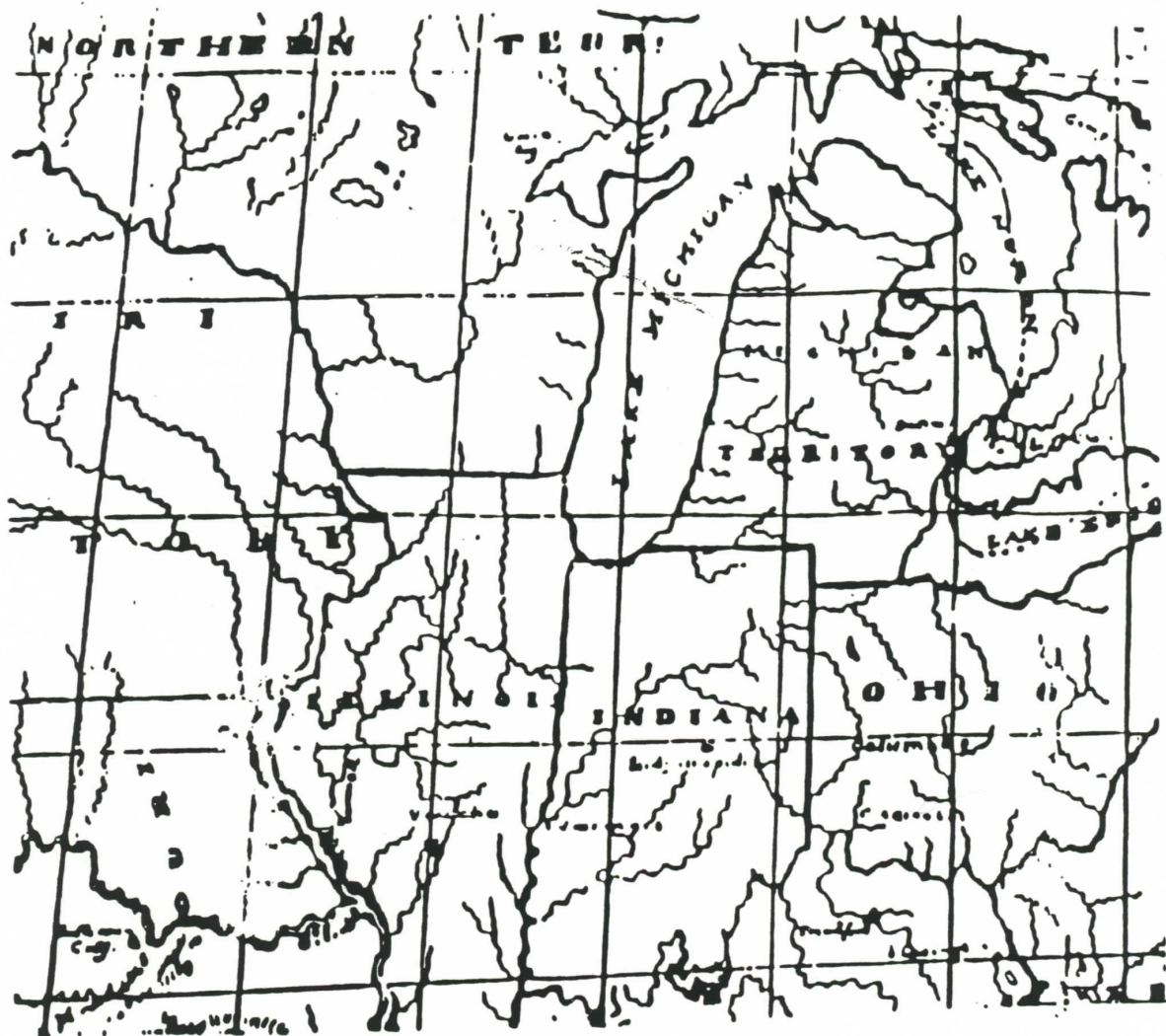


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THE FACTORY:

a memoir

William Thomas

My first day at the factory I was given a badge, to be worn always during working hours, and an identification card, to be shown the guard on entering the clockhouse every morning; and taken to the Plant Protection Department for fingerprinting. I thought of a time when I would have resented this indignity; now it was merely another step on the way to becoming a worker in industry, like the physical examination by a Company doctor, like getting the identification photograph with the number across your chest that made you look as if it had been taken at the police station an hour after your arrest on a charge of murder.

Eventually the Personnel man escorting me (and several others) left me with the Production Control Department foreman, who referred me to a supervisor, who turned me over to a leadman, who put me in charge of a crew chief, who said we would take a tour of the plant. He was a young man who talked glibly about the various departments as we went through them, Material Control, the Machine Shop, Welding, Processing, Sheet Metal Fabrication, Sub-assembly, Upholstery, Surface

Assembly, and the assembly line. My previous industrial experience had been in a railroad roundhouse, and I remembered that place as a grimy, detestable, almost horrible dungeon (how odious such surroundings can be when one is sixteen), from which one emerged in the condition of Samuel Johnson's Cyclops. Here even the machine shop was clean. Elsewhere it was light and airy and clean enough to set up housekeeping in. And the airplanes, as we progressed to the end of the assembly line and I saw them in complete and nearly complete stages, were things of beauty. With their smooth aluminum surfaces, all details of their great complexity functional, they were beauty identified with function.

The noise of the riveting in Primary Assembly was terrific, and I knew I could never become used to it; but a little ways off, in other departments, I was not bothered by it. It was mid-forenoon before my crew chief and guide appeared to think I had been shown enough. As yet no one was concerned with my doing anything in the nature of work. My duty, he explained, was moving parts in a pushcart, from one spot to various others as they advanced in the manufacturing process. Such work would be only temporary, he went on, as if I might feel it beneath my dignity. As soon as I learned my way about the factory I would be given a better job;

few men stayed on the trucking crew (where everybody in Department 77 began) longer than three or four weeks. He introduced me to another young man, Max Demuth. "Just go around with Max a couple of days."

Max and I worked from the Production Control point in the Paint Department. The inspectors laid approved lots of parts--they were either small formed pieces or assemblies of aluminum sheet or welded assemblies of steel tubing--after painting on a bench, whence we took them to the stockroom of the next department according to the routing of the shop order with them. The things I needed to know--to identify the department by number, to remember where it was and how to get there--were bewildering, and I had to ask Max the same thing several times. But he was very patient with me. "Who are the important-looking men there talking so earnestly?" I asked. "Aw, they aint big guys," he said. "A lot of guys around here look like big guys, but they aint."

At eleven thirty we ate lunch from our pails at the control point. I was tired with walking over the concrete floors and would have been glad to sit more than half an hour; but at twelve we had to resume work. At two o'clock the whistle blew for the afternoon five-minute smoke period, as for the forenoon period at nine thirty, during which everyone was permitted to smoke at his post, except in the paint room and some other places of hazard. I was

not a smoker but was glad for a rest. My feet were hurting, and I wanted nothing so much as to get out of there and go home. A few minutes before three thirty Max took care that we were in position to make a quick exit. You could feel the tempo of activity slackening. But it was unwise to be seen walking toward the door with your lunch pail in hand before the whistle blew; so by the time we got outside there were already lines to the clock house. I found my time card, punched out, and opened my pail for the guard's inspection as I went through the gate.

In the parking lot there was already a traffic jam. I couldn't get my car out of its space because of cars that filled the lanes. I could only sit, wait, and ponder on the spectacle of men who were on the whole doubtless quite decent fellows pushing, rushing, impatiently blowing horns in their great desire and effort to get away from this place, where they must have been bored, to another, where boredom awaited them. As I drove out at last, I determined I would not compete; I would keep a book in my car, in order that I might sit quietly and read till the jam subsided. I was then reading Besant's All in a Garden Fair (Kipling in Something of Myself said it was his "salvation in sore personal need", and I thought it might be helpful to me), but did not find it interesting enough to read in more than fifteen or twenty minutes at

a time, so it proved the ideal book for my purpose. I didn't finish it till years later, when the war was over, but I read a lot of it that fall.

Although I was accustomed to walking, for several days and nights my legs ached with fatigue. But instead of tight dress oxfords such as many of my fellow employees wore, I wore stout wide-toed work shoes with full uppers, which were as comfortable as shoes could be. After ten days I was made a "follow-up" man. Every morning the clerk of the assembly-line stockroom I was assigned to handed me a list of shortages, and my new task was to find what department a release (the total quantity in fabrication at one time) of each of these parts was active in, and hasten it through the remaining steps of fabrication or assembly into the stockroom. Parts being expedited to eliminate a shortage were "hot"; if the quantity in the stockroom were to become exhausted, the assembly line would be slowed, possibly even stopped, and such a shortage was a "shutdown" shortage. Accordingly, a "shutdown" ticket was attached to the shop order accompanying the parts as notice that work on them was to be completed as soon as possible. By the process of truncation that so enlivens the English language, this ticket, and the order itself, became a "shutdown". I had to locate the order by securing the routing (this word was

always pronounced with the diphthong au in the first syllable) from the Production Control office and checking the control points of the various departments or the records of the Inspection Department till I discovered where it was active, and attached a shutdown ticket. That, however, did not end my concern with it. I had to return to see that dispatchers, truckers, and inspectors did not delay in performing their duties; I was not done with it till the parts were in the stockroom, which might be a matter of days. And for every order I successfully "closed out" another shortage awaited me.

