice both in his writing and in his life.

A 1992 study by Margaret C. Jones, *Prophets in Babylon: Five California Novelists in the 1930s,* addresses Sinclair's *Co-op* [1936] as a critique of the American Dream or, in this case, the California Dream of Plenty.[7] *Co-op* was published two years after Sinclair lost his race for governor of California, but was written to promote the ideals of EPIC by outlining the possibility of harmony between the movement and Christian beliefs and institutions.

Jones looks at the geographic, historical, and sociological factors contributing to the exodus to the West by those searching for a Utopia. She concentrates on Sinclair's novel and those by four other writers, Arnold B. Armstrong's *Parched Earth,* Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan,* Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust,* and John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath.* The works were produced during a brief period when the socioeconomic disparities and the utopian visions were fictionally depicted as being characteristic of California.

Sidney Bremer's *Urban Intersections: Meetings of Life and Literature in United States Cities,* states that city economics in selected works of Sinclair give an unfair perception of urban life; a topic Louise Carroll Wade explores in her study of Sinclair's *The Jungle.*[8]

Professor Helen Winter Stauffer in her edition of the *Letters of Mari Sandoz* publishes a letter from Sandoz to Melvin Van den Bark dated December 23, 1940, in which Sandoz comments on an Upton Sinclair book as follows:

> One book that surprised me was *World's End,* the new Upton Sinclair book.
>
> Not a line that read like a tract, and an interesting, to me at least, portrayal of the pre-war, war and post-war European scene through the eyes of an adolescent son of an American munitions man and his giddy and yet generous and warm-hearted 'wife' (she used his name, anyway). It has a lot of partying, intrigue and sudden seductions." [180-81][9]

Sinclair's *The Jungle* held the spotlight in 1991, including an essay detailing Winston Churchill's unsolicited 1906 review of

The Jungle by Hugh J. Dawson, "Winston Churchill and Upton Sinclair: An Early Review of *The Jungle*" (72-78).[10]

Louise Carroll Wade warned those using *The Jungle* as a classroom text that the novel is far from being an accurate account as Sinclair claimed it to be, but is misleading on nearly all counts. She concludes in her essay, "The Problem with Classroom Use of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*," that Sinclair's motives for writing *The Jungle* were not the same as the facts (79-102).[11] She compares what he wrote about the packers, packinghouse products, and immigrant workers and their community with the historical evidence to justify her position and says Sinclair comes up short.

The argument has been a long-standing criticism of *The Jungle*. Antanas Musteikis in "The Lithuanian Heroes of *The Jungle*," points out that Sinclair lacked knowledge of Lithuanian culture as evidenced by the unlikelihood of Jurgis Rudkus's rapid switch from conservative farmer to ardent socialist (27-38).[12] Alfonsas Sesplaukis claimed in his 1977 essay, "Lithuanians in Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*," that the Lithuanian national character is typically stoical in the face of misfortune (24-31).[13]

Japanese language study of the influence of Upton Sinclair on the people of Japan appeared in 1991, written by Sachaiko Nakada, *Fusotchi no Kamigami:* Tokyo: Kokusho Kanko Kai, who also has published *Japanese Empathy with Upton Sinclair* [1990].[14] Both works were sympathetic studies of Sinclair's socialist and labor ideals. Sinclair's writings have never been neglected by the critics although until recently he was almost ignored by academics. Post-World War II scholarship in Germany has long recognized his works, and his early works have always been a part of "progressive literature."

In 1990, the late Dieter Herms edited *Upton Sinclair: Literature and Social Reform*, a collection of essays by members of a symposium at the *Universitat Bremen* in 1988. In his introduction, Herms notes that "The largest section [of the book], from Gottesman through Grover, applies a diversity of approaches to a variety of literary works, . . ." [5].[15] The 21 essays cover topics from *The Jungle* to the German reception of Sinclair. Herms notes those German writers coming under his spell include Max von der Grün, Erich Fried, and Günter

Wallraff. In an earlier study, *Upton Sinclair, amerikanischer Radikaler: Eine Einfuhrung in Leben and Werk*, Herms writes of Sinclair's impact on Bertolt Brecht and his popularity with German readers.[16] Herms has written afterwords to German editions of several of Sinclair's books.

Marion Schulze, in her excellent bibliographic essay in Herms's 1990 work "German Reception of Upton Sinclair: A Bibliography," complains that "the history of Upton Sinclair's German reception still largely remains to be written" [Herms 249].

What the Germans find in Sinclair's works which many Americans neglect is Sinclair's socialist stance. His works repeatedly drew upon socialist theories and he was often a Socialist Party candidate for elections. After launching his EPIC campaign for the governorship of California, he remained in the spotlight, often through personal publicizing of himself. Sinclair attempted to change history by way of literature, for history was important to him and his fiction had a direct impact on the political and historical process.

Sinclair's involvement in the New Deal, a basis for the development of his own program in California, is at the core of present-day politics. Studies of Sinclair's influence and reception internationally need scholarly attention, especially the Socialists response to World War I. In particular we need an assessment of immigration and of immigrant workers in the industries and factories of the United States by Europeans of the nations these immigrants represent. Sinclair's admiration of the Soviet Union, which ended in the 1930s, and the influence of Maxim Gorky are areas needing exploration.

Academics, including graduate students are encouraged to pursue and investigate Sinclair's ideologies of the upper classes [*The Metropolis* 1908, *The Moneychangers* 1908] as well as his ambivalence toward the middle and lower classes. It is time for another book-length study of Sinclair's fiction. The most recent is R. N. Mookerjee's *Art for Social Justice: The Major Novels of Upton Sinclair*, 1988, which dealt more with social justice than artistic excellence.[17] The minor novels also deserve attention. Unfortunately most of them are out of print.

Fiction studies as well as the dialectic of history and art and literary strategy; social reform [*Little Steel* 1938, and *The Jungle* 1906]; liberalism vs. conservatism; politics [*I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty* 1933]; economics [*The Moneychangers* 1908]; religion [*The Profits of Religion* 1918]; southern aristocracy [*Mammonart* 1925]; industry [*A Captain of Industry* 1906, and *The Industrial Republic* 1907], and others all pose excellent challenges to scholars. The propaganda novels such as *Jimmie Higgins* [1919], the working class as portrayed in *Boston* [1928], Sinclair's naturalism, realism, and romanticism are all excellent sources for study.

Women's studies might take a closer look at Sinclair's relationship to women, his feminist attitudes, his female characters [*Love's Pilgrimage* 1911; *Sylvia* 1913 and *Sylvia's Marriage* 1914], and his first and second marriages. The areas of proletarian aesthetics, literary conventions, muckraking, and Sinclair's international connections need attention.

He has written about labor organizations [*King Coal* 1917]; self-help [*The Journal of Arthur Stirling* 1903]; religious orientation [*what God Means to Me* 1936, and others]; ecology [*Oil* 1927]; war [*Manassas* 1904], and peace between nations [the Lanny Budd series]. The destruction of ethnic identity in order to accommodate the need for assimilation is a cultural theme to be explored elsewhere than *The Jungle*. The myth of capitalism and what he had to say about capitalist employers dominating American education is a very modern topic.

Has there ever been a complete study of Sinclair's dramas? Both the French and Germans found his plays, among them *Singing Jailbirds*, valuable works and the modern staging in Germany had great effect on traditional American stage design during the early decades of the century.

Leon Harris writes there are between eight and nine tons of material in the Upton Sinclair papers and manuscripts at the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington. Whittemore says there are six tons [870]. The collection is chronicled in *The Literary Manuscripts of Upton Sinclair* [1975] by Ronald Gottesman and Charles Loring Silet.[18] The 500,000 manuscript leaves, half of which are letters, are enough for a complete biography of Sinclair, and Leon Harris, in his fine 1975 biography, concludes

that Sinclair's fight for social justice was the chief occupation of his life. Anyone writing about Sinclair should not neglect the early biography by Floyd Dell, Sinclair's autobiography and that of his second wife, *Southern Belle* by Mary Craig Sinclair, or his ninety books and numerous essays.[19] The project may seem depressing, but it would be challenging.

Jackson J. Benson, biographer of John Steinbeck, *The True Adventures of John Steinbeck, Writer*, in a letter to his publisher, said he once made an overture to the Sinclair family to do a biography of Sinclair but was not encouraged [244].[20]

William A. Bloodworth, Jr., in his critical study found that Sinclair's place in American literary history is a persistent voice for reform and evaluates his novels as documentary fiction.[21]

The Edward Allatt Collection at the John Rylands Library, University of Manchester, provides excellent research conditions and materials, much of which is yet untouched. Sinclair, a prolific writer used at least three pseudonyms: Clark Fitch, Frederick Garrison, and Arthur Stirling. What did he write under these pseudonyms?

Editions of Sinclair's works are needed. With the exception of *The Jungle*, and as stated above, most are out of print. The Lanny Budd series is a remarkable, if flawed accomplishment, but most of the eleven novels are out of print. After his battle with Hollywood, Sinclair would be delighted to know that all of his Lanny Budd series would make good films.

Readers today seem to have little patience with Sinclair's self-righteous prose. One recalls a comment by William James in *The Varieties of Religious Experience* which might apply to Sinclair: "Religion is a monumental chapter in the history of human egotism." Some critics may not agree, but Sinclair was one of the great social historians of the modern era, and as Granville Hicks wrote in reviewing the first Lanny Budd novel, *World's End* [1940], "I am willing to wager that his chances of survival are as good as those of any living American author" [Harris 345].

Best evidence of Sinclair's survival in American literary history, aside from Dicter Herms' symposia at the *Universitat Bremen* in 1988, was a 1978 Upton Sinclair centennary marked by a conference at California State University, Los Angeles. A

film biography of Sinclair is being planned by two California professors who state in a letter, "We are convinced that the time is past due for a re-evaluation of the contributions of this major figure of twentieth century life and letters." The project is proposed to be funded in part by the California Council for the Humanities. The documentary will focus on Sinclair's entire literary production as well as his life with his second wife, Mary Craig, also a writer.

Many consider Sinclair an eccentric and crank, but his literary output, though frequently deficient, and his political ideology, often at odds with his public, are why he remains a person of relevance in the literary history of the nation. He received the Pulitzer Prize in 1943 for *Dragon's Teeth*, and at one time he was second only to Eugene V. Debs in popularity among Socialists. Today, according to David Stouck, he is "the best remembered of the muckraking fiction writers" (288-90).[23] Harris finds that the major socialist writers were Sinclair, Stowe, and London, although Lewis, Dreiser, Norris, and others could be added to his list.

The historic Upton Sinclair house, damaged in the Sierra Madre quake, is a two-story Spanish Colonial structure at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains near Monrovia, California, and Sinclair recalled moving into the new home with eight tons of manuscripts, letters and other papers of a lifetime. His collection of letters from Shaw, Churchill and others, now housed in the Lilly Library, document much of the best of twentieth-century thought. Sinclair lived in his Monrovia home twenty-four years and the house today is protected as a monument on the National Register of Historic Places. It is privately owned and thus not open to the public.

Sinclair spent the last two years of his life in Maryland and died in New Jersey at the age of ninety. He is not likely to disappear from the world's reading lists, but it is doubtful that he will ever again reach the popularity he enjoyed at the height of his writing career in the 1920s.

East Texas State University

NOTES

1. Harris, Leon. *Upton Sinclair: American Rebel.* New York: Crowell, 1975.
2. *Connecticut Review* (Spring 1994) 16.1:81-92.
3. *Boundary II* (1993) 20.2:51-83.
4. Columbus: U of Missouri P, 1993.
5. New York: Random House, 1992.
6. Bowling Green, OH: Popular P, 1992.
7. Frankfurt: Peter Lang, 1992.
8. Urbana: U of Illinois P, 1992.
9. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1992.
10. *American Literary Realism: 1870-1919* (Fall 1991) 24.1:72-78.
11. *American Studies* (Fall 1991) 32.2:79-102.
12. *Lituanus* (1971) 17.2:27-38.
13. *Lituanus* (1977) 23:4 24-31.
14. Tokyo: Kokusho Kanko Kai, 1991.
15. Frankfurt: Peter Lang, 1990.
16. Frankfurt: Marz Verlag, 1977.
17. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1988.
18. Columbus, Ohio State UP, CALM2.
19. See Floyd Dell, *Upton Sinclair: A Study in Social Protest.* New York: Doran, 1927; *The Autobiograghy of Upton Sinclair.* New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1962; Mary Craig Sinclair. *Southern Belle.* Phoenix, AZ: Sinclair P, 1957 (1962).
20. New York: Viking, 1984.
21. Boston: Twayne, 1977.
22. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1902.
23. *American Literary Scholarship/An Annual 1975*, ed. James Woodress. Durham, NC: Duke UP, 1977.

MIDWESTERN VOICES AND THE MARGINAL CANON: RECONSIDERING PROLETARIAN FICTION

JAMES M. BOEHNLEIN

In the preface of the recently published book, *Radical Representations,* Barbara Foley argues that proletarian fiction of the Thirties was largely informed by both the political climate of the Marxists and by the literary aesthetic of the Communist-led left (xi). She claims that the Marxist critics were "wedded to a cognitivist and antididactic aesthetic" while adhering to a "purposive political strategy" (x-xi). These assertions as such are hardly new. Marcus Klein for one has argued that the Marxist literary aesthetic developed along side modernism and has traced literary communism's roots to modernism: "proletarian literature was what happened when modernism met the depression" ("The Roots of Radicals"). Placing the origins of proletarian literature within the larger context of literary modernism, while betraying the honored aesthetic of Mike Gold and Joseph Freeman, does privilege form. However, as Marcus Klein asserts, class struggle could make modernism [formalism] contemporary" (140).

Thus, the necessity of current verifiable experience and the modernist's sense of experimentation are inherent in much fiction of the Thirties. "An emphatic attachment to the hard facts of the present," Klein avers, "is much more extensive" (142). Yet, the modernist sensibility could not be denied. Proletarian artists first of all had to be good artists.

This tension then between politics and form in proletarian fiction has given rise to critical debate over the very nature of proletarian art. Foley's analysis attempts to resolve this tension somewhat. To what extent, she asks, did novelistic realism and experimental modes "enable writers more effectively to embody a class-conscious doctrinal politics?" (xi). The second part of

her book takes up this question, among others, and, for the most part, she succeeds in her responses. Her principal interest lies in "the larger claims one can make about politics and representational strategy in proletarian fiction" (xi). However, she neglects to address the issue of literary regionalism as both a political and formalistic feature of proletarian fiction. She does not consider in her analysis the particular roles time and place—regional concerns—play in proletarian fiction. Although the Marxist aesthetic was patently international in scope, its particular embodiment in the United States among Communist-led writers was inherently regional and localized. Indeed, in the United States much proletarian fiction found value less among workers of the world than among the rural and small-town folk who represented the disaffection of Depression-era America (Klein).

In 1932 Mary Austin declared in an article entitled "Regionalism in American Fiction" that "the source of all art" arose "as people truly and rudely say, in our 'guts,' the seat of life and breath and heartbeats, of loving and hating and fearing" (98). The local environmental factors mold the physiological and emotional factors of life:

> No sort of experience . . . works so constantly and subtly upon man as his regional environment. It orders and determines all the direct, practical ways of his getting up and lying down, of staying in and going out, of housing and clothing and food-getting: it arranges by its progressions of seed times and harvest, its rain and wind and burning suns, the rhythms of his work and amusements. It is the thing always before his eye, always at his ear, always underfoot.

This emphasis upon "regional environment" as an aspect of literary aesthetics evokes the concern proletarian writers had to localize their subjects and to capture a sense of place which determines in a large measure the lives of their characters.

However, this notion of "place" goes beyond "local color" features of a text. Rather, it suggests a more complex understanding of literary regionalism, one which coalesces surface realities of a text with multilayered "mappings" of American places. This form of "new regionalism" goes beyond the linear descriptions of a literary environment and entertains those deep,

underfooted topographies in which characters literally get stuck. Place, therefore, becomes less the topic of "representational practice" than a "texture, a metabolism, a temperament, and etiquette" (Kowalewski 182).

The American proletarian writer of the Thirties was interested in producing writing that was notably local or regional in emphasis. The speech, behavior, and landscape of specific and often out-of-the-way places provided the proletarian writer the immediacy of situation and the actuality of real people. Regionalism allowed for unimpeachable experience by reflecting the aesthetic and political values grounded and vividly invoked in localisms of manners, customs, character types, and dialects. For the reality of America has always been, to a significant degree, its extraordinary diversity—of regions, and of ethnic and racial groups.

Such diversity is revealed in that proletarian fiction centered in the Midwest where, it can be argued, the "middle border" and the American grain coalesce with Marxist political and aesthetic thought to form a literature that is at once "strategic, antididactic, and cognitivist." Indeed, the Communist-led writers of the Thirties sought to escape from the confines of the Eastern establishment in search of time and place which offered background to their Marxist aesthetic. The Midwest offered this background where real people struggled for survival and where the writers of proletarian fiction could develop legitimate revolutionary characters.

The "actual people" of the Midwest were likely to be farmers or factory workers. So the Communist Jonathan Chance in Josephine Herbst's novel *Rope of Gold* feels falsity weighing upon him when he is not among the farmers. Moreover, Herbst takes every opportunity to make the point that in New York City all things are hypocritical. Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited* goes up and down a number of milieux within the Midwest. In the climactic scene of the novel when the masses organize, it is a group of farmers which organizes. Ironically, the emotional center of Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money* is a scene in Bronx Park where the protagonist's mother reveals a profound knowledge of mushrooms, a reference to her farm origins of Eastern Europe.

The Midwest represented the real America and the center of literary Marxism. Likewise, the "discovery" of America was the characteristic subject of radical fiction of the Thirties. What was to be discovered in these "purposes of the moment" was that idea at least as old as James Fenimore Cooper, of an America fallen from its purity, from the sturdiness, openness, and large freedom of its pioneering. That idea of history informs all the characteristic novels of dispossession and homelessness. From Tom Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath* to Gass McKay in *Somebody in Boots*, the sense of place figures prominently, finding enduring expression in a folk whose pioneering spirit is at once cognitivist and social.

For the proletarian writer, the New York intellectuals could not represent any sustaining myth which has value in the here and now. The merging of language and the exigencies of the moment were for many Communist-led writers aptly expressed in the Midwest where the possibilities of the Marxist aesthetic found expression and where the poetics of experience served their radical purposes.

This call for a regional perspective among proletarian writers of the Thirties is best described in Meridel Le Sueur's speech to the 1935 American Writer's Congress. Her speech is both an important historical document as well as an example of an influential literary manifesto. It points up the need for literary regionalism that privileges the works born of working-class struggles during the Depression. Her manifesto revalorizes socio-political concerns and aesthetics of engagement. Moreover, Le Sueur's speech calls for a literature purely Midwestern in form and content which flows with the times, renewing itself with every change and development. Likewise, Le Sueur's address anticipates recent studies of the intersection of various social determinants and narrative strategies. In doing so, Le Sueur presages the projects of "new regional" studies cited above.

The American Writer's Congress of 1935 was notable for a number of reasons: it gathered the divergent thoughts of the proletarian aesthetic into a collective voice; it sought to integrate anarchic elements and forces of American cultural life into the beginnings of a literary movement; it formed the League of American Writers; it provided technical discussion of the literary

application of Marxist philosophy; and it took a stand against the dangers of capitalism and fascism. Granville Hicks, who co-edited *The New Masses* with Mike Gold, issued this "Call for an American Writers' Congress" in January 1935:

> The capitalist system crumbles so rapidly before our eyes that whereas ten years ago scarcely more than a handful of writers were sufficiently far-sighted and courageous to take a stand for proletarian revolution, today hundreds of poets, novelists dramatists, critics, short story writers and journalists recognize the necessity of personally helping to accelerate the destruction of capitalism and the establishing of a worker's government. (20)

This proposed Congress, scheduled for May 1, 1935, would bring together the hitherto isolated revolutionary writers "for fundamental discussion." The "Call" invited "all writers who have achieved some standing in their respected fields: who have clearly indicated their sympathy to the revolutionary cause; those do not need to be convinced of the decay of capitalism, of the inevitability of revolution" (*The New Masses* 20).

Of the American authors and writers who spoke at the New York meetings (April 26-27) or whose papers were published in the proceedings, almost all had become by 1935 allies of the party. The list of contributors is a compendium of Left Wing writers who represent both the center and margin of American literary history of the time: Edward Dahlberg, Joseph Freeman, Malcolm Cowley, John Dos Passos, Jack Conroy, Kenneth Burke, James T. Farrell, Langston Hughes, Granville Hicks, and the lone woman to have her address published—Meridel Le Sueur. All aspects of revolutionary literature were subject for debate: the worker as writer, communism and literature, Marxist criticism, the proletarian novel, reportage, the Negro writer, and minority languages.

The contentious James T. Farrell angered a number of party members as he argued against the "over-politicalized and ideologically schematized" proletarian fiction. He found the inorganic nature of revolutionary fiction unsettling, especially in the short stories, in which radical messages were often "simply glued" on elements of fiction (Aaron 287).

Kenneth Burke's address, "Revolutionary Symbolism in America," was the most hotly contested as it advocated the now-famous notion of the "Popular Front," in which "the people" and not "the worker" become the "revolutionary symbol." As Burke avers,

> But the basic symbol, it seems to me, should be focused somewhat differently. . . . The symbol I should plead for, as more basic, more of an ideal incentive, than that of the worker, is that of "the people." In suggesting that "the people," rather than "the worker," rate highest in our hierarchy of symbols, I suppose I an suggesting fundamentally that one cannot extend the doctrine of revolutionary thought among the lower class without using middle class values. (*American Writers' Congress* 89-90)

Needless to say, Burke's recommendation did not set well with leftist critics. Many found his reflections resurrected the age old debate between politics and the art-for-art's sake aesthetic, the possibilities of which did not excite the majority of the Congress. However, Burke's argument provided the Congress with an aesthetic point of departure which placed in sharp relief the committed, anarchic proletarian addresses, one of which was presented by Meridel Le Sueur.

Le Sueur's address, "Proletarian Literature and the Middle West," is relatively short: it takes up merely four pages in the published proceedings. Also, it is the only speech which calls for regionalism as a site of analysis of proletarian writing. For Le Sueur, regional studies were equated with cultural studies, which inform her sense of a proletarian aesthetic. In other words, writing by the working class can be understood only when read in light of its place and situatedness in a particular culture. As Le Sueur argues,

> There is only one class which has begun to produce a mid-Western culture, and that is the growing yeast of the revolutionary working class arising on the Mesaba range, the wheat belt, the coal fields of Illinois, the blown and ravaged land of the Dakotas, the flour mills, and the granaries. In these places the first unity of action, and the communal expression, is being made between the farmer and the industrial worker on the militant front of struggle. (*American Writers' Congress* 136)

The "unity of action" and "communal expression" to which Le Sueur refers are continuous refrains in much of her work. In

this address, however, they become her clarion calls for a literature grounded in the Midwestern grain and issued from a Midwestern-folk working class.

Le Sueur, then, envisions a new literature which is informed by a contextual aesthetic. She espouses writing which is "never burdened with the old tradition in literature from the old world." Moreover, she fosters the emerging Middle Western mind, "finding a place, sensing a new and vigorous interrelation between himself and others" (136). In many respects, then, Le Sueur challenges the East Coast bourgeois literary circle as the privileged site of analysis. Because the Midwestern mind has experienced most acutely the struggles of the Depression, it is better prepared to address issues germane to a proletarian and socialist aesthetic. This anti-Eliotic perspective dismisses the notion of the individual contributing to a literary tradition. Rather, she espouses the communal as integral to cultural, literary expressions.

This critical stance suggests that working-class art is created and experienced in group situations—not, as Paul Lauter points out, "in the privacy of a study, but in the church, the hall, the work site, the meeting hall, the quilting bee, or the picket line" ("Working-Class Woman's Literature" 840). It is thus rooted in the experiences of a particular time. It is not conceived as timeless and transcendent, nor does it often function in such modes.

The "instrumental" character of working-class art is, therefore, important to perceiving the aesthetic theory that informs it. By invoking the Midwest as the cultural site of analysis for this literature, Le Sueur privileges its status as literature whose objectives are "inseparable from the goals toward which the lives of the workers directed them" (Lauter 841). It is literature which at once "influences people's behavior" while "persuading readers to adopt particular beliefs" (Vicinus). Paul Lauter's analysis of working-class women's literature supports the basic notion demonstrated in Le Sueur's Midwest address:

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

Lauter's position espouses, therefore, the importance of a heterogeneous text, embedded in the time and place of both author and audience. The Midwest for Le Sueur allowed for such an aesthetic to happen; the Midwest objects to the notion of an immanent, transcendent subject; it sanctions an historically constructed subject. Le Sueur's address positions novel, poetry, and drama as rich discourses in which fused languages of race, class, and gender are produced and re-presented through the incorporation of her Midwest working-class aesthetic.

Le Sueur's insistence that working-class discourse finds its true expression in a particular time and place echoes the Bakhtinian notion that "language—like the living concrete environment in which the consciousness of the verbal artist lives—is never writing" (288). Bakhtin argues that actual social life and historical exigencies create within an abstractly unitary national language a multitude of concrete worlds, a multitude of bounded verbal-ideological and social belief systems (288). The socio-ideological life of a discourse, according to Bakhtin, cannot be separated from the verbal-ideological life of a discourse. For Le Sueur, "writing is nearer experience than a trade. . . . The emphasis must not be simply on skill and technique, but on a new experience, a communal relationship and revolutionary ideology" (*American Writers' Congress* 137).

Any careful assessment, though, of Le Sueur's address must also take into account cultural studies which she champions in most of her writings. However, what necessary engagements enable the kind of criticism and aesthetic gesture which Le Sueur supports in her speech?

First, following Lillian Robinson, there must be a break with kinds of social privilege expressed in (or as) "literary criticism," especially the privilege of disinterested scrutiny of something other, in which one claims one is not implicated. For example, the social determinants of race, class, and gender must deeply acknowledge their heterogenous origins, not controlled by any one class, racial, or gender marker.

Second, Le Sueur's program advocates cultural studies which are seen multifocally, conflictually, and over time. The critic Cora Kaplan insists that "none of the social determinants is itself unitary and unconflictual, and that all are the results of ongoing discursive practices as well as ongoing social relations" (Kaplan).

Finally, the cultural studies which Le Sueur advocates would attempt to isolate crucial moments when a reader understands the interplay of social contexts and narrative texts. Thus, the link between the Midwest and working-class writing would occasion multiple tellings of the text and narrative contexts, providing a rich integration of time, place, author, and audience—the critical agenda supported by the "new regionalists."

In conclusion, Le Sueur's address to the 1935 American Writers' Congress has far-reaching implications for both literary history of the Midwest and current cultural and "new regional" studies. Her presentation demonstrates that literature of the Midwest is at once contextual, dialogic, contestatory, and celebratory. It calls for working-class writing that is borne not from the bourgeois ideology of the Eliotic paradigm but from the struggles of the American grain, socially and culturally informed. Furthermore, Le Sueur anticipates the "new regionalism" in literary criticism which will involve, as Michael Kowalewski avers, "a reimagination of the 'layers of localized contexts' in physical and cultural environments as fresh as the reimagination of history that energized New Historicism" (182).

University of Dayton

WORKS CITED

Aaron, Daniel. *Writers on the Left.* New York: Columbia UP, 1992.
Algren, Nelson. *Somebody in Boots.* New York: Thunder's Mouth, 1987.
Austin, Mary. "Regionalism in American Fiction." *English Journal* 21 (1932): 97-107.
Bakhtin, M. M. *The Dialogic Imagination.* Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981.
Burke, Kenneth. "Revolutionary Symbolism in America." *The American Writers' Congress.* New York: International Publishers, 1935: 87-94.
Conroy, Jack. *The Disinherited.* Columbia, MO: U of Missouri P, 1991.
Farrell, James T. "The Short Story." *The American Writers' Congress.* New York: International Publishers, 1935: 103-114.
Foley, Barbara. *Radical Representations.* Durham: Duke UP, 1993.
Hart, Henry, ed. *The American Writers' Congress.* New York: International Publishers, 1935.

Herbst, Josephine. *Rope of Gold.* Old Westbury: Feminist P, 1984.
Hicks, Granville. "Call for an American Writers' Congress." *New Masses.* Jan. 1935, 20.
Kaplan, Cora. "Pandora's Box." *Feminisms.* Ed. Robyn R. Warhol and Diane Price Handl. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1991: 837-856.
Klein, Marcus. "The Roots of Radical: Experience in the Thirties," in David Madden, ed., *Proletarian Writers of the Thirties.* Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois UP, 1968.
Kowalewski, Michael. "Writing in Place: The New American Regionalism." *American Literary History* 6 (1994): 171-183.
Lauter, Paul. "Working-Class Women's Literature." *Feminisms.* Ed. Robyn R. Warhol and Diane Price Handl. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1991: 837-856.
Le Sueur, Meridel. "Proletarian Literature and the Midwest." *The American Writers' Congress.* New York: International Publishers, 1935: 135-138.
Robinson, Lillian. "Feminist Criticism: How Do We Know When We've Won?" *Feminist Issues in Literary Scholarship.* Ed. Shari Benstock. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1987: 147.
Steinbeck, John. *The Grapes of Wrath.* New York: Penguin, 1976.
Vicinus, Martha. *The Industrial Muse.* New York: Barnes, 1974.

THE INDIAN DRUM AND ITS AUTHORS: A RECONSIDERATION

MARY DEJONG OBUCHOWSKI

Preparation for a reconsideration of *The Indian Drum* by Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg brought to light the fact that, separately and together, and Balmer jointly with Philip Wylie, those authors had written over twenty books between 1909 and 1958, most of them set in the Midwest. They include mysteries, adventures, and romances, many of which achieved considerable popularity. However, further research revealed that relatively few copies remain, except of *The Indian Drum*, which has become a collectors' item. Of the copies provided by Document Access, many were fragile, damaged, and hauled out of storage or from locked vaults. Clearly, these books are rare, scattered, hard to come by, and on the verge of being lost.

