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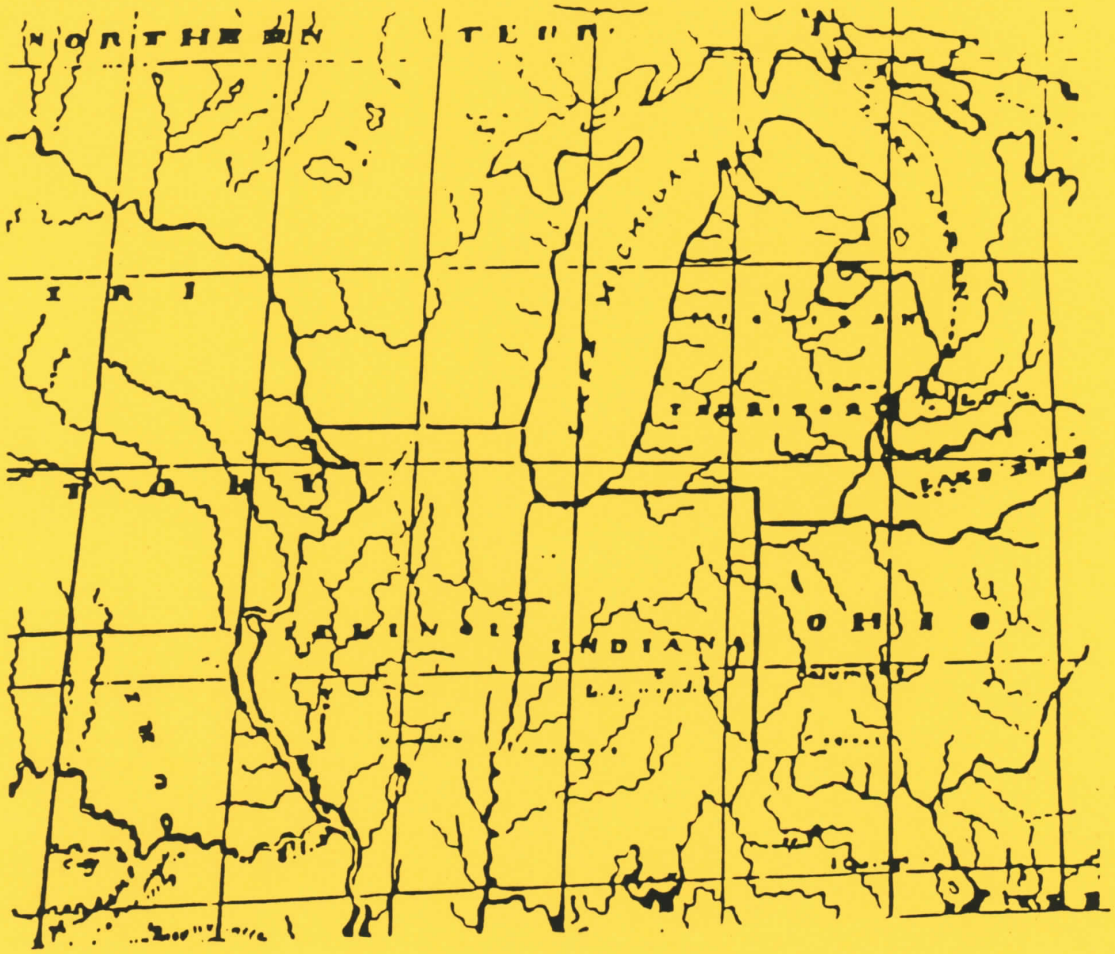

The Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature

The Center for the Study of
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SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF MIDWESTERN LITERATURE NEWSLETTER

Volume Twenty-Three
Number Three

Fall, 1993

Contents

In Memoriam: Walter Havighurst

Walter Havighurst, 92, Regents Professor of English Emeritus at Miami University, a member of the Society from its inception, and recipient of the Society's MidAmerica Award for distinguished contributions to the Study of Midwestern Literature in 1979, died at his home in Richmond, Indiana, on February 3, 1994.

A novelist, critic, and literary and cultural historian, Dr. Havighurst was the author of more than twenty books in which he explored the many dimensions of the Midwestern past, an interest that began in his boyhood in his birthplace, Appleton, Wisconsin, in a house overlooking the Fox River, the route from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi followed by French explorers. That interest continued throughout his career and well into retirement. Among his books are the novels Pier 17, The Quiet Shore, and The Winds of Spring; historical studies include The Long Ships Passing, Wilderness for Sale , and The Miami Years; biographies include George Rogers Clark: Soldiers in the West, Annie Øakly of the Wild West, and Alexander Spotswood: Portrait of a Governor. With his wife, Marion Boyd Havighurst, who died in 1974, he wrote Song of the Pines, High Prairie and Climb a Lofty Ladder.

Dr. Havighurst's best works, those which taught us to know and understand the Midwest as it came to be are Land of Promise and the Heartland. For these and for all his other contributions to our knowledge of our place, he will be remembered.

David D. Anderson

In Memoriam: Bernard I. Duffey

Bernard I. Duffey, 76, Professor Emeritus of English at Duke University, Founding Member of the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature, and recipient of the Society's MidAmerica Award for distinguished contributions to the study of Midwestern Literature in 1981, died at his home in Durham, North Carolina, on February 22, 1994.

Professor Duffey, known affectionately as "Duff," was not only a student of Midwestern Literature, but he was a true son of the Midwest: born in Cincinnati in 1918, he received his bachelor's degree from Oberlin College and his M.A. and Ph.D. from Ohio State. He taught at the University of Minnesota and Michigan State University before going to Duke University in 1963. He served as Fulbright Professor of American Literature at the University of Copenhagen in 1970-71.

Duff was the author of one of the most important pioneering studies of Midwestern Literature, The Chicago Renaissance in American Letters, as well as Poetry in America and A Poetry of Presence: The Writing of William Carlos Williams. He edited Modern American Literature and Chicago's Public Wits: A Chapter in the American Comic Spirit, the latter with Kenny J. Williams, also a recipient of the MidAmerica Award.

Duff is survived by his wife, a son, two daughters, and four grandchildren. A memorial service was held on February 25 in Durham. Memorials may be sent to St. Philip's Episcopal Church, Social Ministries Program, P.O. Box 218, Durham, NC 27702.

To have known Duff as student, colleague, office mate, and friend, was a memorable privilege. He will be remembered and missed.

