MIDAMERICA III

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

Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

1976

PREFACE

The appearance of *MidAmerica III* marks the fifth year of the existence of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature, five years during which five conferences have been held, programs have been presented at the national conventions of the Modern Language Association, the Midwest Modern Language Association, and the Popular Culture Association; five volumes of the Newsletter—fifteen issues—and three *Midwestern Miscellanies* have been published.

In its modest way, with this record of accomplishment, the Society continues to explore the literary dimensions of the land between the two great mountain ranges by, in the words of the first announcement, "encouraging and supporting the study of Midwestern literature in whatever directions the interests of the members may take." The diversity of those interests is evident in this volume: discussions of the mind of the Midwest and of North Country poetry; specific commentary on David Ross Locke, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Mark Twain, and Wright Morris, and a literary "rediscovery," as well as the annual bibliography.

The Society's continued pursuit of its objective is the result of the work of many people—contributors of essays, participants in programs, typists, editors, members, and friends, as well as the continued support of the Department of American Thought and Language of Michigan State University. This volume, *MidAmerica III*, is inscribed to all of them.

DAVID D. ANDERSON

October, 1975

Contents

NOTES TOWARD A DEFINITION OF THE MIND OF THE MIDWEST

David D. Anderson

One of the peculiarities of the intellectual history of the United States has been the continued search for a massive synthesis or metaphor that will define and explain the American experience. Even a brief, random listing of some of those who carried on the search, ranging from the eighteenth century to the present, is both impressive and intriguing: Crevecoeur in his *Letters* (1782); de Touqueville's *Democracy in America* (1835), Frederick Jackson Turner's *Significance of the Frontier* (1893), Vernon Louis Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* (1927-30), I. O. Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* (1941), and the incredible production of the 1950's: Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land* (1950); Henry Steele Commager's *American Mind* (1950); R. W. B. Lewis's *The American Adam* (1955); Robert E. Spiller's *The Cycle of American Literature* (1955); and Max Lerner's *America as a Civilization* (1957). More recently we have Daniel J. Boorstin's *The Americans: The National Experience* (1965) and *The Democratic Experience* (1973).

Nor have the regions of America been overlooked in the search for the explanatory synthesis, metaphor, or myth, because if America has traditionally been a continental entity, it is also, paradoxically, a land of regions. So pervasive is the sense of place that Emerson proclaimed confidently that "the local is the only universal" and regional identities were forged forever in a war fought to deny them. The Southern myth of Paradise lost, of tragedy and regeneration defined by W. J. Cash in *The Mind of the South* (1941), is still the most complete, but the long New England domination of the writing of American history has made its indelible mark, and the passage from Turner to Walter Prescott

Webb and J. Frank Dobie has produced a continuum and a myth of the West so inclusive that we find ourselves saying, with Archibald MacLeish, that "West is a country in the Mind, and so eternal."

Even in its briefness this bibliographic sketch suggests two observations. The first is the more obvious: the persistence with which we Americans, we New Englanders, we Southerners, we Westerners have attempted to understand and define our past, our experience, and ourselves. Also evident is the fact that in the sketch there is no mention of the Midwest (or Middle West, an important distinction still largely ignored).

The reason for the fact that the Midwest is not mentioned in the list is not merely the obvious, that no attempts to define the Midwestern mind and experience have yet appeared although some important partial definitions, such as Russel B. Nye's *Midwestern Progressive Politics* and Bernard Duffey's *The Chicago Rennaissance in American Letters* (1954) have been published. Rather, the fundamental reason for the omission is that the only common core of agreement concerning a definition of the Midwest (or Middle West?) is that advanced by political geographers: the Midwest consists of twelve states: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, and North and South Dakota. Beyond this lie the questions: is the Midwest a historical entity no longer significant? Is it myth or reality? Are there identifiable cultural or psychological dimensions? Is there such a thing as a Midwestern literature? The difficulty in answering the questions is intensified by the brevity of the area's history—its existence was first noted by Abraham Lincoln in his Message to Congress on December 1, 1862—and by the nature of change that saw the Old West—or more properly, the old Northwest—become the Midwest little more than a century ago. Even what is still the best anthology of Midwestern literature, that compiled by John T. Flanagan, is called *America Is West* (1945).

Compounding this difficulty are stereotypic assertions unfortunately still perpetuated, such as Carl Van Doren's imperceptive characterization of much Midwestern writing as representing a "revolt from the village" or the assertion that the area's only significance is its identity as "back home" to those who, like Jay

Gatsby and his creator, had sought fulfillment in the East, or "back East" to those who had followed the sun and American tradition. Then, too, there is the attitude that ranges from the perennial identification of the little old lady from Dubuque to the recent (January 11, 1975) travel issue of the *Saturday Review*, which printed a peculiarly unfunny cartoon by one "Zebler," which shows a huge sign straddling a busy highway. It reads, "Welcome to the Midwest, Butt of 1000 Cruel and Tasteless Jokes."

Is this, then, the nature of the Midwest today, its only identity lost in the passage of time and the movement of peoples, marked now only by a hypersensitivity to a cruelty and tastelessness both alleged and real? Or is it more than coincidence and political opportunism that in the years since World War II American political conservatism has been represented by such men as Dwight D. Eisenhower, Everett Dirksen, Robert Taft, and Gerald Ford, while the course of liberalism is marked by Harry S. Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, and George McGovern? I don't propose to turn this into a political discussion, but I do suggest that recent American political history alone suggests both an identity and a vitality certainly rooted in the past, in historical and mythical interpretations, particularly of the years between the Civil War and World War I, but it suggests, too, a continuity of ideology and identity indicative of a meaningful, influential present and a vital, hopeful future. Certainly there is an obvious continuum from Grant, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley to Eisenhower and Ford; from William Jennings Bryan and Eugene Debs to Truman and McGovern. Much of the reality of the Midwest today, of the paradoxical Midwestern mind that produced such ideological disparity and continuity, can be explained in mythical as well as historical terms; equally clear as a result is the reality of a Midwestern mind at once diverse and unified, consistent in its paradoxical nature, and, in its own sometimes not so quiet way, as forceful in the life of the Republic in the last half of the twentieth century as it was in the last half of the nineteenth.

Like New England, the South, and the West, the Midwest has firm mythical foundations, but they are foundations that are fundamentally different as well as more complex. Unlike the others, the Midwest has virtually no colonial tradition, whether Puritan, cavalier, or pseudo-Spanish. Although its intellectual

heritage is derived from the eighteenth century, its roots are in the nineteenth rather than the eighteenth or earlier, and consequently it inherited from the beginning a national consciousness that rivals when it does not overwhelm its regional awareness. This peculiar accident, historical as well as geographic, has much to do with the region's long relationship, in office and out, with the seat of federal power, its long history of isolation, particularly from Europe, and its pride in the metaphorical when not real path of the self-made man of no particular background from the log cabin to the White House. At the same time, I suspect, this same peculiar accident of history is responsible for traditional reluctance or unwillingness of Midwesterners to insist upon a regional identity that transcends the national. Perhaps the fact that the Midwest is an American rather than European creation is the fundamental point at which a definition of the Mind of the Midwest must begin.

One must also take into account the peculiar myths that have evolved from the fact of its clear national identity, myths both more complex and more ambiguous than those that define New England, the South, or the West. Unlike the others, the Midwest cannot be described in a single massive metaphor; instead, it is compounded of the myth of its people, all of whom are relatively recent migrants to the area; of place: the two cities, Cincinnati and Chicago, the queen cities of the Old West and the New Midwest, and the village; the myth of movement that follows the course of empire, the path of success, and the great rivers; the myth of success that not only explains its long association with the Presidency, but also its great financial empires—Rockefeller, Ford, Edison, McCormick, Post; its myth of youth, of innocence preserved (Penrod, Tom Sawyer) or lost (Huckleberry Finn, Studs Lonigan, Nick Romano). Central to any discussion of Midwestern myth is the brooding, boistrous image of Lincoln.

The area has its myth of anti-intellectualism and philistinism, a myth derived from Edgar Watson Howe and Hamlin Garland, essentially portrayers of an Old West, and perpetuated by a contemporary myopia. Far from damning or ignoring the region of their birth, writers in the modern Midwestern literary tradition have attempted to recreate it in their works if not in their lives—Sherwood Anderson in rural Virginia, Louis Bromfield in rural Ohio, Ernest Hemingway in Africa, in Spain, and in Idaho. Contemporary critics of the area ignore the role of Frank Lloyd Wright in creating a prairie and a modern architecture, of Ezra Pound, *Poetry*, and the *Little Review* in developing modern poetry, of the agricultural college in the creation of the state university, even the creation of the automobile, the airplane, and the atomic bomb—all of them products of what Sherwood Anderson called the land between the mountains.

Perhaps here is a basic problem: so completely has twentieth century America accepted the leadership of a cultural Midwest that it fails to see or remember the sources of what it has made its own. Without undue chauvinism or false modesty, I suggest that much of the ambiguity and condescension inherent in attitudes toward the Midwest that obscure the reality of its cultural dimensions stems from an alien provincialism, whether that of Carl Van Doren, who left the area too young, or Susan Sontag, who has never known it, in tandem with the image makers and dream peddlers of film and television. The South has had its "Streetcar Named Desire" and "Tobacco Road"; New England its "Last Hurrah" and "Desire Under the Elms"; the West its "Gunsmoke" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." None of them, however, has had to suffer the ravages of a "Picnic" or "Apple's Way."

If the pastoral paradise portrayed by MGM and CBS is a pious fraud perpetrated upon a nation and a region, all too often in the name of nostalgia or worse, to force it to accept a spurious identity and an oversimplified—perhaps simple—mentality, nevertheless the pronouncements of the image-makers contain in them a distorted germ of reality. To a great extent the mind of the Midwest had its origins in the mind of the eighteenth century, of those who, following Jefferson, had caught a vision, however momentary, of a perfect society, and who determined to make it a reality in the territory north and west of the Ohio River.

The vision and the attempt at making it a reality are expressed in the Ordinance of 1787, the "Northwest Ordinance," a remarkable document from which the Northwest Territory and ultimately its extension across the Mississippi River gained its direction. It provided for the area a rational, orderly process for the transition of the Territory from a wilderness to a civilized society, and it provided a clear statement of the rational political philoso-

phy which was not only to direct the settlement and development of the area but also to define both the role of the individual in that area and the relationship between the individual and his government.

As an instrument for orderly transition it not only provided that the area of the West, ceded to the Federal government by its Eastern claimants—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Virginia—would move through three successive stages from initial statement to ultimate statehood "on an equal footing with the original states in all respects whatsoever," but it contributed a fundamental belief in orderly progress, a belief that marked the search for progress in human rights and individual prosperity simultaneously in the nineteenth century, and is largely responsible for the role of the Midwest in progressive and liberal politics in the twentieth.

In both cases the philosophy of government inherent in the document is crucial: it contains a bill of rights guaranteeing religious freedom, due process, trial by jury, and other rights only later to be included in the first ten amendments to the Federal Constitution; it rejects primogeniture and entails; it provides for moderate fines and punishment, and it contains two clauses expressive of the highest ideals of the eighteenth century and the greatest goals of the nineteenth. The first reads, "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged;" the second states that, "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

The impact of the document on popular thinking in the nineteenth century, as the Old Northwest became the Midwest, can hardly be overestimated. So strongly did that thinking reflect the sense of orderly progress, the conviction that the function of government is to protect individual rights, the faith in education, and the faith in human freedom, that the statistics of the era convey with their recitation the rhythmic movement of the age, from the beginning of the century to its end, from the western watershed of the Appalachians to the eastern slope of the Rockies. In population and statehood, the sounds, the dates, and the facts

become almost Whitmanesque—or perhaps, more in keeping with our subject, Sandburgesque:

1790 — a wilderness;
1800 — Ohio Territory 45,365; Indiana Territory 5,641;
1820 — Ohio (1803), 581,434; Indiana (1816), 147,178; Illinois (1818), 55,211; Missouri (1820), 66,586; Michigan Territory 8,896;
1830 — Ohio, 937,903; Indiana, 348,031; Illinois, 157,445; Missouri, 140,455; Michigan Territory, 31,639.

Remarkably, Wisconsin Territory, with a population of 30,945 in 1840, achieved statehood and 305,391 inhabitants in less than ten years; Minnesota Territory, with 6,077 people in 1850 had 172,023 and statehood in less than a decade. If one searches for the faith that has motivated Midwesterners as diverse as Abraham Lincoln and George Babbitt, he can do well to examine these statistics.

And the names themselves, from Ohio to Dakota, are uniquely American and many are themselves the inspiration for a Midwestern literature uniquely American—that of Lindsay, Sandburg, Anderson, and the others who sought to define the essence of the area.

Together with statehood and empire, education marched westward, and again the names echo rhythmically as the best of the old tradition fuses with the new: Ohio University, 1804; Miami, 1809; Kenyon, 1824; Denison, 1831; Oberlin, 1833, and on to the West—Franklin, 1837; Knox, 1837, and beyond. Beside them grew the state universities: Ohio, 1804; Michigan, 1841; Indiana, 1824; Illinois, 1867, and on to the West and North.

As early as 1816, the Indiana Constitution proclaimed that "It shall be the duty of the general assembly . . . to provide by law for a general system of education, ascending in regular gradations from township schools to a State University, wherein tuition shall be gratis and equally open to all." By the Civil War, the area had contributed co-education for women and higher education for blacks—both at Oberlin—and in 1880 the remarkable record led President Frederick Barnard of Columbia to wonder how England, a nation of twenty-three million, functioned with only four degree-granting colleges, while Ohio, a state of only

three million, had thirty-seven. Mortality was high and quality was uneven, but the colleges were there.

At the same time the democratic influence of universal white male suffrage spread from the West (Indiana, 1816; Illinois, 1818) to the East (Connecticut, 1818; Massachusetts, 1821; New York, 1821). Both Michigan and Wisconsin claim the origin of the Republican Party, the party that destroyed slavery in America; Ohio experienced the great Oberlin-Wellington slave rescue; Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa supported John C. Fremont in 1856; in 1860 they were joined by Illinois, Indiana, and Minnesota in supporting Abraham Lincoln.

These intellectual foundations of the Midwestern Mind suggest much about its people as well as its politics in the nineteenth century and today. The people, it is often noted, came in cycles: J. M. Peck in *A New Guide for Emigrants to the West* (1837) described them as the pioneer, the settler, and "men of capital and enterprise;" In 1960 Thomas T. McEvoy described them as "the frontiersman, the Yankee, and the immigrant," to which must be added the emigrant, the native American, black or white, who has followed the factories to Detroit, Flint, and Chicago.

This recognition suggests another important dimension of whatever intellectual foundations support the Mind of the Midwest: the role of movement, rooted in reality and elevated to the realm of myth. For nearly two hundred years the Midwest has been a goal for mass migrations—of "old" Americans from across the mountains, of national groups directly from Europe (Scandinavians to the Upper Lakes, Dutch to Michigan, Irish to the canal towns of Ohio and Indiana; Germans everywhere); then, later, the influx of Southern and Eastern Europe to Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, to the largest Polish city in America (Hamtramck), the largest Slovenian city (Cleveland), the largest Italian (Chicago). And again, in the twentieth century, came the "old" Americans of two races, this time from the South.

At the same time massive in-migration has been somewhat balanced by out-migration—the path of destiny and empire Westward in the nineteenth century and of material fulfillment Eastward in the twentieth, and the perennial seekers after gold, whether metallic, metaphoric, or atmospheric, in both. Long

Beach, California, has long been known, only partly facetiously, as Iowa's largest city.

This complex intermovement and interrelationship of peoples has nothing to do with either the existence or lack of a melting pot—both myths much too simplistic to explain the nature of the Midwest's people and the curious dimension that they add to the Midwestern Mind. This dimension is simultaneously native and ethnic, nationalistic and conscious of origins. One of my favorite sources of evidence for this conclusion is what can only be termed intestinal evidence—that of "Emil's True American Polish Bar and Grill," "Uncle Sam's Athenian Coney Island," and my favorite, "Soul on a Roll," all among my collection of Midwestern gastronomic delights.

Or, if one prefers evidence easier to stomach, transition, change, and mixture—a leavening, perhaps—is the essence of Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, Bromfield's *The Green Boy Tree*, Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, Anderson's *Poor White*, Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* trilogy, Algren's *Man With a Golden Arm*, and Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, perhaps the most uniquely Midwestern of the lot. One may read these works largely as a record of failure, but it is the romantic failure of young men embarked on a search, in epic as well as adolescent terms, for both identity and fulfillment, and, as in Anderson, Bromfield, and others, there is at least an even chance, in the fiction of the area and in the lives of its people, that new relationships will emerge as old gaps are bridged and old values are rediscovered.

There are many other qualities and factors that, I am convinced, are central to any attempt to construct a definition of the mind of the Midwest: the central image of Lincoln, the role of the tinkerer, the paradox that enables the mainstreams of modern conservatism and liberalism to flow in parallel courses through the region, the political facts that Wisconsin sent both a LaFollette and a McCarthy to the Senate, that Michigan can split a ticket between George Wallace and Philip Hart, that Ohio's native Protestant, rural, dry voters provided the political strength for the remarkable successes of Frank Lausche, a Slovenian, Catholic, urban, and wet Governor and Senator.

Perhaps I am suggesting that the most significant element in the Midwestern Mind is that, unlike the stereotyped definition

erected out of straw and spit by the editors of the *New Yorker*, the *New York Review of Books*, and other provincial journals, the reality is a rejection of an orthodoxy, of a doctrinaire interpretation of itself, its values, or its traditions. Perhaps there is even an innate contrariness or a perverse humor that rejects the predictable, that sees a curious relationship between the rose and the thorn, and a desire, once in a while, at least, to point out that appearances are deceptive, that often the thorn is both more desirable and more attractive than that bit of poetic flora that has always had the better press.

The more I probe the elements that make up whatever can be called a "Mind of the Midwest," the more it becomes evident that the reality consists of variety, of unpredictability, of paradox, of a rejection of orthodoxy, that the reality is alive, dynamic, and perverse; that in all its variety it is its own best and most eloquent refutation of whatever stereotypes have been imposed on it, that, as Lincoln observed more than a hundred years ago, this is the heartland, that whatever else exists as part of the nation has its only identity in relationship to it. Perhaps this concept is not only the underlying fundamental myth of the Midwest, but it is also its reality, and the intuitive recognition of it is the most important characteristic of whatever it is that we call the Mind of the Midwest.

Michigan State University

POETS ON THE MOVING FRONTIER:

Bly, Whittemore, Wright, Berryman, McGrath and Minnesota North Country Poetry

William D. Elliott

Lisel Mueller, in "Midwestern Poetry: Goodbye to All That," tells us that "when we speak of Midwestern poetry, we are speaking of something that is passing out of existence." And yet she admits the necessity of defining the poetry of this region, since "the present generation of Midwestern poets may be the last to represent" it. They write, she says, in "a particular tradition, a special focus, [and] a recognizable community of feeling. . . ." Their territory is "the vast stretches of farmland, the rolling hills with their many shades of green, the great rivers and thousands of small lakes, the forests of Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. . . ."

Lucien Stryk in *Heartland,* expands the region by adding Ohio, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas but agrees with Mueller that its poetry encompasses a richly fertile country, half of which is "essentially agrarian." It is also, in John Flanagan's words, "the most hetergeneous group in terms of population in the entire union. Foreign-born and second generation are still so common today that we normally think of Grand Rapids as a Dutch community, Minneapolis as Scandinavian, and Milwaukee and Cincinnati as German cities. . . ."[1] Poet John Knoepfle, in his "Crossing the Midwest," published in 1973, agrees and completes the picture in miles: . . . "fourteen hundred miles between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, nine hundred miles from the Canadian border above Minot, North Dakota, to the Oklahoma line below Liberal, Kansas. . . . The Mississippi Valley," he concludes, "from Cairo to St. Cloud halves the region

east and west."[2] And Thomas McGrath, a poet discussed and admired by Mueller in her rather pessimistic analysis, defines the limits of the region in optimistic opposites, and speaks of a rebirth. He says a year after Mueller wrote of the demise of Midwestern poetry:

> The East has lost its history, has paved it over, and the physical world has disappeared except in backwaters. California is a crazy shuffling of forms—novelty without change, a multi-level interchange at the end of the American road. But here at the far edge of the American heartland, the physical world is being reborn again as the country empties itself toward the cities. We have gone as far as the machine will take us out here—gone past. It is getting colder. The buffalo are closer every day. The arrowheads, we suddenly realize, are no older than our fathers. Our *kapovis* open. We hear the singing of the Indians and the revolutionaries."[3]

We might agree with Walter Havighurst who believes that "pioneer instincts" are ironically still very much with the Midwesterners, despite the fact that the frontier is replaced by Winnebagos and U.S. 2, but not Mueller's. Without being hopeless romanticists, we might even embrace Frederick Jackson Turner's Middle West: ". . . the problem is how to reconcile real greatness with bigness," he tells us. "It is important that the Middle West should accomplish this; the future of the Republic is with her."

Midwestern and North Country poetry, at any rate, must first be discussed in terms of the region's nineteenth century settlers, for the most part Protestants, whose vision was egalitarian, individualistic, and self-sufficient. The British, German, and Scandinavian families that predominated were dependent upon themselves and at times their neighbors for defense, house, food, fuel, clothing, aid, comfort, consolation, counsel, healing—even for burial. Hardship and isolation were commonplace. Practical experience was the source of knowing. Identification with Eastern or Southern America was rare, but with European origins it was and still is determined and steady. The harshness of life and insular quality of existence left little room for the arts. Jessie Marsh Bowen's "Pioneering in Southern Minnesota" tells us "food

was mostly what was raised on the land—potatoes, squash, cabbage, onions, turnips and rutabags . . ." and "homes were made warmer by chinking clay into the spaces between the logs of walls, but often in winter there would be snow on the floor in morning."[4] An 1868 account of a Norwegian family's arrival in central Minnesota shows the bond of European ties and religion: "Neighborhood gatherings similar to prayer meetings were held. Everybody sang hymns and some member of the group read the 'hus postil' which was a book of sermons or devotions . . . a son of Mikkel Mikkelson had put up a log house and with him he sheltered the Hovde and Broste families for two years. My father Knut Broste took blue clay and weeds to plaster it."[5] The expedient, necessary for survival, often froze the emotions, or in Carolyn Bly's contemporary account of life in Southern Minnesota, the *feelings*. "There is restraint," she tells us "against enthusiasm ('real nice' is the adjective—not 'marvelous'); there is restraint in grief ('real sober' instead of 'heartbroken'); and always, always, restraint in showing your feelings lest someone be drawn closer to you. . . ."[6] Perhaps today and yesterday, life is a serious business in the Midwest. Church, school and home most often provide the education for heart, mind, and action. And as towns developed, social conservatism stressed a classless society but a community now quite determined to push back the reckless freedom of the frontier. Between 1850 and 1900 one hundred million copies of William Holmes McGuffey's school readers were purchased by Americans, and they were most quickly adopted in the Midwest. McGuffey's focus on common sense, truth, obedience, honesty, and courage reached beyond the classroom to the newspaper and the protestant pulpit. Atherton's *Main Street on the Middle Border* recalls "a Chatfield, Minnesota sermon on the 'Fast Young Man' in 1896, pictur(ing) various types—'the Dude,' 'the Softie,' 'the Lazy,' (and) 'the Dissipate'."

What emerged in the 20th century, both in the Midwest and the North Country, was poetry that sought ideal beauty as a defense against the harsh realities of frontier and settlement life and at the same time revolted against the values of middle class town life. In Parrington's terms, 1919 marked the development of a New Romanticism and a New Criticism in Midwestern letters. Chiefly a reaction against industrial encroachment and the rise

of the city, its writing produced "a sudden conviction that the world—even the world as seen in the central western states of North America—is a hum drum affair and bound to be a hum drum affair for all humanity in *saeculum saeculorum*."[7] The Middle West became, in Hoffman's terms a "metaphor of abuse": the Midwest metaphor. "Middle Westishness" became in fact a world movement, the symptom of an enormous disillusionment . . . and an enormous awakening."[8] While the Midwest metaphor became a literary convention, and at its worst monotonously realistic or obviously satiric, its literature served as a tool for identifying real concerns about the cheapening of life values. At its best, it showed a man as a victim of frustrated pride and a narrowness of cultural experience. In Masters' *Spoon River*, Lucinda Matlock protests that she loved life but does it hopelessly:

> What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
> Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
> Degenerate sons and daughters,
> Life is too strong for you—
> It takes life to love life.

And Father Malloy, who is buried on holy ground but who is ironically unable to speak for himself, takes the form of a pervasive, unrelieving foe of the light and the dark:

> Some of us almost came to you, Father Malloy,
> Seeing how your church had divined the heart,
> And provided for it,
> Through Peter the Flame,
> Peter the rock.

In *The New Spoon River*, which at its powerful best can be compared to the post WWII confessional poets such as Lowell in his early *Life Studies*, and even Berryman in his *Dream Songs* and perhaps the Midwesterner James Wright, Masters, tells us:

> Forgive me, Jesus of Nazareth, for the comparison:
> But you and I stood silent for like reasons,
> You as a lamb disdaining to wrangle;
> I as a goat tied in the garbage dump of Spoon River. . . .

A lost communion with nature, the Midwestern frontiersman's lament, becomes shockingly real in Howard Lamson's angry cry

that: "The rolling earth rolls on and on/With trees and stones and winding streams. . . ./. . . Hands stiffened, well may idle be; . . ./ Ice cannot shiver in the cold. . . ." And Master's reaction to the waste of the first world war and the false leadership of an industrialized, citified Midwest America become echoes in "Unknown Soldiers"; ". . . Tell the people of Spoon River two things:/First that we lie here, obeying their words;/And next that had we known what was back of their words/We should not be lying here!" and in Max the Sign Painter's words: "When Spoon River became a ganglion/For the monster brain in Chicago/These were the signs I painted, which showed/What ruled America: . . . if there is any evidence/Of a civilization better,/I'd like to see the signs."

Awareness of ugliness then, and war, conformity, corruption, crime, the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few, a Puritanic moral code that blinded man to his natural virtues, and an empty commercial drive that made the beautiful and the sensitive impossible, all provided an historic base for Hoffman's Midwest Metaphor. Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, a product of the Chicago Renaissance, best defined the metaphor in fiction while *Spoon River* and the poems of Lindsay, Sandburg, and others best illustrated its successes in poetry. Zona Gale's Portage, Wisconsin, novels and Ruth Suckow's *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl* tend to reveal the metaphor's triteness. But even more important, Hoffman's Midwestern Metaphor and Parrington's New Criticism and New Romanticism can be applied to an analysis of the poetry of the Minnesota North Country—the work of Arthur Upson, Henry Adams Bellows, Reed Whittemore, James Wright, Robert Bly, John Berryman, Thomas McGrath, Joseph Langland, and Carl Rakosiki. How Wright, Berryman, and Rakosiki fit I will explain later.

What is the North? Robert Penn Warren, a Southerner, defined the north as a region that fancies itself and its industrial ingenuity as invulnerable. As a professor at The University of Minnesota from 1942 to 1950 and a transplanted member of the Southern literary Renaissance, Penn Warren contrasted it to his "Southness," which in his words was loyalty to a "defeated past" and "a convicted geography." His literary South, the hill country of Kentucky near the Tennessee border, the "Black Patch," dark,

fine-cured tobacco south, actually becomes a study in the dichotomy of Southness and Northness, from "The Great Twitch" and "The Great Sleep" of *All the King's Men* to the inner obsession he feels for keeping alive a needed attitude and a discomfort of "North-Southness" in *Promises*. As a writer whose literary mask is trapped between the opposites of these two regions, he says all men, in any region, are caught in its history, and yet all men must work against their regional opposites. His North is: 1) a region whose cherished virtues have never ensured its defeat, has never known subjugation, never fully acknowledges its place in American history, and rarely defines a charmed life as a life where charm and elegance count. And 2) the North, he concludes, deals with the tasks of the conscience in the present. Penn Warren, pretty clearly, posed the dilemma of regions. As James Gray indicated in *Pine, Streams and Prairie* in 1945, two years after he arrived in Minnesota and five years before he left, "the subtle, searching intensity of Warren's mind may yet find a theme in Minnesota." He did, and made his mind a constant battleground of regions.

What is the North Country? By modern day maps, it might be deceptively simple to define it as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota. To be "legitimately" responsible to it, the writer, in Gray's terms, would put down "roots deep into the soil" of this place; take account of the "geographic and economic differences between one way of life and another lived in a region;" and portray the "influence upon social behavior of peculiar local conditions." He would also, and this is utterly important to both Parrington and Hoffman, and to God, find a theme common to all men and women in America and then make regionalism worthy of universal attention. In other words, the best writers are regionalists in spite of themselves.

Now, where has the term North or North Country been used and under what circumstances? Henry Hastings Sibley, a territorial frontiersman, feudal baron, lover of Thoreau and Cooper's unencumbered Leatherstocking, and first governor of the state of Minnesota, writes about "A Buffalo and Elk Hunt" in 1842 and mentions the region in terms of a particular Lake of the Spirit Land or *Minday Mecoche Wakkon*. This is the transformed and maybe universalized spirit of the North as is Glenville Smith's

winter in the woods near Ely, on Burntside Lake. Smith's vision of winter is the theme of man against the lowering temperatures—another tangent to the label "North Country" without a local color referent: "My warmth I owed to my own efforts . . . the wood was cut down across the bay, and hauled back over the ice by this same person, all of which made me value very highly the warmth my fire gave me."

In his "Fashionable Tour on the Upper Mississippi," Minnesota historian Theodore Blegen, a chronicler of the North, combines careful research and narrative detail to make his regionalism applicable to the death of all frontiers. Touring the North by boat on streamers like "War Eagle," the "Northern Belle," and "Time and Tide" made the trip to St. Anthony Falls a promise to the tourist "of a journey to a remote frontier. . . ." "Remote" is often a term for "North" or "North Country." Sibley himself left his father's home in Detroit to explore the North because he was certain it was so "remote" it would never be settled. Longfellow, Whittier, and Thoreau, after seeing a panorama of the river between St. Louis and Fort Snelling, envisioned, like Beltrami, a remote "Rhine stream of a different kind." Even later industrial life in St. Anthony Falls, so feared in the North by Sibley and so quickly developed by Alexander Ramsey, was described in 1917 as the remoteness of silences: ". . . the great river, rising in the silent waters of Itasca, . . . pauses here for a brief minute to stroke into life the mighty turbines of the flour mills." "Remoteness" is also used as a synonym for "northness" in Roger Kennedy's brilliant analysis of northern regionalism, *Men on the Moving Frontier*. "Cold" and "remote" meant impervious to settlement, and to the subjective romanticist who first settled the North, this was ideal. Cooper's Leatherstocking, and its hundreds of forest romance imitations, the medieval romances of Sir Walter Scott, and a medieval revival, unrestrained by the constrictions of classicism, were stock and trade of the Midwestern romanticist who became the frontiersman and later the North Country poet. And his principles defined his northness. He often solved problems "without much deference to authority." "Remoteness" and "North Country" to him was a refusal to be dogged by habit or taken in by precedent. He resisted society's attack on his idosyncrasies and sought and found before northern settlement "privacy, free-

dom from distraction, and freedom from intrusion." North Country meant, as it means to poets Robert Bly and Thomas McGrath, "standing each morning on a new private frontier." For Bly, the Midwestern Romantic Tradition becomes his surreal, subjective image of depths under North Country surfaces. It is the silence, the northness, the remoteness of the frontier, and in *A Light Around the City* he speaks angrily of the city and society like a frontiersman: "the city broods over ash cans and darkening mortar . . . the coffins of the poor are hibernating in piles of new tires." Whitman said one hundred and twelve years earlier, "I inhale great depths of space. The east and west are mine, and the north and south are mine. . . . Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of states and men. Beware of civilization."

James Gray, in *Pine, Stream and Prairie,* uses "North Country" only when he satirizes capitalist Henry W. Oliver's interest in the Mesabi Iron Range. And only when he describes white ignorance of the Indian. Oliver "liked what he heard" about easy and available iron ore and he "hurried to see this rich north country." The "dignity and wholesomeness" . . . "of a young Indian boy," . . . "delighted" the white man traveling in "the north country." His tone illustrates the term as perhaps the cliche it is. The term "North Country," as it emerged into the twentieth century, seems to have lost its semantic and symbolic freshness. Tourism, small town monotony, Midwestern metaphor, and land exploitation replaced the earlier suggestion of the term as free, remote, and individual. Rusk's *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* notes that 1840 may be considered the end of the isolated, unEasternized, romantic, spirited literature of the pioneer period in the Midwest. Minnesota, he says, as the other states, underwent a literary and intellectual transformation that would soon destroy the character of the frontier ballad, story, and history. "North Country" as a term with rich meaning and association drifted away to the guide book, the highway sign, and the advertisement in the 20th century.

