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## A New Life in Leelanau

John Hepler

When she was 28, Julia Hannaford faced a new life in Michigan. With her husband Will, a Civil War veteran, and their two small children, they left their home in Solon, Ohio, and the following day, September 9, 1866, sailed from Cleveland for Glen Arbor.

Their destination: a homestead in the primeval woods 11½ miles from the Arbor. Their aim: to establish a home and farm.

Like thousands of other pioneering women, she embodied courage, adaptability, independence, and a willingness to work. But beyond those characteristics, she also had genuine ability with her pen.

These qualities are confirmed by her journal which spans a year and five days--to September 14, 1867. While most similar accounts from the nineteenth century tend to be repetitious and dull, Mrs. Hannaford's is engaging.

Certainly, it abounds with details about daily activities; but it is more than a record of routine. She writes about her new environment, reflects on her loneliness and her desire for "community," and narrates unique events in a lively style.

In addition, page after page reveals a delightful sense of humor. In mid-winter, when her duck-hunting

husband returned empty-handed and soaking wet from having fallen through the ice three times, she observes: "He got three ducks." Her irrepressible humor adds a dimension rarely observable from the pens of women who faced trying times in those early days.

The account is a fascinating document. Now, more than 100 years later, the warmth of her spirit and her love for people radiate from almost every page to contemporary readers.

In the pitch-black night of September 11, 1866, Julia Hannaford with her 7-months' old son Willie in her arms

leaped uncertainly from the ship gangplank into the soft sand of Michigan. Ellen, her 4-year old, clutched tightly to her voluminous skirts. Husband Will, burdened with baggage, trailed his little family.

Then, they began trudging through the loose sand towards McCarthy's general store where they hoped to borrow a lantern and get directions to the home of a Mr. Aikens who owned a rooming house. It was there that they spent their first night in Leelanau.

They were two miles from the village and 13½ from their homestead.

Next morning, Julia awoke with a "terrible headache." Small wonder. The Empire, a wood-burning, propeller-driven lake steamer, had been terribly overcrowded. Although assured a stateroom, a promise unfulfilled, the family

slept on the floor of the public cabin for two nights on the 60-hour trip.

The children had been fretful and frightened, and Julia was suffering from a sense of "having done wrong" in leaving her parents in Ohio. Steamer personnel had been surly and uncooperative, and instead of a mid-afternoon arrival, the Chicago-bound ship had docked at the Glen Arbor port at 9 p.m.

Finally, of course, she faced the uncertainty of the great unknown in Michigan.

Headache notwithstanding, they "set off in high glee" that morning. The car -- drawn by a span of oxen, Brin and Bright -- was loaded almost to the sky.

In addition to Julia's family, there were six others: Moses Cate and his wife who was Julia's sister, and the three Cate children; and a war buddy who with gun on shoulder walked ahead as a guide. The Cates were to homestead near the Hannafords.

The sandy road and the heavy load slowed progress. At some distance, they passed Glen Arbor village, almost invisible because of the thick stand of trees. It had taken all morning to reach that point.

Now the road became a mere slash in the forest. Although the sand was not quite so deep, the criss-cross of tree roots jolted and tossed cart and riders.



"Once I thought the wagon would go over and [I] screamed," Julia wrote, adding, "Accordingly, it balanced itself on one wheel, anything but gracefully. I resolved to walk."

Because the men had to build a temporary shelter, they went ahead. The mothers and children stayed together en route for 10 days -- living first with one pioneer family and then another.

At intervals, Julia updated her journal. "We've come [today] 7 miles, and to give some idea of the wilderness and the desolation, we passed 15 houses." She concluded that homesteaders were destined "not to live very close together or yet very far apart."

With one family, she faced a frontier reality -- filth and poverty. The five children were so dirty she was sickened and could not touch them. In addition, she admitted, with shame, she slept in a dirty bed.

The experience led her to write: "If people are poor, I pity them, but if poor and nasty, I abhor them. These people are not very poor. They came a year ago and were well clothed and had some money to start with." She could not understand their grubbiness.

Eleven and a half days after having left the steamer and having seen "Dreary country this, and nobody living in it," Julia and the children reached the homestead, far from the "Outside."

The long journey had ended. She was home -- such as it was.

"I could not help but laugh when I saw the shanty, it is so small," Julia noted on Saturday, September 22. The 11 x 12 temporary log house was not high enough for her to stand in, under the eaves. Bark covered the roof. She had to stoop at the door -- "only a dark hole." This was the living area.

A board shanty, 12 feet square, comprised the sleeping quarters. The boards were so damp the men had to throw sand on the floor and light a fire to dry out the room. During the fall rains, the roof proved so leaky that water soaked bedding and formed puddles on the floor.

The two women -- Julia and her sister -- spent that first day organizing the two shanties. They put up a bedstead and readied two beds on the floor. The men slept in a tent.

Will and his brother-in-law concentrated first on Will's two-storied log dwelling. Later they would build the Cates' home.

With the sound of their axes reverberating through the forest, they felled trees -- often 90 feet in height and frequently 4 feet in diameter -- and then trimmed and cut the logs into workable lengths. They also dug a cellar.

On October 9, Will and Moses planned a "raising," a communal activity. Julia baked bread and "plenty" of pies

and prepared a huge pan of beef. In fact, she made enough for 30 expected men with "Michigan appetites."

Only two showed up.

Julia's journal entry reveals her anger. "If we have no neighbors who are willing to come and help us raise a house, we are poorly off for neighborly neighbors. . . . I feel considerably out of patience with them"

But the neighbors proved "Neighborly" by pitching in soon after, and by October 25 -- in the midst of an unseasonable blizzard and bitter cold -- the families moved into the new place. It was without windows or doors and had massive cracks between the logs. Frigid air howled through the rooms.

It was so cold inside, "the children poor things have walked around looking blue and shivering." At bed time, the sisters warmed cloths and wrapped them around the youngsters before they were tucked into bed.

Julia noted about the new place: "It's a poor show by the side of the comfortable homes we left in Solon. If it was not for the children, I would not mind much, and yet it was for the children we came here. They are getting some of the roughs of life young."

By late November, the Cates moved to their home, a mile away, and Julia noted "Their going makes us almost lonesome."



She complained also about the absence of social contacts.

No neighbors hve been to see us yet. If we do not see some females soon, we shall forget how they look and I'm not sure but how they ought to dress. This is a hard place for clothes. It is patch all the time and then not be whole. Tonight I have been patching.

All the while, Will made his home more comfortable and stacked up firewood for the long winter. One of the interesting sidelights to Julia's days was her joy in dashing outside to watch the giant trees crash to earth under her husband's ax.