Therefore, the questions are, who are these authors, what are their books, why have they virtually disappeared, and are they worth reviving?

To answer the first, Edwin Balmer (1883-1959) and William Briggs MacHarg (1872-1951) wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* around the turn of the century and later for popular magazines. Balmer, who was born in Chicago, took an A.B. from Northwestern and an A.M. from Harvard, and went from the *Tribune* to other publications, eventually becoming editor and publisher of *Redbook*. He married MacHarg's sister in 1909, and the four books Balmer and MacHarg published together came out between 1910 and 1919. MacHarg, who attended the University of Michigan, wrote one other novel, a collection of short stories, and many uncollected short stories on his own. His strength appears to lie in short fiction. Balmer wrote sixteen more novels on his own and five with Philip Wylie.

As to the books they wrote, they produced not only mysteries, adventures, and romances, but also war and flying stories, and science fiction, with some books belonging to more than one group. By and large, the mystery and adventure books are the most successful as well as the most numerous. *Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers* (1980) lists the best known as three which Balmer and MacHarg wrote together, *The Achievement of Luther Trant* (1910), *The Blind Man's Eyes* (1916), and *The Indian Drum* (1917). The first of those is a group of short mysteries set in Chicago all solved by psychological means which were rather new at the time. Trant, the detective, is extraordinarily singleminded and rather unpleasant, but very effective. The blind man of the second title solves an apparent murder, an actual one, and an attempt on his own life by means of clear thinking and his dependence on his daughter as his "eyes," even though she may be blinded herself by love for the primary suspect. *The Indian Drum,* a mystery-adventure about shipping and murder on the Great Lakes, revolves around a Native American legend that a drum beats for every shipwreck victim drowned on the Lakes.

Some of their other mysteries depend on tricky devices. Balmer's *Waylaid by Wireless* (1909) exploits the newly developed means of communication both to complicate and to solve a series of burglaries in England and at sea. His *Resurrection Rock* (1920), which explores corruption in the lumbering industry in Northern Michigan and Chicago, uses seances, some staged and some perhaps real, to solve a mystery and to confront the villain with his past. In *Keeban* (1923), Balmer makes a lost twin frame his brother for his robberies and murders. Balmer and MacHarg have a monkey as the thief of a valuable emerald in *The Surakarta* (1913), and in MacHarg's *Peewee* (1922), a child lost in a train wreck lives as an orphan on the streets of Chicago until a series of coincidences reunites him with his mother.

More straightforward mysteries by Balmer include *The Breath of Scandal* (1922), in which a Chicago businessman's attempt to conceal his infidelity leads to attempted murder. *That Royle Girl* (1925) is Joan Daisy Royle of Chicago, prosecuted for murder by an aristocratic Easterner, Calvin Clarke. Joan Daisy is the daughter of a scam artist, socially entirely

unsuitable for the snobbish Clarke. However, Joan Daisy describes and breaks down the social differences between them. *Dangerous Business* (1927) treats various methods of conducting business by social means, and particularly by employing attractive women at parties in order to attract clients. In *Dragons Drive You* (1934), the detective, Cathan Martin, takes pride in his grandfather, who perished in the great fire at the world's fair; his vigor and integrity qualify him to court a girl of higher social status whose family's weaknesses lead to its financial decline.

Balmer's war story, *Ruth of the U.S.A.* (1919), is shamelessly patriotic. His *Flying Death* (1927), in which a former military pilot thwarts a megalomaniac, and two written with Philip Wylie, *Five Fatal Words* (1932) and *The Golden Hoard* (1934), play on an apparent appetite of the reading public for heroes (and heroines) flying small planes.

The romances received fewer reviews, a fact which implies less interest on the part of contemporary readers. *A Wild Goose Chase* (1915), a romance-adventure in the Arctic; *Fidelia* (1924), a story of bigamy which begins on the Northwestern campus; *In His Hands* (1954), *The Candle of the Wicked* (1956), and *With All the World Away* (1958) revolve primarily around how the boy will win the girl (or girls, or which girl). Some of them also bring in a religious dimension that is not as convincing as the grittier detective and adventure material. Some of these books take place mostly in New York or elsewhere and are also lesser books.

On the other hand, Balmer's sallies into science fiction with Wylie produced a minor classic. *When Worlds Collide* (1933) suggests a way in which high-tech engineering could save a small group of people as a wandering planet is about to smash into the earth. They choose Michigan's Upper Peninsula as a site to prepare for their launch because of its base of living rock, and they visit other areas of the Midwest preparatory to their journey to a new world. The description of the devastation caused as the errant planet sweeps by earth once before destroying it completely deserves to be read. The sequel, *After Worlds Collide* (1934), takes up conflicts between voyagers from other countries and speculates on the nature of previous life on the new planet.

Some of the books stand up to criticism better than others. They do not all follow the same formula, but there usually is a thread of love fulfilled. The heroes and heroines are always attractive people of integrity, courage, and resourcefulness, though they might not appear so at the beginning. The full-length books are stronger than the short stories, and the mysteries, adventures, and science fiction hold up better than the romances, patriotic books, and flying tales.

The books were very popular, and quite a number were published in England as well as in the U.S. With a few exceptions, they drew plenty of reviews, favorable and otherwise. Most praised structure and characterization; some criticized cliches in plot and language. We would find many of the situations and patterns of behavior dated, and the writers commit a number of what are currently political errors by stereotyping members of minority groups, particularly African-Americans. Though women are the protagonists almost as often as men, and though they exhibit the same intelligence, bravery, and thoughtfulness as their male counterparts, they usually end up engaged, married, or otherwise attached as a satisfactory denouement. One plans to work to help support her husband, and another, a widow, takes up teaching deaf children as a part-time occupation, her own child having been born without hearing, but most seem to find marriage and child-bearing satisfactory in themselves. In *The Surakarta*, the protagonist muses to himself about his female charge:

> Wade Hereford seeing other men he knew fall in love and marry, had sometimes asked himself why, after his youthful, brief but wide experience of women, they had suddenly lost interest for him. He had told himself that it was because he had found his chief pleasure in contest. It must be, he thought, that he had found the contest too easy with a sex taught from earliest infancy that its chief duty is to love—which therefore is vanquished from the beginning. . . . She—at least it appeared to him—was not to be classed among those women who ask only to be loved; for she defied all men—himself most particularly—as openly and frankly as she appeared also in all other ways to defy convention. (158-59)

This passage suggests that the authors were making some attempts to break established expectations of behavior. Certainly the independence of a number of the female protagonists—in *Ruth of the U.S.A.*, she spies for the allies, another in *A Wild-Goose Chase* hunts for a man thought to be lost in the frozen Arctic, one young woman in *The Golden Hoard* pilots a small plane, and still another is a physician in *In His Hands*, for example—suggests that at least prior to marriage, women have other things to do.

Like mysteries, romances, and adventures in general, this generation of novels was succeeded by others not unlike them which reflected the landscapes, the customs, and the values of their time. One reviewer says,

> "Dangerous Business" is not a deeply plotted story; it is not a story that is destined to last for a space of time longer than modern love and manners and business are the way they are. But as long as they do last this story should last, for it is a sane, orderly, fascinating tale of the three major elements of life today ("Love and Business" 34).

The currency of these books was mainly escape into pleasure, a break from the uncertainties of one's own day into a world where the loose ends come together neatly as the detective gets his man and the woman finds hers, as well. Still, many of them are skillfully done. A review of *The Achievement of Luther Trant* says that "its literary quality . . . is to be commended. It is not too much to say that in both their conception and their execution these tales have reached the high water mark of their class of fiction" (*"Luther Trant"* 230).

The lasting worth of the books, I believe, lies in their record of Chicago, the Great Lakes, and smalltown Midwest. Most, but not all, take place at least in part in the area surrounding the Great Lakes. Without mythologizing, the authors describe Chicago as a living, changing, energetic entity, and they convey the moods and the landscapes of the surrounding lakes and states.

This is especially true of the group of mysteries by Balmer and in MacHarg's *Peewee*. In them, the the authors record portions of Chicago's history, portray its downtown, probe its business and industry, highlight its court system, show off the lakefront homes of its suburbs, and openly praise its ethnic variety. An otherwise disapproving review of *Dragons Drive You* applauds "the vigor with which it conjures up the higher walks of Chicago life, in both its social and financial aspects, at the end of the boom years and in the throes of ruin ushered in by the stock market crash of 1929" ("Mushroom Millions" 7). The authors detail the life of the upper class with some wide-eyed admiration but admit that hard-heartedness, corruption, shallowness, and conflict live side-by-side with beautiful furnishings, maids, and grassy slopes down to Lake Michigan. This is not to say that Balmer and MacHarg neglect its seamy side; we see a good deal of that, particularly in *Keeban, The Breath of Scandal, That Royle Girl*, and *Peewee*. If Balmer and MacHarg have a political or social message it is that ethnic mixtures breed strength, and entrenched social values not only stagnate but spawn corruption. However, they advocate the small-town virtues (or those supposed to spring from rural roots): fidelity, responsibility, hard work, courage, and compassion. They appear particularly clearly in the later romances, *In His Hands* and *The Candle of the Wicked*. Obviously those qualities belong to the good guy (or girl) who always comes out ahead in these books, but in the conflicts a fair amount of realism occurs in the getting there.

The two books that take place at least partly in Michigan are of particular interest and merit examination with special care. They are more complex in plot, fuller in character, and richer in detail than many of the others. *The Indian Drum* seems to be set up carefully in plot, framed by shipwreck sequences, providing sufficient characterization of the major antagonists early in the novel to make the harrowing climax credible. The book opens with a storm like that which destroyed a Great Lakes freighter, the *Miwaka*, twenty years earlier. The head of a rival shipping company, Ben Corvet, shows agitation that betrays his guilt concerning that disaster and foreshadows his mental breakdown. His young partner, Henry Spearman, is engaged to Constance Sherrill, the daughter of their third partner. The appearance of Alan Conrad just after Ben Corvet disappears sets the mystery in motion. Conrad finds a trespasser in Corvet's house one night, who thinks he is a ghost of someone

who has been shot in the head, and Conrad locates a list which turns out to enumerate the names of the survivors of those lost from the *Miwaka;* it appears that the drum had beat 24 times, but there had been 25 on board. Finally Conrad finds the demented Corvet in Wisconsin and accompanies him across Lake Michigan on a ferry which a storm wrecks. After working heroically on trying to save the sinking boat and injuring himself critically, Corvet confesses that he feels responsible for the *Miwaka* tragedy, though he knows that Spearman murdered its captain by shooting him in the head. Young Alan Conrad, the son of the captain, was the only survivor, and Corvet had sent Alan away, never revealing anything about Alan to his foster family. A member of Spearman's crew had been blackmailing Corvet, a factor which probably contributed to Corvet's emotional condition. As these events progress, Spearman deteriorates mentally, too. The fate of the ferry is still unknown, and Spearman follows Constance to a point near Harbor Springs where she sees Conrad washed ashore, Spearman trying to prevent the rescue and rushing off to his own destruction. The details of the shipping industry and the description of Lake Michigan and its urban and rural shorelines render the book a lively record of the place and time. The storm sequences and the characterizations of the survivors provide suspenseful reading.

Resurrection Rock involves finding out the real identity of Barney Loutrelle, who has received instructions to visit Resurrection Rock, a fictitious spot off the shore of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, in Lake Huron. After they are reunited, Barney's mother reveals how Lucas Cullen quarreled with her father, Richard Drane, and at the same time describes a dramatic aspect of the lumber industry.

> "My father," she said, "had abandoned farming to take out lumber, cutting from the land he had bought. You could buy timber cheap in those days—two dollars and a half an acre; the State practically gave it away; but there were men who thought it foolish to pay the government anything at all for the great trees on the State lands. They bought one section and set up a mill and cut over the square miles all around—eight sections or ten or twenty; as long and as broad as they dared. Lucas Cullen was one of these men. He had nothing against my father until my father bought from and paid the government for five hundred acres of standing timber which he found, when he came to it, that Lucas Cullen was cutting. This caused trouble for Cullen when my father asked for a refund on his purchase money; not actually serious trouble; for Cullen had much influence and too much power of intimidation for that. But it brought Cullen's anger on my father; Cullen couldn't see why the Mormon [Drane] must be so particular; if he had found five hundred acres of his own being cut, why didn't he say nothing and just cut off a thousand of the State land somewhere else?" (356-7)

Cullen went on to frame Drane for the death of one of Cullen's other rivals for the timber, and to coerce Agnes' first husband into having their marriage annulled. Barney was the issue of that marriage, was adopted, and was lost track of until the start of the story. The book has a certain amount of melodrama and contrivance, but it captures a segment of the lumber business in all its drive, competition, and effect on the landscape of Michigan in the felling of its virgin forests.

In asking whether or not these books should be preserved, if not reissued, one struggles with a tendency to try to preserve everything from the past, a quality like that of Donald Hall's relative who kept string "too short to be saved." But sentimentality (in the books and in the reader) aside, there is a certain energy that sustains many of the books, not only in lively plot, full of variety, even on old themes, but in their ability to convey that the Midwest in general and Chicago in particular have a vitality that illuminates them at both their best and their worst. Some of the values the authors espouse are very old fashioned to us now, but some embody the best of the past and in all of us: hard work, loyalty, compassion, and the strength of the family. The characters come into the usual conflicts with the temptations of the pleasures of city life, greed, and jealousy, but in an age jaded by cynicism, seeing good prevail is not all bad.

The best of them deserve not to be lost.

Central Michigan University

REFERENCES

Andrews, Clarence. *Michigan in Literature.* Detroit: Wayne SU Press, 1992.
Balmer, Edwin. *Breath of Scandal, The.* Boston: Little Brown, 1922.

__________. *Candle of the Wicked, The.* NY: Longman, 1956.
__________. *Dangerous Business.* NY: Dodd Mead, 1927.
__________. *Dragons Drive You.* Dodd Mead, 1934.
__________. *Fidelia.* NY: Dodd Mead, 1924.
__________. *Flying Death.* NY: Dodd Mead, 1927.
__________. *In His Hands.* NY: Longmans, 1954.
__________. *Keeban.* Boston, Little Brown, 1923.
__________. *Resurrection Rock.* Boston: Little Brown, 1920.
__________. *Ruth of the U.S.A.* Chicago: McClurg, 1919.
__________. *That Royle Girl.* NY: Dodd Mead, 1925.
__________. *Torn Letter, The.* NY: Dodd Mead, 1941.
__________. *Waylaid by Wireless.* Boston: Small Maynard, 1909.
__________. *Wild Goose Chase.* NY: Duffield, 1915.
__________. *With All the World Away.* NY: Longman, 1958.
Balmer, Edwin, and William MacHarg. *Achievements of Luther Trant, The.* Boston: Small Maynard, 1910.
__________. *Blind Man's Eyes, The.* Boston: Little Brown, 1916.
__________. *Indian Drum, The.* Boston: Little Brown, 1917.
__________. *Surakarta, The.* Boston: Small Maynard, 1913.
Balmer, Edwin, and Philip Wylie. *After Worlds Collide.* NY; Stokes, 1934.
__________. *Five Fatal Words.* NY: Land and Smith, 1932.
__________. *Golden Hoard, The.* NY: Stokes, 1934.
__________. *Shield of Silence, The.* NY: Stokes, 1936.
__________. *When Worlds Collide.* NY: Stokes, 1933.
Barzun, Jaques, and Wendell Hertig Taylor. *A Catalogue of Crime.* NY: Harper & Rowe, 1989.
Haycraft, Howard. *Murder for Pleasure: The Life and Times of the Detective Story.* NY: Appleton-Century, 1941.
"Love and Business." *York Times Book Review,* 13 November 1927, 34.
"*Luther Trant.*" *York Times Book Review,* 23 April 1910, p. 230.
MacHarg, William. *Affairs of O'Malley, The.* NY: Dial Press, 1940.
__________. *Peewee.*
"Mushroom Millions." *York Times Book Review,* 28 January, 1934, pp. 7, 16.
Nemanic, Gerald. *A Bibliographic Guide to Midwestern Literature.* Iowa City: U of Iowa Press, 1981.
Staples, Kathleen. "Balmer, Edwin." *Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers.* Ed. John M. Reilly. St. Martin's, 1980.
Steinbrunner, Chris, and Otto Penzler. *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection.* McGraw-Hill, 1976.

TONE AND TECHNOLOGY IN HARRIET MONROE'S "THE TURBINE"

MARILYN J. ATLAS

Literary historians honor Harriet Monroe's journal, *Poetry,* and accord it a permanent place in the shaping force of modern poetry. Although some scholars such as Daniel Cahill (1973) and Ann Massa (1986) begin to examine Harriet Monroe's poetry, generally it remains unread and unstudied. Cahill calls her a minor poet of considerable grace and he begins a much needed exploration of her verse, but sometimes he fails to note the multiple layers of her verse. He finds "The Turbine" uncomplicated and basically celebratory and believes that Monroe's poetry does not invite the close reading that other more overtly complicated stylists get. Cahill concludes that Monroe's poetic record celebrates life's smaller triumphs of rare and true understanding of life as a blessing. I think this type of reading does a disservice to Monroe and causes her to be ignored by modern poetry critics.

As recent and excellent a work as Lisa Steinman's *Made in America: Science, Technology, and American Modernist Poets,* 1987, tends to ignore Harriet Monroe as a poet who wrote poems specifically about technological innovations and human nature. Steinman investigates William Carlos Williams's, Marianne Moore's and Wallace Stevens's poems exploring science and technology and although she mentions Harriet Monroe as a poet whose early career was marked by such technological poems as "The Turbine," "The Telephone," and "A Power-Plant," Steinman is interested in her not as an innovative poet who demonstrated that technology was a fitting subject for verse, but as the editor of the other American Modernist poets she does study in some detail.

I do not find Monroe's experimentation with technology in verse either too simple or unimportant to be studied in detail. She herself was proud of these poems, particularly "The Turbine," but may well have aided in its being dismissed so readily by contemporary critics. In her autobiography, *A Poet's Life: Seventy Years in a Changing World,* she writes that this was her most ambitious tribute to modern machinery. She was proud to have it published in the *Atlantic* (1910) and reprinted in some engineering journals of the time. In her autobiography, she speaks of her attitude toward technology using language that implies a more peaceful relationship with technology and its modern uses than "The Turbine," on careful reading, implies.

"The Turbine" is dedicated to her brother William Stanton Monroe, builder of power plants, whose talk about a dangerously injured generator allegedly inspired the poem. Monroe explains:

> I have always been interested in machinery, and in the marvelous and really affectionate dexterity of the born machinist; and this poem tries to show how such a man humanizes his huge creature of steel and makes it the point of departure from his imaginative and spiritual life. When a number of engineering journals reprinted the poem, I felt that I had not strayed far from the professional point of view. (191)

But when one reads the poem, one sees that Monroe did stray from the professional point of view, the idealized point of view, perhaps more than she was willing to admit. The narrator in this poem is presented as passionate, but not particularly as an objective, astute thinker; rather, he is a traditional man caught up in his own exaggerated power. Monroe was a woman very much aware of gender issues, and the prejudices and distortions of her time concerning women's nature, abilities and possibilities[1] and it is no accident that this engineer, the narrator of her poem, is male and the turbine, even when he links the engine with male powers, is seen by this engineer as very female, even feminine. Monroe may honor this male engineer, but she also belittles his sexualized, arrogant, patronizing relationship to the turbine. Monroe's narrator, seems to be longing for something beyond the modern, mechanized world which he wishes to control, a type of peace that his vision and language often

contradict. On close reading, "The Turbine" is a complicated poem where Monroe creates an unreliable male narrator through whom she is able to explore gender as well as technological issues. Steinman should have included it as an important part of her study and Cahill should have noted the possibility of the narrator being unreliable, and the author quite uncomfortable and critical of his relationship with this feminized machine.

In "The Turbine," Monroe demonstrates that she values innovative subject matters as well as new rhythms, images, and perspectives. One can readily see the technical, contemporary, psychological centers of the poem, for it is a free verse narrative which uses the classics to study the machine. One can hear Monroe's interest in music and explore her ambivalence toward the cultural myth of woman's mystery. In short one can experience the unique workings of a fine poet who decided to examine the turbine engine through the vision and sensibility of a modern, educated, culture bound—more than he realizes—man.

"The Turbine" at first seems firm, clear, energetic and serious, but if one sees the poem's narrator as unreliable, it becomes a much more interesting work concerning Monroe's attitude toward traditional female myths and men's tendencies to exaggerate difference and prefer control over collaboration. The optimism and celebration of the poem may be seen as a pasteboard mask behind which Monroe examined feelings about heterosexuality and the limits and dangers of the male gaze.

Monroe may be considered by contemporary literary historians as first an editor and then an artist, but as the title of her autobiography attests, being a poet was more central to her identity than being an editor. She was fifty-two when she became the editor of *Poetry* in 1912. Her first book of poetry, *Valeria and Other Poems,* was privately printed in 1892. Monroe was thirty-two. In that same decade some poems of hers appeared in the *Atlantic* and in London's *Fortnightly Review.* By 1910 when "The Turbine" appeared in the *Atlantic* Monroe had been writing for many years. Her next book of poems *You and I* published by MacMillan in 1914, reprinted "The Turbine." In 1917, her first anthology of modern poets appeared and she and her co-editor, Alice Corbin Henderson, included "The Turbine"

along with some of her other poems. She wanted this poem read; it is included again in *Chosen Poems,* 1935.

Monroe was a serious poet, one, like the best of her contemporaries, concerned with identity and audience. She did not want to remain dependent upon the worn-out machinery of rhymed eloquence, and she did not want to be dependent on the new machinery, the new technology, but believed one could and should use it to further one's own spiritual search for an honest and artistic communication. Poetry, for her, had the tradition of external form and the larger tradition of spiritual motive. The tradition of detail for its own sake, used inorganically, was not one she revered, and found it used more by weak rather than strong poets. She verbalized this well in a 1917 editorial "Colonialism Again." Her poetry offers evidence that freedom from form may imply the type of spiritual freedom which she hopes to demonstrate through her art, and that characters, feeling their own power, are not necessarily powerful, but may help the reader toward insight and freedom. "The Turbine" can be seen as ecstatic, or ironic, depending on one's relationship to the unreliable narrator she presents. In this, as well as in her subject matter and use of free verse, she is very modern. It is possible to see this poem as a very insightful and powerful parody. She may well be looking at the romanticizing of technology from a critical distance. Without condemning the narrator, she may want her reader to question his attitude toward women, technology, and individual power. According to Linda Hutcheon, in *A Theory of Parody,* parody can employ irony without ridicule. Monroe can simultaneously respect her narrator and find him excessive, sexist, ego-bound. I believe she does respect her brother, and engineers like him, but at the same time in the creation of this narrator, she is aware that his stance is unrealistic, unhealthy and dangerous. In a poem where every word counts, she allows the reader to understand the wonder and ridiculousness of the narrator's position. She is brave enough to let the narrator speak for himself; she leaves room for various readings of her text.

Monroe may have served a public function as editor of *Poetry,* but as an artist she was private, even isolated. Perhaps Monroe is most revealing about this sense of poetic isolation in

her editorial "Tradition," in *Poetry* (1913) where she discusses American poets generally and concludes that theirs must be the individual search. American poets, she writes, have it tougher than poets from other cultures for here, in America, there is no substantial tradition: "The task for the American poet is twice as difficult as it is for his continental brother. The artistic temperament upon which he has to build is solely individual. It is a great tradition nevertheless and essentially so in spirit and it is in this spirit that it must be emulated." In "The Turbine" she creates a veiled poem with a message potentially radical enough to bring her further isolation.

Monroe, as poet, aimed at her own balance. She wanted to be accepted and read by great audiences, but probably did not believe, at least in 1910 when "The Turbine" was first printed, that these audiences existed. I believe when she wrote her autobiography, she was still, by simplifying her own reaction to "The Turbine"'s reception, protecting what little audience she held as poet. She did not want to alienate the world of technology she was honoring by pointing out her narrator's weaknesses, and the problems inherent in his view of machines, women, and the world. But I think that one of the reasons she continued to respect "The Turbine" was because her authorial stance toward the narrator continued to interest her. She may not be pushing her audience toward the radical reading "The Turbine" demands, but that does not mean such a reading is inaccurate or invalid. The text allows it; the text demands it even if Monroe does not.

If Monroe is so important a woman in terms of print culture, and I believe that she is, then I think the person who helped create the Modernist movement in the Midwest, in America, and internationally, should be read not simply in terms of what she published as an editor, but in terms of what she herself wrote. Through this analysis of "The Turbine" I hope to demonstrate that Monroe, the poet, was critical of men's attitudes toward women, nature, and machinery.

If one looks beyond Monroe's comments about "The Turbine," below its encoded surface, one sees a poem that the engineering journal editors, had they been more critical readers, might not

have printed after all, at least not without a fine sense of humor and a self-critical stance.

The veiled poem begins drawing in a "you," demanding reader involvement, reader complicity: "Look at her—there she sits upon her throne/ As ladylike and quiet as a nun!/" Immediately the turbine is presented as female and she is not a woman here, not even a lady, but "like" a lady. She is royal. As Marilyn Frye explains in *The Politics of Reality,* the word royal originates from the word real and she or he who is royal defines what is considered real. The turbine is also "quiet as a nun." This image alludes to the Church's secrecy and to the turbine's hiddenness as a religious figure with vast and secretive powers. The world of class, sex, worship, and technology are conflated here. The reader does not know what he or she is observing. We just know the narrator is impressed and watchful. He judges and describes: "But if you cross her—whew! her thunderbolts/ Will shake the earth!" Quickly we enter the world of Greek and Roman myth and the potential of violence from larger than human figures. Monroe is playing with the irrational emotions that are traditionally linked to femaleness. What seemed like female chastity quickly becomes potentially explosive. It is Zeus's thunderbolts that shake the world of Greek myth, so here, at the beginning of the poem the turbine is seen as appropriating the traditional power of male gods. And this turbine is proud: "She's proud as any queen,/ The beauty—knows her royal business too,/ To light the world, and does it night by night/ When her gay lord, the sun gives up his job/ I am her slave;" So the narrator presents the order of his world. The narrator, the human, is lowest, the sun highest and this androgenous turbine reacts somewhere in between. Later in the poem his position will rise.

There is much play between the relationships Monroe sets up here. Slavery is portrayed, sometimes as negative, sometimes as natural. The narrator says: "I wake and watch and run/ From dark till dawn beside her. All the while/ She hums there softly, purring with delight/ Because men bring the riches of the earth/ To feed her hungry fires." Here, the turbine becomes the devouring woman—the cruel goddess ravenous forever, a far cry from the quiet nun, and the narrator admits fear. "I do her will/ And dare not disobey, her her right hand/ Is power, her left is terror, and her anger/ Is havoc." The turbine is particularly terrifying because her anger brings chaos.

The narrator of the poem, as the feeder of this monster, is impressed with his own power and makes sure that the reader knows who is really in charge: "Look—if I but lay a wire/ Across the terminals of yonder switch/ She'll burst her windings, rip her casings off,/ And shriek till envious Hell shoots up its flames,/ Shattering her very throne. And all her people,/ The laboring, trampling, dreaming crowds out there—/ Fools and the wise who look to her for light—/ Will walk in darkness through the liquid night/ Submerged." People are in motion and they need light, artificial as well as natural, and this narrator, feeder of the turbine, is full of his own power.

The narrator sees the world as unstable. One wire misplaced can transform the world. The first stanza ends with the vulnerability of the people in the street, the turbine's precarious and dangerous vitality, and the narrator elated and frightened by his position in this world of giant, irrational, female, engines.

The line breaks in the poem are odd, filled with caesuras. The rhythm is irregular, mechanized and unexpected. The narrator is ambivalent and confused. The second stanza begins: "Sometimes I wonder why she stoops/ To be my friend—oh yes, who talks to me/ And sings away my loneliness; my friend/ Though I am trivial and she sublime./ Hard-hearted?—No tender and pitiful,/ As all the great are." We get a sense of Whitman here or Emerson contradicting himself without apology in order to build his argument. The machine, the devourer of the first stanza, becomes maternal. "Every arrogant grief,/ She comforts quietly, and all my joys/ Dance to her measures through the tolerant night./" The entire poem is filled with contradiction, sound, motion, and edges.

In this same stanza the narrator presents the machine not as detached, not as kind, but as needy: "She talks to me tells me her troubles too,/ Just as I tell her mine. Perhaps she feels/ An ache deep down—that agonizing stab/ Of grit grating her bearings; then her voice/ Changes its tune, it wails and calls to me/ To soothe her anguish, and I run, her slave,/ Probe like a surgeon

and relieve the pain./" Contradiction builds on contradiction and the narrator feels his power and skill.

Form matches content. The machinery of the poem, the images of the narrator are heavy handed, unbalanced, a bit prurient and false. He begins the next stanza confident in his accurate reading of this female machine with whom he has this intimate, private relationship: "We have our jokes too, little mockeries/ That no one else in all the swarming world/ Would see the point of. She will laugh at me/ To show her power: maybe her carbon packings/ Leak steam, and I run madly back and forth/ To keep the infernal fiends from breaking loose:/ Suddenly she will throttle them herself/ And chuckle softly, far above me there,/ at my alarms./" The turbine becomes slightly mad, darkly humorous, precariously on the edge of violence, a goddess who plays with male emotions for the pleasure of demonstrating independence and power.