David D. Anderson

MY LIFE IN ADVERTISING

WILLIAM THOMAS

There was a time in my life which might be called the coupon-clipping stage, and I went into it, so to speak, overnight. It was an overwhelming discovery--that of the vast world contained and described in magazines, advertisers' free booklets and catalogs, and other repositories of the printed word. I sent for practically everything I was offered: booklets setting forth courses in physical development, wrestling, and boxing; sporting goods catalogs; catalogs of correspondence schools of commercial art, electrical engineering, short-story writing, and industrial management; pamphlets on how to train my memory, how to make money in Wall Street, how to develop my personality, and how to be a success in business; brochures presenting instruction in etiquette, a high-school course in my spare time, the one hundred best books of the world; and lesser folders or sheets listing stamps, coins, and curios.

The coming of the mail carrier was the important event of the day; if he did not leave a thick envelopeful of "big mail" in the box for me, there was almost certain to be a catalog or a folder or "literature" of some sort which I had sent for, without obligation and absolutely free. They were responsive unanimously and almost to a fault: the sporting goods manufacturers, the body builders, the correspondence schools, the educational book publishers. Their responses mounted on my study table until there was no more room for them; I stuffed them into my bureau drawers until there was no space for clothing; then stacked them on the floor and on my closet shelve I felt somehow guilty as I observed the growing piles of this sumptuous and costly printed matter--knowing that, even though I might have my money back if I were dissatisfied after a ten-day trial, I must let their generous proposals go unheeded.

For none gave something for nothing. All that was free, elaborate as it was, was the offer. Lionel Strongfort, Earl Lierderman, Farmer Burns, A.G. Spalding and Bros., the Washington School of Art, the International Correspondence School, the Alexander Hamilton Institute, the publishers of Hawkins' Electrical Guides, and the rest—required payment for their goods or services, the payment of sums that, for all I could to raise them, might have been dealt in by the United States Treasury: ten dollars, eighteen fifty, seventy-nine sixty, one hundred and twenty-five. Even if the installment plan required only a dollar or two dollars now, there had to be five dollars or ten dollars next month, and the next, and the next--for years, maybe. And they wrote as if it were a simple matter—as if all I had to do was decide to accept. They didn't tell me where to get that kind of money.

So I had to give up the ideas of developing biceps like Earl's, earning sixteen thousand a year at cartooning, becoming a highly paid business executive, and all the others that might have started me on the road to success. The best I could do was to procure such a necessity as a fielder's glove from Spalding or

Goldsmiths or a Ty Cobb bat from A.J. Reach. But the stamp, coin, and curio dealers pictured tangible merchandise without fanfare, and I had many bargains from them for sums like fifteen, twenty-five, and sixty cents.

Thus my transactions remained on a cash basis until I encountered the Page-Davis School of Advertising. I had clipped the coupon and received a large, thick, handsome catalog finely printed on smooth paper, with cover and illustrations in three colors. It contained many drawings and specimen advertisements--for men's and women's clothing, hotels, steamship lines, perfume, motor cars--and specimen pages from the lesson texts demonstrating the principles of layout and copywriting; it described the equipment provided the student who would take prompt advantage of their liberal offer. The course, in twenty-four lessons, one every week, would teach me how to prepare advertisements for magazines and newspapers; completion of it would qualify me to hold a job with an advertising agency. And the Page-Davis School didn't confine my potential earnings to any arbitrary sum, like sixteen thousand a year; it said there was no limit to the salaries paid capable men in the field of advertising.

A career in advertising and the life of an advertising man were glowingly presented. Aside from the fact that one might command an unlimited salary, the work, said the catalog, was a joy to perform. The planning and writing of advertisements was a creative act. The master of copywriting of advertisements was a creative artist. The master of copywriting and layout was creative artist, the same as a painter, only using words instead of colors. Words were the copywriter's materials, he could mold them to his heart's desire--which had to be to sell something, of course, but was not so boldly stated. There was no more interesting occupation, the catalog asserted; an advertising man inevitably must derive immense personal satisfaction from his work as well as great monetary rewards.

At last, I thought, I have discovered my milieu, my metier, my forte. I have the materials, a dictionary full of them. The course will teach me how to mold them to my heart's desire. For this I wouldn't demand a salary without limit--just one sufficient to get me a .30-30 Winchester and make it possible for me to go to Alaska. The only thing that stood between me and an advertising career at that moment was the cost of the course, $116.50, payable $16.50 down and the remainder in five monthly installments of $20 each.

When the Vice President of the Page-Davis School wrote personally, asking if I were going to let this splendid opportunity pass by, I didn't answer, because it embarrassed me to confess, in view of the fact that my earnings were potentially unlimited, that I hadn't the money. But somebody at the school must have guessed why they hadn't heard from me, because the next letter came from the Treasurer. He said that they had no students in my immediate locality and would like their course to become better known there, and as a special inducement to me he would reduce the price to $89.50, payable $9.50 down and the remainder in five monthly installments of $16 each. He might as well have raised the price, since the reduced one was also out of my reach. His letter went unanswered too.

But soon he wrote again, saying he was sorry I had not seen fit to enroll—maybe I really meant to do it but just kept putting it off. That was not the way to achieve success in any endeavor, he pointed out. Procrastination is the thief of time--"you have undoubtedly heard that said"--a week lost, a day, an hour, it is forever gone, it cannot be regained--and with it may have gone your opportunity. To do everything possible, to make me realize and grasp my opportunity, he was making a further reduction in the price of the course, to $69.50, payable $9.50 down and the remainder in five monthly installments of $12.00 each. This, he assured me, was positively the best he could do. The Board of Directors absolutely would not allow him to cut the price any further.

I was sorry to hear this, for I had begun to think that in time they might get it down to a figure I could copy with. I didn't hear from him again for nearly two weeks, and thought maybe he was put out with me because I hadn't made any explanation as to why I didn't enroll. I guess he was, because then I received a rather curt note reminding me that, whatever my reason for delay, I could still get in if I'd send $#9.50 right away. Otherwise the offer would be withdrawn. I must admit, he wrote, that he's done his part.

I admitted he had. Perhaps I hadn't done mine. I hadn't actually put my wits to work. If they were going to withdraw the offer, it was up to me to find the money while it was still good. So I set myself to thinking in earnest. With the $6.50 my father had paid me for corn-husking, I needed only three dollars to enroll. The first $12 installment wouldn't be due till a month later. By that time the muskrat season would have been open three weeks, and I would have caught some rats, whose fur brought a good price. And there would be another three or four dollars from husking corn. Between trapping and corn-husking I would surely have enough for the second and third as well, and enough beyond that from the furs I took to complete payment for the course. It wasn't so hard to figure out, after all.