Her February 1, 1867, comment expressed tremendous pride over the men's accomplishments. "If a stranger came and was told that these two houses (Moses' and ours) had been built and the clearing done since September, he would tell them he did not believe a word of it." And by mid-month, when Will's ax had cleared half an acre, she observed that it looked as if the woods had "moved back somewhat from the house."

Despite the trials and tribulations as she and her husband tried to conquer the wilderness, Julia seldom lost her sense of humor. When one day a driver delivered the final load of their furniture, she wrote: "What is most funny [is that] he brought the head and foot board to our bedstead and left the side pieces and slats, so we have to sleep on the floor yet."

The family was adapting, and Julia's amusement at adversity eased the onerous day-to-day burdens up in Michigan.

Julia's family was the center of her world, and she needed also the associations of relatives and friends.

The rock of her family was Will. He has, she declared, "a lot of patience with me, if he had not I would give up in despair and say 'Can't'."

Her house-cleaning, which she called a "sadly jumbled mess," annoyed her. One February after she had "got up almost a churn full of dirt," she was reminded that some Solon people had said it was "not necessary for folks to become heathen because they lived in log houses. I'm half inclined to think heathenism and log houses are twin sisters, that is if dirt and disorder constitute heathenism.

"I was never blessed with a large bump of order, and I fear what I had is departing and will soon become utterly extinct."

She was grateful for Will's understanding and companionship. They walked together through the forest -- "just as God left it," and she often stopped her work to visit with him in the clearing and woods.

Of evenings, she wrote: "I do so love to read to Will." The Bible, Harper's Monthly, the Agriculturalist, the Record, and the Cincinnati Times were her sources. And she read also from novels "that elevated the mind." One evening, having

read a new southern story upholding slavery, she wrote:

"That is dead, dead"!

The two children were blessings and trials. Childhood afflictions -- colds, the ague, infected ears, and "worm-fits" (intestinal disorders) -- were common. Willie, a clinger, often needed his mother's touch, and she called him "a rogue who wears my body and patience completely out."

Father Will bought them candy from town and found time to make a sled for Willie and a doll crib for Ellen. Julia constantly sewed clothing for the children.

Pioneer families were hospitable to travelers. In November, 16 bedded down from Wednesday through Friday at the Hannafords' -- 9 relatives and 7 strangers. Kinspeople frequently spent the night.

On holidays there were gargantuan dinners, including game, beef, vegetables and potatoes, fresh bread, pies, cakes, puddings and cheese.

Christmas Day, 18 people were to have shared a Julia and Will's table. Several men, however, wandered away to shoot game. Furious, Julia wrote: "They had no business to go hunting when they were invited to Christmas dinner."

During the year, men exchanged work -- hour for hour. The women swapped foodstuffs, visited the sick, held quilting and sewing bees, and comforted each other in crises.



Community affairs tempered Julia's loneliness and isolation in Michigan's remote country where she observed, "It takes two days to get anywhere and back from here."

Julia's earlier religious indoctrination at Solon from her church and parents ran deep. Each day opened at her house with a worship service, including Bible reading. Sunday was always special. She dressed the children in their "Sunday best," read aloud and instructed them in divine matters.

She often alluded to the comfort she derived from these family meditations.

I long for more Godliness in my heart,  
more love for God and holy things. I  
need so much strength from on High. I  
am all weakness in myself and can do  
nothing aright.

Throughout the year, she expressed her deep desire to have a meeting place for preaching and prayer services. She believed religious emphasis would "help build up a good society in this new country."

Her faith reminded her, too, of her shortcomings and renewed her desire to be a moral force in the wilderness.

Nowhere else in the journal is her devotion so clearly stated as on her 29th birthday. The day -- coincidentally a Sunday -- caused her to reflect that she had been married for eight years and had lost her first child.

Then, she added: "Can it be that I am so old, having lived so long and to so little purpose?" Grieved over having done so little good, she also was upset by her inability to carry out her resolutions to improve.

"By the help of God, I will conquer my one enemy, my hasty temper. . . . I resolve with all my might to speak mildly to all."

Although her spiritual failures saddened her, she faced up courageously to daily misadventures. The greatest was the tragedy of the oxen. Because the beasts were well nigh indispensable, their loss was a stunning blow.

In June, Bright, one of the team, would not eat his potatoes which were laced with saltpeter for medicinal purposes. The animal refused to swallow; so the men wrapped a cloth around and stick and rammed the mixture into the ox's throat. The next morning, Bright was dead.

A hole had been punched in its throat. When he drank, Julia explained, "the water . . . went through the hole . . . centered around his heart and liver and drowned him."

Then there was more bad news a month later. Brin met a grievous end.

One of the settlers found the ox feeding in the vegetable garden. After repeatedly shooining him away, Julia wrote, the man "got pretty mad" and hurled a pitchfork with

some force. The tines pierced on of the animal's legs and cut it so badly the beast had to be destroyed.

Julia felt the losses keenly. "It is so wicked the way that team has been killed. I could not help crying last night when Will said Brin must be killed, but it may be for the best if we will take it so."

Her greatest psychological problem was her loneliness for "Pa and Ma," and she yearned for the time of their visit to Michigan. The journal abounds with allusions to her parents whose letters caused "my feelings to get the best of my reason." She dreamed and thought about them. One day after she had hung their pictures on the drafty log cabin wall, she wrote:

"They look so good. I look at them and talk to them and then go off thinking what they are doing and when I shall see them again."

Always emotional about her parents, she eased her feelings with wry humor. After a 260-word entry tinged with her usual nostalgia, she closed by referring to the hundreds of mice in her home. "I wish someone would give us a cat to catch the mice so that we would not be carried off bodily."

As spring bloomed, references to the old couple increased. By May, she noted, "If somebody don't come or write to me soon, I shall do something desperate." A few days later: "I surely thought they would be here tonight."



They came, at last, in mid July, her 63-year-old father and her mother, a year older. Ironically, they went first to their oldest daughter's a mile from the Hannafords'.

When Julia learned this, she "tied on the children's bonnets," and hurried towards the Cates' place. Since the horse wagon moved so slowly, she "finally ran ahead and met Pa and Ma at the door. . . . I did not say much I was so sniffly."

The visitors stayed from July 20 to August 27, and during that period, the consistent sequence of entries broke. She acknowledged that the "old journal" would not get much written in it.

Bearing gifts for all, the grandparents threw themselves into the day-to-day activities. Julia and her mother spent much time "washing and talking as usual," and visited neighbors, sometimes walking two miles to attend quilting and sewing bees.

Pa did odd jobs for his sons-in-law. He also enjoyed wandering about alone in the woods, as Julia put it, "trying to see if he could get lost."

