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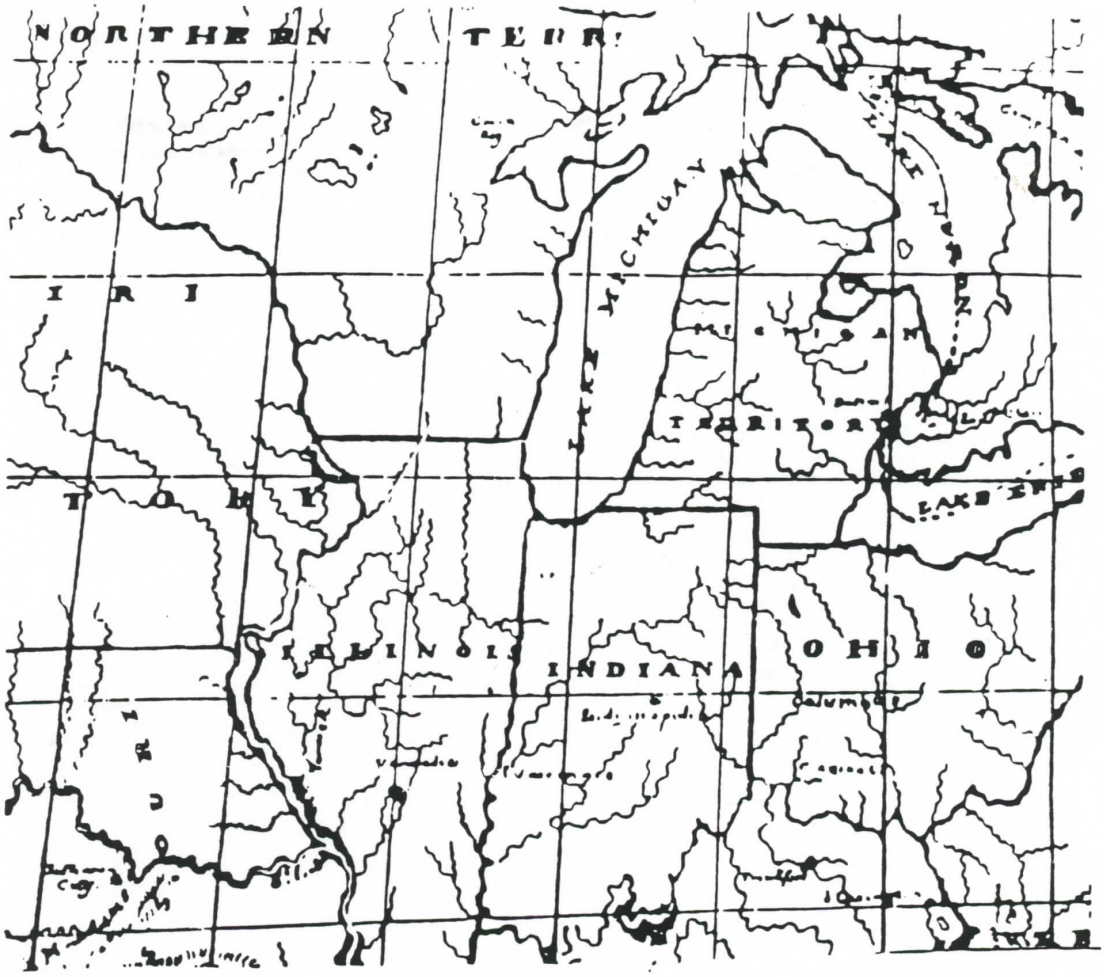

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Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature

Newsletter

Volume Twenty-two
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Summer, 1992

CONTENTS

In Memoriam:
Frederick C. Stern

Frederick C. Stern, 63, Professor of English at the University of Illinois/Chicago and recipient of the MidAmerica Award for 1992, died at his home in Gary, Indiana, on October 18, 1992. An early member and strong supporter of the Society, Fred was born in Vienna and came to the Midwest by way of New York. For fifteen years, he was a steelworker at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Plant in East Chicago, while he received his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Chicago and his doctorate from Purdue. A former president of the Calument Chapter of the Indiana ACLU and recipient of a Fulbright to East Germany in 1977, he received the University of Illinois/Chicago's Silver Circle Award for excellence in teaching in 1978. Among Fred's contributions to the Society are his frequent participation in programs and such memorable essays in MidAmerica as "The 'Populist' Politics of Gwendolyn Brooks's Poetry" and "Saxton's Late-Proletarian Triptich." His work on Thomas McGrath includes The Revolutionary Poets in the United States.

Fred is survived by his wife, Naomi, his children, David, Paul, Jeremy, and Carrie, and six grandchildren. A memorial service was held at Temple Israel in Gary on November 21. Fred was a good friend, a good scholar, and a good man. The Society is richer for his membership and poorer for his death. He will be missed.

Dave Anderson

THAT FIRST WINTER AFTER THE WAR:

An Autobiographical Memoir

William Thomas

That first winter after the war. It was a reluctant, belated spring. Life crept back slowly. Although I no longer had to get up early, I was often awake before daylight, and would lie musing in the big bed with the elaborately carved headboard, under the blue patchwork quilt made by my Great-great-grandmother Lovinah. It pleased me to use these things; and soon the morning would give shapes to others: the mahogany-veneered cherry bureau that had belonged to my Grandmother Mary, the walnut bureau bought at a farm auction, the little walnut chest from Wichita.

It had taken much effort to make this bedroom the best in the farmhouse. My attempt to raise the sagging floor -- the joists ran the long way, seventeen feet, and were twenty-two inches from center to center -- got me into such trouble that I had to call in a carpenter, who was kind enough to leave, for a half-day, the job he was on and get me out of it.

But the heavy work was done, the floor-laying, the painting, the supplementary wiring, the paper-hanging; the tasks ahead were smaller, though day by day my list of things to do grew longer instead of shorter. No matter: time was endless, I had all there was. It made no difference whether it were July or October, seven o'clock in the morning or midnight. And one morning as I lay thinking of past and future, the light came so quickly that I rose on my elbow to look out the north window, and saw whiteness all the way to the trees along the river bend.

The season's first snowfall brought to mind two descriptions of the winter scene, a passage of
Cooper and a story by Vladimir Korolenko titled "Winter". They recalled Poe's "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym", and I went on to think of the symbolism of snow and whiteness, Hudson's dissertation in
Idle Days in Patagonia, and the chapter in Moby Dick called "The Whiteness of the Whale". May it be that white as a symbol of purity and virtue derives late in cultural history from religious associations, and is antedated by a folk belief -- inherited from interglacial man, perhaps -- in white as a symbol of evil? To Orientals it is the color of death and mourning, and the Eskimo hell is a place of cold and snow and ice.

After breakfast I went to the attic and opened the box of early issues of The Golden Book which I had packed long ago, found that containing the Korolenko story, and brought it down to read. The feel of cold was in it, as I remembered: "You know what it means, do you not? When breath fails you, -- when, every time you blink, fine threads of ice form between your lashes, when the cold steals under your clothing, under your skin, into your muscles, bores into your bones . . . . You arrive at a station-house; it is midnight before you get really warm, and, when you start in the morning, you feel that something has gone out of you; you begin to suffer sooner than you did the day before, and you are still colder when you reach your night's lodging. Your spirits flag, your impressions are dulled, people become objects of dislike. You even loathe yourself. You end by . . . . moving, even thinking, as little as possible; you instinctively avoid the least expenditure of energy. And there you sit, gradually stiffening, only wondering, with a vague fear, when there will be an end . . . . "

There was no use looking for Poe's "Narrative", because I had no set of Poe, and the several anthologies I possessed (mementos of my academic career) contained such brief or catholic selections as "Berenice", "Ligeia", "The Black Cat", "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Cask of Amontillado", and "The Masque of the Red Death". My set of Cooper (P.F. Collier's ugly double-column edition in ten volumes that had cost me a dollar and a half) was also packed, and as I opened the box I remembered I was going to give it to my friend Henry Hildreth, who was twelve and ought to be reading Cooper while he could. I do not know the age at which one ceases to find Cooper rewarding, but I had lately tried The Pilot, and reached the end only with persistence.

The passage I had in mind I thought was in The Prairie, but could not find it; no chapter recalled anything to me, and I became uncertain I had once read it. The Pioneers seemed not wholly unfamiliar, and its action begins in the winter; there were fine descriptions of turkey-shooting, sap-boiling, fish-seining and fish-spearing, and a forest fire. But the one I sought was of a skating party and contained the word pelisse, which, when I was eleven years old and making a systematic effort to increase my vocabulary, was a discovery. Had a twenty-eight-year-old memory tricked me? I was sure it was not in any other of the Leatherstocking novels -- but how could I be sure? I closed the box and put it where I would be reminded to take it to my young friend.

The forenoon was gone, the snow was melting, and I had not got out of doors and walked in it, and I had an uncomfortable feeling of opportunity. But the same opportunity would come again, would come often this winter, and it was better to miss it once than to take it with a sense of obligation. When one's pleasures become obligatory they cease to be pleasures, and I was done with obligations of that sort, finished with doing things I had no real wish to do.

The renunciation extended further than to mere pastimes; enough of my life had been spent in activities that were only remotely to the purpose, in tasks that were merely expedient, and I was determined to save the rest of it from them. After nearly four years in the factory, I felt like Charles Lamb when he wrote to Crabb Robinson "I have left the damned India House for Ever". Ten years earlier he had written to a lady named Matilda Betham: "Accursed damned desks, trade, commerce, business --" How they must have bored that wag who at Haydon's "immortal dinner" in 1817 addressed Wordsworth "you rascally poet" and astonished the comptroller of stamps by asking to look at his phrenological development and chanting "Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John sent to bed with his breeches on"!

Accursed damned blueprints, shop orders, time clocks, textbooks, classrooms, the world of industry and the academic world as well! Even if I had all the time there was, none of it was to lose; I was where I was with intent to order, arrange, and clarify impressions, opinions, and attitudes that demanded formulation. I had set out from this house with hope and come back in defeat so many times that I did not wish to remember them and, because for every leaving there was, by necessity or by choice, a returning, the farm was never one of the great Things in my consciousness.

My grandfather having been the successful bidder at a sheriff's auction in October 1873, the said Sheriff did grant, bargain, alien, and convey to him one hundred and twelve acres more or less of Virginia Military land on the west bank of the Scioto river. An instrument dated February 5th 1875 assigns one quarter of an acre to the township Board of Education for school purposes. In 1900 a warranty deeed conveys the farm, for one dollar, love, and affection, from my grandfather and grandmother to John Horatio Thomas and Orin Ellsworth Thomas, reserving a life estate. The next document, drafted February 21st 1912, is a contract between my father and his brother by which

John Horatio agrees to convey to Orin Ellsworth the undivided one half of the described real estate for five thousand dollars, payable one thousand dollars cash, this day, and five hundred dollars a year until the death of Mary Thomas, their mother; "after her death the balance unpaid is due and payable in one year".