And yet the late Grace Lee Nute, a former research associate for the Minnesota Historical Society, uses the term North Country in *The Voyageur's Highway* as she describes Minnesota's border lakeland country, from Fond du Lac on the southeast corner to

Grand Portage on the northeast. North Country ends just before International Falls and the American boundaries of Rainey Lake, and on the southwestern corner, as far as Mille Lacs Lake. Geographically, we are told, "the North Country bows to none. . . . It is part of the oldest land mass in the world and is the southwestern end of the Laurentian Highland or Canadian Shield. It has passed through all the earth-building eras of the earth, beginning with the Archeozoic age, when the crust of the earth was thin and it was easy for the molten interior to spill out through rifts in rocks." Lyrically, Nute tells us: "The North Country is a siren." Its place names are centuries old, older by far than Minneapolis, Indiana, Missouri, and other regions and cities from which hundreds of visitors come to canoe on northern Minnesota lakes.

Or is the North Country best defined as Meridel Le Sueur's *North Star Country*? In her brilliant book by that name she tells us:

> The North Star Country with Minnesota as its center, occupies almost the exact geographical center of North America and has three great drainage systems flowing in divergent directions through wide valleys of glacial loess. The Alleghenies and the Rockies pushing up on both sides of the continent form the magnificent Mississippi Valley. In this region it extends north to south through the elbow of the Minnesota River, a rich basin left by glacial invasion and occupied before the white man's coming by the Sioux nation. The surface then tilts down northward, to the beaches of the dead Lake Agassiz whose dry basin makes the Red River Valley, the winter wheat area of North Dakota.

This is a broadly defined geographical country, and probably not the literary north. But north star, unlike "North Country," threads persistently through books on the state. The WPA guide to Minnesota states that seven months into 1857, "the north star" was added to the national flog. And the name "north star" has even other wide ranging sources. In political reform, a Minnesota pioneer farmer, Oliver H. Kelley, established the first North Star "Grange" in 1868, to protect members against corporations. The North Star Granges also worked for reasonable railroad rates,

opposed discrimination, and favored railroad regulation through state laws, and planned for cooperative buying and selling. During WWII, the Minneapolis factory which made blankets for G.I.'s was labeled in all directories the "North Star Mills." Other bits and pieces of the region have often been labeled "north star" or "north country." The Northwest Angle, for example, has been identified geographically as true north country. Covering about 130 square miles of territory, it was famous in American history for Fort St. Charles and for a boundary dispute. Its Canadian history was also important, as the water terminus of the so-called Dawson Route from Lake Superior to Winnipeg, and was the site of a well-remembered Indian treaty in 1873. And the Arrowhead Country is another. In the Arrowhead Country, we are told a Lieutenant Pike, explorer of the upper Mississippi, visited a trading post of the Northwest Company, in 1896, which was "about two miles distant to the northwest from the North Narrows—opposite to Goose Island."[9]

Novelist Margaret Culkin Banning says there is geographical "northness" in those words, and the region has everything attributed to the north: "among its rock outcroppings, the oldest geological formations known to man, have arisen some of the Northwest's newest settlements.[10] Named Minnesota Arrowhead because its boundaries suggest the form of an Indian Arrowhead, the tip is marked by Pigeon Point. One side is marked by the Canadian boundary of rivers and lakes. The base of the Arrowhead is a curving line from International Falls, through Bemidji, Brainerd, Aitkin, Moose Lake, and Carlton, to Duluth, and the other side by the north shore of Lake Superior. Geography tells us that north means north of something else, and "North Country" is a plot of land in the mind of people in a region.

And finally, Louis Bromfield notes, in his introduction to a book entitled *The Midwest*:

> Throughout the closing years of the nineteenth century and well up into the twentieth there was a mighty migration of peoples from Scandinavian countries and Finland. It was a migration largely of farmers and peasants who chose to settle chiefly in Wisconsin and Minnesota, in the northern sections of the Middle West which so closely resemble not only climatically but geographically the conditions of their own homelands.

Perhaps this settles the "true" North Country for us. But Bromfield does not *say* "North Country." Instead, the book's section covering the northwest corner of Minnesota is labeled "North Country"! It seems the geographic term, as the symbolic, shifts and groans with the times and is either too rigidly narrow or slovenly broad. Perhaps that is the fate of all regional terminology. Robert Bly talks of the North Country in terms of "chaos, space, and ecstacy." It is a country of the mind, "the grass is half covered with snow./It was the sort of snowfall that starts in later afternoon,/And now the little houses of the grass are growing dark."[11]

And at last, before we ruthlessly and hypothetically assign north country to "Minnesota North Country" for the purposes of this paper, let us remind ourselves that we do speak of a land of the imagination. In Bromfield's introduction to the book, *The Midwest*, north country is mentioned in that sense by way of imagination's first level—the popular folk tale of Paul Bunyan—and he is a Minnesota Paul:

> Some will claim he was a real life woodsman . . .; others that he was a legend created by the north country lumberjacks to sweep aside the boredom of their forest bound isolation. With one hand he scooped out Lake Superior for a reservoir to slake his thirst. The footprints of his chore boy, lugging water from the reservoir to his master in the north country, formed Minnesota's thousands of lakes. Nothing was impossible for him—he pulled trees from the earth with his bare hands, covered miles with each mighty stride, was inventor, orator, student, and industrialist.

To most, Minnesota itself and its history is the North Country, whether in the metaphor of popular folklore or sophisticated literature. At any rate, if for nothing more than to study in depth a few important poets of the Midwest, let us hypothetically assume so.

If Minnesota is the North Country, how do we define its authors and particularly its poets? Lucien Stryk insists on three criteria for the Midwest: 1) that they be living writers, 2) that

they be either from the Midwest or have long and firm ties with the area, and 3) that they "have to have written a fair amount of poetry set in it." In William Van O'Connor's *The Arts in Minnesota*, the decision was to include authors who have "lived a sufficient portion of their lives in Minnesota to have been influenced in their literary output by the region and its inhabitants." The *Minnesota Authors* bibliography has these two criteria, which is standard for all state bibliographies: 1) by birth first; 2) and then the inclusion of authors who have been residents of the state six years or more. For purposes of this paper, and with reasons that will be clear later, I will stress 1) poets who were either natives or lived here six years or more, and 2) poets who illustrate, contradict, or redefine Hoffman's Midwest Metaphor and Parrington's New Criticism and new Romanticism. The most sophisticated Minnesota poets mix, heighten, and make mystical through both image and sound, a brilliant fusion of new romanticism and new criticism. In doing so, they create a new "subjective" Midwestern Metaphor of the 50's, 60's, and 70's unique to the Minnesota North Country.

Early poetry in Minnesota includes in part the folksy romantics or sour, often shallow prophets of Parrington's New Criticism. But there are a few writers that appear before 1919—the date he assigns as the beginning of the New Literary Period.

Giacomo Constantiono Beltrami, oddly enough, might even be considered the first. He is portrayed as "a poet in a pack of engineers" who began to feel and write down responses to the region "I cannot describe . . . feelings which perhaps no other scene could awaken." He tells us "in this remote and central wilderness, my heart and mind are filled with the most delightful emotions." Beltrami was a true pre-New Romantic, a wild frontiersman whose loud images of life were to become soft, silent, and resonant in the poetry of Robert Bly. He dwelt on the delicate "emotions which . . . agitate my heart" while almost discovering the source of the Mississippi and naming it Lake Julia, after a lady—"not my wife, but a lovely woman." Roger Kennedy calls Beltrami's vision the Lancelot syndrome.

Mary Henderson Eastman's name comes second. Her *Dacotah; or Life and Lyrics of the Sioux Around Fort Snelling in 1849* was the acknowledged source for Longfellow's description of Minnehaha Falls in a decidedly "old" romantic *Hiawatha*. Next comes mention of a Sauk Rapids newspaper editor, who from 1851 to 1902 wrote newspaper verse with a touch of McGuffey Reader philosophy—another level of the pre-Midwest metaphor as it grossly and sentimentally expresses. But there was also Arthur Upson, a brilliant young man who moved with his family to St. Paul in 1894, and by 1906, after publishing four books of verse, joined the Rhetoric faculty of the University of Minnesota. He was a New Romanticist before Parrington's movement began, but in the heavily lyrical tradition of the English romantic poets—Shelley and Francis Thompson—and his life was cut short, Shelley-like, at the age of thirty-one, by a freak drowning in Lake Bemidji. Joseph Warren Beach, the Minnesota scholar and poet, who is a contemporary to Upson, can best illustrate both the character of verse written during this time and its new romanticism in the last lines of his memorial verse to Upson:

> Draw close, and watch the ardent colors wind
> the big sticks round, with ocean-tears, embrined.
> This fire will last our stay out, have no dread.

One is tempted to say that Upson's lyrics carry some of the light and dark of English Romanticism—and by this I mean its failures, its one dimensionality, and its desperate promise of the traditionalism of Robinson and Frost, the concrete exactness of Imagism in Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound, the symbolism of Eliot and Wallace Stevens, even the free form romanticism of Whitman, Williams, or the Populism of Carl Sandburg. What we see ahead after both World Wars makes us rush to it—Free Verse to a Projective Verse in Olson, Levertov, Creeley, and Duncan; Imagism to the Subjective Image and the Deep Image in Bly and Wright; Symbolism to the Confessional poetry of Lowell, Sexton, Snodgrass and Berryman, poetry which has its own region. Is it a simple denial of feeling written on *assumed* context of feeling? One dimensional observation?

Upson's early volume, *Westward Songs*, causes a contemporary critic, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, in a volume entitled *The Younger American Poets*, to say the "lines are among the truest in feeling, though almost too delicate to quote." And yet he quotes:

> I hear the birds of evening call;

I take the wild perfume;
I pluck a rose—to let it fall
And perish in the gloom.

The critics' adjectives are: "restfulness, . . . brooding stillness, the flavor of time and stillness, . . . atmosphere, in its most pervasive sense" for Upson's *Octaves In An Oxford Garden* and the first one reads:

Softly I trod and with repentant shoon,
Half fearfully in sweet imaginings,
Where lay, as might some golden court of kings
The old Quadrangle paved with afternoon.

Written one September at Oxford, just at the turn of the century, Upson also prepared the groundwork for the New Romanticism with "Up the Minnesota," composed a few years later. This poem carries more nativeness, and more purity of feeling in the tradition of a cheer-filled frontier and settlement literature common to all continents, including the Bush country ballads of Australia:

Up the Minnesota, thru the mellow June
Sky beneath our paddles tessellated blue;
Cottonwoods were moulting, meadow-larks in tune—
Up the green-roofed river shot our shell canoe.

The New Romanticism encompassed other pre-1919 Minnesota poets—Oscar Firkins, Richard Burton, and Carol Ryrie Brink. But it also had the beginnings of a New Criticism. Henry Adams Bellows, a professor, translator, and editor with William Edgar of *The Bellman*, a good twin cities based magazine alive from 1906-1919, wrote a poem that laments, as did Masters' *New Spoon River*, the encroachment of the city over the face of the Midwest:

God! What a country:
Flat, rusty, desolate fields,
Flecked with puddles of dingy snow,
Houses in painted haphazard in a wilderness of man's making,
Breeders of creeping madness;
Towns—cities perhaps—
Made of factories, freight yards, hovels and churches;
And all—fields, people, towns—
Utterly flat and dreary.

While the second stanza is pure new Romanticism—". . . in people's eyes/Will shine a light, such as shone from Moses; face of old. . . ." "Chalk Dust," by Lillian Byrnes, carries overtones of the stifled inner life caused by societies products: ". . . it hovers in long, perceptible rows/Of particles of realism. . . . It follows me about; It permeates my life. . . . With chalk-like face, chalky garments,/Grit of chalk in my hair—now matching it—/My temper as futilely brittle as chalk; Chalk is my soul." Or Martha Haskell Clark's "Famine Fields," which says "I am a little better than a movie show/Because I speak reality." And there are others. "The Call of the Water Country," while pure New Romanticism, specifically contrasts the city in a lilting folk ballad:

. . . House me, oh, ye priestly pines;
Where the twanging wild-crane choirs
Thunder from the water-vines.
Heart-stained, out of sin and city
Purge me, oh, my northland air!
Breathe, ye blue nun lakes, in pity,
For your prodigal, a prayer.

Or by the same poet, published in 1916, "On a Subway Express" tells us in a Sandburg-like image of sing song—"I, who have lost the stars, the sod,/For chilling pavé and cheerless light,/A figment in the crowded dark,/Where men sit muted by the roar,/I ride upon the whirring Spark/Beneath the city's floor."

Or even poetry after that time, in the 20's expresses a New Romantic look back at the lost Minnesota frontier and a criticism of a frontierless society. Doris Kirkpatrick's "Spent" is typical of this: "Never again shall I put my hand to the plow/ . . . there is nothing now for the hand to do."

While Minnesota prose thrived and grew from the late 1850's through the two world wars, North Country poetry developed slowly. From Edward Eggleston's novel *The Mystery of Metropolisville* on the land speculation craze in Minnesota just before the Panic of 1857, to Knut Hamsun's brilliant *Hunger*, published in Copenhagen after three years travel and occasional study in Minneapolis and the Red River Valley, the North seemed to stimulate the fictional impulse, and as a side effect, poetic prose. Hamlin Garland grew up near the southeast edge of Minnesota, and his

A Son of the Middle Border always implies Minnesota, with the Dakotas, Iowa, and Wisconsin. His New Criticism realism, grim and naturalistic, often called Veritism, reminds one at times of the pieces of truth that greased the pen of Meridel Le Sueur, from her socially incisive "Annunciation" in the 1940 collection, *Salute to Spring*. Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth* and *Peder Victorious* deepen the superficial stories of Scandinavian farmers facing a doomed existence with stereotyped resolution, and the wives who stood beside them. Just as Beret becomes a fascinating study in guilt, Carol Kennicott, Lewis's defeated rebel against small town parochialism, shows the satiric strength of slick, New Criticism prose in the fiction of Minnesota. *Babbit* and then *Arrowsmith* quickly made Lewis an international writer, as it should any good regionalist who writes of the community of small town businessmen or the crises of the medical profession. Fitzgerald, of course, looked deeper, but in another direction—Nick Carraway is Sibley, damned to the American dream and resisting the power and beauty of things on the edge of the last frontier. America, north and east, after the frontier, found itself faced with an idealism that had lost touch with reality and a materialism that destroyed the land and its men. Fitzgerald was a Minnesota product, but now the issues were ghastly, despairing gospels of the society. Others—Grace Flandrau in *Being Respectable*—in St. Paul—and Martha Ostenso, in *The Mad Carews*, William McNally in *The House of Vanished Splendor* and Herbert Krause in *Wind Without Rain* play variations upon the failed pioneer hope and the retrogression of the community. And Frederick Manfred, in *Lord Grizzly, Eden Prairie, Conquering Horse*, and the early novel, *The Golden Bowl*, raises the questions of the farm and the frontier —identity, place, and purpose in and out of society. Manfred is also a poet—in prose and in verse. At the end of *The Golden Bowl*, we are told: ". . . Outside, the wind drives the rolling tumbleweeds along, and blows fiercely down the necks of the farms."

By 1944, the League of Minnesota Poets published *Minnesota Skyline*, with an introduction by W. C. Coffey, the president of the University of Minnesota. Seven years earlier, *The Saturday Review of Literature* published "The Minnesota Muse" a critique of the letters of the region. This is a position statement, written

for a national magazine, and yet it mentions few poets. "The Minnesota Muse" is primarily a fictional and nonfictional one. But, as Gray states, "It is as a microcosm of the great world of letters that Minnesota may be most rewardingly examined. . . . But it would not surprise me in the least if the truth were disclosed at last that Minnesota's creative writers in our time have been unconsciously meeting the challenge nonchalantly tossed off years ago by Charles Flandrau."

Flandrau, a St. Paul native, and a regionalist in spite of himself, like Fitzgerald, set the tone for Minnesota letters by writing novels about his undergraduate days at Harvard, attending kindergarten in St. Paul during the 1880's, living in provincial France, and living in Mexico in *Viva Mexico*. Like Lewis and other good regionalists he was writing about universally applicable aspects of human life, characteristics that "remain the same in Mexico, Minnesota, and Madeira." The poets who were to reach national prominence thirty years later—Whittemore, Bly, McGrath, Wright, Berryman, and Langland—all follow Flandrau's mode. Whittemore, for example, was a native easterner, educated at Yale, who came to the moving frontier; Bly, a Minnesota native, went to Harvard as Flandrau did for his education, and later Norway and Iowa; Wright, an Ohio native, went to the "Midwestern East," Kenyon College, and later West to Washington and then Europe; Berryman, an Oklahoma native, in the same way educated himself at Harvard, Claire College, Cambridge, and then came to Minnesota for the last twenty-two years of his life; and Langland, a Minnesota native and the son of Norwegian immigrants, was educated in the East and Midwest to spend his teaching career in the East at The University of Massachusetts. McGrath was a North Country native who educated himself at Louisiana State University—at one time a center for the literary Renaissance with the presence of Penn Warren, Tate, and others (both of whom came to Minnesota to teach)—and at Oxford before returning to Moorhead to teach and write. Other younger poets that add to this tradition include Alvin Greenberg, a poet and a professor at Macalester; Philip Dacey at Southwest Minnesota State; and James Naiden, editor of *North Stone Review* in Minneapolis. And there are others. All have involved themselves in a journey and return, or in a journey and discovery of the

Minnesota North Country as a poetic battleground. And all, according to this 1937 article, then, follow the "best tradition of the Minnesota writer."

Another tradition associates itself with this one. Just as the North Country poets are involved in various physical journeys, their writing, wherever it might be done, and whatever it might be about, draws on the Minnesota experience. As "The Minnesota Muse" says, it "may become synthesized in one revealing moment."

And still another tradition can be applied to poets and the poetry produced after the war: political and social philosophies. While it was clear in fiction even by 1937 that Minnesota had its right and its left, it is even clearer in the poetical seventies. Meridel Le Sueur's "left" and Margaret Culkin Banning's "right," both utterly serious commitments, can be seen quite obviously in Bly's and McGrath's "left" and The Minnesota Poets League's "right." But distinctions like this are misleading, since no writer is in any political country. It is his art that counts. Magazines like *Minnesota Review* and the recent *North Country Anvil* may be left of center, and yet can we consider McGrath's *Crazy Horse*, recently revived, "left" or *Leatherleaf* magazine, a Northwoods Journal, "right of center"? This becomes a little beside the point with purely literary magazines, since their center is, again, the quality of their art. We know that Hamlin Garland lectured for the Populist movement and Le Sueur's fiction often uses the labor troubles of Minnesota as a point of departure; and we know Banning's writing has an underpinning of concern for the solidity of Duluth within the political crises of the state. We know the old *Anvil* was founded by Jack Conroy in the 30's, dedicated to stories about and for workers; and its successor, *The New Anvil*, in the 40's, was concerned with publishing the verse of the worker; and we are certain, from looking at the subscription lists of *Leatherleaf: A Northwoods Journal*, that the magazine primarily appeals to professional men, to businessmen and summer people who wish to retain a vision of the Minnesota North Country as romantic and prosperous. But as "The Minnesota Muse" indicates, the answer to the question: "What has life been like in Minnesota from the pioneering days until now?" (or until the year 2000?) is always complex, never subject to labeling, and multi-leveled

in the poets of the Minnesota North Country. Parrington's New Criticism writers might easily be considered "left" and his New Romanticism ones "right" but only the most general outlines of this thesis can be sketched in. Hoffman's Midwest Metaphor was an historical fact as it identified the middle class, and gave it to the Middle West, but its application to the writers of the Minnesota North Country is useful only as a base for redefining the boundaries of the real tradition.

In "Progress of Literature in Minnesota," published in *Minnesota Writes* in 1945, Richards and Breen define Minnesota North Country writing from 1937 through World War II as "the stage in which the descendants of the pioneers, together with the immigrants from all parts of the world, have been finding contentment and satisfaction building their own state."[11] But again, no poets are mentioned or represented in that volume, and their period dates back to 1890. While their four stages of Minnesota literature are useful for a definition in the 40's, they are too broad to define poetry in what must have been a critical growing period. The League of Minnesota Poets' *Minnesota Skyline*, published the year before and Ben Hagglund's *The Northern Light*, as a proletarian magazine, follows the route of New Criticism. Poems like "Questions" develop a prose rhythm about the hidden romance and its legends in the state:

> What do you want to know about Minnesota?
> Perhaps of the lakes that lie in the heart of the prairie,
> Incredibly blue, or lurk in the sun-drenched hills
> Among the ragged ranks of the little oaks
> Of lakes that are lost in the endless rush of woods
> Massing around the cradle-shrine of Itasca,
> Where the Father-of-Waters sleeps and dreams of birth.
> Would you rather hear of the Mississippi himself,
> As the tawny waves roll under the thundering bridges
> And down down below the cities and quiet banks
> Where the lingering name, Winona, echoes a legend,
> The half-heard whispering ghost of the Indian maiden?
> What of the red-wound pits where they scoop the iron,
> And the ice-blue air of the lakes, and the sound of barges,
> And the shout of trains from Duluth to the echoless plains,
> To the very plains of Dakota, or the prairie road

That drops from the hills of lakeland out to the sunset
And loses itself somewhere on the rim of heaven!

Or "Longfellow's Minnesota," which tells us in the rhythms of Hiawatha, "Minnesota, where the heart is./Deeply rooted in the northland,/May the red clay of your pipestone/Fashion peace pipes for the nations." Or the comforting quiet of Duluth, a New Romanticism vision in direct contrast to the Populists and proletarian poets: "Duluth, my city. . . . Your houses—tier on tier, your hills of green,/Majestic beauty lifting to the skies." Or the complex emotions of romanticism, as they stand side by side—the celebration of the city and the celebration of the cabin in "North Woods Cabin": "A cabin far from noisy street,/There we can live in simpler ways. . . ./No thought of fear disturbs our rest. . . ." Other poems, including "Arrowhead Aisles," about the Arrowhead Country, "Taylors Falls," "The Hinckley Fire," "Autumn at Anoka" and "In Loring Park" show how New Romanticism develops images of history, the small town, the large city, and regions of the state as progressive, beautiful, majestic. Balanced against this are the proletarian poets who lambast, often in Shakespearean blank verse or other conventional techniques, the evils of capitalism, the city, the mining and lumber industries, the corrupt politicians, and champion labor, the little man, the convict, and the working class. *Unrest*, an annual of this New Criticism poetry edited by Jack Conrey and Ralph Cheyney, includes the poem "Exercise in Esthetics," which tells us in free verse that poetry is for "books and bookman" and "There is only one poem, and that is the poem of the man or the woman." It goes on:

The self first, and then the not self, the world . . .
Why do you write? For money, or that spoons may
clatter on plates at the tea tables of the
wealthy and the cultured? . . .
Only bald-headed parying hermits will help us now;
only scornful destroyers and scythe-men; only harsh
and relentless criers of bad news, for whom the world
is hung dancing at the farthest beam of their sight.
. . . Not talkers but doers; not poets, but living poems,
men and women
in whose clever eyes the world disolves and shapes itself
anew.

I issue a call for bell-ringers; men and women who know
what they lose
is worth nothing; bell-ringers who will walk through the
world
and cry out the plague, not breathe it.
If the air and the sun and a crust of bread are enough,
say no. . . .
That word alone will blast the sickly cities like the wind
of a great laughter.
Would you have me rescue myself or you with a rhyme
or pour the cup of salvation in a phrase.
Go elsewhere, then. This is not for you.

Lisel Mueller, in her article on Midwestern Poetry, says "Goodby to All That." Her prediction seems a bit exaggerated. The Minnesota North Country, like all good regional poetry, has both defined and heightened the inward and outward world of its region. It has been newly "Critical" and newly "Romantic," far beyond the expectations for a new Midwestern Literary Period marked out by Parrington in 1930. Hoffman's Midwest Metaphor, first conceived in the 20's and defined by him in 1949, has been utterly redefined in Minnesota North Country Poetry. Its assertion that the middle class was a symptom of an enormous disillusionment has been clarified by a definition and examination of historic, semantic, and geographical definitions of "North," "North Country," and "North Country Poets." Criteria for providing guidelines of the inclusion of poets has been examined and defined as: 1) residents of the state for six years or more; 2) poets who illustrate, contradict, or redefine Hoffman's Midwest Metaphor and Parrington's New Criticism and New Romanticism. The best Minnesota poets, then, mix, heighten, and make mystical through both image and sound, a brilliant fusion of new romanticism and new criticism. In doing so, they create a new "subjective" Midwestern Metaphor of the 50's, 60's, and 70's unique to the Minnesota North Country.

Bemidji State College

NOTES

1. John T. Flanagan, "The Reality of Midwestern Literature," in *The Midwest: Myth or Reality?*, ed., Thomas T. McAvoy (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1961), p. 10.

2. John Knoepfle, "Crossing the Midwest," in *Regional Perspectives: An Examination of America's Literary Heritage* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1973), p. 78.
3. Thomas McGrath in "The Outrider," *Dacotah Territory* 2, ed. Mark Vinz (Feb., 1972), inside back cover (unnumbered).
4. Jessie Marsh Bowen, "Pioneering in Southern Minnesota," in *With Various Voices: Recordings of North Star Life*, eds., Theodore C. Blegen and Philip D. Jordan (Saint Paul: The Itasca Press, 1949), p. 256 and 253.
5. Ole K. Broste, "We Came From Norway," in *With Various Voices: Recordings of North Star Life*, eds., Theodore C. Blegen and Philip D. Jordan (Saint Paul: The Itasca Press, 1949), p. 260 and 261.
6. Carolyn Bly, "From the Dead Swede Towns," *Preview*.
7. Ford Maddox Ford, *Preface to Transatlantic Stories*, in *The Twenties*, Frederick J. Hoffman (New York: The Free Press, 1946), p. 369.
8. Ford in Hoffman, p. 369.
9. Minnesota Works Project Administration, *The Minnesota Arrowhead Country* (Chicago: Albert Whitman and Co., 1941), p. 43.
10. Margaret Culkin Banning, "Preface," *The Minnesota Arrowhead Country*, Minnesota Works Project Administration (Chicago: Albert Whitman and Co., 1941), p. vii.
11. Robert Bly, *Silence in the Snowy Fields* (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1962), p. 60. All other references to the poetry in this volume will be made from the above edition.
12. Their other stages are: 1) between 1650 and 1819, "the times of the explorer, the fur trader, and the missionary . . . and the literature of diaries, sketches, and travel books:" 2) from 1819 to 1858, when "the pioneer made a home for his family . . . in the heart of the wildernesses," including "Sibley's *Unfinished Autobiography*, the Pond's transcription of the Sioux language, the writings of Henry R. Schoolcraft, and Mary H. Eastman's *Dakotah: or Life and Legends of the Sioux Around Fort Snelling*; 3) between 1858 and 1890, when "the settler was longing for the advantages of the east and was making every effort to bring them to this new home," with the work of "William Watts Folwell and Maria Sanford, Edward Eggleston's Mystery of Metropolisville, and Ignatius Donnelly's *Atlantis, the Great Cryptogram*, and *Caesar's Column*.

PRIMITIVISM IN STORIES BY WILLA CATHER AND SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Robert A. Martin

"Neighbour Rosicky" by Willa Cather and "Death in the Woods" by Sherwood Anderson illustrate two interesting uses of primitivism in literature. While Cather's story is a nearly classical example of cultural primitivism, Anderson's is equally impressive for his use of psychological primitivism. Both Cather and Anderson grew up in small towns in rural areas of the Mid-West, which may in part explain their mutual attraction to the primitivistic framework. Both stories were published at almost the same time (1932 and 1933), both were written at almost the same time (1930 and 1926), and both reflect the primitivist credo—man in the state of nature is superior to man in civilization.

Primitivism expresses itself in the desire for a more simple and "natural" way of life than the individual finds possible in his immediate environment. He rejects what he considers to be the artificiality of civilization and society, believing that they lack meaningful resolutions for his physical, aesthetic, or intellectual satisfaction. He turns, therefore, to "nature" to find some purpose or meaning for his existence. In extreme cases, he finds this meaning only in the instincts and passions of his fellow-creatures, which are uncomplicated by reason, laws, or social structures.

Traditionally, primitivism has been divided into three types (cultural, chronological, and psychological), each of which has its distinctive characteristics. *The cultural primitivist* desires to withdraw from the complex to the simple life, which may be represented by a small town, a farm, or perhaps a remote island. *The chronological primitivist* not only seeks to escape from his

immediate environment, but also desires to return to an earlier period of history, which, he believes, offered a more unified and pleasurable way of life. The traits of the cultural and the chronological primitivist may sometimes merge, resulting in a desire for a complete escape from all civilization, past and present. *The psychological primitivist* differs from the cultural and chronological types through his preoccupation with the inherent, subconscious nature of all men, which lies at varying levels below the civilized and conscious mind. According to Freud, man's primitive elements are contained in the id, whose function is to provide for the discharge of quantities of energy, or tension, in response to internal or external stimulation. The id fulfills what Freud called the "pleasure principle," or the reduction of tension in the individual. The function of the pleasure principle consists basically of avoiding pain and finding pleasure. As a result, the psychological primitivist approaches a given situation, in response to the demands of the id, to find insight, meaning, and value in fundamental human relationships and experiences.

On one level, "Neighbour Rosicky" is a statement by Cather of the advantages of rural life as opposed to urban life. On another level, the story may be approached as an example of cultural primitivism as seen in the life and death of a Bohemian immigrant, who has rejected the urbanization of London and New York for a simpler life on a farm in Nebraska. E. K. Brown, in his critical biography *Willa Cather,* has suggested a direct biographical relationship between Cather and the fictional Rosicky. In March, 1928 her own father, like Rosicky, died from a heart attack at his home at Red Cloud, Nebraska. In 1930 she wrote "Neighbour Rosicky," and, according to Brown, used her father's life and times as the source.

In "Neighbour Rosicky," Cather uses the framework and philosophy of cultural primitivism by creating a series of recollected scenes that serve to contrast Rosicky's former unhappy life in London and New York, with his happy rural life and relationships centering around his family and friends in Nebraska.

As the story opens, Rosicky has just been told he has a serious heart condition by Doctor Ed Burleigh, who admires the Rosicky family for its warm and intimate family life. After Rosicky leaves the office, Doctor Ed recalls the pleasure he felt in the sincere,

warm welcome the Rosickys extended to him after an all-night maternity case at a neighboring farm. He admires Rosicky's wife, Mary, for her instinctive sense of natural goodness and because "with Mary, to feed creatures was the natural expression of affection,—her chickens, the calves, her big hungry boys." Mary not only enjoys feeding people, but feels "physical pleasure in the sight of them, personal exultation in any good fortune that came to them."

To Rosicky, all of life exists in relation to the land and the security represented by his home and family. On his way home from Doctor Ed's office, he stops by the cemetery at the edge of his farm and reflects that "a man could lie down in the long grass and see the complete arch of the sky over him, hear the wagons go by; in summer the mowing-machine rattled right up to the wire fence. And it was so near home." For Rosicky, his home, the earth, sky, life itself, and death are all a part of the same inseparable harmony and naturalness; it is, he believes, the best of all possible worlds.

Forced to spend the winter inside the house because of his heart, Rosicky's thoughts go back to his life as a young man in London. He had spent two years working for a tailor in Cheapside, and this was the "only part of his youth he didn't like to remember." Desolate and unable to speak English, he had lived in poverty and often went hungry, until he was helped by some fellow-countrymen to "escape" to America.

For the first five years, his new life in New York had been happy. He took great pleasure in going to the opera, "a fire, a dog fight, a parade, a storm, a ferry ride." A growing dissatisfaction with his life began to emerge, however, as Rosicky found less and less satisfaction in his work and his relationships. He was especially tormented by such doubts "when the grass turned green in Park Place, and the lilac hedge at the back of Trinity Churchyard put out its blossoms." It occurred to Rosicky one day that "this was the trouble with big cities; they built you away from any contact with the ground. You lived in an unnatural world, like the fish in an aquarium, who were probably much more comfortable than they ever were in the sea."

The realization that his life was without any meaning led Rosicky to leave New York and settle on the Nebraska farm. He

wanted, Cather says, only "to see the sun rise and set and plant things and watch them grow. He was a very simple man. He was like a tree that has not many roots, but one tap-root that goes down deep." Rosicky marries, has two sons, acquires a large farm, and is perfectly content to be what he is—a farmer living a farmer's life. He dies, finally, from a heart attack, and is buried in the country cemetery on his own farm.

Cultural primitivism as the basic framework of the story is further apparent in Cather's use of Doctor Ed as the detached observer and commentator on Rosicky's death. On his way to visit the Rosicky family, he stops beside the graveyard where Rosicky is buried and where "everything seemed strangely moving and significant, though signifying what, he did not know." He thinks of Rosicky and the country graveyard, which is "open and free." Unlike the city cemeteries, where even the dead are placed in an unnatural environment, Rosicky's graveyard is as open and free as was his life in Nebraska. To Doctor Ed, the country graveyard is a place where "nothing could be more right for a man who had helped to do the work of great cities and had always longed for the open country and had got to it at last. Rosicky's life seemed to him complete and beautiful."