All too soon, they left for home. The Hannafords saw them aboard the steamer for Cleveland. On the way back from Glen Arbor, "Little Willie called for them a good many times."

With the great visit ended, Julia lost interest in the journal. It seemed as if its purpose had been to

sustain her until their arrival.

Even the tone of the final entries had lost their animation. "Have been plodding along in the old way." "Yesterday and today have passed with no particular thing coming to pass."

The clutter of paily details and weariness overwhelmed her. She even admitted, "I shall never keep another journal, unless I move to another home, when I might be tempted to."

And then, without any farewell flourishes, she penned finis on September 14: details about a new cow, a stranger lost in the woods, and her difficulties in removing her new quilt from the frame.

It was humdrum routine as usual. A phase of her life had ended.

Central Michigan University  
Emeritus

Note: The typescript of Julia Hannaford's journal was made available through the courtesy of John Cumming, Director, the Norman Clarke Memorial Library at Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant.

Writers of a New Spirit: Jean Toomer,  
Sherwood Anderson, and William Faulkner

David M. Lockwood

During the late 19th and early 20th centuries the foundations of today's American society were being laid. This country had been experiencing and continued to experience a rapidly expanding population and the acquisition of new global responsibilities. One major cause of change was the massive and mind-boggling rush of industrialization and the ensuing explosion of available wealth that created previously unimaginable opportunities for both social improvement and social oppression.

This new age of growth was paralleled by the literary period of realism and naturalism. Beginning in the 1920's, there were several writers with talent sufficient to incorporate the principles of realism and naturalism in their works without allowing them to control the message of the novel. These writers were creating a new form of literature that reflected the importance of the blossoming of a radically different American society. Jean Toomer, Cane; Sherwood Anderson, Dark Laughter; and William Faulkner, Sanctuary, are three such authors and their respective works that scrutinized the outward changes that were taking place and translated them into the changes that were affect-



ing the roots of society. These writers examined the fears and dreams of both collective society and the individual and left a treasure that magnifies the values and morals that were fading and describes the moral and historical basis on which America has been firmly planted for the past five decades.

#### Toomer-Anderson

The aforementioned works by Toomer and Anderson show that each writer discerned a restlessness within himself and a segment of American society. Searching inside themselves, and reaching into the minds of others, Toomer and Anderson were able to recreate on paper the psychological upheaval that was everywhere growing, though subtly and imperceptibly in most people.

These writers had similar ideals concerning what was necessary for an artist to first capture for himself and then release to others the truth that lies beneath the hard surface of conscious understanding. The essential ingredient was impulse. In Dark Laughter, Anderson makes it clear that Bruce could not be content unless he broke out of his dreary existence in Chicago. In order to begin his search for self-fulfillment it was necessary for Bruce to seize an impulse and smash the thick skull of the false, stifling life that he led. When he did, he was free to gaze into his inner feelings and take what he learned for the purpose of building a new life.

Jean Toomer's Cane, reflects a deep belief in impulse as necessity and received Anderson's acclaim for that quality. Toomer's poetry and prose-poetry creep into the mind and become a real and living thing fed by the impulse that created them. The end result of the artist's impulse does not jump at you as it did into the artist's mind, it creeps. As in "Karintha," Toomer shows the conflict between beauty and men's lust to possess such beauty:

Men had always wanted her, this Karintha,  
even as a child, Karintha carrying beauty, 1  
perfect as dusk when the sun goes down. (p.1)

The inevitability that struck Toomer slips into our minds and is in time recognized as a thing we thought we always knew:

Karintha is a woman. Men do not know that  
the soul of her was a growing thing ripened  
too soon . . . She has contempt for them. (p.2)

Toomer also shows what becomes of men lacking the ability to live out an impulse. In "Theater", John cannot allow himself to go down to what he sees as the crude physical level of the stage girls, "He wills thought to rid his mind of passion." (p. 51). But he will dream and fantasize while Dorris dances and when she stops:

Dorris flushed, looks quick at John. His  
whole face is in shadow. She seeks for her  
dance in it. She finds it a dead thing in  
the shadow which is his dream. (p. 53)

In this case, the inability to react to an impulse deprived a man of the chance to face reality and join life as a participating human.

Related to, but beyond necessary reaction to impulse, Toomer felt an acute personal need to react to his identity and heritage. For blacks in general, he believed that the 1920's and 1930's was the time to look at what the black man had been in American society and what he was to become. For Toomer's initial contribution, Cane, he searched among the people of Georgia, they still barely free from slavery, and captured the wholeness of the spirit of those people that he wanted to inspire to stand up and be counted as a vital part of this vital nation.

The spirit that Toomer felt in Georgia translated directly and easily into the lyricism of Cane. There is an inescapable rhythm in each piece that makes one feel like the wind blowing over and looking down on the scene, as in Carma:

A girl in the yard of a whitewashed shack  
not much larger than the pile of worn ties  
piled before it, sings. Her voice is loud.  
Echoes, like rain, sweep the valley. Dusk  
takes the polish from the rails. Lights twinkle  
in scattered houses. From far away, a sad strong  
song. Pungent and composite, the smell of farm-  
yards is the fragrance of the woman. She does  
not sing; her body is a song. (p. 10)

Toomer watched his subjects and tried to become a part of them. He got his lyricism by feeling the vibrant beating of a person's mind and the hum of their soul. When he was sure he had the right timing, he strung the combination of the two into the words of his stories.



Anderson had a similar talent but his flowing style came from the people of middle America and manifested itself to him in the form of the flowing rivers. He felt an uneasiness that arose from his belief that what was good and vital about life along the river was quickly drying up. He searched and eventually perceived that the growing number of factories were sucking people away from the water. All of this mechanization meant progress but Anderson felt that it was at the expense of a simpler, more fulfilling way of life.

In this sense, Anderson's attempt to capture in writing the last glimmerings of the culture that was dear to him parallels Toomer's frame of mind while he was collecting the material for Cane. Toomer's main statement of purpose, "Song of the Son", shows his concern with the amount of time left for him to uncover and preserve the songs and stories of his people's past that are secrets to him:

. . . for though the sun is setting on/  
A songlit race of slaves, it has not set;/  
Though late, O soil it is not too late yet/  
To catch thy plaintive soul, leaving, soon  
gone . . . (p. 12)

Though Toomer realized that the culture that he felt moving through his veins was being bred and beckoned away by "progress", he was proud to announce that:

. . . before they stripped the old tree bare/  
One plum was saved for me, one seed becomes/ An  
everlasting song, a singing tree . . . (p. 12)

Toomer was gathering and collecting threads of black history so that the rich fabric would not be lost to him and others forever. Anderson, on the other hand, was lamenting the passing of a lifestyle he had always known and come to cherish. Each writer accomplished the part of their search that intended to save the spirit of the culture that was so important to them; the tree still sings and the waters still whisper.