Monroe directly explores the social implications of the turbine's femaleness as well as the stereotypes often attached to female power. The next stanza, the fourth, begins: "But there are moments—hush!—/ When my turn comes; her slave can be her master,/ Conquering her he serves." The narrator identifies himself as a man and he becomes the observer and, it is important to note, oppressor, of a female turbine. This male narrator who thinks of himself as a slave speaks as if he has intimate knowledge about how women function: "For she's a woman,/ Gets bored there on her throne, tired of herself/ Tingles with power that turns to wantonness/ Suddenly something's wrong—she laughs at me,/ Bedevils the frail wires with some mad caress/ That thrills blind space, calls down ten thousand lightnings/ To ruin her pomp and set her spirit free./" Earlier the turbine had been compared to a nun; and now she "bedevils" wires. Selfishly, she wants freedom at any cost; she is ambivalent toward her own demise. The turbine is Lilith refusing to be controlled, or Eve taking Adam down with her fall, or she is Helen, not Helen from the point of view of Helen herself, but the Helen of traditional male legend whose face launched a thousand ships: not the Helen of H.D.'s *Helen in Egypt* who was not even in Troy but used by male gods who needed an excuse to keep them from understanding the depth of their own war instinct. This

Helen, bent on personal freedom, will take down a culture with her. The narrator loses all credibility here. The turbine, the narrator's projected goddess, is too traditional, too idealized and despised, too powerful and powerless, too much the patriarchal "other," and the narrator is too presumptuous in thinking he understands her. This is clearly the turbine of a traditional, misguided, male narrator. Few women, probably, had access to such engines, and if they had, this would not be the language Harriet Monroe would have them use to explain their relationship to this machine.

Although Harriet Monroe has not been read as mocking the narrator's vision of this machine as a temptress, as a bored woman who needs a man to save her when she tries to set her spirit free, certainly one can make a case that Monroe is creating a parody of turn-of-the-century men and their relationship to machines. Monroe gives the narrator, at least at times, a worshipful demeanor, but she also makes him aggressive, conceited, creating him so that the attentive reader of the 1910s or 1990s does not simply empathize with him. He is stereotyping women in a way Monroe cannot possibly view as realistic given her own history as an independent person who fostered women's rights to speak, write, get printed, pursue happiness. The narrator and author are not one either in gender or vision. The narrator sees himself as hero and the reader and author see him as technical, spiritual, but ridiculous in his projections about the machine's psychological and emotional makeup, in his rendition of her as a female parody: "Then with this puny hand, swift as her threat,/ Must I beat back the chaos, hold in leash/ Destructive furies, rescue her—even her—/ From the fierce rashness of her truant mood,/ and make me lord of far and near a moment/ Startling the mystery." Monroe may well be laughing at male arrogance in thinking they control women. "Last night I did it—/ alone here with my hand upon her heart/ I faced the mounting fiends and whipped them down;/ And never a wink from the long file of lamps/ Betrayed her to the world."

This chivalrous narrator is better than the traditional Achilles, better than the traditional Paris, at least in his own mind, because he can protect his Helen from scandal, his hand on her heart, his whips effective. Because of his well timed violence, he is

able to protect her from the fiends that her own behavior have invoked; because of him she will not cease to light up the world and her reputation will remain unmarred.

Monroe is creating a case of male envy over female power and male arrogance. I can imagine Harriet Monroe, the woman who effectively fought both Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound, smiling, even chuckling, as she created these lines. The wonder is that the wit and distancing and irony have not been written about before. Monroe was a forty-two-year-old woman when she wrote this poem, a woman who must have had, like her contemporary H. D., second thoughts about women's roles in classical myth and in the modern culture in which she lived doing the best she could not to fall in the hands of a man like the narrator who would protect her from herself.

The turb'ne, mounted on all the ages, represents epochs of men attempting to rivet the secret chambers of light and finally succeeding. The narrator, wanting the reader to identify with him, includes the reader in his fantasy of success, not dissimilar to the technique T. S. Eliot used in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" luring the reader into his vision of the world. The narrator of "The Turbine" wants the reader to share in his glory: ". . . till at last/ we, you and I, this living age of ours,/ A new-winged Mercury, out of the skies/ Filch the wild spirit of light, and chain him there/ To do her will forever." Mercury is chained to do this female turbine's will; a potential male competitor of the narrator's bites the dust: Mercury, the messenger, the god of commerce, travel and thievery; and the turbine's technical female power, are irrevocably made androgynous and functional, united as god and queen, not accidentally, by a twentieth century man and remain under his control. The narrator is proud. He takes credit. The reader is not convinced. The writer, Harriet Monroe, has created a troublesome, not fully convincing, image of the modern age, not at its best, rather, insecure, and generally protesting too much.

The narrator, in the next stanza, the sixth of seven, continues his attempt to capture the reader's approval. Here he calls the reader "friend." The narrator is not expecting to be questioned: "Look, my friend,/ Here is a sign! What is the crystal sphere—" The world has been reduced to a lightbulb, the equivalent of a child's toy, with the power to light the world. What seems powerless, is not: "In my hand it lies/ Cold and inert, its puny artery—/ That curling cobweb film—ashen and dead./ But now—a twist or two—let it but touch/ The hem, far trailing, of my lady's robe,/ And look the burning life-blood of the stars/ Leaps to its heart, and, glows against the dark,/ Kindling the world./" We have magic, sexuality—male controlled—unnatural: united with science. Embryonic curling filaments, once ashen and dead, are alive with light because a man, in control of a female generator, could make it happen.

The narrator lays his hand upon the turbine's garment, "upon the Pleiades," the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione who were placed by Zeus among the stars, and feels "their throb of fire." He is turned on by man-made light and his own power. Although he is "unworthy," and the turbine is "inscrutable," she is still a female who "grandly" gives to him, scattering "her splendors" through his "darkness." As the poem ends, the narrator seems to diminish the earth's power as it idealizes the turbine. One becomes a little afraid of his perspective as he tells the reader that he with his turbine, is able to see "the light our sunshine hides." He feels, he is able to go beyond the sun and connect to "infinite energies/ Our little earth just gnaws at through the ether./"

"The Turbine" ends with the narrator saying "close to the heart of life, I am at peace." The narrator may be at peace, but it is not a peace we as readers necessarily trust either for ourselves or him. While the narrator admits he does not understand this turbine, we are very conscious that he also does not understand himself. The images and tone he uses to depict their relationship are not comforting. They function to make the peace at the end of the poem untrustworthy and precarious.

In *The Confidence Man*, Herman Melville made clear that "seeming" is not "being," and here again we have a narrator that ends his poem as if the two were one. The earth gnawing through the ether is no innocent or pleasant image. It is just another example of this poem's aggressive imagery where one object devours another; and doing better than sunshine is a bit diabolical. Harriet Monroe and the reader know what the narrator does not. The narrator represents himself more in wonder

than at peace. He says he is at peace, but we as readers feel mostly his misdirection. This is much more a poem about wanting the world to make positive, comforting sense, to add up, to be mastered by man, than a poem which actually accomplishes these goals. In other words, "The Turbine" is a modern poem, not one idealizing technology, but one examining limited, human perspectives and choices in a socially troubled world.

"The Turbine" has been too little read and then too much misread. This reading makes Monroe much less a part of the genteel tradition than has sometimes been supposed. She relies on sex, humor, myth, and parody to get through to her point that traditional, patriarchal men treat technology as they treat women and nature: they want control, they are comfortable with violent methodologies, and yet they want the end result to offer them a world of peace. This is not a poem which, as Daniel Cahill suggests, portrays the "frank acceptance of the machine as one of the glories of man's ingenuity" (106); this is a poem about men and technology and how new worlds and patterns parallel old ones; this is no honest celebration of the great potential of mechanical inventiveness easing the burden of life, but a complicated exploration of man's use of history, machinery, and sexual power. Technology cannot end bad patterns in human culture. If the machine is no enemy, is is also not simply the mysterious friend that Cahill suggests. While she does explore the tools of modern man, his wonderful inventions, and clearly makes them the fit subjects for the poet, the turbine becomes a means to examine how men may build, but do not build a world of human happiness. More man-made light does not imply more happiness. The turbine, here, is simply another means of reinforcing the unreliable narrator's world view and his desire to control the universe. He worships, stereotypes, and scorns and he comes out heroic mostly in his own mind.

Harriet Monroe, the effective democrat, creates a narrator whose metaphors examine and sometimes approve slavery, aristocracy, and male control. These were the issues of her time. To examine these issues through a narrator that accepts this type of world view is not to approve this world view oneself. Harriet Monroe was impressed with the technological advances in her time, but here she created a narrator whose attitude toward

technology borders on arrogance. Technology may free humans from the more burdensome tasks of existence, but what it offers is not a fix for the world, but another source of light, artificial, less than the sun.

My reading of this poem is darker than Cahill's, but more in keeping with what we have come to know about Harriet Monroe. Yes, the machine was an object of poetic attention, but the conclusion of this culture-bound narrator should not be seen as the conclusion of Harriet Monroe. Monroe's later poetry examines the destructive forces that seem to be a denial of the vital forces of progress and national greatness, but her pessimism, if one looks closely, lurks in this earlier poem as well, in the narration of a man who seems to reduce what he himself perceives to a peacefulness that this reader cannot capture from "The Turbine." And, perhaps, it also reflects her optimism, because examining troublesome values between men and technology brings readers one step closer to changing those values, one step closer to changing the world.

Ohio University

ENDNOTE

1. Harriet Monroe's feminism and democratic leanings have been well documented. See Marilyn J. Atlas, "Harriet Monroe, Margaret Anderson, and the Spirit of the Chicago Renaissance"; Sidney H. Bremer, "Willa Cather's Lost Chicago Sisters"; Mary Biggs, "From Harriet Monroe to *AQ*: Selected Women's Literary Journals, 1912-1972," Ann Massa, "The Columbian Ode and *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse:* Harriet Monroe's Entrepreneurial Triumphs"; and Ellen Williams, *Harriet Monroe and the Poetry Renaissance: The First Ten Years of Poetry, 1912-1922* for various examples of these values.

WORKS CITED

Abbott, Craig S. "Publishing the New Poetry: Harriet Monroe's Anthology." *Journal of Modern Languages* 11 (1984):87-108.

Atlas, Marilyn J. "Harriet Monroe, Margaret Anderson, and the Spirit of the Chicago Renaissance. *Midwestern Miscellany IX* (1981):43-53.

Biggs, Mary. "From Harriet Monroe to *AQ*: Selected Women's Literary Journals, 1912-1972." *13nth Moon: A Feminist Literary Magazine* 8.1-2(1984):173-216.

Bremer, Sidney H. "Willa Cather's Lost Chicago Sisters." *Women Writers and the City: Essays in Feminist Literary Criticism* ed. Susan Merrill Squier. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1984, 210-230.

Cahill, Daniel J. *Harriet Monroe*. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1973.

———— and Laura Ingram. "Harriet Monroe." *Dictionary of Literary Biography 54: American Poets, 1880-1945:* 312-317.

Frye, Marilyn. *The Politics of Reality: Essays in Feminist Theory.* New York: Crossing Press, 1983.
Hutcheon, Linda. *A Theory of Parody: The Teachings of Twentieth-Century Art Forms.* New York: Methuen, 1985.
Marek, Jane E. *Women Editing Modernism: "Little Magazines & Literary History.* Lexington: University of Kentucky, 1995.
Massa, Ann. "The Columbian Ode and *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse:* Harriet Monroe's Entrepreneurial Triumphs." *Journal of American Studies. Cambridge England* 20.1 (April 1986):51-69.
__________. "Form Follows Function: The Construction of Harriet Monroe and *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse." A Living of Worlds: American Women in Print Culture.* ed. Susan Albertine. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1995, 115-131.
Monroe, Harriet. *Chosen Poems: A Selection from my Books of Verse.* New York: Macmillan, 1935.
__________. "Colonialism Again." Editorial. *Poetry* 10 (May 1917):94.
__________ and Alice Corbine Henderson, eds. *The New Poetry: An Anthology.* New York: Macmillan, 1917: revised and enlarged as *The New Poetry: An Anthology of Twentieth-Century Verse in English.* New York: Macmillan, 1923; revised and enlarged again, 1932.
__________. *A Poet's Life: Seventy Years in a Changing World.* New York: Macmillan, 1938.
__________. "Tradition." Editorial. *Poetry* 11 (May 1913):67.
__________. *You and I.* New York: Macmillan, 1914.
Steinman, Lisa M. *Made in America: Science, Technology, and American Modernist Poets.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987.
Williams, Ellen. *Harriet Monroe and the Poetry Renaissance: The First Ten Years of Poetry, 1912-1922.* Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1977.

VACHEL LINDSAY'S CRUSADE FOR CULTURAL LITERACY

LISA WOOLEY

E. D. Hirsch, Jr. began his 1987 best-seller *Cultural Literacy* by claiming that "to be culturally literate is to possess the basic information needed to thrive in the modern world" (xiii). He argued that everything from comprehension of newspapers to success in business and industry depended on the skills he described. In response to Hirsch and to Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind,* Graywolf editors Rick Simonson and Scott Walker compiled an anthology, *Multi-cultural Literacy: Opening the American Mind* (1988). The intervening seven years have failed to produce a consensus as to what should be taught in American schools, what knowledge is necessary for success, or what degree of unification or pluralism exists within the United States. As nearly all parties to the debate acknowledge, the questions raised are not new, and the views of Horace Kallen and William James are sometimes examined in order to provide historical perspective. A name less likely to arise is Vachel Lindsay, but like Hirsch he launched a national campaign to stress the importance of "communally shared information" (Hirsch xv), although Lindsay would have used different terminology, preferring the idea of "the strange composite voice of many million singing souls." For Lindsay and fellow Midwesterner Carl Sandburg, the significance of Native Americans, African Americans, and European immigrants for their poetics went beyond changing traditional literary style, for, as wanderers and sojourners, they undertook cultural literacy projects attempting to stress an American knowledge not derived from British culture.

Lindsay and Sandburg differed from the pundits of today's debates over cultural literacy in that neither of them finished

college, much less an advanced degree. Instead, they established their authority by conforming themselves to the popular image of Walt Whitman as the wandering bard of diversity and democracy. Tired of teaching at the New York YMCA to earn money for art classes, Lindsay launched several walking tours through the South, East, and West and published accounts of his adventures. Although his poetry was beginning to appear in magazines at this time, his career did not take off until he was asked to recite "The Congo" at a *Poetry* magazine banquet in honor of William Butler Yeats.

Despite the overt resemblance to Whitman and his cross-country treks, Lindsay departed from his predecessor's example. He did not make much use of vernacular language, for instance, and preferred rhyming forms to free verse. Yet, the spoken word informed his poetics because of his interest in American orators and the heroes of folklore. In addition, Lindsay included uniquely American words in Whitmanesque litanies of place names, flora, fauna, and topographical features.

Traditionally, Lindsay's place in American literary history has been that of a poet whose identity became limited to his energetic recitations of a few poems, which led to artistic and spiritual exhaustion. More recently, critics have concentrated on either Lindsay's oral performances or his reliance on visual paradigms. Although he suffered from bouts of tremendous egoism, Lindsay effaced himself to the extent that he has left critics disagreeing as to what really constitutes his work. In effect, he is a poet lost between his speaking and writing. His ideas did not influence American literature as much as they represented an effort to change American literacy.

Both recitation and print served his educational mission. On his first walking tours, when he traded his performances for meals and a night's lodging, the pamphlets he distributed were meant to underline the seriousness of his cause, reinforce his message when he was gone, and serve as additional payment to his hosts. After returning from the East to live with his parents in Springfield, Lindsay became a lecturer for the temperance cause and began issuing the *War Bulletin* (1909) and the *Village Magazine* (1910), both consisting of his own poems and essays. Although printed, rather than performed, these self-publishing

ventures attempted to maintain the same interactive form the walking tours had taken, as the instructions for subscribing to the *Village Magazine* demonstrate:

> The Village Magazine is not for sale. It is a birthday present for the chosen. Good passer-by, if you want a copy, persuade the owner of this one to write an elegant letter about you to the address below or construct your own application. The letter should contain some evidence that you have a contrite heart, also a proper sense of humor, and that you have read with rightly mixed emotions, some portion of the work. But the idea is not copyrighted. Let some better man continue the work, principally for places of one thousand inhabitants, or thereabouts.

At the beginning of his career, then, Lindsay balanced recitation and print, solitude and interaction, motion and stasis. Later, however, he came to be in such demand (and in such need of income) that he traveled constantly. By 1922, he had sickened of reciting his poetry and emphasized his grounding in the visual arts. The concept responsible for the reputation he came to loath evolved during his walking tours. He called the idea the Higher Vaudeville.

Examples of the higher vaudeville poems include those most associated with Lindsay today, that is, "The Congo" and "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." These he performed with great energy, moving about the stage, gesturing with his arms and head, sometimes chanting or singing, and employing dramatic pauses and a wide range in volume.

Balz Engler argues that Lindsay's career as a performer must not be evaluated solely in terms of the poet's later disaffection with the strains of travel and self-repetition: he adds, moreover, that Lindsay's poetry largely has been forgotten because printed selections ignore the performance context and its goals. The point of Lindsay's performances was to create community by involving an audience in a shared experience, and the higher vaudeville had a definite purpose in this plan. "Lindsay used poems like these to 'blow ashes into flame,' to start the process of reviving the imagination and thus of recreating community," Engler argues. He also stresses that Lindsay wanted to reach a popular audience similar to the one vaudeville attracted, and to

do so, he borrowed its scenario of "the stand-up performer addressing and reacting to an audience."

While Engler has reassessed Lindsay's work in the performance context, Marc Chenetier has stressed his reliance on visual elements. "To Lindsay," writes Chenetier, "a poem . . . was always first and foremost a picture, so that all the other arts and media which he enrolled in the service of poetic expression were ultimately placed in the service of visual experiences." Engler and Chenetier both discuss his oral and visual orientations but emphasize one or the other. This contrast is not surprising since Lindsay vacillated on the relative importance of speaking, writing, and drawing to his career.

Like Engler, Chenetier sees Lindsay's goal as the creation of an American sense of community, but he stresses the role of images or what Lindsay called "United States Hieroglyphics" in this process. "His idea being to reorganize the collective unconscious, to unite and homogenize it again," writes Chenetier, "Lindsay sets out to discover and transcribe, like some sort of consecrated Champollion retracing his own steps, the hieroglyphic equivalents of American life." One of Lindsay's contemporaries, Schuyler Jackson, saw this goal as well: "Common images make for communal purpose: and communal purpose is common sense writ large. Lindsay's images are a help to 'naturalize' more completely every citizen in the United States."

Engler emphasizes performance, while Chenetier stresses the creation of symbols; I would argue that each of these critics has one piece of the puzzle. Combined in the effort to build community, both kinds of strategies aimed to change cultural literacy. Lindsay encouraged his reading and listening audiences to perform his poetical creations and extend his process of semiosis. Attempting to make citizens not only with images and performances but by teaching them a uniquely American language, he sought to familiarize Americans with his favorite writers and the nation's folklore, history, and geography, thereby changing what Americans knew. He also made people, plants, and places symbolic in hopes of altering how Americans knew what they knew. Hirsch echoes many of these same themes when he writes that "only by accumulating shared symbols, and the shared information that the symbols represent, can we learn

to communicate effectively with one another in our national community" (xvii).

Like Hirsch, Lindsay was convinced that the proper kind of education would empower the disenfranchised. If Sandburg tended to romanticize the lower classes, despite his working class origins, Lindsay wanted to rescue them by rewriting folklore and infusing it with what he believed to be ancient philosophy. Touring the nation brought him and Sandburg into contact with a diverse population, disseminated their messages, and established their authority as national spokesmen. Building a reputation on travel, however, poses a problem because wandering American bards place themselves everywhere and yet nowhere. Using the open road as a symbol uniting a multicultural democracy proves untenable because roads and railways often encouraged uniformity, sundered neighborhoods, displaced indigenous populations, and destroyed sacred sites and sources of food. Lindsay and Sandburg both emphasized particular places, Chicago and Springfield respectively, but they also transformed them, synecdochically, into all American cities. For Lindsay, the real American language was Virginian but found in Indiana, and, as he traveled west, the Rockies became the Boston/Springfield/Kansas (i.e., spiritual center) of the nation. His attempt to hold the country together through a sign system of his own making echoes the very imperialist drives that repressed differences.

Not meant as a means of crowding out other voices, Lindsay's walking tours originally were conceived as a way to drop out of capitalism and its hierarchies. He came to the road in a different manner than Sandburg and traveled it with a different attitude. "Remember, if you go a-wandering, the road will break your heart," he wrote in *A Handy Guide for Beggars*. He largely failed to profit by his career, partly because he possessed fewer entrepreneurial skills than Sandburg, but also, at least early on, as a matter of design. Although he devised walking tours in order to make poetry an event rather than a product, his economic naivete and the very ideal of an American bard prevented him from circumventing the market and made him a commodity in it.

Both Sandburg and Lindsay set out to create a literature from and for the people, but conceptions of race and ethnicity,

their own ambitions, ideas about American history, the role prescribed for American artists, and an unjust social and economic system all thwarted the democracy of their projects. Yet, now that Lindsay and Sandburg, no longer living speakers, are declining in importance as part of our own cultural literacy, their relationship to those they tried to represent is what makes them interesting. Although Lindsay and Sandburg often mythologized themselves, we can study their goals in relation to those of the African Americans, Native Americans, and non-English immigrants they tried to represent: their projects are necessarily incomplete unless put alongside, for example, Langston Hughes's ideas about what's American. My paper examines the ways in which we can appreciate the texts that now replace their personalities and assess their ramifications for our own efforts at multicultural literacy.

Wilson College

WANDERERS AND SOJOURNERS: SHERWOOD ANDERSON AND THE PEOPLE OF WINESBURG

DAVID D. ANDERSON

Few works in the American literary canon have been as completely associated with place and time as Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*. To succeeding generations of critics in the more than three quarters of a century since its publication in 1919, *Winesburg, Ohio* is the definitive portrayal of the Midwestern small town as the nineteenth century was about to become the twentieth, and the work, which Anderson liked to describe as a novel in a form invented by himself, is seen as a permanent testament to the town and its people at that time.

Winesburg, Ohio is indeed a testament, as all of Anderson's work is a testament to his time and place, and, like Thoreau's Walden, Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, and Hemingway's Northern Michigan, the mythical town of Winesburg is one of the most enduring places in American literature. So vivid is the place of Winesburg in the pages of the book and so sharply etched is it in the American literary imagination and the collective American memory of a long-lost past that we overlook the fact that Winesburg, Ohio, like all American literary places, is a manifestation of a literal past and present marked not by stability and permanence but by movement, chance, and transience. Winesburg, Ohio, like the Clyde, Ohio, and the Old Northwest recently become the Midwest of Anderson's youth, was not a goal or an end in itself for its people; rather it was a way station, a place to which one came to find refuge or to await an opportunity to move on, or conversely, a place in which one was forced by circumstances to live and die alone. Winesburg, like Anderson's Clyde, like the America that was by Anderson's time more than five hundred years old in the Anglo-American

memory and imagination, is a place uniquely suited not for those who seek stability and permanence but for those who, as sojourners and wanderers, arrive, stay, and move on, if not in the course of their lives, certainly in their hopes, dreams, and imaginations.

In their roles as sojourners and wanderers, the people of Winesburg have much in common with their creator. Sherwood Anderson is, like the town of his memory and creative imagination as well as the story-telling talent that defined the twisted lives of Winesburg's people, firmly associated with the American small town, so much so that in *Home Town,* his last work published in his lifetime, he admitted that he "must be an incurable small-town man." But much of his active life had taken place in cities—in Chicago, to which he went to live three times, in Cleveland and Elyria, Ohio, where he pursued business success, and in New York and New Orleans—before he found MariOn and Troutdale, Virginia, as the base from which he carried on the almost ceaseless wandering that marked his last years, culminating in his death in Colon, Panama Canal Zone, on March 8, 1941.

From his departure from Clyde, Ohio, at twenty in 1896 to his death in Panama forty-five years later, Anderson's life consisted of two major phases, that until early 1913, during which he shared the values of his age and pursued business success, and the last twenty-eight years of his life, which were spent as a wanderer, an observer, a sojourner, and a teller of tales, a life increasingly dominated not by his association with the small town but by his perception of himself as a conscious literary artist.

But as close as he remained in his work to the Clyde, Ohio, of his formative youth, Anderson had spent only twelve years in the town, from 1884 to 1896, and he had come there at the age of eight as the result of his father's wandering across the Ohio countryside as his craft, that of journeyman harnessmaker, slowly became useless, as later did that of Joe Wainsworth in Anderson's *Poor White,* as burgeoning post-Civil War industrialism made the old handcraftsmanship obsolete. Sherwood was born on September 13, 1876, in Camden, Ohio, where his father, Irwin Anderson, had a flourishing harness-making shop. But

that brief period saw the harness making craft at its most prosperous. Irwin Anderson had grown up near West Union, Ohio; he had served in the Union Army, first as an infantryman and then a cavalryman, where he had presumably learned his trade while serving and seeing action in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama; he then attended a nominal college in Xenia, Ohio, before establishing himself as a harness-maker in Rising Sun, Ohio. There he married, began a family, and practiced his trade.

But he went on to Camden and then Mansfield and Caledonia, Ohio, where the family stayed for four years, and where family legend has Irwin playing in the town band with a young Warren G. Harding. It was also where Irwin apparently attempted to practice his trade for the last time as machine-made harnesses became cheap and available, and he moved the family on to Clyde. Clyde was Irwin's longest sojourn, and there, technologically displaced, he painted houses and barns, sold subscriptions to Grant's *Memoirs,* acted, told countless yarns, drank, and put on magic lantern shows. There, his wife, Emma Smith Anderson, died exhausted in 1895. But after a few years, with his family grown, Irwin married again and moved on to Fort Wayne, Indiana. In 1914 he entered the Old Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio, where he died in May, 1919, after a fall suffered while painting the building.

Sherwood was his father's son—as a storyteller, a wanderer, a sojourner—as he finally forced himself to admit in the mid-1920s, a decade after the publication of the vicious portrait of his father in *Windy McPherson's Son.* After his initial departure from Clyde to Chicago at twenty in 1896, Sherwood returned to Clyde only on occasion—to enlist in Clyde's Company I, Sixth Ohio Infantry, in 1898; briefly to work in 1899 before going on to Springfield, Ohio, and again to Chicago; and for perhaps half a dozen brief visits as well as in March, 1927 for the funeral of his younger brother Earl, another of his father's wandering, sojourning sons.

The Clyde, Ohio, that had become part of Anderson's memory and the substance of his literary imagination was not only the basis of *Winesburg, Ohio,* but of his first major publication, *Windy McPherson's Son* in 1916 as well as of *Home Town,* the last in his lifetime, in 1940, and a good number of works be-

tween them. It was also the Clyde of the twenty years from 1884 to 1886, of the 2380 people who lived there in 1880, of the few more in 1890 and in 1900. Those numbers represented the people, together with those in his Chicago boarding house and later in the Army and in the town of Elyria, who peopled his memory and his literary imagination and who were to become the wanderers and sojourners of Winesburg, Ohio, the place, the refuge, the way station, and the point of departure for almost all of Anderson's people, from his first published work to his last.

In the Winesburg, Ohio, of Anderson's literary memory and imagination, the wanderers are those who still harbor some vestige of hope—of escape, of life, of possible ultimate fulfillment—and the sojourners are those who for some reason—that of age, of biology, of fear or frustration—have come to the end of a line that stretches far behind them in time, in space, or in psychological torment. But whether each is a wanderer or a sojourner or both, Anderson defines the people of Winesburg as ultimately sharing the same intensely human characteristic, however that characteristic may manifest itself in their lives, their dreams, the ultimate reality of their individual psyches.

In "The Book of the Grotesque," the prefatory story, Anderson defines that characteristic in symbolic terms. This is Anderson's vision of the people of Winesburg as grotesques, each of them distorted psychologically if not physically as well by the thoughts become truths become falsehoods that have burdened their lives and made them what they are. In that sketch Anderson makes clear one fact that all of them share. In the mind of the old writer who observes the people of his world, all of them are in motion, each of them parading through the old man's ageless imagination as each shares with the old man the secret or secrets that have made him or her a grotesque. The writer, the empathetic observer, remains still in his bed as they pass before him in endless procession, and, Anderson notes, "All of the men and women the writer had ever known had become grotesques" in the eye of his imagination.

In the course of the cycle of a year in the life of the town and the natural cycle from Spring to Spring in northern Ohio, Anderson lays bare for a moment the essence of the lives of

twenty-three of the people of Winesburg and the surrounding countryside. Each of them had sought and in some cases, at least momentarily, was convinced that he or she had discovered whatever it was that would give his or her life meaning and purpose. Yet, in the very moment of discovery, most of them—perhaps, ultimately, all of them—unleash whatever it is in their relationships with themselves as well as with others that makes—or will make—each of them one of the grotesques that pass through the dreams of the old writer. And each of them in the process becomes one of those whose nature is clearly defined as a grotesque, not only in his or her innermost self but in his or her relationship to the town itself as each, in turn, becomes a wanderer who seeks fulfillment in escape, in perpetual movement as much away from something or somewhere as it is to something or somewhere else, or a sojourner who, almost inevitably for worse, finds his or her destiny in the town, itself a fate that precludes both escape and fulfillment. And those who apparently escape are often as imprisoned by the fact of their flight as are those who remain in the town.

Among the grotesques become sojourners, each to a greater or lesser extent apparently becomes part of the life of the town and each, in turn, finds his external identity a manifestation of the role that he plays. Thus, Wing Biddlebaum in "Hands" had lived alone on the edge of Winesburg for twenty years; to the town he was an eccentric old farm hand whose only notable characteristic was his remarkable skill as a berry picker. Dr. Reefy was a once-active country practitioner whom the life of the town had passed by; Elizabeth Willard was the quiet, ailing wife of the town hotel keeper; Dr. Parcival, another failing practitioner, had learned to despise the human condition and was in turn despised by much of the town; Alice Hindman, the clerk in Winney's Dry Goods Store, had quietly, apparently willingly, slipped into spinsterhood; Wash Williams is the disreputable but efficient town telegrapher; the Reverend Curtis Hartman is a dedicated, eloquent follower of John Calvin; Kate Swift is an equally dedicated school teacher, already on the expected road to spinsterhood; Enoch Robinson had gone off into the larger world and then come home in retirement to live alone; Ray Pearson worked silently in the fields and raised his

family because he knew there were no choices; Tom Foster cheerfully did the odd jobs the people of Winesburg could not or would not do for themselves.