Although "Neighbour Rosicky" is presented through the perspective of Rosicky as a cultural primitivist, there is also in the story a slight overlap into chronological primitivism. At one point Rosicky is looking at his alfalfa-field and thinks to himself that "the peculiar green of that clover" reminded him of his happy childhood in the old world: "When he was a little boy, he had played in fields of that strong blue-green clover." (p. 679).

In contrast with Cather's use of the "escape-from-society" theme, Sherwood Anderson uses psychological primitivism as a framework to explore the theme of the beauty of a primitive life. In "Death in the Woods," the first-person narrator recalls the events in the life and death of an "old woman," Mrs. Grimes, who "lived on a farm near the town" in which he grew up. Although he is not at all sure just how he knows her story, he believes that "it must have stuck in my mind from small-town tales when I was a boy." Anderson, in a more complex manner than Cather, uses memory to show the force of the subconscious mind in its perceptual and instinctual relationship with the conscious mind.

The events of the story center around Mrs. Grimes, who was worn out at forty from "feeding animal life." Abandoned by her mother while still a baby, she had grown up as a "bound girl" in the home of a German farmer where she fed the livestock and cooked for the farmer and his wife. "Every moment of every day as a young girl was spent feeding something." Following the farmer's attempt to rape her, and a fight between him and Jake Grimes, she had run away to marry Jake. After two children and a continuous round of feeding "horses, cows, pigs, dogs, men," she was worn out from work and the abuses of a worthless husband and son.

On a cold winter's day she goes into town to get some food for the hungry animals, and, on her way home, stops to rest in the woods. She stops too long, however, and, in the extreme cold, freezes. Her own four dogs, plus three others, instinctively begin to circle her as she is dying. Anderson's description of the dogs' behavior reflects the primitivist's conception of the thin line between instinct and acquired habits common to all animals: "Such nights, cold and clear and with a moon, do things to dogs. It may be that some old instinct came down from the time when they were wolves and ranged the woods in packs on winter nights, comes back into them." A primitive death ritual takes place as the wild, running dogs begin to circle around the old woman as she lies dying under a tree in the woods. When she is dead, the dogs tear the meat from inside her pack and devour it like wolves, as if they had been waiting all along for her to die.

The discovery of the body and the later investigation by the townspeople signal a change in emphasis from the story of Mrs. Grimes to its effect on the narrator, who is now an adult. The sight of the woman's body had evoked a "strange mystical feeling" in him as a boy, which he still cannot understand: "It may have been the snow clinging to the frozen flesh, that made it look so white and lovely, so like marble." As the narrator recalls his own life, he realizes that his experiences have been remarkably parallel to those of Mrs. Grimes. He has seen "a pack of dogs act just like that," and once worked on the farm of a German, whose "hired girl was afraid of her employer." As if compelled to make his life merge symbolically with that of Mrs. Grimes, the narrator further relates that one day he happened to come upon her

former home where two large and hungry dogs came running out to glare at him through the fence. He now finds a deeper meaning in his own life through telling the story of the "old" woman. As he is now older himself, the story has become "like music heard from far off. The notes had to be picked up slowly one at a time. Something had to be understood."

At the end of the story, as if to confirm the existence of the parallel relationships and to re-emphasize the levels of meaning, Anderson has his fictional narrator summarize the meaning of Mrs. Grimes' life and death. He concludes that she was "one destined to feed animal life," and that "even after her death continued feeding animal life." As a study in psychological primitivism, the most revealing part of the narrator's summary is in the story's abrupt shift away from Mrs. Grimes as victim and toward the profound effect the experience has had on his own life. He says of Mrs. Grimes' story that "a thing so complete has its own beauty." This statement, taken in context, serves to shift the reader's attention to the story's primary, underlying theme of psychological introspection that lies just beneath the surface details of the life and death of Mrs. Grimes. The narrator's early and life-long absorption in the details and events of a life that he sees as having "its own beauty" results in a heightened awareness and perception of his own life and eventual death. He is impelled, he says, "to tell the simple story over again."

Although Cather and Anderson approach their material through the separate paths of cultural and psychological primitivism, they share in common several thematic and structural characteristics. Thematically, there is very little difference between Cather's concluding statement that "Rosicky's life seemed to him [Doctor Ed] complete and beautiful," and Anderson's concluding statement on Mrs. Grimes that "a thing so complete has its own beauty." Structurally, both stories are related through a narrator who is sufficiently detached from the central characters and events to comment and analyze their larger significance. Both narrators are profoundly influenced by the completeness and beauty of the lives they relate, and are more aware of their own mortality as a result. Both stories also share the same sense of the inevitability and naturalness of death, and both rely heavily on

images of food and feeding to convey the primitivistic credo of the virtues of a "natural" life.

Although Rosicky's life is somewhat idealized, it is never overdone to the point of sentimentality. He is, Cather implies, a man who has planted his cultural tap-roots deep and lives in a totally harmonious world. By contrast, Mrs. Grimes appears as a pathetic victim of her environment. As the story is developed, however, Anderson deliberately shifts the psychological impact of the events to the narrator and implies that, although her life was unbearably harsh, Mrs. Grimes, like Rosicky, was born to fulfill her destined and "natural" role as a giver of life in the midst of death.

University of Michigan

WOMEN AS SOCIAL CRITICS IN *SISTER CARRIE, WINESBURG, OHIO,* AND *MAIN STREET*

NANCY BUNGE

Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis all participated in the Robin's Egg Renaissance of Midwestern Literature; they rejected the Puritanical orientation of the literature from New England which earlier dominated American letters, insisting on describing what was happening to ordinary men and women rather than presenting a fantasy world efficiently and happily run by the laws of conventional morality. Seeing social norms as destructive forces which warp healthy instincts, they portray both those alienated from themselves and others by traditional codes and healthy characters whose impulses struggle against and occasionally conquer the suffocation of their environment. Because men are more completely assimilated into the competitive, materialistic society Dreiser, Anderson, and Lewis find offensive those characters who fight against stagnation are frequently women.

The heroines of *Sister Carrie* (1900), *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), and *Main Street* (1920) retain a healthy instinctual sense of absolute values in a civilization dominated by standards as pragmatic as the machines which sustain it. These women seek love and beauty in a world committed to competition and efficiency. Their apparent idealism is a higher realism; their yearnings link them to the indomitable natural order violated by society. Although wiser than their contemporaries, these women have difficulty preserving their broader perspective since they are continually influenced by a social structure which denies it.

A false, but rigid social hierarchy stands in the background of all three books. It is a rich man's world, but both the masters and their servants are its victims; the same social structure which

freezes out the poor confines the rich. The few men capable of passion direct their emotions into socially approved channels. In *Winesburg, Ohio,* Jesse Bentley pours his strong feelings into the pursuit of money, but his adjustment brings no peace: "Like a thousand other strong men who have come into the world here in America in these later times, Jesse was but half strong. He could master others but he could not master himself."[1] Wing Biddlebaum's hands once put his students in touch with vital realities excluded from conventional society: "He was one of those men in whom the force that creates life is diffused, not centralized. Under the caress of his hands doubt and disbelief went out of the minds of the boys and they began also to dream" (*W,* pp. 13-14). Although he does not understand its source, Wing assimilates society's disapproval and tries to stop his hands from continually reaching out to others. Like Guy Pollock who appears in *Main Street,* Wing cannot rebel; both men try to suppress the awareness which inhibits their adjustment.

Most men placidly assume society's standards. In *Sister Carrie,* John Hurstwood accepts the accoutrements of his position with contented apathy. Carrie stirs him to life long enough for him to leave his settled situation and rely on his own resources, but it is soon clear he has none. He falls rapidly.[2] His inability to succeed irritates Tom Willard of *Winesburg, Ohio,* but he comforts himself with the illusion that he still has a future in politics; he dyes his mustache, attacks his younger competitors for lack of experience, and lectures his son on the wisdom of being "smart and successful" just in case. Will Kennicott ecstatically embraces the tedious regularity portrayed in *Main Street:* "He was whistling tenderly, staring at the furnace with eyes which saw the black-domed monster as a symbol of home and of the beloved routine to which he had returned."[3] Will asks no more of life than comfort.

The world these men dominate and are dominated by reflects their values. The pursuit of security produces whole communities of people living repetitious lives. Since security is achieved through successful materialistic competition, fear of poverty and each other dominate the circular patterns in which most people move. There are no conversations,[4] for people follow community standards too slavishly to acknowledge strong personal feelings

and are too threatened by each other to share any authentic feelings they might have. The breakdown of communication and the insularity of each individual aggravate each other so that people cannot understand those few with something to say. Thus, the communities presented in these books consist of half-dead people shuffling in circles mumbling the same things to themselves over and over.

The heroines of these books are distinguished from those who surround them by their knowledge that something is wrong. They value love and beauty, things despised by conventional society. These eccentric prejudices come from a strong instinctive sense which pushes them toward natural growth despite community pressure to accept the deceptive comforts of stagnation. Sister Carrie not only acknowledges unconventional standards, she instinctively follows them.[5] Environment influences but does not limit her, for she eventually adopts values larger than those defined by her society. Like her contemporaries, Carrie values wealth and her materialism helps direct her movement from man to man; but her instinctive need for love and kindness also motivates her and becomes progressively more important to her as the novel continues. Carrie would not have been attracted to Hurstwood and Charles Drouet if they were poor, but she also would have rejected them if they were unkind. With little authentic love available in her society and a strong instinctive need for love, it is natural that Carrie confuse the real thing with that available to her: "The longing to be shielded, bettered, sympathised with, is one of the attributes of the sex. This coupled with sentiment and a natural tendency to emotion often makes refusing difficult. It persuades them that they are in love."[6] Carrie eventually recognizes that her earlier relationships are unsatisfactory, cultivates the gentle, perceptive Robert Ames and sympathizes with his contempt for materialism and his concern for the poor. The same reverence for kindness which led Carrie to Drouet and Hurstwood takes her beyond them.

Carrie seeks beauty as well as love. Her early interest in her surroundings and her clothing reflects a larger aesthetic sense as well as the materialism of her milieu, for her response to music and drama is even more profound. As Carrie learns the limits of materialism, setting and costume absorb her less and her artistic

taste becomes more sophisticated; under the influence of Ames, Carrie begins to read and take her acting talents seriously. Carrie's interest in beauty, like her desire for love, guides her throughout the book; at its conclusion, the narrator calls Carrie "an illustration of the devious ways by which one who feels, rather than reasons, may be led in pursuit of beauty" (*S*, p. 557).

Although Carrie's needs will never be satisfied, she can express her feelings on the stage. The passion which puts Carrie in touch with currents larger than herself allows her to lose herself in roles and express things for others, but just as Carrie has failed to find love or beauty in the world, the most significant emotion she can express for others is longing; as Ames explains to her, " 'The expression in your face is one that comes out in different things. You get the same thing in a pathetic song, or any picture which moves you deeply. It's a thing the world likes to see, because it's a natural expression of its longing' " (*S*, p. 537). Even Carrie's discontent demonstrates her responsiveness to desires unacknowledged but felt by others; an instinctually whole person in an alienated world, Carrie appropriately expresses the dissatisfaction endemic in that world.

The heroic women of Winesburg also search for love and beauty, but are denied even the satisfaction of expressing their frustration. Elizabeth Willard dreamed of becoming an actress, of giving "something out of herself to all people" (*W*, p. 33); but she spends her life hiding in a run-down hotel. She knows her son has inherited her idealism, but too defeated to discuss her feelings with him, she repeats meaningless phrases to him: "She wanted to cry out with joy because of the words that had come from the lips of her son, but the expression of joy had become impossible to her. 'I think you had better go out among the boys. You are too much indoors,' she said" (*W*, p. 37). Kate Swift has strong feelings and a captive audience, but her passionate outbursts only confuse her students; her strange tales about writers make her pupils think the authors live in Winesburg and her frenzied attempt to reach George Willard bewilders him. Kate and Elizabeth have repressed their feelings for too long; they can no longer connect them to the appropriate words.

These women look frantically for love, but like Alice Hindman, they call to deaf men.[7] Left alone with their passions, they

adopt unsatisfactory alternatives. Louise Bentley and Elizabeth Willard initially settle for the illustory intimacy of sex.[8] Forced to acknowledge the failure of this solution, they move on to the comfortable security of marriage, which also fails. Since reality is so unsatisfactory, Elizabeth, Alice, and Kate try fantasy, but it works no better. Elizabeth adopts the only remaining "solution" and takes death as her lover.

As these women lose touch with their passions, their appearance deteriorates; the same springs nourish love and beauty. Alice Hindman stops buying new clothes and Elizabeth exchanges her colorful clothes for shabby ones. When these women reestablish contact with the emotional life they have unconsciously renounced, they are transformed; with peace they acquire grace and beauty. Just as Dr. Reefy's affection ignites the sleeping beauty of Elizabeth Willard, the energetic walks Kate Swift takes to exorcise her feelings, beautify her: "Alone in the night in the winter streets, she was lovely. Her back was straight, her shoulders square, and her features were as the features of a tiny goddess on a pedestal in a garden in the dim light of a summer evening" (*W*, pp. 188-189).

Carol Kennicott also yearns for love and beauty and finds her needs frustrated by her environment, but unlike Carrie and the women of Winesburg, she eventually accepts her situation. At the books' opening she agonizes over her appearance, the decor of her home and the ugliness of her community and loves her husband, other people and books. The people of Gopher Prairie like security and money. As a result, the soul of Gopher Prairie is as ugly as Main Street; the townspeople are too selfish and petty to discomfort themselves with the ideas or feelings of others, and their energetic concern with profit permeates their aesthetic judgements. "Beautiful" and "expensive" are synonyms. The mean spirit pervading Carol's environment both makes it intolerable and leaves her no one to discuss it with. Like the women of Winesburg, she must endure her frustration alone.

After her initial flailing, Carol is consoled by her child and her natural surroundings and adjusts to the tedium of her life for three years. Only when she meets Erik Valbourg and Fern Mullins, outsiders who share her old discontent, do her needs resurface. She briefly fantasizes that Erik could satisfy her need

for love and beauty, but when his departure leaves her alone with her dissatisfaction, she moves to Washington to appease it. She is too late; by the time she escapes Gopher Prairie she is too shaped by it to survive outside it. Growth and security are antithetical, and Carol has become addicted to security; she is a victim of "the humdrum inevitable tragedy of struggle against inertia" (*M*, p. 450). As the book ends, Carol returns to her lukewarm relationship with her husband, submits to the repetitive social patterns of the town, loses the energy and desire to read, and wears her spectacles all the time; like her husband, she worships comfort.

Although the heroines of these books all share the same needs, their fulfillment of them becomes progressively less successful. The sharp contrasts between Carrie Meeber and Carol Kennicott clearly etch the shift from instinctual independence to social conformity. Unlike Carrie, Carol cannot follow her instincts without social approval; instead of simply following her own standards, she tries to reform the town. Vague promises of possibility lead Carrie from man to man and from village to city, but Carol flees to Will and to Gopher Prairie because they are defined, dependable and safe. Carrie's acting success results from her passive submission to her feelings; Carol cannot act. Carol's instincts are so repressed that she is spared even the frustration of the Winesburg women. Carol begins *Main Street* with the ethical and aesthetic awareness it takes Carrie a book to achieve, but this intellectual knowledge cannot protect her from the limited perspective dominating her environment without stronger emotional reinforcement. Her assertions that she has not capitulated are simply her special monologue; they are as habitual and meaningless as the inanities Will repeats. Will appropriately follows her last defiant speech with a question about the location of the screwdriver. There is no longer any reason to take Carol seriously.

The reality Carol accepts is socially conditioned, not absolute. All these female malcontents dream, but their flight from the principles dominating the conventional world puts them in touch with larger and more important standards; the same instincts which alienate these women from the social order ally them to the natural order. Carrie's alliance with nature is underlined by

the book's recurrent use of sea imagery as an analogy to Carrie's instinctual behavior.[9] Her success is but a particular manifestation of the law that a man who follows his instincts, like the tiger, is in harmony with and protected by the natural order (*S*, p. 83). Similarly, the Winesburg women seek out nature when they are overwhelmed by emotion; their feelings both attract and link them to nature. After nature's vitality forces Alice Hindman to acknowledge the emptiness of her life, her repressed passions burst out and she is drawn out into the night by the sound of the rain. Elizabeth Willard and Louise Bentley take wild rides on country roads and Kate Swift exhausts herself on long walks. When Louise Bentley expresses love for her son, he sees her as a reflection of nature: "David could not understand what had so changed her. Her habitually dissatisfied face had become, he thought, the most peaceful and lovely thing that he had ever seen. . . . On and on went her voice. It was not harsh and shrill as when she talked to her husband, but was like rain falling on trees" (*W*, p. 75). Carol Kennicott also seeks and receives solace from nature and her awareness of nature intensifies when she is with her child, the only creature for whom she feels strong love. Nor is anyone beyond the reach of nature; a summer at their country cottages transforms the worst gossips in Gopher Prairie. The tie established between physical nature and the passions of these women suggests that their feelings unite them to a larger order than that controlling their communities.

That the same women whose instincts put them in touch with natural law perceive the absurdity of society's values is not accidental; one of the instinctual laws these women affirm is love and kindness, and a competitive social structure violates these natural emotions. Carrie never forgets the girls still trapped in factories and easily understands and accepts the social criticisms made by Ames; Elizabeth Willard prays her son will never be "smart and successful," and Carol retains her loyalty to Bea and Miles Bjorstrom and sympathizes with the farmers. This implicit link between natural law and social rebellion is all but made explicit in *Main Street* where Bea the farm girl and Miles the socialist are the only happy couple in town and the only revolutionaries are those closest to the land, the farmers: "Large experiments in politics and co-operative distribution, ventures requiring

knowledge, courage, and imagination, do originate in the West and Middlewest, but they are not of the towns, they are of the farmers" (*M*, p. 266). Thus, these works imply a connection between the land, natural instinct and social reform, explicitly stated by Carl G. Jung:

> Great innovations never come from above; they come invariably from below, just as trees never grow from the sky downward, but upward from the earth. The upheaval of our world and the upheaval of our consciousness are one and the same. Everything has become relative and therefore doubtful. And while man, hesitant and questioning, contemplates a world that is distracted with treaties of peace and pacts of friendship, with democracy and dictatorship, capitalism and Bolshevism, his spirit yearns for an answer that will allay the turmoil of doubt and uncertainty. And it is just the people from the obscurer levels who follow the unconscious drive of the psyche; it is the much-derided, silent folk of the land.[10]

Unfortunately, the folk of the land are outnumbered.

Carol's acceptance of community standards sheds light on the unheroic women in these books who deny the demands of nature. Although a few, like Carrie's sister and Mrs. Richmond of *Winesburg, Ohio*, are victims of male domination, more victimize men. Like the heroic women, these women have strong passions, but because they have accepted a social order antithetical to these feelings, their emotions burst out in perverted ways. In frightening imitation of the men, these women seek power; all they achieve is the sadistic destruction of others. The bitter, brittle Mrs. Hurstwood anticipates a number of pushy, manipulative women in *Winesburg, Ohio;* Wash Williams, the Reverend Hartman, and George Willard are cynically used by women. The women of Gopher Prairie frantically claw at each other. The cattiness of *Main Street* has heavy sexual overtones: the hysterical Vida Sherwin calms down after her marriage; Maud Dwyer's unsuccessful attempt to seduce Will inspires her attacks on Carol; Mrs. Bogart's obscene gossip reveals her loneliness. While the repressed women of Winesburg realize the general nature of their problems, the women of Gopher Prairie turn their desires into fantasies which they project on others and willingly destroy them

with: "How well they would make up for what they had been afraid to do by imagining it in another!" (*M*, p. 382). These strong emotional currents which should be used to comfort others are warped by the competitive social structure into venomous attacks which further alienate these women from themselves and each other. Carol is tragic, but Mrs. Bogart is terrifying.

Carol's tragedy is also society's tragedy, for as those women who challenge the social structure capitulate, the possibility of healthy social reform becomes more remote. Dreiser, Anderson, and Lewis have more confidence in natural law than in man-made structures, but they cannot deny that society's values warp natural impulses. Some women are relatively free from the distortions of convention, but the eventual conformity of all women is inevitable. Women instinctively value love and beauty, but their search for love necessarily draws them to men; and women come to share not only their lives, but also their alienation.

Michigan State University

NOTES

1. Sherwood Anderson, *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919); rpt. New York: Modern Library, 1947), p. 61. All future references appear in the text preceded by the abbreviation *W*.
2. John J. McAleer also links Hurstwood's fall to his abandonment of his social supports (*Theodore Dreiser* [New York: Barnes & Noble]), p. 87.
3. Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1920), p. 410. All future references appear in the text preceded by the abbreviation *M*.
4. John Mahoney discusses the absence of conversation in *Winesburg, Ohio*, in "Analysis of *Winesburg, Ohio*," *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, 15 (1956), 251.
5. Critics who also tie Carrie's rise to her instinctual behavior include: McAleer, p. 76; Gordon O. Taylor, *The Passages of Thought: Psychological Representation in the American Novel 1870-1900* (New York: Oxford, 1969), p. 150; Claude M. Simpson, Jr., "*Sister Carrie* Reconsidered," *Southwest Review*, 44 (1959), 49.
6. Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* (1900; rpt. Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill, 1969), p. 242. All future references appear in the text preceded by the abbreviation *S*.
7. The frustrated search of these women for love has been discussed in the following articles: William Miller, "Earth Mothers, Succubi and Other Ectoplasmic Spirits," *MidAmerica*, 1 (1974), 77-79; and Thomas Lorch, "The Choreographic Structure of *Winesburg, Ohio*," *College Language Association Journal*, 12 (1968), 61.
8. Barry Bort sees the fruitless attempt to establish communication through sex as a motif in *Winesburg, Ohio* ("*Winesburg, Ohio*: The Escape from Isolation," *Midwest Quarterly*, 11 [1970], 448).
9. McAleer also believes the sea imagery represents natural law (p. 77).
10. *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung* (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1964), X, 87.

THE FICTION OF WRIGHT MORRIS: THE SENSE OF ENDING

RALPH N. MILLER

Tony Tanner wrote recently in *City of Words* that many American novels seem really to be about "the search for the appropriate motive which will transform motion into direction . . . behind them there is the one mystery under all mysteries—the initiations and cessations of movement, the fate of all enegry. . . ." The lack of a "sense of a stable society" leads to the hero's "entanglement with misleading apparitions [and] the sense of moving among insubstantial ephemera," which in turn makes for "less interest in conventional character study and analysis . . . than in contemporary English fiction" (London: Jonathan Cape, 1971, pp. 150, 151).

That preoccupation with entropy, with the dissipation of energy, with dissolution, and the sense of impermanence which leads more to the recognition of pattern than to study of character are markedly present in the fiction of Wright Morris. The West in this fiction, for example, is where Uncle Fremont invented the dust bowl by plowing 2300 acres of land where rain rarely falls; it is where the town of Lone Tree, except for the hotel, never came into existence, never even became a ghost town; it is where daring and adventure have been lost in the tide of mediocrity and conformity. The heroes in this fiction are, in the main, middle-aged or old—Foley is thirty-seven. Soby is in his late thirties, Horter is forty-one, Webb in his late forties, Howe in his fifties, Brady and Boyd in their sixties, Warner eighty-two. The central action of the novels has to do with dying, death, the end of relationships, the frustration of effort. The death of Judge Porter in *The Deep Sleep* is the occasion for discovering the motivation of

his public life in the defeats of his private life. Dulac in *Cause for Wonder* invites guests to his funeral, his last joke and the last of his efforts to keep time from overtaking him. Foley in *The Huge Season* in effect composes an elegy for himself and his companions of years gone by. We watch Warner go to his death in *A Life*, and Brady to his in *The Works of Love*. We watch the various characters in *One Day* pass through climacteric events—even death—on the day of John Kennedy's assassination. Again and again we see the dissipation of energy, the end of sequences of actions, final definitions of persons; there is the sensation of exhaustion in the conclusion of virtually every novel.

This unacknowledged and, I think, unconscious disposition of Morris has certain consequences. He is more concerned with form than with character. His novels are marked by inconclusive endings—he said in his essay for *Afterwords* that he is concerned to arrive "at the heart of the maze, not at its exit" (New York: Harper and Row, p. 26). His view that nothing endures except in memory is evident everywhere (Howe sees Dulac fix himself in young Brian's memory by a melodramatic gesture; Boyd tells young Gordon in *The Field of Vision* that real things never last, "It was the unreal thing that lasted. . . ."). Memory is "the great falsifier" says Howe—it junks what it pleases; it is also creative—old Scanlon remembers virtually nothing but what never happened to him but to his father; and it imprisons those without the capacity to resist it, as we see in *The Huge Season*. I think it even possible that Morris' sense of impermanence, of present becoming past, may account for his necrophilic admiration of the cliché as a source of vigorous expression—no author has done so much with dead language since Ring Lardner.

(1)

Morris wrote in "The Origin of a Species" about the novelist's urge:

> Is the life that he loves, and tries to salvage, going down the drain? Little wonder, faced with this fact, that it is nostalgia that rules our hearts while a rhetoric of progress rules our lives. Little wonder that the writer, spinning his web over this drain like a spider, should indulge both him-

> self and the reader in a singular conceit; that it is the web, not the drain, that transforms the raw material, the remains of spent lives, into a fiction of permanence (*The Massachusets Review*, 7 (1966), 135).

Morris makes such a major effort to weave the web that one has the feeling that he, not his characters, is the web. *He* is the master of memory; *he* directs his characters and controls his reader's attention; *he* makes certain the web takes its predetermined pattern. It is for this reason he can say that the novelist provides situations for the characters rather than saying characters make situations inevitable. He sees himself as the contriver and director of action in which his characters participate as he directs them.

> The refinements and complexities of the novel are introduced to stimulate and gratify the demands of the characters, and to involve them, along with the author, in the bizarre, horrifying, and fascinating details that make up what we call the immediate present. They have their true existence in the world of fiction: they are imaginative facts (*Afterwords*, p. 13).

Although Morris considers that his talent "finds its realization in the creation of *characters*" (*Afterwords*, p. 13—his italics), one is forced to give "characters" its colloquial denotation in many instances. From Uncle Dudley to Boyd to the Warner of *Fire Sermon* (a too rapid passage from the first novel to the most recent) we come upon personages who are more nearly caricatures than characters. This is not to say that they do not attract and hold our attention, but we remain in the position of spectators. Uncle Dudley is a delightful dilettante of disaster, and we appreciate his supreme gesture of spitting in the eye of the brutal deputy sheriff and his graceful wave of farewell as he is taken back to jail. We sympathize with Boyd's impatience with timidity and conventionality, and even with his distress that he could not succeed in the ultimate failure he sought. We sympathize too with old Warner's puzzling over his life and his exasperated rejection of his young companions and of his past. But we are on the outside looking in, perhaps because of the way the novels are composed—the technique of presentation may be what gives us

presented, not vivid characters. This seems to be particularly true of *The Deep Sleep* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), *The Huge Season* (New York: The Viking Press, 1954), *The Field of Vision* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1958), *Ceremony in Lone Tree* (New York: Athenaeum Publishers, 1960), and *Cause for Wonder* (New York: Atheneum Publishers, 1963).

Except for *The Huge Season* and *Cause for Wonder*, these novels proceed by sections attributed to one or another of the principal figures. In *The Huge Season* two narratives by the hero alternate, separated by twenty-three years. In *Cause for Wonder* the first part is in first-person narrative, the second (two-thirds of the whole) is in third-person. The purpose is to give us various perspectives upon persons and events, in service of the conception of fictional character Morris cited as an epigraph for *The Field of Vision* from D. H. Lawrence:

> You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element.

In all the five novels Morris clearly intended to explore what lies beneath the actions: the form the novels take indicates this, since it permits revelation of emotional and mental states, the controlling power of memory, the disposition of the mind to seek various ways to understand. Paul Webb in *The Deep Sleep* ostensibly is busy with family affairs attendant upon his father-in-law's death and funeral; his real vocation is to understand his wife and mother-in-law and especially the real nature of the life of his wife's family. In *The Field of Vision* the characters "watch" a bullfight but are more concerned by far to understand themselves; in *Ceremony in Lone Tree* they are gathered to celebrate old Tom Scanlon's birthday, but are busy as they had been in Mexico with themselves. Foley in *The Huge Season* is preoccupied with re-establishing his relations with his college friends, but is really concerned to know what their relation had been and what it is now, to free himself from the bondage of the past. The same intense effort is evident in Howe, in *Cause for Wonder*. In none

of these novels is the form remarkably inventive; it is the use of the form that is characteristic of Morris.

He commented on his own presence in *One Day*, "This authorial and omnipresent persona, no matter who is observant and speaking, provides the ideal reader the author has in mind with the clues and hints necessary—but no more" (*Afterwords*, p. 21). The presence of the author is not so much felt in *The Deep Sleep* as in later novels but it is detectable. Morris manages for the greater part to allow the characters to speak, think, and act independently, but he finds it necessary from time to time to speak to the reader directly. This is most obvious in a section on "The Grandmother" (as Morris refers to her throughout, a hint about his attitude toward character), where we are given her silent thoughts with Morris' comment. She has the habit of banging her cane against the bird box to scare off the "bad" birds:

> There were good and bad birds, friendly and unfriendly, but through the cloudy cataract blur the Grandmother found it hard to tell them apart. More and more, now, all of the birds looked about the same. . . . The fuss she made had a soothing effect on the Grandmother's nerves. Good morning your old hat! she now said, which was a milder form of swearing, and indicated that she was not holding a grudge (p. 57).

The gentle authorial nudge is as much as Morris needed to make. He needed even less to direct his reader in *The Huge Season* except at the most crucial point: in the final sentences of the novel the author has to tell us what the action meant. The reader cannot detect that meaning in the action so he must be told that Foley's captivity by the example of his friend in college has at last come to an end. The effect of Morris' intrusion into *The Field of Vision* and *Ceremony in Lone Tree* is similar. Although Morris intends that we see the action through the eyes of the various characters, the persona is very much present. One gets a curious mixture, for example, of third-person narrative, satire, and appreciation in the first appearance of Lehmann in *The Field of Vision:*

> Dr. Leopold Lehmann resembled those shaggy men seen in the glass cages of the world's museums, depicting early man at some new milestone of his career. Building a fire, shaping a rock, scratching symbols on the walls of a cave,

> or making guttural sounds with some vague resemblance to human speech. This last he did, by common agreement, with appalling credibility. The sounds he made—a blend of Brooklynese, German, and grunts, in proportions entirely his own—seldom resembled anything else. He specialized in openings that dissolved into thin air. . . . It was hardly necessary to go into his background. It was all there at the front. . . . (p. 64).

(The last two sentences show at once both Morris' detachment from the character and his customary freshening of a cliché.) Although Morris seems to discredit Lehmann with this description—and elsewhere with even more devastating strokes—we are expected to take the oddball seriously, as this remark indicates:

> Dr. Lehmann took pains to make it clear, at the outset, that he knew nothing of the body, little of the mind, but that he had an arrangement of sorts with the soul. The odd thing was that he seemed to. No, the odd thing was that he did (p. 66).

Since we are made so much aware of the persona, we adopt his clinical attitude and are interested only to see the bear dance, not to know the character as personality. For the sake of his idea Morris sometimes makes a character think or say what is on Morris' mind rather than his own. Boyd, in *The Field of Vision*, for example, who failed to accomplish anything, even to touch bottom, as Lehmann told him, is given the function of making wise observations on how things *ought* to be. One would like to think Boyd is self-critical, but Morris uses him to criticize human conduct and in doing so to state one of Morris' recurring ideas.

