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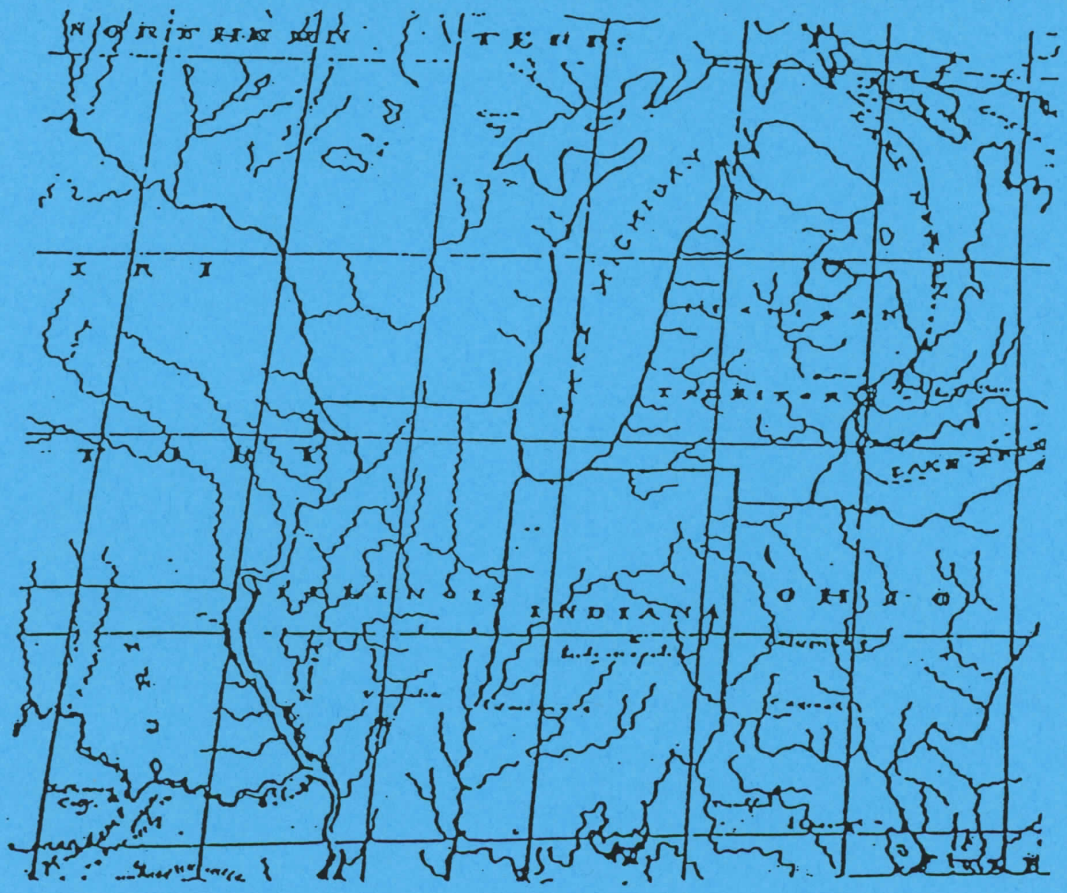

The Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature

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Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature

Newsletter

Volume Twenty-Six
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In Memoriam: John T. Flanagan

John T. Flanagan, Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Illinois at Champaign Urbana and first recipient of the Society's MidAmerica Award, died in Salt Lake City on March 12, 1996, at the age of 90.

Born in Chicago City, Minnesota, on January 15, 1906 he grew up in St. Paul, where he attended St. Thomas Academy and the University of Minnesota, where he was awarded the B.A. (1927), M.A.. (1928), and Ph.D. (1935), the first degree awarded in English with a concentration in American literature. He taught at the University of Minnesota (1929-45), at Southern Methodist University (1945-46), and at the University of Illinois (1946-1972). He lectured on American literature at the Universities of Kyoto (1952) and Moscow and Leningrad (1963). He was Fulbright Lecturer in American Literature at the University of Bordeaux (1952-53) and the Universities of Liege, Ghent, and Brussells (1962-63).