There were always shortages. A new model, a bombardier trainer designated by the Army Air Corps as the AT-11, was going into production, and I was assigned to work on it as well as on the established model, the AT-7, a navigator trainer. I met what appeared to be insuperable difficulties. After long search--for I did not know short cuts or where to look first for information--I would find no shop order had been issued by the Production Planning Department; the reason was that there were tooling problems not overcome; perhaps the die or form block that made the part was not made; possibly the drawing of this part was not even released by Engineering. Such facts I learned slowly--and painfully--for the burden of getting the part built was mine.

There were so many follow-up men that their activity

hampered the productive departments' personnel. A report was required of every follow-up man every day on every part he was charged with expediting--where it was and how soon it was expected to close out, or, if it were not being fabricated, why. If no prospect obtained of the tooling's being completed for weeks, it was still not sufficient to say that simply; you had to see somebody and get his word on it, rephrase the statement, make it read as if you were doing your utmost to move a mountain, when no more could be done toward that end than was, in the normal course of events, being done.

No use was ever made of the particular information; by the time it reached the Production Department foreman it was obsolete and valueless. Methods and procedures were chaotic. I could not persuade myself that I liked my job, which seemed to consist in coercing others to perform the duties regularly delegated to them. So at my request I was given a new assignment, that of assistant dispatcher in the supplemental plant, where another model, a small passenger biplane, was built. The duty of dispatching consisted in issuing shop orders and material or parts to the shop departments for fabrication or assembly, and here included stock-keeping. Stockroom facilities were poor, and shop personnel had yet to be educated to production control and regular procedures of fabrication, rejection, and reissuance of shop orders

for replacement of rejected parts. "But here," said the supervisor, "we think we know what we're doing."

There I was busy and comfortable. It was fine weather that fall, and on bright mornings when the sunlight streamed through the east windows and the open big east doorway I was exhilarated by the thought of my liberation from the academic world, of being delivered from its pomposities, its shams, its toadyism. In the factory I could do what I had to do without need to "impress" somebody, and I went about my work with a freedom from care that sometimes became a gentle joy, an almost-happiness.

There was little talk of the war, either before or after the entry into it of the United States. Some men were glad they were in what came to be called "essential" industry, because they were later granted draft deferments; but for most their jobs meant bread and butter, and events affected their thinking little. Some, however, were veterans of the war before; and it was a solemn group who listened while they ate lunch to the President's speech and speeches of members of Congress on the radio brought into the weld shop the 8th of December 1941.

My education continued. Procedures were constantly changing, production was expanding, and I no longer had Saturdays off duty, or even Saturday afternoons. Many

new people were brought in; women appeared in all departments. I was made dispatcher in the weld shop, and had a helper. I worked overtime. I had periodic increases in pay. I learned to read blueprints and took a night course in production planning and control. There before the attack on Pearl Harbor, I was a veteran now. I received the lapel pin and certificate awarded for meritorious performance, which pronounced me a Beech Busy Bee.

But I had learned all there was for me to learn in the shop. With the close of 1942 I asked for and was granted a transfer to the Production Planning Department, being first a member of the Status Group (pronounced with the short a), whose concern was the correction of shop orders held pending in Production Control point files, following engineering changes, substitution of material, or changes in tooling. I didn't have to learn how to do this, and was put in charge of the Status desk, where I stayed, except for a few weeks' special assignment in the Engineering Department, for six months. Thereafter, in the Spares Planning Group, I wrote shop orders from blueprints and tool cards, and later supervised the issuance of shop orders for spare parts contracts.

There were always troubles.. For installation in the field, many spare parts, hinges for example, were to be shipped without rivet holes in them. But the shop

personnel, familiar with the part itself, would overlook the "do not drill" instruction and drill the holes, whereupon the rejected lot had to be overstocked and absorbed by a Production release, necessitating re-issuance of the Spares order--to which the same thing was likely to happen another time. There were always engineering, tooling, and material changes to effect, and the recurrent failure of someone, somewhere, to perform his share of the duty. Or a member of the Production Planning Group, more zealous than knowing, would change a Spares order that ought not to have been changed. A commonplace remark was that we wondered how airplanes ever got built. The Scheduling Department, however, made production less hit-or-miss in 1944 than it was two years earlier; airplanes did get built, and flew.

Like soldiers, I suffered most from monotony. The routine was inflexible: rise at five thirty, thirty minutes to prepare and eat breakfast, twenty minutes to shave, ten minutes to dress, twenty-five minutes to start the car, drive to the plant, and clock in with a comfortable margin of time before seven o'clock; at my desk till three thirty or five, six days a week. It was sorely trying to me, unfitted by temperament to endure routine. Refusing to relinquish my intellectual interests, I came to shun such sociality as war time

permitted; for a dinner-table or evening conversation would invariably come to or come back to the war, and, after a day when I might have seen a hysterically sobbing girl stumbling through a corridor, I wished to talk about anything else. If I tried to talk about books, my companions would bring up war books; or discourse on a lecture by a war correspondent or a news commentator that I was sure was compounded of the same ambiguity and misinformation prevalent in 1918. I would have been grateful to hear a lecture on Wolfram von Eschenbach or Walter Map; to discuss Christopher Marlowe or the Brontës or to debate the merits of Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Steinbeck; to read verses of John Donne or Thomas Nashe to anybody who would listen.

It was books that helped me through, as they have done for countless mortals distressed by man's iniquity and folly. I read many novels, new and old, and Homer and Dante and Montaigne and Shakespeare and Boswell. When I tried reading Paradise Lost aloud, ten minutes of the verse rhythm would put me to sleep, and I had to give that up. But literature as an anodyne is superior to liquor or libertinism only in that it offers more enduring surcease; whatever means is used, the purpose is the same.

Before the nearly four years' ordeal ended, I came to regard my going to work in the factory as a quixotic

action. Whereas I'd thought to heal my mind by working with my hands, I'd put myself where I had to think as much and as hard as ever, about matters remote from anything I was by nature drawn to. I knew that what I was doing toward winning the war could have been done as well by someone who liked to do it, and that I ought to be doing what I was equipped to do. I hadn't gained, instead I had lost, by turning my back on my kind; away from the academic, I'd discovered myself among sycophants of another sort. Many occasions brought to mind the words uttered by Max, the companion of my novitiate: "A lot of guys around here look like big guys, but they aint."

The war's end made it easy to leave the job. When the date came, it was like being mustered out of the army, something you look forward to a long time and then experience with regret for the life you are putting behind. It wasn't the life you'd have chosen, in truth it wasn't living at all, was years subtracted from the total of those allotted you. As help to making up the main account it added up to almost nothing, for most of it was irksome and dull. Yet it had some joyous moments too, and it will never come to you again.

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French Criticism of Hemingway, Especially in the 1980s--a Review Essay Focused on Geneviève Hily-Mane's Le Style de Ernest Hemingway: La Plume et Le Masque. Paris: PU de France, 1983.

As one who has long regarded Hemingway and Faulkner as the twin peaks of American modernist fiction, I was surprised recently to learn that although Hemingway since the 1930s has been a more popular author in France than Faulkner, he has received much less critical and scholarly attention. Even in the 1980s, a period of prolific Hemingway study in the United States, only one major study of Hemingway has appeared in France, Hily-Mane's of his style (1983), which was largely ignored by American reviewers, has not yet been translated into English, and now seems to have dropped out of sight. In contrast, Faulkner has been the beneficiary of at least three important French studies in the past decade--André Bleikasten's Parcours de Faulkner. Paris: Ophrys, 1982; Michel Gresset's Faulkner ou la Fascination, Poétique du Regard. Paris: Klincksiek, 1982; and Jean Rouberol's L'esprit du Sud dans l'oeuvre de Faulkner. Paris: Didier, 1982. Of these three, two have been translated--Bleikasten's as The Ink of Melancholy. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1990, and Gresset's as Fascination: Faulkner's Fiction, 1919-1936, adapted from the French by Thomas West. Durham, N.C.: Duke UP, 1989. And whereas in the decade from 1976-86 only one dissertation for the Doctorat d'Etat, Hily-Mane's, was

written on Hemingway, five were written on Faulkner, who was also the subject of two conferences and seven special numbers of periodicals (Hily-Mane, "Hemingway" 14). As might be expected, various explanations have been offered as to why Faulkner has received so much more critical attention in France than Hemingway. Rouberol has suggested that the immense fascination of the French for Faulkner has to do with their identification of Faulkner's South with their South, that is, the rebellious, now lost colony of Algeria, and with Faulkner's loving portrayal (like Camus' in The Stranger), of the misfortunes of his part of his native land (11-12). With some bitterness, Hily-Mane has pointed out that although Marianne Debouzy in her 1969 unpublished dissertation on Hemingway had argued the necessity of French criticism's thrusting forward into the promising, almost virgin land of Hemingway's art, the French critics themselves preferred to pursue the less daunting, perhaps more academically "safe" task of probing the "explicitly obscure" art of Faulkner. As a result, and despite his continuing place on the best-seller lists, Hily-Mane in her article of 1986 could still describe Hemingway as an "ignored treasure" so far as other contemporary French critics were concerned.