For each of these apparently stable residents of the town, place, identity, and destiny seem to be clear, and each seems satisfied to live out the role in which fate and the town have cast him or her. Each, too, is apparently a functioning—or retired—member of the community, accepting if not enjoying his or her role in the town's life as well as the identity the town has given him or her. But as permanent as each has apparently become in the town, Anderson makes clear that beneath that stable appearance is a reality in psychic torment, a person as unknown and unknowable to the town as to himself or herself. Each is truly a grotesque and truly a sojourner, each a sojourner and a stranger, no matter how long he or she has lived in the town or no matter how apparently integrated into the life of the town he or she is.

In about half of the stories the reality of each grotesque's torment is made known to us through the inadvertant and usually unknowing agency of George Willard, the young reporter on the *Winesburg Eagle* and the unifying figure in the stories. In the others, Anderson as omniscent author reveals the human truth beyond the character's social identity, sometimes by using George Willard as a catalyst for that revelation. Thus, Wing Biddlebaum is a refugee from misunderstanding compounded by bigotry and propelled by terror; as a school teacher in another life in a small town in Pennsylvania, he had, in a moment of classroom excitement, touched a boy student, and the resulting violent misunderstanding had led him to flee the town at night in terror, to live alone outside of Winesburg, frightened of the eloquent but uncontrollable hands that could only find purpose in berry picking time.

Dr. Reefy had once known love and acceptance, but in their loss had become a willing eccentric. Elizabeth Willard had dreamed of escape into glamour and beauty, only to let her dream become tawdry as she took refuge in a loveless marriage, brightened only by her son, George, whom she dreams will one day make the escape she had found impossible. Dr. Parcival had known pain and suffering and had come to realize that

"everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified." Alice Hindman, betrayed by a young man who promised to return, was slowly learning to accept the truth that "many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg." Wash Williams had found love and betrayal, compounded by a gross parody of reconciliation; the Reverend Curtis Hartman confused the torment of sexual attraction with the terror of sin and the awful power of an almighty Calvinist God; Kate Swift's professional dedication and womanly feeling became momentarily confused. Enoch Robinson had tried to create a world of the imagination that forever precluded his chance to love and be loved; Roy Pearson resigned himself to his work in the fields through his perception that every human truth is also a lie; Tom Foster had escaped momentarily into the illusion created by drink, but he knew that it had neither substance nor potential for permanence.

Each of these apparently integrated, functioning and clearly identified members of the Winesburg community is truly both a grotesque and a sojourner. No matter how long he or she lives in the community, each remains a stranger to himself or herself as well as to the others. In the background Anderson makes clear his conviction that all of the people of Winesburg, are, as the old writer saw them, psychological grotesques, their only relationships to the others in the town those of appearance and of function. Thus, each, whether prominent or obscure, is identified by function and appearance: Tom Willy, the saloon keeper, is "a short, broad-shouldered man with peculiarly marked hands;" Will Henderson, the owner and editor of the *Winesburg Eagle* is "a sensualist who had reached the age of forty-five and who seeks his lost youth in a gin bottle; "Shorty" Crandell clerks in Sylvester West's Drug Store; Aunt Elizabeth Swift is "a grey competent-looking widow with money in the Winesburg National Bank;" Belle Carpenter, who trims hats in Mrs. Kate McHugh's millinery shop, "had a dark skin, grey eyes, and thick lips. She was tall and strong. When black thoughts visited her she grew angry and wished she were a man and could fight someone with her fists." Each of the people of Winesburg, sharply etched by Anderson as he or she is seen and presumably known by the others in the town, is clearly not only unknown but unknowable to the others. Yet, as Anderson also sketches in

the case of Belle Carpenter and the others whom he reveals in vivid moments of intuitive perception, beneath the surface by which each of the townspeople is identified by the others is the intensely personal, intensely human, forever unknowable fire fueled by fear, frustration, and the futile transience of broken dreams, elusive hopes, and lost love. This is the substance of Anderson's perception of the people of Winesburg as grotesques; it is also the source of the fact that each is, however long he lives there, the eternal stranger, the sojourner on Main Street, of but not in the life of the town.

But many of those who do escape—with the exception of George Willard, Anderson's alter ego, who carries his memories of the people of the town out into the larger world beyond—are, like Ned Currie, who leaves Alice Hindman forever waiting as he goes off into the world of promise, and the nameless stranger in Tandy who comes to Winesburg from a rich family in Cleveland to cure himself of drink but leaves behind a dream for a young girl, like the traveling men who give the New Willard House its scant custom, essentially faceless, and their place and role in the town fade quickly except in the memories of the women they leave behind. Even those who flee the town in terror, like David Bentley of "Godliness," or in frustration, like Elmer Cowley of "Queer," disappear as quickly from the town's consciousness and memory as they do from its life; for them, the town of Winesburg, like the points of departure, the way stations, the promises of fulfillment in places far and near, that had marked the lives of Irwin Anderson, failed harness-maker of Camden, Ohio, and his son Sherwood, president of the Roof-Fix Company of Elyria, Ohio, had become no more than the names on old maps, to fade or not in memory and in the life of the nation. But, like George Willard, in his departure from Winesburg, Sherwood Anderson had carried with him from Clyde the memories of a town and its people frozen permanently in time and space and etched indelibly in the common cultural memory of a people. Each of them, wanderer, sojourner, grotesque, remains forever, like an old photo or older engraving, firmly fixed in that moment in time, in space, and in the literary testament that is *Winesburg, Ohio.*

Michigan State University

FIRST CROP: PIONEERS OF POETRY IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH

LAWRENCE MOE

This is a report from the field, information about work in progress. What follows presents my subject, methods, findings so far, and my intentions.

1.

The Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota is a geologically distinct region formed by an ancient great lake drained after the last glaciation. The Valley extends south from the Canadian border about 250 miles, varying in width from fifty to one hundred miles—an area larger than Vermont. Because it was a portion of the ancient bed of Glacial Lake Agassiz, it is an extremely flat place with rich sedimentary soils. Mostly open, treeless, windy prairie before the settlement, annual temperature variations of 130 degrees are common.

The Valley was first visited by European explorers in the mid-eighteenth century. Fur trading operations with Native Americans were established there by the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition. During the mid-nineteenth century, ox carts regularly travelled the length of the Valley, carrying supplies from St. Paul to the Selkirk colony (today Winnipeg, Manitoba). In 1859 the first steamboat was put into operation on the Red River. Large-scale agricultural development of the still-remote Valley was dependant on railways, however, and when the lines of two competing companies reached the Red River in 1871, the settlement phase opened quite abruptly. "The Great Dakota Boom" followed, and the Red River Valley was filled with homesteads and towns in less than twenty years. By 1910 foreign-born pioneers and their children made up more than 70% of the

North Dakota population, the largest single nationality of origin being the Norwegian (Robinson 282).

I am a native of Minneapolis, but I have been visiting the Red River Valley for many years. There are few locales that impress upon me so forceful a sense of place. I am always overwhelmed by the seemingly boundless extension of land along that ever-level horizon (early explorers used nautical metaphors to describe travel there). The force and effect of the weather seem stronger there too, as, for instance, watching on a sub-zero winter afternoon as moisture falls out of the air in icy, prismatic dust forming immense sundogs; or in summer, seeing an entire, self-contained thunderstorm float by, sixty miles away, like a dark iceberg in the sky with tiny filaments of lightning strokes fluttering below it.

It occurred to me that the region must have been all-the-more impressive to its pioneers, and suddenly I wondered whether many of them had expressed their experience in verse, and further, whether any who had were talented. How many generations would it take for a regional tradition to arise? I thought of James Russell Lowell's lines in "A Fable for Critics":

> . . . every year a whole crop is begotten,
> They're as much of a staple as corn is, or cotton;
> Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts and shanties
> That has not brought forth its own Miltons and Dantes. . . .
> (*Works* 87)

So I decided to look for myself, focusing on Red River Valley pioneers, their children, or others in the Valley with personal connections to the settlement experience.

2.

Turning to my methods, I started last year by contacting an archivist at a major regional history center. I was told that no one had undertaken a study of early Red River Valley poetry before, that there were no books on the subject, and that there would be no way to find such verse. How glad I am that I ignored that discouraging advice. I had better luck at the state historical societies in St. Paul and Bismarck where I first began to encounter those curious little poetry books—privately printed

testaments to belief in someone's talent, booklets now wrinkled and crumbling, long ago sent or willed to archives for the benefit of the future. I found relatively early regional collections, like *Minnesota Verse,* edited in 1934 by Maude C. Schilpin who described her work as "the first Anthology of Minnesota Verse ever to be published"; or the similar *North Dakota Singing,* edited in 1936 by Grace Brown Putnam and Anna Ackermann. Further, I found poetry magazines like *The Moccasin* in Minnesota and *Prairie Wings* in North Dakota, each founded in the 1930s. These archives, anthologies, and little magazines are statewide in focus, and unfortunately they do not always offer enough biographical information about their poets to associate them specifically with the Red River Valley.

I also wrote to or visited the historical societies in the ten Minnesota and six North Dakota counties that comprise the Red River Valley. In these cases the Valley provenance was already established. Better still, I was sometimes referred directly to the children or grandchildren of old neighborhood poets, known directly to those in the community who make local history their business. I studied as well in the regional collections of the Grand Forks Public Library, and the University of North Dakota. Perhaps the most valuable resource was the North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies at North Dakota State University in Fargo. There it was possible for me not only to examine many unique examples of those little dog-eared books, but to conduct biographical research on individual poets mentioned in statewide publications, in order to see whether they were of the valley. The Institute Room also held a collection of local and county commemorative publications associated with the spate of centennial celebrations the region has been passing through during the last twenty years, and many of these contain old, local verse.

One fruitful tactic was placing press releases in forty-eight regional media outlets. The *Thief River Falls Times* headlined with "Professor seeks early Red River Valley poetry" and printed my entire solicitation for help virtually *verbatim.* The *Grand Forks Herald,* under the headline "Searching," condensed my release into the following: "Lawrence Moe, a literature professor at Metropolitan State University in the Twin Cities, is searching

for poetry written in the Red River Valley during the early phases of its settlement. He is particularly interested in locating poetry written by the pioneers themselves or their children. In addition to writing about his findings, he will use the works for community presentations and literature classes. Write to him at . . ." From such publicity I have received a stream of correspondence, for example, the following, in a tremulous hand: "Dear Professor Moe, I am sending 5 of my poems. 'Today' was published in the *Evangelical Beacon* on Jan. 15, 1980 . . . and 'April' was used in our home town Shopper. I trust you can use some of my poems. I am 85 years old this summer and my parents were pioneers." The general result from all these methods of discovery is that I have opened contacts with many resources and have so far collected verse from nearly one hundred poets who appear to fall within the boundaries of my search.

3.

And what have I found so far? Well, much of the verse appears to be in no way distinctive of its place or time, nor of anything else. In fact, as I sail through these primary resources I sometimes feel like a whale mouthing miles of water for a gulp of plankton. But as I kept reading, I noted the regular appearance of certain themes, including death, family, farming, food, God, politics and history, humor, love, nature, pioneer days, and women's lives, along with a few brief narratives. Some of the poems under some of these heads—especially farming, nature, and pioneer days—are quite distinctive of Red River Valley settlement-era culture. From time to time I encountered a poem that left me with exactly the pensive aliveness I seek and find in the best poetry. I have also found a favorite poet.

Eva Anglesburg was born to pioneers in Grand Forks County, North Dakota, in 1893, and lived there until her husband's death in 1957; she died in 1976. She was most active as a poet during the 1930s when she published two collections; nine of her poems appeared in *North Dakota Singing*. In her first, aptly titled, book *Of the Level Land* (1935), Anglesburg included a poem called "Vanished Days" that is strictly distinctive of the Red River Valley. In it she celebrates the steam-threshing days of her childhood, apparently assuming a persona somewhat older than herself:

So you like this country, stranger? Well, I wish you could have seen it
In the nineties when the land was new and we were raising wheat;
When the Valley of the Red was one vast sea of fife and bluestem,
Raising grain enough to furnish bread for all the world to eat.

It was nothing like this mongrel sort of farming, with its turkeys
And its sheep and hogs, and hens and cows, and beets and spuds and hay,
It was something big and splendid like the mighty sweep of seasons,—
Seems as if the Lord intended men to farm that grander way.

Those were days of real threshing . . . Yes, I used to own a "steamer"
And I hate these tinny tractors with their sharp, staccato bark.
O, to hear an engine chugging and a blower's hollow moaning
And at dusk and dawn the whistles as they called across the dark.

We'd start threshing in September when the lazy winds were sleeping
And the air was still and balmy and a purple haze was spread
Over all the gleaming landscape . . . Evening's stillness brought the eerie,
Minor chant of far-off blowers as the sun sank round and red.

Liked the stately way the bundle-racks swept in beside the feeder
And the ease with which the "spikes" would toss the heavy bundles in
Where the bandcutters could seize them—that was poetry of motion.
Then the growling concaves crunched them and away the chaff would spin.

Threshed a quarter section daily, for in fields where straw was heavy
Or was damp, if we had failed to clear off all the shocks by night,
We would fire a nearby strawpile; as the flames lit earth and heaven
We would finish with a flourish in a blaze of ruddy light.

Gone forever those great strawfires, gone the blower's somber droning,
And the giant drive-belt's humming and the rich, warm smell of grain.
It's the price we pay for progress; Wheat no longer rules the Valley.
With its passing went a splendor we shall never see again.
(Putnam 18-19)

The Red River Valley has a long and sad history of people over-estimating themselves or, later, their automobiles, and freezing to death under the coldest skies in the lower forty-eight. Every winter brings sudden and dreadful blizzards. Anglesburg published "Warning" in 1938, about the deadly winters in the Red River Valley, where every so often the weather will reach out and try to kill you.

The rising wind,
Hurriedly banding the highway
With strands of drifting snow,
Pauses for a moment,
To write
In weird hieroglyphics,
A warning
Which no man will heed. (*Many Moods* 30)

One more example from Eva Anglesburg suggests something of the spirit of pioneer children, somewhat freer than their parents to challenge nature, not for the more serious business of survival, but for fun. Framed by simple couplets, "Pastimes" is grounded in a string of imperative verbs that direct the listener to take chances in a potentially dangerous world:

These are some things we love to do
And highly recommend to you.
Run with the wind and feel it cling
Closer than any living thing.
Run (till your feet with wings seem shod)
Feeling half mortal and half god.

Climb to a lofty bough. Recline
And watch the glinting sun-jewels shine
Within a dark pool far below

Where restless shadows come and go.
As on that windswung bough you sway
The You of you, in some strange way
Freed of the flesh, will mystically
Merge with the spirit of the tree.

Stand at the edge of some high cliff.
Gaze downward till it seems as if
Innumerable, unseen hands
Are meshing you with silken strands.
But when it seems, from that dread deep
Cold tentacles begin to creep
Fight—as you feel them wrap you round—
This fascination of the ground.

Skate on a film of ice so thin
One lagging step will plunge you in.
You hear it creak in protest, feel
It yield to each sharp kiss of steel.
But oh, the fierce, exultant thrill
Of testing thus your speed and skill!

Battle a blizzard some wild night
Through its thick, blinding smother fight.
Though choked by the dense snow-filled air,
While the storm's icy talons tear
Your straining limbs, fight fiercely, spend
Your strength and triumph in the end.
Then afterward what fun to lie
And watch the red flames leaping high
And hear the wind go sweeping by.

Age frowns on pastimes such as these.
We wonder why they fail to please. (Putnam 44-45)

Let us consider a poem by another early Valley poet. Angela Boleyn was born around 1890 in Brainerd, Minnesota, and settled in the Red River Valley after graduating from a Nurses Training School. I have located eleven of her poems. It is easy to imagine that "Far Journeying" arose from personal experience.

I've never been to sunny, laughing France,
Idled in Deauville
Or along the Riviera

And sipped the wine of carefree, joyous loitering.
I've never knelt in sanctuary
In its cathedrals
Made hushed and holy
By the prayers of countless thousands,
Poured forth their benediction.
Nor from some elevation
Gazed on spired cities
Pressed against purpling hills
And shimmering like printed silk
Fresh from the weaver's loom.
And I have never tramped its quaint and quiet countryside,
Heard the farmer's voice
Raised in peasant song,
Smelled the fresh tilled earth
And felt vicariously the joy of age-old, peaceful living.

But I know battle fronts in that accursed place—
Grim No-Man's Lands,
Barbed-wired and festering.
I've crouched in shell-holes
And behind crumbling tomb-stones
While shrapnel whined its hymn of hate
And cannon boomed its threat of devastation.
And in that hell of smoke and fire
I've glimpsed gaunt ruins
That once were towns,
And mangled flesh
That yesterday
Knew life and hope and love.
I've marched with muddy, leaden feet
Down slimy roads,
Hurled hand grenades.
Raided machine-gun nests,
Fought hand-to-hand with brother men
Whom I was taught to love,
Smelled the stench of rotting corpses,
Heard the prayers and curses
Of dying men
And felt the vain futility of going on.
All this I've seen and heard and lived
Through days and nights
Of ceaseless watching

As a pain-racked,
Delirium-ridden
Dying soldier
Lived out his last few months
On a narrow white bed. (Putnam 37-38)

A visitor to the Valley today might well notice the quiet, stereotypically Scandinavian reserve that appears in so many natives of the place. Sometimes the poetry I have looked at opens a view beneath that stoic surface. I have not learned much yet about Rebecca Zeh, except that she was probably born in Thief River Falls, Minnesota, before the turn of the century, later moved to Grand Forks, and that her verse appeared in regional publications during the '20s and '30s. This poem is called "The Battle":

Each day I battle with three mighty foes,
Old age, loneliness, and the wolf
That never goes far from my door,
I know that in the end I lose,
But if I choose to go down
With gay banners flying
And with the sound of martial music,
The stranger passing by
Will never know that I have met defeat.

He, hearing the brave bugle calling
And seeing the bold banners waving,
Will say, "She must have won a victory"—
Not knowing that the crimson banners
Are a shroud to cover a dead heart,
And the the silver bugle plays
To drown the sound of weeping. (Schilplin 497)

I would like to share one last example, a poem for teachers. Lillian Byrnes was born, around 1890, on a pioneer farm near Graceville, Minnesota, in the extreme southern end of the Red River Valley; she died young in 1930. She became an English teacher, and her poem "Chalk Dust" certainly speaks to the English teacher in me.

I am tired of chalk-dust— —
It drops into the gray wooden trays
Dirtier and grayer for its association with facts;

It floats about the room
Mingled with fine, gray, uninteresting data.
It is made, they say, of countless little creatures
Dead a billion years;
It has the relentless persistence of the long dead.

It gets between me and the rays of sun
That come slanting in at four o'clock,
And it hovers in long, perceptible rows
Of particles of realism.
It makes my hands gritty, and my hair dry;
It sifts into the creases of my garments;
It follows me about;
It permeates my life.

It will strangle me slowly, quietly;
And sift over my body when I, like it,
Am so dead as to be merely useful;
With chalk-like face, chalky garments,
Grit of chalk in my hair—now matching it—
My temper as futilely brittle as chalk;
Chalk in my soul.

I want to roll in wet, green grass,
To plunge headfirst into youth and music and laughter
I am tired, tired, tired of chalk-dust. (Schilplin 77)

4.

Finally, I would like to say a few words about my intentions. I will spend a goodly portion of the coming year squinting at microfilm of early Red River Valley newspapers, a resource I have so far touched lightly. Unless what I find there changes my thinking, I will continue to avoid the formulation "Pioneer Poets" and favor instead "Pioneers of Poetry." The Red River Valley may have been settled in a single generation, but the rise of poetry in the region took longer than that, and important contributions came from the generation of local poets who grew up in the valley just after the settlement. I am also interested in the conception of place that Native Americans may have held of the Valley, and am looking into such records as are available.

When I started this work, I imagined that I would compile an anthology, a putatively objective compendium of early Red River Valley poetry. But I have found it increasingly difficult to imagine a way of offsetting the effect of my own taste in formulating principles of selection, without simply dumping a mass of dull verse upon such readers as I may ever have, thereby overwhelming and burying the worthy pieces that are there. It will probably be best if I simply find and set the gems as best I can. I have been reading Montaigne lately, and am encouraged—not improperly I hope—by his conviction that any book must necessarily be about its author. I am one fascinated by that Valley, respectful of the poetic gift, and glad to share whatever I learn. So my principle intention is to be able to say, in about a year, what Montaigne said in 1580: "This book was written in good faith, reader" (Frame 3).

Metropolitan State University

WORKS CITED

Anglesburg, Eva K. *For Many Moods*. Bismarck, ND: Cairn, 1938.
———. *Of the Level Land*. N.p.: n.p., 1935.
Frame, Donald M., trans. and ed. *Montaigne: Selections from the Essays*. 1943. Crofts Classics. Wheeling, IL: Harlan Davidson, 1973.
Grand Forks Herald 15 Oct. 1994.
The Moccasin. Minneapolis. 1937-1991.
Prairie Wings. New Rockford, ND. 1936-48; 1952; 1953; 1958.
Putnam, Grace Brown, and Anna Ackermann, eds. *North Dakota Singing*. New York: Paebar, 1936.
Robinson, Elwyn B. *History of North Dakota*. Lincoln: U. of Nebraska P., 1966.
Schilplin, Maude C. *Minnesota Verse: An Anthology*. St. Cloud, MN: Times, 1934; second edition revised and enlarged, 1938. Citations are to 1938 edition.
Thief River Falls Times 2 Nov. 1994.
Works of James Russell Lowell. Standard Library Edition. Vol. 9. Cambridge: Riverside, 1890. 10 vols.

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK'S USE OF THE MIDWEST IN SCIENCE FICTION

Mary Jean DeMarr

Like many writers of science fiction, Clifford D. Simak (born 1904) used a wide variety of settings, real and imagined—ranging from actual places in current time to locales on planets or spaceships far distant in both time and space. However, it has often been observed that Simak, "the most peaceful and pastoral of science-fiction writers," was particularly fond of using as a real setting the Wisconsin of his youth, especially Millville, where he was born: in fact, many of his imagined villages, even some of those located far away from twentieth-century Wisconsin, are actually thinly disguised versions of Millville (Lomax 134; Clareson 120).

A truism of science fiction study is the observation that the genre links together the real (or at least that which is recognizable) and the strange (that which is not believable in current terms, that which is foreign to present knowledge or assumptions). For the reader to suspend disbelief, there must be the ability to connect with something familiar. The familiar, then, may equally well be seen as a bridge to the strange, to the creation of a new world, a new psychology, a new science and technology, a new social or political structure. The imagining of these new phenomena lies at the heart of the appeal of science fiction.

All this is very elementary to the reader of science fiction. So is the observation that Simak was particularly skilled at using his Midwestern background to shape his vision and to give the readers a firm stance in something familiar. Three novels from the 1960s, a prolific and productive decade for this author, present three different ways of using the places of Simak's roots as

he, like all science fiction and many fantasy writers, reached for worlds of surpassing strangeness. One of these, *Way Station* (1963), was a Hugo Award winning novel and has been called his "masterpiece" (Weinkauf 496). *All Flesh Is Grass* (1965) is a less discussed but also admired book. Finally for our purposes, *The Goblin Reservation* (1968) represents what has been referred to as a "period of decline" in which the author ventured, "often awkwardly," to the consideration of themes which were new for him (Tweet 517).

I contend that far from being an evidence of "decline," *The Goblin Reservation* carries further than the earlier novels at least one key theme present in them and that instead of being his finest work, *Way Station* is relatively simple in concept as well as being particularly dated by being too specifically rooted in the political atmosphere of the time in which it was written. *Way Station* and *All Flesh Is Grass* use Millville as their primary setting, and both occur during approximately the period in which they were written. *Goblin Reservation*, on the other hand, is set in and around Madison and occurs some centuries in the future. *Way Station* and *All Flesh Is Grass* thus create familiarity by using a setting which represents reality as we know it. The action of *Way Station* primarily takes place near Millville, and several of its inhabitants become important characters—some good and some representative of evil. *All Flesh Is Grass* makes use of the village itself and a number of its people: the depiction of the locale is fuller and more realistic. Rather surprisingly, perhaps, but for understandable reasons, *The Goblin Reservation*, set in and around Madison, contains the most frequent and the closest descriptions of the natural surroundings, which are presented as almost ideally lovely. The pastoral quality so often remarked in Simak is at its most notable here.

The combination of familiar and strange so central in science fiction most obviously consists in these works by Simak of the juxtaposition of the Wisconsin settings and alien creatures of various sorts. The stranger and more removed from the reader the aliens are, the more detailed attention is given to the familiar, even the ordinary in the settings. But in all cases, the balancing of strange and familiar is used to develop certain themes relevant to the nature and situation of humanity. All three books empha-

size through the presence and depiction of beings alien to their earthly settings the need for tolerance by a flawed humanity.

Way Station, the first and the most highly praised of the novels considered here, is set very near to the time of writing. No date is given, but international stresses—the threat of war with an approaching international conference of some sort—place the book in the Cold War era. International politics are not discussed, but the threat of doom is always in the background, adding to suspense and becoming one of several main plot threads in the book's climax. Briefly the situation is that Enoch Wallace, a veteran of the Civil War, has been selected by Galactic Control (an interplanetary government which Earth is not yet qualified to join and about which only Enoch himself knows) to run a "way station" for travelers journeying between planets. His home has been turned into an extra-terrestrial enclave within which time does not advance and which no human except Enoch can enter. As the plot unfolds, the station is jeopardized by threats from both Earth (the CIA is suspicious and watching) and the Galaxy (when the CIA removes for study the body of an alien who had died in transit and been buried by Enoch on his farm, the alien's cohorts know and protest). Paralleling the threat of world war on Earth is a danger of chaos in the Galaxy.

Since the setting, except for Enoch's way station with its modifications by cosmic engineers, is simply rural southwestern Wisconsin, there is little need for the author to describe it in great detail or to repeatedly remind us of its characteristics. Some description there is, and it lovingly depicts the landscape and sets the scene for those episodes which occur outside the way station. But more crucial is description of the strange—the station and the aliens who pass through it, especially Ulysses,[1] Enoch's Galactic contact.

Way Station does, however, give a more specific geographical description of Millville and its area, setting it precisely in its locale, than is generally found in Simak's fiction. One outsider, a CIA man, tells another investigator something of its land and people in order to explain the mysterious, long-lived man he is trying to understand:

> "This . . . [he says] is a bit hard to explain. You'd have to know the country and the people in it. The southwestern corner of Wisconsin is bounded by two rivers, the Mississippi on the west, the Wisconsin on the north. Away from the rivers there is flat, broad prairie land, rich land, with prosperous farms and towns. But the land that runs down to the river is rough and rugged; high hills and bluffs and deep ravines and cliffs, and there are certain areas forming bays or pockets that are isolated. They are served by inadequate roads and the small, rough farms are inhabited by a people who are closer, perhaps, to the pioneer days of a hundred years ago than they are to the twentieth century. They have cars, of course, and radios, and someday soon, perhaps, even television. But in spirit they are conservative and clannish—not all the people, of course, not even many of them, but these little isolated neighborhoods." (9-10)

Hardly an idealistic view, of course, but one which helps to explain the independence and clannishness of the rural area surrounding Millville and one which helps justify its choice by aliens as the locale for their hidden transfer station. That earthly isolation of Enoch's farm, broken regularly only by the coming of the postal deliverer and by the appearance of some poorly explained half-imagined and half-supernatural friends of Enoch's, sets the scene for Simak's plot. The outside world does impinge—in the person of the CIA investigator, in the presence of the sprite-like Lucy, and of course in the threat of war.

In fact, there are two threats of war, both of which, it turns out, can be averted only by Enoch and by Lucy, a deaf-mute girl with an unexplained supernatural "sensitivity": war in the galaxy—or at least impending chaos created by the loss of a spiritual, godlike Talisman—and an atomic war on earth. The finding of the Talisman and the discovery that Lucy is the one creature who can become its Guardian both restores peace in the galaxy and enables the creation of an earthly peace conference which, with the presence of Lucy and the Talisman, is certain to succeed. And ultimately, these events will facilitate the entry of the earth into the galactic community.

The setting of this novel is crucial to its plotting, but it is not really heavily used. Enoch's farm is well described, and Simak does a good job of depicting the strange combination of other-

worldly, alien equipment and beings in the remade farm house with the hardscrabble farm that surrounds it and on which much of the action occurs. The farm could have been in any remote area; the town is not described; and the people are represented by only a few individuals—principally the friendly mail carrier and Lucy's depraved and degenerate family. The aliens, by contrast, are mostly friendly and wise; earth, as represented by Enoch and—by extension Millville—is tested by them and, because of the discovery of Lucy, is found fit. And here lies a major problem of the novel: Lucy's mysterious gift is never explained. Its existence and use in the plot conflict with the otherwise realistic treatment of all that is native to the earth. Enoch's longevity, the only other apparently supernatural phenomenon of the novel, is a gift to him by the aliens and is possible only because whenever he is in the way station he is outside of time and thus does not age.

Lucy, however, is a human with no contact with the aliens; her special talent, though clearly related to folklore traditions giving special gifts to the mentally handicapped, does not fit into the rational world of the earthly aspects of the novel. In addition, there are some loose ends left by the plot—particularly relating to the sudden appearance—or discovery—of the Talisman and to the connection of Enoch's unreal human but incorporeal friends with the rest of the plot. But the most serious flaw is, I think, the difficulties surrounding Lucy's integration into the logic of the two worlds of this novel. And that flaw relates to an inconsistent depiction of Millville as a realistic representative of mid-twentieth century earth confronting the galaxy.