> To eliminate the risks, you simply didn't run them. You *were* something. You stopped this goddam hazardous business of *becoming* anything. Such as a failure. Or a bad example. Or something worse. . . . You eliminated, that is, the amateur. He ran the risks, he made all the errors, he forgot his lines and got the girls in trouble, and in every stance he lacked the professional touch. The object was to *be* the champ, not to *meet* him. That entailed risk. (p. 195)

For the sake of idea Morris is willing at times to abandon narrative altogether. A long passage of meditation in *The Field*

of Vision (pp. 200-206) is attributed to Lehmann, which is stimulated by the swish of the *peones'* capes in the bull ring, reminding Lehmann of his apartment where he had given shelter to the transvestite Paula Kahler. He remembers Paula crying out "Help!" and then reflects that all human beings need help wherever they are, as Paula does. Then, without stimulation, his mind turns to the wonderful way in which mind and body are connected. The mind, Morris has Lehmann say to himself,

> in order to think had to begin at the beginning, since every living cell did what it had once done, and nothing more. . . . So long as he lived and breathed he was connected, in a jeweled chain of being, with that first cell, and the inscrutable impulse it seemed to feel to multiply. On orders. Always on orders from below, or from above. . . . If that pipe line to the lower quarters was broken, if the cables with the wiring were severed, *all* thinking ceased. . . . There was no mind if the lines to the past were destroyed. . . . It was why Leopold Lehmann had emerged at all. Why he was as he was, criminal by nature, altruistic and egocentric by nature, merciless and pitiful by nature. . . . In Leopold Lehmann the inscrutable impulse was reaching for the light. . . . In reaching for more light man would have to risk such light as he had. It was why he needed help. It was why he had emerged as man. It was according to his nature that he was obliged to exceed himself. . . . Was he the one to throw light on why things were so seldom what they seemed? . . . They were not *meant* to be. They were meant to seem different—each according to the nature that was capable of seeing. . . . Each according to his lights, such as they were, if and when they came on. (pp. 203-06)

It is credible that Lehmann think such thoughts, but these thoughts are obviously meant to justify the structure of the novel, not to acquaint us with the character or to provide motivation for Lehmann's behavior in subsequent actions. When Andrea del Sarto says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp—else what's a heaven for?" we have an explanation of the urge of creation in him. When Lehmann says something like it, we have an explanation of why Morris gives us a novel organized as *The Field of Vision* is, to show how things seem different according to the various natures of those who see them.

Morris makes much more skillful use of idea in *Ceremony in Lone Tree*. Boyd as always makes a harsh criticism of his childhood friend McKee and his wife Lois, who married McKee because Boyd alarmed her by his unconventional behavior. The woman who manages the motel in Nevada where Boyd has stopped for the night makes a note to "WAKE BEFORE BOMB!" —the planned test explosion of an atomic bomb. This causes Boyd to reflect upon sleep and waking:

> In Boyd's estimation, McKee had been asleep most of his life. He had curled up snugly in the cocoon God's Loveliest Creature had spun for him. What sort of bomb would wake him up? . . . The old man in the past, the young ones in the future, McKee in his cocoon, and Lois, the ever-patient, ever-chaste Penelope, busy at her looming. WAKE BEFORE BOMB? How did one do it? Was it even advisable? The past, whether one liked it or not, was all that one actually possessed: the green stuff, the gilt-edge securities. The present was the moment of exchange—when all might be lost. Why risk it? Why not sleep on the money in the bank? To wake before the bomb was to risk losing all to gain what might be so little—a brief moment in the present, that one moment later joined the past. . . . To wake before bomb was tricky business. What if it scared you to sleep? (pp. 31-32)

But this complacent speculation—Boyd speaks as if he, unlike his inferiors, chose to live in the present rather than sleep in the past—is challenged soon after by the girl he later calls Daughter, who throughout the remainder of the novel pulls Boyd up by asking devastating questions of him like those he habitually puts to McKee.

In subsequent fiction Morris fuses idea and action successfully, i.e. characters interpret events and in doing so work out ideas that appear to account for what happened. But the problem of characterization remains. In *Cause for Wonder*, for example, we are given a group of characters whose vocational history we are made acquainted with, but they are hardly people for us. Indeed, the madman George and the eccentric Etienne Dulac we know little less about than we do about Warren Howe, whose is the central intelligence by which we observe. In this novel the first part is conducted by first-person narrative entitled "Time Present."

The second part is a third-person narrative entitled "Time Past." The first concerns Howe's effort to find someone among those who were with him at Castle Riva thirty years before to attend Dulac's funeral with him. He finally finds one; in the interviews with him and the others we learn something about why they had all gone to Riva in the first place and why, having become what they are, all but one refuse to attend the funeral. In "Time Past" there is the familiar mixing of past with present characteristic of Morris, as characters are stimulated to remember by what they experience at the moment. In observing his fellow-mourners (Dulac does not die until the end of the novel—his last surprise for them)—his friend Spiegel, his Austrian fellow-student Wolfgang, in Vienna of thirty years before, and Katherine, who had spent a bewildering weekend in the castle with them—Howe is led to think about the nature and function of the past. His reflections together with the whole company's effort to understand why Dulac made time and circumstance serve him give the underlying structure to the novel. But we watch persons and yet never arrive at an understanding of them, and are therefore left pretty much in the position of Howe, who finds "cause for wonder" but not enlightenment. (At best the cause for wonder is the success of Dulac in startling his visitors into paying attention to everything, to find everything wonder-full.) Not one character among those people is more than a caricature or a stereotype, since Morris is more intent to create surprising situations for them than to let us know them intimately.

In the simple story of the final episode of old Warner's life, *A Life*, we learn how he looks out on the world, his sensations as he feels himself becoming *old* and beginning to understand how losing his life might be a positive gain, and the vividness for him of the past which he begins to perceive little by little in its reality.

> Into Warner's head, out of nowhere, popped a notion so strange it made him smile. The moment coming up, the one that came toward him like the line on the highway, then receded behind him, was something he had no control over. He could watch it coming, he could see it receding, but he could do nothing to avoid it. . . . He had come this way by his own free choosing, and having chosen as he pleased, he was right where he was. One thing led to another, to another, to another, like the count of the poles that passed his window (New York: Harper and Row, 1973, p. 95).

Here idea and character fuse; we are inside Warner's head and we can share with him the wonder and mystery of his ceremonial murder and accept his death with him. It is as if Morris found that telling one man's story within the terms of his own mind was an enormous relief. He did not feel the obligation to complicate the narrative form and could let the narrative dominate. Even Morris' style is more disciplined and he allows himself few liberties like this:

> Was the near-sightedness of old age a cunning way of nature to discourage work, encourage sitting? Out of sight was out of mind (p. 133).

The virtually gratuitous complication of narrative in other novels Morris justified in this way: "Since I find nothing simple, why should I simplify? . . . Above all else, that to me is how things are. To the extent that I am able to grasp how they are, I can live with them" (*Afterwords*, p. 26). None of the novels, however, is complicated except for the device of giving each principal character a section. *Ceremony* for example is only more complicated than *One Day* because more characters appear in it. Strange, even grotesque incidents occur, but they are complicated because various views are taken of them. The complexities Morris speaks of do not arise because of the "demands" of the characters so much as because of the form Morris employs.

Although the simple form of *A Life* made the creation of a genuine character possible, that was not true of the similarly straightforward *Love among the Cannibals*. Morris said of *Cannibals* in "A Letter to a Young Critic" that it is "one of my most interesting books" because it deals with the present. But he was unable to create characters even on the level of Lehmann, except perhaps for the protagonist, Horter. MacGregor, Horter's friend, and the two girls with whom they share a vacation in Acapulco are stereotypes. Idea prevails over narrative here to an extraordinary degree. Morris appears to have intended to show how the predatory American female is fully capable of

overcoming the stiffest opposition of the American male to becoming a mere husband, and to show also how a right understanding of the relation between the sexes can lead to happiness. We get what we expect from such an intention: a somewhat farcical story that extols the beauties of hedonism, involving a strong silent male, a thoroughly egotistic female, a lovely product of male sexual fantasy, and a naive forty-one year old male who falls in love with her.

The danger of that situation is fully exemplified in the novel. The writing is bright but not incisive, the characters are flat or, as Morris might say, under-inflated, and the action leads to a dead end partly comical partly pathetic (the strong silent man is married despite himself and the romantic lover loses his Girl). The novel seems to support Morris' opinion that life in California is empty but that it might be saved if Love Would Prevail. Hence the novel begins with a living death and concludes in a dying life.

Women in Morris' fiction suffer from his essentially pessimistic view of American life since they are put to use to express it. He remarked in "Letter to a Young Critic" that, like Henry James in *The American Scene*, he sees Woman deprived of her right to be taken seriously and to have the corrective criticism of her Man.

> Betrayed by Man (deprived of him, that is), woman is taking her abiding revenge on him—unconscious in such figures as Mrs. Ormsby [in *Man and Boy*] and Mrs. Porter [in *The Deep Sleep*], where she inherits, by default, the world man should be running. Since only Man will deeply gratify her, the Vote and the Station Wagon leave something to be desired. One either sees this or one doesn't. As of now both man and woman are tragically duped: the Victor has no way of digesting the spoils (*The Massachusetts Review* 6 (1964-65), 99).

(In *The American Scene* James wrote specifically about the wives of successful businessmen whom he observed in the hotels of Palm Beach, who were left to their own entertainments while their husbands engaged in or talked nothing but business. It is a very sympathetic comment on the plight of privileged women.)

Many of Morris' women are free of male criticism and consequently (we must assume) become fairly eccentric (Alec's mother and Miriam Horlick in *One Day*), predatory conformist (Billie Harcum in *Love among the Cannibals*), consumer of males (Hanna Fechner in "Drddla"), utterly dominant (Mrs. Porter in *The Deep Sleep*). Or they are recessive (Warner's sister Viola in *A Life*), timid (Mrs. McKee in *Field of Vision*), ostensibly helpless (Katherine in *Cause for Wonder*), craftily or defensively a bit mad (Grandmother Porter in *The Deep Sleep*), young and aggressive (Cynthia in *What a Way to Go*). The Greek in *Love among the Cannibals* is, as I have said, a stereotype arising from erotic fantasy. (She is especially surprising to find in Morris' fiction since she is a Playmate, an embodiment—if that is the word I want—of Hugh Hefner's philosophy. How could the writer of *A Bill of Rites, A Bill of Wrongs, A Bill of Goods*—that bilious book on the slops of American culture—take her seriously?)

Only young Alec (in *One Day*) and Daughter (in *Ceremony*) are credible woman characters, and for both of them Morris provided more than enough male criticism or challenge, as if that were necessary to their development. But he makes Alec carry a greater burden than she can support: In the last sentence he says that Alec's eyes "were wide as those of the oracle at Delphi . . . because she, too, held the future in her hands." If she did, we can understand the trouble the country is in.

(2)

Another result of what seems to be Morris' unexpressed belief that all action is an unraveling, a running-down of the machinery of life, is the inconclusiveness of the endings of the novels. After a sequence of adventures involving principally Uncle Dudley and his young nephew, *My Uncle Dudley* ends with Dudley's deliberately causing his re-arrest and necessarily as a result abandoning his nephew to fend for himself. That can be conceived as a climax since Dudley has run completely out of resources, is elderly, has no reason to expect help from anyone, and yet makes a gesture of defiance of sheer brutal authority. But Uncle Dudley never before found it useful or necessary to do more than fend for himself; he has been interesting because of his agility in coping with disasters, not because he is a modern Don Quixote. He is simply at The End of his story, a string of episodes interrupted by Dudley's insolent behavior, which could be continued in Our Next after he leaves jail.

In *The Deep Sleep* Paul Webb makes a gesture of compassion toward his mother-in-law although he has become aware of the distortions she created in the lives of her family. Morris said of the gesture that it "reflects his [Webb's] respect for the forces that both salvage human life and destroy it: the pitiless compulsion that testifies, in its appalling way, to the spirit's devious ways of survival" ("Letter to a Young Critic," p. 99). As Morris gives it to us, however, the gesture implies pity and forgiveness, not respect for Mrs. Porter as individual or as force. The novel as I see it is a slow revelation of the peculiar shape of the family's history that was not the result of intention but of individual responses to situations. The reader is touched by the pain unintentionally inflicted and ignorantly suffered. What Morris intended is quite different, it seems: I have quoted him saying that Mrs. Porter is an instance of the revenge of Woman upon Man, which is no doubt the equivalent of the "pitiless compulsion" to survive Morris attributes to the "spirit." The ending thus appears ambiguous: Morris expects the reader to fear; the reader feels pity instead. Morris seems to have intended to show that Woman uncorrected by Man inflicts hardship for which she is not responsible. The reader takes the novel as a whodunit: Paul Webb finally traces out the life pattern of the family. The rival readings make the ending inconclusive.

The Field of Vision simply stops, possibly because Morris intended it as the first part of a three-part novel, of which *Ceremony* is a second. The time of *Vision* is the time required by the bullfight, but the action in the main is a series of loosely connected sections devoted to reminiscence and reflection. In a crucial episode Boyd causes eight-year-old Gordon to learn how value accrues through action (he dares the boy to recover his coonskin cap from the bullring). The novel ends with McKee standing outside his locked car looking in at his wife who is comforting his grandson Gordon and glaring at him.

That final episode is inconclusive: great-grandfather Scanlon is secure not only in the car but in the cocoon of his memories (mostly not of his own life), young Gordon has passed the test of courage and is secure in his grandmother's arms, Mrs. McKee has been confirmed in her fear of and irritation with Boyd and allows herself to feel outrage against the obtuse and inattentive

McKee (he had left Gordon with Boyd instead of keeping the boy with him). But we have no sense of an ending (this may have been Morris' intention); we turn the page for the next section, since this one seems more an incident than a conclusion.

The ending of *Ceremony* is much more satisfying, and could serve as the conclusion of the entire novel. The final scene shows Jennings, McKee, Boyd and the girl Boyd calls Daughter riding off in the Conestoga wagon with the corpse of old Scanlon—the wagon in which Scanlon had been born. Jennings is pleased to participate in an action he can use in his next western novel; McKee talks about the bright future of Polk, Nebraska, where Boyd could make, at last, a success of himself; Boyd and Daughter are asleep. Jennings is harvesting what Boyd had called the bumpercrop in the West of fiction and romance. McKee, obtuse as always, projects his concept of himself upon Boyd; Boyd sleeps as if in final acceptance of himself; and Daughter sleeps because it is the natural thing to do—she is exhausted. The sense of an ending is here. The death wagon and its passengers suggest what has been at the center of the novel: The romance of the West is imaginary (old Scanlon's recollections are of his father's life, not his own, and he himself has been created a frontiersman by the newspapers); the actual West is materialistic and without emotion and imagination (symbolized by McKee); the aspirations of men (as in Boyd) are all too easily defeated by themselves; and the energy of the young (Daughter) is dissipated in random gestures. (Foley had said in *The Huge Season,* "They had the conviction. They lacked the intention.") The novel is a description, it appears, of the waste land and depicts the hopelessness of American life despite its apparent triumphs. The ending reveals Morris' understanding of the inexorable entropy of men and institutions.

Although Morris says that his intention of concluding *One Day* with the Alec section was to enable the reader to reappraise all that the day had brought (*Afterwords,* p. 20), he made it virtually impossible to do that. The ending is not a conclusion: it further confuses an already confused novel. Alec's melodramatic gesture of depositing her infant in her mother's animal shelter has no effect because the assassination of President Kennedy was a larger gesture. Her gesture, as Morris says, was trivialized (*Afterwords,*

p. 23); one could go further and say that its triviality was exposed. Alec's indignation about the defects of society is respectable, and her insistence that Americans must share the guilt of the assassination is a responsible effort to understand that dreadful day—though it is extravagant. The effect of the ending, however, is to make evident the weakness of human strength, the impossibility of adequate action, the darkness of understanding, and the enormous difficulties in bringing people to comprehend things as they are, bemused as they are by their preoccupations and personalities. Morris says that Alec "is involved—as are all the other—in an effort to come to terms with the world they have all made" (*Afterwords*, p. 23). But Alec is nearly hysterical in her "effort" and the others are equally incompetent in their several ways. The novel seems much less concerned to reveal how they come to terms—and not one does—than to show why they do not or cannot, which the ending confirms. In a word, although Morris says he intended that through Alec's experience the reader would reappraise the day as a whole, Alec does not make that possible for him and the ending therefore does not conclude.

(3)

A theme arising from Morris' conception of entropy in human affairs is discontinuity, illustrated by the curious absence of fathers from his fiction. Tony Tanner has observed that this is a common phenomenon in recent American fiction.

> This is certainly not new; Jay Gatsby, springing from his Patonic conception of himself, is only one of the more notable self-parenting heroes. . . . To be fatherless, even if only symbolically, is to be autonomous, yet at the same time it makes one more exposed to the coercions of environment; and one of the problems of the American hero and writer is to mediate between an impossible dream of pure autonomy an an intolerable state of total enslavement (*City of Words*, p. 435).

He quotes from Robert Lifton's essay on "Protean Man" a sentence about the *positive* effects of the disappearance of the classical superego, "clearly defined criteria of right and wrong transmitted within a particular culture by parents to their children. Protean man [i.e. modern man as he seeks to make adjustments to constantly changing conditions] requires a symbolic fatherlessness . . . in order to carry out his explorations" (p. 435).

It seems likely that Morris removes the father in order to make Protean man possible among his characters. Boyd, looking at his namesake at the bullfight, says the boy will have to *create* a pattern out of what he experiences, implying that no one can teach him.

> He was now a jigsaw loose in its box, the bullfight one of the scarlet pieces, but he would not know its meaning until the pattern itself appeared. And that he would not *find*. No, not anywhere, since it did not exist. The pattern—what pattern it had—he would have to create. Make it out of something that looked for all the world like something else (*Vision*, p. 154).

> The problem? In an age of How-to-do-it, the problem was how not. . . . How to live in spite of, not because of, something called character. To keep it open, to keep the puzzle puzzling, the pattern changing and alive (p. 155).

Paul Webb *(The Deep Sleep)* says, not altogether joking,

> "Everything I am or hope to be," said Webb, in the voice of a radio announcer, "I owe to my mother—I owe to the fact that she died when I was very young" (p. 131).

Stanley says to the boy in *Fire Sermon*, when Joy asks, "Your people live there?" and the boy replies, "She died."

> "You don't know it . . . but you're lucky. I had to fight 'em. All *you* got to do is let them die off" (p. 117).

Morris deprives children of their parents—or thoughtfully frees them: The boys in *My Uncle Dudley* and in *Fire Sermon* are simply abandoned by their elders; Brian in *Cause for Wonder* takes on the responsibility of caring for his grandmother, not she for him; Alec deposits her baby in the animal shelter—she had earlier left home because life with her mother was intolerable, as had Katherine in *The Deep Sleep*. Even when parents are provided they are ineffectual, such as will Brady in *The Works of Love*, Judge Porter *(The Deep Sleep)*, Bud Momeyer *(Ceremony)*, Wendell Horlick and Luigi Boni *(One Day)*.

Morris clearly suggests that nothing is to be learned from those who go before—no adult has anything useful to teach any youngster. All adults can provide are experiences, which may or may not have anything valuable to convey. Morris seems to assume that parent-less youngsters can naturally become Protean men. Their elders have no functional relation with them. The past, represented by the elders, is meaningless. Meaning is attributed; it does not exist by nature. Morris' fiction, as a consequence, has, Hicks remarked in his introduction to *Wright Morris: A Reader,* no concern with right and wrong, good and evil as subjects, nor with good or evil, wise or unwise persons. There is no instance even of the kind of intellectual struggle Twain put Huck through in deciding what to do about Jim. The absence of a way of life or a conception of conduct against which one must struggle to test oneself and one's emerging view of the world makes for a strange emptiness, a disconcerting discontinuity in the fiction. There is no sense of becoming, of maturing, or struggle, or success or failure. Horter in *Cannibals* is awakened to the beauty of hedonist life by the Greek, but all he can do after she abandons him (young mother and old child) is to wait for her to return (as she surely will not). Foley in *The Huge Season* apparently thinks he has achieved freedom from the past and can now act within the terms of his new maturity—but there is no evidence of maturity. Alec in *One Day* arrived only at the point where she began—rejection of her society. Warren Howe in *Cause for Wonder* has been given only cause for wonder. Warner in *A Life* sees at last that one thing leads to another—and dies. Morris believes that these and other personages come to positive conclusions, but the logic of his fiction is against him and them. There are no connections; there are only events.

The characters make an unusual effort to perceive what the events really consist in, to a nearly exasperating degree. They think in paradoxes: they remark over and over again the fact that everything contains its opposite. Morris speaks of this as a matter of technique:

> To get a fresh slant on commonplace things is one of the technical problems of fiction. The resulting distortion serves its purpose. We are forced to see the commonplace as uncommon. In artful hands, this grotesquerie is both a shock and a revelation ("The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet," *Kenyon Review* 27 (1965), 736).

In the same passage he praises Sherwood Anderson for that insight, and he himself has made admirable use of the commonplace. Warner, as he watches his life ebb after Blackbird has slashed his wrist, thinks, "Was it so unusual for the strange to seem commonplace, or the commonplace miraculous?" (*A Life,* p. 151). The most extravagant display of this is *Cause for Wonder,* where life in Dulac's castle appears grotesque or commonplace according to one's perception. When Spiegel asks why Dulac chose to establish himself in the castle, Wolfgang says, "It made no sense, so he did it." Spiegel's interest is piqued: "You know, when you push that, it begins to make sense" (p. 236). Dulac's son

> would lean from the window to aim a real six-shooter as they crossed the court. Since the company [an opera company] had belonged to Monsieur Dulac, Madame Dulac had kept the costumes, a wild assortment of stuff believed by Italians to be worn by cowboys and cattle thieves. A madhouse? Not so mad in perspective. Not a bit madder, and a lot more fun, than the opera Madame had starred in. A vivid scene in the life of the girl of the golden West (p. 250).

Warner in *A Life* remembers that an Indian boy he had hired

> didn't like water on his hands or face. Muriel couldn't understand until she asked herself how he lived in that wind without his skin cracking. The dust on his skin was like a talcum . . . that was the way to get through the winter without their hands and wrists cracking with the chap. . . . Warner had given the boy a board and set of checkers for Christmas but later found he had used them as wheels to make toys and skates. Was that dumb or smart? (pp. 86-87)

Judge Porter in *The Deep Sleep* seems at first to have behaved grotesquely, hiding his whiskey in the basement and making himself a secret den in the attic, but the Judge needed refuge from his all-too-managing wife. Alec gives her infant to the animal shelter because with other animals it can receive care and protection. In "Green Grass, Blue Sky, White House," Floyd Collins has been arrested for threatening the life of the President unless he stops the war.

> "I raised Floyd to believe anything is possible," Mrs. Collins says. As it is, of course. Here in Ordway anything is possible. Not necessarily what Mrs. Collins has in mind, or Floyd has in mind, or even the town of Ordway has in mind, but what a dream of the good life, and reasonable men, make inevitable (*Green Grass, Blue Sky, White House* (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press 1970), p. 67).

The violence of Lee Roy Momeyer and Charles Munger, who murder with automobile and rifle, derived from resentment and a craving for identity:

> Why did they do it?
> When they asked Lee Roy Momeyer he replied that he just got tired of being pushed around. Who was pushing *who?* Never mind, that was what he said. The other one, Charlie Munger, said that he wanted to be somebody. Didn't everybody? Almost anybody, that is, but who he happened to be? (*Ceremony*, p. 159)

Even Morris' style exhibits this cast of mind, for he constantly probes the cliché for its original and acquired meanings, and presses it for some leakage of life, as in the passage I have just quoted. It is full of surprises, and one is grateful for being aroused to awareness of the meaning the cliché once had and can be made to carry again. In gross it is tiresome, of course; in particular it is sometimes offensive because Morris or one of his characters takes unfair advantage of the speaker who has used it and make him appear more of a fool than he is. Now and again too the individual line of the playful passage resembles too closely the nightclub comedian's throw-away jokes. The style thus also makes for discontinuity: one waits for the one-liners, which do not always add up. (One thinks of Howe's remark about time in *Cause for Wonder:* "The word time accumulation without addition" (p. 266). Many passages are delightfully humorous though they run the danger of mere accumulation. When there is addition, as in *A Life*, Morris' style is satisfying.

(4)

The recent short story "Since When Do They Charge Admission?" may be taken as representative of his fiction as I have

described it: Cliff and May with their married daughter Charlene have gone from Colby, Kansas to visit their daughter Janice, who is pregnant, and her husband Vernon in California. They go to the beach for a picnic, where they are surprised to be asked by a bearded young man dressed only in a jockstrap for fifty cents admission. When Vernon expresses surprise, the boy replies, "It's a racket. You can pay it or not pay it." He lets the party in, who settle on a part of the beach where a group of young people are. Cliff finally realizes that one couple is making out beneath a blanket; a boy and girl, both naked, ride past on a horse; a naked girl comes running up from the water to where two boys have called a huge crow she calls Sam to tug a stick out of the sand they put there. When she says she wishes she had a bone to give Sam, Cliff tosses a chicken bone to her. The crow struts up and down the beach with it, and the girl caresses the crow's head. May during this time has been looking everywhere but at the scene. When they leave the beach she says, "I've never before really believed it when I said that I can't believe my eyes, but now I believe it." When Cliff says she should have seen the crow, she says she hadn't gone all that distance to look at a crow. When Charlene says she will tell her husband about seeing the cattle near the beach being fed from a helicopter, May says, "If I were you, I'd tell him about *that* and nothing else." Cliff says, "Charlene, now you tell him about that crow. What's a few crazy people to one crow in a million?" and the story ends.

The familiar elements are here: May's refusal to accept the behavior of the hippies prevents her from seeing that remarkable crow—propriety destroys the capacity for wonder, and even makes emotion—indignation or amusement—impossible. Cliff has not acted the part of Man to correct her: she wouldn't let Charlene help Cliff drive to California, nor let him persuade her to look at the crow. The sight of Janice standing with her mother makes Cliff think about Janice.

> That part of her life that she looked old would prove to be the longest, but seem the shortest. Her mother hardly knew a thing, or cared, about what had happened since the war. The sight of anything aging, or anything just beginning, like that unborn child she was lugging, affected Cliff so strong he could wet his lips and taste it. Where did people get

> the strength to do it all over again? (*Green Grass . . .*, p. 14)

Here is the theme of entropy, the slow dying of humanity which brings the apathy Cliff sees in May and his own wonder that humanity can endure to begin the process of decline over and over again. And there is the death in life of his other daughter Charlene, of whom he says, "She had had three children without ever growing up" (p. 16). The story concludes with Cliff's appeal to Charlene to wonder at least at the crow—while he willingly sinks back into his wife's attitude toward the world, where the youngsters are "a few crazy people." One is made aware not only of Cliff's fatigue but of the fatigue of mere living, which seems to have little joy in it and reason enough for pity.

The essential concern of Morris here is with the pathos of the human condition, as it is in all of his fiction, a condition which at times he sees as comic, at times as pitiful, at times as fascinating for its inescapable dilemmas—but always a condition imposing the limits of time, physical incapacity, and stunted intellectual and emotional maturity. Even when he is most optimistic, in *One Day* and *Love among the Cannibals*, his conviction about the nature of human life compels his reader to see there is little justification for optimism, only a hope that human beings will not die before they are physically dead, and resentment of those who welcome death-in-life.

Western Michigan University

WRIGHT MORRIS'S *ONE DAY*: THE BAD NEWS ON THE HOUR

G. B. Crump

Aristotle's distinction between history as "what has happened" and tragedy as "what may happen acording to the laws of probability and necessity" seems to imply that never the twain shall meet. But in a real sense the subject of all art is ultimately man's consciousness of his world, and in the twentieth century global village, a central fact with which our consciousness must come to grips is history in process, that history which, in the form of the news on the hour, abruptly and directly affects our lives, bluring the distinction between public and private facts. We suffer from what Wallace Stevens called "the pressure of reality . . . the pressure of . . . external . . . events on the consciousness to the exclusion of any power of contemplation."[1] To those like Stevens who believe that what is most human in man is his power to contemplate life and to intuit its significance, the artist finds himself obliged to subject history to an imaginative appraisal so that there emerges from it the sense of moral necessity—of meaning, order, and coherence—that Aristotle discerned in tragedy.

The relationship between history and art, or in a broader sense, between reality and reality processed and made significant by the shaping imagination, has been a primary concern of Wright Morris's theoretical writings from the beginning of his career to his most recent critical book, *About Fiction*,[2] and his novel about the Kennedy assassination, *One Day*, illustrates some of the difficulties involved in such a processing. Years ago, Morris zeroed in on the pertinent theoretical issue in *One Day*: "anything that takes us back to realism as the *real* thing is a retrogression." For the aim of art is aesthetic "revelation" not factual "exposure."

Settings, characters, events, and details in a work of fiction are not chosen for verisimilitude alone, but for "the depth and wider meaning of the subject or experience."[3] And, by implication, they are not convincing because they could or have happened but because they have meaning and inevitability in relation to the theme and all the other details of the work. Moreover, finding the meaning of an event with the magnitude of the assassination presents an author with special difficulties. For one, the murder of a recent President, as a naked fact, threatens to speak more stridently than any interpretation of it. As Morris says of the assassination in an essay on *One Day*, "Its impact . . . had overpowered my fiction and paralyzed my imagination. How could the writer match the news on the hour?"[4] Paradoxically, a second problem is that such a murder may yield too many possible meanings, which at the same time are too obvious and accessible. How could any one writer hope to find *his* meaning, that which takes its power and conviction from the larger currents of his art, while avoiding the easy cliché?

As his essay records, Morris was already at work on the novel when the assassination occurred (p. 14), but rather than drop his original project or defer his reaction to the murder, he audaciously chose to assimilate the fact to the fiction. The reason was simple: the theme of the projected novel was to be "nothing less than how things are" (p. 15), and on November 22, 1963, America was gauging how things are from the news on the hour. If the project ever had validity and truth, it should be able to accommodate itself to the nightmare which had become waking reality in Dallas. The success of Morris's decision can be measured against the standard he himself implies: to the extent that the fact remains just fact, or to the extent that the assassinaion remains an historical event arbitrarily imposed on the world of the novel without becoming an integral part of its theme and structure, the art fails.

Some readers have judged *One Day* to be just such a failure. One reviewer wrote that ". . . predictably the act of rushing history and art into one another's arms has caused both to suffer from the embrace."[5] I believe, on the contrary, that a close analysis supports Granville Hick's judgment that *One Day* "belongs with [the] best work" of Morris, "a major figure in Modern

American Literature."[6] Further, this overall success in the novel depends on Morris's particular success in making the assassination meaningful within the world of the novel, and this success in turn depends on his making moral sense of the event within the context of the American experience. The novel portrays that larger experience, not the single strident and paralyzing fact. At the same time, Morris's assessment of the assassination grows out of and confirms certain basic conclusions about America he began developing as early as his first novel, *My Uncle Dudley*. Indeed, taken together, several of his novels represent a virtual prediction that America is ripe for someone like Oswald to appear.

Morris's very first hero,[7] T. Dudley Osborn, resembles a Hemingway hero as he might be conceived by Mark Twain. An American everyman, Dudley concludes an auto trek across the depression Southwest by spitting in the eye of a brutal policeman who, as might be expected in a novel published in 1942, represents those "fascist" forces within society denying man's individuality and humanity. In *Man and Boy* (1951), Morris's unqualified admiration for Dudley's kind of quixotic protest begins to give way to a skepticism about both the origin and results of such heroics. The mother of the boy in the title, Virgil Ormsby, turned him into a war hero by trying to "sivilize" him, forcing him to obey the rules of the home (a form of spiritual castration). In a pattern recognizable in American males from Natty Bumpoo to Robert Jordan, Virgil fled the domesticating influence of civilized, institutionalized life to become, first a hunter at one with a nature untainted by civilization, and then a fighter against fascism. The origin of Virgil's heroism is the rejection of ordinary American life in the twentieth century, which offers no opportunity to perform the heroic gestures of America's mythicized pioneer past. But Morris is gradually coming to emphasize the *flight* implied in such heroism over the courage. The result of Virgil's rebellion is destructive because, as flight, it leads to a failure of engagement with life. Thus he dies and is reborn as a mechanical monster—the naval destroyer Mrs. Ormsby christens in his honor.

Similarly, in *The Huge Season* (1954), Charles Lawrence's hunger for "perfection" is suicidal and, as emulated by Proctor, another anti-fascist, becomes the impulse of men who "would

rather die, in a righteous foxhole, than come and face the battle of daily life."[7a] In Charlie Munger, of *Ceremony in Lone Tree* (1960), these self-destructive forces are turned against others, and Oswald is clearly adumbrated for the first time. Based on Nebraska killer Charles Starkweather, Munger remains on the periphery of *Ceremony in Lone Tree*, but the major action of the novel dramatizes the kinship between his violence and the more recognizably normal problems of the central characters. As with Munger, their frustration at the disappearance of a romantic America and at what has taken its place can be relieved only by violence, either actual or psychological. One of Morris's most admired novels, *Ceremony in Lone Tree*, may well be his most effective dramatization of the role played by the cultural and historical traditions of America's past in creating rebels of the Munger type. But *One Day* is Morris's most effective picture of what in the American present arouses their violence, as well as his most comprehensive and explicit study of the psychological forces behind it. Like Munger's murderers, the assassination lies on the fringes of the novel's action, but the small town square of Escondido, California, where the news from Dallas arrives, is the nation's moral crossroads. Flourishing here are the conditions that made Lee Harvey Oswald not only possible, but inevitable.