But just now I had to get three dollars. There was no use asking my mother or my father for that sum, since either would demand to know what I wanted it for, and would completely lack confidence in my future as an advertising man. So, much as I hated to do it, I decided to sell the best stamps in my collection. I picked out twenty that had cost me probably nine dollars and offered them to a company in Cleveland, which paid me $4.50 for them. At once I bought a money order, signed the enrollment blank and the installment payment agreement, and sent them to the Page-Davis School, hoping they'd arrive in time.

Within the week a letter of welcome came from the President, along with the first lesson and the "equipment"--a ruler, two celluloid triangles (not as good as those I already had), a spring binder to keep the lessons in , a couple of pencils, and some paper-altogether not worth two dollars. The first lesson wasn't interesting at all, I thought. It seemed pretty dull stuff to me and was hard to follow. It said pictures and text should be related and proportioned to each other, there should not be too much of either, and every word in the copy should contribute to its effect. It said this in ten double-column pages, not nearly so

well printed or attractive as the School's catalog. The assignment at the end of Lesson One asked me to make a layout--the object being to achieve proper proportion and spacing--and I did the best I could and sent it in, but didn't feel like a creative artist. It wasn't any different from doing something for school.

Lesson Two was no more interesting than Lesson One. It was about the advertising audience--have a clear-cut picture in your mind, it said, of the person you are addressing. This seemed impossible to me, because everybody read the newspapers, and no two people looked alike unless they were twins. I couldn't get a good idea to use in carrying out the assignment, so I put it off, and before I knew it was due there came Lesson Three and a bill for the first $12.00 installment, which I hadn't expected for another two weeks.

That was a shock, for my traps had been set only a few days, and I hadn't caught any muskrats. The weather was too bad for corn-husking after school, so there wasn't any money coming to me that way. I had no more valuable stamps to sell--the dozen best of what were left in my collection wouldn't bring more than five cents apiece.

It worried me, but as there was nothing to do about it, I did nothing. Instead of Lesson Four a letter came from the Treasurer, politely asking if I'd forgotten to send the money. I didn't answer, and the Treasurer wrote again, not so politely. Still I couldn't tell him anything, because I'd only caught two small muskrats, worth maybe a dollar each, and husked only ten bushels of corn, at eight cents a bushel. His next letter was so different in tone that I wouldn't have believed the same man wrote it if it hadn't carried the same signature, which looked like something in Arabic. I had signed a contract, he said. They could take legal steps to collect They had fulfilled their part until I defaulted on mine. I had better pay up or be prepared to face serious consequences. I thought of what my father would say when he learned I owed $60. No consequences could be more serious than that.

The river froze over, and the ice covered my traps, so I didn't catch any more muskrats. It was too cold to husk corn in the field. I now realized I hadn't taken all possibilities into account. I couldn't figure out any way to raise $12.00 at once. Since they'd stopped sending lessons I wasn't really sure I owed it to them.

They were, tough. The Treasurer's next letter said the same thing as the one before and also stated that the second $12..00 was now due. He added that if I didn't pay up promptly the School would take legal action. It sounded bad.

Still it wasn't quite as if I owed somebody near home. The Page-Davis School was in New York, and there was six hundred miles, across mountains and rivers, between it and me. I didn't think they'd send a policeman. If they actually did that, I could stand him of my .22 rifle from the hayloft, having drawn the latter up after me, and commit suicide with my last bullet.

They were serious however, for the next letter came from the Manager of the Legal Department. They would garnishee my wages, he wrote. They would attach

my property. They would get a judgment from the Court direction that my assets be liquidated to a degree sufficient to satisfy their claim. I looked up garnishee, attach, liquidate, and contract in the dictionary and in J.L. Nichols' The Business Guide, and thought the Manager of the Legal Department was talking through his hat. I was inspired to write and tell him so.

They couldn't garnishee my wages, I said, because to have wages you had to have a regular job, and I hadn't any job. My property, I made clear, consisted of a bicycle, a single-shot .22-caliber Stevens rifle, and a pair of ice skates (I decided not to mention my thirty-six books, because, though I didn't care about the Algers and Motorboat Boys series, I didn't want to risk the G. A. Hentys). My assets, I stated, had already been liquidated.

The Manager of the Legal Department ignored this information. He wrote as if hadn't read my letter. We'll sue, he said.

Than I knew he was talking through his hat. That's where I had him, hands down and nailed to the wall. From The Business Guide I'd learned that a contract made by a minor is not binding. I wrote and told him so, adding that if he didn't know it he'd better go back to law school.

I spared no pains to make myself clear. I quoted The Business Guide. In my last paragraph I summarized my position. "As I have stated, I am a minor. On the best of authority, I know that a contract signed by a minor is null and void. I am not thirteen years old and will not be fourteen until next October 20. That leaves seven years until I attain my majority, and my suit brought them or thereafter cannot be prosecuted because of the statute of limitations."

That must have floored him. I never heard from the Page-Davis School of Advertising any more, and never returned to the idea of advertising as a career. I used the triangles in drawing class and the paper for compositions. I pasted a "Do not open until Christmas" sticker over the name on the spring binder, and that binder lasted me all through high school.

Ohio State University/Marion
EMERITUS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON AND THE MORAL GEOGRAPHY OF OHIO

DAVID D. ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson was born in Southwestern Ohio in 1876, eleven years after the end of the Civil War and at the end of the years he was later to call in Poor White "a time of waiting" when the future course of development in the Midwest and Ohio was still uncertain. This was the same time that Wallace Stegner later called more graphically "the twilight between barbarism and vulgarity" and again, "between the fading of New Jerusalem and the commercial present." Although Anderson was to become part of the new business and industrial age as he came to maturity at the end of the century, an age that he initially saw as being as attractive as it was inevitable, his name was, however, to be forever fused to the myth, the history, and the life of a small pre-industrial Ohio town fixed in the eternal now of an apparently simpler age. At the end of his life he acknowledged, as much to himself as to the rest of us, that "It must be that I'm an incurable small town man." Thirty-five years after his death, well after the years he had spend in Chicago, in New York, in New Orleans, in rural Western Virginia, Eleanor Anderson remembered that closeness when she commented to me that "Sherwood was such an Ohioan, such a Midwesterner."