Of most importance, John was one of the true pioneers in the recognition and study of Midwestern Literature. He published James Hall, Literary Pioneer of the Ohio Valley in 1941 and an early and still important anthology of Midwestern literature, America is West, in 1945. Others of his works include The American Way (1953), Profile of Vachel Lindsay (1970), Edgar Lee Masters, the Spoon River Poet and his Critics (1974), as well as others on American and Midwestern writers and writing. He also published many articles and reviews on American and Midwestern literature, history, and folklore.

John married Virginia McGuigan in 1929, and she died in 1985. He is survived by three daughters, seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

A man dedicated to the profession of letters, to good writing, and to the life of the mind, John and his influence will not only be remembered but felt as long, as American and Midwestern writers are read, studied, and appreciated.

David D. Anderson

The Legend of Tecumseh and Becky Galloway

William D. Baker

The legend of Tecumseh and Becky Galloway first surfaced in 1881, seventy-five years after their supposed romance in 1806. It is mentioned by none of his nineteenth century biographers, including the 1878 work of Edward and Lillie Eggleston based on twenty-six authorities nor is it in the several-column article on him in the Dictionary of American Biography. Is it fact or fiction?

Checking in the Greene County Room of the Green County Public Library in Xenia, I found the romance first documented in R.S. Dill's History of Greene County (1881). Although Dill's reputation as a historian is generally sound, he does not mention a specific source. Nine years later James E. Galloway wrote to Lyman Draper who was planning a Tecumseh biography, saying Tecumseh asked his Aunt Rebecca "to be his squaw. She was about 'sweet sixteen' at the time."

William A. Galloway in Old Chillocothe, 1934, citing family tradition, tells a four-page story of the romance, and it is from this source, I believe, that the major tourist industry on Tecumseh has risen. Why did the family members delay so long? It is possible that they waited until Rebecca's death in 1876, not wanting to embarrass her or her relatives. Her obituary does not mention the romance.

Is the story true? There is no evidence that anyone in the family was paid for telling it. And as for waiting seventy-five years, why tell it at all if it isn't true? On the other hand, when Daniel Drake wrote several times to James Galloway, Sr., Becky's father, asking for any information about Tecumseh, he says he met the Indian first in 1789, and in 1799 he heard his forceful speech in a council, ending a long paragraph. "This is all I know personally of Tecumseh." In 1832 he dictated the narrative of his life to his grandson, Albert Galloway, and said nothing of Becky's romance. No one outside of the family seems to have mentioned the affair until it appeared in 1881. Why?

If Tecumseh, the most famous Indian in North America, had truly courted Galloway's daughter in 1806, why would her father not mention it twenty-eight years later? Becky married a cousin, George Galloway, in 1813, so reference to Tecumseh who died earlier in 1813, was unlikely to injure her reputation.

According to the first biography of Tecumseh, published in 1841, he settled in 1806 in Greenville, Ohio, about fifty miles northwest of the Galloway cabin on the Little Miami River. The wife of forty-year-old Tecumseh had died and it is not inconceivable that he would have traveled fifty miles on horseback several times finally to offer "fifty broaches of silver" for the hand of a sixteen-year-old white girl, but it makes a good story.

I don't know about you but in my family stories tend to get exaggerated, and my grandchildren now doubt that I walked to school barefoot through the snow. And no matter how earnestly I tell them that Tecumseh was born in the easternmost room of the motel on US 68 that bears his name, they disbelieve me. Since the bald facts lack flourish, the details and embellishments about bloody footprints or the courting chair are added. When documents are lacking there is much to be said for the oral tradition, but I'd feel more comfortable if someone outside the family had mentioned the romance. Though it is colorful and charming, and told with innocence and earnestness, I think it's improbable.