The chief reflective consciousness of *One Day* is the veterinarian Harold Cowie, whose "natural tendency to see everything from the sidelines"[8] actually amounts to a withdrawal from life. Two apparently trivial memories associated with his boyhood in Des Moines and a third of a trip to Mexico as a young man account for his withdrawal. Cowie had lost a cigar box full of marbles and had found it twenty years later with his name still burned on the lid, empty. And at fifteen he had accidentally lost his pet chameleon in a pile of sand. For the adult Cowie the marbles were to be the key unlocking the seemingly inviolable past, but his attempt to recover them yielded only an empty shell of what once was, the box without the marbles. Like so many Morris characters, Cowie learns that while memories are imperishable, realities are not, the disparity forming a cogent demonstration of the mutability of life in time. The incident with the chameleon teaches the related lessons that life is fragile

and man is helpless before the thousands of accidents occurring every day: "an accident took the life of the child in the home, the driver on the highway, the traveler on the airplane, and the poor devil idly passing the building going up, or the one coming down. . . . The man in the street . . . mortgaged away his peace to appease this monster, as men in the past sacrificed maidens to appease the Gods. And those appeasable Gods had disappeared to be replaced by a new one. The accident. The meaningless event" (p. 170).

The middle American connotations of Des Moines suggest that Cowie's experiences are typically American. Mexico, in Morris's moral geography, stands for a condition of the soul in which, as he says in an article, one loses one's "protective finish,"[9] that is, where the evasions and compromises of civilization give way before the primal facts of existence. On a trip to Mexico, Cowie encounters a more terrible instance of chance at work when he kills two road workers in a car wreck. What follows amounts to moral flight from the truth and establishes a pattern of escape and evasion in his character. The natives of Matamoros, where Cowie convalesces, try to ease his guilt with this comfort: ". . . the word for what must happen is *accident*. Let him be thankful that what happened had not been *worse* (p. 178). But it is just this—the rule of chance and the cruel consolation that things could be worse but not better—which Cowie refuses to face. He repudiates the brute, objective time of an amoral material universe, the time which can be recorded by a clock: "No true sense could be made of human events if one accepted the illusion traced on the clock's face: every clock told time that was out, not the time that was in. Cowie preferred to believe in a time wherein it was clear, and in no way accidental, that he would round a predictable corner and responsibly wipe out the lives of two men" (p. 189). Cowie's insomnia becomes the sign that he follows a time of his own.

Cowie assumes the role of matchmaker between Dr. Carillo and Concepción, his landlady's daughter, to sustain the illusion that this is an orderly universe: bringing them together would prove there was a preordained cosmic purpose behind his apparently senseless accident: "Here in this tomb a lover and his beloved had been like . . . birds in separate cages, until Cowie

had been brought to join them. Was it possible to speak of this as an *accident?*" (p. 194). When Cowie discovers that Concepción really loves him, his comfortable illusion is destroyed, and he turns from intellectual evasion to literal flight. Unprepared to accept love in a world where connections are subject to the conditions of finitude, he chooses to remain a bachelor, ultimately deciding that "meaningful events *are accidents*" (p. 21); they are inherent in the condition of finitude and their meaning is to confirm the world's contingency.

Strategically placed near the end of *One Day,* the account of how Luigi Boni, the artist, was given the responsibility for feeding a pack of trapped and starving cats forms a highly suggestive parable bearing upon the world view advanced in the novel. Luigi generally accepts life with the unquestioning simplicity implied in his all-purpose greeting, "Enchoy life!" (p. 121), and he reacts toward the assassination with an analogous cosmic acceptance: "To the extent that anything defied explanation the hand of God could be seen in it . . . the President . . . had been assassinated. If the meaning of that escaped Luigi, it was clear to God" (p. 360). The incident with the cats, however, disposes of this consolation. When the mother cat has kittens, Luigi faces an insoluble moral dilemma characteristic of a contingent world: ". . . what did it all add up to but just more hungry mouths to feed? In place of the one she had, there were now five. And if he fed them, and they lived, and if he went on feeding her. . . . What would it prove to be but worse?" (p. 351). When Luigi's problem is solved by an illness that keeps him from feeding the cats, he concludes, "For the cats in the cage Luigi was God. If he fed them, they lived. If not they died" (p. 351). To the cats, the comings and goings of Luigi, like their own cornered situation, must have seemed incomprehensible, and his disappearance must have seemed a collossal and inscrutable catastrophe. What was explicable to man was inexplicable to the cats; the accidents which make sense to God make no sense, and offer no comfort, to questioning man.

Although, like Cowie, the city of Escondido "doesn't go by clocks" (p. 6), the imagery of clocks, chimes, and timed stoplights and the book's division into sections entitled "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Evening" confirm that the town's escape from time

and chance events is an illusion. Morris calls these events "the news on the hour," and most of the news is bad: "With the fog coming in the news on the hour is often the same. A man has leaped off the bridge, a car has leaped off the highway, the fog along the coast is stretching inland" (p. 4). Suggesting the staggering pace at which bad news is announced in contemporary America, the news on the hour also ticks off relentlessly the march of time.

The bad news reaching Escondido on this day contains a more urgent reminder of man's finitude: death can come unexpectedly, as it did to the late husband of Cowie's housekeeper, who dropped dead on a driving range with his bucket of golf balls half full, and as it does to the young President gunned down in Dallas. In his essay on *One Day,* Morris describes the section "Holmes, Speaking," nominally presented by a mortician as a commercial for the noon news, as "a devotion on the larger subject of Death itself" (p. 20). Falling near the exact center of the novel and at high noon of the day, the section is not what one might expect—a conventional elegy on the President's death or an ironic attack on the American way of death (a favorite Morris target). Morris makes no effort to create the consistent illusion that the monologue is spoken by a real undertaker in a real broadcast. A line like "I detect in myself a profound respect for the bones that still live" (p. 256), with its glancing allusion to a favorite quote of the author's, and serious observations on subjects like euthanasia testify to the continued presence of Morris himself behind the Holmes persona. Moreover, the speculations on death in the monologue are clearly Morris's own, not a character's, and they carry the authority of omniscient authorial commentary. The sometimes mocking tone with which these speculations are presented keeps them from sounding pretentious without depriving them of their essential seriousness. The result is one of the subtlest passages of this length in Morris's fiction.

Holmes's most somber comments acknowledge death as the universal fate of things in time. When King Tutankhamen was buried, "Some danger threatened. Just as it does today. Any moment and we all might return to dust" (p. 246). Sitting at the wheel of his hearse, Holmes sees in the irritation of passing motorists a sign they have gotten the corpse's message, "You are

alive, the dead man whispers, but not for long! . . . where else are you both bound but death?" (p. 253). As the mortician says, "When the body dies it is death that is born" (p. 250)—when one man dies, the existential fact of death is brought home to the survivors. To avoid facing this fact, the survivors demean death with a cheap burial which "*dispenses* with death, as it *disposes* of the body" (p. 248). Although Holmes ostensibly intends this argument to sell more expensive funerals, it actually affirms the importance Morris gives to death as the one incontrovertible proof of life. To be dead, one must first have been alive. This fact has significance because, as shall be seen, life alone contains potential for moral action and therefore confers moral responsibility.

At day's end the meditations of the dogcatcher Chavez return to many of Holmes's reflections, endowing them with elegiac grandeur. As a Mexican, Chavez is the one character able to accept humbly life's flesh-bound contingency. He protests to himself that a certain dignity is due the flesh as well as the soul: "It was dead every *body* would be for the longest time. This being so it deserved more respect" (p. 375). His massive and robust wife Conchita has reality for him only in the flesh which will one day die: "To reduce her to ashes was to do just that: reduce her. She was not ashes, she was not spirit, and when it came time for her to die it would have to be said that an awful lot of woman lay dead" (p. 375). Only by acknowledging the reality of the living flesh can man grasp the full enormity of what has happened in Dallas: "The word *dead* was like a stone, and as heavy. Dead. Dead. Dead. The weight of it might be said to be the measure of the missing life" (p. 375).

The world view Morris presents in *One Day* has clear affinities with existentialism: it emphasizes human finitude, sees man as existing in a field of contingencies which confront him with the need to make difficult moral choices, and implies that conscious anxiety about finitude, often aroused by an encounter with nothingness, is preferable to an automatism in which one's consciousness is caught in the unthinking routines of ordinary life. On the other hand, Morris, unlike more doctrinaire existentialists, emphasizes the consciousness that comes in existential moments more than the choice which goes with and stimulates it. Moreover he regards consciousness as of less value in itself than in producing such conventional proofs of humanity as passion and compassion. In effect, this means that he goes beyond describing the process of choice, the classic existential concern, to prescribing what that choice should be.

To Morris, man's existential condition is the first link in a complicated and not always clear chain of motives leading to the assassination. As Cowie's case illustrates, man's response to the ontological fact of life's contingency constitutes a significant social fact. After the fifteen-year-old Cowie tried for hours to find his lost chameleon, his uncle, Mr. Ahearn, asked him a question which was to "echo" through the adult Cowie's life, "For chrissake kid, when will you give up?" (p. 83). From that moment, "the phrase *I give up* might be found, like a tariff stamp, on Cowie's bottom . . ." (p. 170): he gives up Concepción for bachelorhood, medicine for veterinary work, people for animals, and consciousness for a kind of moral sleeping sickness. Concepción's name suggests that he thereby rejects life itself, just as her lovely body and acne-pitted face suggests life's ambiguous combination of beauty and ugliness.

Morris sees Cowie's giving up as the major "Bill of Wrongs" accompanying America's Bill of Rights: "In each man's weary pursuit of happiness this right to give up loomed larger and larger . . . numberless lovers had given up love, and increasing numbers had given up their conscious lives. A non-conscious life they still lived, and the future looked bright for non-conscious dying. But to be fully conscious was to be fully exposed. Cause for alarm. As a matter of survival one gave it up" (p. 365). Faced with conditions he can do nothing about—time, death, chance—man is drained of the will and courage to cope with those he can do something about—his human relationships. Seeking to avoid the pain of being human, he forsakes humanity itself.

Cowie's behavior is particularly American because the belief in human perfectibility implicit in our institutions and our laudable belief in man's right to the pursuit of happiness have fostered the popular myth that man has a right to *happiness itself*. When this American faith in the infinite potential of life to delight and satisfy runs hard up against the facts of man's finite nature, the citizen either takes refuge in non-essentials which can

be perfected, such as technology, business, and social institutions, or explodes in frustrated aggression against others or himself. The former response contributes the chief article in Morris's indictment of Escondido. The most painless way to give up is to disguise the resulting emotional void with a shiny surface of superfluous objects and sterile social conventions, or in the words of the novel, "with a polish that would stick without waxing, an enamel so pretty hell itself would look good reflected in it" (p. 156).[10]

In an essay Morris admires, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote, ". . . in a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day. At that hour the tendency is to refuse to face things as long as possible by retiring into an infantile dream—but one is continually startled out of this by various contacts with the world."[11] In *One Day* infantile dreams and adult nightmares are all too durable. The recurrent image of sleep connotes a narcosis of sensibility. Parallel images are the fog enveloping Escondido with the bad news on the hour and connoting an emotional blindness which transforms the town into an "asphalt cemetery" (p. 7) for the spiritually dead, and the T. V. snow connoting a numbing, cold emotional rigor mortis. Adele Skopje, "the Madame Sosostris of this wasteland,"[12] resembles Eliot's seer in speaking better than she knows. She pronounces authoritative judgment on Escondido—"Attachment to things is death. Attachment to non-things is life" (p. 90)—but fears death by water—"To get wet all over was to dangerously threaten the spark of life" (p. 109) because wetness "chills the blood"—when the chill cast by an obsession with objects is the real threat to man. In Adele's case the threat is literally realized when the ice machine goes beserk causing the car wreck that takes her life. The intricacy of this image shows how completely Morris's analysis is carried out in the details of the novel.

Those who accept personal relationships, instead of dodging them like Cowie, have these relationships poisoned by selfishness, insensitivity, or reserve. Holmes admits that his father "found it easier to give me a quarter than to look me in the eye, or place his hand on my head" (p. 255). Wendell Horlick, the misanthrope who withdraws into feigned deafness because "the less he heard the better off he was" (p. 11), hates, and is hated by, his wife

and son. Miriam Horlick wallows in an imaginary love for Cowie and compares people unfavorably to vegetables. In her masochistic self-pity, she comes up with an image for her condition which fits the whole town: "a cold day in hell was just a perfectly normal day in her life" (p. 340). Evelina Cartwright concedes that her relationship with her daughter Alec, the most important family relationship in the book, has been "twenty years of war" (p. 161). Evelina finds abstract love of the collective, expressed in her work on public-spirited projects, more comfortable than concrete love of the individual: "It was not children she did not care for—just her own" (p. 143). Although she makes a great show of loving babies, she avoids the personal commitment implied by the smell of diapers, which she hates to get on her clothes.

The strongest positive emotions of Escondido's citizens are reserved for pets, a fact which supplies Morris with his most pervasive image of the failure of human feeling. If human love is complicated and flawed, a dog loves his owner perfectly, and in love for pets, as in Evelina's love for the abstraction humanity, there is little real giving of the self: The cartons supplied for taking new pets from the Pound read "FREE LOVE" (p. 364)—love which one gets for nothing, for no emotional expenditure. "Lacking in passion . . . the problem of keeping up the connections [with people] was simply too much for Cowie. . . . He had settled for connections not so easily broken, invisible lines of force. The raccoon waiting in the darkness, the cat in the doorway, dispensed with the mockery of understanding: the lines of give and take were always up" (p. 365).

Like Huck Finn, Morris has been there before. The world of Escondido corresponds to the sivilized Aunt Sally world of Mrs. Ormsby, though clearly Morris's perception of it has deepened and taken on a metaphysical dimension not present in *Man and Boy*. And like *Man and Boy* and *Huckleberry Finn, One Day* has its rebels and its runaways. Just as the literal fog in Escondido makes a neon light resemble a smoldering fire, so the symbolic fog of insensibility harbors a fire of social unrest. This unrest, represented by the civil rights protests of the period, is a moral descendant of Virgil's and Dudley's heroics and, more ominously, of Huck's flight. For in the last analysis, protest too betokens an escape from feeling, and one the assassination reflects on directly.

Alec's protest against the shiny "surface" of Escondido is expressed through her love affair with "Protest" Jackson, the black freedom rider. She finally breaks with him when she sees that her revolution is more radical than his. Impressed by Ralph Ellison's novel, he wants to be a "visible" man, but his protest has nothing for the *in*visible man, the man beneath the surface. Instead of more and deeper feeling, he wants more things, more status, more of what the people of Escondido already have, more of the same. It is against this background that Alec gives birth to her ultimate protest—the illegitimate son who bears as a real name what had been only his father's nickname to indicate the greater essential legitimacy of this protest.

As the novel was planned before the assassination, the major moral revelation was to be caused by Alec's depositing her baby in the Escondido Pound, which stands as a corrosive testament to the highest love of which the town is capable. The animal images in *One Day*, with their attendant thematic implications, lend their accumulated moral weight to this gesture: in a world gone to the dogs, the only place for a real human being is the Pound.

But Alec's gesture fails to shock the nation as it was supposed to because in Dallas frustration very like hers explodes with more violent results. On the opposite side of the same coin from protest is impotence, a sense of helplessness toward a loveless world of accident, and violence, its convulsive release. In *One Day*, Oswald's murderous impotence becomes the common property of men who can form no lasting connection in the face of a meaningless universe: of Mr. Ahearn, who demolishes with an axe the car he has been trying for two years to assemble, of Horlick, whose only pleasure is to shoot something, and of Cowie, the thoughtful loner in flight from life. In Oswald impotence finds its ultimate perverted protest: He kills "the one man with the power to act as he could not" (p. 366), the one man who has managed to establish connections and to face the long haul of life.

The assassination thus has a clear lesson for the characters of *One Day*. It teaches Alec that placing her child in the Pound is only one more way of giving up, not only on the baby, but on the whole human race. It amounts to a wish to murder what is

human in herself. The citizens of Escondido are accomplices before the fact to the murder for having shared Oswald's impotence and contributed to its causes. As Alec says, "We all killed him" (p. 237). This judgment is supported by Morris's images—the fog-wrapped square emits "the eerie spectral glow of a scene awaiting its crime" (p. 7)—and by a series of allusions to *Macbeth*.

But the full importance of the assassination becomes clear only when we examine Morris's statement in his essay on the novel that its theme both before and after November 22 was to be "man's inhumanity to man, his fall, and his second chance" (p. 14). In view of this, the murder seems positively fortunate for the novel: besides being a powerful example of man's inhumanity to man, it is the one imaginable event with the requisite shock value to cause the characters to take a second look at themselves, the necessary first step toward a "second chance." As it is even the murder is not terrible enough to reach some inhabitants of Escondido. Luigi is too willing to accept the most comfortable reflections about life and the Horlicks are too egotistical to be permanently touched by it. Although one critic has argued that it inspires a renewal of "a genuine and mutually responsive connection" (Waterman, p. 33) between the Cartwrights, the evidence indicates that Evelina remains unchanged. She denies Alec's confession of guilt for the murder and even tries to give away her grandson, the emblem of her consanguinity with Alec. Above all, the assassination has no special moral significance to her; it represents merely the fulfillment of Adele's prophecy that this day spells bad luck for travelers.

Although the murder teaches much about himself to Cowie, who accepts his guilt when he acknowledges his similarity to Oswald, it is not clear whether the knowledge will make a real difference in his life. Only Alec gets a clear-cut second chance, as evidenced by her refusal to give up her baby a second time when Evelina tries to get rid of him. Although she felt pity rather than love for him before, she now believes "that love might well emerge from what she was feeling" (p. 333). The child who had been called Protest, Alec renames Friday, not in honor of Defoe's memorable detente between black and white, but also in tribute to this special Friday when love replaces protest

in her heart and she finds "the future in her hands" (p. 433). One reason Alec can change is that she is already more sensitive than the others, but a more important reason is that the assassination so dramatically dwarfs her own small protest and, in the example of Oswald, exposes its dark underside.

It is hard to imagine how any other predictable aftermath to the abandonment could have had the same effect, and thus hard to imagine *One Day* without the assassination, the fiction without the history. Nevertheless, on the question of the fiction's success, it might be charged that both Morris's cry of universal responsibility and his larger judgment that materialism has made Americans unfeeling are the simplistic clichés warned of at the start of the discussion. The answer to this is that there are few works which do not sound simplistic when their themes are summarized in a sentence. This essay attempts to give some sense to the complex reasoning behind Morris's overall conclusion as well as the intricate interrelationships of the novel's images. Virtually all its details (such as the fog, Cowie's habit of falling asleep at odd times, and Jackson's reading) not only provide verisimilitude, but also contribute to the novel's meaning. They are not merely facts, but facts made aesthetically significant by the imagination. More important is what an abstract analysis like this one cannot give a sense of: the solidity of felt experience behind *One Day* and the rich suggestiveness and complexity of its drama. Cowie, Chavez, Wendell, and Alec, at least in the last section, are among Morris's finest characters, and the Holmes chapter is a tour de force in the management of tone, one of the rare places in contemporary fiction where an author's distinctive voice overwhelmingly emerges. As with all good art, these constitute the novel's true value.

Morris has written that the contemporary artist "must become that paradox, both a visionary and a realist" (*The Territory Ahead*, p. 218). As a realist, he starts with how things are; as a visionary, he brings us to why things are. When a President dies in Dallas, that is how things are in Escondidos all across the continent. In showing us why such things are, Morris has finally decided, fiction makes history possible: "If it is good fiction we accept it as history" (*About Fiction*, p. 3). Man requires the necessary angel of fiction because his dreaming nature can deal with facts

only as they impress themselves on his imagination. When the fact is something like the assassination, the angel is not only necessary, but urgently necessary. In showing us why the assassination had to be, *One Day* gives us history as fiction, history as revelation, that is, not history at all, but art.

Central Missouri State University

NOTES

1. "The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words," in *The Necessary Angel: Essays on Reality and the Imagination* (New York: Vintage Books edition, 1951), p. 20.
2. *About Fiction: Reverent Reflections on the Nature of Fiction with Irreverent Observations on Writers, Readers, & Other Abuses* (New York: Harper & Row, 1975).
3. Harvey Breit, "Talk with Wright Morris," *New York Times Book Review*, 10 June 1951, p. 19.
4. "*One Day:* November 22, 1963—November 22, 1967," in *Afterwards: Novelists on Their Novels*, ed. Thomas McCormack (New York: Harper & Row, 1969), p. 14.
5. *Newsweek*, 22 February 1965, p. 98.
6. "Time Stops and the World Goes On," *Saturday Review*, 20 February 1965, pp. 23-24.
7. Oswald qualifies as a hero under the special meaning of the term in Morris. See David Madden, "The Hero and the Witness in Wright Morris' Field of Vision," *PrS*, 34 (Fall, 1960), 263-278.

7a. *The Huge Season* (New York: Viking, 1954), p. 169.

8. *One Day* (New York: Atheneum, 1965), p. 65.
9. "Mexican Journey," *Holiday*, 26 (Nov., 1959), 52. Other works in which Mexico has this status include *The Field of Vision* (1956) and *Love Among the Cannibals* (1957).
10. Many of the same ideas are developed in expository form in Morris's *A Bill of Rites, A Bill of Wrongs, A Bill of Goods* (New York: New American Library, 1968).
11. *The Crack-Up*, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1945), p. 75. For Morris's comments on the essay see *The Territory Ahead*, 1958; rpt. (New York: Atheneum, 1963), pp. 157-170.
12. Arthur E. Waterman, "Wright Morris's *One Day:* The Novel of Revelation," *FurmS*, N. S. 15 (May, 1968), p. 33.

A FORGOTTEN LANDMARK IN DRAMATIC REALISM

HERBERT BERGMAN

" 'The Hoosier Doctor' is a literary landmark. It is a creation that will do more to bring the seemingly insuperable animus between latter-day literature and the theater to an understanding than any drama since Howells espoused the stand taken by James Herne"—so read the review of Augustus Thomas's *The Hoosier Doctor* in the Chicago *Daily News* on May 5, 1897. But this landmark in dramatic realism has been completely forgotten: even Professor Quinn's comprehensive *A History of American Drama From the Civil War to the Present Day* fails to discuss it. As a document in the rise of dramatic realism and as a good play, *The Hoosier Doctor* deserves to be rescued from its unmerited oblivion to take its place beside Herne's *Margaret Fleming* as a pioneer drama which elucidates the principles set forth by William Dean Howells. It stands far above the drama of its period in both its fidelity to everyday American life and its relative freedom from the theatrical conventions of its time.[1]

The play prompted a contemporary reviewer to write that "Augustus Thomas and James A. Herne . . . are the two American playwrights who have put themselves in sympathy with the real, every-day, dusty, turn-down collar American, who is really the type of our country. They have succeeded in putting him on the stage with all his homely sense of fun, his love of good women and his awkward heroism. They are the genuine realists of the American stage" (Chicago *Record*, May 3, 1897). Thomas, then, was exemplifying Howells' belief that the realist should deal with "every-day life."[2] His characters include a grocer, a printer, a carpenter, and a clergyman; the central male character is an impoverished, kindly father of three girls, a figure of "plodding perseverance and plain industry," who receives "joy from helping

others" (Howells, pp. 96, 106). At forty-five, "after failing in nearly every other business," he studies medicine and becomes an homeopathist, meanwhile supporting himself by delivering papers, selling books and other items, and school teaching.

He and the other types "from every-day, middle-class life are drawn so close to nature that almost every one has met a possible prototype for them" (Washington *Post*, Apr. 23, 1897), and "we instantly recognize them as types" (Chicago *Times*, May [?], 1897). Thomas was following Howells' theory, which Thomas later restated, that the realist should present "a story of our own life, honestly studied and faithfully represented" (Howells, p. 80). At the time of the play's production he said: "I believe the time is coming when dramatists will write only what they know, and people will go to see such plays because they are truthful" (Washington *Post*, April 23, 1897). Writing of his "own life," of what he knew, Thomas modelled the doctor upon his own father, who at the age of fifty went to a Homeopathic College, and the grandmother upon his own grandmother, whose "opinion was the most decisive in the family": she was "sometimes mistaken but never in doubt"; he wrote her into "three different plays quite intentionally, and perhaps into forty other by some indirection."[3]

Involving "fidelity to experience," the poverty, moreover, was taken from Thomas's experience: he "was painfully poor as a kid,"[4] and later said that no one can write a play who has not suffered; but you should not worry, for life would take care of suffering for you.[5] He gives "nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material" (Howells, p. 73); he presents an "uncompromisingly real study of the sordid, unlovely manner of living of poor people" in Indiana. He "is as inexorable in his insistence upon verity in the superficial details as Strindberg himself. [He shows us] the fuel, the butter (which is nearly out), the thirty-cents-per-pound tea, the 'coal oil' lamps, the calico frocks, the patches and the darns,"[6] the lamp filling and dishwashing, the forty-cents-per-pound sugar, the three or four cheap wooden chairs, the $11.40 grocery bill and the cheap S. C. & Co. table. He tells us, through the lips of the grandmother, of what Howells called the wretched beings, suffering, the "vast masses of man sunk in misery" struggling for mere life, the "matter-of-fact

poverty and commonplace distress" (pp. 106, 184, 96). If Gramma Coogle had "only known" what she was doing before she brought her child into the world—"The misery! The eternal starvation an' shiverin' an' pinchin' to keep death's bony fingers"—she might never have done so. "Knowing all the sorrow" that she does, she would not want to call back a woman who had just died. She thinks that "it's a pity" that her own "daughter hadn't died before . . . bringin' a lot of poor helpless girls here to suffer." To her, "poor marriages are the cause of all the misery in the world." "Look at this house," she cries, "—all from marrying a man without a cent. . . . That's the outcome of love in a cottage marriage. . . . Look at Harriet. Deserted and thrown back on her sister to support." Dr. Willow, according to her, is "strong enough to have a big poverty stricken family that he never could support." She objects to a "poor printer" as a husband for one of the girls. And when the printer proposes he romantically says: "Two meals a day an' the washin' sent out. And I won't kick on a gas stove." The equally romantic proposal of a grocer to another daughter is also in economic terms:

> Trade is good—I've put a lean-to addition on the east side of the store for garden truck and I've opened a set of runnin' accounts with the reliable folks—They ain't been many bad debts and it looks to me like the margin this year would be close to four thousand— . . . I'm thinkin' of marrying Miss Alvira—an' lots of women could do worse. There's a little gilding on one of my delivery wagons—she's yours—and I want to say there's enough stuff spoils on my counter every day to keep two families like this.

Because of these details, while recognizing that the play had the "merit of atmospheric effect and its studies of character are sordid and realistic in truth," a review captioned "Play Full of Gloom" in the New York *Press* complained that "in striving for fidelity of type it would seem that Mr. Thomas has lost sight of the chief object of the modern drama, which is to interest, entertain and amuse the audience." But the story "relates the pitiful struggles with poverty of a middle-aged doctor. There is little in it except woe, and its recital, instead of diverting the auditors, held them in melancholy. . . . This gloomy play, . . . this depressing piece" is "interesting chiefly as a microscopic study of homely character and the mistaken effort at realism of an author who once delighted the public."

The Hoosier Doctor, however, would have delighted Howells, if not the public, for it did not seek "merely to entertain"; and Art, as he said, must "make friends with Need" (pp. 99, 184). It would have pleased him, too, because, the review notwithstanding, there is more in it than woe: there are "the more smiling aspects of life," the "large cheerful average of health and success and happy life" (Howells, pp. 128, 129). It was Howellsian realism: *The Hoosier Doctor*, as one critic put it, is "a page torn from everyday life and treated not in a line of abject and exasperating realism, but with gentle, sympathetic and genial humor" (Chicago *Daily News*, Aug. 16, 1897) and with "cheerful optimism" (New York *Times*, Apr. 24, 1898). "The realism of Thomas's atmosphere," said another critic, "does not entail the dominance of the ugly and noxious—although some dramatists insist that realism to be realism must exalt the nasty, if not the horrible things in life" (Chicago *Chronicle*, May 3, 1897).

Nothing is really ugly in the play, although the humor is not always "gentle, sympathetic and genial," especially that stemming from the doctor's fear of and dominance by Gramma, a typical stage figure, whose remarks about "the men tribe" in general and Dr. Willow—in particular about his inability to support his family, his "pill dabblin'," his experiments, his smoking (she makes him stand out on a cold porch to smoke), and his liking for Mrs. Bunce—are quite acidly acerbic. When Mrs. Bunce, to whom Dr. Willow is secretly married (a situation which leads to some humor) offers, for example, to let the doctor have the front room in her house for an office, Gramma, in somewhat less than a genial fashion, erupts: "Ah me! Do they ever get so old that it burns out of 'em—from the first moment they're out o' knee breeches till they go dodderin' into their graves—it's wimen—wimen—wimen." As the play ends, the tables are turned on her by a police captain's telling her that he has had enough of her "guff. Now just close your face, or I'll fill it full of carpet and load you into a wheelbarrow. You're drunk"; and by her son-in-law's asserting that "I think we'll live happy, Gramma, 'cause after this I'll do the talkin' for the family."

Mingled with the humor are optimism, pathos, and sentiment. The doctor, despite the burden imposed upon him by three daughters and a mother-in-law, maintains that marriage "brings the only real joy that life has." It soothes him to think that every one of the stars "may be a world with people in it—happy homes and children." He is happy because "we're warm and comfortable. This is delicious soup. The tea's good"; and he takes joy in the warm, hearty appearance of a room—"the way a home ought to look." He mitigates the pathos of a five-year-old baby girl's being left homeless by the death of her mother who was deserted by her husband, by adopting the child; then he sentimentally exhudes: "Dear me—how this renews our life. A house without a baby in it is a failure. We may gild it and cushion it and sculpture it all we will; but it's a failure."

But he makes the play mawkish, or what Howells might have labelled "Slop, Silly Slop" and what reviewers termed "sentimental sloppings" (New York *Evening Telegram*) and "sentimental rubbish" (New York *Herald*) by telling little Rosie: "And some day this little Rosebud will grow up and bloom in the bower of some happy cottage *[sic]* there will be the perfume of perfected womanhood." And his undressing Rosie (who kisses him, after which he kisses her and she kisses Gramma), his hearing her prayers, and Rosie's ride on Tom's back are extraneous staples of domestic drama:[7] in Herne's *Shore Acres,* for instance, a child is undressed; and the eating of food on the stage (in this case ice cream and cake, with which tea is drunk) is another favorite Herne device. So, too, is the ending: Mrs. Bunce lights the doctor's cigar; he sits contentedly in a chair and then removes his shoes; Rosie, in a nightgown, tiptoes down the stairs, while, no doubt, the soft strains of "Hearts and Flowers" are gently heard in the background.

These scenes for the child Thomas wrote for Sol Smith Russell, who declined the play. Unaware of this fact, a few critics commented on the suitability of it for him; one wrote: "The scenes with the little child could only have been suggested by incidents in 'The Poor Relation' and other plays in which Mr. Russell has appeared, and the genial, gentle diffidence of Dr. Willow, his awkward simplicity and genuine worth, are positive reflections from Russell's famous characterizations" (unidentified [Chicago?]

review, in Thomas scrapbook, University of North Carolina Library). The similarity of the acting of Digby Bell to Russell in the serious and to Nat Goodwin in the comic business was commented upon, and in a curtain speech Bell "disclaimed any intention of forcing Messrs. Jefferson, Goodwin or Russell from the picture of homely comedy, but would be content to creep into the frame of the picture" (Chicago *Dispatch,* May [?], 1897).

Although written for a star (but not suffering therefrom), *The Hoosier Doctor,* unlike most other plays of its period, which Howells considered "carpentry," having "Miller Coupler and Buffer" plots,[8] is not well-made, with "big" endings to the acts, sensational scenes, and puppet-like characters manipulated to suit the action. Its uniqueness is demonstrated by the criticisms that it lacks "a strong and novel theme" (New York *Sun*), "dramatic force" and action (New York Evening *Post;* unidentified review [of Dec., 1896?] in Harvard Theatre Collection), a "genuinely stirring situation" (Chicago *Journal,* May 3, 1897), a "gradual rise in the emotional effect" (New York *Times,* Apr. 24, 1898), and "the power" of Thomas's *Alabama* and *In Mizzoura* (New York *Press*). Thomas aimed not at strength, force, stirring situations, ascending action, or power, but at character portrayal; and "the fun arises from the character rather than upon surprises and unexpected situations. . . . The visit of White Caps [a vigilance committee aroused by the scandal of Dr. Willow's spending some nights with Mrs. Bunce, his secretly married wife] is the only attempt [and it is ill-advised] at striking dramatic effect in the whole play" (New York *Commercial Advertiser*); it comes near the end of the three-act play. The play, then, "belongs to the naturalistic school of drama, in complete contrast with the romantic. . . . [It] appeals to the heart rather than to the senses" (Washington *Post,* Apr. 23, 1897); and so Thomas was a true dramatist rather than what Howells disdainfully termed "a contriver of emotional acts analagous to the feats of the trapeze or of the grand-and-lofty tumbling," a seeker of "mere effects . . . for the sake of effect."[9] In fact, *The Hoosier Doctor* is "a character study . . . hardly a play, for the plot amounts to nothing; . . . [it] is simply a series of domestic pictures" (New York *World*) in which the characters, who were favorably compared with

those of Sarah Orne Jewett (New York *Times*, Apr. 24, 1898), are "more interesting than the slender thread of story which keeps them together" (Chicago *Chronicle*, May 3, 1897); Thomas, a reviewer commented, "has deliberately set himself to walk in the paths of Mr. Heme" (Boston *Advertiser*, Mar. 29, 1898). And Howels would have approved of the lack of a plot: "for a play a plot of close texture is no more necessary than for a novel" (p. 319). But he would not have approved of the child's improbable inheritance of ninety thousand dollars.