It was perhaps inevitable that Anderson remained close, in his life, his myth, and his work, to his time, that of the years between his "waiting time" and the beginning of the twentieth century, to his place, the Ohio town on the verge of industrialization and urbanization, and to his people, the children, of which he was spiritually one, of those who had come across the mountains to settle the Northern Ohio countryside and make its towns. These were the people of whom he wrote in the revised ending of 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."

But it was literal fear that he saw in those who came to people the land west of the mountains, the fear of death and destruction, of weather, climate, and starvation; and he saw its manifestations, too, in their children, when for his generation and for ours, he described another, more pervasive, perhaps more American fear: "When the land was conquered fear remained, the fear of failure. Deep in our American souls the wolves still howl."

Much has been made, as it should have been and should continue to be made, of Anderson's affinity to those places in Midwestern America where he first sensed those metaphorical howls, to the town of Clyde, Ohio, to the Northwestern Ohio countryside as it begins its brief, sandy slope to Lake Erie, to the growing industrial town of Elyria, and to the Midwestern megalopolis of Chicago as he made each of them an enduring part of his vision of America as it was, as it might have been, as it became. Even yet one can walk down Main Street in Clyde, recognizing what had been Hern's grocery, turn onto Forrest, expecting the Reverend Cyrus Hartman to peer out of a crack in the tower window of the Presbyterian Church, walk through the weeds across what had been the Fair Grounds where George Willard and Helen White once found each other.

From U.S. 20 one can see the cabbage planters that might have been invented by Hugh McVey; one can ramble across the sandy slope in the Fall, where young David Hardy had once fled in terror, walk through the woods where a boy had once seen and remembered a corpse that had become oddly beautiful; one can hear the whistles, even yet, of the Western Automatic Screw Company as they echoed in Anderson's ears on his flight from Elyria and in mockery in Hugh McVey's in Bidwell. And one can still feel Chicago and Lake Michigan in one's bones, just as Sam McPherson had felt them. Anderson's sense of place, the solid foundation on which he built his works, is as durable, as recognizable, as real today as it had been in what for most of us is not merely another time, but another America that exists only in the town and the city and countryside that Anderson created, a place and a time that are ageless and yet gone, a passing part of an ever-unfolding yet curiously consistent American myth, The geography of Anderson's Ohio, the place of his youth and young manhood, and the people who are tied to that geography as it becomes elevated into myth are recognizable and identifiable and worthy of our interest and examination and understanding and wonder, even as it was for George Willard, looking out of the train window, eternally suspended on the flat lake plain between the town and the city, between one century and another.

Yet there is another dimension of the Ohio out of which Anderson came and out of which he drew his works and his people that is as real as the streets of Clyde, the sandy countryside, a cracked stained glass window, or the end of a waiting time. This is a dimension that Anderson understood as surely as he understood his people, even as surely as he knew, contrary to his earnest and humble assertions to an even more earnest clerical critic, that there was indeed a real Winesburg, Ohio, that it was located in the northeast corner of Holmes County, four counties to the Southeast of Clyde's Sandusky County and south of the watershed that send perhaps a quarter of Ohio's plentiful rainfall to the north, the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and ultimately to the North Atlantic, and the other three quarters of that rainfall south, to the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Gulf. Anderson knew, as surely as Joe Welling knew in "A Man of Ideas," that when it rained in the southeast corner of Medina County, two counties north of Holmes county and well east of Clyde, that the water surged south from the watershed, raising the level of Sugar Creek in the real Winesburg even on dry days in that town as it ran toward the Tuscarawas, the Muskingham, the Ohio, and the great world beyond, whereas Coon Creek in Clyde ran its brief length, from Senaca County through Clyde and on to the Sandusky, the Bay, Lake Erie, and ultimately to the North Atlantic.

Thus, when Joe Welling of Anderson's Winesburg saw the creek waters rise on dry days in the village, he knew, as Anderson knew, that the rainfall that produced it was in Medina County to the north and that it flowed through the real Winesburg on its long journey South. More than any other part of Anderson's Winesburg, Joe Welling's perception of the course of rainfall runoff demonstrates Anderson's intimacy with the physical geography of Ohio and the location of the real Winesburg in Holmes County south of the watershed.

And as surely as Anderson knew the topographical and political geography of Ohio, he knew that other dimension of Ohio's geography, a dimension that had nothing to do with Ohio's physical or topographical structure or social taxonomy but everything to do with what made Ohio what it was and what it was to become. This was Ohio's moral geography, a dimension of its reality imposed on it not by geophysics or erosion or chance but by its peculiar location astride the path of American destiny west of the mountains, in the land covered by the forests in which the wolves howled, sending their echoes resounding through the years and the souls of the generation who were to create the Ohio of "I'll Say We've Done Well" and the late fragmentary "Buckeye Blues."

As Thaddeus Hurd has pointed out, Clyde's beginning, no more than a footnote in the history of America's march to empire, was as Hamer's Corners, a tavern located on the old Indian trail, along a sandy ridge, once Lake Erie's south shore, later to be North Ridge Road, then the Maumee and Western Reserve Turnpike, and now U.S. 20. That was in 1817, three years before Sandusky County had been formed from the Indian territory ceded in that same year. Not only was Hamer's Corners strategically located on the main route to the west, but that path led to Hamer's Corners from an area in Northeast Ohio already more than a generation old and ten counties in size. Since September 14, 1786, that area had been known variously as "New Connecticut," "The Connecticut Western Reserve," and more legally as "The Western Reserve of Connecticut" or simply "The Western Reserve." Whatever its title, it was the second major attempt by New England to capture the Ohio country for itself, and it was its only significant success in implanting a pattern, a culture, and a morality on the Territory north and west of the Ohio River. The two counties on the western edge of the Reserve, astride the roads to Hamer's Corners, those that were to become Erie and Huron Counties, were called The Firelands, land reserved to compensate the citizens of Connecticut coastal towns for damage suffered from British raiding parties in the Revolution.

Eight miles west of the Firelands, astride the pike, Hamer's Corners became a village and a town, and, with the coming of the railroad in 1852, it became Clyde. And among the bulk of its people were those who had recently moved west from the Western Reserve, a region that had been described a generation earlier as being so Calvinistic that there was no room for Methodists. But that Calvinism was less theological than moral in a society that was to give encouragement and support simultaneously to residents of the Western Reserve as diverse and yet as similar as John Brown and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., both of whom still loom large in the Midwestern American past, and in Anderson's work as Jesse Bentley and the Reverend Cyrus Hartman, as Alice Hindman and Elizabeth Willard and the other grotesques of Winesburg, in all of whose American Midwestern Ohioans' souls the psychic wolves continue to howl, even as they echo through the pages, in various guises, of Winesburg, Ohio, of Poor White, The Triumph of the Egg, of Many Marriages, and Horses and Men, and even in Anderson's Letters and Memoirs.