Wright State University, Emeritus

Photography and the Written Word: James Agee's

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, Sherwood Anderson's Home Town,

and the Photographs of the Historical Section

of the Farm Security Administration

David D. Anderson

The decade of the 1930s will always be remembered as the time of the Great Depression, of the New Deal, and of the acts of international aggression in Asia, Africa, Spain, and Central Europe that led, by decade's end, to the outbreak of what, prosaically and dynastically, we remember as World War II. With the innumerable details and countless human tragedies and triumphs that mark that decade and make their demands on our collective and individual memories, it is perhaps inevitable that we have all but forgotten a technological and artistic marriage that, during the thirties and forties, came to the fore, contributing during those years to our understanding of the events that marked them and at the same time to our collective memory of their vividness until the rise of the television in the early 1950s and satellite transmission a decade later provided an immediacy of time and event that no earlier medium could withstand.

That marriage of technology and art, of photography and the written work, was dramatic from its inception, rising not only out of the photographic artistry of Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and others in the newly-prominent photographic salons in New York, Paris, and elsewhere in the 1920s, the culmination of technological advances in film and equipment, as well as initial perception of the photograph as an art form, but, during that same decade the emergence of the revolutionary fast-lens miniature camera, the 35 mm, with even faster film and a new, "candid" rather than formal, concept of the photograph.

By 1930 a number of well-known European journals, among them Berliner Illustrieste Zeitung, La Vie Parsienne, and The Illustrated London News, as well as in the U.S. less popular magazines—Town and Country, Vanity Fair, and National Geographic—began to use photographs extensively, but they were used primarily as illustrations to dress up the journals as well as to illustrate and hence supplement the texts of the news or informative articles that each of the journals emphasized as what each saw as its journalistic mission.

But in February, 1930, Henry R. Luce, who had already revolutionized news dissemination in America with Time: the weekly news magazine, which had first appeared, presenting a weekly news summary, in March, 1923, and had pioneered the use of photos of news makers particularly on the cover, including the annual "Man of the Year," introduced another new concept of magazine journalism in February 1930. This was Fortune, a journal which Luce was determined to make "...as beautiful a magazine as exists in the United States. If possible the undisputed most beautiful." And photographs by master photographers, particularly by Margaret Bourke-White, who was to become one of the great photographers in a great age of photography, combined with the texts by contemporary masters, including Ernest Hemingway, Archibald MacLeish, James Thurber, Carl Sandburg, and others, in the finest printing of which the craft was capable, would be the basis of that beauty. In her autobiography, Portraits of Myself, published in 1963, Miss Bourke-White remembered Luce's instructions; "The camera should explore every

corner of industry, showing everything, Mr. Luce explained, from the steam shovel to the board of directors. The camera would act as interpreter, recording what modern industrial civilization is, how it looks, how it meshes...."

While Time continued to grow and to contribute to the economic strength of Luce and Time, Inc. throughout the thirties, Fortune, certainly the most attractive as well as the most expensive—a dollar a copy in an age of 5¢ magazines including Colliers and The Saturday Evening Post— added prestige to what was becoming a publishing empire. Luce continued his fascination with the marriage of photography and the written word, including the new medium of the talking motion picture. In 1931 he began The March of Time, a weekly radio news dramatization, which in 1935 joined the ranks of weekly motion picture newsreels, in many respects, the forerunners of television news.
And in November, 1936, Luce launched Life, a 5¢ a weekly that was the first news magazine devoted to picture journalism. Employing some of the great news photographers, including Alfred Eisensteadt, Bourke-White, and later, in great war photography, Robert Capa, Life was a success; it spawned dozens of imitations, including the successful Look, and it outlasted all of them, succumbing to television in 1972, and revived in 1978 as a monthly that still endures.

By the mid-1930s not only had Americans, encouraged by Henry Luce and Time , Inc. in all its manifestations, become photo conscious, but many of them, using equipment ranging from the Kodak Brownie to the magnificent Leica 35 mm, had become photographers themselves. It was perhaps inevitable that the Federal Government, with the New Deal in high gear, became aware of the potential of photography as a medium of communication as well as a recorder of an America that, Franklin Roosevelt's bright young men were convinced, would, under their leadership, be changed beyond recognition within a generation.