This, and the visit of the White Caps, is theatrical,[10] but otherwise the play is natural and simple. "The danger in this is that you may approach too near the deadline between realistic dulness and dramatic interest," Thomas said. "The people say, 'Yes, this is pretty and natural, but it's too dry," and they proceed to stay away from your play. As a result, I have been alternating between natural and theatrical plays, preferring the former, but forced to write the latter" (Chicago *Chronicle*, Aug. 16, 1897).

Although *The Hoosier Doctor* is a "natural" play telling of Thomas's own poverty-stricken life, with characters based on his father and grandmother, yet it is enlivened with humor and optimism and embellished with pathos and sentiment. While written for a star, it lacks the characteristics of the well-made play and has little plot. It is a forgotten landmark in dramatic realism, perfectly answering Howell's call for realism voiced in *Criticism and Fiction*. As such, it was recognized by contemporary reviewers, some of whom criticized its departure from convention, one of whom admirably sums up Thomas's unique contribution:

> In "The Hoosier Doctor," Mr. Thomas has given the stage something unique. It is a simple, tender, homely play that touches the emotions almost constantly, although lightly. Laughter frequently chases tears from beneath quivering eyelids. It is wholly free from theatrical device and artificial effects. To witness it after a season of society, costume and sensational plays is like turning from a gaudy painting to gaze upon nature's face. . . . Mr. Thomas had been remarkably successful in weaving an interesting story around the lives of a set of ordinary people, such as are met with in everyday life. To undertake this without the aid of a villain, an adventuress or a low comedy character was a task demanding rare skill (Detroit *Journal*, Jan. 28, 1898).

Michigan State University

NOTES

1. A typescript of the play is in the Theatre Collection of the New York Public Library and in the University of North Carolina Library, which also has a pen manuscript. I am indebted to the American Philosophical Society for a grant which enabled me to examine the Augustus Thomas Collection at the University of North Carolina Library and to make photocopies of the play and reviews in the University of North Carolina Library and the New York Public Library Theatre Collection, and of material in the Harvard Theatre Collection.
2. *Criticism and Fiction* (New York, 1891), p. 10. Unless otherwise stated, the Howells quotations all are from this source.
3. *The Print of My Remembrance* (New York and London, 1922), pp. 10, 18, 7.
4. Quoted in Montrose J. Moses, *Representative Plays by American Dramatists 1856-1911* (New York, 1921), p. 451.
5. Talk before Harvard English 47 class--told me by George Abbott, July 28, 1954.
6. New York *Times*, Apr. 19, 1898. Unless otherwise stated, all New York papers cited are of this date.
7. The scenes with the child were longer in the play as originally produced: "It was a good idea to abbreviate the scenes with the tiny ward of the doctor, and the baby . . . no longer seems to be lugged in by the nightie for pure theatrical effect" (Chicago *Chronicle*, Aug. 16, 1897).
8. "The New Poetic Drama," *North American Review*, CLXXII (May, 1901), 796; "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly*, LXXXI (June, 1890), 153.
9. Howells, "The Plays of Eugene Brieux," *North American Review*, CCI (Mar., 1915), 407; "A New Kind of Play," *Literature*, N.S. I (Mar. 31, 1899), 266.
10. In the first production, according to one critic, the White-Cap episode was still more theatrical, the play ended with an additional improbability, and the dialogue was "risky" (another critic also noted this quality of the dialogue): ". . . the sly wedding of the young couple is followed by a white-cap raid in which the astonished physician is borne out to be ridden on a rail and his wife is driven from her home by a crowd of vengeful vixens. The person then testifies to the honesty of the doctor's relations with the widow, and the white-caps are seized by remorse.

    "Their ringleader, the grocer, appears with eatables; the carpenter repairs damage to the beseiged home, the kindling wood man leaves a load of wood, and lastly the doctor returns in a gorgeous suit of clothes given him by the tailor. Then it is told how the doctor, in flying from his persecutors, found in a distant meadow a weed that supplied the missing ingredient for his lotion. A chemist has agreed to pay handsomely for the recipe and fortune is assured to the gentle Hoosier, who generously pardons his traducers, and delightedly listens to promises of reformation on the part of the mother-in-law. . . . A regrettable feature is an astonishing amount of unusually risky dialogue which, at first amusing, becomes at length appalling and does real injury to

an otherwise sweet, wholesome play. It is undoubtedly true that folk of the country make frequent use of expressions which might not be tolerated elsewhere in mixed company, but it is equally true that the persistent, obviously intentional introduction to such allusions in Mr. Thomas's play seriously harms a work of much artistic merit and beauty" (New York *Dramatic Mirror*, Dec. 12, 1896).

THE WORLD OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY: BLACKS, WOMEN, AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION

James C. Austin

David Ross Locke was the creator of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, the satiric archetype of everything bad in Civil-War, Reconstruction, and Gilded-Age America. Locke is remembered, at least by a few people in Toledo, Ohio, as a poor boy who made his way in Midwestern journalism to becoming a civic leader in Toledo, a ponderable force in Republican politics, the editor of one of the most widely read and influential newspapers in the Midwest (the Toledo *Blade*), and a millionaire. Very few people are aware today that he was also a lecturer—one of the most popular lecturers in a day when the public lecture was almost as important as television is today.

Locke's lectures were different from anything else he ever did—and, in my opinion, better. He billed himself as Petroleum V. Nasby because he had already established that name as one of the popular attractions of American journalism. But he did not attempt as a lecturer to imitate the lowbrow dialect, the misspelling, and the crudity of his newspaper creation. His lecture manner was best described by Mark Twain: "he did not stop to bow . . . but strode straight to the reading desk, spread his portfolio open upon it, and immediately petrified himself into an attitude which he never changed during the hour and a half occupied by his performance, except to turn his leaves." His opening remark was a bellow, and "he went right on roaring to the end, tearing his ruthless way through the continuous applause and laughter, and taking no sort of account of it. . . . His success, Twain said, "was due to his matter not his manner; for his delivery was destitute of art, unless a tremendous and inspiring earnestness and energy may be called by that name."[1]

In fact, Locke's platform manner violated every principle that Twain and his mentor Artemus Ward practiced in their comic lectures. Their art was entirely in the delivery; their content was intentionally inane and disjointed. Locke's art—for he was not destitute of it—was in the writing. They were entertainers; Locke was deadly serious. As literature, Locke's lectures are much more worth preserving than Ward's or Twain's.

Locke probably worked harder in preparing his lectures than he did on any other of his voluminous works. Furthermore, by the time they were published, he had had the opportunity to polish them, for each lecture was delivered repeatedly, sometimes six days a week, throughout a lecture season of several months. His subjects were timely and important—subjects that he had studied and editorialized about for years. As a dedicated newspaper editor, Locke knew the society and politics of Ohio and of the United States as well as any man of his time, and he was in the forefront in most of the great reforms of the nineteenth century.

During his successful career as a lecturer, Locke gave just three major lectures. "Cussid Be Canaan" was delivered in the 1867-68 season and concerned Negro rights. "The Struggles of a Conservative with the Woman Question," 1868-69, concerned women's rights. And "In Search of the Man of Sin," 1870-71, was on political, social, and financial corruption. All three were printed in the 1888 edition of *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby*.[2] Then they sank into oblivion. Joseph Jones resurrected one of them—"Cussid Be Canaan"—in his 1963 edition of *The Struggles*,[3] but it can hardly be said to have created a stir.

I don't expect to create a stir either. I don't pretend to any special knowledge of the modern ramifications of Locke's subjects—civil rights, feminism, and corruption. I am only trying to say that Locke's lectures are both relevant and eloquent.

But before citing some examples, it is important to note the chief artistic device that Locke used to pound home his satire. That device is the pose. It is not exactly the deadpan pose of the crackerbox humorists. It is basically the same pose that Locke used in his Petroleum V. Nasby letters in the newspapers, although, as I said before, he made no attempt to imitate that character's appearance or manner. It is simply the pose of believing in everything that the author himself is really against. Please note that from here on I will use "Nasby" to designate the persona that Locke sets up in order to make him ridiculous. Nasby is a racist, a male chauvinist, and a hypocrite. Nasby is self-righteous to the point of absurdity. Nasby is the personification of the prejudices that vitiate American political and social life. He's not exactly an Archie Bunker; he's *always* wrong.

But with one important qualification. In each of the lectures, Locke concludes by taking off the mask. Nasby's arguments have proved to be insanely illogical. Nasby then turns into Locke, and the lecture comes to a resounding climax in a straightforward appeal to what is right.

The method depends upon heavy irony, on what I have called "reverse logic," and on the maintenance of a pose that is established at the start and that the audience must become aware of. It is a kind of hoax—comparable to Jonathan Swift's pose in *A Modest Proposal*, but with a clear reversal at the end.

In the first lecture, "Cussid Be Canaan," 1867, Locke pretended to be the Petroleum V. Nasby he had created in the newspapers, but only to the extent of mentioning his home town, Confedrit X Roads, and some of his cronies. He began with a revised version of the Declaration of Independence, as it was understood at the Cross Roads:

> We hold these *supposed* truths to be *tolerably* self-evident, that, as a rule, all *white* men are created equal; that *they* are endowed by their Creator with divers and sundry rights, which may be considered inalienable: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of—niggers!

Next, he defined his subject:

> Upon the 957th page of the Dictionary you will find the word "negro" defined as follows: "One of the black, woolly-headed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed race of men inhabiting Africa." The Negro of the Dictionary is not the individual of whom I shall speak. The Negro I know nothing about; the Nigger I have spent much time in investigating, and flatter myself I understand it thoroughly. I say *it* of the Nigger, and *him* of the Negro, for there is a wide difference between them. The Negro is a *man*, born in Africa, or

descended from natives of that country; the Nigger is an idea, which exists only in the imagination of persons of the haughty Caucasian race resident in the United States. It is an idea which sways men, and influences their action, without having being; a myth, which influences the world, without possessing form or shape. It is possessed of many attributes, is many-sided, many-shaped, vastly endowed, and fearfully and wonderfully made. To clear up as I go, I may as well specify some of the peculiarities of the Nigger. For instance, it is firmly believed that he could never provide for himself; but those so contending, also declare that the wealth of the country is dependent upon him, and that without him weeds would grow in the streets of our cities. It was asserted that he would not labor; yet the same men undertook the large job of conquering the North, that they might continue to enjoy the fruits of his labor. He was said to be so stupid as to be incapable of receiving even the rudiments of an education, and yet we found it necessary, in our States, to pass stringent laws, with fearful penalties attached, to prevent him from doing it! It was held by eloquent speakers that he would invade the North, and, as he was too indolent to work, he would fill our almshouses and jails; and the same speakers would assert a moment later, with equal eloquence, that, accustomed as he always had been to labor, he would work for less pay than white men, and throw them all out of employment. This last assertion, I have noticed, was always made by gentlemen in the vicinity of bar-rooms, whose noses were solferino-hued, whose hats were crownless, and whose wives, for amusement probably, took in washing to feed the children. It is an unfortunate fact for us, that men who labor in earnest have never been afraid of the competition of the Nigger. Lower down in the scale of creation than the baboon, they were fearful he would, if not restrained by law, teach their schools, sit as judges, and be elected to Congress; so repulsive in appearance had they painted him, with his thick lips, black face, and kinky hair, that the very thought of one would make a white damsel shudder; nevertheless they demanded the enactment of laws in States where women may choose their shusbands unrestrained, to prevent these same white damsels from marrying them.

> Immeasurably beneath them in every particular, they felt called upon to perpetually cry, "Protect us from nigger equality!"—and so on.

The Scriptural text on which Locke based the title of his lecture was, of course, Genesis 9, a text that was used seriously by the apologists for slavery. Here is Nasby's version of it:

> Noah, six hundred years old at the time, having seen nothing but water for nearly twelve months, wanted a change. He planted a vineyard, pressed the grapes, drank the wine therefrom, and was drunken; which was a very indiscreet performance for one at his age. Had he been a mere infant of one or two hundred years, it wouldn't have been so singular, but a mature man of six hundred ought to have known better. It has always been a mystery at the Corners how Noah could become inebriated on so thin a drink as new wine. Deacon Pogram remarked that Noah wuzn't a seasoned vessel. In that condition he lay down within his tent with insufficient clothing upon him. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever shall be. To this day the man who drinks will sooner or later get down with too little clothing upon him. Ham, his youngest son, saw him, and laughingly told his brethren. Shem and Japheth reproved Ham for his levity, and took their garments upon their shoulders, and going backward, laid them upon him. When Noah awoke, he knew what Ham had done, and he cursed him in these words: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall be be unto his brethren."
>
> Upon this one act of our common father hung momentous results. That one draught of wine set in motion a succession of events that affected the fate of the greatest nation of the world, in all conceivable ways, from the election of constables to the fighting of great battles. For in that cup of wine was Democracy,—then and there it was born, and that cup of wine gave that party its Nigger—all the capital it ever had. The temperance people tell us that in every cup of wine there is a devil; in this cup you will acknowledge there was a large and particularly lively one.

After this Bible lesson, Nasby transparently admits the difficulties of the contention that the cursed descendants of Ham were the

Negroes. For example: The curse was not applied to all of Ham's children, but only to Canaan. Ham's children, in Africa, couldn't have been servants of Shem and Japheth's children, who lived in Europe and Asia. There is no Scriptural evidence that Ham's children were Africans. The curse may not have applied beyond Ham's son Canaan himself. If the American Negro is the descendant of Ham, then the curse must have been inoperative for centuries. The Canaanites of the Old Testament were not Africans.

When his arguments on the basis of the Bible are demolished, Nasby turns to other arguments for the continued subjugation of the Black man in America. David Ross Locke's aim was specifically to promote the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 had led to the Thirteenth Amendment of 1865, which abolished "slavery and involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime." The Fourteenth Amendment guaranteed the rights of citizenship to "all persons born or naturalized in the United States." It was passed by Congress in 1866 and ratified July 28, 1868, a few months after the conclusion of Locke's lecture season. The Fifteenth Amendment, specifically guaranteeing the right of suffrage regardless of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," was not ratified until 1870. Locke was demanding equal civil rights for the recently freed Black man.

Consequently, Nasby musters the arguments for keeping the Negro in subjection. His main contention is that the Negro is not human but a beast. "Our learned men," he said, "measured their arms, legs, hands, and skulls, and finding a difference, held it was right and proper that all political rights be denied them. Smelling committees were appointed, who discovered that the nigger was possessed of an odor not perceptible in the white, and forthwith that odor took the entire conservative part of the people by the nose, and led them at its own sweet will." Again, Nasby destroys all his own arguments by reducing them to absurdity.

From the time of the formation of the Republican Party in the 1850's, David Ross Locke's primary target of attack was the Democratic Party, which he referred to as "the Democracy." "Cussid be Canaan" was delivered during the height of the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson, who, Locke

had reluctantly come to believe, had betrayed the principles of Republicanism. The "conservative part of the people" included not only the Democrats, North and South, but the backsliding Republicans who condoned Johnson's policies of leniency toward the South and the prescription of Negro rights. Nasby's remarks on the Republican Party reveal Locke's contempt for the kind of "liberal" who uses the "Negro problem" only to serve his own interests:

"The Republican party lacked the courage, and we knew it would, to follow to its logical conclusion the idea upon which it was based. Too many of its members shuddered at the Nigger as soon as the Nigger was of no use to them. And there is a reason for this. It is a soothing thought to too many men that there is somebody lower down in the scale of humanity than themselves. Such men have an uncontrollable desire to look down upon somebody, and hence their desire to keep the negro down, as that is the only portion of the race they can, with any show of truth, claim to be above. And feeling the danger of his rising above them if let alone, they seek to keep him down by piling upon his head the dead weight of unfriendly legislation."

In *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, the Negro leader said: "'Conservatism' in America's politics means 'Let's keep the niggers in their place.' And 'liberalism' means 'Let's keep the *knee*-grows in their place."[4]

But Malcolm X, by the time he died in 1965, had come to believe that there was a possibility of the races living together in peace, even in America.

> Working separately [he said], the sincere white people and sincere black people actually will be working together.
>
> In our mutual sincerity we might be able to show a road to the salvation of America's very soul. It can only be salvaged if human rights and dignity, in full, are extended to black men. Only such real, meaningful actions as those which are sincerely motivated from a deep sense of humanism and moral responsibility can get at the basic causes that produce the racial explosions in America today. . . .
>
> Sometimes, I have dared to dream to myself that one day, history may even say that my voice—which disturbed the white man's smugness, and his arrogance, and his com-

placency—that my voice helped to save America from a grave, possibly even a fatal catastrophe.[5]

Locke's vision was not altogether different. At the end of the lecture, he threw off the Nasby pose and spoke directly:

> There is no reason for this inequality. Knowing how deep the prejudice is against the race, knowing how low down in our very natures its roots have struck, I demand, in our renewed and purified republic, the abrogation of all laws discriminating against them. I demand for them full equality with us before the law. Come what may, let it lead to what it will, this demand I make. I make it as a worshipper of true Democracy; as one who believes in the divine right of man—not white man, red man, or black man, but MAN, to self-government. I make it as one who will be free himself; and that he may be free himself, would have all others free. I demand it, not as a gracious gift to the colored man of something we might, if expedient, withhold, not as a right he has earned by service done, but humbly, and with shame in my face at the wrong we have done, I would give it him as returning a right that was always his; a right to which he has a patent from God Almighty; a right that we had taken from him by brute force, and the taking of which by us was almost the unpardonable sin. I demand it, for until it is done our boasted freedom is a sham, and our pretence of republicanism a miserable lie. I demand it, for I would have no privileged classes in this government, for fear that some day my children may by force be deprived of the rights I enjoy by a class arrogating to themselves superiority. I demand it, because I believe governments were instituted on earth for the protection of the weak against the strong, and that in a republic the ballot is the weak man's only protection. I demand it, because we cannot afford to give the lie to our professions; because we cannot afford to say to the world one thing and do another.
>
> What shall we do with the negro? Do by him what enlightened Christianity commands us to do to all. Let us square our action in this, as in all other matters, by that sublime precept, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you."
>
> Casting behind us, as unworthy of a moment's serious consideration, the miserable sophistries of the false teachers who have well nigh ruined the republic, let us dare to do right. Let us declare and crystallize our Declaration into unchangeable laws, that under the flag all men shall be men. Let us build an altar, the foundation of which shall be Reason, the topstone Justice, and laying thereon our prejudices, let them be consumed in the steady, pure flame of Humanity. The smell of that sacrifice will be a sweeter savor to the Father of all races than any since Abel's. Let us raise ourselves from the low, dead, flat plane of self-interest, and demonstrate our strength, not by trampling upon the defenceless heads of those weaker and lower than ourselves, but by lifting them up to us. And then, when the flag has under its shadow only free men, when all men are recognized as men, we can look the world in the face, and repeat without a blush that grand old Declaration, that Magna Charta of human rights, that Evangel of Humanity: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

In his lecture on women's rights, "The Struggles of a Conservative with the Woman Question," Locke again took the pose of the opposition. "I grew up with reverence for everything old," he said. "I am not the man who caught hold of the coat-tail of Progress, and yelled 'Whoa!' I do not believe there ever was such a man. Progress does not wear a coat: he rushes by in his shirt sleeves; and, besides, your true Conservative, of whom I am which, never gets awake in time to see Progress whistle by."

The conservative position was basically the same as that of the twentieth-century conservative. A 1974 report on a speech by Harold Howe II, former United States Commissioner on Education and later Vice President of the Ford Foundation, begins; "Some women and men hate the Women's Liberation Movement. Children in families where their father is all powerful probably think it's some kind of plague. But no matter what critics say or do to kill the movement, it is viable, growing, and here to stay. It is, in fact, reshaping life, work and education styles—probably for the better."[6] Locke was a part of the movement a hundred years ago, while his conservative persona, Nasby, wanted to keep

things as they were. What was good enough for his father and his father's father was good enough for him.

> I shall assume that Eve was merely the domestic servant of Adam—that she rose in the morning, careful not to disturb his slumbers—that she cooked his breakfast, called him affectionately when it was quite ready, waited upon him at table, arranged his shaving implements ready to his hand, saw him properly dressed—after which she washed the dishes, and amused herself darning his torn fig leaves till the time arrived to prepare dinner, and so on till nightfall, after which time she improved her mind, and, before master Cain was born, slept. She did not even keep a kitchen girl; at least I find no record of anything of the kind. That she was a good wife and a contented one I do not doubt. I find no record in the Scriptures of her throwing tea-pots, or chairs, or brooms, or anything of the sort at Adam's head, nor is it put down that at any time she intimated a desire for a divorce, which proves conclusively that the Garden of Eden was not located in the State of Indiana.

Compare this with the statement of a typical twentieth-century housewife, as cited in Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique:*

> My days are all busy, and dull, too. All I ever do is mess around. I get up at eight—I make breakfast, so I do the dishes, have lunch, do some more dishes, and some laundry and cleaning in the afternoon. Then it's supper dishes and I get to sit down a few minutes, before the children have to be sent to bed. . . . That's all there is to my day. It's just like any other wife's day. Humdrum. The biggest time, I am chasing kids.[7]

The ideal American woman, according to Friedan, is supposed to be content with this. She is "young and frivolous, almost childlike; fluffy and feminine; passive; gaily content in a world of bedroom and kitchen, sex, babies, and home . . . but where," Friedan asks, "is the world of thought and ideas, the life of the mind and spirit?"[8]

Locke, speaking to genteel nineteenth-century America, was less obvious about woman's role as a sex machine, but he was clear enough: "In the higher walks of life she is a toy to be played

with, and is bought and sold; in the lower strata she bears the burdens and does the drudgery of servants, without the ameliorating conditions that make other servitude tolerable and possible to be borne." On the other hand, Nasby's image of the ideal woman in the nineteenth century was quite simple: "Woman," he said, "is man's angel." At this point, the lecturer introduced an antagonistic critic, a schoolmistress who knows Greek and Latin and, "as she has read the Constitution of the United States, she excels in political lore the great majority of our representatives in Congress."

> "Stuff and nonsense," was her impolite reply. "I am no angel. I am a woman. Angels, according to our idea of angels, have no use for clothing. Either their wings are enough to cover their bodies, or they are so constituted as not to be affected by heat or cold. Neither do they require food. I cannot imagine a feminine angel with hoop skirts, Grecian bend, gaiters and bonnet; or a masculine angel in tight pantaloons, with a cane and silk hat. Angels do not cook dinners, but women do. Why do you say angels to us? It creates angel tastes, without the possibility of their ever satisfying those tastes. The bird was made to soar in the upper air, and was therefore provided with hollow bones, wings, &c. Imagine an elephant or a rhinoceros possessed with a longing to soar into the infinite ethereal. Could an elephant, with his physical structure, be possessed with such a longing, the elephant would be miserable as James Fisk, Jr., is, with an ungobbled railroad; as Bonner would be if Dexter were the property of another man; and as Salmon P. Chase is with the Presidency before him. It would be well enough to make angels of us, if you could keep us in a semi-angelic state; but the few thus kept only make the misery of those not so fortunate the more intense. No; treat us rather as human beings, with all the appetites, wants, and necessities of human beings, for we are forced to provide for those wants, necessities and appetites."
>
> "In many respects," she said, "the sexes are alike. Both are encumbered with stomachs and heads, and both have bodies to clothe. So far as physical existence is concerned they are very like. Both are affected by laws made and enacted, and both are popularly supposed to have minds

capable of weighing the effect of laws. How, thrust into the world as I am, with a stomach to fill and limbs to clothe, with both hands tied, am I to live, to say nothing of fulfilling any other end?"

Locke's lecture was specifically aimed at securing suffrage for women. Thus he had Nasby say, "Most emphatically I object to the giving of them the ballot. It would overturn the whole social fabric." It was not until 1920 that the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified, but fifty years earlier, in the guise of Nasby, Locke had marshaled most of the arguments against equal rights for the sexes in order to reduce those arguments to absurdity.

Tradition, Nasby contended, is necessary to sustain the fabric of society, and tradition, since Adam and Eve, has placed woman in a position of subservience. The Bible itself justifies this view. Woman is obviously inferior to man. History proves her inferiority, and those women, such as Joan of Arc and Elizabeth I, who seem to disprove it, were un-feminine. "I blush for them," says Nasby. Woman has inherent disabilities:

1. She cannot sing bass! Her voice . . . is pitched higher than the male voice, which indicates feminine weakness of mind.
2. Her form is graceful rather than strong.
3. She delights in millinery goods.
4. She can't grow whiskers.

In all of these points nature has made a distinction between the sexes which cannot be overlooked.

Woman is man's angel, and she is therefore to be shielded from the corruptions of man's political and business life. Her solution, of course, is marriage.

However, as for those who cannot or will not marry, or who marry incompetent husbands, or who become widows—they can go to work. But they must recognize the law of supply and demand.

> In the matter of wages, I do not see how it is to be helped. The woman who teaches a school, receives, if she has thoroughly mastered the requirements of the position, say six hundred dollars per year, while a man occupying the same position, filling it with equal ability, receives twice

> that amount, and possibly three times. But what is this to me? As a man of business, my duty to myself is to get my children educated at the least possible expense. As there are but very few things women are permitted to do, and as for every vacant place there are a hundred women eager for it, as a matter of course, their pay is brought down to a very fine point. As I said some minutes ago, if the men born into the world would marry at twenty-one, each a maiden of eighteen, and take care of her properly, and never get drunk, or sick, or anything of that inconvenient sort, and both would be taken at precisely the same time with consumption, yellow fever, cholera, or any one of those cheerful ailments, and employ the same physician, that they might go out of the world at the same moment, and become angels with wings and long white robes, it would be well enough. The men would then take care of the women, except those who marry milliners, in which case the women take care of the men, which amounts to the same thing, as the one dependent upon somebody else is taken care of. But it don't so happen. Men do not marry as they ought at twenty-one; they put it off to twenty-five, thirty, or forty, and many of them are wicked enough not to marry at all: and of those who do marry there will always be a certain per cent who will be dissipated or worthless. What then? I can't deny that there will be women left out in the cold. There are those who don't marry, and those who cannot. Possibly the number thus situated would be lessened if we permitted women to rush in and seize men, and marry them, nolens volens, but the superior animal will not brook that familiarity. He must do the wooing—he must ask the woman in his lordly way. Compelled to wait to be asked, and forced to marry that they may have the wherewithal to eat and be clothed, very many of them take fearful chances. They dare not, as a rule, refuse to marry. Man must, as the superior being, have the choice of occupations, and it is a singular fact that, superior as he is by virtue of his strength, he rushes invariably to the occupations that least require strength, and which woman might fill to advantage. They monopolize all the occupations—the married man has his family to take care of—the single man has his back hair to support; what is to become of these unfor-

tunate single women—maids and widows? It is a misfortune, we think, that there are so many women, and we weep over it. I am willing to shed any amount of tears over this mistake of nature.

Locke concluded his lecture on "the Woman Question" with an about-face, as in his other lectures.

> I have tried for an hour to be a conservative, but it won't do. Like poor calico, it won't wash. There are in the United States some millions of women who desire something better than the lives they and their mothers have been living. There are millions of women who have minds and souls, and who yearn for something to develop their minds and souls. There are millions of women who desire to have something to think about, to assume responsibilities, that they may strengthen their moral natures, as the gymnast lifts weights to strengthen his physical nature. There are hundreds of thousands of women who have suffered in silence worse evils by far than the slaves of the South, who, like the slaves of the South, have no power to redress their wrongs, no voice so potent that the public must hear. In the parlor, inanity and frivolity; in the cottage, hopeless servitude, unceasing toil; a dark life, with a darker ending. This is the condition of woman in the world today. Thousands starving physically for want of something to do, with a world calling for labor; thousands starving mentally, with an unexplored world before them. One half of humanity is a burden on the other half. . . .
>
> I would have your daughters fitted to grapple with life alone, for no matter how you may leave them, you know not what fate may have in store for them. I would make them none the less women, but stronger women, better women. Let us take this one step for the sake of humanity. Let us do this much towards making humanity what the Creator intended it to be,—like Himself.

Again, compare Locke's eloquent conclusion with Betty Friedan's:

> Who knows what women can be when they are finally free to become themselves? Who knows what women's intelligence will contribute when it can be nourished without denying love? Who knows of the possibilities of love when men and women share not only children, home, and garden, not only the fulfillment of their biological roles, but the responsibilities and passions of the work that creates the human future and the full human knowledge of who they are? It has barely begun, the search of women for themselves. But the time is at hand when the voices of the feminine mystique can no longer drown out the inner voice that is driving women on to become complete.[9]

Locke even went, perhaps, a step beyond Friedan. In re-interpreting the Bible, he seemed to see, however dimly, the implications of the patriarchal society that Mary Daly exposes in *Beyond God the Father*, 1973.[10] Locke wanted to make humanity—including women—"what the Creator itended it to be,—like Himself." Locke used the masculine pronoun, "Himself," to conclude his lecture, but his meaning is clearly asexual. "Man," says Nasby, "was created first, showing conclusively that he was intended to take precedence of woman." The myth of Adam and Eve, says Daly, "has projected a malignant image of the male-female relationship and the 'nature' of women that is still deeply imbedded in the modern psyche." But Locke's antagonistic school mistress has a reply: "Man was made first, woman afterwards,—isn't it reasonable to suppose that the last creation was the best? If there is anything in being first . . . man must acknowledge the supremacy of the goose, for the fowl is first mentioned." Finally, Locke brings the "conservative" interpretation of the Adam and Eve story to its culminating illogicality: "Satan, stronger than Eve, tempted her to indulge in fruit. Eve's weakness was demonstrated by her falling a victim to temptation. Eve tempted Adam; Adam yielded to Eve; therefore, if Eve was weak in yielding to Satan, how much weaker was Adam in yielding to Eve?"

In the third of his lectures, delivered in the 1870-71 season, Locke dived more deeply into the subject of sin. "In Search of the Man of Sin" is structured on the quest pattern. The Nasby of this lecture is far different from the P.V.N. of the Nasby letters, though he still represents a kind of reversal of Locke's own view. This Nasby is a respectable citizen of a village in morally conservative Maine. His introduction of himself leaves no possible doubt that his ruling sin is pride.

> In addition to my excellence—I might say, absolute perfection—of character (I put it, you see, as mildly as possible, for modesty prevents me from saying all that I might of myself) to these qualities of the heart, I have wisdom—natural and acquired.

In view of his moral perfection and the near-perfection of the other 599 residents of his town, Nasby decides to try to do something about the sins of the rest of the world. But before he can begin reforms, he must see something of the sins of the rest of the world. "He who goes in search of sin," he says, "purchases a ticket for New York." So that is what he does. He finds plenty of it, especially in Wall Street and in New York politics. He names names: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Fernando and Benjamin Wood, John Morrisey. "It was a blessed thing for me," se says, "that I got out of New York as I did. I hadn't been there three days before I felt an almost irresistible desire to steal something: the fourth day I could lie like a telegraph despatch, and I suppose in a week I should have got to be as bad as the rest of them."

Having had enough of big-city corruption, Nasby moves on to Washington to see political sin on a national level. He says: "In that virtuous city my investigations were confined to the three classes which make up its resident population—namely, those who have been in office, those who are in office, and those who want to be in office. . . . The first class spends its whole time in devising means to get away; the second, in getting their salaries raised that they may live on them, and in making their stay perpetual; the third, in getting something to eat till they get into the second class."

He spends most of his time with those who are in office, and he finds a nice variety of corruptions.

> I saw cadetships sold for dollars. . . . I met judges of courts in the Southern States, who, ten years ago, were hostlers in the livery stables of the North, and whose knowledge of criminal law they had gained from standing in the prisoner's dock. . . . I was mistaken twice for a correspondent and was offered a hundred dollars each time to write a speech for a member who was never sober enough to do it for himself. . . .I saw men who had the reputation of being tolerably honest at home, voting away millions of acres of public lands to swindling corporations; but I did not see the transfer to them of their slice of the plunder. If I had seen this part of the play, I would not have exclaimed against their stupidity and carelessness, as I did at the time. In characterizing them as stupid and careless I did them great injustice. Every man of them knew what he was about; in fact, no one but a man who knows what he is about can live in a gorgeous mansion, drink champagne, and maintain such luxuries as carriages and servants, in a high-priced city like Washington, on a salary of five thousand dollars per year. It is true they have mileage in addition, and it is true also that members from New York go to Washington by way of New Orleans, and members from Kentucky by way of Bangor, Maine, but that will not account for their ability to meet such enormous expenditures. It is a cruel injustice to stigmatize a man as stupid who goes to Washington poor and returns rich on that salary.