Part of Cane's success is attributed to the objectivity that Toomer gave to it. More importantly, Toomer combined an objective eye with a personal one. We never feel distance from the author or the material because there is an intensity of emotion and thought without bias that is evident in each piece.

"Blood-Burning Moon" exhibits the explosion of racial hatred and shows that it is unavoidable and uncontrollable when it erupts. Toomer does not allow misdirected hatred, though. There is a definite reasoning behind Tom Burwell's actions and a definite reasoning behind his death. Through objectivity, Toomer forces the reader to face the reality and full meaning of the events. Any emotional reaction becomes an obstacle and compromises the powerful message that Toomer has set forth.

Dark Laughter differs from Cane because Anderson has made his objective and personal observations one and the same. That is to say, in his semi-stream of consciousness style, Anderson has become the narrator. He objectively surveyed his middle American subjects and incorporated his personal opinions, with or without his intentions. In this much, Cane is superior to Dark Laughter because Toomer is everywhere around his works without being conspicuously in them.

Predictably, there are also differences in the treatment of the race issue between Dark Laughter and Cane. It did not suit Anderson's purpose to depict the tensions that existed in "Blood-Burning Moon". Bruce was searching for something that the blacks had, a piece of his past that held the key to his future, and he lived and worked among them in hopes of recovering it. Anderson concludes that because of the style and nature of black culture, blacks had long ago discovered that you could not struggle against yourself to get to happiness. This treatment was not bad in Anderson's mind; for example, it could be compared to Toomer's philosophy that women were emotion and intuition while men were reason and logic. Thus, Anderson guided Bruce on a search for a combination of the two races.



Toomer was not searching for a combination of races; he desperately wanted to discover elements of thought and soul that belonged purely to the black race. The individual episodes for Toomer were frequently initially discouraging but later, reflection carried enlightenment. Most notably, Kabnis struggles in his unfamiliar surroundings and refuses to believe that the other characters could possibly know anything that he does not know. He rejects the knowledge begging to be plucked from in front of him while he fondles his own thoughts and words. Quickly, unexpectedly, his mind flirts with discovery in the cellar and then rejects it. Toomer clearly asserts, however, that the rising sun is a "gold-glowing child" singing a "birth song". (p. 116). Cane insists that the birth song heralds the potential that exists for those in the black race willing to open their eyes to discovery.

#### Toomer - Faulkner

Some of the most important character associations between William Faulkner's Sanctuary, and Jean Toomer's Cane concern women. In order to understand their character treatment of women it is necessary to explore the motivation and reasoning behind each writers' thoughts. As previously stated, Toomer perceived women to be heart and intuition whereas men are mind and logic. Although he

believed that men and women should be a combination of both qualities, this would explain his portrayal of men as the thinking creatures and women as the feeling creatures.

The image of women that Faulkner has created in Sanctuary has a somewhat more hidden motivation and reasoning. The message is that there is not any inherent difference in the capabilities of either sex but that achievements of men and women are often dictated by that phantom called society. It would seem natural to infer that Faulkner would agree that men control society and, thus, women.

Examples of each writers' handling of male-female relationships will show that although the underlying reasoning is different the treatment is remarkably the same. In "Fern", Toomer describes a woman that is beautiful and fond of dreaming. Indeed, she seems to do little else other than attract the attention of men. Toomer says that her eyes told men that she was easy and that, "She did not deny them, yet the fact was that they were denied." (p. 14). Temple, the heroine in Sanctuary, does not attract men with her eyes but, instead, uses her beauty and a sort of unconscious, instinctive coquetry to lure the attentions of men. Throughout the novel she, too, yields to men without granting any satisfaction.

As a result, Fern and Temple were made to play a similar role for men in society. Their beauty and magnetism combined with the fact that no man could please them made men set them above all mortals. So, they became sacred virgins that were to be feared and protected as was God. In fact, however, the true spirit of God plays only a symbolic part in society and the men liked it that way.

Preceding the ultimate effect of men on women just discussed, when the men in Cane and Sanctuary first discover that the woman they desire cannot be owned both physically and psychologically their inward reactions are similar while their outward reactions differ. Concerning Fern, Avey, and Temple, after the men have tried frantically to buy or win the bodies and souls of each woman, their inner reaction is to blame the woman for her coldness in order to hide their own inadequacies.

The outward reaction that Toomer displays in the end of "Avey", when he sees that his gallant and gracious speech has dissipated into the air while she slept is revealed in the last lines:

She did not have the gray crimson-  
splashed beauty of the dawn. I hated  
to wake her. Orphan-woman . . . (p. 47)

Toomer is somewhat indignant at his rejection and attempts to feel pity for Avey so that he does not have to consider



the alternative; that despite his self-perceived accomplishments he is the one that is seeking fulfillment while she is secure in her life.

The outward reactions of people in Sanctuary, are basic and raw. After each man approaches Temple and is subsequently rejected they display only anger or violence and more lust. This reflects the fact that Faulkner's purpose is to examine the basic elements of the relationships between males and females as society has shaped them while Toomer is seeking a personal statement that links his individual and cultural identity to the people he encounters (concerning women in these examples).

This important difference of intent allows us to better understand the outlook on society that each author projects in these works. Both Faulkner and Toomer describe their characters and their conceptions of society with symbolic links to nature. As I have said, Toomer's personal search was concerned with his identification with Southern black culture and how it related to the dominating white society. The intricate "November Cotton Flower" reveals the harvest of his search and its intimate relation with nature. The previously implacable cottony-white society is approaching the end of its season because it is no longer nourished by the free labor that flowed like spring rivers. The withering domination of one culture

yields the opportunity for another to bloom and show what it has to offer, "Brown eyes that loved without a trace of fear, / Beauty so sudden for that time of year." (p. 4). This fervent hope, also seen in "Georgia Dusk", flow out of the hearts of black people in the same spirit as it entered - dressed in nature's unmistakable beauty.

In Sanctuary, Faulkner was not attempting to offer his ideas of where society was headed; he was analyzing where it had been and what it had become. Society is in a sense the villain in the novel in that the concept of society was created by men and women to describe the decisions and morals made by "others". Thus, it vindicates each individual from guilt or moral obligation.

Society is amorphous and indefinable and Faulkner may have intended its link to nature to be a non-link such as the description of a side-street in Memphis:

. . . a narrow street of smoke-grimed  
frame houses with tiers of wooden galleries,  
set a little back in grassless plots, with  
now and then a forlorn and hardy tree of 2  
some shabby species . . . (p. 137)

Faulkner could be implying that men and women have shirked their responsibilities toward their own kind and have hidden their dishonesty behind layers of false beliefs. Also, the infrequent soul that stoops to aid someone in need all the while has both eyes riveted on the next rung closer to salvation.