In the remainder of this article, I plan to summarize Hily-Mane's brief 1986 survey in La Quinzaine Littéraire of French Hemingway criticism from the 1930s through the 1970s and 1980s, then, aided by Valerie Meyers' review of Le Style de Ernest Hemingway, describe its critical approach and organization. Finally, I mean to argue that because of Hily-Mane's remarkably sustained fusion of objectivity and subjectivity, of formal method and imaginative insight, her study deserves more recognition and attention than it has yet received in this country.

In her 1986 article Hily-Mane outlines successive stages in the French criticism of Hemingway, beginning with the 1930s-- 1) criticism based on the proposition that Hemingway was a barbarous but healthy writer, 2) criticism of the 1940s treating him as afflicted with anguish, followed by 3) ill-fitting Existentialist, Absurdist criticism, 4) symbolic and mythic criticism of a kind long popular in France, 5) renewed biographical and psychological or psychoanalytic criticism that had for a long time been abandoned to the Americans, and last but not least, 6) stylistic analysis like Hily-Mane's own of the astonishing "game of mirrors" offered by Hemingway's style, "so ambiguous in spite of its apparent simplicity" (14). Part of the inspiration for this last kind of criticism has come from the insights of such linguists as Emile Benveniste asserting in the 1950s and 1960s the ambiguous, equivocal nature of language, its use of tropes to substitute indirect language for taboo subjects, and its power to conceal as well as reveal--hence the paradoxical subtitle of Hily-Mane's book, La Plume et le Masque. But in spite of her sense of the high promise of a linguistic approach to style, her landmark study seems not to have been much emulated by other French critics of Hemingway, nor by his American critics.

Following the 1983 publication of her book, Hily-Mane's 353 page Le Style de Ernest Hemingway, reduced from a 700 page doctoral thesis, was listed in the bibliography of American Literature and described there as "a painstaking search for the complexities behind the simple facade of the master's prose; grounded in linguistics without invoking any recently prestigious theorist; [using] the Hemingway manuscripts and secondary materials so thoroughly as to

require 68 pages of notes and bibliography" (490). A search of the Book Review Index and the MLA Bibliography turned up only one review of Hily-Mane's book, a brief, generally positive review by Valerie Meyers, to whom Hemingway's biographer Jeffrey Meyers paid tribute in 1985 as "an expert editor and indexer" (XIII).¹

Ms. Meyers quite properly observed that although Hily-Mane's study is grounded conceptually on the linguistic studies of Roman Jakobson and Emile Benveniste, and stylistically on the syntactical description of Richard Ohmann, her method is eclectic rather than doctrinaire. Having grown up on elegant textual analysis based on intuition, Hily-Mane felt that by employing the linguistic approach to stylistic study, she had hit upon a method at the antipodes of impressionism and subjectivity. But in spite of her efforts to be objective, efforts which included elaborate statistical comparison of Hemingway's style with that of such contemporaries as Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson and Faulkner, she kept almost to the end of her study the impression of not having escaped subjective analysis (8-9). What she presents here as a doubtful or questionable aspect of her study impresses me, however, as one of its great strengths, that she has struck a delicate balance between formal methodology, rigorously pursued, and the exercise of intelligent subjectivity influenced by several critical approaches. These involve biographical and historical backgrounds, relationships between author and text, author and audience, and Nathalie Sarraute's conception of the "sous-dialogue" or subtext revealing abnormal tension beneath the explicit message (8). Still more important, though unfashionable in an age of post-structuralism and deconstruction, is the apparent influence on Hily-Mane of a rhetorical

tradition of study that long predates formal linguistics, and of the New Criticism, which assumes that a work of art has a structure which can be profitably studied in the context of the artist's mastery of the elements of his or her craft. Though the very elaborateness and massiveness of Hily-Mane's study militates against full development of its New Critical insights, some of them, for example her revelations relating to structure and point of view in "The Short Happy Life," are most provocative, deserving further study.

Meyers neatly summarizes the content of Le Style as follows:

The book has four parts: the first presents an overview of Hemingway's statements about writing; the second analyzes his use of technical, foreign, and obscene words, his use of quotation, his use of detail, his development of detail into symbol, and his images; the third part deals with his lexical, morphological, and syntactic choices, and how these form networks of meaning and rhythm. The last section explores the role of the narrator and then applies the analytic methods of the previous chapters to arrive at a conventional interpretation of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." (731)

Though Meyers summarizes the content accurately, giving the book a mildly favorable review, she effectively damns it with faint praise when describing it as "a compendium of previous scholarship on Hemingway's style," as arriving at only "a conventional interpretation" of "The Short Happy Life," and in

conclusion, as offering "no new interpretations of Hemingway's work." What Meyers apparently misses is the book's superb fusion of linguistic method and imaginative insight, its sensitive exploration of the larger as well as the smaller rhythmic units of style contributing to meaning, and especially in "The Short Happy Life," its penetrating analysis of point of view leading to fresh insights into the man behind the style as well as into the riddling aspect of the story itself.

In order to build a bridge between the worlds of objective linguistic analysis and poetic sensibility, Hily-Mane draws persistent, fruitful analogies in her book between Benveniste's conception of language as deception (not just revelation), and Hemingway's style as clear, telegraphic, and simple on the surface but immensely complex, ambiguous, and/or equivocal underneath. Her book's dominant image relating the surface of discourse to the "sous-message" is of course Hemingway's own invention, the image of the iceberg, explained both early and late in his career:

If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water.

(Quoted by Beegel 12 from Death in the Afternoon.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932: 192.)

If it is any use to know it, I always try to write on the

principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it
underwater for every part that shows.

(Quoted by Beegel 12 from George Plimpton, "An Interview
with Ernest Hemingway," Paris Review 18 [Spring 1958],
rpt. in Hemingway and His Critics, ed Carlos Baker.
New York: Hill & Wang, 1961: 21.)

Pursuing the iceberg analogy further, Hily-Mane observes that just as surely as
language accommodates the sous entendu it also permits misconceptions, artistic
play, and fabulation including lies often passing themselves off as the truth,
or as truer than the truth, aspects of language that Hemingway of course
recognized and on occasion applied to the art of writing (Hily-Mane, Le Style
44):

Good writing is true writing. If a man is making a story up
it will be true in proportion to the amount of knowledge of
life he has and how conscientious he is; so that when he
makes something up it is as it would truly be. (Quoted by
Jeffrey Meyers 272 from "Monologue to the Maestro" [1935]
in By-Line 215)

A writer's job is to tell the truth. His standard of fidelity
to the truth should be so high that his invention, out of his
experience, should produce a truer account than anything
factual can be.

(Quoted by Meyers 272 from Introduction to Men at War [1942]
XV)

Among the larger and more intriguing rhythmic units of style which Hily-Mane discovers beneath the surface of the iceberg is the repetitive pattern established in the last chapters of For Whom the Bell Tolls between the difficult progression of Andrés toward Golz (Chapters XXXIV, XXXVI, XL, XLII) and the action of Robert Jordan centered around the bridge (Chapters XXXIII, XXXV, XXXVII, XXXVIII, XXXIX, XLI, XLIII), with Pablo's theatrical return coming at dead center (Chapter XXXVIII) [208]. The effect of her approach here is to call attention to Hemingway the conscious artist and craftsman, a view at odds with Susan Beegel's recent psychoanalytic approach in Hemingway's Craft of Omission, which finds his "craft" of composition chiefly in his "discovering the story in the stream of consciousness, and eliminating the personal material leading to and sometimes from it" (11).

For me, unlike Valerie Meyers, Hily-Mane's detailed analysis of "The Short Happy Life" proved rewarding not only for its application of the method of study outlined in her previous chapters but also for the insights it provides into the story. Without finally resolving the ambiguity of whether Margot deliberately killed her husband, as Wilson the white hunter thinks, the story offers two contradictory readings of human experience. The first suggests that a human life is the sum of all its chronological experiences, from which point of view the story's title is deeply ironic. The second suggests that life is the sum only of its moments of exaltation, "moments dilatés dans lesquels un personnage s'englué ou atteint une sensation d'absolu," from which point of view Francis' life was indeed complete and happy, though regrettably brief (253, 24-25). What complicates but at the same time guides one's reading of the text is the distancing of the narrator from the characters by the story's

significant distribution of strongly affirmative modifiers like "very" and near exclamatory modifiers like "really." Macomber's wife Margot is fond of such words, Francis uses few of them, and Wilson uses them hardly at all, except in interior monologue. The narrator shies away from such terms also, except insofar as their affirmation can be assigned to others, for example, the lion, or to the author himself, betrayed by his characteristic use of imagery involving comparison--"leaps as unbelievable and floating as those one makes sometimes in dreams" (276-77).