It may be that my father counted on her longevity. She survived the period covered by the contract, but it was already some time fulfilled; by a deed dated August 11th 1917 John Horatio (now become John H.) conveys his undivided one half to O.E. Thomas, his heirs and assigns forever.

My father prospered. In 1905 he had bought another farm, also in the Virginia Military District but a mile and a half from what was now "the home place". The previous owners of this 107 acres were the Boyds. The Boyd abstract is a long one. In 1822 a roughly square tract of 1043 2/3 acres was granted by government patent to one Duncan McArthur. McArthur, a land speculator who has a considerable place in Ohio's history (migrating from Pennsylvania as a youth, he worked as chainman for the surveyor Nathaniel Massie, founder of Chillicothe, was a spy in the Indian wars, grew up with the country, and became a brigadier general and Ohio's eighth governor), was the assignee of various assignees and devisees of four Revolutionary soldiers: Abraham Shepherd, Samuel Cobb, Peter Minor, and Philip Faent. "In witness whereof, the said James Monroe, President of the United States of America, has caused the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with his hand . . . ."

In 1838 Duncan McArthur sold 300 acres out of the middle of his tract (he may have sold other parcels earlier) to Elisha Hardy and Aaron Allen. The consideration was five hundred dollars. Hardy and Allen profited by their bargain: within a month they sold the north half of their land to Jacob Spade for five hundred dollars. It is this strip more

than a mile and a quarter long and three-sixteenths of a mile wide that, twenty-five years later, its value multiplied by ten, came into the possession of Sylvester Boyd.

Sylvester Boyd died in 1871, leaving the farm to his widow Melinda. Things went well, or at any rate did not reach a crisis, for twenty years. Then begins the story of notes, assignments, and mortgage deeds that marked the Boyds' efforts to raise money. William Boyd and his wife Sarah got tired of it, and in the summer of 1901, after the sale of 42 acres adjacent to the river, relinguished, for three hundred dollars, by quit-claim deed to Charles Van Houten, "all such right and title as they have or ought to have" in the land, and went off to make a fresh start. They had better borne up a little longer. Five and a half months later Melinda died, and in February 1902 it cost Joe Boyd $1650 to buy back that one-third share of her estate.

The Boyd place was never real to me in my childhood. To go there was no different from going to the neighbors', and I did not clearly see why my father had to do with it. When he talked of the disadvantage of having to pull a plow or a binder a mile and a half over the road with horses, I asked why, if he needed another farm, he hadn't bought one nearer home. "Home" was a relatively small area. Bounded on the east and the north by the river, on the south by the old log house where the Riders lived, and on the west by no line or point but a landscape -- home was a blue frame house from which one sometimes ventured to these horizons. It faced west, on a knoll two hundred yards from the river and a hundred yards from the road. Only a little space was kept as lawn, but between that and the road was meadow grass, and there in summer evenings I caught lightning bugs and imprisoned them in bottled.

A quarter of a mile north the river turned a great S-curve. That was "the Bend". From the road in front of the house it looked as if following it you must go directly into

the water; but the turn was there, across a narrow bridge with red-painted iron railings, over a small run which emptied through the west bank where its eastward course began.

Every spring, almost, the Scioto overflowed. Water from above the Bend made an outlet of the run and covered an area west of the road for three-quarters of a mile or more southward. When flood water topped the road going west, our buildings were near the tip of a peninsula which we could leave only across fields; for soon after the road was under water at the Bend it was sure to be under also near the Newmans bridge. Then, ordinarily, one could still walk out across Ed Kirts' farm. But in 1913 the peninsula became an island, and that mile-long island became several small islands on each of which was left dry a group of farm buildings or only a house.

That year, when it became certain the water was going to rise higher than ever before, my father got the livestock out, to Redds' and Wynns', just in time. The next day water lay over the floor of the barn. It surrounded the house, with a patch of dry ground to the southeast. I watched my father wade into the water up to his waist and pull in some floating pieces of wood, which he told me were bridge timbers. He made them fast to the walnut tree in the front lawn. The water continued to rise until it was only a foot and a half below floor level of the house. That night it came into the cellar fast, and I awoke after midnight hearing my mother and father carrying jars of fruit up the cellar stairs. By morning the rise had stopped. We were marooned three weeks. It was not complete isolation, for now and then somebody came in a boat. We ate chickens and canned fruit. I didn't see why my parents had to worry about it. To me it was high adventure.

The Wynn and the Redd buildings, on adjacent farmsteads, were surrounded but dry, and to the north Everetts and Jacobses, on higher ground, could escape by going west. Ed Kirts got his horses and cattle and hogs out of the lowest, the pen-and-stable, section of

his barn and onto the haymow floor, where he virtually lived in their company the flood's duration. He said that if the water came high enough to drown them there he was going to die with them; but he wasn't put to that extremity.

My father didn't lose any livestock, but the corn remaining in the cribs that spring had to be shoveled out and was scattered in a field to rot; and he determined to make the future safe from similar loss. Ordinarily slow to arrive at decisions, he could act without delay when a big idea struck him; the flood's debris still littered the farmyard when he engaged Pearl Sloop to move the barn and granary. All summer long Pearl and his four or five men came every day in a big Studebaker touring car. They lifted the barn with jack screws, took away its foundation, and let it down onto great blocks and rollers; and one day the actual moving began, by means of a cable and a capstan anchored to trees and revolved by a thin and weary-looking old horse. Progress was so slow that I couldn't see any advance from day to day, but in the fall both barn and granary were on their new, higher sites and on new foundations, the granary on concrete piers and the barn on eight-foot walls of concrete blocks, with all new siding and a slate roof.

The lowest floor of the barn was a whole new stable section, which utilized the salvaged bridge timbers. My father paid the bridge contractor for them, though they were legally his by right of salvage. There was a new lane on the south side of the yard, and the next spring Walter Massie, the hired man, made a photograph of me with one of the horses in front of the handsome newly-painted barn.

Mr. Everett's farm adjoined ours on the north, but his house was on the west side of the road, back a long lane. My father, eminently practical, did not like long lanes, and I too could perceive how it put Mr. Everett at a disadvantage: it was too far from the house to the river. He was a devoted fisherman, and in summer was often to be seen, carrying several cane poles and always wearing rubber boots, following the Bend to a likely spot where perhaps he had for several days baited the carp with bits of dough or grains of corn. He always used doughballs on the hook and seemed able to catch fish any time he wished to. This was mysterious to me, whose hook no fish would attach itself to, whether it were baited with dough, worm, or craw-dad. So I gave up fishing early in life, and inclined to the view of a professor of English whom I later met that The Compleat Angler is a delightful book but fishing a very overrated sport. Mr. Everett, who almost certainly never heard of Isaak Walton, knew nothing of the sporting angler's scorn of the carp, and would bring up sometimes a handsome seven- or eight-pounder, when he had caught more than his family could eat.

Mr. Everett's experience was wide and varied. You couldn't bring up a subject he hadn't an opinion on or knowledge or experience of. His personal narratives were endless, and if you asked him a question as lucid as "What is this shrub that grows along the fence-row?" you might hear about a Texas horse race of 1896 before you got the answer -- if the answer came. The subject he wouldn't talk about was how to catch fish: that was his secret, and his implied view was that it might remain to the rest of the world a mystery.

My earliest associations were with the Riders. Their house, to which belonged fifty acres, was easy to reach -- you had only to climb a couple of fences, and there you were. It was a "settler's cabin", built of big hewn logs and chinked with mortar, and had some time been plastered inside. Its doors scraped on their sills, and its floors rippled, and it was exactly the sort of house you would expect the Riders to live in, and they were exactly the people you would expect to find living in it. They were also fishermen, but their fishing was less eclectic than Mr. Everett's. In summer they kept trot lines set nearly all the time, and used a seine. And now and then, Perry, my favorite, or another of them would lead me to a barrel and show me a big turtle.

At some time, then or later, I learned that Clydie was not the boys' mother. But I knew what a stepmother is, and found nothing odd about her situation. It was many years before I knew she was the housekeeper whom August had never married. Their alliance was so far in the past that her status as common-law wife was no longer a subject for comment, and she went by the name of Rider. The Riders moved to a house at Newmans, and Perry was lost to me as a companion. At the age of five one might permissibly go two hundred yards to make a visit but not a mile.

At Newmans a big iron bridge spanned the Scioto, and across, on the road to the north, was John Berridge's blacksmith shop, where my father took his horses to have them shod. It was a wondrous place, a cavernous shed from whose rafters and beams hung fantastic shapes of iron and on hooks horseshoes of all sizes. The south end was bright with sunlight from the open big west door, and there on the plank floor a horse was tied while John held one of its feet between his knees against his leather apron. I watched eagerly when he nailed the shoe, and was amazed at the deftness with which he clipped off and clinched the nails on the upper side of the hoof. I asked my father if it didn't hurt the horse, and he said it didn't. The horse seemed not to mind, except rarely,

and then John would skillfully maneuver him off balance and have the hoof between his knees in spite of the horse's resistance. After the nails were clinched, he pared off the edge of the hoof outside the shoe with a curious knife whose blade at the end had a sidewise curl.

In the middle of the shop was the big anvil, bolted to a great block of wood on the floor of packed earth, and near the east wall the forge, a great, square, brick structure, chest-high, containing a heap of coals whose center was a red-and-yellow fire. Its brick chimney rose close to the east wall, above a gaping mouth, and against the chimney was a mechanical blower, operated by a short handle, like that of a grinding wheel. With his long tongs John would take a horseshoe from the yellow coals, hold the glowing red tip of one prong over the anvil point, and hammer it into a short angle or hook. The shaping of both prongs done, he plunged it into the big vat of dark water by the forge, whence issued a great sizzling and a cloud of steam. Cooled at once, it was ready for nailing to the horse's hoof. While standing by the vat, John gave the handle of the blower a turn, sending a white radiance out of the forge, where another shoe was heating, although I hadn't seen him put it there.

Here in this middle area, along the west wall, were upended nail kegs for casual visitors to sit on, and for the habitual guests luxurious comfort in a fully upholstered automobile seat, in front of which was plenty of room to spit. Beyond, filling the gloom of the north end, were wagon wheels and tires, big iron pipes, and complicated-looking iron shapes; on pegs, big and little iron bars and rods; and on nails in beams and walls, clevises, single-tree hooks, and hames. You couldn't get within ten feet of the north wall because of this profusion of iron.