One of the plagues of the political scene of the 1870's was the patronage system. And who says it is not still with us in the 1970's, despite a century of Civil Service legislation? Nasby brings out the problems of reform:

> I was in Washington in the time of a lunatic named Jencks, of Rhode Island, who, notwithstanding his experience in the House, fancied he could get a bill through it that had common sense in it. Laboring under that delusion, he introduced a bill requiring persons aspiring to positions under the government to appear before a Board of Examiners, and show that they had fitness therefor. He called it a Civil Service bill. The principle of the bill was so clearly right—so necessary indeed—that I supposed, in my innocence, that it would become law at once. I supposed that members would chafe at the delay in pushing it through committees, and would worry at the time necessary to be sacrificed to red tap before they could get at it. I was the more certain that it would go through, for I knew of persons occupying responsible positions, who never would have been trusted by the men who procured their appointments with any business of their own. I knew of common gamblers and common swindlers in places where they had the han-

> dling of government money, and as they were buying farms in their native counties, on salaries of eighteen hundred dollars per year, it was evident that they handled to advantage. I found, in all the departments, mediocres, imbeciles, incompetents, nothings, rakes, gamblers, peculators, plunderers, scoundrels; and as this bill of Mr. Jencks was intended to cure all this, I supposed, of course, that it would pass—indeed, I wondered that it had not been made law before. But it did not pass. One Representative was shocked that any one could be so heartless as to propose it. When I intimated that the interests of the people demanded it, he promptly replied, with a show of much indignation, that take away his patronage, which this bill did, and he couldn't hold his position at all—indeed, without it he couldn't be renominated.

Nasby's experience in Washington almost converts him from a belief in universal salvation to a belief in universal depravity. But he decides to give human nature another chance and visits the state capitol of New Jersey in Trenton. "I tarried in Trenton," he says, "believing that [,] members of the State legislature, being chosen from the rural population, in coming to a State capitol I had struck the right shop for virtue."

But he is "undeceived." He finds, even in New Jersey, the monster corruptions of monopolies and lobbying.

> I saw a bill introduced contracting the privilege of a monopoly. I saw the attorney of that monopoly meet the members who had introduced and advocated the bill, and ask in plain, unvarnished English, without circumlocution or attempt to disguise, how many dollars paid in hand they would take to kill it. One new member—he was in his first session, and was therefore virtuous—opposed the sale vigorously. He was offered one hundred dollars, but he refused, denouncing the monopoly as odious. At two hundred and fifty dollars, he wasn't quite certain that it was a monopoly; at five hundred dollars, he knew it wasn't a monopoly, but he thought that the interests of the people demanded a curtailment of privilege, at least in part; at seven hundred and fifty dollars, he really did not know what to do about it—it was a puzzling thing, and required thought; at one thousand dollars he swore that the company was a blessing to the State, and that the attempt to injure it by imposing legislative restrictions was an outrage, and he voted against the bill with thundering emphasis. This man's sense of right, like an old musket, was honeycombed, and not strong enough at the breech to bear a severe trial without bursting. One thousand dollars was too much pressure on the square inch, and it exploded. The money was paid, the bill was defeated by the men who introduced it, and that night the hotels swam in champagne.

The influence of money in politics is most surely still with us. In the July 28, 1974, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the lead headline is "Panel Votes for Impeachment. Nixon Accused of Joining Cover-up." Of the three other articles on the front page, one is on the conviction of Governor Reinecke of California for perjury, and one is on alleged corruption in the St. Louis coroner's office. Furthermore, a remarkable proportion of the rest of the articles in the first section of the paper is on abuses in campaign contributions, allocation of government contracts, political conflicts of interest, etc.

The Wategate scandal is not directly parallel to anything Nasby discloses, but the principles (that is, lack of principles) are the same: the power of money, the supremacy of self-interest, the obstruction of justice, the ignoring of public welfare. In *The Presidential Transcripts*, we find this delightful exchange in the conversation, March 21, 1973, between John Dean and President Nixon:

> D. . . . Well, first of all, there is the problem of the continued blackmail which will not only go on now, but it will go on while these people are in prison, and it will compound the obstruction of justice situation. It will cost money. It is dangerous. People around here are not pros at this sort of thing. This is the sort of thing Mafia people can do: washing money, getting clean money, and things like that. We just don't know about those things, because we are not criminals and not used to dealing in that business.
> P. That's right.
> D. It is a tough thing to know how to do . . .
> P. How much money do you need?
> D. I would say these people are going to cost a million dollars over the next two years.

> P. We could get that. On the money, if you need the money you could get that. You could get a million dollars. You could get it cash. I know where it could be gotten. It is not easy, but it could be done.[11]

In his lecture, Nasby remarks: "Firm in the belief that mankind is divided into two classes, rascals and ninnies, they march on confident and secure. They fleece the ninnies and divide with the rascals."

Nasby decides to return home. But on his way, he stumbles into a convention of reformers, "who had gathered to organize for the promotion of an object in which I could see great good. . . . Here, I thought, there can be neither envy, malice, ambition, or self-seeking, for these labor for humanity." Again, however, he is disenchanted:

> There were seventy present, and it was agreed to elect the officers of the association by ballot. Alas! for my belief. When the ballots were counted out it was found that sixty-nine of the seventy had each one vote for president, and the handwriting on the ballots betrayed the awkward fact that each had voted for himself. One had two votes,—his own and mine,—which elected him; whereupon the meeting broke up in disorder, and each of the sixty-nine started a society of his own, of which he could be the head.

Finally Nasby returns to his village in Maine. But his eyes have been opened. He sees in his neighbors the same sins that he has found in the outside world. Deacon Robinson is guilty of covetousness, Bibney is a hypocrite, Virginia Swan, "the gifted writer of spiritual hymns," is panting for fame, the Reverend Elnathan Black is falsely pious, Deacon Kitt is a glutton, Cousin Cicero Leatherlungs is a crooked politician. In fact, he finds examples of most of the seven deadly sins and violations of most of the Ten Commandments right there at home. "I took comfort," he says, "in the thought that I, at least, was free from it."

But his new insight prevents him from stopping there, and he begins to perceive that he himself—even he—is guilty.

> In short, I discovered the alarming fact, that every day of my life I committed all the sins in the Decalogue. I had been horrified at the sin I had seen away; more so at learning that all I had seen abroad was going on regularly at home; and still more so to find that all I had found away and at home existed in full force and vigor in myself; that I cherished and practised in one form or another every sin that I had seen in anybody else. And what humbled me was the fact, that the knowledge that I had all these moral blemishes was not confined to myself. My discovery of the fact was recent—my neighbors had always known it.

Thus, Nasby's quest ends with self-discovery. He is the man of sin that he has been seeking. But Locke contrived a final irony to cap the lecture: Nasby is still guilty of the chiefest sin, pride. The lecture concludes:

> I at last found the man of sin. I was the man. I am now busily engaged in reforming,—not the world, but myself,—and I hope I am succeeding. I succeeded in checking myself in time to save lies only yesterday; I am now correcting all errors in accounts that are in my favor; in short, by dint of hard work and careful watching I have got to a point of excellence where it is perfectly safe to say that I am no longer distinctively "the man of sin." My hearers, all of you who try hard enough and watch closely enough, may, in the course of a great many years, if you are gifted and have patience, get to be as good as I am. I know you will shrink from a task so apparently hopeless, but I assure you the reward is great enough to justify the trial.

Let us conclude with some remarks of Representative Caldwell Butler of Virginia at the impeachment hearings of the House Judiciary Committee in July 1974. This is a rough paraphrase: "Has our nation," he asked rhetorically, "reached the point of moral decline where we can condone acts that are totally without justification, on the grounds that everybody does it?" He then voted for impeachment.

Southern Illinois University

NOTES

1. Samuel L. Clemens, *Mark Twain's Autobiography* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1924), pp. 148-49.
2. David Ross Locke, *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby* (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1888).
3. Joseph Jones, ed., *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby* (Boston: Beacon Press, Inc., 1968).
4. Malcolm X, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (New York: Grave Press, 1965), p. 378.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 377.
6. Harold Howe II, quoted in Patricia McCormack, "Man's View: Women's Liberation Is Here to Stay," *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, January 13, 1974, p. 1K.
7. Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique* (New York: Dell Publishers, 1970), p. 22.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 30.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 364.
10. Boston: Beacon Press, Inc., 1973.
11. In *The Presidential Transcripts* (New York: Dell Publishers, 1974), p. 110.

MARK TWAIN AND THE CLOCK

NANCY H. POGEL

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the clock was the darling among American machines. Associated with rationality and order in the eighteenth century, by the nineteenth it became the pride of the evangelists for material progress. Only more sensitive critics of American society like Mark Twain saw that these much touted machines could also be emblems of the human talent for self-deception. In Twain's writing, clocks came to reflect his ironic perception of the gap between man's inflated view of his mechanical accomplishments and the harsher actuality in a swiftly altering social and intellectual environment at the turn of the century.

If on one hand there were mechanical advances and material gains that looked like the working out of an orderly and progressive plan, Mark Twain came to recognize that there were significant losses on the other. During Twain's era rapid industrial, scientific and social change interrupted the more comfortable continuity between the present and past upon which a man's identity depended. The simpler, Midwestern way of life in Hannibal was succeeded by a world of mass production, increasingly too complex to fully comprehend, a world where the self could no longer find its niche, a world where the older intrinsic evaluation of a human being was replaced by an evaluation in terms of his productivity by the clock. In such a setting ordinary men who strongly associated themselves with a sense of place and community might eventually come to learn with a sudden shock, "that [their] habitation was unfixed." Instead of finding strength in a tightly governed universe ruled by a benign order, they might find themselves, "adrift and moorless on the pathways of the night."[1]

Recognition of the disparity between an optimistic mechanical dream of progress and the reality of Post Civil War nineteenth and early twentieth century America came to Mark Twain slowly. The larger philosophical generalizations and the tragic implications of man's ability to close his eyes to unpleasantries came only in Twain's later years; but even from childhood days, there were images of the watch that must have primed him, with his sensitive eye for humorous incongruities, to see the clock as a featured player in a confidence game.

The earliest clocks that may have impressed themselves upon Mark Twain's imagination came not from the simpler Midwest, but from the East, from Connecticut, where not much later Samuel Langhorne Clemens and his wife Olivia would make their home for over a quarter of a century. Some early American clocks were first made and delivered by that prototype for the Connecticut Yankee, the Yankee Peddler, one of the most controversial figures in the country's collective memory. From one vantage point the shrewd Yankee peddler was among the first bearers of news and civilization to the backwoods communities; from another, he was a fast-talking forerunner of the used car salesman. A mixed blessing of comical one-upsmanship and genuine native ingenuity, the Yankee peddler, his methods, and his products left a lasting imprint on America's view of itself in writing of the time.

Real-life Yankee clock peddlers like Eli Terry of Connecticut provided the models for clock peddlers in *Davy Crockett's Sketches from the West* and in the popular Almanacs, for "Slim the Clock Peddler" of Davy Crockett's *Sketches and Eccentricities*, and for the most famous literary Yankee peddler of the early nineteenth century, Thomas Chandler Haliburton's, "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker."[2] Sam Slick, who first appeared in 1836, and whose books were so popular that they ran through 200 editions published in Canada, the United States, and England, was known to Sam Clemens from childhood.[3] The author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," drew a Yankee born with the love for barter. On a typical selling trip, Sam Slick traded his "gawdy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affairs" to easily deceived farm folk. Placing his clocks on mantels similar to the ones in the Gingerfords' or Sellers' parlors, Sam Slick flattered the farmers, pretended the timepieces were not for sale, and then left them for

weeks on "approval" until the buyers could not bear to part with them.

The Yankee clockpeddler figure who traveled so widely across America and throughout the pages of popular American literature surely influenced Twain's fictional treatment of clocks and clockmakers. Mark Twain also must have formed attitudes toward the clock as he read about and watched the American clock industry, which the Yankee peddler helped inaugurate, grow to maturity and become a major source of American self-satisfaction. Everywhere, toward the end of the nineteenth century, there were clocks. There were pages and pages of them in the Sears Roebuck Catalogue; there were articles about them in newspapers and magazines. At world fairs and exhibitions, clocks were prominently on display. "Watch production," according to historian Harry C. Brearley, "applied strongly to the public mind . . . in an era of extraordinary self-organization. . . . The nation's time must be a factor in the growth of public wealth, and this could not be unless it were widely and accurately measured, which in turn implied the universal use of the watch."[4] Railroads that Clemens rode so frequently ran by the clock. Not only railroading, but all of American industry helped to bring the American clock to its period of rapid development from 1850 to 1910, the years when Mark Twain was writing.

Essays in popular journals celebrated the post-civil war clock industry as America's finest, and the clock as her proudest symbol of orderly human progress. *Harpers* of July, 1869, proclaimed that "[Man] has brought artificial timekeepers to such perfection that they are the most wonderful of his mechanical achievements."[5] *Appletons Journal* found that "the art of measuring time may be taken as an index of the progress of man upon the earth."[6] The American watch, "in its simplicity, accuracy, permanence and cheapness of its construction, represents the highest stage in the growth of the watchmaker's art; it is the result of a great law of advancing industry."[7]

Among the self-congratulatory symphonies about clocks and the clock-making industry, however, there appear discordant notes that some might miss, but which Sam Clemens probably heard. One blemish on the perfect industry's record was surely the much-publicized Chauncey Jerome-P. T. Barnum clock scan-

dal. Barnum, the Great Showman, tried to get Jerome to move his clock company to Barnum's personal town, East Bridgeport, Connecticut. During their transactions, however, in the best "Yankee Peddler" tradition, both Jerome and Barnum claimed that each had swindled the other, ultimately causing the failure of Jerome's business. Sam Clemens could not have overlooked accounts of the watch scandal, for Barnum encouraged publicity. "All over the country, 'Barnum and the Jerome Clock Bubble' was the great newspaper theme."[8] The Great Showman also devoted a full chapter to the shady clock story in his *"Life of P. T. Barnum,"* a book, which Clemens' earliest biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, reports Clemens read and reread with fascination.[9]

The Barnum-Jerome Clock Bubble may also have made a special impression on Sam Clemens when he recalled it in 1882, the year his irrepressible need to speculate made him a personal victim of a stock swindle involving $5,000.00 worth of investment in The Fredonia Watch Company of New York. The owners of that company were always known in Clemens' letters thereafter as "the watch thieves."[10]

Still other comical side-lights to the popular celebration of the American clock probably captured Clemens' fancy. When D. A. A. Buck made one of the first reasonably accurate cheap watches, it was marketed in 1880 for $4.00 as the Waterbury Watch. Extensive advertising for the Waterbury called it unique, "a wonderfully simple" piece of machinery, "very different from the ordinary watch." It was different indeed, but not because of its simplicity. Among observers with a good sense of humor, the Waterbury became the subject of jokes, not only because of its reputation for poor performance, but especially because of its complicated nine-foot mainspring which required "unlimited winding." As one witness remembers:

> It was more or less a freak contrivance. People spoke of it with a smile. Minstrels opened their performance by saying, "We come from Waterbury, the land of eternal spring."[11]

The watch had large sales at first, but despite the initial success, distribution gradually fell because of the Waterbury's "unfortunate associations." Sam Lloyd, the famous puzzle man, devised a promotional scheme in which hundreds of thousands of Waterburys were given away. Lloyd sold simple puzzles, which anyone could solve, together with Waterburys to clothing retailers all over the country, who distributed the puzzles. Each "winner" could buy a suit of clothes and get a unique Waterbury watch with it "free." Like the sixteen-cent plastic coffee cups offered with a tank of gasoline and the cutlery that comes in baking mixes today, the mechanical Waterbury became a marketing gimmick, so successful that the Waterbury went abroad, helping to disseminate the American way. Lloyd spread the idea to Europe, China, and other parts of the world. In the process, however, the Waterbury watch name "became a stench in the nostrils of the legitimate trade . . . a byword for tricks in all trades."[12]

It is against a background such as this that Thomas Nast's cartoon of his friend Clemens, "Mark Twain and the Clocks," takes on significance both as a personal emblem of the author's frustration with clocks and as a cultural document in an age of "perfect" machines. Nast's caricature shows Clemens in his long nightshirt, angrily hunching behind his heavy eyebrows. He looks furious and befuddled as he holds an oversized Grandfather clock. Surrounding him so that he seems trapped among them, are a large number of clocks in all sizes and shapes, whose ticking and chiming have apparently kept him awake.

While Nast's cartoon was meant primarily as a humorous depiction of his friend's acknowledged difficulties with sleeping through the clocks' nocturnal noises, it also foreshadows that larger disillusionment with human gullibility, with faith in material progress and a benignly ordered universe, which was to prevent Twain from achieving intellectual rest later in his life. All of Twain's many written references to clocks seem to recognize to some degree the disparity between the deceiving popular view of the watch and the actuality that lay behind the illusion. Eventually, and especially because of personal grief, Clemens came to understand the full and frightening implications of rejecting the clock illusion and confronting the reality. During his early work, however, the watch jokes and images in Twain's writings were light.

Among his earliest western newspaper stories, many of which were more fiction than fact, Clemens ostensibly reported on a theft, but actually he made fun of a thief who went to jail for stealing an alarm clock that couldn't keep time. He also chided the alarm clock's owner, who lamented the loss of a clock that wouldn't even sound an alarm when it was being stolen.[13]

In one of his best longer clock jokes, "My Watch An Instructive Little Tale," first published in the *Buffalo Express*, a poor watch-owner who regards his watch as a perfect machine, ("It was infallible, its construction and anatomy imperishable") lets the watch run down, and makes the mistake of taking the machine to a jeweler who sets it so it gains time each day.

> At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated.[14]

The possibilities of significant disorientation, when clocks and all they traditionally represent can no longer be considered dependable, is only gently suggested as the story continues: The owner took the watch to a second watchmaker, who slowed the clock down, and the owner "began to be left by trains, failed appointments, missed his dinner. . . . He "gradually drifted back into last week, until he was all solitary and alone, and the world was out of sight." A third clockmaker made the watch go too fast for part of the day and too slow for the rest of the day. The fourth watchmaker fixed the "kingbolt." The fifth watchmaker repaired the "hairtrigger." The sixth watchmaker said the works needed "half-soling."

The watchowner recognized the seventh watchfixer as a steamboat engineer he had known on the river, and when that fixer said the watch, "makes too much steam—you want to hand the monkey on the safety valve," the owner "brained him on the spot, and had him buried at his own expense." To this is added a light common sense conclusion, a typical ending for Twain's early jokes about people who are taken in by their inadequate mechanical timepieces.

> [Uncle William] used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and engineers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him. (VII, 5)

In *A Tramp Abroad* Twain complained about the famous Heilbronn clock, an intricately-made piece of machinery with carved moving figures, which absurdly only sounded the time at night when people were trying to sleep. He also complained loudly about other impractical timepieces in overly ordered European towns, those clocks, for instance, with only one hand. And he ranted and raved about what he called his "pet aversion," the Black Forest cuckoo clocks that "hoo-hooed" noisily and forever in his ears. He promised that he would deliver such a clock to a literary critic whose legs he wanted to break; the clock, he believed, was a far more appropriate punishment.

These clock references were only amusing rehearsals for somewhat more serious symbols in *The Gilded Age* and other early longer works. Colonel Sellers, Clemens' Mr. Macawber, is a man who lives dangerously by his self-deceptions and illusions. His greatest treasure is a unique clock which functions in a most peculiar manner. "There ain't another clock like that in Christendom," Sellers reports. "She can strike 150 without stopping." (V, 69).

In *Huckleberry Finn* time told naturally on the river is contrasted with mechanical clock time on shore. The Grangerford's gaudy broken clock on the parlor mantel signals a false front, an inflexible false order, and some more dangerous illusions which do not become clear until young Buck Grangerford is killed in a senseless feud. Huck Finn also reports at the book's end, and just after the controversial evasion sequence, that the shrewd Yankee peddler type, Tom Sawyer, who engineered Jim's "escape" from slavery, "is most well now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is." (XIII, 405)

In *Innocents Abroad* a poor fool, Blucher, is unable to understand why his "perfect timepiece" can't keep up with the changes in the international time zones; and in *Tom Sawyer Abroad* the

time-zone disorientation and the author's questions about the perfect watch are even more central to the story. There Huck, Tom, and Jim take a comical voyage around the world in a balloon, telling time by a silver "turnip" that won't work and getting confused and disoriented by the machinations of what they call the "Grinnage clock."

The *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* whose horse is muscled with watch-springs, is a comical Boss of Time from the first dial in the book to the last reference to the horrible dynamo-watch, the mechanical symbol of progress, which produces more bloodshed, death, and disease than all the medieval tortures, churches and politics put together. The Yankee himself, having seen the results of his mechanical reforms and having lost faith in them, is lost in time, caught without a home or identity between the medieval and the modern worlds.

Bankruptcy and the death of his favorite daughter, Susy, surely affected what has often been discussed as Clemens' darkening mood, his growing pessimism. Although in *Following the Equator* he was occasionally able to make a light clock joke, he also included bitter references to the Waterbury watch. Owners of cane-fields in Queensland recruited natives for work in impossibly hot climates for less than four shillings a week and then bragged about how they had brought civilization to the disadvantaged. Clemens could not understand the natives' willingness to go to Queensland until he received an explanation from a missionary's pamphlet, which assured him that when the native leaves home "he is a savage, pure and simple. He feels no shame in his nakedness and want of adornment. When he returns home he does so well-dressed, sporting a Waterbury watch." Clemens wrote: "For just one moment we have a seeming flash of comprehension of the Kanaka's reason for exiling himself: he goes away to acquire civilization. Yes, he was naked and not ashamed, now he is clothed and knows how to be ashamed; he was unenlightened, now he has a Waterbury watch. . . ." (XX, 64, 65). The results of American missionarying and exploitation, the attempts to civilize, are indignantly suggested by Twain who sees no material progress, no reform, merely a poor native left with "The Waterbury broken and dirty," which "finds its way to the trader,

who gives a trifle for it; or the inside is taken out, the wheels strung on a thread and hung around the neck." (XX, 65-6)

In *Following the Equator* Twain's growing "hell' beneath the surface appears occasionally, and there is evidence that Clemens may have found relief in his writing for periods of time. In some other later pieces, because his personal experience with death and disease took their toll as he grew older, he was less successful in muffling his feelings of impotence and anger. His darkest moods tended at times to dominate his work, and his characters became pathetic victims caught in a nightmarish disorientation where clocks either didn't work or went crazy, were unavailable, or were ineffective objects associated with a period of control or order long gone by. This is most evident in the incomplete disaster stories, the "sea voyage" and homecoming fragments of 1897 through 1902. In *The Enchanted Sea Wilderness* the narrator is caught at sea without working instruments to tell time or guide the way. He and his shipmates eventually get caught in "the everlasting Sunday," where there is no time, no motion, and no change. In "that profound inertness," there was one sort of motion only, a frightening one, like that of the ironic dynamo-watch in the silent cave of dead bodies that concludes *A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court.*

> There was one thing that was brimming with [life and energy], booming with it, crazy with it; and that was the compass. It whirled and whizzed this way and that, and never rested—never for a moment. It acted like a frightened thing, a thing in frantic fear for its life.[15]

Here, in a setting where there is no time, the narrator discovers silent, becalmed ships from several points in history. Aboard one of the marooned vessels, the narrator finds a dead uncle and a watch which stopped when the uncle died. This later uncle and clock are a pathetic contrast to the self-confidence and assurance of the earlier good humor of the "My Watch" tale, where the uncle had provided common sense reassurances for a comically disoriented watchowner.

> I found my uncle; I knew him by his watch chain. I was young, he had always been kind to me, and it made me cry a little to see him looking like that. That, and that

> I might be like him soon. I have the watch and chain yet, if you care to look at them. The watch had stopped at twelve minutes to four—whether in the day or in the night, I don't know; but he was dead when it ran down—that was all it could tell.[16]

Most of the late Twain pieces reflect the logical end to Clemens' lifelong distrust and criticism of the clock, his criticism of false confidence in material progress, and his distrust of belief in the well ordered universe and a benign 18th century clockmaker who managed it. Disorientation, doubt, loss of faith, alienation—such are modern critical epitaphs with which to neatly file away the last days of a failing old duffer. According to many, his "escape" from objective time and history is complete. It marks the end to his art and the death of his humor.

Fortunately, and despite the predominantly gloomy view critics take of the late years, within the study of Twain's interest in timekeepers and time, there remain some additional clues in the clock case, some hints of momentary relapses and reprieves. There is some additional evidence that Twain continued sporadically, (and infrequently, to be sure) to search for alternatives. Occasionally he seemed to muster the courage to continue looking for something beyond the despair with which the loss of the clock left him.

The moments of lighter humor and relief beyond clock time, a more natural psychological time within, may have been suggested to Clemens through his late interest in psychical research, the new psychology and dreams.[17] Examples of such additional explorations, never unaccompanied by the author's own doubts, are to be found especially in portions of the *Mysterious Stranger* manuscripts, in the late interest and revival of works such as "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," and in parts of one of his best late efforts, "3,000 Years Among the Microbes." In one version of *The Mysterious Stranger* supernatural dream figures dance through all time and space, bringing delicious meals from throughout history, presenting scenarios from riverboat days, singing "Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight," and wearing tights and other colorful costumes. The immortal "44's," Philipp Traum's, biggest performance, in fact, involves his dramatic turning back of the clock so the narrator of the tale can relive some

time backwards, mostly, it seems, to show him what a mixed set of possibilities, frightening, but engaging, the world still affords.

Captain Stormfield whizzes through space, free and unattached, flying on his way to heaven, and "Bkshp" or Huck, the microbe historian in "3,000 Years Among the Microbes" enjoys a relative sense of time. He was once human and is able to juggle time and history in a comical fashion that produces strange autobiographical reminiscenses and incongruous lists of clock-defying characters, real and imaginary, who cavort in the same manuscript without inhibition. Although it should be said cautiously so as to sound like a qualification rather than a revision of the accepted interpretations of Clemens' last years, it appears, as John S. Tuckey first noted a few years ago, that perhaps, even to the end, Clemens sometimes still explored additional ways to "light out for new territory," to seek "other dreams and better," to find alternatives to those "infernal" clocks. In 1898, in fact, the same year he produced *The Great Dark*, Clemens could write in his notebook, "The heart is the real Fountain of Youth. While that remains young, the Waterbury of Time must stand still."[18]

Michigan State University

NOTES

1. Loren Eiseley, *The Firmament of Time* (New York: Atheneum Press, 1967), p. 80.
2. Mrs. N. Hudson Moore, *The Old Clock Book* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1911), p. 117. The connection between Eli Terry and the literary clockmakers is also drawn in V. L. O. Chittick, *Thomas Chandler Haliburton* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1924).
   "Slim the Clock Peddler" appeared in *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crocket in One Volume* (New York: n.p., 1883), pp. 152-58. Walter Blair in *Native American Humor* (San Francisco: Chandler Publishing Co., 1960), p. 38, notes American humor's important debt to these "Sketches."
3. Walter Blair, *Mark Twain and Huck Finn* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1960), pp. 243-4. Blair refers to entries in Notebooks 14, 15, and 16 in the Mark Twain Papers, University of California, Berkeley.
   In his *Mark Twain, The Man and His Work* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967), pp. 29-30, Edward Wagenknecht also notes that as a boy Clemens once borrowed a nickel in order to buy a Sam Slick book from a Yankee peddler.
4. Harry C. Brearley, *Time Telling Through the Ages* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1912), p. 177.
5. "Making Watches by Machinery," *Harper's Magazine*, XXIII (July, 1869), 169.
6. "The Watch as Growth of Invention," *Appleton's Journal*, IV (July 2, 1870), 2.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 5.
8. Chauncey Jerome, *A History of the American Clock Business* (New Haven: F. C. Dayton, Jr., 1860), p. 146.
9. Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography* (3 vols.; New York: Harper & Bros., 1912), I, p. 410.
10. Samuel Charles Webster, ed., *Mark Twain: Businessman* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1946), pp. 198-199.
11. Brearley, p. 189.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 194.
13. Edgar Branch, *Clemens of the Call* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969), p. 179.
14. Samuel Clemens, *The Writings of Mark Twain*, Definitive Edition (37 vols.; New York: Gabriel Wells, 1923), VII, p. 2. All subsequent references to Clemens' works included in this edition will be cited in the text.
15. John S. Tuckey, ed., *Which Was the Dream?* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 82.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 85.
17. Tuckey, introduction to *Which Was the Dream?*, p. 17.
18. Albert Bigelow Paine, ed., *Mark Twain's Notebook* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1935), pp. 270-71.

ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF STUDIES IN MIDWESTERN LITERATURE: 1974

Editor: DONALD S. PADY

Bibliographers: Clarence A. Andrews, *University of Iowa;* James R. Bailey, *Otterbein College;* Robert Beasecker, *Grand Valley State College;* Nancy L. Bunge, *Michigan State University;* Betty Ann Burch, *University of Minnesota;* Michael D. Butler, *University of Kansas;* Mary Ellen Caldwell, *University of North Dakota;* B. Donald Grose, *University of Missouri;* Rosalie Hewitt, *Northern Illinois University;* William E. Koch, *Kansas State University;* George C. Longest, *Virginia Commonwealth University;* Gerald C. Nemanic, *Northern Illinois University;* Milton M. Reigelman, *Centre College of Kentucky;* Peter Scholl, *University of Evansville;* Paul P. Somers, *Michigan State University;* Lynne Waldeland, *Northern Illinois University.*

Anyone interested in contributing to the annual bibliographical coverage is invited to send citations to Donald S. Pady, Iowa State University Library, Ames, Iowa 50011. News of bibliographical interests will appear in the SSML's *Newsletter.*

GENERAL

Anderson, David D. "Chicago as Metaphor." *Great Lakes Review* 1 (Summer 1974), 3-15.

———. "Cincinnati Publishing and the McGuffey Readers." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Fall 1974), 12-13.

———. "The Dimensions of the Midwest." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

———. "University Presses, Reprinted Works, and the Study of Midwestern Literature." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Summer 1974), 8-9.

Anderson, Patricia A. "Images of the Midwest in Children's Literature." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany* 1 (1974), 15-20.

Andrews, Clarence A. "The Literature of the Middle West: a Beginning Bibliography." *Great Lakes Review* 1 (Summer 1974), 35-68.

Baker, J. Wayne. "A Gathering of Kansas Poets." *Midwest Quarterly* 14 (Summer 1973), 368-83.

Boynton, Percy H. *The Rediscovery of the Frontier.* New York: Cooper Square, 1974.

Bullen, John S., ed. "Annual Bibliography of Studies in Western American Literature." *Western American Literature* 8 (Winter 1974), 172-87.

Carney, Thomas L., and Joyce Crawford. "The Torch Press: A Preliminary History." *Books at Iowa,* no. 21 (November 1974), 3-25.

Conroy, Jack, and Curt Johnson, eds. *Writers in Revolt: The Anvil Anthology.* New York: Lawrence Hill, 1974.

Cumming, John. "The Reprint Field." *Michigan History,* LVIII (Summer 1974), 151-157.

Elliott, William. "Minnesota North Country Poetry: A Bibliography." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Spring 1974), 8-10.

Engel, Bernard F. "On Nailing the Octopus; or, On Midwestern Popular Poetry." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany* 1 (1974), 21-27.

Frantz, Jules. "The Chicatrib: 1917-1934." *Lost Generation Journal* 2 (Fall 1974), 2-4, 36.

Greasley, Phil. "Notes on the Chicago Sense of Place: a North Side Perspective." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Spring 1974), 10-12.

Harmon, Susanna M. "Periodicals Publishing Literary Scholarship in the Midwest." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Summer 1974), 10-11.

Kirschke, James J., Review ed. "1973 Annual Review." *Journal of Modern Literature* 4 (November 1974), 169-491.

Klein, M. "Utopia in American Literature." *American History Illustrated* 9 (May 1974), 28-35.

Klotman, Phyllis R. "The Slave and the Western: Popular Literature of the Nineteenth Century." *North Dakota Quarterly* 41 (Autumn 1973), 40-54.

Knight, Grant C. *The Strenuous Age in American Literature.* New York: Cooper Square, 1974.

Leggett, John. *Ross and Tom: Two American Tragedies.* New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974.

McCann, William C. "Midwestern Humorous Journalism." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany* 1 (1974), 28-34.

Marty, Martin E. "Beguiling to Beasts and Infants; the City in Historic and Philosophic Context." *Great Lakes Review* 1 (Summer 1974), 16-34.