Hily-Mane's tentative conclusion is that the distribution of emphatic modifiers confirms the notion of a narrator who cannot bear to take responsibility for passing judgment, who takes refuge time after time behind the viewpoint of another. Far from using emphatic modifiers in moments of crisis, he uses restrictive modifiers like "almost," as if to reveal himself as one who attaches less importance to rendering the exaltation of the moment than to scrupulously exact exploration of reality, of what actually happened. He makes no peremptory value judgments, but one sees an emerging pattern in the message presented. One is surprised and fascinated by the game with a fugitive narrator and an author who leave enough puzzling and equivocal tracks to reveal themselves to the attentive reader at the moment they escape from him (279).

In conclusion, though it purports to take little interest in Hemingway the man behind the style, Hily-Mane's study sheds some interesting sidelights on the man, the subject of so many recent and ongoing biographies. It reveals him as the most elusive and mysterious of authors, almost but not quite self-effacing, a paradox given the well-known assertiveness, not to say pugnacity, of many of his public utterances. Though a skeptic might accuse Hily-Mane of

over-complicating Hemingway the artist in order to "Faulknerize" him, thus making him more academically respectable in France, I must confess that I found her study of hitherto unplumbed depths and equivocalities in Hemingway's art convincing as well as highly rewarding. Regrettably Le Style de Ernest Hemingway lacks an index, a serious omission, especially in view of its erudition and rich allusiveness; also, if translated, this book would benefit from being further cut, especially in the long chapter on "The Short Happy Life."

Note

¹ Since completing my review of Hily-Mane's study, I have located two additional reviews of Le Style de Ernest Hemingway--J. Templeton's in Etudes Anglaises 38.1 (1985): 100-02 and R. Asselineau's in Revue Française d'Etudes Américaines 19 (1984): 143-44.

Apparently writing from a feminist perspective hostile to Hemingway the macho man, Templeton gives Le Style a mixed review, expressing disappointment that the author failed to reveal the man behind the mask, as promised, but nevertheless hoping she will translate her "important book" into English "so that readers without French can profit from her enormously suggestive findings."

Asselineau, the well-known French authority on Hemingway, concludes his very favorable review with the following tribute: "This book is by far the richest, most artful, and the finest study written to date on the style of this stylist" [my translation].

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In Memoriam: Edmund G. Love

EDMUND G. LOVE, Michigan author, journalist, teacher and historian, died in Flint, Michigan, on August 30, 1990. He was 78.

He was in many ways a man for young writers to admire. He showed how to succeed when writing is chosen as a career late in life.

His memoir Hanging On, or, How to Get Through A Depression and Enjoy Life, relates how he began to write his first goal. He had no writers to encourage him among his family and friends, as he tells indirectly in his masterpiece The Situation in Flushing.

No, Edmund George Love had to make his own mold--which he did by assiduous work.

Daily, he wrote for hours to forge words well. Indeed, he called what he did "blacksmithing". A pencil on a legal pad was his starting point-- the old-fashioned way.

And success came late. He had to do time as a street person in New York City-- the subject of his book he loved best, Subways Are For Sleeping (later a musical). "I wrote a novel about a failed love affair," he said, "and it didn't sell. Then I wrote my third book, and it made it."

Over 15 books would follow, including the Civil War farcelet An End to Bugling, the Civil War novel A Shipment of Tarts, and the police procedural Set-Up. His last duty was as columnist for the Flint Journal. A collection of these ephemeral writings is to be hoped for.

--DAVID JONES.

In Memoriam: Northrop Frye

This morning I found myself citing one of the most provocative essays in all of English literary criticism in an essay I was writing on Sherwood Anderson; now I must regretfully record the death and remember the life of the author of that essay, certainly the most distinguished critic of our time. The essay was "Literature and Myth," published in Relations of Literary Study in 1967; its author was Northrop Frye, who died at his home in Toronto on January 23, 1991.

For Professor Frye, who began his professional life as a minister in the United Church of Canada, literature, whether biblical or secular, was the ultimate human scripture, to be approached with reverence but in confidence that therein lies truth and that, most importantly, that is open not only to all but to each who seeks it in his or her own way.

This conviction, made clear in Fearful Symmetry more than forty years ago, in Anatomy of Criticism a decade later, and most recently in Words Without Power, published last year, provides not only the rationale for the diversity of critical approaches today as we attempt to approach and understand the totality of literary history that he defines, but it also points out the inevitable diversity that can be the only legitimate course of criticism in the future.

Professor Frye was not only a wise man but a kind and gentle man who listened carefully to the most obscure of graduate students or junior faculty members and commented as thoughtfully as to major figures in criticism and scholarship. Furthermore, the kindnesses that he and his wife Helen showed to those, especially foreign students, who came to Toronto to study under him are countless and legendary.

My first conversation with Professor Frye was at a literary conference at Michigan

State in 1961; my last was at MLA in New York in 1986, and in the intervening years we met many times, most notably in Islamabad, Pakistan, in 1969. I don't remember the topic of our first conversation, but it concerned Sherwood Anderson; our last was on parallel patterns and significant differences in American and Canadian literary regionalism, a topic he had recently become interested in, particularly as Canada continued to seek a stormy political, linguistic, and cultural balance. In the first meeting I was a newly-minted assistant professor; in the last I was at least older and more elevated in rank, but the courtesy, the kindness, the friendliness, the interest were the same.

At his death Professor Frye was 78. His wife of many years, Helen Frye, died in 1986; he is survived by his second wife, Elizabeth, whom he married in 1988. His passing leaves an unfillable vacancy, a living memory, and an unmatched body of work and source of stimulation.

He will be missed and remembered.

David D. Anderson

The Way it Was: No Fun On Sunday

David D. Anderson

Frederick Manfred. No Fun On Sunday. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1990. \$19.95

Neither Fred Manfred nor Siouxland is exhausted or exhaustible. His Siouxland begins as far back in pre-history and in the human imagination as it is possible to sense time and place and timelessness, and it is as new as No Fun on Sunday and the twenty-six volumes of fiction, verse, letters, essays, and reminiscences that preceded it as well as the magnificent work, also to be published by the University of Oklahoma Press, a substantial part of which I had the pleasure of reading, that is to follow.

And Fred? Exhausted? Exhaustible? Perhaps the best comment on that is Fred's own, on the occasion of his 76th birthday celebration at the Loft in Minneapolis three years ago: "I shouldn't have been invited here tonight," he commented, "because I'm only halfway through yet. I feel I've got a lot of things I want to do yet. The best stuff is all ahead."

Part of that best stuff is surely No Fun On Sunday, a novel that is not only part of the continually unfolding epic of Siouxland, that mythic place where Minnesota, South Dakota, and Iowa meet, where the Big Sioux River drains the prairie landscape, as it has since the beginning, but it is the story too of an inimitable past in which baseball was truly the great American pastime, when hundreds of thousands of youngsters filled virtually every piece of reasonably level reasonably clear ground, before Little League and Big Leagues alike contributed to its corruption, and sandlot, badly equipped in every sense except in spirit, was supreme. This was the reality that produced Bob Feller and Babe Ruth and Mickey Mantle and that produces Sherm Engleking, the short stop of the Bonnie Boys and the tragic hero of No Fun On Sunday, who shares their dream but not their reality.

The action of No Fun on Sunday is only a moment in the long sweep of Manfred's Siouxland, but it is no less real or significant, and its people, like all of Fred's people, are unnoticed by history, but neither the moment nor the people are insignificant. Both are as real in the novel as they were in that moment in space and time that is more than three generations in the past. It is a novel of intense if unspectacular life and death, a novel in which a youngster can exclaim "Ain't baseball wonderful." It's the most happy, daring game in the world," and it's a novel in which one can hear the crack of the bat and feel the slap of a ball in leather and smell the oil and spit in the glove -- Fred is never surer than when he evokes those memories -- in which it is both metaphor and reality.

The novel is about baseball in the life of a young man, but it is primarily about life lived and eventually accepted in the small town and farms of the Midwest in an age in which entertainment and feeling and participation and living were immediate and one, where droughts and hard times and dreams and baseball didn't mix and the former prevailed, where the Decoration Day game between the Marrieds and the Singles was infinitely more real and important than anything -- even wars in distant places -- provided instantly and selectively by an electronic medium that is never what it purports to be.