It is assumed difficult to hold in the memory specific tastes or odors; but I can easily recall the blacksmith shop's peculiar and distinctive smells. That of fresh manure

was evanescent; but there was the pungent and durable odor of hoof parings, like strong, stale sweat; the smell of the forge itself, not smoky, as of an ordinary fire, but sharp and tangy and agreeable; and the sudden, brief, prickly scent that came with the steam out of the vat when the hot horseshoe was plunged into the water. Even the iron had an odor, but thin and delicate, overpowered by the others, which were ambrosial.

Whenever I bent a pedal hanger of my tricycle, it was John Berridge who straightened it. My father took the tricycle along in the wagon when he had the horses shod or on one of his frequent trips in the buggy to the other farm. John would stop whatever he was doing at the time and attend to it at once -- it took but a minute -- and never charged for it. He grasped the frame with his left hand, lifted it, placed the end of the pedal hanger on the anvil, and gave it a couple of hard blows with his hammer. It seemed to me he was hitting it on the wrong side, but my father said not, and it was done. John would tell me to ride it home.

iii

The house we lived in then was like nearly all old farmhouses, ill-arranged, ill-lit, and odorous of rag carpets saturated with dust. To bring it to mind brings an event: one of memory's pictures impossible to fix in time. I see my schoolteacher, Edna Seeds, my mother, and me talking in the sitting room lit only by the flow of the base-burner. John Clay, an overnight guest, being handed a lamp by my father at the foot of the stairs. Aunt Caroline Jefferson, my Granduncle Richard's widow, ill in a bed by the sitting-room window.

A "story-and-a-half" house, it had eaves at a height midway in the walls of the upper floor, where the upper halves of east and west walls sloped inward with the roof.

Successive alterations had converted the kitchen to a dining room and made a new kitchen with a small room beside it (my grandmother's bedroom), added a half-story room over the dining room, and inclosed one end of the front porch to make a small room which my mother used for sewing.

The stair went up from the front, between the sitting room, on the south, and the parlor, on the north. From the first landing, where the door led to my parents' room, you turned and went up three more steps to the upper hall and thence to the two other bedrooms, north and south. Between the bedroom doors was an alcove, curtained to conceal a bedclothes box and the heterogeneous household rubbish that never got thrown away. Broken clotheshorses, bags of carget rags, discarded garments, bundles of unused wallpaper, and stacks of McCall's Magazine were hidden by that red curtain.

The north room, with the sagging floor, was supposedly for guests, but its usual occupant was the hired man. In it was the bed with treacherous slats and a feather mattress; the bureau which had lost a caster and a pull off each of two drawers; and oddments of furniture no other place could be found for. The south room was mine, and, having south windows beside the chimney which came up from the fireplace below, was light and pleasant, and I studied at a table in front of one window.

The sitting room was the dreariest in the house. It had a west window, but the fireplace was flanked by a built-in cupboard and a built-in clothes press. The fireplace was never used; it was closed off by a zinc-sheathed board, and in front of it was the base-burner (removed in summer to smokehouse). The clothes press and the cupboard were walnut inside, with pine doors, the doors painted successively mottled red, gray, and green with the rest of the woodwork.

The parlor, having two north windows as well as a west window, was lighter; it was here that, when the minister came to dinner, we prayed; otherwise it was used

little, not because it was sacrosant but because it was accessible only from the front of the house. I read there a good deal, but never liked the parlor because of the rug. That rug, with its monstrous floral pattern and vivid green background, plagued me through childhood and youth and survived long thereafter; many more years passed before I saw the last of it. It brought twenty-six dollars, at auction.

The parlor, nevertheless, provided me a refuge from other people's activities and the general household commotion. Before I became addicted to reading, I might amuse myself with the Dore-illustrated bible or with a panoramic box, a series of biblical pictures in color on a long sheet wound on rollers, which were turned by a handcrank; but such pastimes soon palled. On an oak stand was the music box, a Regina (the glassed picture on the inside of its lid showed fat, naked little boys singing), which played with metal discs. I was permitted to play it any time I wished, but I was weary of its tinkling tunes and set it going only for someone to whom it was a novelty.

On a Sunday my mother might play the piano, which she seldom did any other day. First she would adjust the stool, for she assumed I had turned it to an improper height, whether I had or not. The seat turned on a large screw, like a jackscrew, which had a squeak so offensive that I stopped my ears if I saw it coming. Why she, who in time accustomed herself to handling wrenches, hammers, and oil cans, did not oil it, I cannot explain, unless she feared getting oil on her skirts or on the rug; rather, I suspect mere disinclination to perform a simple task which could be omitted.

The compositions she played were melancholy in the extreme, or her tempo made them so. "After the Ball", "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven", "My Sweetheart Went Down With the Ship" (inspired by the sinking of the Titanic), "The Burning Iroquois" (not a reference to Algonquin cruelty but in commemoration of the Chicago theater fire of 1903); "reveries" and "meditations", like "Whisperings of the Pines", "Echoes from the

Woodland", "Heart's Sorrow", and "Beautiful Evening Star", or "moonlight" pieces -- if not "Moonlight on the Hudson", it would be on the Wabash or the Missouri or any other river whose name was not downright cacophanous. It didn't matter whether they had words or not, for we never sang.

Hamlin Garland, whose family did sing, remarks in A Son of the Middle Border that nearly all the ballads the McClintocks loved to sing were sad. But they were folk ballads, or literary ballads so familiar as to be in effect the same; the sentimental pieces my mother played were sophisiticated and insincere, as I then in some way recognized. Her playing them expressed the unhappiness she could not allow herself to put into words; and there was no one who might understand the words had she been able to utter them.

The kitchen walls were visible only between calendars and almanacs, and on the walls of the other rooms were many big framed pictures. There were steel engravings of "The Resurrection" and "The Ascension"; a chromolithograph of young men and women (in attire of the 1850s) picking apples; a colored engraving of Niagara Falls in winter; and photographs of my Aunt Angeline and my uncle Lincoln in walnut frames. The bedrooms had group photographs of long-grown-up school attendants and of my mother's family, photographs in ornate frames of my cousin Charley as a baby and my cousins the Jefferson sisters.

At some indeterminate date I replaced the photographs in my room with pictures of Sitting Bull, Poor Bull, Short Bull, and other Indian chiefs, and reproductions of covers from the The National Sportsman. I also had sepia prints of the Roman Colosseum and Alma-Tadema's "A Reading from Homer" (whose artist and title I didn't know); a pleasing design of cloth squares (that came in cigaret packages and had been given me) depicting famous ball players; a big Lone Scout flag, the LSA monogram in red on a blue ground; and

pennants commemorating, among various institutions, Yale and Cornell and the Ohio State Fair 1917.

After the war of 1914-18 my father determined to remodel the house. The alterations were so extensive that, as he later said, it would have been better to tear the old house down and start anew. He did not mean that altogether; he was expressing a small pride in having done the wrong thing, when the right would have been a radical act and the wrong had precedent. The shape of the old house disappeared; it became a nearly-square two-story house with a one-story kitchen attached; and, with the village carpenter as architect, the change was from an old house with many things wrong with it to a new one with many other things, and some of the same, wrong with it.

My father, like Silas Lapham, was bent on having the kind of woodwork he wanted -- his being not black walnut but golden oak; having splurged on this, he had to economize elsewhere. The attic was left floorless and doorless; bedrooms were left without closets and closest without shelves. When the head carpenter said he and his men were done, my father paid him in full without inspecting the house for completion; details were of no matter to him.

During the remodeling we lived in the garage, a concrete-floor lean-to attached to the granary. The dining table and chairs, the big cherry cupboard, the cane-seated rockers, and furniture from the parlor and the sitting room were stored in the barn. Our 1915 Reo was sheltered within the granary itself, and I had my bed above it, in a space that was a grain bin. My parents' bed was on the garage floor, at the west; the garage's east end was the kitchen, and the cooking range had its pipe going out a window. Flies were bothersome, and my mother was wont to dwell later on the inconveniences of that summer. I remember it with pleasure, for to sleep so near the roof made me feel like a pioneer in his rude cabin, and I liked the sound of rain on the shingles.

With the move, the rubbish of the upper-hall alcove was disposed of, but it wasn't necessary to take anything out of the cellar, and there, on top of the walls between the joists, my grandmother's patent-medicine bottles continued to repose in dusty emptiness for many years.

For my grandmother a room was procured with the Lucas family, who lived in one of the two houses on the Jacobs farm. She disliked being made to leave the dwelling which was satisfactory to her as it was, with the prospect of returning to a new room which might not suit her even though it contained a wash basin and a water closet. She was eighty-seven years old, and scarcely to be blamed for that view. But the passage of years must teach that truth whose utterance made Heraclitus famous, and the fact that one is eighty-seven and doesn't like it will not retard the ceaseless flowing of things. Four months after her return she was dead.

The fireplace and the cupboard and the clothes press were torn out, the black-walnut siding of the old house was added to the woodpile and chopped up for kindling, and as we became accustomed to the new house, the old went out of my consciousness and almost out of my recollection.

iv

The thirty-acre woods on the farm was, and ever remained, to me a wonderland. Something in every boy, I suspect, seeks association with nature undisturbed by man, and I liked the woods, in all seasons. There was a good deal of big timber in it, white oak, red oak, bur oak, pin oak, white ash, black ash, hickory, elm, and sugar maple, but my father cut trees only when he needed poles for a straw-shed or lumber for some structure. It was more economical to buy wood or steel fence posts, but sometimes a

dead oak or walnut went to make a corner anchor. The rest of it was firewood, and there were always tops and fallen trees for cutting.

My father liked a clean woods, and the livestock kept the brush in check. Every spring and summer there were hogs or cattle, or both, in the woods, the hogs being always greedy for acorns, and both hogs and cattle making clear trails through the brush. In summer the milk cows were pastured there, and, though they had to be driven on the road some distance to the barn, I didn't mind going after them and didn't care if I had to hunt them out of the thickets.

For it was a joy to walk in the woods, on the sod at its edges, on the cushiony grass of swampy spots, on the moist dark loam of its shady center. Here in the spring were dogwood and hawthorn and black-haw blossoms and a profusion of wild flowers: spring beauties, wild pansies ("Johnny-jump-ups"), blue, yellow, and white violets, sweet williams, buttercups, yellow, pink and white daisies, field onions, May apples, jack-in-the-pulpits. Many open spaces, before the livestock trampled them, were carpeted with ground ivy.

Wild mustard was everywhere, as were stickseeds, whose little burs cling so tenaciously to trouser legs in summer and fall. On the paths one's feet were brushed by the ferny fronds of yarrow. Wild grapes and wild raspberries grew thickly, and there were wild blackberries and wild gooseberries too. But I was no botanist, ever, and to me they were all one, simply natural life in abundance. The details of nature no more found their way into my heart than into the heart of Peter Bell.