Faulkner and Toomer stress that people and society have done and will do almost all in their power to avoid the truth and responsibility when it does not suit their needs. In "Becky", Toomer relates a story of a town's shame and hypocrisy. They show hatred and scorn for a poor white woman that has two black sons. They pray for her damnation while taking food to her when others are not around. It is a convenient arrangement because the townsfolk can openly shun Becky, cry that the righteousness of God's will is being done, and show their true Christian spirit by secretly pitying her and showing mercy.

Horace, in Sanctuary, notices these ambiguities in society's actions all his life and must face the problem squarely during the trial. We quickly see that he is not equal to the task of confronting his own weaknesses in order to take any firm actions against society's warped sense of justice and morality. When he says, "I am too old for this. I was born to old for it . . ." (p. 253), he could well have been speaking of life. He is even more pathetic than Popeye because he never had the energy to object to what he knew was wrong, so he tried to separate himself from society by not participating in it and, thus, ironically became an active supporter of its twisted principles.



The frustrations that objecting to society's dictates can cause are seen in "Kabnis". Hampered by his self-importance, Kabnis struggles to escape the invisible but somehow impenetrable net the whites had thrown over the black race. Although his intentions are to write a portrait of society and force people to see their collective ugliness he, like Horace, fails to first settle his inner conflict. When Kabnis feels that, "Through Ramsay, the whole white South weighs down upon him", (p. 100), he is really feeling the weight of what Lewis has just said about him "life has already told him more than he is capable of knowing. It has given him in excess of what he can receive." (p. 99).

Toomer had discovered that an individual is a useless tool for shaping society unless they possessed a psychological and spiritual energy from which to draw. Like Faulkner, he had concluded that people that hide in their own fears and refuse to admit their weaknesses can survive only by blaming the strength of those non-specific others that comprise the society they would change. In order for blacks, or anyone, to escape the net they must take in all that life offers and evaluate this information objectively. Action then becomes a natural extension of reasoning and discovery.

Anderson - Faulkner

A comparison of Dark Laughter and Sanctuary is a particularly provocative task because the striking differences are fully balanced with the similarities. One of the finer though easily noticeable differences in style involves the handling of major morals and important information. Anderson's presentation of key materials is frequently laced with sarcasm. In fact, one could argue that most of his literary career was a sarcastic crusade against selfishness, gullability, and greed. A perfect example of one fitting into the gullability category is the reader that accepts the fruits of Aline's ethereal reasoning when she is dreaming of Bruce and greater things, "Civilization is perhaps nothing but a process of finding out what you cannot have."<sup>3</sup> (p. 251). In support of my opinion I would argue that both Kabnis and Horace would agree with Aline's thought with little reservation. As I have shown, both characters were marked by their inability to understand society clearly due to their lack of self-understanding.

Faulkner presents the morals of many of his stories with not sarcasm but irony. Although the two concepts are closely related, sarcasm is a form of irony that attacks the personal character. Irony, in itself, merely offers to an unwary reader the antithesis of the knowledge that the author has discovered. In other words, Anderson employed an aggressive form of educational tool while



Faulkner invited the reader to learn, or not learn, as much as they wished.

Neither writer, however, allowed careful readers the luxury of believing that the characters had learned their lessons and repented their transgressions. As in life, rarely are the characters' major crises solved and, when they are, the participants are rarely aware of who or what solved the crisis. The lack of understanding between males and females in Sanctuary does not end with the deaths of Tommy, Lee, Popeye, and the black baritone, it simply begins a new chapter. A vivid example of refusing to learn from experience is Horaces' inability to resolve a personal crisis about women that he identifies in the beginning and is still lamenting in the end:

That's why we know nature is a she;  
because of that conspiracy between female  
flesh and female season. So each spring  
I could watch the reaffirmation of the old  
ferment hiding the hammock; the green-snared  
promise of unease. (p. 13)  
"It does last," Horace said. "Spring does.  
You'd almost think there was some purpose to it."  
(p. 285)

Faulkner may be saying in Sanctuary that the burden that men took on when they subordinated women ironically turned out to be the punishment to match such folly.

Similarly, it could be said that the crisis facing the major characters at the end of Dark Laughter were the ones they were dodging at the start. It would appear that both Bruce and Aline made steps in the direction of dis-



covery and happiness but the fact that they ran off with one another for different reasons and with different dreams clouds such certainty.

The most interesting contrast in these two works lies in the major stumbling block that the characters face. Faulkner's characters are constantly devising grand plans to improve their lot in life that are based on illusionary beliefs about their true situations. What makes their attempts at fulfilling their dreams ironic is that their actions are usually compromised by an overriding fate. Every action and most thoughts that Horace attempts in an effort to require self-respect is pre-empted by some woman in his life; Ruby's and Lee's plans to quit their lowly existence and live a decent life were usurped by Lee's undeserved death; and, most ironically, Temple's unstated plans to live a carefree, socially enviable life could not be farther from reality.

Anderson's characters face completely opposite problems. They are not troubled by an overriding fate but are confused by the lack of a controlling force. The vastness of choices in life haunt their minds and bind their bodies into inaction. As some would argue, it took Bruce from summer until spring to do what was obvious all the while! Specifically, there is a general mood of uncertainty in Bruce, Aline, and Fred throughout the novel. It is as though Anderson is saying that soft, subtle dark

laughter can be faintly heard throughout all of white middle America and no one dares make an important decision until they find out where the laughter is coming from and at whom it is directed.

The theme that ties Dark Laughter and Sanctuary most closely together is the message that there are certain things in life that must be faced. Most importantly, everyone must initially make peace with themselves. Bruce and Aline made an effort; Ruby struggled in vain toward something she was condemned by society never to reach; and Popeye perhaps reached the inner peace that only knowledge of death can bring. In addition, the idea is presented that in order to step into society and shape it into your dreams you must be able to understand the sufferings and oppressions of the opposite sex (Sanctuary) and the other races (Dark Laughter). Faulkner and Anderson would agree emphatically that understanding is precious and that we cannot afford to harbor prejudices against those with whom we must share space and time.

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The combined messages from Toomer, Faulkner, and Anderson form an inescapable circle: the future of American society, its cultures, races, and sexes, depends upon the integrity of each individual.

Jean Toomer saw that the coming years would witness the end of the Southern slave culture. He was concerned,



however, that it might not necessarily signal the end of black slavery in the form of psychological if not physical domination. So, he searched for, discovered, and put into words the beauty and unique spiritual richness of the culture that had grown without encouragement. Toomer sensed that the 1920's and 1930's would be a crucial time for encouragement for blacks; it would be the time to ask for the equality that had been promised so long ago. Despite the effort of Toomer and others the conflict continued.