More then any other agency the Department of Agriculture saw itself as an instrument of change, and its social engineers, mostly young professors and graduate students of economics, were determined to bring about that change through reforestation, conservation, and resettlement. The Resettlement Administration, later tempered in its scope of activities to the Farm Security Administration, was one of the agencies most dedicated to change, and one of those young men, Roy E. Stryker, a former cowboy and professor of economics, a non-photographer, determined to record that change. As part of a newly-established Historical Section of the agency's Department of Information, which survived the refocusing of the agency, Stryker was responsible for, over a period of a little more than five years, a photographical agency that employed, at various times, some of the country's finest photographers, including Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and dozens of others in numbers determined at one time or another by funds available in the budget. By 1940, Stryker had amassed in his archives—now in the National Archives—some thirty-five thousand negatives that, collectively, provide a record of a nation and a people in crisis, a record that is and will remain unsurpassed.,

With the central role that photography had begun to play by the mid-thirties not only in American life, journalism, and thinking, but also in American's image of themselves and of their fellow Americans, it was inevitable that American writers, particularly those who saw their own lives and works tied to the subjects of much of that photographer's art and science even as they began to see the subjects of their works in those images created by the photographer's art and science even as they began to see the subjects of their works in those images. Two such writers—and the only two to attempt to fuse the photographer's image with their works—were James Agee (1909-1955), a new young writer and staff member at Fortune in the mid-1930s who died young and unfulfilled, and Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941), a distinguished American writer then in critical disfavor as he neared the end of this career and his life.

It would be easy to say that both writers were attracted to the new photography and particularly to that of the Farm Security Administration photographers because of the

similarity of their backgrounds—Anderson's in small-town Ohio and Agee's in Knoxville, Tennessee—but it would not only be an over-simplification; it simply wouldn't be true. Agee became aware of the possible relationship between the new photography and his work as the result of an assignment to Agee from Ralph Ingersoll, managing editor of Fortune. To Ingersoll, Agee, who combined a Southern background, St. Andrews School, Philips Exeter Academy, and Harvard education (he was editor of The Advocate), and a fashionable Marxism, with a deft eye and a lyric style, was the ideal staff member to take on a project he had in mind. Further, no one else on the staff was willing to take on the project: to tour the rural South in the summer of 1936 with photographer Walker Evans, who had been borrowed from the Farm Security Administration staff, each to record in his own medium the plight of sharecroppers in the South for one of Fortune's show-piece articles, a topic that Agee didn't anticipate would prove editorially unacceptable in his treatment.

Anderson, too, was apparently introduced to the possible relationship between the photograph—in his case the range of photographs already in the Farm Security Administration archives in late 1939 or early 1940 by Edwin Rosskam—and his own work. Rosskam was editor of a projected series of books, published by the Alliance Book Corporation, entitled "The Face of America." Three of them, As Long As The Grass Shall Grow, by Oliver LaFarge with photographs by Helen Post, Washington: Nerve Center and San Francisco: West Coast Metropolis, both by Rosskam with photographs by a variety of photographers, with the former introduced by Eleanor Roosevelt and the latter by William Saroyan, had already been published. Anderson's contribution, which was to be his last book published in his lifetime, was to be Home Town, with illustrations from a wide range of Farm Security Administration photographs.

When Agee, the aristocratic intellectual-revolutionary and Evans, the practical photographer blooded on the back roads of rural America in thrall to the Farm Security Administration, drove South to rural Alabama in mid-June, 1936, for a month of research and photography, neither had a clear idea of what they were to do, although Evans shot photos almost indiscriminately and Agee took notes that were as voluminous as he knew were superficial. But after a month they had nothing but Evan's undeveloped photos and Agee's unrelated notes, and almost desperately they asked for and received a month's extension.