If I were caught in the rain while on my errand, I did not care, for I could keep nearly dry by standing close to a big tree, and one of the pleasantest sights of the countryside is the shimmer of rain against foliage, one of the pleasantest sounds the drumming of raindrops on leaves. The rain would probably stop suddenly, just as it might

come in late afternoon; and, as I urged the cows, who would lief be wet as dry, toward the gate, I would look on a fresh green world -- seeing it, however, with only half-seeing eyes, for in those days I was thinking always of other things than I had to do with on the farm, thinking of what I wanted of life, what I wanted to have and do and be.

Cattle and hogs in the woods had water at the pond until late summer, when, if rainfall had not been greater than normal, it would be dried up. If they ran then in the hill pasture as well -- the snake fence between was easily opened -- they were watered from a spring in the next field, near a great twin-trunked wild black cherry tree. Here the water had to be dipped by bucket, for this spring was simply a hole in the middle of a swamp, which my father had dug out and fenced around.

There was a well within the woods, and it served many summers, while the hill field was being tilled and livestock were confined to the woods alone. With the prolonged drought during the dozen years after 1925, the water table fell, and eventually the well failed. While it was in use a 250-gallon tank was kept there, and one of my summer duties was to fill it daily. When there were steers in the woods as well as the cows, they drank a tankful every day. But there was a small reward for the hard and tedious job of pumping: after I had pumped until the cattle had drunk all they wanted for the time being, sometimes I would undress and immerse myself in the clear, cold water.

In the middle of the woods were hawthorn and black-haw and spice thickets, some so dense that even the cattle did not go through them. There were a couple of sizable open spaces in the midst of trees, and at another and later time, when life exacted so many compromises that I was sick of them all, I thought of building a little house in one, using bricks from the abandoned schoolhouse and myself doing the masonry. But this, like so many of my projects, never came to realization.

My other haunt, the river, was almost as inviting. Fishing was dull, but to row up and down it in my boat was a pleasure, and I often did that for no purpose except to be on the water. My German shepherd bitch delighted to stand in the prow, and nearly every fine day of summer, until the dog days came and it was clogged with algae, we were some time there, either in the boat or trampling the banks. Rowing north to the Bend, I might have to stand and push the boat off one of the big rocks that were clustered in the shallows south of the east hook. At low water many were above the surface, and both the dog and I might sit on one sunning ourselves like the turtles I could see from the bank. Then, it is likely, we would go on around the Bend, overhung on both sides by great trees, elm and shagbark hickory and sycamore and locust, with many buckeyes and hackberries and crab apples and elders and a few green ashes and bur oaks, the lower banks dense with scrub maples, to where the river straightened and, with the road running close by, lost much of its interest. Here, east of the little bridge over the run's mouth, where the current struck the south bank, was the "deep hole", which I had been cautioned to beware of from childhood. It took the length of an oar to reach its mud bottom.

In that past time the river seemed always at its best just after a rain -- not a downpour or an all-day drizzle, which turned its banks to thick and slippery mud, but a brief summer shower, which freshened the leaves of trees and wild grapevines and all the tangled foliage that grew on the broad south and west banks at the east hook. It was then I liked best to tramp there, for no purpose and going nowhere, but making my way cautiously through this maze of undergrowth as if it were the thresold to some great adventure. Near a big sycamore I thought was the ideal place to find or desposit buried treasure. I never found any, but once I chose a spot, under the fork of a limb, and buried ten pennies in a tin can. I drew a map, appending instructions to drop a string from the

fork, as in "The Gold Bug" (but also gave the compass direction and the distance from the tree for certainty), and put it into a book for somebody to discover.

The books of those years are dispersed, and perhaps another imaginative boy has tramped the banks of the Scioto seeking romance and a sycamore tree.

That first winter after the war. I think of it as the pleasantest of all winters. The cold came early, and I skated on the river and tramped the woods, experiencing such pleasure in being out of doors, warmly dressed, on cold days that I was reluctant to come back to the house. Reminders of times past fitted themselves into a new present, and I thought this homecoming my last and true one.

The supposition, however, was mistaken. New crises demanded new decisions. We can only, at best, shape our ends; if there is a divinity, it is that which rough-hews them.

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Sherwood Anderson, Wright Morris, Herbert Gold and The Midwest-San Fransicso Connection

David D. Anderson

From its beginning, as the old Northwest became the Midwest, just as the nation was moving toward the war that threatened to destroy it but ultimately redefined it, the Midwest, its people, and its literature took on characteristics that mark them today. As the nineteenth century at midpoint suddenly became closer to the technological twentieth century than to the rational eighteenth that had defined an American ideal reiterated and revitalized by that same war, Midwestern literature, reflecting the people who created it, has been a literature of movement. That movement and its literary record had begun as the eighteenth century became the nineteenth, as the people poured out of a moribund East across the mountains and up and down the rivers to make a new country compounded of cheap land and an open society. And in much of that movement and literature that recorded it there are echoes of a muted, frightening obligato that accompanied the people and their migration, and that found expression in their literature to give it a new, realistic dimension. That dimension echoes even yet in the works that record the restless movement of a people beyond the horizon, beyond-- or down--the river, across newer mountains from West to East, the paths of Samuel Clemens as he became Mark Twain, or town to city and across the restless countryside, the paths of Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser and the young people in their works as the nineteenth century became the twentieth--or back to the shining city of the East with F. Scott Fitzgerald or beyond, to the City of Light and the last war of romance for Ernest Hemingway and a generation of other young Midwesterners--and finally retracing in mid-twentieth century with Wright Morris and Herbert Gold, like Twain and Ambrose Bierce

before them, the ultimate path of American destiny that continues to draw Americans toward the Golden Gate and the setting sun.

And in many of the works that define this ultimate restless movement of a people, obligato still echoes, an obligato nowhere defined more clearly than in the revised ending (1922) of Sherwood Anderson's Windy McPherson's Son. "In our father's day, at night in the forests of Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, and on the wide prairies, wolves howled. There was fear in our fathers and mothers, pushing their way forward, making the new land" (344). And when the land was made, Anderson wrote--and defined in his works as well as in his life, the movement, away from something to something else, continued, accompanied by another muted obligato: "When the land was conquered fear remained, the fear of failure. Deep in our American souls the wolves still howl." (344).

These uniquely American Midwestern wolves become metaphoric and psychic as the Civil War and the new industrialism turned Winesburg, Ohio, into Akron, Toledo, Dayton, as they took young Carrie Meeber and George Willard, like their creators, from the small towns of the Midwestern hinterland to Chicago and beyond, where Carrie Meeber became Carrie Madena, her name in lights while she rocked nervously and alone, that took George Willard--in his earlier incarnation as Sam McPherson--to wealth and then to restless wandering across a brutally innocent Midwestern landscape in search of an unattainable fulfillment for which he was ultimately forced to accept a sentimental and inadequate substitute, even as Anderson himself at 36 had once wandered in confusion away from the Anderson Manufacturing Company and the Elyria Country Club along an Ohio railroad track in search of a new life.

In each of these works, as in the lives of their creators, the reality is not the landscape across which they wander, even as neither the raft and the river nor the town- and country-scapes through which it flows is the reality in The Adventure of Huckleberry Finn, nor is it for Nick Carraway in Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby the "wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns" between Chicago and St. Paul; it is the fact of

movement, of "the thrilling returning trains of my youth" that cross relentlessly from the "bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio" to the distorted East of shining towers, piles of ashes, and staring eyes that had created Jay Gatsby out of Jimmy Gatz, one of the many who had come out of one of those nameless Minnesota towns driven by a dream that had almost become real and almost attainable.

Deep in the psyches of each of these young people the muted howls of psychic wolves drive them out of the home place and along the road that promises success, whether in freedom from "sivilizing" and from slavery, the two proud appurtenances of a society attesting at once to be genteel and romantic and as brutal as it was innocent, or from the hopelessness of towns inhabited by those whose lives, lost in the backwater of a changing America, the Columbia Cities, the Caxtons, the Winesburgs. But they found the same hopelessness beyond the veer of sophistication and affluence in Chicago, in New York, in Paris, in metaphor as well as reality. That hopelessness, that echo of the psychic wolves still howling deep in our American souls, that metaphorical and literal fear of failure, has produced what Midwestern writers from Mark Twain to Fitzgerald to Hemingway, and yes, even to their successors, those writers--Faulkner, O'Connor, Welty, McCullers who remained in the somewhat sunny south as well as those who have come out of the Midwest to bask in the shaky shadow of the Golden Gate, have noted and portrayed as a uniquely American, quintessentially Midwestern character type, that which it was left to Sherwood Anderson to define most precisely, even as he gave it to the mainstream of American literature in our time: this is the grotesque, that person, male or female, who wanders forever somewhere between Winesburg and Chicago in a landscape called Mid-America, for whom success proves elusive, failure threatens, and the wolves continue to howl.

It is this memory, of literary images created by Anderson out of the reality of the haunted people of his youth, that two Midwestern moderns nearly a generations apart, each independent of, perhaps unknown to the other, took with him out of the Midwest,

across landscapes and oceans, and ultimately to the end of the continent and that each remembered in a moment of tribute.

The first of these writers was Wright Morris, who was born on January 6, 1910, in Central City, Nebraska, and who, after the years of memory-haunted searching that marked so many Midwestern lives, has, for nearly thirty years, taught and lived and written on the Pacific coast; the other is Herbert Gold, born on March 9, 1924, in Cleveland, Ohio, whose path westward was as tangled and tentative as Morris's, and who for nearly a quarter of a century has written on the shore of the Bay. Curiously, both remember Anderson and the direction and insight he gave them and the writers of their time and hours in curiously similar terms. In 1965 Morris made his memory clear, a memory perhaps sharpened by his own observations of California life, in his introduction to a new edition of Windy McPherson's Son:

> . . .The tributaries that feed the main stream of our literature, north and south, east and west, are crowded with the square pegs, as well as the squares, the near-ins and the far-outs, the oddballs and the queers, that supply the delta with its topsoil and give substance to the stream itself. Fifty years after Anderson settled on that word to describe his own breed of native, it seems clear that grotesques, in one form or another, appear to be what is modern in our literature(xviii).

As he concluded the essay, he continued:

> In the sense that every writer has one story, Windy McPherson is this storyteller's story. From rags to fame, from fame to love and the burden of self-knowledge. If we look for him on the library shelves we will find him, or in those bins full of fodder for the leaders of tomorrow, but a better place to look is along those shaded streets that lead, eventually, into open country where the solitary walker idly wanders in search of himself(xix).

Curiously, Morris's assessment of Anderson's contribution to American writing and to himself as a writer echo those of Herbert Gold in an essay, "The Purity and Cunning of Sherwood Anderson," published in The Hudson Review in the Winter, 1957-58 issue.

Anderson, Gold wrote, carried with him into his work ". . .gratifications and dreads never altered after boyhood. He carried his childhood like a hurt warm bird held to his middle-aged breast as he walked out of his factory into the life of art" (145), sometimes preventing him "from equalling his aspirations and his own best work" (145).