Part of the reason has been supplied by William Faulkner. His study of the conflicts between men and women and between blacks and whites summarizes the type of morality that had been emerging in America. It was a morality that justified a stratified society by reassuring its believers that this was, after all, a free democracy. Thus, the crux of the problem lies in the minds and morality of those in power. Faulkner contends that these rulers, mostly whites and mostly men, have not created an entirely pitiful society but, one that is lacking in diversity and true harmony.

Sherwood Anderson drew upon this last idea to contribute his sensitive observations concerning the path down which this countries' leading class was moving. He felt that without individual honest society would become neurotic and lacking in emotional and spiritual freedom.



In other words, he proposed the type of freedom that Toomer's blacks seemed to possess deep within themselves as a possible cure for the ills of the individual and society.

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#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Jean Toomer, Cane, (New York: Liveright Publishing Corp., 1975).

All direct quotations of Jean Toomer's writing are from this publication.

<sup>2</sup> William Faulkner, Sanctuary, (New York: Vintage Books, 1958).

All direct quotations of William Faulkner's writing are from this publication.

<sup>3</sup> Sherwood Anderson, Dark Laughter, (New York: Liveright Publishing Corp., 1970).

## The Midwestern City as Metaphor and Reality

David D. Anderson

As a point of departure for discussion the Midwestern city in American literature I want to combine and paraphrase two quite different quotations. The first is from William Butler Yeats's essay on William Carleton, the 19th century Irish novelist. In describing Carleton's accomplishment, Yeats wrote,

The history of a nation is not in parliaments and battlefields but in what people say to each other on fair days and high days and in how they farm and quarrel and go on pilgrimage.

The second quotation is from the late John T. Frederick's introduction to his anthology of Midwestern literature, Out of the Midwest. In it Frederick wrote,

A good regional writer is a good writer who uses regional materials. His regionalism is a condition, not a purpose or motive. It means simply that he uses the literary substance which he knows best, the life of his own neighborhood, of his own city or state--the material about which he is most likely to be able to write with meaning. His work has literary importance only in so far as it meets the standards of good writing. . . . the regional writer gives special service to the nation . . . by revealing and interpreting the people of his own region to those of other regions. He serves most significantly if he can interpret the people of his region to themselves.

Carleton's stories and novels were set in rural and small-town Ireland in the early nineteenth century, in

many ways contemporaneous with the rise of modern Irish nationalism, and much of the literary work we consider most typically Midwestern--much of Mark Twain's, Sherwood Anderson's, E.W. Howe's, Willa Cather's, and that of dozens of other--is set in the towns and on the farms in the late nineteenth century, when the Old Northwest and its adjunct states had most clearly become Midwestern. Other Midwestern works, ranging from those of Henry Blake Fuller through James T. Farrell to Herbert Gold, Richard Yates, and Saul Bellow are more frequently thought of as "city" novels or Chicago novels or "ethnic" novels rather than Midwestern novels. When we think of the Midwestern city in a literary context, we usually think of Chicago. And now we are addressing not "Midwestern City Literature" but "The Midwestern City in American Literature."

What I am suggesting, to tie these remarks together and at the same time to paraphrase both Yeats and Frederick, is that I shall not be talking about buildings and boulevards and bridges, the bricks and mortar of the city, but about the people in the Midwestern city in American literature, people whose experience is both urban and Midwestern, and what we are concerned with is, then, the experience of people whose reality is the Midwestern city, in what they do to it and to others and what the city does



to them. I am concerned with, as both Yeats and Frederick make clear, human experience that happens to occur in and often is shaped by the city in which it takes place and which often gives it both its unique and its universal characteristics.

There are countless works of fiction set in Midwestern cities; for example, the recent bibliography Illinois! Illinois! cites more than a thousand works of fiction set in whole or in part in Chicago alone, and that list excludes foreign language, soft porn, and other categories that perhaps should have been included. Out of this wide range of available works, there are three novels that I'd like to comment on briefly, works that deal not only with the city, with its rise and fall, its construction, decay, and reconstruction, but with the human experience that gives the city its life, that makes the impersonal personal, and that in turn is shaped by the city's rise and fall and perhaps resurrection. The novels are, in the order in which I shall comment on them, Sherwood Anderson's Poor White, Henry Blake Fuller's The Cliff-Dwellers, and James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan trilogy.

Anderson's Poor White, published in 1920, is, in the date published, the second of the three, but in terms of what Anderson did in the novel, chronologically the first;

Fuller's The Cliff-Dwellers, one of the first novels set in Chicago, published in 1893, is the first in date of publication but in terms of Fuller's intent, the second; and Farrell's trilogy, published from 1932-1935, is in both date of publication and Farrell's purpose, the last. In the three combined, we have, Farrell's objection to my use of the term in reference to Chicago notwithstanding, a massive metaphor of the Midwestern city as it comes into being, as it reaches its peak of development, and as it rushes into inevitable decline. But the three combine, too, to produce a massive metaphor of money--the search for it, the accumulation of it, its loss. To each of these writers--and countless others--money and the city are one. In each of the three novels, just as money and the city fuse, the latter a monument, building, in being, or decaying, to the former, the costs of money and its monument are clear: money and the city exist not for human beings, but at their expense, and the city's reality is not its buildings, streets, and public and private places, but the human lives that each novel defines, whether on Main Street in Bidwell, Ohio, in the corridors of the Clifton, or in the parks and poolrooms of the 58th Street Alky Squad.

In Poor White Sherwood Anderson records the growth of a fictional Midwestern industrial city from its small-town origins, the story, as Anderson commented, of Wines-



burg, Ohio, as it became another Akron. We have no better record of that process as Hugh McVey, the Midwestern tinkerer, a Huckleberry Finn turned Henry Ford, comes to town, his imagination and genius find mechanical solutions to human problems, men of affairs transmute those mechanical dreams into factories, farm hands become factory hands, foreigners--real foreigners, not just those from the next town or the next state--appear on the streets and in the shops, and the tinkerer and the men of affairs become wealthy while the farm hands and the foreigners become extensions of the machines they serve.

But if Poor White is the story of the growth of a Midwestern industrial city and the establishment of great Midwestern fortunes, it is also the story of destruction, of the cost of that city and its factories and fortunes in human and ideological terms. Bidwell, as the novel opens, is a nineteenth century Midwestern farming and trading center at the close of the Civil War, its people craftsmen and shopkeepers, housewives and school children, apprentices and teachers, preachers and retired farmers, bankers and housekeepers, all of their lives attuned to the natural cycle of which farming is an extension. The town itself, Main Street the principle artery of its circulation, and the countryside of which Bidwell is the



heart, are the living manifestation of Jefferson's eighteenth century dream become nineteenth century Midwestern reality, a harmonious, open society in which each can find a meaningful place, commensurate with his or her talents and the town's needs and values. Progress is slow but sure, and a person's word and work are trustworthy. It is, as Anderson describes it, a time of waiting, when it appears that the human race is about to take time to understand itself.