About his own work Fred said a few years ago that "I'm still climbing toward a plateau of excellence," and No Fun On Sunday is eloquent testimony that not only has the plateau been reached, but, as he nears his eightieth birthday, he is firmly entrenched on that plateau, that it and Siouxland are one and Fred is both spokesman and narrator as he celebrates in his work the only universal -- that of the particular -- that we can know. No Fun On Sunday is about life and time and growing, and it speaks as eloquently to those who have never discovered the magic of summer dust and fast plays as it does to those who have.

The Roads of Regional America

David D. Anderson

In London and Paris and a succession of small towns in the mountains of Serbia, culminating in Novi Sad, the capital of the autonomous province of Vojvodina, this past summer, I made a remarkable voyage into regional America and the ambiguity of American itself. When Blue Highways, by William Least Heat Moon (William Trogdan) appeared in 1987, to ecstatic reviews in the New York Times Book Review, the Chicago Sun-Times, and Newsweek, all of which remarked upon the perception of one who, in Robert Penn Warren's words, "makes America seem new, in a very special way, and its people new," I remained unmoved, but in paperback it packed easily, and so I took it along last summer. I'm glad that I did.

Of all the reviews, only that in Newsday perceived what Least Heat Moon was truly about, but unfortunately, as is all too often true with the Eastern establishment of which Newsday has become a dedicated member, it denigrates its own insight; "... as regional description alone," Newsday writes, "the book is credible and winning, but Blue Highways gives us much more: a gallery, complete with a score of telling photographs of ordinary Americans in all their idiosyncratic glory." That that very idiosyncraticism is regional America, Newsweek unfortunately overlooked, ignoring also the fact that the parts are that out of which the whole is made up. As the book and Least Heat Moon's observations in it make clear, the peculiar combination of geography, expression, and values that one finds in the towns, the villages, and the farms, the elements that make up America beyond the interstates, are the elements that make clear the extent to which we are still a nation of regions. The Eisenhower Administration's effort to smooth the edges of the landscape and the elements that make us Southerners,

Westerners, New Englanders, desert- and mountain-dwellers, Midwesterners, has in most cases, stopped at the fences that marks the limited access right of way.

Contrary to so many perceptions and in spite of the distortions of regional America perpetrated by the movie and television industry, the differences are still part of the American reality, perhaps the basic American ambiguity that the author, at once a native American and a descendent of a Lancashire Carolinian and Revolutionary casualty, an unemployed instructor of English, a victim of what he called the "Indian wars," of his marriages, and a "show me" Missourian, attempted to define even as he personified it. Just as Least Heat Moon is not one but many, so is the America that he discovers.

At least superficially, Blue Highways belongs to a genre almost as old as the century: the literary form that results from the peculiar fusion wrought by a sometime writer between automobile and geography in that part of America still largely rural. The results have been as diverse and yet as similar as Theodore Dreiser's A Hoosier Holiday (1916), John T. Faris's Seeing the Middle West (1923), Irvin S. Cobb's Some United States (1926), John Steinbeck's Travels With Charlie (1962), J.R. Humphrey's The Last of the Middle West (1966), and even Erskine Caldwell's Afternoons in Mid-America (1976), and Nigel and Adam Nicholson's Two Roads to Dodge City (1987).

What almost all of the above have in common is a search for what the author-traveler implies is a microcosm of America, whether the journey and the work focuses on a single state, as in Dreiser, the region, as in Faris and Humphrey, or a more sizable chunk of America society and geography, as in the Nicholsons, a part of the whole that epitomizes the values, habits, idiosyncrasies, and culture of the whole. While looking at the parts, each of them sees the whole that lies beyond it.

Such a point of view is not to be unexpected among the foreigners, particularly Humphries and the Nicholsons, but surely both Steinbeck and Caldwell should know

better. But perhaps the fact that each is- or was- so quintessentially American, particularly in his success, made their observations and conclusions inevitable. Least Heat Moon, conversely, part of not one but two ancient American traditions, those of two cultures that collided on these shores, fought, fused, and yet remained apart, is a substantial part of his sensitivity to the differences that lies beyond apparent unity; another is, most, importantly, the fact that Least Heat Moon, like most of the people he meets, has never known the kind of success that we think of, all too often, as American. Instead, as a refugee from a lost job and a failed marriage, he is searching not for an identity, his own or the nation's, but for a common humanity that transcends even while it emphasizes both differences and the inevitability of change. At Ida, Kentucky, not far from Bug and the Tennessee line, he notes:

**. . . a sign in front of a church announced the Easter sermon:
"Welcome All God's Children: Thieves, Liars, Gossips, Bigots,
Adulterers, Children." I felt welcome.**

Least Heat Moon's journey began in Columbia, Missouri; it traced the borders of the nation, each section of the book titled by the dominant direction -- Eastward, South by Southeast, South by Southwest, West by Southwest, West by Northwest, North by Northwest, North by Northeast, East by Northeast, and finally Westward, a journey that avoided both interstates, and urban areas, tourist attractions and the spectacular, focusing on a search for the commonplace unique as it traces its path back to Columbia. His vehicle, "Ghost Dancing," was a 1975 Ford Econoline van, and his assets were four gasoline credit cards and twenty-six dollars in his wallet and his life savings, \$428.00, hidden under the dash as he left, with two worn rear tires, a noisy waterpump, and a curiosity about the names -- "Remote, Oregon; Simplicity, Virginia; New Freedom, Pennsylvania; New Hope, Tennessee; Why, Arizona; Whynot, Mississippi; Igo, California (just down the road from Ono)" -- and the places they somehow represented, either symbolically or accidentally. He was curious, too, about the roads that connected them

and that ultimately gave him his title:

On the old highway maps of America, the main routes were red and the back roads blue. Now even the colors are changing. But in those brevities just before dawn and a little after dusk -- times neither night nor day -- the old roads return to the sky some of its color. Then, in truth, they carry a mysterious cast of blue, and its that time when the pulls of the blue highway is strongest, when the open road is a beckoning, a strangeness, a place where a man can lose himself.

As Least Heat Moon travels those roads to the accompaniment of local radio stations -- country, Western, Cajun -- and a knocking water pump, the reality of time, of place, and of names becomes evident, fused with odd bits of information -- "Had not Stephen Foster changed his name, the Pee Dee River would be much better known than it is today" --; useful bits of experience -- "There is one almost infallible way to find honest food at just prices in blue -- highway America: count the calendars in a cafe," ranging from none -- "same as an interstate pit stop" to five -- "Keep it under your hat or they'll franchise"; the whimsicality of chosen paths: "Dime Box, Texas, is not the funniest town name in America. Traditionally that honor belongs to Intercourse, Pennsylvania. I prefer Scratch Ankle, Alabama, Gnawbone, Indiana, or even Hunterlips, Washington. Nevertheless, Dime Box, as a name, caught my ear, so that's where I headed"

Throughout the journey, Heat Moon is constantly aware, as are we, of the shortness of time and the thin veneer of society that separates us from the Indian past and the infinite variety that made it up. Thus, in Mississippi, the sad story of the Choctaws, driven and by treaties and trinkets; in the Southwest the thinness of a Stetson and Lewis culture; in Poplar, Montana, Sitting Bull's surrender was yesterday; Hereford herds from a distance are not unlike buffalo.

Curiously, Least Heat Moon records almost no violence in a journey through an America that has always been noted, at least in movies and television for violent taverns, vicious deputies, random nastiness, and most of that he records is verbal and,

as often, thoughtless rather than mean-spirited, and the overall tone is an easy curiosity on the part of those he meets in taverns, restaurants, roadside encounters, about him and he about them: "What does the traveler do at night in a strange town when he wants conversation? In the United States, there's usually a single choice: a tavern," whether Oil City Bar in Shelby, Montana, or Clara's Golden Club in Austin, Nevada, where "they hanged a horse thief three times in one day" or the Crow's Nest in Harbor Beach, Michigan. Or there are times when no conversation is necessary: "On a breakwater near where Father Marquette celebrated a mass in the seventeenth century, I ate a sandwich as Kildeer made long glides down along the beach. I was quite alone." Finally, "Ghost Dancing" and Least Heat Moon return if not to origins, at least to where it began:

The circle almost complete, the truck ran the road like the old horse that knows the way. If the circle had come full turn, I hadn't. I can't say, over the miles, that I had learned what I had wanted to know because I hadn't known what I wanted to know. But I did learn what I didn't know I want to know.

The highway, before, under, behind. Through the Green-River-ordinance-enforced towns. Past barnlot windmills that said AERMOTOR CHICAGO. On and on. The Mississippi River. Then the oak risings of Missouri.

The pump attendant, looking at my license plate when he filled the tank, asked, "Where you coming from, Show Me?"

"Where I've been."

"Where else?" he said.

I finished reading Blue Highways in Belgrade, and I gave it to a young Hungarian woman who hoped to teach in the States. It's the best introduction she could have.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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3. **Manuscripts will not be returned.** Submit legible photocopies. No folders or binders. No simultaneous submissions, and no substitutions or revisions of work after submission, please.