A much fuller picture of Millville and its people, more favorable though hardly idealistic, is given in *All Flesh Is Grass*, published two years after *Way Station*. In this later book, the village becomes a character in its own right, we see the town itself as setting for a number of crucial scenes, and a variety of townspeople appear in significant roles. *All Flesh Is Grass*, like *Way Station*, is firmly rooted in its time and place. Again Millville serves as a representative of earth in a confrontation with aliens who are utterly strange. Two crucial differences occur, however: Millville is used functionally rather than as simply a

typical isolated locality, and the aliens are of a very different—and much more imaginative—type. These aliens, far from being travelers from elsewhere in the galaxy (though some alien humanoids do appear) are innocuous appearing little purple flowers. But they are flowers with consciousness and with a collective will to act and with the knowledge of many lost cultures. These aliens, then, are far more strange than the aliens of most science fiction.

The earthly threat which balances here against the potential threat posed by the alien flowers is again typical of the 1960s—the threat of the use of nuclear weapons. The bomb is repeatedly mentioned and serves the same function in this novel as did the approaching international conference in *Way Station*. And once again, the resolution of the part of the plot concerning the alien presence averts the very real danger of nuclear war.

Here as in *Way Station* an earthly creature, mentally defective, serves as a necessary element of an ultimate rapprochement between human and alien beings. Tupper Tyler, in some respects a stereotypical village idiot, however, is more effectively integrated into the plot of *All Flesh Is Grass* than was Lucy in *Way Station*. Unlike Lucy, who was introduced relatively late and whose connection with the Talisman thus came as a surprise, Tupper is introduced early into the novel and his relationship with the flowers is evident almost from the beginning. In fact, it is only because of Tupper and the flowers' ability to speak through him that the flowers are able to make conscious contact with humans. Thus were it not for Tupper, the dramatic events of the novel would not be possible.

The sketchy depiction of Millville through a very few individuals in *Way Station* is here fleshed out. This particular area was not so much selected by the aliens as accidentally made available to them years earlier by protagonist Bradshaw Carter's father, a greenhouse owner and lover of flowers who had discovered a strange little plant, brought it into his greenhouse, and distributed some of the plants among his friends in the town. This cultivating of the flowers for their beauty, which enabled them to become numerous enough to bring Tupper to their world and instigate contact with humanity, is crucial also in the novel's denouement. It reveals a benevolent side of hu-

manity: it is in the human love of beauty for its own sake, a purely impractical appreciation, that the origin of a contact fraught with peril and opportunity both begins and is resolved.

The depiction of Millville is just as balanced as is the potential of the alien contact here. A failed businessman (he has been unable to keep his father's business operating successfully), Brad has lived there all his life, and he takes a cynical view of it, a view partially justified later by the behavior of a number of his fellow townspeople. Early in the novel, in a passage similar in function to the description of Millville's area in *Way Station,* he tells us that at one moment he

> felt hatred for the town—not for the people in it, but for the town itself, for the impersonal geographic concept of one particular place.
>
> The town lay dusty and arrogant and smug beyond all telling and it sneered at me and I knew that I had been mistaken in not leaving it when I'd had the chance. I had tried to live with it for very love of it, but I'd been blind to try. I had known what all my friends had known, the ones who'd gone away, but I had closed my mind to that sure and certain knowledge: there was nothing in Millville to make one stay around. It was an old town and it was dying, as old things always die. It was being strangled by the swift and easy roads that took customers to better shopping areas: it was dying with the decline of marginal agriculture, dying along with the little vacant hillside farms that no longer would support a family. It was a place of genteel poverty and it had its share of musty quaintness, but it was dying just the same, albeit in the polite scent of lavender and impeccable good manners. (21-2)

Frequently a kind of litany of names of townspeople appears, often with descriptions of their social and economic situations. The people include Brad's friends and his enemies, good people and bad. Places within the town—shops, churches, homes—are evoked, and a clear picture of a small Midwestern town emerges. Anything strange or non-realistic alluded to turns out to be a result of the intrusion of the alien flowers into this world. And those intrusions at first seem only marginally odd—dialless telephones, the existence of a mysterious scientific project in another small town in Mississippi, to name two. The major exception is

an invisible barrier suddenly surrounding Millville, stopping all sentient life but allowing light, sound, and inanimate objects to pass harmlessly through it. Brad's encounter with the barrier dramatically opens the novel, leading to his discovery of the less frightening but stranger phenomena in Millville and eventually to his following Tupper into the flowers' world and reluctantly becoming their "representative."

As the plot proceeds, the reactions of the people of Millville to the barrier and to other strange things occurring in their midst are quite mixed—bigotry, anger, ignorance, and cupidity are displayed, as are self-sacrifice and honest curiosity and sincere concern for others. The worst in humanity is shown in several ways: the United States government is willing to drop an atomic bomb on Millville in order to avert a perceived threat to the country as a whole; a mob scene occurs near the end of the novel as the townspeople recognize their danger and blame Brad for it, and Brad himself is shown to be seriously flawed when he wins a brutal fistfight with an old enemy by fighting unfairly. Ultimately, the resolution occurs through the indirectly exercised power of the alien flowers. But that resolution occurs also because of the efforts of Brad and other decent people.

A brief passage near the end of the novel balances the jaundiced—and more general—passage quoted above. After experiencing a great deal and learning much about himself and his town as well as about the alien threat—or opportunity—Brad observes that in many ways the people of Millville were, precisely by virtue of living in a sleepy small town, particularly unsuited to meet such a threat:

> They could not be blamed. . . . They were not equipped to take a thing like this in stride. For years they had lived unspectacularly in a tiny backwash off the mainstream of the world. The small events of village life were their great events, the landmarks of their living—that time the crazy Johnson kid had rammed his beat-up jalopy into the tree on Elm Street, the day the fire department had been called to rescue Gradma [sic] Jones' cat, marooned on the roof of the Presbyterian parsonage (and to this day no one could figure out how the cat had got there), the afternoon Pappy Andrews had fallen asleep while fishing on the river bank, and had tumbled down into the

> stream, to be hauled out, now thoroughly awakened, but with water in his lungs, spewing and gasping, by Len Streeter (and the speculation as to why Len Streeter should have been walking along the river bank). (214)

Here is a village that is real, that has a history and a varied population and a multiplicity of relationships of the people within it. And it is a village that meets a great challenge with cowardice as well as courage, with venality as well as with principle.

All Flesh Is Grass, then, makes much more functional use of its Millville setting than does its more praised companion piece, *Way Station.* Additionally, *All Flesh Is Grass* contains more interesting because more original alien beings, and it develops them in a more consistent fashion. The character of Tupper, like Lucy a kind of *deus ex machina,* necessary to the plot but introducing supernatural qualities into the otherwise rationally presented world of the familiar is more successful because more skillfully presented. An extraneous love affair in *All Flesh Is Grass,* partly parallel to the presence of Enoch's incorporeal friends, is distracting but not as serious a flaw as the loose ends present in *Way Station.*

Themes of impending world war and of nuclear weapons are used in such a way as to place both novels squarely in the 1960s in which they were produced. They are similar in other ways not considered here—in thematic depictions of and overt pleas for tolerance, for example. The similarities are striking, as are the differences, but the differences generally relate to the more unexpected alien world depicted in *All Flesh Is Grass* and to the more effective construction and characterization of the later novel.

Finally, for contrast, *The Goblin Reservation,* published only three years after *All Flesh Is Grass* and using a Wisconsin though not a Millville setting, reveals yet other uses of scene in Simak's science fiction. This third novel has not been as highly regarded as, for instance, *Way Station;* in fact, The *Goblin Reservation* has been referred to as representing "a period of decline" in which he "depart[ed] from his usual themes, often awkwardly" (Tweet 517). Tone and concept are indeed different here, and the Midwestern setting is used in a different and in some senses

more generalized way, but the later novel is at least equally interesting and effective as well as more amusing.

The Goblin Reservation is set at some time far into the future, unlike the earlier two novels set in their own times. Both time travel and space travel have been perfected and an interplanetary order has been established. The setting is Madison, Wisconsin, on and around the University campus. Madison itself is never mentioned by name, and the University is now the "Wisconsin campus" of a "galactic university which had taken over Earth" (15). Thus, apparently, some planets are specialized in their functions, with Earth having received knowledge as its province. Familiarity is established by certain continuities: the Union overlooking Lake Mendota is the most specific. Also familiar are student hang-outs surrounding the campus—drinking places where students and faculty members and hangers on congregate to discuss intellectual and social issues and sometimes to fight. The strange is most obviously represented by the presence of aliens—of all sorts. Three principal sorts are prominent in the novel: a wide variety of aliens from other planets who come to Earth because of the University, humans (and one other) from other times brought to the novel's present through time travel, and non-human beings native to Earth (trolls, goblins, banshees, etc.). All these coexist quite amicably, illustrating Simak's persistent theme of tolerance.

A word about those "aliens" native to Earth. Simak's playfulness is particularly apparent in their creation. They include William Shakespeare, brought to the University by the department called "Time" to lecture in support of the now-established authorship of the plays by Oxford. There is also Ghost, who plaintively materializes and dematerializes, a victim of amnesia and loss of identity—he finally realizes that he is the ghost of William Shakespeare, a revelation which causes profound shock to the putative author. From the deeper past comes Alley Oop, a Neanderthal man rescued from his own time just as he was about to be killed; he has adjusted happily to his new life—rapidly achieving an education and mixing sophisticated knowledge with barbaric if comic behavior. Finally, there is Sylvester (Simak's playfulness with names will have been noted by now!), a saber-toothed tiger, who might be considered a creature of

the dim past or of the novel's present, depending on one's point of view. He is a "bio-mech," an authentic recreation of the lost species—except that some of his parts are better than biological. Sylvester is essentially a house pet, but one that doubles as a very effective body guard!

Alley Oop is a close friend of the novel's protagonist, Professor Peter Maxwell, as is Ghost. Shakespeare becomes more than a friendly acquaintance during the novel, and Sylvester and his mistress also become involved in Peter's affairs. As a specialist in "Supernatural Phenomena," his academic discipline, Peter is on friendly terms with a number of the "little people," a collective name for all those folklore entities which turn out to have actually existed. The last of the banshees, particularly unsettling beings, gives Peter information that is crucial in averting catastrophe near the end of the novel, and a particularly friendly if eccentric goblin, Mr. O'Toole, cooperates with him throughout much of the action. The world of this novel, then, is based on but distinctly different from our own—and from that of *Way Station* and *All Flesh Is Grass*—both because it is set in the future when much has changed and because it brings into that future elements of fact and folklore from humanity's dim past.

The familiar, which helps to place the strange in this novel, consists, despite the putative University of Wisconsin setting and several scenes set in identifiable places, primarily of descriptive passages which place the action in a very recognizable and lovely Midwestern natural world. True, some aspects of a university are evoked—campus politics, administrative bungling, academic rivalries, and the like—giving the novel a partially satiric element. But more important are the many descriptions of nature. Two brief quotations will illustrate. The first occurs early in the novel, as Peter is returning to Earth after a research trip to another part of the Galaxy:

> This time of year, he thought, the hills would be beautiful. It had been late summer when he'd left for the Coonskin system and the hills still had worn their mantle of dark green, but now, in the middle of October, they would have burst into the full color of their autumn dress. There'd be the winy red of oak and the brilliant red and yellow of the maples and here and there the flaming scarlet of creeping vines would run like a thread through all the other colors. And the air would smell like cider, that strange, intoxicating scent that came upon the woods only with the dying of the leaves. (12)

Much later, in a passage juxtaposed against a description of the home area of the trolls, another evocation of the natural beauty of Wisconsin, equally lovely, is presented:

> The trees closed in around him and he walked through a fairy land that held its breath. He found himself moving slowly and very carefully so that no quick movement or noise would break the forest hush. Leaves came planing down from the canopy above, fluttering wings of color falling gently to earth. Ahead of him a mouse ran, humping in its haste, moving through and over the fallen leaves, but making scarcely a rustle in its fleeing. Far up the hollow a bluejay screeched, but among the trees the screech was muted and robbed of its customary harshness. (116)

The stranger the world of primary setting, the more necessary it becomes that there be something recognizable to allow the reader to imagine, to believe. And in *The Goblin Reservation* that recognizable consists of superficial references to a specific place, Madison, and of functional recreations of earthly natural beauty. Such nature descriptions occur in the other novels discussed here, but they are less frequent there and less emphatic about the loveliness of the earth. Bound up in a very specific time and place, one known to the reader, those novels require less in making the landscape a recognizable one. The Goblin Reservation, with its mixture of the very strange (the future time as well as the aliens from other places) and the supernatural or folkloristic or historic or prehistoric elements familiar to but distant from the reader, achieves its believability by its firm setting in the Wisconsin countryside.

Threats of war or of nuclear weapons which bind *Way Station* and *All Flesh Is Grass* to the 1960s are absent here. True, a galactic crisis is threatened, but that is not specifically paralleled to political phenomena of the period. Perhaps linked to the less overtly politically serious thematic development of the later novel is the lighter tone of *The Goblin Reservation.* Simak generally reveals a kind of whimsical playfulness in his novels, but

that whimsy is especially evident here. The variety of alien beings allows, even encourages, him to give imagination free rein. The presence of William Shakespeare, revealed not to have been a playwright, and simultaneously, all unknowing, of his ghost is absolutely unnecessary to plot or themes of the novel—and yet it in no way feels intrusive. The goblins and trolls and fairies and brownies, even the almost tragic though truly alien banshee and the amusing dragon, beings of much more centrality to the text, are at the same time amusing and instructive. Simak's theme of the necessity of tolerance is here illustrated in a variety of ways—without the heaviness, the near preaching implied by *Way Station* and *All Flesh Is Grass*. The lighter touch of this later novel makes it no less meaningful and enlivens its world.

William Lomax has emphasized the centrality to all of Simak's work of the confrontation between aliens and humans, pointing out that Simak often presents the humans as flawed in their humanity and the aliens as wiser and gentler than we. The author's "strategy . . . forces us to define our humanity by setting it over against alienness" (139). One of the techniques Simak uses to achieve this effect is that of grounding much of his fiction is the Midwest where he was born and educated and lived. Those uses took a variety of forms. The Millville of his childhood and boyhood and the University of Wisconsin of his college days, became appropriate and effective settings for typical novels by Simak. Published within five scant years and including one particularly highly praised novel, the three books examined here reveal only some of the potential that Simak found within his upper Midwest. But at the same time, they exemplify three distinct ways of utilizing setting functionally and thematically in readable and thought-provoking visions of possible experiences yet before us.

Indiana State University

ENDNOTE

1. As so often, Simak has some fun with naming. Ulysses comes from a race who do not have names, but Enoch needs to call him something and honors him by giving him the name of his revered Civil War leader (25). The reader, however, must also

think of the ancient Greek traveler, a more obviously appropriate though uncited inspirer for the name. Compare the names Alley Oop and Sylvester, used in *The Goblin Reservation* for a Neanderthal man and a recreated saber-toothed tiger!

WORKS CITED

Clareson, Thomas D. "Clifford D. Simak." *Dictionary of Literary Biography* 8 (1981): 119-27.

Lomax, William. "The 'Invisible Alien' in the Science Fiction of Clifford Simak." *Extrapolation* 30.2 (1989): 133-45.

Simak, Clifford D. *All Flesh Is Grass.* New York: Berkley, 1966.

__________. *The Goblin Reservation.* New York: Berkley, 1969.

__________. *Way Station.* New York: Macfadden-Bartell, 1964.

Tweet, Roald D. "Clifford D. Simak." *In Science Fiction Writers: Critical Studies of the Major Authors from the Early Nineteenth Century to the Present Day.* New York: Scribner's, 1982. 513-18.

Weinkauf, Mary S. "Clifford D(onald) Simak." In *Twentieth-Century Science Fiction Writers.* New York: St. James Press, 1981.

"THIS COUNTRY HAS SO MANY WAYS OF HUMILIATING": BHARATI MUKHERJEE'S DEPICTION OF MIDWESTERN COMMUNITY VALUES

Roger J. Bresnahan

Bharati Mukherjee's principal theme is the experience of South Asian immigrants—mostly women—in North America. Consistent with her own trajectory as an immigrant woman, her locales have swung from Canada to the U.S., and from the East Coast to the Midwest. Having been in residence at the International Writer's Workshop at Iowa, where she met and married the Canadian writer Clark Blaise—who is now the director of the Iowa program—she has used Iowa as a locale in a number of her stories. It is central, as well, to her novel, *Jasmine.*

Mukherjee's project, then, is interrogating the immigrant experience across numerous boundaries—of locale, of race, of gender, and especially of class. In terms of class, three exemplary instances might be cited, though all these categories tend to intersect in Mukherjee's writing. "The Lady from Lucknow," which was initially published in the *Missouri Review*, is a first-person narrative that recites the extra-marital adventures of an affluent woman. Her husband Iqbal, who is a workaholic engineer for IBM in Atlanta, has seemingly set his own glass-ceiling with the attitude that in America they will always be "not quites." Early in the story she and Iqbal are sitting on their terrace overlooking a golf course sipping gin and tonics—surely an important boundary crossed for a Muslim couple. It is at this point that Iqbal exhorts her not to lean against the railing, lest she distract the golfers below, knowing that American men "are crazy for sex." (*Darkness: Stories*, p. 17) By way of demonstrating that Iqbal's stereotyped fears are not wholly unfounded,

and crossing a racial boundary as well as barriers of community values both in the American South and in her native culture, the Lady enters into a dalliance with a researcher at the CDC. It turns into a full-blown affair that culminates in a picaresque scene when the man's wife returns home unexpectedly and discovers the two in bed "sluggishly cozy and still moist under the goosedown quilt that the daughter in Madison had sent them as a fortieth anniversary gift some years before." (p. 25)

As an exemplary story of a lower-class immigrant woman we might look to the short story, "Jasmine," one of the eleven stories in *The Middleman and Other Stories* (1988). This character, I should caution, is quite a different individual from Jasmine of the novel. In this story, set largely in Ann Arbor, Jasmine is a Trinidadian Indian bank teller who goes to Canada as a tourist and then is smuggled into the U.S. in the back of a van carrying mattresses from Windsor, Ontario, to Detroit. The fee for this was $3000, partly paid by her father but mostly as a loan from the bank where "she'd spent some damned uncomfortable times with the assistant manager to get approval for her loan." (p. 132) As part of the deal, Jasmine lives and works in a motel in Southfield, where she cleans, keeps the books, and performs credit checks for the match-making service run by the motel's owners that enables Trinidadian illegals to marry those who have entered the country legally. Here she learns to distinguish the real from the fake: "Dermatologists and engineers living in Bloomfield Hills, store owners on Canfield and Woodward: she treated them all as potential liars." (p. 125) The former is a toney suburb of Detroit while Canfield and Woodward are among the seediest commercial locations in the city.

But Jasmine discovers that Ann Arbor is a special place: "A boy goes to Ann Arbor and gets an education, and all the barriers come crashing down." (p. 125) When she goes there for Reggae Night at the West Indian Students Association Fall bash, she never returns to the motel in Southfield, and without references or student ID or a green card, is referred by the student placement service as an *au pair* to Bill and Lara Moffet, a molecular biologist/performance artist couple, and their daughter, Muffin. Those who have read the novel *Jasmine* (1989) will know what comes next, where it's Taylor and Wylie Hayes, he a subnuclear

particle physicist at Columbia and she a book editor on Park Avenue, and their daughter, Duff, whose biological mother is a sophomore at Iowa State. (*Jasmine*, pp. 169-170) The performance group goes on the road and Lara Moffet phones from Lincoln, Nebraska to report that they had "finally obliterated the margin between realspace and performancespace." (*Middleman*, p. 184). That night, after Muffin has gone to bed, Jasmine and Bill Moffet obliterate the space between them, dancing nude and making love on a Turkish rug that Lara never wanted anyone to step on. Another series of boundaries crossed and recrossed.

Jasmine of the novel would be the exemplary middle-class study. With the expanded space of a novel, Mukherjee can give free rein to her tendency to draw out ever thinner strands of connectivity resulting in a global web of coincidences and causations. Her immigration from India to America is precipitated by her husband's being killed by a bomb thrown at them in a sari shop by a Sikh fanatic who considered sari-clad Hindu women prostitutes. (Ja*smine*, pp. 64-67, 92-94). After enduring humiliating experiences in her effort to arrive in the U.S.—nothing so easy as the short ride in a mattress van of her Trinidadian namesake—and a brutal rape that forces her to choose between killing herself and killing the man who has victimized her, Jasmine makes her way to New York and takes refuge with the family of her husband's former professor.

After some months suffocating in the vast South Asian settlement in Flushing, Jasmine discovers that Professorji is not a professor of engineering at Queens College, as his family believes, but a sorter of human hair. (p. 152) Both Jasmines are women dedicated to moving on. In her discovery of Professorji's real occupation, then, the Jasmine of the novel comes to understand two truths about the immigrant experience. One is that despite his diminished status, "America had not robbed him of his self-respect." (p. 152) He still considered himself a scientist: "His integrity as a scientist, and as a businessman, rested on the absolute guarantee that hair from Dave Vadhera met the highest standards and had been personally selected." (p. 152) The other truth is that one could live in a sub-community like Flushing and maintain the language, values, and social structure of the

old country, or one could cross the river. For Professorji Devinder Vadhera, despite the fact that he now called himself Dave, "His real life was in an unliveable land across oceans. He was a ghost, hanging on." (p 153).

Thus, Jasmine crosses more boundaries by leaving Queens for Manhattan: "I became an American in an apartment on Claremont Avenue across the street from a Barnard College dormitory. I lived with Taylor and Wylie Hayes for nearly two years. Duff was my child; Taylor and Wylie were my parents, my teachers, my family." (*Jasmine*. p. 165) A cynical reader, having witnessed Jasmine of the short story and the unnamed lady from Lucknow, might speculate that Jasmine and Taylor, the particle physicist, must inevitably fall into bed. And so it happens, but not as simply. "I fell in love with what he represented to me, a professor who served biscuits to a servant . . . and admitted her to the broad democracy of his joking, even when she didn't understand it. It seemed entirely American." (p. 167) Wylie discovers that her "chance at real happiness" (p. 181) is with Stuart Eschleman, an economist also living on Claremont Avenue, whose wife is a professor at NYU but, conveniently, on loan to the World Bank in West Africa. So Wylie leaves, confident that Taylor has also fallen in love with Jasmine, though there is no messy seduction as in the short story of the same title. More boundaries are crossed, but Jasmine is still in the dark about whether there are any values in this New York academic community. In one of several crystallizing statements in the novel, akin to asides in a play, Jasmine muses: "In America, nothing lasts. . . . We arrive so eager to learn, to adjust, to participate, only to find the monuments are plastic, agreements are annulled." (p. 181) Where Taylor acted forbearing about his wife's departure, Prakash, Jasmine's deceased husband, "would have slugged and raved. . . . would have been impossibly possessive. . . . would have put in new locks and bars on the *outside* of the front door to the apartment." (pp. 182-183). "The Claremont codes," she concludes, "still bewildered me." (p. 183)

So Jasmine stays on in the apartment with Taylor and Duff, but just when Taylor seems about to propose new sleeping arrangements, Jasmine spies a hotdog vendor who is in fact Sukwinder Singh, the man who killed her husband. Taylor's

instincts as a white man of comfortable status in this society are all wrong: "we'll call the cops," he says. (*Jasmine*, p. 189) But Jasmine is an illegal with a forged green card. The affair that was about to begin is truncated and Jasmine flees to Iowa because that's where Duff is from. (pp. 174, 197) At least in Iowa one might expect to find stability and predictable community values. Not so. The Iowa that Jasmine has fled to is typified by farm bankruptcies that are forcing many off the land and even out of state, and prompting some to transgress even the most sacred codes. In effect, Iowa—like India, itself, and the domestic arrangements on Claremont Avenue—is unsettled and unsettling. Moreover, it has no spiritual base on which its values might have been grounded.

In Baden, Elsa County, Iowa, Jasmine moves in with the town banker, Bud Ripplemayer, and they adopt a teenaged Vietnamese refugee boy named Du. Bud's exwife, Karin, wants to be a good Lutheran and forgive Jasmine for hurting her (*Jasmine*, pp. 202-203). Farmers are moving away and the divorce rate in Baden county is so high that Karin half-jokingly considers herself the norm. And except for odd references to being good Lutherans or good Christians, or to the work of Lutheran Relief, there is no sense of a spiritual foundation in this community. A distraught farmer shows up on the banker's doorstep on Christmas Eve carrying a rifle, cripples Bud, and blows off his own head. In Bud Jasmine has found comfort, if not stability. "What I feel for Bud is affection. Duty and prudence count. Bud has kept me out of trouble." (p. 211) When Taylor Hayes and Duff show up on their way to a new job at Berkeley, Du has already left for L.A. to join his one remaining sister (pp. 222-223), and though she is carrying Bud's child, Jasmine never looks back. Musing, "I am caught between the promise of America and old-world dutifulness," she reasons: "I'm not leaving Bud. . . . I'm going somewhere." (p. 240) Crossing boundaries and moving on as the novel's closing words manifest: "greedy with needs and reckless with hope." (p. 240)

"This country has so many ways of humiliating, of disappointing." (*Jasmine*, p. 29). This is Jasmine's silent reaction to the statement by Du's history teacher in Baden, Iowa, who reports, "I tried a little Vietnamese on him, and he just froze up."

"How *dare* you?" Jasmine thinks to herself. How would the boy's history teacher in Baden, Iowa, know a little street Vietnamese except from prostitutes. The scene is reminiscent of another in "A Wife's Story" where the sari-clad narrator has sat cringing through the stage version of David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*. In this Midwestern play by a Midwestern author South Asians come in for some of the most vicious characterization seen on the American stage since the days of the minstrels. "I don't hate Mamet," the narrator says. "It's the tyranny of the American dream that scares me. First, you don't exist. Then you're invisible. Then you're funny. Then you're disgusting. Insult, my American friends will tell me, is a kind of acceptance. No instant dignity here. A play like this, back home, would cause riots. Communal, racist, and antisocial. The actors wouldn't make it off the stage. This play, and all these awful feelings, would be safely locked up." (*The Middleman and Other Stories*, p. 24)

Jasmine never voices her outrage to Du's history teacher, and thus allows him to persist in the comfortable feeling that he was on some kind of goodwill mission when he learned that street Vietnamese. Likewise, the narrator of "A Wife's Story" probably doesn't write to David Mamet and Steven Spielberg, as she vows she would, to tell Mamet that Patels are "the new pioneers" and to tell Spielberg that "Indians don't eat monkey brains." (*The Middleman and Other Stories*, p. 27). The lady from Lucknow, after Kate Beamish discovers her and James in bed and sends her home in a taxicab, hangs herself out of shame on the terrace overlooking the golf course. Not all the boundaries can be crossed easily, and Mukherjee shows there are many casualties along the way of learning to be American.

Michigan State University

REFERENCES

Darkness: Stories. Toronto: Penguin, 1985. Rpt. New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.
Jasmine: A Novel. New York: Grove, Weidenfeld, 1989.
The Middleman and Other Stories. New York: Ballantine Books, 1989.

ECOCRITICISM AND MIDWESTERN LITERARY STUDIES: SOME POINTS OF DEPARTURE (AND ARRIVAL)

WILLIAM BARILLAS

The increasing use of the term "ecocriticism" to designate the study of literary representations of the natural world suggests that a new scholarly discipline is well underway, one that will have a major impact on the study and teaching of literature.[1] With overdevelopment, overpopulation, and pollution encroaching ever more rapidly on the natural environment, the need for informed consideration of the human place in nature has never been greater. In striving to bring social and ecological relevance to literary study, ecocriticism, as one aspect of environmental studies, derives methods and materials from many scientific as well as humanistic fields, from biology and geography to history and anthropology. The interdisciplinary character of ecocriticism has ample precedent in American studies, which has long concerned itself with the special relation of American life and landscape. Regional studies, as a sub-discipline of American studies, is implicitly environmental, since regional identities begin with the adaptation of life—plant, animal, and human—to geographical variations of topography, watershed, climate, and so on. One challenge for scholars of Midwestern literature in coming years will be to apply ecocritical principles in the analysis of the region's distinctive literary traditions.

Before we consider the implications of ecocriticism for the study of Midwestern literature, distinctions should be made between ecocriticism and the major trends in modern literary analysis, including New Criticism, poststructuralism, and new historicism, each of which has in turn dominated literary studies in the twentieth century. Despite their differences, these approaches

have all been anthropocentric, that is, focused almost exclusively on human prerogatives and modes of perception, especially language and the written signifier. They effectively separate language and empirical reality, so that a word ("woods," for example) is connected not to the environment situation it designates, but to the syntax in which the word appears ("The woods are lovely, dark and deep") or to ideologies encoded in the word's use (Frost's proprietary conservatism, perhaps).[2] While useful in textual analysis, modern critical theories can further the separation of people from nature, since as Lawrence Buell has observed, "philosophical antireferentialism . . . underrepresents the claims of the environment on humanity by banishing it from the realms of discourse except as something absent" (102). According to Buell, modern literary theory has consistently "marginalized literature's referential dimension by privileging structure, text(uality), ideology, or some other conceptual matrix":

> New critical formalism did so by insisting that the artifact was its own world, a heterocosm. Structuralism and poststructuralism broke down the barrier between literary and nonliterary, not however to rejoin literary discourse to the world but to conflate all verbal artifacts within a more spacious domain of textuality. . . . [N]ew historicism . . . set text within context. But it did so in terms of the text's status as a species of cultural production or ideological work. [It] seemed to render merely epiphenomenal the responsiveness of literature to the natural world. . . . (86)

Twentieth century literary aesthetics valorize subject over object, abstraction over the concrete, form over content, culture over nature, time over place, city over province, the machine over the garden. Thus T.S. Eliot opined in *Four Quartets* that "Home is where one starts from./ . . . Old men should be explorers/ Here and there do not matter" (189). Similarly, critic Leonard Lutwack recently argued for an "accommodation with placelessness," based on the supposition that the "maturation of an individual is not possible without the successive abandonment of places" (236). In its purest form, modernism holds as sentimental and futile any effort to sustain values for nature and local community because, according to two much abused truisms derived from W. H. Auden and Thomas Wolfe, "poetry makes nothing happen" and "you can't go home again." Literary

pastoralism and regionalism are therefore suspect because of their emphasis on place, community (natural and social), and history.