But the town, caught up in the glittering promise of post-Civil War industrialism, chooses that path to fulfillment laid out by Hamilton in the eighteenth century and followed by the New Englanders who had not only tamed their wild rivers to power looms and shoe factories but who had come across the mountains to civilize--in the sense meant by the Widow Douglas--the Old Northwest.

In portraying this clash of ideologies, Anderson raises the story of the industrialization of Bidwell and the Midwest to high art, but in the defeat of the old ways, the destruction of the Jeffersonian agrarian society, Anderson creates a new myth of human values destroyed by materialism, of human beings dehumanized by the loss of their crafts and their livelihoods to the machines and their identities to the urban mass.

Consequently, while Poor White is the story of the industrialization of the town and the urbanization of the Midwest, it is also the story of the cost of that change in human terms as Joe Wainsworth, journeyman harnessmaker, is, in turn, embittered by the introduction of machine-made harness and then driven to murder and madness by insensitive ridicule; as Smoky Pete, journeyman blacksmith, becomes the town's conscience and is dismissed as crazy; as the French boys leave the farm for a more intense factory enslavement; as other young men--Harley Parsons, formerly an apprentice blacksmith, now determined to bed a woman of every race and nationality, and Ed Hall, former apprentice carpenter become a foreman and eventually a superintendent--become corrupted by money and the standards of the new age. Poor White is, Anderson makes clear, not only the story of the rise of the city, but it is also the story of the fall of the common people from dignity to madness, murder, greed, and corruption. In the background of the final scenes the factory whistles shriek a harsh obligatto to their impersonal victory.

To a great extent Henry Blake Fuller's The Cliff-Dwellers begins on that note of urban triumph as the Clifton, a Chicago Main Street eighteen stories tall, houses not Anderson's blacksmiths and milliners and

grocers and tobacconists and harness-makers but, as Fuller enumerates them "bankers, capitalists, lawyers, 'promoters'; brokers in bonds, stocks, pork, oil, mortgages; real-estate people and railroad people and insurance people--life, fire, marine, accident; a host of principals, agents, middlemen, clerks, cashiers, stenographers, and errand boys; and the necessary force of engineers, janitors, scrub-women, and elevator hands." The people of the Clifton are those of Bidwell in maturity: manipulators of money and manual workers, an impenetrable class barrier between them, each on his or her side of the barrier an interchangeable part undistinguishable from the others. While Anderson dramatizes the town becoming a city, Fuller's central image is the static eighteen-story organism, neither growing nor contracting, that is the Clifton.

Just as the industrialization of Bidwell is not reality but the metaphor out of which Anderson constructs his Midwestern American myth, the Clifton is the symbol of the new age as well as the substance of the new American myth that is, at the end of the nineteenth century, emerging from the great American cities, particularly from Chicago, the most rapidly growing, the most Midwestern, perhaps the most American of them all.



Like the Clifton itself, the reality out of which the new city, the new age, and the new myth are constructed, is money, and the cliff-dwellers in the Clifton worship at its shrine: Erasmus Brainerd, the banker, who "had never lived for anything but business;" George McDowell, the real estate agent, who believed that "you've got to have snap, go," to get ahead; the conservative banker Fairchild who proclaimed, "Chicago is Chicago . . . It is inevitable; nothing can stop us;" the business wives, who not only worship with their husbands but who often lead them to the temple; the novel's hero, George Ogden, who works for Brainerd's bank, and only by chance learns that there are values other than material--although he continues to pursue them. There is neither time nor room for humane values in the Clifton or in Fuller's Chicago.

Fuller's Chicago is Anderson's Bidwell at maturity, its social stratification complete, its only fulfillment material. But James T. Farrell's Chicago, two generations later, is the city not merely in decline but rapidly decaying, physically and spiritually, the economic system on which it is based and which continues to promise fulfillment, providing the ultimate betrayal.

Farrell's Chicago is thus the mirror image of its people, spiritually, emotionally, and finally economically bankrupt, their only defense against dehumanization in the

cities, the neighborhoods that reduce the city to human scale and provide the foundation of their identity, crumbling around them. The Studs Lonigan trilogy is indeed the story of Stud's degeneration and death in the years between the end of World War I and the early years of the depression; but, Farrell makes clear, although Studs stands in the foreground, behind him are his family, his neighborhood, his culture, his city, all of them empty, bankrupt, meaningless, hopeless. Farrell's Chicago, his city, is the city that gave Studs life and then destroyed him as impersonally as it had allowed him to live.

These three writers define, metaphorically, mythically, even organically, the birth, growth, decline, and death of the city, but they suggest, too, that, as Yeats and Frederick insist, the reality of the urban Midwestern experience is the human experience, that its truth is the human truth, its fulfillment--and their accomplishment as writers--the human life that is the substance of their works. And as they define these lives, they suggest clearly, in terms reminiscent of the 18th century, of Jefferson and Franklin, that the city is incompatible with the search for human happiness, that it is incompatible with a free people or a free society, that by its very nature it degrades, dehumanizes, and ultimately destroys indiscriminately those who serve it and those who defy it.

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## An Adolescent's Struggle

Thomas P. Linkfield

Few Americans, in their struggle through adolescence and into early adulthood in a post-World War II society, have found the process completely harmonious or free of turmoil and some pain. Most probably endured a mixture of both pain and pleasure. Jerry Engels, the main character in Thomas Rogers's At The Shores (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1980), experiences this combination of emotions as he struggles with late adolescence during the summer of 1948 in the resort community of Indiana Shores on Lake Michigan. Jerry's dual romance with Lake Michigan and Rosalind Ingleside, coupled with his wildly erotic fantasies, provide ample material for a novel that evokes not only idyllic images of a magnificent lake, but also bitter-sweet images of an adolescent's struggle for maturity. Jerry Engels makes the same mistake countless thousands of humans have made regarding the process of maturity: he confuses sexual ardor with romantic love and believes his sexual accomplishments have made him an adult male.

Jerry's experience is special in a sense because his environment provides a unique setting for his adolescence. Indiana Shores is a small, safe, comfortable society, protected from outside conflicts and turmoil.