It is this dimension of Sherwood Anderson's Ohio, the moral dimension, that shows most clearly Anderson's intimate knowledge of his place. It had come out of small-town Connecticut early in the nineteenth century, to bring with it the elms and the town squares and an architecture and an array of names—Norwalk, New London, Fairfield, Plymouth, New Haven,

Greenwich, Wellington—, and most important of all, a determination to succeed as clear proof of God's favor and a greater determination to reform and civilize and purify the West, in obedience to God's will. Its early imported instrument was The Society for the Suppression of Intemperance and its later, Western Reserve born and infinitely more pragmatic successors were the Women's Christian Temperance, founder at Cleveland in 1874, and the Anti-Saloon League of Oberlin. By Anderson's "waiting time," The New England Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1832, having spread to Northeastern Ohio in 1833 and become the American Anti-Slavery Society, had done its work, and the nation was free, even as Ohio had already, in 1855, become dry.

Anderson's "waiting time," that which produced Winesburg, Ohio, with the artistic impulse and the sexuality of its people distorted into something shameful, misunderstood in all its manifold languages--of words, of touch, of hands, of harmless bits of paper--inevitably led to the social revolution that saw Winesburg become another Akron. In that revolution Anderson's Ohio lost the "beautiful childlike innocence" that had earlier in the towns mitigated the "brutal ignorance" that had come across the mountains, together with the town squares, the sugar bushes, the Congregational and Presbyterian spires, the endless names, and the fear-driven souls of those who had re-made New England on the south shore of Lake Erie as the Old Northwest and New Connecticut had become Anderson's Mid-America. A decade before General Beauregarde ordered the first shells fired on a Fort Sumter that would be obsolete and abandoned in less than a decade, the path that Ohio would follow after the waiting time had already been set.

But Anderson was less concerned with change, whether evolutionary or cataclysmic, in that "place between mountain and mountain [that he called] Mid -America" than he was in people and in what time and circumstances had done to them. It is in this dimension of his work, that which he created as his most durable monument, that the influence of the moral geography of Ohio is most apparent: he shows in the lives of his people the thoughts become truths become the falsehoods that make his people grotesque.

These are the values that produced the people in the towns of Sherwood Anderson's Ohio as he took their memory with him to Chicago and beyond, and these, too, are the values that made Northern Ohio an industrial empire and a young Sherwood Anderson its spokesman and exploiter before he learned to understand those values and what they had done to his people, his countryside, and himself. It was this understanding that led to his

portrayal of the people of Winesburg and Bidwell and to a remarkable, too-frequently ignored essay called "I'll Say We've Done Well."

These are the values that echo and re-echo in the souls of the people of Winesburg: of "Keep your hands to yourself," terrifying a young man who might have become a prophet or a priest, of "Even though I die, I will in some way keep defeat from you," in the mind of a woman no longer young and never free, as she would have her son become; of the cryptic cry of an old doctor that "everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified," of a late adolescent boy who scurries along a dark street reassuring himself that "she hasn't got anything on me. Nobody knows;" of a young women who runs naked into the dark and rain and cries out to another only to realize in her fear that "I will do something dreadful if I am not careful."

But these are the fears driven into the psyches of the people of Winesburg through the values and voices and certainties of that nameless entity, "They" or "them" or the community. More evident are those values in the souls of other people of the town, most notably that of Jesse Bentley, who had gone away to become a Presbyterian minister and had become "a man born out of his time and place" and come home to run the family farm and to master and terrorize the spirits of his family for three generations, and the Reverend Cyrus Hartman, who peeped through a crack in the stained-glass heel of a youthful Jesus and found that God had manifested Himself in the naked body of a weeping, praying, tormented woman. These values are products of the words and spirit undiluted of John Calvin, as pure and destructive in Winesburg as in Zurich or in either Plymouth or New Haven, Ohio's or New England's, or as they must have echoed in the ears and mind of a young Sherwood Anderson sitting silently in a pew of Clyde's Presbyterian Church. For both Bentley and Hartman the voice of God is clear and strong in their souls, however much it may reverberate with madness as each attempts to articulate it to another.

For those who attempt to reach out to another, to communicate what cannot be said except in the oldest of languages, those of hands, whether of a teacher, a doctor, an artist, a craftsman, a telegrapher, a young man who refuses to be "queer," a farmhand who putters in the barnyard and knows only two truths, both of them lies, the psychic barriers that prevent communication and preclude understanding are erected by a system and a way of life designed to distort and deny and make of human beings creatures who, in the words of the Reverend Charles Grandison Finney, Presbyterian-Congregationalist-Perfectionist who founded his own Jerusalem in Oberlin, Lorain County, just east of Clyde and west of Elyria, must "aim at being holy and not rest satisfied till they are as perfect as God." Then, he

insisted, they might become perfect and useful, whether in temperence or abolition or commerce or a marriage of the three.

More than any other, this doctrine of usefulness is at the heart of Anderson's portrayal of American's and Ohio's and Bidwell's choice of a future as the time of waiting came to an end and as the Midwestern ingenuity of Thomas Edison, of Harvey Firestone, of Henry Ford, of Orville and Wilbur Wright, of Charles Kettering of General Motors and John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register Company, began to reconstruct the Midwest in the image of practicality, of usefulness, of profit. Anderson's Hugh McVey, the "poor white" from the Mississippi Valley, becomes not a Huckleberry Finn riding the misdirected raft of romance or his creator peering caustically into the American soul but instead a catalyst for change and an instrument by which a dehumanized society comes into being. Hugh McVey, like the others of Sherwood's people, finds echoing in his soul words that torment and terrify and ultimately control him as he remembers the practical, useful, moral doctrine that Sarah Shepard had taught him: "When a job has to be done there's no use putting it off. It's going to be hard work to make an educated man of you, but it has to be done," and even more tellingly, "It's a sin to be so dreamy and worthless." And Hugh McVey goes on to create a new society, that which eradicates forever the childlike innocence of the Ohio towns and countryside, leaving the brutal ignorance unchecked and the people distorted, destroyed, or dehumanized, and he contributed, too, the stamp of greed indelibly imprinted on the countryside,to make it forever something other than what it might have become.