An example of such criticism as it has dealt with Midwestern literature is Kathy Callaway's 1983 *Parnassus* article on *This Journey,* James Wright's posthumous book of poetry. After elucidating Wright's book in terms of a European "iconography" (in particular, the Roman past of the poet's beloved Italy), Callaway dismisses "poetry of place"—a phrase that Wright himself found useful—in a particularly revealing manner:

> Poetry of place? Not in the sense of regionalism with which it's usually applied. "Regionalism" has no meaning in poetry. Regional poems are local messages, and the label of "regional poet" applied to writers of the stature and complexity of James Wright . . . is insulting and incorrect. What's more it ignores a fact we're been ignoring ever since that fact became uncomfortable: that major American writers are still being nourished by something not American. Among poets and their serious readers there is no room for xenophobia—a special danger in circles that like to talk about regionalism

In the considerable body of scholarship on Wright, it would be difficult to find a reference to him as a "regional poet." Regionalism has been discussed as an *aspect* of his poetry, in which localism of imagery and idiom complements and even validates his broad range of cultural reference. In accusing those who "like to talk about regionalism" of being reductive, Callaway is herself reductive—she denies the importance of a writer to his human community (in Wright's case, his home town of Martins Ferry, Ohio):

> Supposed poets of place like James Wright . . . seem to have located their dynamos wherever they felt it, on terra firma that Martins Ferry . . . would never have understood—past a literal reading of the iconography, which looked like a moral, and wasn't. Those readers and fellow-poets who hoped to use Wright and other "poets of place" to shore up their own spiritual uneasiness are going to have to let him go. (403-4)

This is doctrinaire modernism, right down to the allusion to Eliot's *The Waste Land:* "these fragments I have shored up against my ruin" (69). Callaway's attitude is cosmopolitan, formalist, and elitist ("Martins Ferry . . . would never have understood"), her senses of place and time Eurocentric and linear. Claiming a culturally subservient role for Americans, who in her view "so love and envy" Europeans (as Midwesterners, apparently, envy Easterners), she argues for Wright's poems as "examples of the American's only way of having any history, of taking part in the larger, slower pageant of peoples" (405). Wright does indeed take part in that pageant, as shown by his long and fruitful meditation on Roman poetry and landscape. Yet his primary way of having a history, like other writers of place and landscape, was by transforming local particularities into symbolically rich, thematically universal art. His relationship with the great traditions was one of joyful participation, not fawning admiration; as a neo-romantic, he would have agreed with Emerson's assertion that the ancients made their places "venerable in the imagination . . . by sticking fast where they were, like an axis in the earth" (277).

A special danger among circles that like to denigrate regionalism is aestheticism, in the negative sense of "art for art's sake." Wendell Berry speaks against a "Territory of artistic primacy or autonomy, in which it is assumed that no value is inherent in subjects but that value is conferred upon objects by the art and the attention of the artist" (82). This "Territory" is coterminous with Callaway's "Terra Firma" and the "common ground" that editor Mark Sanders seeks to establish in his anthology and study of four important Nebraska poets:

> Not one of these poets will be remembered by where he lived; not one of these poems will be remembered by where it was created. I would rather think the worth of the poem is due to its intrinsic qualities, the stuff in the verse. . . . [T]he common ground is the immutable perception of each poet, that drive to see and *explain* in terms that create the image of *knowing.* (15)

No one denies the importance of close textual reading in literary study; as the New Critics properly admonished, scholars should respect the form of texts, and give the text itself the first and last say. Similarly, ideological approaches such as Callaway's provide essential insights into the mediation of human perception by cultural constructs. But if narrowly conceived these

readings risk the abnegation of art's moral and cultural functions, including its role in creating responsibility and love for nature and place. As Berry argues, echoing the localism of modernist rebel William Carlos Williams and anticipating the work of future ecocritics, the "test of imagination, ultimately, is not the territory of art or the territory of the mind, but the territory underfoot":

> To assume that the context of literature is "the literary world" is . . . simply wrong. That its real habitat is the household and the community—that it can and does affect, even in practical ways, the life of a place—may not be recognized by most theorists and critics for a while yet. But they will finally come to it, because finally they will have to. And when they do, they will renew the study of literature and restore it to importance. (83-84)

One point of departure for Midwestern ecocriticism, then, is the subsumption of modern literary theory, which emphasizes analytical techniques and social contests of history, gender, ethnicity, and class, into a discourse that also embraces the mutual influence of nature and cultural production, place and literature. This requires the avoidance of two extremes: parochial self-promotion and regional self-effacement. Above all else, intellectuals in the Midwest dread accusations of boosterism, a term associated with the small town clannishness and American exceptionalism that Sinclair Lewis personified in his character George Babbitt. No open minded, worldly person wishes to be a Babbitt—the name itself has entered the lexicon as a synonym for bourgeois smugness and materialism. Poet Ted Kooser, of Nebraska, raises this specter in his statement that "[m]ost of the talk about regionalism and sense of place is little more than boosterism. The people doing all of the talking are trying to defend their own writing and that of their friends. The talking is usually a lot better than the writing" (qtd. in Sanders and Brummels 102). Kooser's generalization may be true in some cases. Yet the word "place" and its connotations, psychological, ecological, and regional, persistently appear in the best Midwestern writing, some of which ranks (if we must play the canon market) among the finest of any time and place. In defiance of "the New Englanders' gods, trying to find honest, mid-western American gods," Sherwood Anderson called on writers to fulfill his dream "that these fields and places, out here west of Pittsburgh, may become sacred places" (70-1). Soon thereafter, Ernest Hemingway wrote of "the last good country" in upper Michigan, including the remnant of first growth hemlock that Nick Adams and his sister visit, "the secret place beyond all this slashing" (83). In like spirit, Theodore Roethke challenged "those to whom place is unimportant" (196), such as the T.S. Eliot of *Four Quartets* who claimed that "old men should be explorers." "Old men should be explorers? I'll be an Indian" (183). His point was not co-optation of Native culture, but rejection of modernism's imperious cosmopolitanism in favor of spiritual localism and literary ecology. Such an apprehension of natural integrity characterizes regional writing at its best, obviating the confusion of regionalism with provinciality or xenophobia—narrow mindsets that serve the destruction of diversity, human and ecological. In the opinion of Willa Cather, who honored immigrant culture and the long grass prairie, it "is in that great cosmopolitan country known as the Middle West that we may hope to see the hard molds of American provincialism broken up; that we may hope to find young talent which will challenge the pale proprieties, the insincere, conventional optimism of our art and thought" (238).

Provinciality, the lack of appreciation of any location and culture but one's own, is found in all places, including cities. Cosmopolitanism itself can be the ultimate provincialism—what Paul Shepard has called "an urban attitude toward nature which is insular, cultivated, ignorant, dilettante, and sophisticated" (64). Midwestern culture is the brunt of such an attitude among some Easterners who view the continental interior as a hinterland, its people as "flyovers," and its literature of limited significance. Jim Harrison, whose Midwestern based writing has won grudging acceptance from the Eastern establishment (largely due to his wide popularity and growing international reputation), rejects the phrase "regional literature," but as it is misused in literary power centers:

> In the view of those on the Eastern seaboard, everything which is not amorphous, anything that has any peculiarities of geography, is considered regional fiction, whereas if it's from New

> York, it's evidently supposed to be mainstream. . . . Years ago it struck me that the Upper East Side of New York was constitutionally the most provincial place I'd ever been. (Fergus 64)

Harrison testifies to a lingering perception of Midwestern regional inferiority—its culture in colonial relation to the American East, its landscape paling in comparison to the continent's ocean coasts and mountain ranges. It may be true, as Ronald Weber writes of the era of Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and Willa Cather, that "the body of work produced during the Midwestern ascendancy was surely important but only in a few instances of the very first importance. . . . [A]s a regional movement it seems to exist in imaginative vitality . . . in a middle range between the lofty peaks of New England and Southern literary achievement" (4). It is also true, as Harrison notes, that "Art is not a sack race" (qtd. by Chatham 135). Why should we elevate Faulkner at Anderson's expense, or denigrate Edgar Lee Masters for not being Thoreau? We appreciate these authors not only as figures in a shifting canon, their reputations fluctuating like prices on the grain market, but as individual artists, each with particular gifts and insights. Ecologists are telling us that everything is interrelated, that every part is important. Great writers, then, might be seen as the charismatic megafauna of the literary ecosystem—like pandas and giraffes, easier to admire and preserve than prairie dogs and river sturgeon, which struggle to survive in an increasingly fragile environment. The point is not to inflate critical reputations of lesser literary figures, but to recognize the particular cultural and ecological values of superficially unglamorous authors and other biota.

Weber's analogy of the Midwestern classic period as a low plateau between figurative mountain ranges of the cultural East and South also correlates to popular perceptions of the Midwest's relatively flat terrain as less beautiful than the more varied landscapes of other regions. Even promoters of the best in Midwestern literature often accept such perceptions; for example, Lucien Stryk, whose *Heartland* anthologies have been instrumental in the recognition of the strong Midwestern poetic tradition, wrote that "no one who has seen other parts of this country will claim that the Midwest compares in natural beauty with, say, the Pacific northwest or New England" (xv). This notion,

what might be called the tourist aesthetic, is an inheritance from the Romantic era: the privileging of sublime mountains or ocean coasts as fit scenes of contemplation and spiritual transport. Such land forms do not characterize the Midwest, where landscapes are often more picturesque than sublime, more pastoral than ruggedly wild. Midwestern land is seen as "good"—that is, pliable, easy to manage, suitable for agriculture, residence, industry, and any number of uses. Except for weather (the Midwest is famous for snowstorms, floods, and tornadoes), nature is easy to ignore in the interior plains of North America. Midwesterners are themselves guilty of ignorance and ruthless development of under-celebrated land, including deciduous and coniferous forests, prairies, water fronts, and wetlands. The region's environmental history has been shaped by what Lewis Atherton called "the cult of the immediately useful and practical" (116), a utilitarianism that originated in the exigencies of frontier survival and matured in the market oriented society of small towns. Historians and observers of the Midwest, from Tocqueville to Bruce Catton and William Cronon, have noted the American tendency to commodify nature to the extreme; Catton tells the story of the felling of "a noble tree, rising far above all the other trees" in his native Benzonia, Michigan, "the only tree in the whole township that dated back to the original forest." A local official saw that the tree stood on a section line, where a road should run, according to the survey system instituted by Thomas Jefferson in the Land Ordinance of 1785. It didn't matter that the terrain was such that a road would probably never be put through. The tree was cut and left to rot, its "destruction [satisfying] something in the soul (if that is the word for it) of the man who felled it. Anyway, what was one tree more or less in Michigan?" (118-19).

That aesthetically undervalued land is easily abused is one insight of *A Sand County Almanac* (1949), the nature writing classic by Wisconsin ecologist and nature writer Aldo Leopold. Elsewhere, I have described Leopold's work as mediating contradictory versions of Midwestern pastoralism, the materialistic and the potentially ecological, both derived from the Jeffersonian agrarian ideology of small land owners.[3] Leopold's resuscitation of a poor farm in central Wisconsin has since served as

inspiration for restoration ecologists and bioregionalists who stress the *reinhabitation* of North America, watershed by watershed, one forty acre plot at a time. In his essays, Leopold presents himself as an ecologically enlightened version of the Jeffersonian yeoman farmer, an archetype to counteract babbittry and nature illiteracy. Using metaphors of nature as text—literature, painting, music, or dance—he emphasized environmental education and local commitment as the best means of addressing the modern ecological dilemma. Learning to "read" nature for lessons in natural integrity and beauty entails the adoption of Leopold's famous "land ethic," which "changes the role of *Homo sapiens* from conqueror of the land-community to plain member and citizen of it" and his lesser known "land aesthetic," which appreciates land for its historical and ecological complexity as well as for its scenic value (204). The land ethic and land aesthetic are particularly called for in the Midwest, where the rarely dramatic landscapes have been altered with less concern for ecological and aesthetic imperatives.

Leopold's writing is representative of one point of arrival for Midwestern reinhabitation—a regional nature writing tradition also exemplified by the prose of Sigurd Olson, Terry Tempest Williams, Stephanie Mills, Scott Russell Sanders, and others. While understood as part of the Thoreauvian tradition, these authors' Midwestern characteristics deserve further consideration. Connecting non-fictional treatments of nature and culture to "mainstream" fiction and poetry might spur a re-reading of Midwestern literature from a green perspective. Though answers are beyond the scope of the present essay, some ecocritical questions to pursue about Midwestern literature are as follows: How has Midwestern pastoral idealism served to alienate people from nature as well as bond them to it? How do we relate place to other essential contexts, namely ethnicity, gender, and class? What alternative views of nature and place appear in the region's Native American literature? How have Midwestern perceptions of nature been influenced by other regional and national cultures—and how have Midwestern senses of place influenced those of other places? Where do men's and women's views of Midwestern landscape diverge—and are there neglected points of convergence? What visions of landscape have appeared in

literature of the urban Midwest? How do state and local literatures reveal bioregional understandings of place? Why isn't Midwestern literature taught as an area at the college level, while Southern and Western universities typically offer classes in regional literature? Finally, how can literature and scholarship play a direct role in changing our natural and human communities for the better? How will poetry make things happen?

One place to begin addressing these and other questions is the juncture between Midwestern regional studies and literary ecology as practiced throughout North America and beyond. The Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature and its publications are essential resources; interaction with the recently formed Association for the Study of Literature and Nature and other organizations could provide an inter-regional cross-fertilization of ideas. Ecocriticism offers a great opportunity to further regional perspectives in literary study, in that textual analysis can serve community, biodiversity, and sustainability, as well as provincial and professional ambitions. We'll know Midwestern ecocriticism by its awareness of itself, when citations of like minded scholars appear in our articles, and initially dominant themes begin to emerge. The point of arrival for the discipline is the meeting place of practicality and idealism, whether at solitary writing desks, classrooms, professional conferences, county planning boards, city council meetings, or the back forty of some Iowa farm. Our modern environmental crisis comes down to questions of place and spirit, as our best writers have long informed us. The last word here belongs to novelist Larry Woiwode, of North Dakota:

> . . . if those of us at the center of America can retain what we presently possess, or even better, turn farther inward toward what we've inherited, clearing away the falseness and superficiality that is constantly and electronically beamed into us from either coast, as if by its repetitiveness it could become the truth, and approach the land and the people who live on it as our ancestors did, with the cautious reverence of mutual regard, then I believe that a new form of expression, if not a new manner of literature, could, by the grace of God, be created for any generation who might come historically after us and wish to listen to our voices speak the truth to them about the

places we have inhabited and that inhabit us through the unmerited gift of particular love. (65)

Rutgers University

NOTES

1. The term "ecocriticism" is attributed to William Ruekert, who first used it in his 1978 essay "Literature and Ecology: An Experiment in Ecocriticism," *Iowa Review* 9.1 (Winter 1978): 71-86; it also appears in an essential anthology edited by Cheryll Glotfelty and Harold Fromm, *The Ecocriticism Reader: Landmarks in Literary Ecology* (U of Georgia P, 1996): 105-23.
2. Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." *The Poetry of Robert Frost* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1969): 224.
3. William Barillas, "Aldo Leopold and Midwestern Pastoralism." *American Studies* 37.2 (Fall 1996): 61-81.

WORKS CITED

Atherton, Lewis. *Main Street on the Middle Border.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1954.

Berry, Wendell. "Writer and Region." *What Are People For?* San Francisco: North Point, 1990.

Buell, Lawrence. *The Environmental Imagination. Thoreau, Nature Writing, and the Formation of American Culture.* Cambridge, MA: Belknap / Harvard UP, 1995.

Callaway, Kathy. "The Very Rich Hours of the Duke of Fano: James Wright's *This Journey.*" *James Wright: The Heart of the Light.* Ed. Peter Stitt and Frank Graziano. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1990: 390-405.

Cather, Willa. "Nebraska: The End of the First Cycle." *Nation* 117.3035 (September 5, 1923): 236-238.

Catton, Bruce. *Waiting for the Morning Train.* Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1972; reprint Detroit: Wayne State UP 1987.

Chatham, Russell. *One Hundred Paintings.* Livingston, MT: Clark City, 1990.

Eliot, T. S. *Collected Poems, 1909-1962.* San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1963.

Emerson, Ralph. "Self Reliance." *Essays and Lectures.* New York: Library of America, 1983.

Fergus, Jim. "Jim Harrison: The Art of Fiction CIV: Jim Harrison" (Interview). *Paris Review* 107(1988):53-97.

Hemingway, Ernest. *The Nick Adams Stories.* New York: Scribner's, 1972.

Leopold, Aldo. *A Sand County Almanac.* New York: Oxford UP, 1949.

Roethke, Theodore. *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke.* Garden City, NY: Anchor / Doubleday, 1975.

Sanders, Mark and J. V. Brummels, eds. *On Common Ground: The Poetry of William Kloefkorn, Ted Kooser, Greg Kuzma, and Don Welch.* Ord, NE: Sandhills, 1983.

Shepard, Paul. *Man in the Landscape: A Historical View of the Esthetics of Nature.* New York: Knopf, 1967.

Stryk, Lucien, ed. *Heartland: Poets of the Midwest.* De Kalb: Northern Illinois UP, 1967.

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

Woiwode, Larry. "The Spirit of Place." *Inheriting the Land: Contemporary Voices from the Midwest.* Ed. Mark Vinz and Thom Tammaro. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1993:51-65.

ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: 1993

ROBERT BEASECKER, *Editor*

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

This bibliography includes primary and secondary sources of Midwestern literary genres published, for the most part, in 1993. Criteria for inclusion of authors are birth or residence in the Midwest; fictions with Midwestern locales are included irrespective of their author's ties with this region. Primary sources are listed alphabetically by author, including locale designation in square brackets where applicable at the end of each citation. Secondary sources are listed by subject.

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

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

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

PRIMARY SOURCES

Aardema, Verna. Anansi Finds a Fool (juvenile fiction). NY: Dial Press, 1992.
Ableman, Paul. Tornado Pratt (novel). Kingston, NY: McPherson, 1993. [Kansas; Chicago, Illinois]
Adams, Harold. A Perfectly Proper Murder (novel). NY: Walker, 1993. [South Dakota]
Agee, Jonis. Strange Angels (novel). NY: Ticknor & Fields, 1993. [Nebraska]
Allyn, Doug. Motown Underground (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Detroit, Michigan]
Anderson, David D. Route 2, Titus, Ohio (novel). Deerfield, Ill: Lake Shore Publishing, 1993. [Ohio]
Arnett, Harold. Roy Morris Lays Mrs. Edna to Rest (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 172.
Asher, Sandy. Out of Here: A Senior Class Yearbook (juvenile). NY: Lodestar Books, 1993. [Missouri]
Athy, Deborah. Crow; Omega Farms; Snake Pit (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 31-34.

Bailey, Tom. Rain (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 89-94.
Bair, Julene. Night Ride (short fiction). Farmer's Market. 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 129-41.
Baker, Nikki. Long Goodbyes (novel). Tallahassee: Naiad Press, 1993. [Midwest]
Banks, Stephen G. I Drive for Ronald (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 161-69.
Banner, Keith. When We Go Back (short fiction). Minnesota Review, 40 (Spring-Summer 1993), 39-51.
Bargen, Walter. Newton Revisited (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 95.
Bauer, Marion Dane. A Taste of Smoke (juvenile). Boston: Clarion Books. 1993. [Minnesota]
Baxter, Charles. Shadow Play (novel). NY: Norton. 1993. [Michigan]
Behm, Richard. A Fat Man Makes History at Mabel's Cafe (poetry). Farmer's Market. 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 77.
Behrendt, Stephen C. Persephone in Nebraska (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (January 1993), 173-74.
Bell, Marvin. The Book of the Dead Man (#23) (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Fall 1993), 452-53.
Bellairs, John and Brad Strickland. The Ghost in the Mirror (juvenile). NY: Dial Press, 1993.
Bellairs, John and Brad Strickland. The Vengeance of the Witch-Finder (juvenile). NY: Dial Press, 1993.
Benbow, Margaret. Interview with Carmela; How To Tell a Bird of Prey (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 124-25.
Benedict, Elinor. A Message to Myself on My Birthday; Paper Flowers (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 1-4.
Benitez, Sandra. A Place Where the Sea Remembers (novel). Minneapolis: Coffee House Press, 1993.
Bensyl, Stacia. Coming Out (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 169.
Bensyl, Stacia. Making Jello for the Dead (poetry). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993).
Bezner, Kevin. Job (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 5.
Blackbird, Kat Snider. Coven Poems; Great Blue Heron Poems (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Summer 1993), 416-25.
Blackhawk, Terry. Waterworks (poetry). College English, 55 (January 1993), 77-78.
Bland, Eleanor Taylor. Slow Burn (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Illinois]
Bloch, Robert. Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography (autobiography). NY: Tor Books, 1993.
Bly, Robert. Blessings on the Stomach, the Body's Inner Furnace (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Fall 1993), 597.

Bly, Robert. Four Poems (poetry). American Poetry Review, 22 (July-August 1993), 33-34.
Bly, Robert. Gratitude to Old Teachers (poetry). Brockport, NY: BOA Editions, 1993.
Bob, Tammie. The Match (Blessed Is the Match) (short fiction). TriQuarterly, 89 (Winter 1993-94), 52-65.
Bolls, Imogene. Coyote Wind (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Fall 1993), 567.
Boruch,. Marianne. Total Eclipse (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Spring 1993), 98-99.
Boswell, Robert. Mystery Ride (novel). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Iowa]
Bouldrey, Brian. The Genius of Desire (novel). NY: Ballantine, 1993. [Michigan]
Bourjaily, Vance. Whiskey for the Men (memoir). American Heritage, 44 (April 1993), 94-103.
Bowers, Neal. Small Town Story (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 135.
Boyle. T. Coraghessan. The Road to Wellville (novel). Viking, 1993. [Michigan]
Brady, Joan. Theory of War (novel). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Kansas]
Brandewyne, Rebecca. The Outlaw Hearts (novel). Severn House, 1993. [Missouri]
Braun, Lilian Jackson. The Cat Who Went Into the Closet (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993.
Brod, D.C. Brothers in Blood (novel). NY: Walker, 1993. [Illinois]
Broidy, Steve. February (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Winter 1993), 207.
Brust, Steven. Agyar (novel). NY: Tor Books, 1993. [Midwest]
Buchanan, Carl. How a Sunset Works (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Winter 1993), 208.
Bugeja, Michael. The Revisionist: On Noah's Ark (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 760.
Bullock, Marnie. Doing the Right Thing (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Winter 1993), 90.
Bullock, Marnie. Women's Center Crisis Line: Sons of God, Daughters of Men; Violent Mercy (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 94-97.
Burke, Michael. Eulogy (short fiction). TriQuarterly, 88 (Fall 1993), 160-71.
Burns, Michael. Speaking Mexican (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (April 1993), 312.
Burt, Kathryn. Everything Changes to Beauty (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 48.
Butler, Beverly. Witch's Fire (juvenile). NY: Cobblehill Books, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Butson, B.C. Girl in the Doorway (poetry). English Journal, 82 (December 1993), 45.

Caballero-Robb, Maria Elena. The Aging Saboteur Remembers the Majestic (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Winter 1993), 78-79.
Cafagna, Marcus. Blue Dot (Dimout. 1943-44); The Missing Card (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 6-7.
Caillin, Oakes J. Potentials: Two Times (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993). 98-99.
Calvert, Patricia. Picking up the Pieces (juvenile). NY: Scribner, 1993. [Michigan]
Carlson, P.M. Gravestone (novel). NY: Pocket Books, 1993. [Indiana]
Caylor, Duane K. Blackwater (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Winter 1993), 213.
Cecil, Richard. Angel Sighted from Airliner! (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993), 67-68.
Chall, Marsha Wilson. Up North at the Cabin (juvenile). NY: Lathrop, 1993. [Minnesota]
Chehak, Susan Taylor. Dancing on Glass (novel). Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1993. [Iowa]
Chitwood, Michael. The Quick (poetry). Prairie Schooner. 67 (Spring 1993), 112-13.
Chocolate, Debbi. NEATE to the Rescue! (juvenile fiction). Orange, N.J.: Just Us Books, 1992 [Chicago, Illinois]
Cihlar, Jim. Walking Home (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 35.
Clewell, David. What Some People Won't Do (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 773-74.
Cohen, Richard. Delicate Destinies (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 91-103.

Collins, Max Allan. Murder by the Numbers (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Cleveland, Ohio]
Conroy, Frank. Body and Soul (novel). Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1993.
Cooper, Susan Rogers. Funny As a Dead Comic (novel). NY: St. Martin's. 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Coughlin, William J. In the Presence of Enemies (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Detroit, Michigan]
Cross, Gillian. The Great American Elephant Chase (juvenile). NY: Holiday House, 1993. [Nebraska]
Cummins, James. Sestina (poetry). Paris Review, no. 126 (1993), 137-38.

Dacey, Philip. The Killing Poem (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 26-27.
D'Amato, Barbara. Hard Women (novel). NY: Scribner. 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Davis, Mary. Plane Crash and a Widow; Neighbor; Differences (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 8-10.
Deaver, Jeffrey Wilds. The Lesson of Her Death (novel). NY: Doubleday. 1993. [Indiana]
Deaver, Julie Reece. You Bet Your Life (juvenile). NY: HarperCollins, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Delbanco, Nicholas. Rumford: His Book (short fiction). Southern Review, 29 (October 1993), 679-90.
Dennis, Carl. To the Soul: Swindle; Cedar Point: Jacob and Esau (poetry). Prairie Schooner. 67 (Fall 1993), 56-60.
Denton, Bradley. Blackburn (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Kansas]
Diehl, William. Primal Fear (novel). NY: Villard, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Dodd, Wayne. The Standing Dead (poetry). American Nature Writing Newsletter, 5 (Fall 1993), 12.
Dorf, Marilyn. Grandad's Jug (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 13.
Dreiser, Theodore. Jennie Gerhardt (novel). Edited by James L.W. West 3d. Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1993.
Dugan, Barbara. Leaving Home with a Pickle Jar (juvenile). NY: Greenwillow, 1993. [Minnesota]
Dymmoch, Michael Allen. The Man Who Understood Cats (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]

Eddy, Gary. First Lecture on Poetry; Second Lecture on Poetry; Writing Exercises (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 86-88.
Egbert, Kathlyn Whitsitt. The 23rd Dream (novel). Dallas: Southern Methodist Univ. Press, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Eimers, Nancy. Joy to the World; On the Phone with My Parents (poetry). Paris Review, no. 127 (1993), 49-53.
Eller, Natalie. I Have Seen the Horses (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 111-23.
Ellsworth, Kenneth. The Big Pitch (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 17-30.
Enger, L.L. Sacrifice (novel). NY: Pocket Books, 1993. [Michigan]
Engler, Jerry W. Cowtime Ritual (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 46.
Erbe, Pamela. Sweet Tooth (short fiction). Antioch Review, 51 (Winter 1993), 56-76.
Erdrich, Louise. Fleur's Luck (short fiction). Georgia Review, 47 (winter 1993), 659-63.
Erdrich, Louise. Love Medicine. Revised ed. (novel). NY: Holt, 1993. [North Dakota]
Esstman, Barbara. The Other Anna (novel). NY: Harcourt, 1993. [Iowa]
Eugenides, Jeffrey. The Virgin Suicides (novel). NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1993. [Michigan]

Fagan, Kathy. There Are Plenty of Angels, She Said in the Ladies; Her Advice to the Still Life Painter; California, She Replied (poetry). Paris Review, no. 129 (1993), 226-27.

Faherty, Terence. The Lost Keats (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Indiana]
Fairbanks, Lauren. Sister Carrie (novel). Chicago: Dalkey Archive, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Fay, Steve. The Milkweed Parables (poetry). TriQuarterly, 88 (Fall 1993), 53-66.
Fielding, Joy. Tell Me No Secrets (novel). NY: Morrow, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Finger, Anne. The Artist and the Dwarf (short fiction). Southern Review, 29 (October 1993), 691-705.
Fitzgerald, F. Scott. The Love of the Last Tycoon: A Western (novel). Ed. Matthew Bruccoli. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1993.
Forrest, Leon. Divine Days (novel). NY: Norton, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Frucht, Abby. Are You Mine? (novel). NY: Grove Press, 1993. [Midwest]
Fulton, Alice. Queen Wintergreen (short fiction). TriQuarterly, 84 (Spring-Summer 1992), 46-57.