The residents of this resort community are upper-middle class and upper class. Jerry's own father has an important position with Standard Oil. Until the first Jewish family moves in, the community is thoroughly WASP. Jerry's small world is also unique because of the dominating presence of Lake Michigan. That freshwater sea becomes a focal point for Jerry's summers. He is a true child of the lake, a creature perfectly at home in the water, and an energetic teenager having a perpetual love affair with the lake and every aspect of it -- the wind, the sand dunes, the shifting sandbars, and even its storms. For Jerry, Lake Michigan is alive, and it provides an idyllic setting for his groping toward maturity that most adolescents are not fortunate enough to enjoy. Jerry has an advantage that he simply takes for granted.

Although the world of Jerry Engels is special and sheltered, his problems regarding his manhood and maturity are hardly unique to him. For several years Jerry has preferred the company of females to males and even assumes the girls in his world are his for the asking. By the tenth grade, however, most of his friends have begun steady relationships, and Jerry suspects he may be a failure who has lost his touch with girls. Encouraged by his sister in whom he confides, Jerry pursues Rosalind Ingleside, daughter of a rich family at the Shores. He knows he is

physically mature and is confident of his romantic love for Rosalind, the perfect girl, but as he progresses through eleventh grade, oblivious to his subjects, he senses a "love sickness," or developing sexual need, which he cannot fulfill. He constructs detailed sexual fantasies in which he is the adolescent lover of older women. He needs a real woman to teach him physical love. Jerry naively believes a sexual experience will solve his problem of manhood and provide him with maturity.

The summer of 1948 at Indiana Shores becomes a watershed in Jerry's groping struggle toward manhood. In this fateful summer before Jerry's senior year in high school, both the erotic and the romantic elements of his love sickness merge. Jerry is obsessed with women, and he describes himself as an "erotic pantheist." He sees women in the wind and in the water of Lake Michigan; even the sand dunes remind him of a large sprawling woman. He enjoys a romantic flirtation with another girl while he awaits Rosalind's arrival for the summer. His sexual initiation comes when he visits a cathouse in Michigan City, Indiana, on July 4 (independence for Jerry!). Although he expected the fulfillment of a wonderful dream (for ten dollars), the actual experience -- with a professional for whom sex was merely a habit -- was less than his erotic fantasies. But at least Jerry believed his sexual experience

had made him a man. Soon after Rosalind's arrival at the Shores, they enjoy sex one night in the sand. Although Jerry should feel guilty about seducing his "perfect girl," he does not, and assumes he will continue sex with Rosalind the rest of the summer. Though Jerry protests that he is not ruled by passion, he carefully plans a love-nest on White Thorn dune where he can demonstrate his manhood with Rosalind. During the summer of 1948, Rosalind becomes the object not only of Jerry's romantic love, but also of his sexual, erotic fantasies.

By summer's end, Jerry luxuriates in the comfortable feeling that he has gained maturity and manhood at age seventeen. His sexual initiation in Michigan City convinced him that his manhood was real, and he felt confident enough to visit the same cathouse a second time. His regular sex with Rosalind reinforced his sense of possessing a new power over women. In addition, Jerry developed a sense of responsibility for Rosalind's happiness. Regular sex with her produced feelings of happiness and maturity in Jerry, and he was certain it must do the same for her. He is Rosalind's guardian and steady lover. His summer becomes perfect when he beats his friend Phil, who has always been the better athlete, while swimming in Lake Michigan one night. Jerry is physically mature and confident of his adult status.



Jerry's claim to adult maturity, however, is just a delusion, as unsubstantial as one of Lake Michigan's shifting sandbars. True maturity consists of more than just physical stature and athletic ability. Although sex on a regular basis with Rosalind makes Jerry feel like an adult, he refuses to contemplate seriously the implications of what they are doing. Jerry reassures himself that he does not require sex with Rosalind, but he constantly pressures her to submit, despite the guilt and shame that sex produces for her. In response to Rosalind's repeated question, "What's going to happen to us?" Jerry can only offer a box of Trojans. Jerry demonstrates little consideration for or understanding of Rosalind's fears and guilt, since he is mainly concerned with the pleasure that sexual intercourse gives him. He urges Rosalind to "let herself go" like the women in his numerous fantasies. Jerry cannot differentiate between fantasy and reality. It never occurs to him that by using his perfect Rosalind for sexual gratification, he is actually reducing her to the level of the Michigan City prostitute. Rosalind feels cheap and tarnished, while Jerry merely enjoys the habit. Jerry equates sexual prowess with adult behavior, but in many ways he resembles a child who enjoys a new toy for the pleasure it gives him. He will not be mature until he learns that making physical love to a girl is not the same as loving her.

It takes a sudden end to this sexual affair to produce some real maturity in Jerry Engels. Plagued by guilt, Rosalind confesses everything to her parents and does not return to Jerry's school for her senior year. Jerry is stunned and emotionally crushed, for his idyllic fantasy has come to a dramatic end. He is now alone at school and must cope with his grief and sense of loss. In the depths of despair, Jerry attempts suicide by swimming on Lake Michigan during a storm. As he battles the violent currents and punishing waves, Jerry discovers that he actually enjoys the struggle, and he concludes that only people in fantasies commit suicide. Reality pulls Jerry Engels back to shore where he accepts the fact that he has lost Rosalind and must continue from there. Coping with grief for his lost Rosalind was like struggling against a towering wave on Lake Michigan: it might beat Jerry to his knees, but he must struggle on. He concludes that his experience with Rosalind had been both sad and beautiful. Though not fully mature, Jerry has at least learned that life offers both pleasure and pain.

Thomas Rogers makes skillful use of Lake Michigan in this rewarding adult novel of an adolescent struggling for maturity. It is the center for Jerry Engels' life every summer at Indiana Shores. The reader wonders at

times if Jerry does not love the lake more than he loves his precious Rosalind. It is a magnificent body of water with changing moods and appearances. In fact, the word lake is not capable of communicating the total meaning and significance of this body of water. Rogers's descriptions of Lake Michigan evoke pleasant, nostalgic memories for any reader who has ever lived near it. Jerry finds pleasure and contentment in the clear water and surrounding sand dunes. The lake is the scene for Jerry's exhausting athletic contests with his friend Phil. The beaches and dunes are the scenes for Jerry's romantic flirtations with many girls and his erotic seductions of Rosalind. But Lake Michigan can be violent and turbulent also, as Jerry discovers when he attempts suicide in it. The lake is a force, as is life itself, and Jerry must contend with both. He has no difficulty accepting Lake Michigan on its terms for better or worse; now he must learn to do the same for life and the sometimes painful process of maturing into an adult. In that respect, experiencing Lake Michigan is very similar to experiencing life. Jerry must struggle with both and not allow either one to beat him into submission. He is successful in his contest with the lake, and Jerry Engels is more mature at the end of the summer of 1948 than he was at its beginning.

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