Fiction and essay entries are not to exceed 5000 words. Entrants in the essay category are strongly discouraged from sending annotated, footnoted or academic work. Submit unpublished work only. Winners in each category will be chosen by an outside judge after three screenings by NEW LETTERS editors. Past judges have been Harry Mark Petrakis, Rust Hills, Rosellen Brown and Gordon Lish (Fiction), Joyce Carol Oates, Helen Vendler, Lisel Mueller, Carolyn Forché (Poetry), and Richard Rhodes, Diane Johnson, William Least Heat-Moon and Phillip Lopate (Essay).

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The Cairns Collection holdings are now almost fully accessible on the online catalog. Steadily increasing in size every year, the collection acquires books through antiquarian book dealers who are informed of the needs of the collection.

Careful selection of appropriate titles is made by the Humanities Bibliographer in charge of literature collections, with guidance from English Department faculty on the Cairns Committee. The Curator of Rare Books and Special Collections and the Women's Studies Librarian for the University of Wisconsin System also serve on the Cairns Committee.

Scholars interested in the Cairns Collection are encouraged to visit the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. Inquiries should be directed to Yvonne Schofer, Humanities-English Bibliographer, Memorial Library, 728 State Street, Madison, WI 53706.

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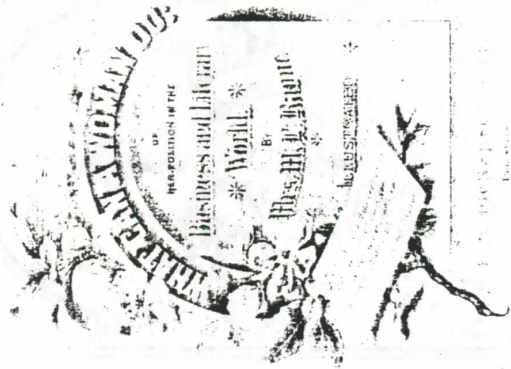
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OF AMERICAN
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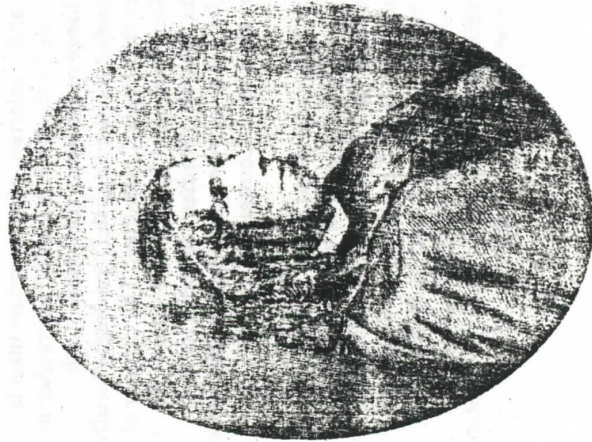
1620-1900

THE CAIRNS COLLECTION OF AMERICAN WOMEN WRITERS, 1620-1900



The voices of women in American literary history before 1900 reflect visions and styles as diverse as their experiences. Collecting the literary record of these authors—some very well known, others often neglected—is the purpose of the Cairns Collection of American Women Writers, 1620-1900. A major holding of American women's writing, the Cairns Collection is an invaluable resource for scholars, teachers, and students of American literature, American history, and women's studies.

The collection, housed in the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections in the Memorial Library at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, began in 1979 with an endowment provided by the estate of William B. Cairns, a pioneer in the study and teaching of American literature. Steadily growing, the collection now numbers some 4,700 titles, with over 1,500 writers of fiction, poetry, drama, essays, diaries, autobiographies, biographies, travel accounts, devotional and religious works, and domestic economies. A number of titles are scarce items rarely to be found in libraries or research institutions. Also included is a small, but regularly increasing body of manuscripts, handwritten diaries, and letters. The collection also contains selected writings on education, natural science, temperance, slavery, and women's rights.



The Cairns Collection, with its special focus on women's literary writings, is complemented by other relevant library holdings on the Madison campus. A national repository, the Wisconsin State Historical Society is a rich archive for the cultural and political history of American women, with extensive holdings in personal and public papers of unknown as well as prominent women, including reformers and suffragists. The Steenbock Library, connected to the School of Agri-



culture and Family Resources, has collected a number of mass circulation magazines for women. Memorial Library houses the massive *History of Women* set in microform, an indispensable resource for historians, drawn from a number of specialized repositories across the country. Other collections that complement the Cairns Collection are the Twentieth-Century Collection of American and English Authors, the Private Press Collection, and the general American literature collection in Memorial Library, including the extensive Reference Collection.

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November 14-16, 1991

McCormick Center, Chicago

DOING A "MAN'S" JOB: WOMEN AND THE PROFESSIONS IN AMERICAN REALISM (1870-1930)

Papers are sought on any aspect of women in the professions as depicted in American literature between 1870 and 1930. Focus may range from thematic emphasis to cultural study to analysis of narrative voice.

Beginning with works like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Doctor Zay (1882) and Sarah Orne Jewett's A Country Doctor (1884), American writers anticipated and, in some instances, called for inclusion of women in what had traditionally been male professions, particularly medicine, law, ministry, journalism, and higher education. Their works often focused on the protagonist's struggle to reconcile career with marriage and her efforts to break the bonds of "women's work." Realistic writers of both sexes examined this cultural redefinition of career choice, sometimes decrying the limited opportunities open to talented women and sometimes satirizing women's professional success or failed attempts to reach their goals.

Women's struggles for recognition as equal partners in the professions become a significant thematic concern, liberating the romantic heroine by propelling her into both intellectual and monetary competition with men. In light of growing attention to women and work in sociological and literary studies, these realistic pieces merit special attention (if not resurrection) as works which undergird the continuing ambivalence toward women in the professions in contemporary society.

Papers should be submitted by April 8, 1991, to:

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The Iowa Humanities Board seeks scholars in the North Central states who have an interest in Iowa literature or history for its IOWA TIME Library Lecture Discussion Series. Fifty public libraries in Iowa will conduct "Iowa Time Slices" reading/discussion series in 1991-1992. The series are similar to the national "Let's Talk About It" series inaugurated by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Scholars will be invited to the libraries, typically on a weeknight, to speak on one of the Time Slices texts (see attached list of titles), and to interact with a group of 20-30 from the library area who will have the texts made available to them by the Board. Honoraria for *each* two-hour lecture/discussion program (one per text, with no necessary limit to the number of programs a scholar may do) will be \$150. Individual libraries might contribute travel expenses, and will be asked to host the scholar at a supper.

The first two Time Slices, covering 19th and early 20th century Iowa, will run in selected libraries beginning in mid-winter 1991. The remaining two Time Slices will begin in Fall 1991 and in Spring 1992. Each Slice features five texts (some literary, including fiction, essays, letters, and autobiography, and some historical). A scholar may elect to do one or more of the texts in any one library series or in more than one library series.

Past library lecture/discussion series have been immensely popular with both scholars and the general public. Many scholars welcome the opportunity to step out of the academy to interact with the non-academic community, all of whom are eager to be involved. Public evaluations have shown an intense need and gratefulness for scholar/public interactions on important texts.

If you are interested in participating in the series in any way, please circle the text(s) you'd like to be considered for, and specify any or all of the state's regions you'd consider travelling to. You might also indicate whether you'd want to be considered, schedules permitting, for a few or for many of the presentations. A directory of available scholars will be assembled. More information about the series will be provided to interested scholars, who will be contacted by IHB and individual libraries about specific series involvement possibilities. Please return your responses to, or call, Rick Knupfer, IOWA TIME Project Director, at the address below.

I hope you can be involved.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Rick Knupfer", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Rick Knupfer, Ph.D.
Project Director

Oakdale Campus, Iowa City, IA 52242
Telephone (319) 335-4153



A Cultural Resource for Iowans Since 1971

IOWA TIME

TIME SLICES LIBRARY READING/DISCUSSION SERIES

Reading List

Time Slice I: Putting Down Roots: 1833-1875

Jackson, Donald, ed. Black Hawk: An Autobiography. University of Illinois Press, 1964.

Riley, Glenda. Frontierswomen: The Iowa Experience. Iowa State University Press, 1981. (A history.)

Aldrich, Bess Streeter. A Song of Years. NAL, 1985. (A novel.)

Quick, Herbert. Vandemark's Folly. University of Iowa Press, 1987. (A novel.)

Folman, John Kent, ed. "This State of Wonders": The Letters of an Iowa Frontier Family, 1858-1861. University of Iowa Press, 1986.

Time Slice II: Patterning the Land: Community and Agriculture: 1876-1913

Garland, Hamlin. Main-Travelled Roads. NAL, 1962. (Stories.)

Hampl, Patricia. Spillville: A Collaboration. Milkweed Editions, 1987. (Non-fiction.)

Lensink, Judy Nolte. A Secret to be Buried: The Diary of Emily Hawley Gillespie, 1858-1888. University of Iowa Press, 1989.