That these were the values that impelled young Jobby Anderson as well as young Hugh McVey needs little comment here, and they are the values, too, that made Sherwood B. Anderson a corporal in Co. I, Sixth Ohio Regiment of Volunteer Infantry in America's "splendid little war" and that made him a spokesman for the new Age in Agricultural Advertising and one of its entrepeneurs, the "Roof-Fix" Man. It needs even less comment that somehow, someway, whatever was in him when he went out of Clyde, west with the setting sun as well as on one of the many Midwestern railroads to Chicago, remained unextinguished. But he was one of the lucky ones, the gifted ones, and he saw the destruction wrought by those values wherever he looked.

The effects of these values on people are evident throughout Anderson's works, and he saw them as clearly and as surely in the faces of Southern mill girls and Virginia farm children as he did in the faces and souls of the people of Winesburg and Bidwell. But he saw the effects, too, in the

countryside in which he grew up, a change, he ruefuly acknowledged, that he had not only witnessed but had contributed to. These are the effects he addressed in "I'll Say We've Done Well," the tangible manifestation of the moral geography in which he grew up.

It was as an Ohioan, he wrote in the essay that appeared in The Nation's series on the states in 1922, that he made his observations, as one who had always thought of himself as an Ohioan.and always would remain one inside, and the essay is more bitter than anything Anderson wrote before or after: the state had once, he wrote, when LaSalle first saw it, long before any other white man, been characterized by "majestic hills and finer forests....[a] country of soft-stepping little hills, up there facing Lake Erie," and he speculated that the loveliness of what LaSalle may have seen made him "a visionary and a dreamer."

> From all I've ever been able to hear about Ohio, as it was before we white man and New Englanders got in there and went to work, the land might have done that to LaSalle, and for that matter to our own sons too, if we, God-fearing men, hadn't got in there just when we did, and rolled up our sleeves and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold, stony New England and over the rocky hills of northern New York State to get into Ohio.

> ...the hardships we endured before we got to Ohio was what helped us to bang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later start the Anti-saloon League and all the other splendid things we have done.

What had been done to Ohio by those who had imposed a moral dimension upon its topography as surely as they imposed the New England township structure on its poilitical geography is clear as Anderson's irony becomes comdemnation:

> I claim we Ohio men have taken as lovely a land as ever lay outdoors and that we have, in our cities and towns, put the old stamp of ourselves on it for keeps....First we had to lick the poet out of our hearts and then we had to lick nature herself; but we did it.

For Sherwood Anderson, his name forever linked with that of the literary and mythical town he created out of memory and imagination and talent and "the hunger to see beneath the surface of lives," and out of that moment in space and time that he made his own, the only hope for Winesburg become another Akron, for Ohio become an industrial empire, for those who escape both grotesqueness and the machine, for the obliteration of the whistles that echo mockingly over the Ohio countryside, lies in recapturing the mind, the imagination, the myth by which his people live, for, he wrote in A Story Teller's Story, "In the world of fancy...No man is ugly. Man is ugly in fact only," in the fact made inevitable by New England in Ohio. In the fancy, too, one can find fulfillment. In A New Testament he asserts that the world of fancy may even impose a new geography on the Ohio landscape of the psyche.

I double my fists and strike the ground a sharp blow.
Ridges of land squirt out through my fingers.
I have remade the land of my fathers. I have come out
of my house to remake the land.
I have made a flat place with the palms of my hands.

Michigan State University Emeritus

MEMORY, TALENT, IMAGINATION, AND LOVE: THE DUKE'S MIXTURE OF FREDERICK MANFRED

DAVID D. ANDERSON

Frederick Manfred has been writing for half a century since his publication of The Golden Bowl in 1944; during that time he has published thirty-one volumes, primarily of fiction, that have created one of the greatest, most monumental places in American literary history: the place that Manfred calls Siouxland. Geographically, it is the place, drained by the Big Sioux River, where South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska meet; literally and metaphorically, it is the microcosm of human history in the region and the continent. It is, at once, Manfred's place, his spiritual and literary home, and the area to which he has given a voice that echoes from pre-history to the last years of the twentieth century and that will continue to be heard as long as his place and its people continue to exist.

Consequently the publication of Manfred's Duke's Mixture (Augustana College: The Center for Western Studies, 1994) is particularly welcome. Not only does it explore, in Manfred's own words in a variety of forms ranging from personal essays to memoirs to interviews, the origins of his life and work and ambitions, but it explores, too, where Manfred has intended to go in his work, where he is, and where he is going in the future. Manfred, like his place and his work, is timeless.

Duke's Mixture, which I remember vaguely as a roll-your-own tobacco mixture of the twenties, is in both its execution as Manfred's newest book and in its etymology as defined in The American Thesaurus of Slang, which Manfred quotes in his Introduction, truly a mixture. But it is neither a "hell of a mess," a "mell of a hess," or "what the cat brought in," as the Thesaurus would have it. Manfred's Duke's Mixture is a treasure house of vintage Manfred: it describes his search for a more appropriately descriptive name than "novel" for much of his work in "A Modest Proposal Concerning the 'Rume'"; it discusses the source of confusion in identity and authorship that

still plagues people who don't know him well in a remarkable brief essay called "The Evolution of a Name;" it reveals remarkable insights into the personal creative process in "The Making of Lord Grizzly" and in the five interviews that define Manfred's creative career.

Most of all, Duke's Mixture is a record of a remarkable combination that makes Fred Manfred what he is, and his work what it is: the combination of memory, imagination, talent, and love that gave his Siouxland, our heartland, a past and a present, the richness of creative life that makes his literary landscape the intellectual monument that is as it towers above the MidAmerica that he has both created and defined.

Announcements

Philip Gerber, recipient of the MidAmerica Award for 1990, has recently returned to Brockport, N. Y., from India, where he spent two months lecturing at Indian universities for USIS.

Clarence Andrews, recipient of the MidAmerica Award for 1982, has been elected to the Sheldon, Iowa, Hall of Fame. Clarence, a Sheldon resident for brief periods before and after World War II, was cited as "Iowa's literary historian."

Linda Wagner-Martin president of the Society in 1776, lectured on "What's American in the American Novel" on April 14 in the Memorial High School in St. Marys, Ohio, her home town. The lecture was sponsored by the St. Marys Community Public Library through a National Book Foundation Grant.