But this is mere quibbling, Gold continued; "Who can do his best work always? What counts is the achievement, not the failures" (145), and out of that achievement comes one as durable as it is memorable:

> He has helped us to create the image we have of ourselves as Americans. Curtis Hartman, George Willard, Enoch Robinson, all the people of Winesburg, haunt us as do our neighbors, our friends, our own secret selves which we first met one springtime in childhood (145).

Both Morris and Gold identify the significance and the reality of the people--the grotesques--whom Anderson identified and understood in the byways of American life and gave to the mainstream of American literature. They identify, too, and emphasize the significance of the peculiar voice that Anderson had created out of Mark Twain and his own keen ear and given to the mainstream of our literature. For Morris, Winesburg, Ohio is "a book created out of 'voice', out of vernacular" (Paris Review, 66); for Gold, it is the voice of Anderson's poetry--but ". . .he does not impart his poetry into his work--he allows only the poetry that is there. . ." (142).

Finally, each identifies and emphasizes the significance of the restless movement, the flight, the search that comes out of the experience that made the Midwest, that gave energy to its people, and that finally continued to seek an elusive fulfillment. For Morris this is particularly evident in the pace with which Anderson's people carry on their simultaneous flight and search.

> Across the Midwest today a freeway bypasses such imaginary hamlets as Winesburg, Ohio, and proceeds, with minor interruptions, over the continental divide to San Francisco and the actual hamlet where I am sitting. Is it far from Winesburg? How do we measure

> such a distance, in years or miles? Early in Windy McPherson's Son, I stumbled on the proper unit of measure. It is the walk. A walk comprehends both space and time. Both Winesburg and Sherwood Anderson are back when a man went for a walk. Opening McPherson at random I read:
>
> He had walked bareheaded through the main street and out along a country road.
>
> This walker is Windy's son Sam, and it will prove to be a habit he will never lose. Many years later, a wealthy and powerful man, he will prove to be a solitary walker in strange cities. Before this novel ends the reader is aware that Sam McPherson will never cease his walking: it is a search for something the reader senses he will never find(vii-viii).

Herbert Gold translates walk into flight, as clear in Anderson's life as in his works. First he quotes Anderson:

> "I pour a dream over it. . . .I want to write beautifully, create beautifully, not outside but in this thing in which I am born, in this place where, in the midst of ugly towns, cities, Fords, moving pictures, I have always lived, must always live" (138).

For Gold the significance is clear:

> Yet he fled it always. He fled in order to find himself, then prayed to flee that disease of self, to become "beautiful and clear . . . plangent and radient." He felt that he loved only the midwestern land and people, but was still fleeing when he died--in the Panama Canal Zone (138).

Not only did both Morris and Gold each note the essence of the literary achievement that Anderson had constructed out of talent, memory, imagination and a tradition to which he knew intuitively he belonged, but those same elements--the people whom Anderson knew and loved, the voice in which he wrote, and the ceaseless movement that marks the course of his people's lives--are part of the works that both Morris and Gold contributed to the continuity of that tradition and continue to contribute from the peculiar Bay Area perspective that each has adopted and, in his own way, uses to give an evolving substance to his work.

The continuity of the Midwestern literary tradition as Anderson gave it to the mainstream of American literature is especially clear in the works of Wright Morris,

most of which reflect not only the concern with place, with people, with movement, but speak in the language that Mark Twain gave to realism and Sherwood Anderson to modernism. Though much of his work is imbued with his Nebraska roots, some has been set in Mexico, with strong California overtones, as well as in Europe, and on the road. Of all Morris's novels--more than twenty to date--three, My Uncle Dudley (1942), Morris's first novel, The Works of Love (1952), the dedication of which includes a moving tribute to Anderson, and Plains Song (1980) are most indicative of the continuation of the Midwestern tradition from its nineteenth century origins into, in Morris's own critical term, from the collected essays of the same name, The Territory Ahead (1958).

Although Morris emphasizes in that work that American writers must rid themselves of their enslavement to the past, and Morris has attempted his own emancipation in a number of later works, never-the-less the small town Nebraska experience of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is as central to Morris's literary vision as Clyde, Ohio, of the eighties and nineties of the last century was to Sherwood Anderson's.

My Uncle Dudley, the story of T. Dudley Osborne and his nephew-narrator, "the Kid" is the story of a journey by broken-down Marmon touring car from Los Angeles to Chicago. But it is not merely a trip across the landscape as much as it is a trip through reality, but, much as was Sam McPherson's in Windy McPherson's Son or Huck Finn's on the river, it is a trip into liberation and the promise, however elusive, of fulfillment. The road that runs East and West, the past and present paths of American destiny, is the river for Uncle Dudley, "the Kid", and the seven assorted passengers who accompany them, in a sense, in microcosm, becoming the people of Morris's Winesburg, a group of grotesques of whom Dudley is king. Dudley is also the mentor that many of the grotesques of Winesburg had wanted to be; "the Kid," like George Willard, catches a glimpse of what may be in Uncle Dudley's sharply-etched insight into the problems of race, love, hate, and metaphorical if not literal truth.

Although Morris later insisted that he had not yet read Huckeberry Finn--or perhaps because he had not--the picaresque journey through a sometimes threatening or hostile landscape is very much part of the sometimes comic, sometimes serious, always authentic American present in which Dudley flourishes; when, just freed from jail, Dudley spits in the eye of the authority-ridden cop and returns cheerfully to Jail, Dudley comes as close as perhaps it's possible to be, to freedom, to an escape from the relentlessness with which the others are driven and into the self-realization that "the Kid" intuitively seeks: "A really brave man doesn't want to be brave," "the Kid" reflects; "He just wants to be something else first and brave tags along. He just wants to be something" (125).

The Works of Love is Morris's work that is most clearly the product of the Anderson-inspired tradition, and, whether that is most clearly the product of the Anderson's "The Egg," the relationship is clear, and the pain in Morris's novel is as evident as in Anderson's story. The story is that of Will Brady, who pursues the American dream in small-town Nebraska, which, like Winesburg, is aware that the omnipresent railroad tracks lead to the greater world beyond, even as they promise that fulfillment is possible at the track's end. Like Sam McPherson before him, Will Brady rises in the world, from assistant station master to hotel clerk to, echoing the unachieved dream of father in "The Egg," owner of Brady's Egg Empire. Unsuccessfully married twice, with a "son" given him by a prostitute, he feels unable to communicate; business setbacks frustrate him, and, running, as much away from his past as to something better, he goes to Chicago, where he finds work as a Santa Claus at Montgomery Ward. Having injured his eyes with a sunlamp used to create a ruddy appearance for the job and perhaps to create an illusion for himself, he wanders unseeing into the late afternoon; he ponders an acid stench ahead of him, he moves foreward, and then this body is later found in the drainage canal, the result of an act that may or may not have been conscious.

For Anderson, whose people almost always live on, however much they are faced with the reality of living and dying alone, there is always the hope that, however unlikely, fulfillment is possible; if father in "The Egg," driven by his own psychic wolves, smashes eggs in frustration, he will somehow go on, and Sam McPherson finds at least the promise of something meaningful at the end of his wandering. But for Will, the old American wolves howling ceaselessly in his soul, the promise remains perpetually beyond his reach, love is still unattainable, and there is only the smell of the refuse of the city. Will Brady, unfulfilled, a failure at life and at love, a wanderer, a seeker, a grotesque in the Anderson manner, dies as alone as he had lived.

In Plains Song: for Female Voices (1980), the story of four generations of women on the Nebraska plains, Morris explores the elements that conspire to deny his women their self-identity, their fulfillment as women and as human beings. At the heart of the story is the reality and the memory of Cora, who had come to Nebraska and the farm from Ohio with her new husband, who finds sex a horror, and who yet finds a measure of contentment in making the farm better. Her daughter, Madge, finds no higher calling than the contentment her mother had discovered, but unlike her mother she finds sex a pleasure she keeps as her own secret. Her cousin, Sharon Rose, determined to escape both farm and role and goes to Chicago to work and live. However, when Cora dies and Madge's daughters celebrate their freedom as the farmhouse is razed, Sharon Rose knows that something durable and valuable and worthwhile has vanished, and she finds her past at the same time that it vanishes.

Unlike The Works of Love, which regrets love's loss and failure, Plains Song is a celebration--of life, of love, of a past once alive and now forever gone, and it celebrates, too, the durability of the people--the women--who had made it live. If Winesburg had disappeared for George Willard, remaining only as the background against which he will paint the dreams of his manhood, the farm and the plains and Cora's life become the standard by which she will judge the depth and meaning of her life.

In subject matter, in character, in setting, in ceaseless pursuit of the unattainable except in sudden moments of insight, Wright Morris's works are clearly in the tradition that Mark Twain, through Sherwood Anderson, made the substance of American modernism in fiction.

In Herbert Gold's works, however, at first glance--or at first reading--the connection is not quite so evident. The past has little omnipresent existence for most of his people. And yet the connection is there: in spite of the contemporary urban subject matter and setting of his works and the ease with which he moves from Cleveland to New York to California--one critic insists that Gold is "among those American novelists and essayists best attuned to life in California" (Brook Landon, quoted in CA 165)--the relationship is obvious. Although superficially similar to the urban Midwesterners Theodore Dreiser, Saul Bellow, and James T. Farrell, Gold's relationship to Sherwood Anderson and through him to Mark Twain is, like Saul Bellow's, of most importance in understanding his relationship to his time and his people.

Like Anderson's people and Morris's, Gold's are also seekers, but the dream they seek in industrial urban America is neither identity not fulfillment nor love. They know who they are, unlike the people who had come to America, the Midwest, and the city a generation earlier, and they know what they want and how it can be measured. Often, however they have no idea of the price that is demanded of them, and they are unwilling to run the necessary risks of the search.

The cornerstones of Gold's work, those most clearly related to the Midwestern modernist tradition and which provide counterpart to his more contemporary works are autobiographical: Fathers: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir (1967) and Family: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir (1981). Both are attempts to bridge the almost unbridgeable gap between a past of seekers, of risk-takers, of pursuers of an intangible dream, and the present of those people whose dream is of the shoddy, the second rate, the instantly gratifying and ultimately empty.

In both Fathers and Family Gold deals with those who have come from central and eastern Europe to the urban Midwest in the late nineteenth century to find a place and build a life. As for those who had come across the mountains nearly a century earlier to build a region and a place out of a wilderness, the wolves whose howls echo in their wake are real wolves, the howls literally threatening privation, destitution, destruction, and, again like their predecessors, they learn to cope, to risk, and above all to survive, and they try to pass that knowledge on to their children. In Fathers the eighty-year-old man refuses to retire but continues to risk his savings in real estate deals. From Cleveland, where he had fought gangsters to survive in his youth, he visits his son in San Francisco, and he keeps telling the son that "A man is never secure." The father sees the son through a painful divorce and advises him. "Next time make sure it isn't a nice Jewish girl." Gradually the son learns the nature and importance of survival if not its significance. In Family the mother is as durable, as determined, as erratic as the husband, both of whom know the importance of life itself.