Harnack, Curtis. Gentlemen on the Prairie. Iowa State University Press, 1985. (A history of a Victorian British community.)

Schwieder, Dorothy. Black Diamonds: Life and Work in Iowa's Coal Mining Communities, 1895-1925. Iowa State University Press, 1983. (A history of a black community.)

Time Slice III: Land, Town and the Worlds: 1914-1945

Suckow, Ruth. A Ruth Suckow Omnibus. University of Iowa Press, 1988. (Fiction.)

Fink, Deborah. Open Country, Iowa: Rural Women, Tradition and Change. State University of New York Press, 1986. (An ethnographic history.)

Hamilton, Carl. In No Time at All. Iowa State University Press, 1974. (Essays.)

Harnack, Curtis. We Have All Gone Away. Iowa State University Press, 1988. (A memoir.)

Faber, Inez McAlister. Out Here on Soap Creek: An Autobiography. Iowa State University Press.

Time Slice IV: The Heartland in Flux: Losing the Past: 1946-1990

Kinsella, W.P. Shoeless Joe. Ballantine, 1987. (A novel.)

Waller, Robert. Just Beyond Firelight: Essays and Stories. Iowa State University Press, 1988.

Toth, Susan Allen. Blooming: A Small-Town Girlhood. Little, 1982. (A novel.)

Bauer, Doug. Prairie City, Iowa: Three Seasons at Home. Iowa State University Press, 1979. (A first-person account of a community.)

Davidson, Osha. Broken Heartland: The Rise of America's Rural Ghetto. Macmillan, 1990. (A contemporary analysis.)



A Cultural Resource for Iowans Since 1971

IOWA TIME PROJECT
IOWA TIME SLICES SCHOLAR APPLICATION

Name: _____ Position: _____

Address: _____
(street)

_____ (city) _____ (state, zip) _____ (phone)

Institution and address: _____

Time Slice(s) you would like to be considered for (if priority, number): _____

Text(s) you would like to be considered for (if priority, number): _____

Iowa regions preferred, if any, for travel distance (number in priority)-- Northwest,
Northeast, Southwest, Southeast, or any.

Special experience you have, with these texts, or these periods:

List on the back any other information, or concerns, you want us to know about.
Please return, together with a copy of your vitae, to: Rick Knupfer, Project Director.

The Helen Hooven Santmyer Prize

The Ohio State University Press

In memory of Helen Hooven Santmyer, author of "*... And Ladies of the Club*", The Ohio State University Press offers an annual prize of \$2500 for the best book-length manuscript, in any discipline, on the contributions of women, their lives and experiences, and their roles in society. In 1992, the Ohio State University Press will offer the Helen Hooven Santmyer Prize for the third year.

Original works of interpretive scholarship from the humanities, social sciences, and the natural sciences are welcome. Poetry, fiction, memoirs, and anthologies or collections of essays are not eligible. Manuscripts submitted to the competition must be previously unpublished and not under consideration at another press. An interdisciplinary committee of scholars will choose the winning manuscript, which will be published by The Ohio State University Press.

Manuscript submissions for the 1992 prize must be postmarked by October 1, 1991. The winner will be announced in February 1992

One copy of the manuscript, cover letter, and author vita
should be sent to:

Charlotte Dihoff
Helen Hooven Santmyer Prize Committee
Ohio State University Press
180 Pressey Hall
1070 Carmack Road
Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002

***Mad River* INVITES ESSAYS**

Mad River a multi-disciplinary journal of essays for the educated general reader invites contributions. ***Mad River*** is published by Wright State University. The journal publishes essays which, as Aristotle said, occupy leisure nobly. Areas of particular interest include the history and philosophy of science and technology; Ohio, local and regional studies; literature, the arts and politics.

Send manuscripts to Charles S. Taylor, Editor, ***Mad River***, Department of Philosophy, Wright State University, Dayton, OH 45435 [Bitnet: ctaylor@wsu] [Internet: ctaylor@desire.wright]

New Letters on the Air

New programs featuring contemporary writers now available on cassette

Each program is 29 minutes. For individuals, programs cost \$8 each or choose any two programs on one cassette for \$13. For libraries, programs are \$10 each. We pay postage when cassettes are shipped by fourth class mail. To order, send the program title(s) and order number(s) along with your check or money order to New Letters on the Air, 5100 Rockhill, Kansas City, Missouri 64110. For more information or for credit card orders call (816) 276-1159 or 276-1168.

WILLIS BARNSTONE: Twice a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize in poetry, Barnstone is the author of dozens of books and is considered one of the foremost translators of poems in the world. Here he reads from a new book of sonnets and talks about his adventures while living in China. 041489

GERALD BARRAX: Barrax worked in a steel mill, drove a cab and carried mail before deciding on his present career. He now works as a poet, a professor and the editor of a black literary magazine. Here, he reads from his latest book, *The Deaths of Animals and Lesser Gods* and talks about the trends in black writing. 051289

RICHARD BAUSCH: Bausch reads from "Ancient History," a short story about a young man's first Christmas after his father's death. Although Bausch's work is often sad, he was a professional comedian before becoming a writer. 121688

ROY BLOUNT Jr.: Considered by many to be the funniest writer in America, Blount reads from his new book of comic essays, *Now, Where Were We*, which deals with such topics as Elizabeth Taylor's \$2500 a day room service bills ("I Just Want What Liz Always Has") and the need for a "National Sodomy Day." 061689

NEAL BOWERS: An Iowa poet, Bowers reads from his book, *The Golf Ball Diver* and from a series of love poems. He talks about the pitfalls awaiting those who would write of love and sex and of the equation of love and death in his own writing. 042889

GWENDOLYN BROOKS II: The balance of the interview listed in the NEW LETTERS ON THE AIR catalogue. In this program, the Pulitzer Prize-winner talks about her motto, "Poetry is life distilled," and gives her secrets for a long life. 021089

LUCILLE CLIFTON: Clifton talks about her poetry and reads from *Good Woman*, which includes a "memoir" in verse. In it, she reflects on five generations of her family, including her great-great-grandmother, who was a slave. 011389

MADELEINE DeFREES: A former Roman Catholic nun, DeFrees reads poems and talks about her life and work before and after leaving the order of Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. DeFrees has written a series of "Holy Sonnets" that have been compared to the work of English poet John Donne. 031889

LEON EDEL: Edel won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for his definitive biography of Henry James. Here, he discusses using psychoanalytical techniques to tell the story of an author and reads from a biography of Henry David Thoreau that debunks many of the previously held notions about the writer and naturalist. 010689

HORTON FOOTE: The Academy Award-winning author of *Tender Mercies*, *The Trip to Bountiful* and the *To Kill a Mockingbird* screenplay reads from and talks about his latest project, a series of plays called "The Orphans' Home Cycle." The plays, which trace the life of Horace Robedaux from his turn of the century childhood to adulthood, are in the process of being filmed. 100788

GEORGE GARRETT: Garrett is the author of dozens of books of poems, stories and non-fiction as well as several screenplays. A chapter from his novel-in-progress, *Entered From the Sun*, about the murder of Christopher Marlowe, is read. 111188

LINDA GREGG: The author of three books of poems, Gregg's work has been widely published in magazines and has won several awards. Gregg reads from a forthcoming book and talks about the themes in her work. 060989

LARRY HEINEMANN: The National Book Award-winning author of *Paco's Story* reads from his new book, which he claims will be the last of his writings about the Vietnam war. The new work is non-fiction and deals with the subject of Post-Vietnam Stress syndrome, a malady that Heinemann himself suffers from. Heinemann also discusses the backlash that arose from black writers when he won the National Book Award over Toni Morrison, who was nominated for *Beloved* in the same year. 033189

JOSEPHINE HUMPHREYS: Humphreys reads from her comic novel, *Rich in Love*, which has received high critical acclaim, and talks about taking up writing at age 33. 101488

TAMA JANOWITZ: The bestselling author of *Slaves of New York*, which has been made into a film, reads a funny story, "Case History #4: Fred," about an out-of-work musician who pretends to be a millionaire and takes girls shopping at Tiffany. Janowitz also discusses her controversial appearances in commercials and "literary videos." 040789

DIANE JOHNSON: Johnson, who was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in 1988 for her novel, *Persian Nights*, reads here from a new novel, *Health and Happiness*, and talks about her work. The author recently received a \$250,000 grant from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. 042189

ETHERIDGE KNIGHT II: In this high-spirited interview, Knight "says" some of his poems and talks about his belief that poetry is primarily a spoken art. Knight publishes very few books, preferring instead to take his work directly to his audience. 021789

LEONARD MICHAELS: The author of *The Men's Club*, Michael's short stories have won several O. Henry awards. In this program he reads a story, "Cigarettes" and talks about the approach to male/female relationships he takes in his work in general and especially in *The Men's Club*, which was made into a film. 031089