Miles, William. "Michigan Related Reprints: A Selected Checklist." *Michigan History,* LVIII (Summer 1974), 157-171.

Noverr, Douglas A. "New Dimensions in Recent Michigan Fiction." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany* 1 (1974), 9-14.

Pattee, Fred Lewis. *The New American Literature, 1890-1930.* New York: Cooper Square, 1974.

Peters, Bernard C. "Settler Attitudes Toward the Land as Revealed in the Pioneer Poetry of Kalamazoo County." *Michigan Academician* 6 (Fall 1973), 209-216.

Primeau, Ronald. "Slave Narrative Turning Midwestern: Deadeye Dick Rides into Difficulties." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing, Midwestern Press, 1974.

Sage, Leland L. "Iowa Writers and Painters: An Historical Survey." *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 241-70.

Schlereth, Thomas. "Regional Studies in America: The Chicago Model." *American Studies/An International Newsletter,* (supplement to *American Quarterly* 26 (October 1974)) 13 (Autumn 1974), 20-34.

Seldes, George. "My Decade with Col. McCormick." *Lost Generation Journal* 2 (Fall 1974), 24-29.

Slotkin, Richard. *Regeneration Through Violence: the Mythology of the American Frontier.* Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1974.

Thomas, F. Richard. "To Chiggers with Love: A Discussion of Place in Midwestern Poetry." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany* 1 (1974), 3-8.

Thomas, William B. "From a Midwest Notebook: The Farmhouse." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Fall 1974), 9-11.

———. "From a Midwest Notebook; Some Academic Personalities." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Spring 1974), 12-15.

———. "From a Midwest Notebook: Still Sits the Schoolhouse." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Summer 1974), 11-14.

Thompson, Lawrence. "Eighteenth Annual Midwestern Books Competition, 1973." *American Book Collector* 24 (May-June 1974), 5.

Tolzmann, Don Heinrich. "Minnesota's German-American Book Trade: 1850-1935." *American Book Collector* 24 (July-August 1974), 20-22.

Walcutt, Charles C., ed. *Seven Novelists in the American Tradition; an Introduction.* Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1974.

Warfel, Harry R. and G. Harrison Orians, eds. *American Local-Color Stories.* New York: Cooper Square, 1974.

Williams, Kenny J. *In the City of Men: Another Story of Chicago.* Nashville, Tennessee: Townsend, 1974.

INDIVIDUAL WORKS

Addicks, Mentor. "Although Gone," "Vision Fades," (Poems) *Blue Cloud Quarterly* 20 (1974), 5.

Ade, George

Jehs, Randall W., ed. "Hazelden Farm: The Preservation of George Ade's Home." *Indiana Magazine of History* 69 (June 1973), 140-54.

Algren, Nelson

Conroy, Jack. "The Literary Underworld of the Thirties." *New Letters* 40 (Spring 1974), 51-72.

McCollum, Kenneth G., comp. *Nelson Algren: A Checklist.* Detroit: Gale, 1973.

Maloff, Saul. "Maverick in American Letters." *New Republic* 170 (January 19, 1974), 23-24.

Allen, Henry Wilson

Falke, Anne. "The Art of Convention: Images of Women in the Modern Western Novels of Henry Wilson Allen." *North Dakota Quarterly* 42 (Spring 1974), 17-27.

Altany, Alan. "Red Road." (Poem) *Blue Cloud Quarterly* 20 (1974), 14.

Anderson, Sherwood

Chase, Cleveland B. *Sherwood Anderson.* Folcraft, Pennsylvania: Folcraft Press, 1974.

Luedtke, Luther S. "Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Hardy, and 'Tandy'." *Modern Fiction Studies,* XX (Winter 1974-1975), 531-540.

Miller, William V. "Earth Mothers, Succubi, and Other Ectoplasmic Spirits: The Women in Sherwood Anderson's Short Stories." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

Reilly, John M. "Images of Gastonia: a Revolutionary Chapter in American Social Fiction." *Georgia Review* 28 (Fall 1974), 498-517.

Rideout, Walter B., comp. *Sherwood Anderson: a Collection of Critical Essays.* Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1974.

Scheick, William J. "Compulsion Toward Repetition: Sherwood Anderson's 'Death in the Woods'." *Studies in Short Fiction* 11 (Spring 1974), 141-46.

Somers, Paul P. "Anderson's Twisted Apples and Hemingway's Crips." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

Angell, Barbara. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 87.

Archibald, Jack. "Etudes in a Storm." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 12; "Lost Among the Willows." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 8.

Arnow, Harriette

Eckley, Wilton. *Harriette Arnow.* New York: Twayne, 1974.

Atkins, Russell. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 85-86.

Barnes, Margaret Ayer

Taylor, Lionel C., Jr. *Margaret Ayer Barnes.* New York: Twayne, 1974.

Baxter, Charles. *The South Dakota Guidebook* (Poems). New York: New Rivers Press, 1974.

Bell, Marvin. *Residue of Song: Poems.* New York: Atheneum, 1974.

Bellow, Saul

Boyers, Robert. "Nature and Social Reality in Bellow's *Sammler.*" *Critical Quarterly* 15 (Autumn 1973), 251-71.

Cohen, Sarah Blacher. *Saul Bellow's Enigmatic Laughter.* Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1974.

Ravit, Earl, ed. *Saul Bellow: A Collection of Critical Essays.* Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1974.

Rodrigues, Eusebio L. "Koheleth in Chicago: The Quest for the Real in 'Looking for Mr. Green'." *Studies in Short Fiction* 11 (Fall 1974), 387-93.

Sokoloff, B. D., and Mark E. Posner. *Saul Bellow: A Comprehensive Bibliography.* Norwood, Pennsylvania: Norwood Editions, 1973.

Berryman, John

Linebarger, J. M. *John Berryman.* New York: Twayne, 1974.

Bojer, Johan. *The Emigrants.* Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1974.

Borden, Robert. "Birthday." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 9.

Boyd, Ernest. "Ezra Pound at Wabash College." *Journal of Modern Literature* 4 (September 1974), 43-54.

Brennan, Joseph Payne. *Edges of Night* (Poems). Grand Rapids, Michigan: Pilot Press Books, 1974.

Brooks, Gwendolyn

Loff, Jon. N. "Gwendolyn Brooks: A Bibliography." *College Language Association Journal* 21 (September 1973), 21-32.

Brown, Dennis. "The Home Place." (Short Story) *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 64-69.

Burch, Betty Ann. "Patriot's Day," "Suppose a Happy Ending." *CEA Critic* 36 (March; May 1974), 7; 31.

Case, Sandra. "Poems." *Cape Rock Journal* 10 (Winter 1974), 2-3.

Cather, Willa

Bohlke, L. Brent. "Beginnings: Willa Cather and 'The Clemency of the Court'." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Summer 1974), 134-44.

Fox, Maynard. "Symbolic Representation in Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!*" *Western American Literature* 9 (November 1974), 187-96.

Freydberg, Margaret Howe. "Willa Cather: The Light Behind Her Books." *American Scholar* 43 (Spring 1974), 282-87.

Miller, James E., Jr. "*My Antonia* and the American Dream." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Summer 1974), 112-23.

Monteiro, George. "*McNaught's Monthly:* Addenda to the Bibliographies of Cather, Dickinson, Fitzgerald, Ford, Hemingway, Hergesheimer and Machen." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 68 (January-March 1974), 64-65.

O'Connor, Margaret Anne. "A Guide to the Letters of Willa Cather." *Resources for American Literary Study* 4 (Autumn 1974), 145-72.

Rushmore, R. "To Bind the Whirlwind: The Intensity of the Singer's Voice Lies at the Heart of Willa Cather's Fiction." *Opera News* 38 (June 1974), 20-21.

Slote, Bernice, ed. *The Art of Willa Cather: Reassessment and Recollections.* Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1974.

Whaley, Elizabeth Gates. "Cather's *My Mortal Enemy.*" *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Summer 1974), 124-33.

Chatfield, Hale. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 76.

Clemens, Samuel L.

Benson, Ginny. *Mark Twain; In His Footsteps.* Mankato, Minn.: Creative Education, 1974.

Berger, Sidney. "New Mark Twain Items." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 68 (July-September 1974), 331-35.

Bray, Robert. "Mark Twain Biography: Entering a New Phase." *Midwest Quarterly* 15 (April 1974), 286-301.

Brodwin, Stanley. "Blackness and the Adamic Myth in Mark Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson.*" *Texas Studies in Literature and Language* 15 (Spring 1973), 167-76.

Burg, David F. "Another View of Huckleberry Finn." *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* 29 (December 1974), 299-319.

Crowley, John W. "The Sacerdotal Cult and the Sealskin Coat: W. D. Howells in *My Mark Twain.*" *English Language Notes* 11 (June 1974), 287-92.

David, Beverly R. "The Pictorial *Huck Finn:* Mark Twain and His Illustrator, E. W. Kemble." *American Quarterly* 26 (October 1974), 331-51.

Fuller, Daniel J. "Mark Twain and Hamlin Garland: Contrarieties in Regionalism." *Mark Twain Journal* 17 (Winter 1973/74), 14-18.

Hill, Hamlin. "Who Killed Mark Twain?" *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Spring 1974), 119-124.

Pauly, Thomas H. "The 'Science of Piloting' in Twain's 'Old Times': The Cub's Lesson on Industrialization." *Arizona Quarterly* 30 (Autumn 1974), 229-38.

Kaplan, Justin. *Mark Twain and His World.* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1974.

Leary, Lewis. "Trouble with Mark Twain: Some Considerations on Consistency." *Studies in American Fiction* 2 (Spring 1974), 89-103.

Paine, Albert Bigelow, ed. *Mark Twain's Notebook.* New York: Cooper Square, 1974.

Rachal, John. "David Wilson and Sam Clemens: The Public Image vs. The Private Man." *American Notes & Queries* 13 (September 1974), 6-8.

Rogers, Rodney O. "Twain, Taine, and Lecky: The Genesis of a Passage in *A Connecticut Yankee.*" *Modern Language Quarterly* 34 (December 1973), 436-47.

Schäfer, Jürgen. "Huckleberry, U.S." *English Studies* 54 (August 1973), 334-35.

Towers, Tom H. "'Hateful Reality': The Failure of the Territory in *Roughing It.*" *Western American Literature* 9 (May 1974), 3-15.

Treadway, William E. "The Gilded Age in Kansas." *Kansas Historical Quarterly* 40 (Spring 1974), 1-37.
Weaver, William. "Samuel Clemens Lectures in Kentucky." *Mark Twain Journal* 17 (Summer 1974), 20-21.
Wilson, James D. "*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn:* From Abstraction to Humanity." *Southern Review* 10 (January 1974), 80-93.
Wilson, Mark K. "Mr. Clemens and Madame Blanc: Mark Twain's First French Critic." *American Literature* 45 (January 1974), 537-56.

Connelly, Helen Beedle. "Mama, Mac M, and Mr. Blix." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Fall 1974), 228-43.

Conroy, Jack
Anderson, David D. "Jack Conroy's Return." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Summer 1974), 6-8.
Conroy, Jack. "Charley Was Our Darlin'." *Journal of Popular Culture* 7 (Winter 1973), 529-36.
———. "The Literary Underworld of the Thirties." *News Letters* 40 (Spring 1974), 51-72.
Salzman, Jack. "Conroy, Mencken, and *The American Mercury*." *Journal of Popular Culture* 7 (Winter 1973), 524-28.

Cooper, James Fenimore
Vance, William L. "'Man and Beast': The Meaning of Cooper's *The Prairie*." *PMLA* 89 (March 1974), 323-31.

Costanzo, Gerald. *In the Aviary* (Poems). Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1974.

Crane, Hart. *Letters of Hart Crane and His Family*, ed. by Thomas S. Lewis. New York: Columbia University Press, 1974.
Leggett, Bernie. "Crane's 'The Mango Tree'." *Explicator* 32 (November 1973), Item 18.
Simon, Marc. "CALM Addendum No. 4: Hart Crane." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 68 (January-March 1974), 69.
Uroff, M. D. *Hart Crane: The Petterns of his Poetry*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1974.

Crane, Stephen
Kinnamon, Jon M. "Henry James, the Bartender in Stephen Crane's 'The Blue Hotel'." *Arizona Quarterly* 30 (Summer 1974), 160-64.
Pilgrim, Tim A. "Repetition as a Nihilistic Device in Stephen Crane's 'The Blue Hotel'." *Studies in Short Fiction* 11 (Spring 1974), 125-29.
Tanselle, G. Thomas. *Stephen Crane: A Critical Bibliography*. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1972; review article in *Nineteenth Century Fiction* 28 (March 1974), 486-91.

Crews, Judson. "Poem." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 74.

Cutler, Bruce. "A Poem You Probably Wish I Hadn't Written." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Fall 1974), 261-62.

Darrow, Clarence
Payne, Alma J. "Clarence S. Darrow, Literary Realist: Theory and Practice." *MidAmerica I*. East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

DeVoto, Bernard
Anderson, Frederick. "Never, Never Dull DeVoto: a review of Stegner's *The Uneasy Chair*. *New Republic* 170 (February 23, 1974), 23-24.

Dostal, Cyril A. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 56-65.

———, ed. *Voices in Concert; Poems from the First Cleveland Poetry Concert*. Cleveland: Cleveland State University Poetry Center, 1974.

Dreiser, Theodore
Burgan, Mary A. "*Sister Carrie* and the Pathos of Naturalism." *Criticism* 15 (Fall 1973), 336-49.
Dreiser, Theodore. "How He Climbed Fame's Ladder. William Dean Howells Tells the Story of His Long Struggle for Success, and His Ultimate Triumph." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 339-44. (Reprinted with revisions from *Success* of April 1898).
———. *Notes on Life*, ed. by Marguerite Tjader and John J. McAleer. University, Alabama: University of Alabama Press, 1974.
———. "The Real Howells." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 137-42. (Reprinted from *Ainslee's* of March 1900).
Graham, D. B. "Dreiser's Maggie." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Spring 1974), 169-70.
Hirsch, John C. "The Printed Ephemera of *Sister Carrie*." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Spring 1974), 171-72.
Lehan, Richard. *Theodore Dreiser: His World and His Novels*. Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press, 1974.
Lundquist, James. *Theodore Dreiser*. New York: Ungar, 1974.
Stein, Allan F. "*Sister Carrie:* A Possible Source for the Title." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Spring 1974), 173-74.

Dunbar, Paul Laurence
Martin, Jay, ed. *A Singer in the Dawn: Reinterpretations of Paul Laurence Dunbar*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1974.
———, and Gossie Hudson, eds. *The Paul Laurence Dunbar Reader*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1974.
Schultz, Pearle Henriksen. *Paul Laurence Dunbar: Black Poet Laureate*. Champaign, Illinois: Garrard, 1972.

East, Ben. *The Last Eagle*. New York: Crown, 1974.

Eckles, Georgiana. "Leftovers." (Poems) *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 55.

Eggleston, Edward
Benson, Ronald M. "Ignoble Savage: Edward Eggleston and the American Indian." *Illinois Quarterly* 25 (February 1973), 41-49.

Eliot, Thomas S.
Aldridge, John W. "Escape from the Wasteland." *Saturday Review World* (March 9, 1974), 21-22 *ff*.
Matthews, T. S. "En Route to 'The Wasteland': The Early Years of T. S. Eliot." *Atlantic Monthly* 233 (January 1974), 35-50.

Etter, Dave. "Another Death." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Fall 1974), 259.
———. "Old Dubuque." (Poem) *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 295.

Field, Eugene
Conrow, Robert. *Field Days: The Life, Times and Reputation of Eugene Field*. New York: Scribner's, 1974.
Kubicek, Earl C. "Eugene Field: Poet Laureate of Childhood." *American Book Collector* 25 (November-December 1974), 12-19.

Finkel, Donald. "Getting Started," "Beginning Again." (Poems) *Jam To-Day*, no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 20-21.

Fitzgerald, F. Scott
Gross, Barry. "Fitzgerald in the Fifties." *Studies in the Novel* 5 (Fall 1973), 324-35.
Monteiro, George. "McNaught's Monthly: Addenda to the Bibliographies of Cather, Dickinson, Fitzgerald, Ford, Hemingway, Hergescheimer and Machen." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 68 (January-March 1974), 64-65.
Murphy, George D. "The Unconscious Dimension of *Tender Is the Night*." *Studies in the Novel* 5 (Fall 1973), 314-23.
Fraher, David J. "Two Poems." *New Letters* 40 (June 1974), 61-63.
Franke, Christopher. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 49-54.
French, Alice
McQuinn, Susan C. "Alice French's View of Women." *Books at Iowa*, no. 20 (April 1974), 34-42.
Fuller, Henry B.
Bowron, Bernard A. *Henry B. Fuller of Chivago; the Ordeal of the Genteel Realist in Ungenteel America*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood, 1974.
Swanson, Jeffrey. "A Checklist of the Writings of Henry Blake Fuller (1857-1929)." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Summer 1974), 211-43.
———. "'Flesh, Fish or Fowl': Henry Blake Fuller's Attitudes Toward Realism and Romanticism." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Summer 1974), 195-210.
Gallagher, Tess. *Stepping Outside*. Lisbon, Iowa: Penumbra Press, 1974.
Gardner, Tom. "Mapmaker," "Death Crazy in Calumet." (Poems) *Jam To-Day* no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 33.
Garland, Hamlin
Fuller, Daniel J. "Mark Twain and Hamlin Garland: Contrarieties in Regionalism." *Mark Twain Journal* 17 (Winter 1973-74), 14-18.
Garland, Hamlin. "Mr. Howells' Plans." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 295-96. (Reprint of an interview first published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, January 1, 1892).
Grover, Dorys C. "Garland's 'Emily Dickinson'—A Case of Mistaken Identity." *American Literature* 46 (May 1974), 219-20.
Garrard, Lewis H.
Meyer, Roy W. "The Papers of Lewis H. Garrard." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Spring 1974), 16.
Gellman, Marianne. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 35-42.
Gibbons, Don. *The Clout*. New York: Avon, 1974.
Gildner, Gary. "Five Easy Pieces." *New Letters* 40 (Summer 1974), 21-25.
———. "GLR Poetry." *Great Lakes Review* 1 (Summer 1974), 69-93.
———. "Story." *Kansas Quarterly* 6 (Summer 1974), 14.
———. "Touring the Hawkeye State." (Poem) *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 291-93.
Gray, Darrell. *Scattered Brains*. (Poems) West Branch, Iowa: Toothpaste Press, 1974.
Gray, P. W. "Sequence." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 11.
Green, Hannah
Gray, Rockwell. "Hannah Green's The Dead of the House." (Review essay) *Great Lakes Review* 1 (Summer 1974), 94-105.
Greenburg, Barry. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 28-31.

Guest, Edgar A.
Ewert, Frances. "Edgar A. Guest: Twentieth Century Paradox." *MidAmerica I*. East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.
Gubar, Edward. "A Modern Language Association Convention Orgy." *North American Review* 259 (Winter 1974), 44-49.
Hagglund, Ben
Conroy, Jack. "The Literary Underworld of the Thirties." *New Letters* 40 (Spring 1974), 51-72.
Hagood, James. "Fraternity." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 1.
Halla, R. C. "America, America; a Trilogy for Two Moon and Sitting Bull." (Poem) *Blue Cloud Quarterly* 20 (1974), 1.
Hamblin, Bob. "Poems." *Cape Rock Journal* 10 (Winter 1974), 17-20.
Harris, Michael. "Bookstores on the Frontier, 1833-1850; Southern Indiana." *American Book Collector* 23 (May-June 1973), 30-32.
Hassler, Jon. "Nancy Clancy's Nephew." *North American Review* 259 (Summer 1974), 45-49.
Hay, John
Vandersee, Charles. "The Great Literary Mystery of the Gilded Age." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Summer 1974), 245-72.
Hearst, James. "Elegy." *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 294.
———. "Poetry." *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 19-38.
———. "The Problem." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Fall 1974), 258.
———. "Reminiscences." *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 39-43.
———. "Roots of Poetry." *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 15-17.
Bluhm, Dave. "Monologue for Jim." *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 14.
Emde, Jane Mason. "Bibliography [of James Hearst]." *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 44-50.
Engle, Paul. "James Hearst." (Poem) *North American Review* 259 (Fall 1974), 12-13.
Hemingway, Ernest
Astro, Richard, and Jackson R. Benson, eds. *Hemingway in Our Time*. Corvallis: Oregon State University, 1974.
Bell, H. H., Jr. "Hemingway's 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber'." *Explicator* 32 (May 1974), Item 78.
Kerrigan, William. "Something Funny About Hemingway's Count." *American Literature* 46 (March 1974), 87-93.
Merrill, Robert. "Tragic Form in A Farewell to Arms." *American Literature* 45 (January 1974), 571-79.
Monteiro, George. "Hemingway, O. Henry, and the *Surprise Ending*." *Prairie Schooner* 47 (Winter 1973-74), 296-302.
———. "McNaught's Monthly: Addenda to the Bibliographies of Cather, Dickinson, Fitzgerald, Ford, Hemingway, Hergesheimer and Machen." *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 68 (January-March 1974), 64-65.
Schroeter, James. "Hemingway via Joyce." *Southern Review* 10 (January 1974), 95-114.
Somers, Paul P. "Anderson's Twisted Apples and Hemingway's Crips." *MidAmerica I*. East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

Wagner, Linda W. "A Note on Hemingway as Poet." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.
Walcutt, Charles Child. "Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises." *Explicator* 32 (April 1974), Item 57.
Warner, Stephen D. "Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea." *Explicator* 33 (October 1974), Item 9.

Herrick, Robert
Franklin, Phyllis. "The Influence of William James on Robert Herrick's Early Fiction." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Autumn 1974), 395-402.

Hertzel, Leo J. "Katzenjammer Kids Up North." *North American Review* 259 (Summer 1974), 51-55.

Hey, Phil. "Action Painting." (Poem) *Jam To-Day* no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 36.

Hollo, Anselm. *Some Worlds.* New Rochelle, New York: Elizabeth Press, 1974.

Hough, Emerson
Daher, Michael. "Emerson Hough and Daniel Boone." SSML *Newsletter* 4 (Fall 1974), 15-16.
Johnson, Carole M. "Emerson Hough's American West." *Books at Iowa* no. 21 (November 1974), 26-42.

Howells, William Dean
Crowley, John W. "The Sacerdotal Cult and the Sealskin Coat: W. D. Howells in My Mark Twain." *English Language Notes* 11 (June 1974), 287-92.
Dreiser, Theodore. "How He Climbed Fame's Ladder. William Dean Howells Tells the Story of His Long Struggle for Success, and His Ultimate Triumph." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 339-44. (Reprinted with revisions from *Success* of April 1898).
———. "The Real Howells." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 137-42. (Reprinted from *Ainslee's* of March 1900).
Garland, Hamlin. "Mr. Howells' Plans. *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 295-96.
Halfmann, Ulrich, ed. "Interviews with William Dean Howells." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 6 (Fall 1973), 278-416. (Entire issue devoted to a collection of "all known" interviews with Howells).
Hilton, Earl. "Howells's *The Shadow of a Dream* and Shakespeare." *American Literature* 46 (May 1974), 220-22.
Kazin, Alfred. "Howells the Bostonian." *CLIO* 3 (February 1974), 219-34.
Rowlette, Robert. "In 'The Silken Arms of the Aristocracy': William Dean Howells' Lecture in Indianapolis, 1899." *Indiana Magazine of History* 69 (December 1973), 299-319.
Vanderbilt, Kermit. "Howells Studies: Past, or Passing, or To Come." *American Literary Realism, 1870-1910* 7 (Spring 1974), 143-53.

Jeffrey, Ransom, and John Keeple. *Mine.* New York: Grossman, 1974.

Jordan, Jim. "Sonnets for My Psychiatrist." (Poems) *The Windless Orchard,* 1974.

Joyce, Timothy. "December First Draft: Black Coffee." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 26-27.

Judson, John. "Interior," "So What's a Poem To Do?" *Apple* no. 9 (1974), 40-21.

Kahn, Paul. *A Kansas Cycle: Poems and Journal.* Plainfield, Vermont: North Atlantic, 1974.

Kaminsky, Daniel. "Poems." *Cape Rock Journal* 10 (Winter 1974), 29-31.

Kelly, Shannon. "Bass." (Poem) *Cape Rock Journal* 10 (Winter 1974), 32.

Kloefkorn, William. "From LOONY." (Poem) *Apple* no. 9 (1974), 5-12.

Kooser, Ted. *Twenty Poems.* Crete, Nebraska: Best Cellar Press, 1974.

———. *A Local Habitation and a Name* (Poems (San Luis Obispo, California: Solo Press, 1974.

Kuzma, Greg. "Two Poems." *New Letters* 40 (June 1974), 15-17.

LaBrie, Henry G. III. "James B. Morris, Sr. and the *Iowa Bystander.*" *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 314-322.

Lavinsky, Judith. "The Enemies." *North American Review* 259 (Summer 1974), 35-38.

Lewis, H. H.
Conroy, Jack. "The Literary Underworld of the Thirties." *New Letters* 40 (Spring 1974), 51-72.

Lewis, Sinclair
Lea, James. "Sinclair Lewis and the Implied America." *CLIO* 3 (October 1973), 21-34.
Love, Glen A. "New Pioneering on the Prairies: Nature, Progress and the Individual in the Novels of Sinclair Lewis." *American Quarterly* 25 (December 1973), 558-77.

Lincoln, Abraham
Robinson, Luther E. *Abraham Lincoln as a Man of Letters.* Folcraft, Pa.: Folcraft Press, 1974c1918.

Lindsay, Vachel
Whitney, Blair. "Vachel Lindsay: The Midwest as Utopia." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.

Lockridge, Ross
Harrington, Alan. "Memorandum." *Chicago Review* 26 (1974), 153-64.

McIntyre, O. O.
Huddleston, E. L. "O. O. McIntyre: Broadway Populist." *American Studies* 15 (Spring 1974), 79-89.

McLaughlin, Joseph, ed. *Review '74.* New Philadelphia, Ohio: Pale Horse Press, 1974.

Magner, James. "Scribbling Found in the House of Caesar on the Ides of March," "Entrances of the Night." (Poems) *Jam To-Day* no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 44-45.

Manfred, Frederick
Flora, Joseph M. *Frederick Manfred* (Western Writers Series, no. 13) Boise, Idaho: Boise State University, 1974.
Lee, James. "An Interview in Minnesota with Frederick Manfred." *Studies in the Novel* 5 (Fall 1973), 358-82.
Milton, John R. *Conversations with Frederick Manfred.* Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1974.

Marcus, Mordecai. "The Geberous Goddesses." (Poem) *Icarus* 2 (Winter 1974/75), 5.

Mayo, Edward L. "Landscape (for Karl Mattern)." *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 290. (This poem appeared in the *Iowa English Yearbook,* Fall, 1961, and in his *Selected Poems*), Prairie Press, 1973.

Monroe, Harriet
Cahill, Daniel J. *Harriett Monroe.* New York: Twayne, 1974.

Morris, Wright
Nemanic, Gerald. "A Ripening Eye: Wright Morris and the Fields of Vision." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.
Naiden, James. "Snow as Feathers." (Poem) *Icarus* 2 (Winter 1974/75), 6-7.
Navarre, Jane. "Succumbing," "Cancer Morning Early." (Poems) *Jam To-Day* no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 42-43.
Niehard, John Gneisenau. *The Divine Enchantment: a Mystical Poem.* New York: Gordon Press, 1974c1900.
Papenhausen, Carol. "The Unguarded Door." *Prairie Schooner* 48 (Summer 1974), 150-61.
Paterson, Robert
Gray, Ralph D. "*Gas Buggy* Revisited: A 'Lost' Novel of Kokomo, Indiana." *Indiana Magazine of History* 70 (March 1974), 25-43.
Peacock, Thomas Brower
Pady, Donald S. "Matthew Arnold to Thomas Brower Peacock." *Notes & Queries* (London) 21 (December 1974), 453-54.
Purdy, James
Baldanza, Frank. "Northern Gothic." *Southern Review* 10 (July 1974), 566-82.
_____. "The Paradoxes of Patronage in Purdy." *American Literature* 46 (November 1974), 347-56.
Ray, David. *Gathering Firewood.* (Poems) Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1974.
Rozmerski, John Calvin. "Poems." *Jam To-Day* no. 2 (Spring-Summer 1974), 12-15.
Rhodes, Duncan. *The Easter House.* New York: Harper & Row, 1974.
Roethke, Theodore
Janik, Del Ivan. "Roethke's 'The Boy and the Bush'." *Explicator* 32 (November 1973), Item 20.
Libby, Anthony. "Roethke, Water Father." *American Literature* 46 (November 1974), 267-88.
Porterfield, Jo. "Berryman's 'A Strut for Roethke'." *Explicator* 32 (December 1973), Item 25.
Rolvaag, Ole E. *Their Father's God.* Westport, Conn.: Greenwood, 1974c1931.
Roseliep, Raymond. "Farmer, Retired." (Poem) *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 296. (Originally published in *Love Makes the Air Light,* Norton, 1965.)
_____. "When I Was Nine." (Poem) *New Letters* 40 (June 1974), 17.
Rusch, Richard. "Seven," "Marie." (Poems) *Blue Cloud Quarterly* 20 (1974), 4.
Sage, Leland L. "Iowa Writers and Painters: An Historical Survey." *Annals of Iowa* 42 (Spring 1974), 241-70.
Sandburg, Carl. *Rootabaga Stories.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1974c1936. 2 vols.
Ferlazzo, Paul J. "The Urban-Rural Vision of Carl Sandburg." *MidAmerica I.* East Lansing: Midwestern Press, 1974.
Schwartz, Howard. "Elisha." (Poem) *Webster Review* (Summer 1974), 54.
Sherburn, James. *Rivers Run Together.* Boston: Houghton, Mi in, 1974.
Sheridan, Michael. "Three Poems." *New Letters* 40 (March 1974), 34-35.
Smith, Vern E. *The Jones Men.* Chicago: Regnery, 1974.
Steuber, William. "The Novel as a Vehicle to Tell the Story of the Menominee Indians." *Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters* 62 (1974), 51-55.

Stryck, Lucien, ed. *Heartland II: Poets of the Midwest.* DeKalb: Northern Illinois University Press, 1974.
Tarkington, Booth
Anderson, David D. "The Boy's World of Booth Tarkington." SSML *Midwestern Miscellany I* (1974), 35-42.
Fennimore, Keith J. *Booth Tarkington.* New York: Twayne, 1974.
Rowlette, Robert. "In 'The Silken Arms of the Aristocracy': William Dean Howells' Lecture in Indianapolis, 1899." *Indiana Magazine of History* 69 (December 1973), 299-319.
Sorkin, Adam J. "'She Doesn't Last, Apparently': A Reconsideratoin of Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams.*" *American Literature* 46 (May 1974), 182-99.
Thurber, James
Branscomb, Lewis. "James Thurber and Oral History at Ohio State University." *Lost Generation Journal* 3 (Winter 1975), 16-19.
Lindner, Carl M. "Thurber's Walter Mitty—the Underground American Hero." *Georgia Review* 28 (Summer 1974), 283-89.
Scholl Peter A. "Thurber's Walter Ego: The Little Man Hero." *Lost Generation Journal* 3 (Winter 1975), 8-9, 26.
Tibbets, Robert. "The Thurber Collection at Ohio State University." *Lost Generation Journal* 3 (Winter 1975), 12-15, 38.
Trawick, Leonard. "Poems." *Everyman* (Summer 1974), 12-13.
Venable, Emerson, ed. *Poets of Ohio.* Detroit: Gale, 1974c1909.
Vonnegut, Kurt
Pauly, Rebecca M. "The Moral Stance of Kurt Vonnegut." *Extrapolation* 15 (December 1973), 66-71.
Wallace, Irving
Leverence, John. *Irving Wallace: A Writer's Profile.* Bowling Green, Ohio: Popular Press, 1974.
Waters, Michael. "Two Poems." *New Letters* 40 (March 1974), 38-40.
Webb, Sterling Kelly. "The Pledge." *Chernozem* no. 7 (1974), 13-15.
Wells, Evelyn. *I am Thinking of Velda.* New York: Doubleday, 1974.
West, Jessamyn. *The Secret Look: Poems.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1974.
Weygand, James Lamar. "News and Reviews of Private Presses." (Carroll Coleman, D. H. Stefanson, Rochelle Holt). *American Book Collector* 24 (September-October 1973), 11.
Woessner, Warren. *Landing.* Ithaca, N. Y.: Ithaca House, 1974.
Woods, Margherita. "The Exorcist." (Poem) *Cape Rock Journal* 10 (Winter 1974), 53.
Wright, Richard
Siegal, Paul N. "The Conclusion of Richard Wright's *Native Son.*" *PMLA* 89 (May 1974), 517-23.
Zielinski, John M. *Portrait of Iowa,* with an extensive introduction by Paul Engle. Minneapolis: Adams Press, 1974.

Iowa State University Library