Conversely, in such contemporary works as Salt (1963), The Great American Jackpot (1969), and Waiting For Cordelia (1977) Gold condemns a generation that seeks the tokens of gratification without knowing what they are, power without recognizing or understanding it, and marriage without the love that would give it depth or meaning. In each, the protagonist is a grotesque whose distortion, however, is neither spiritual, as was Wing Biddlebaum's and Doctor Reefy's, nor psychological, as was Elizabeth Willard's or Kate Swift's among the people of Winesburg; each of Gold's people is distorted by the corruption of the American dream as it became motivated by the new, modernist wolves who threaten failure rather than destruction.

In Salt, a collection of three stories integrated in the Winesburg manner, there is a suggestion that corruption can be transcended if one is willing to reject the values that insure corruption. In the first story, Peter Hatten, a stockbroker in New York, sells stocks short rather than risk loss, and he ends love affairs while he still feels secure in

them. Neither a risk-taker nor a seeker, his life is empty and will remain so. In the second, Peter's army buddy, Dan Shaper, moves to New York, and in spite of Peter's warning and example, he falls in love with Barbara Jones, one of Peter's former loves. Peter tries to reclaim her, they fight, and Dan beats up Peter. In the third, Barbara's story, Barbara flees to her home in Virginia, where Dan follows her. He proposes marriage, learns she is pregnant--father unrevealed--and they embrace. It is clear that, with New York, Peter, and their psychic wolves behind them, they may escape the values that have made Peter a grotesque, and they may even have found love.

The Great American Jackpot and Waiting for Cordelia are Gold's comments on the values of the sixties and its counterculture, and their aftermath. The former, a satirical comedy of the absurd, features Al Dooley, a graduate student in sociology at Berkeley, who is befriended by Jarod Howe, a professor and Black Muslim. Confused between competing value systems, he wanders to San Francisco, forming fleeting relationships, and trying to escape. Rejected by the army, he robs a bank; convicted, he becomes an unwitting hero to the denizens of Berkeley through whose lives he had passed.

In Waiting for Cordelia, Al is a professor of sociology at Berkeley; his research is devoted to studying Cordelia, a prostitute, caught up in two campaigns: to unionize her sisters and to defeat Merietta Kerwin, who is running for mayor on a clean-up-San Francisco campaign. Al has become an observer, who must publish or parish, Kerwin is an opportunist, and only Cordelia demonstrates a measure of integrity and a concern for something beyond herself.

Gold's novels are as complex as they are contemporary, the past is almost never evident, and his people, as short-sighted as they are narrow, are rarely sympathetic. Unlike Sherwood Anderson, whose compassion and concern for the people he called grotesques is evident in all his works, and Wright Morris, whose people tie past to present in a meaningful continuum in spite of the pain they experience, Herbert Gold shows no concern for those who seek and fail, instead, his condemnation for what they

seek is as clear as his contempt for their means. Less venturesome than the others, they are often losers because they deserve to lose, because their fear of failure in a material world is greater than their need to succeed. With the passing of the old generation of Fathers, Gold sees neither hope nor merit in their sons and successors.

Gold's people, the spiritual descendants of those who had crossed the mountains and the oceans to build a society and of their sons and daughters who had gone down the river or to the cities and beyond in their unsuccessful search for self and for fulfillment that transcends the immediate and the material, point the way toward the eighties and Ronald Reagan and today and the threshold of a new century. In Gold, if not in his people, echoes continue of one of the most Midwestern of American novels:

> Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter--tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . .And one fine morning----
> So we beat on, boats against the current, born back ceaselessly into the past (137).

Michigan State University

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Dictionary of Midwestern Literature

The Editorial Committee of the Dictionary of Midwestern Literature met at the University of Kentucky Conference Center on October 23-24, 1992, to continue discussion of the contents, organization, and criteria for inclusion in the dictionary. It was agreed that emphasis in each entry must be based on the significance of the relationship between the subject of the entry and the Midwest. Thus, writers included will be judged not only on literary merit and prominence but on the writer's use of the Midwest as subject matter, influence, characterization, or other dimension. It was also agreed that entries for writers will be in four categories: those with entries of about 2000 words; those with entries of about 1000 words; those with entries of about 1000 words; those with entries of 500 words; and those with entries of 100 words. Lists of the first two were compiled; lists of "good" writers are being compiled; and other types of entries are being discussed.

Full participation of members is invited. An information sheet for those interested inparticipating is included with this issue ofthe newsletter. Only members of the Society may paticipate and contribute. For further information or to make suggestions, write:

Dr. Philip A. Greasley
University Extension
114 France Hall
University of Kentucky
Lexington, KY 4506-0031

The Ruth Suckow Centenary

Clarence Andrews reports that the observance of the Ruth Suckow Centennial in seven programs throughout Iowa was concluded in Iowa City on October 12, 1982. Featured at each of the sites was a performance of the one-woman play in two acts, "Just Suppose: the Story of Iowa Novelist Ruth Suckow" and a lecture by a prominent scholar emphasizing Suckow's literary accomplishments. Prominent in the preparations, planning, and programs were Society members Sara McAlpin, George F. Day, and Clarence Andrews. The programs were supported by the Ruth Suckow Memorial Association and the Iowa Humanities Board.

The Norse Association For American Studies

Two members of the Society, Jean Strandness of North Dakota State University, and Dave Anderson presented papers at the NAAS conference at the University of Iceland on August 5-9, 1992. The section on Midwestern Literature, chaired by Oyvind T. Gulliksen of Telemark College, Norway, was both prominent and well-received. Members of the Society are invited to participate in the next NAAS conference, to be held in Odense, Denmark, in August of 1993. A call for papers appears in the appended Billboard.

The Eureka Literary Magazine

The newest member of the ranks of Midwestern literary magazines is the Eureka Literary Magazine (ELM), edited by Loren Logsdon. Volume One, Number One has just appeared and it is handsomely printed and intelligently edited. Among its contents are fiction by and verse by Margaret Lacey, J.J. McKenna, Forrest Robinson, Nancy Perkins, and others.

Submissions are, I'm sure, welcome, as are subscriptions. Two issues will appear each year; the rate per year is $10.00. A subscription form appears in the Billboard. The editorial address is:

The Eureka Literary Magazine
Department of English
Eureka College
P.O. Box 280
Eureka, IL 61530

****

The Sinclair Lewis Society

Long overdue is the organization of the Sinclair Lewis Society. Details and an invitation to join are appended in the Billboard.

Publications of Note

Two members of the Society have just published important new books. Philip Gerber of SUNY-Brockport has just published Theodore Dreiser Revisited (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1992), and Charles E. Modlin, Virginia Tech, has, edited an edition of Sherwood Anderson's short stories, including five previously unpublished. The volume is Certain Things Last (New York: Four Walls Eight Windows, 1992).

Raintree County, by Ross Lockridge, Jr., is being republished, and it is again a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, as it was in 1948.

THE BILLBOARD

Sinclair Lewis "was the conscience of his generation and he could well serve as the conscience of our own. His analysis of the America of the 1920's holds true for the America of today. His prophecies have become our truths and his fears our most crucial problems."

—Sheldon Norman Grebstein

Sinclair Lewis

The Sinclair Lewis Society
Illinois State University
4240/English Department
Normal, IL 61761-6901

THE SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY

THE SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY

The Sinclair Lewis Society has been formed to encourage study of, critical attention to, and general interest in the work, career, and legacy of Sinclair Lewis, as well as to facilitate a broader discussion of his writing as a social critic and satirist among scholars, critics, teachers, students, and readers everywhere.

The Sinclair Lewis Society plans to hold an annual meeting each spring in conjunction with the American Literature Association. The first was held in May 1992. Those interested in participating should contact The Sinclair Lewis Society, Department of English (4240), Illinois State University, Normal, IL 61761.

The Sinclair Lewis Society will be issuing a periodic newsletter with notes, news, reviews, and bibliographic information. The newsletter welcomes submissions. If you have any information on editions, publications, and research in these fields; or significant news (including promotions, transfers, retirements, deaths, etc.) of Lewis scholars or other material that you think would be suitable for inclusion in the newsletter, please send it to the Sinclair Lewis Newsletter, 4240/Department of English, Illinois State University, Normal, IL 61761.

Sinclair Lewis, the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, was born in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, in 1895. Although he was proud of his Midwestern roots, he travelled widely and was interested in many different aspects of American society from business and medicine to religion and small town life. His concern with issues involving women, race, and the powerless in society make his work still vital and pertinent today.

Among his major works are *Main Street* (1920), *Babbitt* (1922), *Arrowsmith* (1925), *Elmer Gantry* (1927), *Dodsworth* (1929), *Ann Vickers* (1933), *It Can't Happen Here* (1935), *Cass Timberlane* (1945), and *Kingsblood Royal* (1947).

Lewis was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, and won for *Arrowsmith*. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He died in Rome in 1951.

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Barry Gross (Alternate)
Department of English
Michigan State University

We invite you to become a member of the Sinclair Lewis Society in one of the following categories:

A. Founding Member	$50.00
B. Family/Joint Membership	$15.00
C. Individual	$10.00
D. Student/Retiree	$5.00

I/we would like to join the Sinclair Lewis Society.

Name _____

Address _____

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Category ❑ A ❑ B ❑ C ❑ D

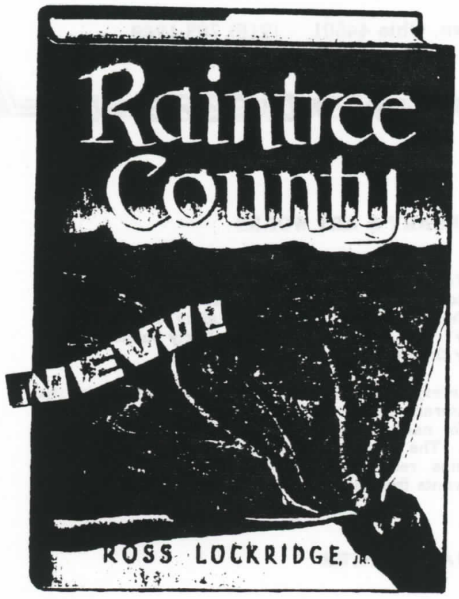
I/we enclose a check (made payable to The Sinclair Lewis Society).