THE BILLBOARD

Announcement and Call for Presentations

The Sixth Tampere Conference on North American Studies

will be held at

The University of Tampere

April 20-23, 1995

Unsettling the West: Evaluations and Reassessments

The American West, "Cowboys and Indians", will naturally be part of the conference theme, but we would hope to encourage a wide variety of proposals in the field of US and Canadian studies, including unconventional and fresh interpretations of the conference theme, within such disciplines as literature, history, anthropology, communication studies, linguistic, music, political science, sociology, etc.

Please, submit proposals for presentations before December 1, 1994 to

Ms Päivi Laine
University of Tampere
American Studies
P.O. 607
Fin-33101 Tampere
Finland

Further information may be obtained from Ms Laine at the above address or
phone +358-31-2157 154
fax +358-31-2156 980
e-mail: HIPALA@UTA.FI

Olli Vehviläinen, Ph.D.
Professor of General History
Director of the American Studies Program

Markku Henriksson, Dr. Soc. Sci.
Senior Lecturer in History
Conference Committee Chair

Päivi Laine, M.A.
Administrative Assistant for AMST
Conference Secretary

From the School of English

University of Leeds
Leeds LS2 9JT

Telex 556473 UNILDS G
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Direct line 0532
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HENRY JAMES IN THE NINETIES
January 11-12 1995

This conference will focus on Henry James's writings of the 1890s, with particular emphasis on his relationship to movements, figures, and issues of the fin-de-siècle. Participants will also consider the wide range of recent critical approaches to James's work (both of the 1890s and more generally) in our own fin-de-siècle.

The conference will take the form of a keynote address (evening of January 11) and five papers (January 12). Papers will be half an hour in duration, followed by half an hour's discussion.

A detailed programme, with a full list of speakers and topics, will appear later.

Those interested in participating or in offering a paper are cordially invited to write to:

Dr. Denis Flannery
School of English
University of Leeds
Leeds LS2 9JT

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HAAS Hellenic Association of American Studies

SECOND CONFERENCE

The Hellenic Association of American Studies (HAAS) announces a conference for American Studies to take place in Thessaloniki May 18-21, 1995. The theme of the conference will be:

"Nationalism and Sexuality: Crises of Identity."

The inspiration for the title comes from George L. Mosse's pioneering work, but also from the prevalence of both discourses in contemporary Greek culture. However, the purpose of the conference will be to explore the way in which these two explosive discourses have been determining the formation of modern identity primarily, but not exclusively, in the U.S. and Greece. The conference will address such issues as to who determines the normalcy of boundaries between sexes and nations; how these boundaries are becoming more and more flexible; and how crossing over has been one of the foremost modern experiences. Furthermore, the conference will explore to what extend nationalism and sexuality influence, depend on, and determine each other. We particularly welcome papers that have an intercultural perspective which should lead to a fruitful dialogue between Americanists from different countries and Greek scholars. Papers could focus on literary, historical, political, sociological and other aspects of the topic. They can be either in Greek or English.

Those interested in suggesting either sessions or titles of individual papers, please contact Yiorgos Kalogeras, HAAS chair, Department of English, School of Philosophy, Aristotle University, 54006 Thessaloniki, Greece. FAX # 30 31 997432 Phone # 30 31 997454

Deadline for submission of abstracts: 28 February 1995.

ASSOCIAZIONE ITALIANA DI STUDI NORD-AMERICANI

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CALL FOR PAPERS

A.I.S.N.A.

ITALIAN ASSOCIATION FOR NORTH AMERICAN STUDIES

The Italian Association for North American Studies will hold a conference on

DEPARTURE, ARRIVAL, TRANSIT: THE EXPATRIATE 'EYE' REVISITED.

at the University of Trieste, November 10-11, 1994.

E.A.A.S. members wishing to participate with a paper should send a one-page proposal by May 1st,1994, to

The President
Prof. Rosella Mamoli Zorzi
A.I.S.N.A.
c/o Department of English
Dorsoduro 3246
Ca' Foscari
University of
VENICE, Italy.

The A.I.S.N.A Biennial Conference (end of October 1995) will take place at the University of Rome. The subject will be Red Badges of Courage. Format, workshops, call for papers, and exact dates will be communicated by June 1994.

21ST ANNUAL CONFERENCE

OF THE

MIDWEST POPULAR CULTURE ASSOCIATION

AND THE

MIDWEST AMERICAN CULTURE ASSOCIATION

PITTSBURGH, PA

OCTOBER 7-8, 1994

CALL FOR PAPERS

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Panels

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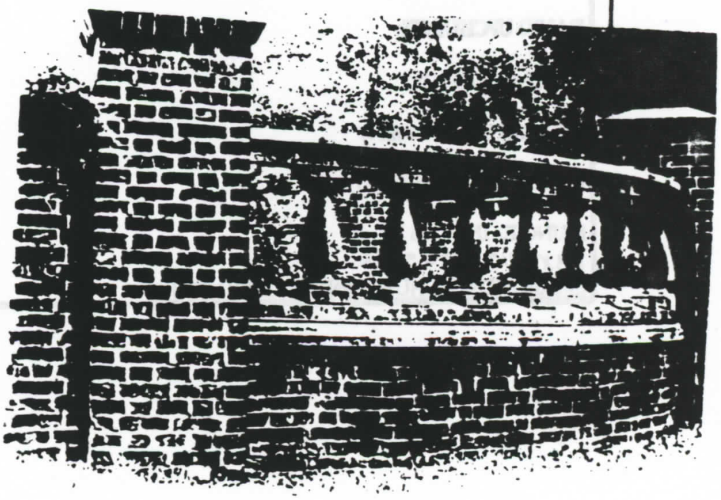

CALL FOR 1995 PROPOSALS

The ACA/PCA WOMEN'S STUDIES DIVISION is particularly interested in:

ISSUES OF WOMEN'S COMMUNITY FORMATION

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SPORTS, ATHLETICISM, TEAMS

EDUCATION

PROFESSIONS, CAREERS, LABOR

HOME SPACE/COMMUNITY SPACE

LEADERSHIP, PUBLIC LIFE

MENOPAUSE, AGING

Please send proposals on these and other Women's Studies topics to either:

Lisa Faranda
English Dept.
Penn State-Berkes Campus
Tulpehoeben Rd.
Wyomissing PA 19610

Anne Bower
OSU-Marion
1465 Mt. Vernon Ave.
Marion OH 43302
(e-mail bower.2@osu.edu)

Proposal deadline = Sept 2, 1994.