Almost immediately, however, by the courthouse in the small town of Sprott, Alabama, they met a local sharecropper whom Evans photographed, and then, under the misapprehension uncorrected by Evans and Agee that they were representatives of a government agency sent to help them, the sharecropper introduced them to two other families and the three of them invited the two into their homes.

For Agee if not for Evans, the primitive housing facilities and the stark poverty of the families were shocking almost beyond measure. For the next month, while Evans photographed the three families and the minutiae of their lives, Agee attempted to absorb if not to record the substance and the significance of every detail from odors to knotholes to bits of speech to the sum total of each individual life. After a month of close association with the families the two of them went back North, convinced that they had something that would strike to the very heart of the rural poverty-stricken South of America in their time.

But almost immediately two things happened. Not only did Agee learn that there was no way he could shape his material with Evan's photos into an essay suitable for Fortune, but while they were gone, they learned, Luce had lost patience with the New Deal, had rejected a piece hostile to U.S. Steel by Dwight McDonald, and was in no mood to accept anything favorable to Southern sharecroppers or hostile to the system that exploited them. Agee showed what he had to Hodgins, who rejected it out of hand, ordering Agee to write a conventional descriptive article; Agee insisted that he had completed the assignment, that it wasn't is fault that the rules had changed, and he could do no more. Finally, after prolonged negotiations with Luce, Time, Inc. surrendered their claim to Agee's material and Evans's

photos, and Agee determined to make it a book that would convey all he saw and felt in Alabama and that would use the photos as an integral part of the text.

The result was, after many false starts and much re-writing, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, published in August 1941, with sixty-two of Evan's photos as a prefatory portfolio with neither an introduction nor a title page and without captions for the individual pictures. The photographer is not identified, but at the end of the portfolio is an acknowledgment: "Photographs reproduced through the courtesy of Farm Security Administration, Department of Agriculture." The photos, in isolation, speak for the nameless people whose faces and a few broken places and artifacts are included.

The title page, revealing neither the nature of the book nor the assignment of duties of either Agee or Evans, follows the acknowledgement of the Farm Security Administration's title to the photographs; by indirection, however, the title page suggests, by including a specific but ambiguous prefatory sub-title, "Three Tenant Families," the even more ambiguous title, Let us Now Praise Famous Men, and the names, side by side of what appear to be co-authors: James Agee and Walker Evans. The following dedication, "To those of whom the record is made," is signed by the initials J.A. and W.E.

In the brief preface, after sketching the background of the book's origins, Agee, the unacknowledged author of the text, just as Evans is the unacknowledged photographer, attempts to define the author's intention in presenting the material in the form in which it appears as well as the role of the material in a much larger projected work. In this volume Agee states, there is both a nominal subject, that of "North American cotton tenantry" and an ultimate effort, '. . . to recognize the stature of a position of unimagined existence, and to contrive techniques proper to its recording, communication, analysis, and defense..." through the use of two instruments, "the motionless camera, and the printed word." The volume, he goes on is merely prologue, a fragment of a larger work; the authors are attempting to treat their subject not in any conventional way, but "seriously;" the photos are not illustrations; "They, and the text, are coequal, mutually independent, and fully collaborative;" the text was written to be read aloud, continuously, as one listens to music or watches a film; finally, it is only for want of a more appropriate form that the work appears as a book.

The preface alone, after a series of photos, however graphic and eloquent they may be, that are presented with neither context nor identification, suggests that demands will be made on the reader that an age at once dominated by literary realism and increasingly significant journalistic factuality will simply reject out of hand. Agee's text is both disjointed, moving randomly from objective description to impressionistic subjectivism, and confusing, as he moves from the external experience to the internal, from significant observations to the trivial, from human experience observed to human experience filtered through the creative imagination of the observer-recorder. The text is lyrical at times, prosaic at others, but always demanding. And in an age no longer in the depths of the depression, three months before Pearl Harbor, it was simply irrelevant. Sales were fewer that 600 copies, reviews were unsympathetic when they were not hostile—even Agee's friend T.S. Matthews described it in Time as "the most distinguished failure of the season..."—and it disappeared, while Agee went on to a tormented personal life and a distinguished career as a critic and screen writer. His early death at 46 and his posthumous novel A Death In the Family gave Agee legendary status, and when Let Us Now Praise Famous Men was re-issued in 1960, it was hailed as a great "lost" work and a masterpiece. Both generations of critics agreed, however, that it was a book not about sharecroppers but about Agee himself, a spiritual biography of a man as compassionate as he was confused. And for many of the New Journalists of the sixties and seventies it was to become a textbook as well.