Send membership form and check to:

The Sinclair Lewis Society
Illinois State University
4240/English Department
Normal, IL 61761-6901

Fiction

The other side of Gone With the Wind— a BOMC classic edition



In 1946 an unknown writer from Indiana, determined to create the "Great American Novel," delivered *Raintree County* in a suitcase to his Boston publisher. It soon became a best seller, followed by a major motion picture. And then the author, Ross Lockridge, Jr., having "put his heart's blood into the book," took his own life.

A dazzling, mythicized novel of the American Civil War and its aftermath, *Raintree County* traces the life of schoolmaster-hero Johnny Shawnessy through a series of flashbacks. Amid the hubbub of July 4, 1892, in a small town in Indiana, Shawnessy remembers his boyhood, his survival of the war, and the two enigmatic women who divided his soul: his first wife and his first love.

Raintree County is an enormously ambitious novel with historical sweep and profound emotional power. The *New York Times* called it "an achievement of art and purpose, a cosmically brooding book full of significance and beauty."

61-4840 Exclusive BOMC Edition $16.95

*** Two Book-Dividend Credits given**

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PIG IRON LITERARY & ART WORKS, INC.

PIG IRON PRESS

Funded Through
Ohio Arts Council

P.O. Box 237 Youngstown, Ohio 44501 (216) 783-1269

PIG IRON LITERARY & ART WORKS

The Pig Iron Literary & Art Works was incorporated in the State of Ohio in 1980 as a Not for Profit Arts Foundation. The primary program sponsored by the Pig Iron Works is Pig Iron Press, publisher of fine literature, including poetry, fiction, literary nonfiction, art, and photography. The Pig Iron Works is publicly supported, and is recognized as Tax-Exempt (501-c-3) by the Internal Revenue.

The Mission of the Pig Iron Literary & Art Works is to promote and assist the development and availability of the Literary Arts. Pig Iron Press, founded in 1973, publishes fine literature in book form for national trade distribution. Pig Iron Press is funded by sales of books and by grants. The Press has received funding annually since 1978 from the Ohio Arts Council, has received three grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, and received grants from private foundations.

LITERARY CENTER

In February 1992, the Board of Trustees of the Pig Iron Works agreed in principle to establish a LITERARY CENTER in Youngstown, Ohio. A Literary Center Project might include projects and services such as, Poetry & Fiction Readings; Visits by Guest Writers; Workshops; Seminars; Conferences; Classes; Meeting Rooms; a Literary Library of small and independent press publications; a Literary Bookstore featuring independent press and used literary titles; photocopy and desk-top publishing service. Presently, there is no single entity or organization offering these kinds of services in the Youngstown area, although there are similar kinds of services in Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Attracted to the idea of a Literary Center in Youngstown, the Ohio Arts Council has agreed to give the Pig Iron Works a start-up grant to establish such a center.

PIG IRON PRESS

Long Range Planning for Pig Iron Press proposes some significant operational enlargements. First, the Press seeks to relocate in larger, public office space. Secondly, the Press, staffed exclusively by volunteers since its inception, proposes to put on a paid clerical staff to increase its marketing efficiency and improve communications with the writing public which the Press serves. Lastly, the Press proposes to increase its annual publication list to five books, featuring books by individual authors, to complement its annual anthology series.

In the Fall of 1991, Pig Iron Press published The Epistolary Form & the Letter as Artifact. The 1992 collection is Environment: Essence & Issue. In 1992, the Press establishes the annual KENNETH PATCHEN COMPETITION, which will offer a cash prize, publication, and trade distribution of the winning manuscript. The Competition will offer the prize in Fiction one year, and in Poetry the following year, and alternate annually thereon.

Membership is for one year from the date of enrollment. All Memberships entitle holder to vote in the annual election for the Board of Trustees, which manages The Pig Iron Literary & Art Works and Pig Iron Press, to vote on proposed by-law changes, and to vote in special membership referendums. The present Board of Trustees has directed that Membership renewals in 1992 and 1993 be allocated to the establishment of a formal Literary Center in Youngstown, Ohio.

Patronage of Pig Iron Literary & Art Works is tax deductible.

ANNUAL PATRONAGE MEMBERSHIP
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15 percent discount on all books and services
Free admission to special Center events

3.) $100.00 Quarterly Newsletter. Membership Certificate
Voting membership
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15 percent discount on books and services

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5.) $25.00 Quarterly Newsletter. Membership Certificate
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The Pig Iron Literary & Art Works, Inc.

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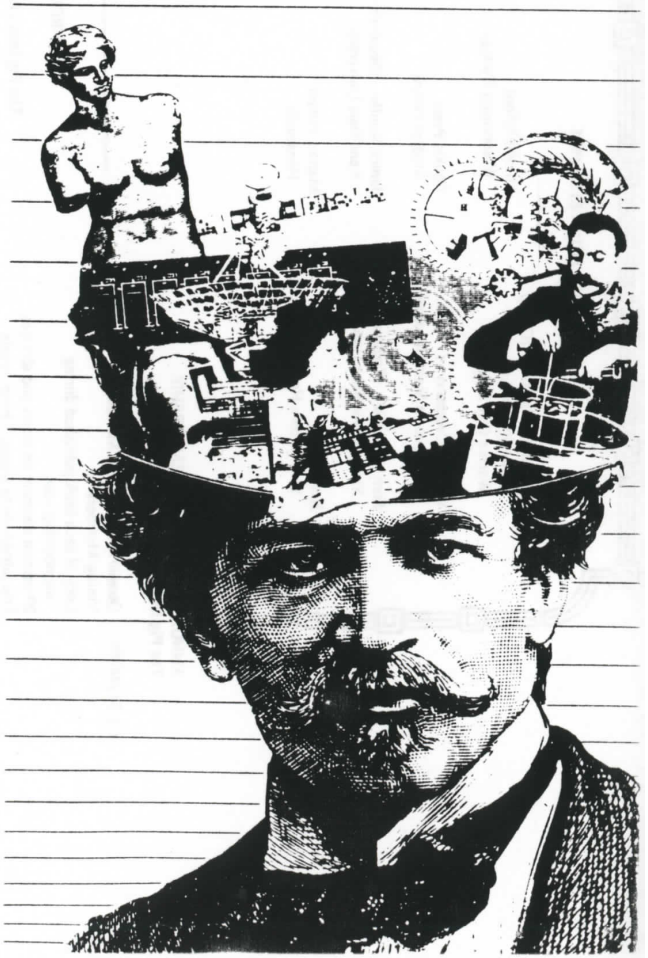

The Society for Literature and Science fosters the multi-disciplinary study of the relations among literature and language, the arts, science, medicine, and technology. SLS was inaugurated at the Symposium on Science, Literature, and Imagination at the 17th International Congress of the History of Science, Berkeley, CA, in August 1985. Since then, nearly 500 colleagues from many different disciplines have joined the Society, whose annual convention attracts hundreds of participants. *Literature and Science as Modes of Expression*, a collection of essays from the Society's first conference, was published in 1989 in the distinguished interdisciplinary series Boston Studies in the Philosophy of Science (Kluwer). Volumes based on subsequent conferences are being planned. Current initiatives include the establishment of a book series with the University of Michigan Press. Our Speakers' Bureau began in 1989-90.

WHO SHOULD JOIN?

SLS welcomes colleagues in the sciences, engineering, computer science, medicine, the social sciences, the humanities, the arts, and independent scholars and artists. We all share an interest in problems of science and representation, and in the insights they provide into the cultural dimensions of science and technology. If you have an interest in interdisciplinary studies, would like to read and publish in this area, or wish to keep abreast of what colleagues are doing, please consider joining. A reduced rate encourages participation by graduate students. SLS aims to reach the widest possible membership.

WHAT DO I GET?

PSLS, the SLS publication from 1985-1991, has been replaced by *Decodings* and *Quadrant*. Poetry and news of meetings, grants, academic programs, members' publications and activities appear in *Decodings*, a triquarterly newsletter edited by Judith Yaross Lee and Char Rae of Ohio University. *Quadrant: A Journal for Literature, Science, and Technology* is published triquarterly for the Society by Johns Hopkins University Press and edited by Wilda Anderson (Johns Hopkins), James J. Bono (SUNY-Buffalo), and Kenneth Knoespel (Georgia Institute of Technology), who have attracted an editorial board of internationally recognized scholars from across the disciplines. In addition to scholarly essays and book reviews, *Quadrant* contains the Society's annual bibliography of scholarship, edited by SLS Bibliographer Donald Benson in conjunction with a Bibliography Committee. The first issue of *Quadrant* will be available in the fall of 1992.

SLS also distributes an annual membership directory, which lists members' interests in order to foster discussion and collaboration among colleagues. The directory also serves the Speakers' Bureau by listing topics of members willing to give presentations at other institutions or meetings.

As a new organization run by and for its members, SLS solicits suggestions from *all* colleagues concerning publications and activities helpful in furthering interdisciplinary and transdisciplinary research. Please send suggestions to any of the SLS officers listed on the back panel.

HOW DO I JOIN?

Complete the enclosed membership form, noting the appropriate dues category, and return it with your check. Our membership year runs from October 1 to September 30; members joining after October 1 still receive the full year's subscription to the Society's publications.

THANK YOU for your interest in the Society for Literature and Science. Our membership year runs from October 1 to September 30; members joining after October 1 still receive a full year's subscription to the Society's publications.

Name: _____

Address: _____

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State _____ Zip _____

Discipline: _____

Interests: _____

Institution (if not included above):

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Telephone: _____

Electronic Address: _____

Would you like to participate in our Speakers' Bureau? Yes ☐ No ☐ If yes, indicate below titles of one or two presentations:

_____

_____

_____

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To join SLS, return this card with your check to the address on the reverse. 1991-92 fees include *Decodings;* 1992-93 fees include *Decodings* and *Quadrant*.

☐ New membership ☐ Renewal

Individual memberships:
☐ $25 for 1991-92 ☐ $33 for 1992-93
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☐ Students, adjunct faculty, and independent scholars, $15 less

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☐ $30 for 1991-92 ☐ $47 for 1992-93

Addresses outside the U.S.:
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Society for the Philosophic Study of the Contemporary Visual Arts

Join

by sending your name and address to the Secretary
at the address below,

and receive *Newsletters* much like the samples scattered around this conference, except they're a bit more up-to-date.

We also invite your submissions, likewise sent to the secretary.

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Call for Papers/Panels Please Post

Seventh Annual WKU Women's Studies Conference
Theme: Discovering Our Past, Defining Our Future

September 24-25, 1993
Western Kentucky University

Papers and panels are invited in all areas of women's studies.