Gans, Bruce M. The Duel (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 65-90.
Gastiger, Joseph. Half an Hour Before the War (poetry). TriQuarterly, 86 (Winter 1992-93), 59-61.
Gilbert, Lynn D. Midwest Reunion (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 85.
Gilfillan, Merrill. Sworn Before Cranes (short fiction). Livingston, Mont.: Clark City Press. 1993. [South Dakota]
Gillman, Jonathan. Grasslands (short fiction). New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers Univ. Press. 1993. [South Dakota]
Ginsberg, Aren. How to Live Like a Colorblind Artist (poetry). English Journal, 82 (March 1993), 93.
Girard, James Preston. The Late Man (novel). NY: Atheneum, 1993. [Wichita, Kansas]
Gist, Gladys Leffler. Chasing Rainbows: A Recollection of the Great Plains (memoir). Ed. James Martin. Ames: Iowa State Univ. Press, 1993. [Iowa; South Dakota]
Glasco, Sue. Moon and Stars (poetry). English Journal, 82 (October 1993), 93.
Glaser, Elton. Endsheet (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 655-56.
Goldbarth, Albert. Across the Layers: Poems Old and New (poetry). Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1993.
Goldbarth, Albert. Kansas: Stories, Refinement (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 749-53.
Goldbarth, Albert. Marriage, and Other Science Fiction (poetry). Paris Review, no. 126 (1993), 44-50.
Goldbarth, Albert. Public Life (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 39-40.
Gott, George. Latitudes (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 38.
Graham, Jorie. Subjectivity (poetry). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 132-38.
Gray, Douglas. Returning to Standard Time (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 39.
Greeley, Andrew M. Fall from Grace (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Chicago. Illinois]
Greeley, Andrew M. Happy Are the Peacemakers (novel). NY: Jove, 1993.
Greenberg, Alvin. Wise Guy (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Spring 1993), 100.
Greene, Bob. All Summer Long (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1993. [Ohio]
Grice, Julia. The Cutting Hours (novel). NY: Tor Books, 1993. [Michigan]
Griffith, Kevin. Noah of Bridgeport, Morel Hunting (poetry). College English, 55 (April 1993), 429.
Grimm, Mary. Laundry (short fiction). Antioch Review, 51 (Summer 1993), 417-422.
Grimm, Mary. Left to Themselves (novel). NY: Random House, 1993. [Ohio]
Grove, Vicki. Rimwalkers (juvenile). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Illinois]
Gundy, Jeff. Squirrels (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 62-63.
Guthridge, Marcia. Bones (short fiction). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 230-48.
Guthrie, Donna. Frankie Murphy's Kiss List (juvenile). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1993. [Indiana]

Hahn, Harriet. James, Fabulous Feline: Further Adventures of a Connoisseur Cat (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993.
Hahn, Susan. Incontinence (poetry). Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1993.
Hall, Donald. Her Face (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Summer 1993), 252.
Hall, Donald. Life Work (memoir). Boston: Beacon Press, 1993.
Hall, Donald. Museum of Clear Ideas (poetry). NY: Ticknor & Fields. 1993.
Hallman, Chris. The Maiden's Mother (short fiction). Antioch Review, 51 (Summer 1993), 354-67.
Hamilton, Mark. Three Selections: Lewis and Clark in Montana (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 11-13.
Hanchar, Peggy. Cheyenne Dreams (novel). NY: Fawcett, 1993. [South Dakota]
Handberg, Ron. Cry Vengeance (novel). NY: Birch Lane Press, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Hanson, Twyla. At the Prairie, the Day Before (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 90-91.
Harnack, Curtis. The Attic: A Memoir (memoir). Ames: Iowa State Univ. Press, 1993. [Iowa]
Harshman, Marc. Uncle James (juvenile). NY: Dutton, 1993. [Midwest]
Harson, Dylan. Kansas Blue (novel). NY: Donald I. Fine, 1993. [Kansas]
Hart, Ellen. Hallowed Murder (novel). NY: Ballantine Books, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Hart, Ellen. A Killing Cure (novel). Seattle: Seal Press, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Haseley, Dennis. Dr. Gravity (juvenile fiction). NY: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1992. [Ohio]
Hassler, Jon. Dear James (novel). NY: Ballantine, 1993. [Minnesota]
Hassler, Jon. Poetic License (short fiction). Minnesota Monthly (December 1993), 85-87, 101.
Hastings, Beverly. Home Before Dark (juvenile). NY: Berkley Books, 1993. [Ohio]
Hathaway, Jeanine. Motherhouse (novel). Westport, Conn.: Hyperion Press, 1993. [Midwest]
Hautman, Pete. Drawing Dead (novel). NY: Simon & Schuster, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Haworth-Hoeppner, Edward. April (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 69-70.
Haynes, David. Right by My Side (juvenile). Minneapolis: New Rivers Press, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Hefter, Richard. Lone Star; Still Life (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 49-53, 56.
Heim, Scott. Food (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 79-85.
Hemley, Robin. The Holocaust Party (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Summer 1993), 3-15.
Hendershot, Judith. Up the Tracks to Grandma's (juvenile). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Ohio]
Henderson, William McCranor. I Killed Hemingway (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993.
Henkin, Joshua. Congregants (short fiction). Southern Review. 29 (October 1993). 706-19.
Hermann, Nancy A. The Homestead (novel). NY: Ballantine, 1993. [Kansas]
Heynen, Jim. The Boys (short fiction). Georgia Review, 47 (Summer 1993), 243-49.
Heynen, Jim. The One-Room Schoolhouse: Stories About the Boys (short fiction). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Midwest]
Higgins, Joanna. Earth Light (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Summer 1993), 125-40.
Highfill, Jannett. Beatrice (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 70.
Hill, Pamela Steed. In Praise of Motels (poetry). Antioch Review. 51 (Spring 1993), 248-49.
Hind, Stephen. Humanities Lecture (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 32.
Hinnefeld, Joyce. Speaking in Tongues (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 Spring-Summer 1993), 143-54.

Hirzel, Patrick S. The Promised One (novel). Pittsburgh: Dorrance, 1993. [Michigan]
Hodges, Gregg. Desert Love, or Echo's Revenge (poetry). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 222-23.
Hoeppner, Edward Haworth. Salvador's Ox (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 15-16.
Hofer, Marianna. How I Remember You (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 14.
Hoogestraat, Jane. Like an Early Chicago Spring (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 12.
Hooper, Patricia. The Fox; Spring Snow (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Winter 1993), 218.
Howard, Ellen. The Tower Room (juvenile fiction). NY: Atheneum, 1993. [Michigan]
Hudgins, Andrew. Blemishes (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Fall 1993), 621.
Hutchings, Pat. Telling Erin About Iowa on Office Time (poetry). College English, 55 (October 1993), 644.

Jackson, Jon A. Hit on the House (novel). NY: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1993. [Detroit, Michigan]
Jacobs, Barbara. The Dead Leaves (novel). Willimantic, Conn.: Curbstone Press, 1993. [Michigan]
Jacobs, Nancy Baker. The Silver Scapel (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Minnesota]
Jakes, John. Homeland (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Jeffries, William. Bloody River Blues (novel). NY: Avon Books, 1993. [Missouri]
Johnson, Lois Walfrid. The Runaway Clown (juvenile fiction). Minneapolis: Bethany House, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Jones. D.J.H. Murder at the MLA (novel). Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Jones, Douglas C. This Savage Race (novel). NY: Holt, 1993. [Missouri]
Jones, Rodney. Contempt (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Spring 1993), 249-52.
Jones, Rodney. Counting Potatoes (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Fall 1993), 543.

Kalikoff, Beth. Brother Marcus Reid (Chicago) (poetry). College English, 55 (April 1993), 435.
Kaminsky, Stuart M. The Devil Met a Lady (novel). NY: Mysterious Press, 1993.
Kaminsky, Stuart M. Lieberman's Choice (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Kauffman, Janet. The Body in Four Parts (novel). St. Paul, Minn.: Graywolf Press. 1993. [Michigan]
Kauffman, Janet. Dream On (short fiction). TriQuarterly, 88 (Fall 1993), 167-71.
Keillor, Garrison. The Book of Guys (short fiction). NY: Viking, 1993.
Kelly, Brigit Pegeen. Song (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (October 1993), 748-50.
Ketteman, Helen. The Year of No More Corn (juvenile). NY: Orchard Books, 1993. [Indiana]
Kherdian, David. Asking the River (juvenile). NY: Orchard Books, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Kienzle, William X. Dead Wrong (novel). Kansas City: Andrews & McMeel, 1993. [Detroit, Michigan]
Kilian, Michael. The Big Score (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Kinder, R.M. Sunday Meeting (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 155-60.
King, Kathleen Wallace. The True Life Story of Isobel Roundtree (novel). Little Rock: August House, 1993. [Indiana]
King, Thomas. Green Grass, Running Water (novel). Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1993.
Kinkead, Mary Ellen. Road Shoulder Mail Boxes (poetry). English Journal, 82 (November 1993), 90.
Kinkopf, Eric. Shooter (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Detroit, Michigan]

Kinsella, W. P. Shoeless Joe Jackson Comes to Iowa (short fiction). Dallas: Southern Methodist Univ. Press, 1993. [Iowa]
Klander, Sharon. In Good Time (poetry). MidAmerica XX (1993), 9-10.
Kloefkorn, William. Learning the Drum; Covenant; Afternoon in October (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993), 5-10.
Konek, Carol Wolfe. Moon Flower Vine; Descent (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 113-15.
Kooser, Ted. In Passing; After Burning of the Garden for Spring; A Sound in the Night; An Abandoned Stone Schoolhouse in the Nebraska Sandhills; Poem Before Breakfast (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 61-65.
Krueger, Michele. Passion Weather; Womb Regalia (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 40-41.
Kuderko, Lynne. Photograph for My Father: Kansas Settlers, 1897 (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 119-20.
Kummer, John. Selling the Farm (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 128.
Kunkle, Robert. This Guy, Seemingly of Mature Years (short fiction). Paris Review, no. 129 (1993), 201-25.
Kurasch, Dave. Grace (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 38.
Kuzma, Greg. The Stars; John Brehm's Latest Poem (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 106-14.
Kwasny, Melissa. Trees Call for What They Need (novel). San Francisco: Spinsters Ink, 1993. [Indiana]
Kyler, Inge Logenburg. When Something Besides Strawberries Was in the Making (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 15.

LaGattuta, Margo. The Usual and the Unsung; Things I Don't See; Owning the Fire (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 16-18.
Laidlaw, Brett. Blue Bel Air (novel). NY: Norton, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnsota]
Lauber, Lynn. 21 Sugar Street (novel). NY: Norton, 1993. [Ohio]
Lawlor, Laurie. George on His Own (juvenile). Niles, Ill.: Albert Whitman & Co., 1993. [South Dakota]
Leahy, William J. Dannie Argella (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 119-51.
Leavitt, Caroline. Into Thin Air (novel). NY: Warner Books. 1993. [Madison, Wisconsin].
Leitner, Jerrol. Learning to Ride (poetry). English Journal, 82 (October 1993), 93.
Leonard, Elmore. Pronto (novel). NY: Delacorte, 1993.
Levin, Amy. Long Division (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993), 120-21.
Levitsky, Ronald. Stone Boy (novel). NY: Scribners, 1993. [South Dakota]
Lewin, Michael Z. Underdog (novel). NY: Mysterious Press, 1993. [Indianapolis, Indiana]
Litzenburger, Liesel. Pictures from My Father's Trip (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review. 32 (Spring 1993), 273-84.
Lockert, Lucia. Tiamantini; The Temple of Paintings (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festitval—1993 (1993), 19-22.
Logue, Mary. Still Explosion (novel). Seattle: Seal Press, 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Louis, Adrian C. The Fine Printing on the Label of a Bottle of Non-Alcohol Beer (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly. 61 (Spring 1993), 129-30.
Louis, Adrian C. Fullblood Girl on a Blue Horse (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Spring 1993), 242-43.
Love, Sandra. Thicker Than Glass (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 37-43.
Low, Denise. Departure from Brattle Street; Lightning; Neosho River, Indian Territory 1848-1876; Scenes from Emporia; Flathead Catfish (poetry). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993), 82-84, 88-96.
Lutz, John. Thicker Than Blood (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Lyons, Bill. Early Morning Quiet (poetry). English Journal, 82 (January 1993), 87.

MacBride, Roger Lea. Little House on Rocky Ridge (juvenile). NY: HarperCollins, 1993. [South Dakota; Missouri]
McCall, Thomas. A Wide and Capable Revenge (novel). Westport, Conn.: Hyperion Press, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
McConnell, Frank. Liar's Poker (novel). NY: Walker, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
McCurry, Jim. Dogwag Bummerstead (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 64.
McDonough, Robert E. Condom; Unbloody Heterosexual Sex (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 23-24.
McGiffin, Janet. Prescription for Death (novel). NY: Fawcett Gold Medal, 1993. [Milwaukee, Wisconsin]
McInerny, Ralph. Seed of Doubt (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Illinois]
Mackinnon, Margaret. Gauguin in Kansas (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 657-58.
McKitterick, Molly. Murder in a Mayonnaise Jar (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri]
McManus, James. 23 (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Spring 1993), 235.
McNall, Sally Allen. Conversations; The Battle (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 131.
Maddox, Mary. The Cradle of Happiness (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 43-60.
Mali, Tayor McDowell. Your Watering Place (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 164.
Marshall, Tod T. After Storms (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 98.
Marshall, Tod T. Fishing (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 98.
Martin, Herbert Woodward. Sleeping Lovers (poetry). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993), 9.
Mason, David. The Altar in the Woods (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 49-60.
Meyers, Kent. Buffalo Calf (short fiction). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 761-70.
Miller, John N. The Future Miss America, Miss Troy (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 165.
Miller, Mary Jane. Fast Forward (juvenile). NY: Viking, 1993. [Illinois]
Miller, Philip. Magician; Baby Dolls (poetry). College English, 55 (September 1993), 534-36.
Miller, Phillip. Picasso's Boy with a Pipe; House and Garden (poetry). Kansas Quarterly. 24 (1), 1993, 13-14.
Miller, William. Bats (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 166.
Mitchell, Roger. Gray Gray Sky (poetry). American Nature Writing Newsletter, 5 (Fall 1993), 11.
Monardo, Anna. The Courtyard of Dreams (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1993. [Ohio]
Moos, Michael. Northern Pike (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 136.
Morgan, Gregg. Food for Worms (poetry). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993), 15.
Morse, Michael. Kinglet Banding (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Fall 1993), 558.
Moss, Thylias. Mission; Heads (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Summer 1993), 404-7.
Munson, Ronald. Fan Mail (novel). NY: Dutton, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri)

Nauman, A.D. Floppy Christmas (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 79-85.
Nauman, A.D. Up the Lighthouse (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 107-115.
Nixon, Joan Lowery. Land of Promise (juvenile). NY: Bantam Books, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
North, Darian. Criminal Seduction (novel). NY: Dutton, 1993. [Kansas]
Northrup, Jim. Walking the Rez Road (short fiction; poetry). Stillwater, Minn.: Voyageur Press, 1993. [Minnesota]

Novak, Robert. Canning Tomato Sauce; They Said; Bob Explains Why He Needs a Summer Grant (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 25-27.

Oates, Joyce Carol. Accursed Inhabitants of the House of Bly (short fiction). Antioch Review. 51 (Winter 1993), 114-39.
Oates, Joyce Carol. Foxfire: Confessions of a Girl Gang (novel). NY: Dutton, 1993.
Oates, Joyce Carol. The Lost Child (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Fall 1993), 529-33.
Oates, Joyce Carol. The Sacrifice (drama). American Poetry Review, 22 (May-June 1993), 35-40.
Oates, Joyce Carol. You Petted Me, and I Followed You Home (short fiction). TriQuarterly. 88 (Fall 1993), 67-75.
Ohio, Denise. Blue (novel). Kingston. NY: McPherson & Co., 1993. [Minneapolis, Minnesota]
Olsen, William. Old World Light; Hereafter (poetry). Paris Review, no. 126 (1993), 212-13.
Olsen, William. Slow Train North (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 20-21.
Onerheim, Margaret Ott. Threads of Memory: A Memoir of the 1920s (memoir). Ames: Iowa State Univ. Press, 1993. [Iowa]
O'Rourke, Frank. Burton and Stanley (juvenile fiction). NY: Godine, 1993. [Midwest)

Page, Tom. Matanzas Return: A Difference (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 28-29.
Palencia, Elaine Fowler. Pecans (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 193-98.
Patten, T. H. Is Physical Comedy Necessarily Less Cerebral? (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 199.
Paulsen, Gary. Dogteam (juvenile). NY: Delacorte, 1993.
Paulsen, Gary. Harris and Me (juvenile). San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1993.
Penson, Mary E. You're an Orphan, Mollie Brown (juvenile). Ft. Worth: Texas Christian Univ. Press, 1993. [Midwest]
Pesta, John. The Lady Bulldogs (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 170-81.
Pigno, Antonia Quintana. The Yellow Air (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (1), 1993, 77.
Plumpp, Sterling. Thaba Nchu; Orange Free State; Thabong (poetry). TriQuarterly, 88 (Fall 1993), 153-59.
Polacco, Patricia. Babushka Baba Yaga (juvenile). NY: Putnam, 1993.
Polacco, Patricia. The Bee Tree (juvenile). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Michigan]
Powell, Lynn. Revelation; Nativity (poetry). Paris Review, no. 127 (1993), 46-48.
Power, Susan. Watermelon Seeds (short fiction). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Summer 1993), 38-51.
Prafke, Jean. Men at Home from the Factory (poetry). College English, 55 (November 1993), 779.
Pryor, Rex. Iowa-Missouri; Cold Storage (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 198-99.
Purdy, James. Gertrude's Hand (short fiction). Antioch Review, 51 (Summer 1993), 327-41.

Qualey, Marsha. Revolutions of the Heart (novel). Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Quill, Monica. Nun Plussed (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]

Raleigh, Michael. A Body in Belmont Harbor (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Ray, David. For Rudolf Hoess, Commandant of Auschwitz (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 74-77.

Ray, David. Lines for Eudora (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Winter 1993), 691-92.
Reaves, Sam. Bury It Deep (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Rees, Geoffrey. Sex with Strangers (novel). NY: Farrar, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Reiss, James. Dorland; Dark Conceit (poetry). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 265-67.
Reiter, Lora. Of Course You Want To Tell Me You're Sorry (short fiction). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 155-59.
Renker, Skip. Your Time; Appetites On Sleeping Bear Dunes (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 30-32.
Renwick, Joyce. Where Are You Now, Emma Slade? (short fiction). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 104-8.
Richards, Melanie. Pandora: The White Gift (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 99.
Ripley, W. L. Dreamsicle (novel). Boston: Little, Brown, 1993. [Missouri]
Roat, Ronald Clair. A Still and Icy Silence (novel). Brownsville, Ore.: Story Line Press, 1993. [Lansing, Michigan]
Roberts, Les. The Cleveland Connection (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Cleveland, Ohio]
Roberts, Stephen R. The Calls (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Fall-Winter 1993), 41.
Roche, John. The King and the President; Not the Arizona Biltmore (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 33-34.
Rodi, Robert. Closet Case (novel). NY: Dutton, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Rosen, Michael J. Watercolors; Another View of Penn; Expressions in Cement (poetry). Paris Review, no. 126 (1993), 207-10.
Rossini, Clare. The Good Fortune of Others (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Winter 1993), 94.
Rozga, Margaret. Moon at Noon; Shadows (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 35-36.
Ryeguild-Forsythe, Linda. Dining Car (short fiction). MidAmerica XX (1993), 11-25.
Ryerson, Alice. The Monet Snow (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 121-22.

Saiser, Marjorie. Storm at Night; Washing My Hair in the Platte; Seeing the Scar; I Find a Rock for You; She Is a Woman Like Glass (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 82-88.
Saiter, Susan Sullivan. Moira's Way (novel). NY: Donald I. Fine, 1993. [South Dakota]
Sandburg, Carl. More Rootabagas (juvenile). NY: Knopf, 1993.
Sanders, Mark. Breaking Windows (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 139-43.
Sanders, Scott Russell. Here Comes the Mystery Man (juvenile). NY: Bradbury Press, 1993. [Indiana]
Sandford, John. Winter Prey (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Santos, Sherod. Married Love; Fire (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (April 1993), 279-81.
Savan, Glenn. Goldman's Anatomy (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Scheele, Roy. Certificate (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (January 1993), 182-83.
Schloss, David. Words Instead of a Thousand Pictures; Tourists Under Glass (poetry). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 228-29.
Seid, Christopher. On a Farm in Nebraska (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 125.
Shannon, George. Climbing Kansas Mountains (juvenile). NY: Bradbury Press, 1993. [Kansas]
Shapiro, Joan. Hello, Love (novel). NY: Zebra Books, 1993. [Michigan]
Sharp, William. Ducking Henry (short fiction). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993), 55-67.
Sharpe, Susan. Chicken Bucks (juvenile). NY: Bradbury Press, 1993. [Minnesota]
Shephard, Reginald. When When Was (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Winter 1993), 77.
Simpson, Jamie. Indian Summer (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993). 142.
Smith, Scott. A Simple Plan (novel). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Ohio]

Snodgrass, W.D. In Flower: Dandelions; In Flower: Narcissus (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (January 1993), 159-60.
Snow, Sandra. The Voyeur (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival —1993 (1993), 37.
Socolow, Elizabeth Anne. Another Conversation with the Beloved (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 109.
Sorby, Angela. Museum Piece (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 87.
Spencer, LaVyrle. November of the Heart (novel). NY: Putnam, 1993. [Minnesota]
Stafford, William. The Darkness Around Us Is Deep; Selected Poems of William Stafford (poetry). Ed. Robert Bly. NY: HarperPerennial, 1993.
Stanton, Maura. Pig; October Petunia; Learning to Drive; The City of the Dead (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (April 1993), 282-87.
Starzec, Larry. Genesis (poetry). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 31.
Stevens, Tina. Rosebud; Omaha (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 156-58.
Stevenson, Anne. May Bluebells, Coed Aber Artro (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Summer 1993), 357.
Strasser, Judith. Digging Out; Natural Buoyancy; Chanukah (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 138-41.
Straub, Peter. The Throat (novel). NY: Dutton, 1993. [Illinois]
Strong, Jonathan. Companion Pieces (novel). Cambridge, Mass.: Zoland Books, 1993. [Illinois]
Sturgeon, Shawn. The Prince and the Poplars; The Witch Is Dead (poetry). Paris Review, no. 127 (1993), 137-38.
Suderman, Elmer. He Paddled Me; Helpful Hints to Farmers; Book Learning (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 38-40.
Svoboda, Terese. Sex; Rogue Transmissions; The Pale California Moon (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Fall 1993), 143-45.
Swander, Mary. Oh, Mary Don't You Weep (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 94-106.
Swift, Doug. Nine Poems (poetry). American Poetry Review, 22 (March-April 1993), 29-30.

Tammaro, Thom. Reading Stafford Late at Night (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 160.
Taylor, Bruce. Mine (poem). Midwest Quarterly, 33 (Autumn 1993), 48.
Taylor, Keith. Cashier's Dream; The Hunt; Resurrection (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 73-75.
Tews, Susan. The Gingerbread Doll (juvenile). Boston: Clarion Books, 1993. [Wisconsin]
Tharp, Peg. His Falling Voice. August, Tanglewood (poetry). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (2-3), 1993, 95.
Thomas, F. Richard. Ascension; Circumambulating Michelangelo's David (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 41-42.
Thomas, William. From a Midwest Notebook: I. Neighbors; II. Country Sundays; III. The Amateur (memoirs). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Summer 1993), 2-4.
Thomas, William. My Life in Advertising (memoir). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Fall 1993). 3-7.
Thompson. Maynard F. Trade Secrets (novel). NY: Pocket Books, 1993.
Thornton, Emma S. Quest; Realistically Speaking; Somewhere I Have Never Wandered (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 43-45.
Tillinghast, Richard. Abbey Hill; Wireless (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (April 1993), 288-90.
Tillinghast, Richard. First (poetry). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Spring 1993), 204-5.
Tremmel, Robert. Prajna Parsmita (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Winter 1993), 224-25.
Trowbridge, William. Interstate (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Fall 1993), 521.

Troy, Mary Delphine. A Town with a Flower's Name (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 7-16.
Tucker, Kerry. Death Echo (novel). NY: HarperCollins, 1993. [Ohio]

Upton, Lee. Divorce (poetry). Antioch Review, 51 (Spring 1993), 368.

Valin, Jonathan. The Music Lovers (novel). NY: Delacorte, 1993. [Cincinnati, Ohio]
Van Allsburg, Chris. The Sweetest Fig (juvenile). Boston: Hougton Mifflin, 1993.
Van Walleghen, Michael. Crawlspace (poetry). Southern Review, 29 (July 1993), 591-92.
Vinz, Mark. Family Still Life; Rhubarb (poetry). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 61-62.
Vinz, Mark and Thom Tammaro, eds. Inheriting the Land: Contemporary Voices from the Midwest (anthology). Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1993.
Vizenor, Gerald. Harold of Orange (screenplay). Studies in American Indian Literature, 5 (Fall 1993), 53-88.

Walker, Jeanne Murray. The Aunt Jo Poems (poetry). Midwest Quarterly, 34 (Spring 1993), 311-21.
Walker, Nancy L. Ghost Town (short fiction). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993), 152-54.
Wallace, Ronald. Running; A Cry in the Night (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 132-34.
Waller, James Robert. Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend (novel). NY: Warner Books, 1993. [Iowa]
Walton, Anthony. A Lament for the State of Ohio as a Lament for Ohio State (poetry). Prairie Schooner, 67 (Spring 1993), 136-38.
Ward, Robert J. Interlude: Keswick, England, May 31, 1985; Two Is One, One Is Two (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 46-48.
Wardrop, Daneen. As We Walk Through Our Garden (poetry). Readings from the Midwest Poetry Festival—1993 (1993), 49.
Weaver, Will. Striking Out (juvenile). NY: HarperCollins, 1993. [Minnesota]
Welch, Don. There Is No Wind in Heaven (poetry). Georgia Review, 47 (Summer 1993), 242.
Whelan, Gloria. Night of the Full Moon (juvenile). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Michigan]
Willard, Nancy. Sister Water (novel). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Ann Arbor, Michigan]
Willey, Margaret. The Melinda Zone (juvenile fiction). NY: Bantam Books, 1993. [Michigan]
Williams, David. Grandma Essie's Covered Wagon (juvenile). NY: Knopf, 1993. [Midwest]
Williams, David. Next Door Neighbors (short fiction). Farmer's Market, 10 (Spring-Summer 1993), 91-97.
Wilson, Robert C. Second Fire (novel). NY: Jove, 1993. [Michigan]
Wiseman, Stan. Cody's Ride (novel). NY: Walker, 1993. [Missouri]
Woiwode, Larry. Silent Passengers (short fiction). NY: Atheneum, 1993. [Midwest]
Wolbrink, Paul. Killer Teach (poetry). English Journal, 82 (September 1993), 104.
Wolfe, Lois. Mask of Night (novel). NY: Doubleday, 1993. [St. Louis, Missouri]
Worley, Jeff. Luck (poetry). College English, 55 (April 1993), 430.

Zimmer, Michael. Cottonwood Station (novel). NY: Walker, 1993. [Kansas]
Zimmerman, R.D. Blood Trance (novel). NY: Morrow, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]
Zubro, Mark Richard. Political Poison (novel). NY: St. Martin's, 1993. [Chicago, Illinois]

SECONDARY SOURCES

[General] Anderson. David D. The Literary History of Michigan: A Review Essay (review essay). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Spring 1993), 10-12. [Michigan]
[General] Beasecker, Robert, ed. Annual Bibliography of Midwestern Literature: 1991 (bibliography). MidAmerica XX (1993), 127-44.

[General] Dunne, Robert. Not for White Men Only: the Methodology Behind the Dictionary of Midwestern Literature (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 40-47.
[General] Flanagan, John T. Minnesota's Literary Visitors. St. Paul, Minn.: Pogo Press, 1993.
[General] Grosh, Ronald M. Provincialism and Cosmopolitanism: A Reassessment of Early Midwestern Realism (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXI (1993), 9-18.
[General] Images of the Heartland: Through the Eyes of Best-Loved Midwest Authors (biography; criticism). Midwest Living (April 1993), 57-65.
[General] Leasher, Evelyn. A Brief History of Ladies' Library Associations in Michigan. Michigan Academician, 25 (Summer 1993), 422-30.
[General] Newquist, David L. The Violation of Hospitality and the Demoralization of the Frontier (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXI (1993), 19-28.
[General] Noe, Marcia, ed. Exploring the Midwestern Literary Imagination: Essays in Honor of David D. Anderson (criticism). Troy, NY: Whitson Publishing Co., 1993.
[General] Obuchowski, Mary Dejong. Literature and Michigan History (bibliography). Michigan Historical Review, 19 (Fall 1993), 81-85.
[General] Regnery, Henry. Creative Chicago: From the Chap-Book to the University (criticism). Evanston, Ill: Chicago Historical Bookworks, 1993.

[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. The Dramatic Landscape of Sherwood Anderson's Fiction (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 89-97.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson and the Moral Geography of Ohio (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Fall 1993), 8-16.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Anderson, David D. Sherwood Anderson in Short: A Review Essay (review essay). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Spring 1993), 13-17.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Ellis, James. Sherwood Anderson's Fear of Sexuality: Horses, Men, and Homosexuality (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Fall 1993), 595-601.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Lindsay, Clarence. Another Look at Community in *Winesburg, Ohio* (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 76-88.
[Anderson, Sherwood] Reist, John S., Jr. An Ellipse Becomes a Circle: The Developing Unity of *Winesburg, Ohio* (criticism). CEA Critic, 55 (Spring-Summer 1993), 26-38.