SPEER MORGAN: Morgan is the editor of the *Missouri Review* and a novelist. Here, he talks about researching and writing historical fiction and reads from *The Assemblers*, a thriller involving murder and computer security. 012789

MARY MORRIS: In her popular book, Nothing to Declare, Morris writes about the thrills and danger facing a woman traveling alone. Morris researched the book by taking several solo trips to Central and South America. She reads from the book and talks about her adventures. 123088

JOYCE CAROL OATES: The author of more than 40 books, Oates reads from and talks about her new novel, American Appetites. Time magazine said of the book, "Those who want to know what makes her important—as opposed to merely famous—could find no better place to begin than right here." Oates also talks about her writing habits and her ability to achieve a state of extreme concentration while writing. 050589

MICHAEL PETTIT: Pettit reads from his book of poems, Cardinal Points. Many of the poems are inspired by a book of photographs called The Human Figure in Motion, taken by the Scottish photographer Eadweard Muybridge. Pettit's other poems are often set in the Deep South. 111888

REYNOLDS PRICE: Often considered to be Faulkner's heir, Price reads from his latest novel, Good Hearts, which continues the story of Rosacoke Mustian and Wesley Beavers, begun in A Long and Happy Life. Price, who is now paraplegic due to cancer surgery, also talks about the effect his illness has had on his work. 091688

ISHMAEL REED II: An outspoken and controversial proponent of inter-cultural art events, Reed reads poetry and talks about his battles with some black women writers and his opposition to being labeled a Black writer. He feels the rest of his ethnic make-up (Native American and Irish) is as important. 022489

"RESOLUTIONS": A theme program for the New Year's holiday. Bits of holiday folklore are combined with poems by Robert Creeley, Maxine Kumin, William Stafford, Anne Waldman and others. 122388

ANTONIO SKARMETA: A Chilean writer, living in exile in West Berlin, Skarmeta writes novels and screenplays. Here, he talks about his exile and his hero, Nobel Prize-winner Pablo Neruda. Tim Richards reads from Burning Patience, Skarmeta's novel about Neruda in Allende's Chile. 112588

JOANNA STRATTON: Stratton's book, Pioneer Women has become something of a cult classic. In it, Stratton presents the stories of Kansas pioneers culled from the women's own diaries. Stratton's grandmother helped settle the Kansas territory and it was in her grandmother's attic that Stratton, who was then a student at Harvard, discovered the trunk containing the women's writings. Stratton reads the story of a woman captured by Indians and later returned to the white world. 030389

ROBERT STONE: Stone's second novel, Dog Soldiers, won the National Book Award in 1974. For this program, the author, whose work has been described as "profoundly pessimistic," reads from his fourth and latest novel, Children of Light. Stone also talks about his writing and his view of society. 060289

HENRY TAYLOR: Taylor won the Pulitzer Prize in 1986 for his book, The Flying Change. Here, he reads his poems and talks about writing them. His work has been described as "refreshingly unpretentious, honest, and direct... poetry for those who care about truth and artistry." 012089

NIKOLAI TOLSTOY: A descendant of the 19th century Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy, Nikolai Tolstoy is a historian turned novelist. On this program, he reads from The Coming of the King, the first volume of a trilogy based on the Arthurian Legend. 063089

LLOYD VAN BRUNT: The founding poetry editor of the Pushcart Prize and the former book review editor of the Saturday Review, Van Brunt is the author of five books of poems. Raised in orphanages during the Depression, many of his new poems are overtly political and sympathetic toward the homeless and other oppressed people. 062389

ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT: Voigt reads from her book of poems, The Lotus Flowers, and talks about her transition from professional pianist to poet. Voigt's work has been widely anthologized and she is one of the youngest writers in the Norton Anthology. 120988

GORDON WEAVER: Weaver has published three novels, but he is best known for his short stories. In addition to publishing five books of stories, the Oklahoma author has won O. Henry, PEN and Pushcart prizes for them and many have been anthologized. Weaver reads "The Cold," from an anthology called These and Other Lands and talks about his writing. 051989

BRUCE WEIGL: Weigl reads from his collection of Vietnam poems called Song of Napalm. He discusses his war experience and refutes the idea that writers have a choice about their subject matter. 093088

Available January 1990

Carolyn Forché: Reads poems.

Richard Howard: Pulitzer Prize-winner reads his poems.

William Kennedy: Pulitzer Prize-winning author of Ironweed reads from Quinn's Book.

Ken Kesey: Author of One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest reads from Caverns.

Walker Percy: Reads from National Book Award winner, The Moviegoer.

Marge Piercy: Reads poems.

Jayne Anne Phillips: Reads from Fast Lanes.

Marilynne Robinson: Reads from Housekeeping.

Elizabeth Tallent: Reads from Time With Children.

The Spoon River Quarterly

is a journal of fine poetry from both established and emerging poets from the United States and around the world (in translation). Its publication base is located in the center of the midwest but its soul aspires toward something more transcendent, having, like Borges' circular book, everywhere for its center and nowhere for its boundaries. Each issue features a selected Illinois poet alongside others from around the nation and world. The journal has been published without a break four times per year since 1974.

To subscribe to *The Spoon River Quarterly* fill out this tear sheet and mail to:

Lucia Cordell Getsi, Editor
The Spoon River Quarterly
Department of English
Illinois State University
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(*The Spoon River Quarterly* is published in part with funds provided by The Illinois Arts Council, a state agency, and by The National Endowment for the Arts.)

ANNOUNCING

A Pinter Festival: An International Meeting

to be held in honor of the playwright's 60th birthday

April 19 - 21, 1991

at

The Ohio State University

(Co-Sponsored by the College of Humanities, the
Department of English, and the Department of Theatre)

KEYNOTE SPEAKERS: Martin Esslin, Carey Perloff, and Louis Marks

Over one hundred papers and workshops

PERFORMANCES: Stuart Pimsler Dance & Theater Co. -- Pimsler Honors Pinter
(Pinter's A Kind of Alaska, Pimsler's The Men from the
Boys, and a commissioned world premiere)

The Ohio State University Theatre Department -- The Hothouse

The Goldsmith Players, London -- Betrayal

Members of the Duke University Theater Department -- Family
Voices and Monologue

Contemporary American Theatre Company -- A reading of
Pinter's poetry

For additional information and a brochure/registration form for the meeting,
call or write:

Professor Katherine H. Burkman
Department of English
The Ohio State University
164 W. 17th Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43210-1370
(614) 292-6866

English II: English Literature 1800-1900

Topic for 1991 M/MLA Session: Recovered Writers/Recovered Texts

Substantial revisions in the canon of nineteenth-century English literature have led to critical inquiry into writers and works that had previously suffered considerable neglect. Accordingly, scholarship has recently focused on writers such as Maria Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott, Elizabeth Wheeler Stone, Anna Barbauld, Robert Southey, Sara Coleridge, Elizabeth Carter, Mary Shelley, Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Johnson, and Charlotte Smith. This session will focus on writers and/or works that have been marginalized in the past and have only recently received critical attention.

Submissions and inquiries to:

Scott Simpkins
Session Chair, 1991
Department of English
P.O. Box 13827
University of North Texas
Denton, TX 76203-3827
(817) 565-2152/2050

CALL FOR PAPERS

A COLLECTION OF STUDIES OF POLAR EXPLORATION NARRATIVES

Edited by

Linda Bergmann, Hiram College
Terrell Dixon, The University of Houston
Sandra Stephan, Youngstown State University

Possible topics include:

- * gender issues
- * cultural hegemony
- * private writing
- * colonization
- * rhetorics of polar narratives
- * polar narratives as literary nonfiction
- * imaging the polar landscape

Deadline for papers: April 15, 1991

Send papers, proposals, and inquiries to:

Linda Bergmann
Director of Writing
Hiram College
Hiram, Ohio 44234

CALL FOR PAPERS

JoAnna Stephens Mink (Mankato State University) and Janet Doubler Ward (Illinois Central College) are soliciting essays for a book focusing on how communication enhances the development of women's friendships in literature.

* * * * *

We are particularly interested in the function of communication (in all of its manifestations) in the development of friendships, how written or verbal discourse can strengthen or hinder understanding between individuals. Essays should focus on women's friendships with other women, but we are open to particularly insightful discussions of women's friendships with men.

Essay topics should encourage new approaches which add insight to the literary text(s) (any period, any genre) and, ultimately, to greater understanding of the individual and society. Thus, papers should include suggestions for social, cultural, or psychological implications of topic.

* * * * *

SUBMIT 500-word ABSTRACT by 1 July 1991. (Completed manuscripts of 15-25 pages will be due 15 January 1992.)

Send letters of inquiry or completed essays to:

Dr. JoAnna Stephens Mink
Department of English
Mankato State University
Mankato, MN 56002-8400

OR

Dr. Janet Doubler Ward
Rural Route 3
Metamora, IL 61548

Phone: (507) 389-1525 (O)
(507) 387-3091 (H)

Phone: (309) 367-2470 (H)