Please observe the following guidelines:

1. All abstracts must include the following information at the top of the front page:
   - ❑ Title of paper
   - ❑ Name of author
   - ❑ Complete mailing address
   - ❑ Phone number
   - ❑ Institutional affiliation and title or position
   - ❑ Audio-visual equipment requirements
   - ❑ Confirmation of twenty minutes reading time
   - ❑ International participants must send fax number
2. Abstracts must be typed, double-spaced, not more than about 300 words in length, and must clearly indicate the paper's thesis, methodology, and conclusions. Please enclose a vita.
3. Abstracts must be received by **March 8, 1993** to be considered.
4. Submission of an abstract will be considered agreement by the author to attend the conference if the paper is accepted.
5. It is understood that papers submitted will be essentially new and have not been presented in public before.

Papers and panels that do not bear directly on the theme will also be considered.

Volunteers to moderate sessions are also needed. Those interested should send a vita to indicate areas of expertise.

The program committee will announce selections by June 15, 1993.

The conference sponsor is the Potter College Women's Studies and Support Programs of Western Kentucky University.

Address all inquiries and abstracts to:

Program Committee
WKU Women's Studies Conference
200 Fine Arts Center
Western Kentucky University
Bowling Green, KY 42101
Telephone numbers (502) 745-3634 (502) 745-6477
Fax number (502) 745-5387

WKU—Printing paid from state funds, KRS 57.375.

Humanities Research Group
University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario N9B 3P4

VISITING HUMANITIES FELLOWSHIPS
1993 - 1994

Applications are invited for Visiting Humanities Fellowships, tenable at the University of Windsor in the 1993-94 academic year. Scholars with research projects in traditional humanities disciplines or in theoretical, historical or philosophical aspects of the sciences, social sciences, arts and professional studies are invited to apply. Individuals engaged in interdisciplinary research are particularly encouraged to apply. The Fellowship will appeal to sabbaticants and those holding research grants, including Post-doctoral awards. Applicants must hold a doctorate or the equivalent in experience, research and publications.

The Fellowship is tenable at the University of Windsor for a period of four months to one year. No stipend is attached to the Fellowship. The Humanities Research Group will provide office space, university affiliation, library privileges and assist Fellows in establishing contacts with individuals, groups, libraries and institutions in the Southwestern Ontario/Michigan region.

There is no application form. Letters of application, including a curriculum vitae, one page abstract, a detailed description of the research project and the names of three referees should be forwarded to:

Dr. Jacqueline Murray, Director,
Humanities Research Group,
University of Windsor,
401 Sunset Avenue,
Windsor, Ontario N9B 3P4.
Telephone (519) 253-4232 x3508; fax (519) 973-7050.

Deadline for applications is February 28, 1993.

E-MAIL: HRGMAIL@UCC.UWINDSOR.CA
(519) 253-4232 ext. 3508/FAX: (519) 973-7050

CALL FOR PAPERS

"TRADITION AND INNOVATION IN MEDIEVAL NARRATIVE ANALYSIS"

MEDIEVAL STUDIES SECTION OF THE

Midwest Modern Language Association Convention
Minneapolis, November 4-6, 1993

Send Abstracts to:

Mary Jane Kelley
Dept. of Modern Languages
Ellis Hall
Ohio University
Athens, OH 45701

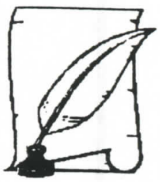
Deadline: *April 2, 1993*

Papers may deal with such topics as:

rhetoric, parody, irony, narrative structure, characterization, or any kind of thematic issue in epic, romance, chronicle, hagiography, or any other medieval narrative genre.

Call for Papers

Nineteenth-Century American Women Essayists



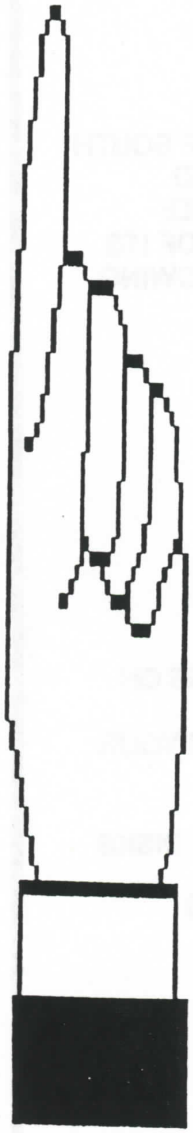
for M/MLA 1993

Critical writing on nineteenth-century American women writers has emphasized their fiction and poetry, but many women wrote essays for newspapers and magazines, and their book-length non-fiction and essay collections were quite popular. This panel will discuss the works of writers such as Fanny Fern, Sarah Josepha Hale, and Gail Hamilton, exploring how their careers and their writings change our understanding of American women's writing in the nineteenth century. Contributors are invited to address the following questions: Do existing critical ideas about nineteenth-century women's writing apply to women's non-fiction? How did the careers of essayists differ from those of poets and fiction writers? What can we gain by reading a woman's non-fiction alongside her poetry and fiction? Do examinations of women's essays suggest changes in our understanding of the American essay tradition? Do they suggest changes in our understanding of a women's tradition?

Send abstracts, complete essays, or queries to
Sherry Linkon
Department of English
Youngstown State University
Youngstown, OH 44555-3415
Or call (216) 742-1951
Or contact me through e-mail at FR122601@YSUB.YSU.EDU

Deadline for submissions: January 15, 1993

POPULAR PRESS



POPULAR PRESS CALL FOR AUTHORS AND EDITORS

WOMEN AND POPULAR CULTURE. Studies of any of the many ways women participate in and interface with popular culture. General Editor is **Jane Bakerman**, English Department, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, IN 47809.

CALL FOR MANUSCRIPTS

WE ARE SOLICITING CRITIQUES AND ESSAYS BY INDIVIDUALS OF SOUTH ASIAN ORIGIN CURRENTLY RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA FOR AN ANTHOLOGY ENTITLED *THE DECOLONIZED MIND: CRITIQUES AND ESSAYS BY SOUTH ASIANS.* THIS IS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO BE PUBLISHED. WRITERS SHOULD EXPLORE THE FOLLOWING ISSUES:

SELF AND IDENTITY
RACE AND ETHNICITY
CULTURE AND PRACTICE
DECOLONIZATION
SURVIVAL ON THE MARGINS
THE EXILED ARTIST

CRITIQUES OF SOUTH ASIAN WORKS ARE ENCOURAGED. WORKS ON TOPICS OTHER THAN THE ONES LISTED ABOVE MAY ALSO BE CONSIDERED. PLEASE INCLUDE A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH WITH YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

PLEASE SEND MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN OR ON IBM/APPLE DISKS BY JANUARY 15, 1993 TO
(DEADLINE EXTENDED TO MARCH 1, 1993)

DEEPIKA KARLE OR MARY VASUDEVA

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY
BOWLING GREEN, OH 43403
PLEASE POST

Call For Papers

For a special topic issue of the

JOURNAL OF FILM AND VIDEO

on the current involvement of **WOMEN IN MAINSTREAM FILM PRODUCTION AS DIRECTORS AND PRODUCERS**. Of particular interest are essays considering the effect such involvement has had on the progressive representation of women and on our concept of the progressive film. Also of interest are stories of how successful women directors and producers have gained positions, including interviews; material on women who have made the transition from documentary film, television and other training grounds into mainstream production; consideration of problems like essentialism; and so forth.

Material for this issue will be referred in the usual fashion. Please send all queries, abstracts, and essays to

HARRIET MARGOLIS
457 SPRING STREET
ANN ARBOR, MI 48103

E-MAIL - HARRIET MARGOLIS@UM.C.C.UMICH.EDU

CALL FOR PAPERS

Women's Studies Section
Midwest Modern Language Association
November 4-6, 1993, Minneapolis, Minnesota

TOPIC:

Women's Rights versus Feminism:
Third World Perspectives

Description

In a recent interview entitled "Neocolonialism and the Secret Agent of Knowledge," (Oxford Literary Review 13.1 & 2, 1991), Gayatri Spivak censures those Indian scholars who reject feminism as "something that is Western" and instead champion the "rights of women." Dubbing such a stand "nativist," she concludes that it is "a real denial of history not to acknowledge that the opposition between women's rights and feminism is false": on the one hand, the concept of individual (and, therefore, women's) rights is deeply complicit with imperialist history; on the other hand, such models of identity are spurious because they disregard more than two centuries of cultural exchange. Yet Spivak is also the leading Third World feminist to have criticized her First World counterparts for denying the otherness of non-Western women and judging them according to the "high feminist norm" of Euro-America. In such ostensibly paradoxical observations, Spivak confirms the complexity of the relationship between Third and First World feminisms. Foregrounding both the intersections of and divergences between First and Third World feminist theories and praxes, this session might investigate the following issues among others:

* The superficial, "information-retrieval" approach of First World feminists who desire to "learn about" (rather than to "know") the Third World

* The cultural reductionism of the "politically correct" brand of Western feminism which casts all Third World women as victims, with little regard for the specific material conditions of their oppression

* The variance between indigenous Third World feminists and expatriate feminists working and serving as "native informants" in Western academia; or the effects of the positionality, location, and audience of the Third World feminist scholar

* The roles of Third World feminists in U.S. Women's Studies programs vis-à-vis curricular and pedagogical practices

* The politics of literary publication, including text availability and professional outlets for research findings

Submission of Papers

We invite you to submit 8-page papers on the above topic by April 5, 1993 to Harveen Mann, Chair, 1993 M/MLA Women's Studies Section, Department of English, Loyola University Chicago, 6525 North Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

••••••CALL FOR PAPERS ••••••••• PLEASE POST••••••

1993 MIDWEST MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOC. CONVENTION
MINNEAPOLIS, MN NOVEMBER 4-6, 1993

NOW IT IS SPOKEN: COMING OF AGE & THE AGE TO COME

We have worked for a quarter of a century to name our pain and rage aloud. Now it is spoken.
--Robin Morgan, Ms. editorial: (Jan/Feb. 1992)

Women are speaking out, speaking up, speaking together in politics, literature, art, film, the workplace, the courtroom, the Senate hearing, the media, the voting booth. . . everywhere. Robin Morgan states:

> It is the woman in Oklahoma and in Florida, in Burma and South Africa, in Montreal and Rio, naming herself. It is the surfacing of the depths onto the shore, of the private into the public, of the hidden and despised into the light. It is momentum against inertia. It is the energy of action. It is the earth erupting. It is the people speaking. It is us.

The Women and Literature Sessions
of the Midwest Modern Language Association
invite papers that investigate
THE ARTICULATION OF 1990s FEMINISM
in essay & fiction, in the world & the text,
in the profession & the political arena,
in sexual preference & family structure,
in poetry, performance, pedagogy, and protest.

SEND COMPLETE MANUSCRIPTS (16 double–spaced pages maximum) to

Pamela J. Olano
University of Minnesota
Department of English and The Center for Advanced Feminist Studies
207 Lind Hall 207 Church Street S.E.
Minneapolis, MN 55448

DEADLINE: APRIL 5, 1993