[Bellow, Saul] Anderson, David D. "Starting out in Chicago": Saul Bellow's Literary Apprenticeship (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXI (1993), 44-56.
[Bellow, Saul] Baumgarten, Murray. Urban Rites and Civic Premises in the Fiction of Saul Bellow, Grace Paley, and Sandra Schor (criticism). Contemporary Literature, 34 (Fall 1993), 395-424.
[Bellow, Saul] Safer, Elaine B. From Poem to Cartoon: Comic Irony in Saul Bellow's *More Die of Heartbreak* (criticism). Critique, 34 (Summer 1993), 203-19.
[Berryman, John] Smith, Ernest J. John Berryman's Short Fiction: Elegy and Enlightenment (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Summer 1993), 309-16.
[Bierce, Ambrose] Stoicheff, Peter. "Something Uncanny": The Dream Structure in Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Summer 1993), 349-57.
[Bingham, Kate Boyles] Alexander, Ruth Ann. Fictionalizing South Dakota from a Feminist Point of View: The Western Novels of Virgil D. Boyles and Kate Boyles Bingham (criticism). South Dakota History, 23 (Fall 1993), 244-63.
[Bloch, Robert] Joshi, S.T. Weird Tales—Stories of the Human and the Inhuman (criticism). Armchair Detective, 26 (Winter 1993), 38-45, 98-102.
[Bly, Robert] Bibby, Michael. "Where Is Vietnam?": Antiwar Poetry and the Canon (criticism). College English, 55 (February 1993), 158-78.
[Bly, Robert] Truesdale, C.W. Dana Gioia on American Poetry (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 180-91.
[Bonnin, Gertrude Simmons] Susag, Dorothea M. Zitkala-Sa (Gertrude Simmons Bonnin): A Power(full) Literary Voice (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Winter 1993), 3-24.

[Boyles, Virgil D.] Alexander, Ruth Ann. Fictionalizing South Dakota from a Feminist Point of View: The Western Novels of Virgil D. Boyles and Kate Boyles Bingham (criticism). South Dakota History, 23 (Fall 1993), 244-63.
[Brooks, Gwendolyn] Press, Rebekah. The Richness of Poetry: an Interview with Gwendolyn Brooks (interview). New Letters, 59 (1), 1993, 53-68.
[Brooks, Gwendolyn] Rochman, Hazel. The Booklist Interview: Gwendolyn Brooks (interview). Booklist, 90 (15 October 1993), 426-27.
[Brown, Frederic] Seabrook, Jack. The Moon for a Nickel: Frederic Brown's Pulp Apprenticeship, 1936-1944 (criticism). Armchair Detective, 26 (Fall 1993), 80-91.

[Cather, Willa] McElhiney, Annette Bennington. Willa Cather's Use of a Tripartite Narrative Point of View in *My Antonia* (criticism). CEA Critic, 56 (Fall 1993), 65-76.
[Cather, Willa] Zitter, Emmy Stark. The Unfinished Picture: Willa Cather's "The Marriage of Phaedra" (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Spring 1993), 153-60.
[Chesnutt, Charles W.] Wolkomir, Michelle J. Moral Evaluation and Egalitarianism: Shades of Gray in Chesnutt's *The Marrow of Tradition* (criticism). CLA Journal, 36 (March 1993), 245-59.
[Chopin, Kate] Emmitt, Helen V. "Drowned in Willing Sea": Freedom and Drowning in Eliot, Chopin, and Drabble (criticism). Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature, 12 (Fall 1993), 315-32.
[Clampitt, Amy] Hosmer, Robert E., Jr. Amy Clampitt: The Art of Poetry XLV (interview). Paris Review, no. 126 (1993), 76-109.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Anderson, David D. Mark Twain in England (criticism). SSML News letter, 23 (Summer 1993), 5-11.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Anspaugh, Kelly. The Innocent Eye? E.W. Kemble's Illustrations to *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 25 (Winter 1993), 16-30.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Baker, Russell. From Robert Benchley to Andrew Dice Clay (criticism). American Heritage, 44 (October 1993), 105-08.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Briden, Earl F. The Sources of Nat Parson's Tale in *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (criticism). ANQ, 6 (January 1993), 18-20.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Carey-Webb, Allen. Racism and *Huckleberry Finn:* Censorship, Dialogue, and Change (criticism). English Journal, 82 (November 1993), 22-34.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Derwin, Susan. Impossible Commands: Reading Adventures of *Huckleberry Finn* (criticism). Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 47 (March 1993), 437-54.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Evans, John D. A Tom Sawyer Companion; an Autobiographical Guided Tour with Mark Twain (criticism; biography). Lanham, Md.: Univ. Press of America, 1993.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Fishkin, Shelley Fisher. Was Huck Black? Mark Twain and African-American Voices (criticism). NY: Oxford Univ. Press, 1993.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Gilman, Sander L. Mark Twain and the Diseases of the Jews (criticism). American Literature, 65 (March 1993), 95-115.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Hendler, Glenn. Tom Sawyer's Masculinity (criticism). Arizona Quarterly, 49 (Winter 1993), 33-59.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Hendrickson, Gary P. How Many Children Had Huckleberry Finn? (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Fall 1993), 72-80.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] LeMaster, J. R. and James D. Wilson, eds. The Mark Twain Encyclopedia (biography; criticism). NY: Garland, 1993.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Lew, Ann. Teaching *Huck Finn* in a Multiethnic Classroom (criticism). English Journal, 82 (November 1993), 16-21.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Logsdon, Loren. Toward Realism: A Study of Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* (criticism). Illinois English Bulletin, 80 (Winter 1993), 70-89.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Quirk, Tom. Coming to Grips with "Huckleberry Finn": Essays on a Book, a Boy, and a Man (criticism). Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press, 1993.
[Clemens, Samuel L.] Rosenthal, M. L. Alice, Huck, Pinocchio, and the Blue Fairy: Bodies Real and Imagined (criticism). Southern Review, 29 (July 1993), 486-90.

[Clemens, Samuel L.] Segal, Harry G. Life Without Father: The Role of the Paternal in the Opening Chapters of *Huckleberry Finn* (criticism). Journal of American Studies, 27 (April 1993), 19-33.

[Coover, Robert] Joris, Pierre. Coover's Apoplectic Aopcalypse or "Purviews of Cunning Abstractions" (criticism). Critique, 34 (Summer 1993), 220-31.

[Coover, Robert] Walsh, Richard. Narrative Inscription, History and the Reader in Robert Coover's *The Public Burning* (criticism). Studies in the Novel, 25 (Fall 1993), 332-46.

[Crane, Hart] Hammer, Langdon. Hart Crane and Alien Tate: Janus-Faced Modernism (criticism). Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1993.

[Crane, Hart] Norton-Smith, John. A Reader's Guide to Hart Crane's *White Buildings* (criticism). Lewiston, N.Y.: Edwin Mellen Press, 1993.

[DeJong, David] Harms, Richard H. Michigan Profiles: Meindert and David DeJong (biography). Michigan History, 77 (September-October 1993), 46-47.

[DeJong, Meindert] Harms, Richard H. Michigan Profiles: Meindert and David DeJong (biography). Michigan History, 77 (September-October 1993), 46-47.

[De Vries, Peter] Beversluis, John. How Long the Mourners' Bench: A Study of Peter De Vries's *The Blood of the Lamb* (criticism). Christianity and Literature, 42 (Winter 1993), 313-31.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Eby, Clare Virginia. The Psychology of Desire: Veblen's "Pecuniary Emulation" and "Invidicus Comparison" in *Sister Carrie* and *An American Tragedy* (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 21 (Autumn 1993), 191-208.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Funk, Robert. Dreiser's *American Tragedy* (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Summer 1993), 232-34.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Lingeman, Richard. The Titan (biography; criticism). American Heritage, 44 (February-March 1993), 72-80.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Reahard, Julie A. and Lee Ann Draud. Register, Special Collections Department, Van Pelt Library, University of Pennsylvania (bibliography). Dreiser Studies, 24 (Spring & Fall 1993), 5-164.

[Dreiser, Theodore] Shawcross, Nancy M. Contextualizing Theodore Dreiser (criticism). Dreiser Studies, 24 (Spring & Fall 1993), 3-4.

[Duffey, Bernard I.] Anderson, David D. In Memoriam: Bernard I. Duffey (obituary). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Fall 1993), 2.

[Elkin, Stanley] Green, Daniel. The Rabbi as Vaudevillian: Stanley Elkin's Comic Rhetoric (criticism). Contemporary Literature, 34 (Spring 1993), 88-102.

[Elliott, Harley] Anderson, Brad. The Art and Inspirations of Harley Elliott (criticism). Kansas Quarterly, 24 (1), 1993, 15-22.

[Erdrich, Louise). Slack, John S: The Comic Savior: The Dominance of the Trickster in Louise Erdrich's *Love Medicine* (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Summer 1993), 118-29.

[Erdrich, Louise] Westling, Louise. Joy Harjo and Louise Erdrich: Speaking for the Ground (criticism). American Nature Writing Newsletter, 5 (Fall 1993), 8-9.

[Farrell, James T.] Butler, Robert. Farrell's Ethnic Neighborhood and Wright's Urban Ghetto: Two Visions of Chicago's South Side (criticism). MELUS, 18 (Spring 1993), 103-11.

[Farrell, James T.] Flynn, Dennis. Farrell and Dostoevsky (criticism). MELUS, 18 (Spring 1993), 113-25.

[Farrell, James T.] Skerrett, Ellen. James T. Farrell's "The Dance Marathons" (criticism). MELUS, 18 (Spring 1993), 127-31.

[Fitzgerald. F. Scott] Bellenir, Karen. J.P. Morgan and Gatsby's Name (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 21 (Spring 1993), 111-15.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Dolan, Marc. The (Hi) story of Their Lives: Mythic Autobiography and "The Lost Generation" (criticism). Journal of American Studies, 27 (April 1993), 35-56.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Glaser, Madeleine. Fitzgerald's The *Beautiful and Damned* (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Summer 1993), 238-39.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Llona, Victor. Why I Translated *The Great Gatsby* (criticism). Michigan Quarterly Review, 32 (Winter 1993), 132-35.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Pauly, Thomas H. Gatsby as Gangster (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 21 (Autumn 1993), 225-36.

[Fitzgerald, F. Scott] Scribner, Charles, III. Gatsby Illuminated (criticism). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 249-53.

[Garland, Hamlin] MacDonald, Bonney. Eastern Imaginings of the West in Hamlin Garland's "Up the Coolly" and "God's Ravens" (criticism). Western American Literature, 28 (Summer 1993), 209-30.

[Garland, Hamlin] Newlin, Keith. Melodramatist of the Middie Border: Hamlin Garland's Early Work Reconsidered (criticism). Studies in American Fiction, 21 (Autumn 1993), 153-69.

[Gass, William] Bush, Laurel. Midwestern Literature as the Ground for Parody in William Gass's "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country" (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 118-26.

[Gass, William] Kaufman, Michael. The Textual Body: William Gass's *Willie Master's Lonesome Wife* (criticism). Critique, 35 (Fall 1993), 27-42.

[Grey, Zane] Lutman, Richard A. A Woman to Live in Your Heart Forever: The Women of Zane Grey's West (criticism). Journal of the West, 32 (January 1993), 62-68.

[Hassler, Jon] Bailey, Katherine. PW Interviews Jon Hassler (interview). Publishers Weekly, 240 (17 May 1993). 52-53.

[Havighurst, Walter] Anderson, David D. In Memoriam: Walter Havighurst (obituary). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Fall 1993), 1.

[Hayden, Robert] Gallagher, Ann M. Hayden's "Those Winter Sundays" (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Summer 1993), 245-47.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Baldwin, Marc D. "To Make It Into a Novel . . . Don't Talk About It": Hemingway's Political Unconsciousness (criticism). Journal of Narrative Technique, 23 (Fall 1993), 170-83.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Beegel, Susan F. Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates and Male Taciturnity in Hemingway's "A Day's Wait" (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Fall 1993), 535-41.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Dolan, Marc. The (Hi)story of Their Lives: Mythic Autobiography and "The Lost Generation" (criticism). Journal of American Studies, 27 (April 1993), 35-56.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Gale, Robert L. Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Spring 1993), 186-87.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Harrington, Gary. Hemingway's "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" (criticism). Explicator, 52 (Fall 1993), 51-53.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Kobler, J.F. "Soldier's Home" Revisited: A Hemingway Mea Culpa (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Summer 1993), 377-85.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Kozikowski, S., S. Adriaansen, D. Moruzzi, and C. Prokop. Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Summer 1993), 239-41.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Martin, Quentin E. Hemingway's "The Killers" (criticism). Explicator, 52 (Fall 1993), 53-57.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Miller, Paul W. Hemingway's Posthumous Fiction, 1961-87: A Rorschach Test for Critics (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 98-107.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Plath, James. *Le Torero* and "The Undefeated": Hemingway's Foray Into Analytical Cubism (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Winter 1993), 35-43.

[Hemingway, Ernest] Prescott, Jeryl J. Liberty for Just[us]: Gender and Race in Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not* (criticism). CLA Journal, 37 (December 1993), 176-88.
[Hemingway, Ernest] Reynolds, Michael. Ernest Hemingway, Titres Manques, *A Moveable Feast* (criticism). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 318-23.
[Hemingway, Ernest] Sloan, Gary. *A Farewell to Arms* and the Sunday-School Jesus (criticism). Studies in the Novel, 25 (Winter 1993), 447-56.
[Hemingway, Ernest] Vanderbilt, Kermit. Nick Adams Through the Looking Glass: "A Way You'll Never Be" (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Winter 1993), 104-10.
[Howells, William Dean] Cady, Edwin. Howells on the River (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 25 (Spring 1993), 27-41.
[Howells, William Dean] Crowley, John W. Paradigms of Addiction in Howells' Novels (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 25 (Spring 1993), 3-17.
[Howells, William Dean] Haralson, Eric. Romancing the Beast: Howells' *The Landlord at Lion's Head* (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 25 (Spring 1993), 42-59.
[Howells, William Dean] Jones, Joel. Howells's *The Leatherwood God:* The Model in Method for the American Historical Novel (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Winter 1993), 96-103.
[Howells, William Dean] Pattison, Eugene H. The Landscape and the Sense of the Past in William Dean Howells's *The Kentons* (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 48-58.
[Howells, William Dean] Scharnhorst, Gary. Howells's "A South Sea Tragedy": A Recovered Poem (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Winter 1993), 94-95.
[Howells, William Dean] Woodress, James. Howells in the Nineties: Social Critic for All Seasons (criticism). American Literary Realism, 1870-1910, 25 (Spring 1993), 18-26.

[Johnson, Curtis L.] Sautter, R. Craig. Curt Johnson: Chicago Novelist and Publisher (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 108-17.

[King, Tom] Hermes, Will. The Native King (biography). Minnesota Monthly (June 1993), 14-15.
[Kirkland, Caroline] Merish, Lori. "The Hand of Refined Taste" in the Frontier Landscape: Caroline Kirkland's *A New Home, Who'll Follow?* and the Feminization of American Consumerism (criticism). American Quarterly, 45 (December 1993), 485-523.

[Lane, Rose Wilder] Holtz, William. The Ghost in the Little House: A Life of Rose Wilder Lane (biography). Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press, 1993.
[Lee, Marie G.] Hermes, Will. Growing Up, Hibbing Style (biography). Minnesota Monthly (February 1993), 18.
[Leopold, Aldo] Fromm, Harold. Aldo Leopold: Aesthetic "Anthropocentrist" (criticism). Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and Environment, 1 (Spring 1993), 43-49.
[Lewis, Charles B.] Massie, Larry. Quad's Odds (criticism). Michigan History, 77 (September-October 1993), 44-45.
[Lewis, Sinclair] Love, Glen A. Babbitt: An American Life (criticism). NY: Twayne Publishers, 1993.
[Lindsay, Vachel] Horgan, Paul. Vachel Lindsay and *The Book of the Dead* (criticism; memoir). American Scholar, 62 (Autumn 1993), 565-70.
[Lindsay, Vachel] Wentworth, Michael. "A Walk Through the Paradise Garden": Vachel Lindsay's Idea of Kansas in *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 26-39.
[Low, Denise] Hellekson, Karen. An Interview with Denise Low (interview). Cottonwood, no. 48 (1993), 97-98.

[Mamet, David] Skeele, David. The Devil and David Mamet: *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* as Homiletic Tragedy (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (December 1993), 512-18.
[Mamet, David] Stafford, Tony J. *Speed-the-Plow* and *Speed the Plough:* The Work of the Earth (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 38-47.

[Manfred, Frederick] Anderson, David D. Memory, Talent, Imagination, and Love: *The Duke's Mixture* of Frederick Manfred (criticism). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Fall 1993), 17-18.
[Manfred, Frederick] Bunge, Mary. Something Magical and Important Is Going On: Interviews with Frederick and Freya Manfred (interview). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 19-36.
[Martin, Valerie] Smith, R. McClure. Valerie Martin's Re-Visionary Gothic: The Example of "Sea Lovers" (criticism). Critique, 34 (Spring 1993), 171-81.
[Morrison, Toni] Bishop, John. Morrison's *The Bluest Eye* (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Summer 1993), 252-54.
[Morrison, Toni] Carmean, Karen. Toni Morrison's World of Fiction (criticism). Troy, NY: Whitson Publishing Co., 1993.
[Morrison, Toni] Coleman, Alisha R. One and One Make One: A Metacritical and Psychoanalytic Reading of Friendship in Toni Morrison's *Sula* (criticism). CLA Journal, 37 (December 1993), 145-55.
[Morrison, Toni] Gates, Henry Louis, Jr. and K.A. Appiah, eds. Toni Morrison: Critical Perspectives Past and Present (criticism). Washington, D. C.: Amistad Press, 1993.
[Morrison, Toni] Heinze, Denise. The Dilemma of "Double-Consciousness": Toni Morrison's Novels (criticism). Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1993.
[Morrison, Toni] Henly, Carolyn P. Reader-Response Theory as Antidote to Controversy: Teaching *The Bluest Eye* (criticism). English Journal, 82 (March 1993), 14-19; and responses, 20-24.
[Morrison, Toni] Imbrie, Ann E. "What Shalimar Knew": Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon* as a Pastoral Novel (criticism). College English, 55 (September 1993), 473-90.
[Morrison, Toni] Jablon, Madelyn. Rememory, Dream Memory, and Revision in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* and Alice Wlker's *The Temple of My Familiar* (criticism). CLA Journal, 37 (December 1993), 136-44.
[Morrison, Toni] Mayer, Elsie F. Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). Explicator, 51 (Spring 1993), 192-94.
[Morrison, Toni] Middleton, Joyce Irene. Orality, Literacy, and Memory in Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon* (criticism). College English, 55 (January 1993), 64-75.
[Morrison, Toni] Mobley, Marilyn Sanders. The Mellow Moods and Difficult Truths of Toni Morrison (criticism). Southern Review, 29 (July 1993), 614-28.
[Morrison, Toni] Schappell, Elissa and Claudia Brodsky Lacour. Toni Morrison: The Art of Fiction CXXXIV (interview). Paris Review, no. 128 (1993), 82-125.
[Morrison, Toni] Schmudde, Carol E. Knowing When to Stop: A Reading of Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). CLA Journal, 37 (December 1993), 121-35.
[Morrison, Toni] Wyatt, Jean. Giving Body to the Word: The Maternal Symbolic in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (criticism). PMLA, 108 (May 1993), 474-88.

[Naylor, Gloria] Toombs, Charles P. The Confluence of Food and Identity in Gloria Naylor's *Linden Hills:* "What We Eat Is Who We Is" (criticism). CLA Journal, 37 (September 1993), 1-18.
[Nye, Russell B.] Anderson, David D. In Memoriam: Russell B. Nye, 1913-1993 (obituary). SSML Newsletter, 23 (Summer 1993), 1.
[Oates, Joyce Carol] Bryant, Kristin. Oates's *I Lock My Door Upon Myself* (criticism). Explicator, 52 (Fall 1993), 61-63.
[Oates, Joyce Carol] Johnson, Greg. A Barbarous Eden: Joyce Carol Oates's First Collection (criticism). Studies in Short Fiction, 30 (Winter 1993), 1-14.
[Oates, Joyce Carol] Mulry..n, John. The Genderfication of Literature: Cross Gender Writing in Joyce Carol Oates's *Expensive People* and Brian Moore's *I Am Mary Dunne* (criticism). CEA Critic, 56 (Fall 1993), 117-25.
[O'Brien, Tim] Calloway, Catherine. Tim O'Brien (1946-): A Primary and Secondary Bibliography (bibliography). Bulletin of Bibliography, 50 (September 1993), 223-29.

[O'Brien, Tim] Kaplan, Steven. The Undying Certainty of the Narrator in Tim O'Brien's *The Things They Carried* (criticism). Critique, 35 (Fall 1993), 43-52.
[Olsen, Tillie] Craft, Bridgette Wilds. Tillie Olsen: A Bibliography of Reviews and Criticism, 1934-1991 (bibliography). Bulletin of Bibliography, 50 (September 1993), 189-205.
[Olsen, Tillie] Wolfe, Kathy. "Coming to Writing" through the Impressionist Fiction of Tillie Olsen (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXI (1993), 57-67.

[Peattie, Elia W.] Szuberla, Guy. Peattie's *Precipice* and the "Settlement House" Novel (criticism). MidAmerica XX (1993), 59-75.
[Piercy, Marge] Orr, Elaine. Mothering as Good Fiction: Instances from Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time* (criticism). Journal of Narrative Technique, 23 (Spring 1993), 61-79.
[Piercy, Marge] Rhoades, Georgia. Surprised Into Knowing: Twelfth Graders Reading Marge Piercy (criticism). English Journal, 82 (November 1993), 87-89.
[Polacco, Patrica] Maughan, Shannon. PW Interviews Patricia Polacco (interview). Publishers Weekly, 240 (15 February 1993), 179, 185.

[Riley, Henry H.] Massie, Larry. Henry H. Riley's *Puddleford and Its People* (criticism). Michigan History, 77 (January-February 1993), 40-41.

[Sandoz, Mari] DeMarr, Mary Jean. A Historian's Fiction: Uses of Stereotype in Mari Sandoz's *Son of the Gamblin, Man* (criticism). Midwestern Miscellany XXI (1993), 29-43.
[Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe] Bauman, Richard. The Nationalization and Internationalization of Folklore: The Case of Schoolcraft's "Gitshee Gauzinee" (criticism). Western Folklore, 52 (April-October 1993), 247-69.
[Schrader, Paul] Borden, Diane M. Sacred Insemination: Christian Iconography in Alan Parker's *Birdy* and Paul Schrader's *American Gigolo* (criticism). Christianity and Literature, 42 (Spring 1993), 445-53.
[Schrader, Paul] Costello, Donald P. God's Lonely Man: *Taxi Driver* in Script and Screen (criticism). Christianity and Literature, 42 (Spring 1993), 403-18.
[Shepard, Sam] Grant, Gary. Shifting the Paradigm: Shepard, Myth, and the Transformation of Consciousness (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 120-30.
[Shepard, Sam] Haedicke, Janet V. "A Population [and Theater] at Risk": Battered Women in Henley's *Crimes of the Heart* and Shepard's *A Lie of the Mind* (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 83-95.
[Shepard, Sam] Hoeper, Jeffrey D. Cain, Canaanites, and Philistines in Sam Shepard's *True West* (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 76-82.
[Shepard, Sam] Lanier, Gregory W. The Killer's Ancient Mask: Unity and Dualism in Shepard's *The Tooth of Crime* (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 48-60.
[Shepard, Sam] Putzel, Steven. An American Cowcoy on the English Fringe: Sam Shepard's London Audience (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 131-46.
[Shepard, Sam] Rosen, Carol. "Emotional Territory": Interview with Sam Shepard (interview). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 1-11.
[Shepard, Sam] Schvey, Henry I. A Worm in the Wood: The Father-Son Relationship in the Plays of Sam Shepard (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 12-26.
[Shepard, Sam] Wilcox, Leonard. West's *The Day of the Locust* and Shepard's *Angel City*: Refiguring L.A. Noir (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 61-75.
[Shepard, Sam] Willadt, Susanne. States of War in Sam Shepard's States of Shock (criticism). Modern Drama, 36 (March 1993), 147-66.
[Stafford, William] Dodd, Wayne. ". . . Always Listening to Words, Listening to the World": William Stafford, 1914-1993 (biography). American Nature Writing Newsletter, 5 (Fall 1993), 11.

[Standing Bear, Luther] Hale, Frederick. Acceptance and Rejection of Assimilation in the Works of Luther Standing Bear (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Winter 1993), 25-41.
[Stegner, Wallace] Benson, Jackson J. Wallace Stegner and the Battle Against Rugged Individualism (criticism). North Dakota Quarterly, 61 (Spring 1993), 5-18.

Traver, Robert, pseud. see Voelker, John D.

[Vizenor, Gerald] Barry, Nora. Chance and Ritual: The Gambler in the Texts of Gerald Vizenor (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 13-22.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Gonzales, Irene. Textual Stimulation: Gerald Vizenor's Use of Law in Advocacy Literature (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 31-35.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Linton, Patricia. The "Person" in Postmodern Fiction: Gibson, Le Guin, and Vizenor (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 3-11.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Rodriguez, Jauna Maria. Gerald Vizenor's Shadow Plays: Narrative Mediations and Multiplicities of Power (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 23-30.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Ruoff, A. LaVonne Brown. Gerald Vizenor: Compassionate Trickster (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Summer 1993), 39-45.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Simard, Rodney, Lavonne Mason, and Julie Abner. "I Defy Analysis": A Conversation with Gerald Vizenor (interview). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 43-51.
[Vizenor, Gerald] Stevenson, Winona. Supressive Narrator and Multiple Narratees in Gerald Vizenor's "Thomas White Hawk" (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Fall 1993), 36-42.
[Voelker, John D.] Vander Veen, Richard. Michigan Profiles: John Donaldson Voelker (biography). Michigan History, 77 (March-April 1993), 46-47.
[Vonnegut, Kurt] Rampton, David. Into the Secret Chamber: Art and Artist in Kurt Vonnegut's *Bluebeard* (criticism). Critique, 35 (Fall 1993), 16-26.
[Vonnegut, Kurt] Reed, Peter J. and Paul Baepler. Kurt Vonnegut: A Selected Bibliography, 1985-1992 (bibliography). Bulletin of Bibliography, 50 (June 1993), 123-28.

[Wilder, Laura Ingalls] Holtz, William. The Ghost in the Little House: A Life of Rose Wilder Lane (biography). Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press, 1993.
[Wilder, Laura Ingalls] Stine, Megan. The Story of Laura Ingalls Wilder, Pioneer Girl (juvenile biography). New York: Dell, 1992.
[Wright, James] Stein, Kevin. "A Dark River of Labor": Work and Workers in James Wright's Poetry (criticism). American Poetry Review, 22 (November-December 1993), 49-54.
[Wright, Richard] Butler, Robert. Farrell's Ethnic Neighborhood and Wright's Urban Ghetto: Two Visions of Chicago's South Side (criticism). MELUS, 18 (Spring 1993), 103-11.
[Wright, Richard] Kinnamon, Keneth and Michel Fabre, eds. Conversations with Richard Wright (interview). Jackson: Univ. Press of Mississippi, 1993.

[Young Bear, Ray] Bataille, Gretchen M. Ray Young Bear: Tribal History and Personal Vision (criticism). Studies in American Indian Literatures, 5 (Summer 1993), 17-20.

PERIODICALS

Anathema Review. No. 1- (1993?-). P.O. Box 891, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402.
Big Fish Magazine. Vol. 1- (1993-). Donna Munro, publisher: 1500 Wealthy SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506.
Block's Poetry Collection. No. 1- (Winter 1993-). Alan J. Block, editor: 1419 Chapin Street, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511.

Cradle Boxcars. (1992?-). Punch Press, P.O. Box 844, Rockford, Illinois 61105.
Drumvoices Revue. Vol. 1- (Fall-Winter 1991/92-). Department of English, P.O. Box 1431, Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, Edwardsville, Illinois 62026.
Fresh Ground. No. 1- (1993-). White Eagle Coffee Store Press, P.O. Box 383, Fox River Grove, Illinois 60021.
Fuel. No. 1- (1992?-). Anaconda Press, P.O. Box 146640, Chicago, Illinois 60614.
House Organ. No. 1- (Winter 1993-). Kenneth Warren, editor: 1250 Belle Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio 44107.
Hyphen Magazine. Vol. 1- (1991-). Shoestring Publications, P.O. Box 516, Somonauk, Illinois 60552.
Illinois Review. Vol. 1- (Fall 1993-). Illinois Writers, Inc., 4241 Publications Unit, Fairchild Hall, Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois 61761.
Opus Literary Review. No. 1- (1992?-). P.O. Box 71192, Madison Heights, Michigan 48071.
Oregon Review. Vol. 1- (Fall-Winter 1993-). 985 Hyde-Shaffer Road, Bristolville, Ohio 44402.
Pemmican. No. 1- (1992-). P.O. Box 16374, St. Paul, Minnesota 55116.
Ploplop. No. 1- (1992-). Geekspeak Unique Press, P.O. Box 11443, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.
River Oak Review. No. 1- (Fall 1993-). River Oak Arts, P.O. Box 3127, Oak Park, Illinois 60303.
Rosebud. Vol. 1- (Winter 1993/94-). Beth Swan, Circulation Manager: 4218 Barnett Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53704.
Snakeskin Review. No. 1- (1992?-). Anaconda Press, P.O. Box 146640, Chicago, Illinois 60614.
SplitCity. No. 1- (Summer 1992-). 1954 Woodward Avenue, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118.
Taproot Reviews. No. 1- (December 1992-). Luigi-Bob Drake, editor: Burning Press, P.O. Box 585, Lakewood, Ohio 44107.
Thin Coyote. Vol. 1- (1993?-). Lost Prophet Press, 941 Goodrich, Apartment B, St. Paul, Minnesota 55105.

RECIPIENTS OF THE MARK TWAIN AWARD

for distinguished contributions to Midwestern Literature

Jack Conroy	1980
Frederick Manfred	1981
Wright Morris	1982
John Voelker (Robert Traver)	1983
Harriette Arnow	1984
Gwendolyn Brooks	1985
John Knoepfle	1986
Andrew Greeley	1987
Harry Mark Petrakis	1988
Dudley Randall	1989
Jim Harrison	1990
Don Robertson	1991
Ray Bradbury	1992
Mona Van Duyn	1993
William H. Gass	1994
William Maxwell	1995