Call For Papers

"Studies in The Hilarities"

There comes a time in ever scholars life, that a silly idea take hold and won't let go. Ideas of this sort occasionally give birth to "scholarly papers" that are distributed among friends and collegues, but are deemed either too radical in scope, or just too silly, to be submitted to a journal for that all important vitae credit.

In the sciences there are a number of journals that are devoted to such work, the *Journal of Irreproducible Results* and the *Journal of Polymorphous Perversity* chief among them, but there are few places for such pieces in the Humanities (This, it has been suggested, is because all ridiculous articles are published anyway).

You are invited to submit to a planned book that will collect, consider and probably do something else that begins with the letter "C" with essays and monographs that are either too strange or sarcastic to place elsewhere. Articles and proposals from a wide range of theoretical, methodological, and disciplinary approaches, including previously published material, will be considered for inclusion. No subject matter should be considered beyond the scope of this collection. Serious studies, on not so serious subjects, will also be considered, and if there are enough of them a companion volume has been suggested.

In general, abstracts should be between 200-250 words and articles twenty to thirty double-spaced pages, including notes and appendices. Manuscripts may be submitted on paper, though electronic mail (ASCII text), or on computer diskette (Macintosh format, ASCII text or Microsoft™ Word). Please enclose a SASE with all correspondence.

Inquiries, abstracts and articles should be sent to the attention of:

Solomon Davidoff
Department of Popular Culture
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, OH 43403-0226
Phone: (419) 372-2981
Fax: (419) 371-2577
Internet: sdavido@opie.bgsu.edu

Deadline for Submissions is January 1st, 1995

CALL FOR PAPERS

ACA
LITERATURE AND POLITICS

1995 ACA/PCA Meeting in Philadelphia

Proposals are invited for the 1995 American Culture Association / Popular Culture Association Meeting in Philadelphia, April 12–15, 1995. Submit proposals on any aspect of North American literature and politics, considered in the broadest sense, to the ACA Area Chair below.

Possible topics and approaches include the representation of political figures and topics in the writing of the United States or Canada, the political attitudes of an author and their effect on his or her writing, the hidden political and/or economic assumptions or structure within a work or an *oeuvre* or a literary movement, political satire, the dramatics or rhetoric of revolution, the revolutionary as heroine or hero, political change, political ideology and writing, the political climate of a period as reflected in its literature, the politics of war and peace in literature, character choice as political choice, apolitical evasions, political commitment and character, the political presuppositions of readers, leadership, discipleship, rebellion, obedience, disobedience, etc. etc. etc.

One-page proposals for the 1995 ACA/PCA Meeting must be received by the ACA Area Chair for Literature & Politics by September 15, 1994.

Submit your proposal to:

Adam J. Sorkin
ACA Area Chair, Literature & Politics
Penn State—Delaware County Campus
Media PA 19063-5596

American Culture Association
"Men's Studies: Representations, Self and Other"
Panel Chair: Tony Trigilio, Northeastern University

==========

1. "Men Around the Corner, Around the World." Thomas Oaster, Education, University of Missouri, Kansas City, MO 64110.

A presentation or representation of individual men should be a function of firsthand observation. And, individual representations, as well as broader images, may be influenced or distorted despite firsthand observation. These representations and images may be a function of flat, ideological conditioning, and partial knowledge acquisition. "Men Around the Corner, Around the World" will provide some firsthand participant observations of men, their beliefs and behavior. Including a variety of cultures, this paper will focus on so-called men's work or men's activities (men's movements). Many reports of men's activity tend toward sensationalism, focusing variously on the putatively hostile behavior of men engaged in so-called mythopoetic activities. Self-exploration and male-positive community activities initiated by men are seldom explained properly. This paper will touch on a fairly wide spectrum of men's activities in North America, the United Kingdom, and a few European countries.

2. "Men, Men's Studies, and the Media." Leonard Duroche, German, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55455.

"Men, Men's Studies, and the Media" is a twenty-minute talk discussing the news treatment of men, the men's movement, and men's studies from the early 1980s to the present. The focus will be on the American men's movement and the development of men's studies, but will also look briefly at Germany, the German men's movement, and the German media. The media discussed include print journalism, radio, and television. Items will be considered from both mainstream and alternative media, progressive and conservative media, including: The Wall Street Journal, Rolling Stone, The Village Voice, and American Spectator.

3. "Body of Evidence: The Male Body in Two Contemporary Autobiographies." Dennis Gouws, English, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT 06269.

In writing about themselves and their lives, men now seem as comfortable using corporeal experience to inform their discourse as cerebral experience. Autobiography lends itself to just this kind of sensual expression: contemporary male writers now rely more on these bodies of evidence, as it were, to authorize their lived experience. Richard Rhodes's A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood and Paul Monette's Becoming a Man: Half a Life Story are similar in that they both illustrate these new tropes of sensual sensitivity, though different because these tropes explicate different physical orientations. This paper will examine the extent to which Rhodes succeeds and Monette fails in the forging of tropes that allow each to write of himself as a whole man--that is, as a man comprised of more than merely a mind separated from a collection of isolated body parts.

About publishing in *American Journalism*

...a quarterly journal published by the American Journalism Historians Association

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SUBMISSIONS. Articles, research notes, and correspondence should be sent to Professor Wallace B. Eberhard, Editor, ***American Journalism***, Henry W. Grady College of Journalism and Mass Communication, University of Georgia, Athens 30602. Telephone: (706)542-5033. FAX:(706)542-4785. ***AJ*** follows the *Chicago Manual of Style*, 14th edition. Maximum length for most manuscripts is 25 pages, not including notes and tables.

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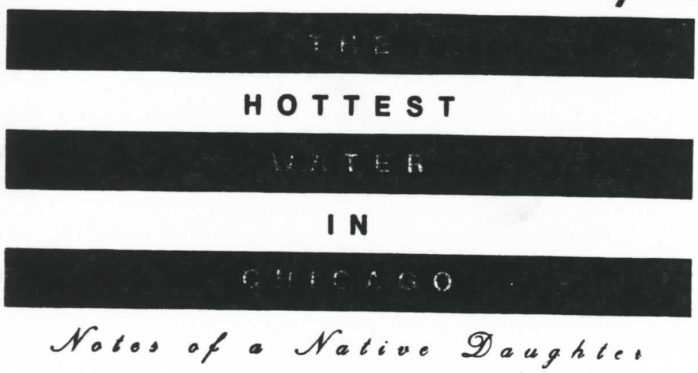

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