Even while Let Us Now Praise Famous Men ran through its tortured gestation and brief history, Sherwood Anderson worked on the manuscript of Home Town through much of 1939 and early 1940, anticipating a work that would fuse his text defining the life of the

small town through the cycle of the seasons that governs it with eloquently stark photographs which, carefully selected, would give graphic life to his deeply-felt prose. Although he had hoped to be able to supervise the taking of appropriate photos in his own town of Marion, Virginia, and had sent Roy Stryker a list of the subjects that he wanted, his experience with both Stryker and the Farm Security Administration and his editor and publisher Edwin Rosskam are eerily similar. Anderson's text, as it appears in the published book, was shortened by nearly half (the full text was published in 1947 in The Sherwood Anderson Reader, edited by his friend Paul Rosenfeld) and the photos were neither specially taken in Marion or elsewhere nor did they include the subjects Anderson had suggested. Instead, just as Anderson's experience in putting the book together was not unlike Agee's, neither are the photos unlike those of Walker Evans—in fact, a number of Evan's photos are included, together with photos by Ben Shahn, Dorothea Lange, Marion Post, Russell Lee, and others, and the places included range over the rural countryside from Vermont to Texas. Combined they provide a graphic record of the life of the town as reflected in the faces and the activity of its citizens, while in the background, illustrating Anderson's prose clearly are the changing seasons that govern the lives of the people of rural and small-town America as Anderson had known, experienced, remembered, and respected it.

Whatever similarities occur between Home Town and Let Us Now Praise Famous Men are as superficial as they are coincidental in spite of the fact that both are deeply-felt, intensely personal writings. Agee attempts to define expressionisticly what he sees and feels as social and human tragedy; the photos, in spite of protestations to the contrary, are not integral parts of the text. Anderson, however, sees both photos and text as one, with photos as visual extensions and interpretations of his prose and his prose as interpreter of the lives and places photographed. There is much of Anderson in the text, and the reader sees the life of and in the towns through his eyes as well as in the photos. But unlike the ultimate subject of Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, the town and its people remain in the clear focus of Home Town.

Nevertheless, Home Town's reception and its sales were little more favorable than those of Let Us Now Praise Famous Man, both initially and when it was republished in 1978, partially for the same reasons—a subject that many Americans saw in late 1940 and later as irrelevant—and an inability or unwillingness on the part of reviewers to attempt to come to terms with what Anderson attempted. Those who were convinced that Anderson had become irrelevant as well as inept saw further evidence in the work; others praised it for all the wrong reasons—as an exercise in nostalgia or a period-piece suitable for the family album rather than Anderson's earnest attempt to recreate a life threatened not only by urbanism and industrialism but by the war clouds he saw clearly on the horizon.

Both works exist today not only as attempts to define what we were as a people and consequently to tell us much about our origins, but, perhaps because of the cool reception and poor sales of what were revolutionary for their time and ours, they remain the only serious attempts by American writers to utilize one of the world's great photographic resources as integral parts of their work. And in an age less sympathetic to their subject matter and purpose than their own, I doubt that we shall see such attempts in the future. But for the imaginative writer in any age the more than 35,000 negatives in the National Archives comprise a tempting if demanding resource.

Michigan State University

EX CATHEDRA, PART I

William Thomas

I

Looking at collections of essays made to use in college classes, I am put to wonder how the editors contrive to fill them with stuff so unfalteringly mediocre.

II

Many academic people are intellectual descendants of those whom Hazlitt, with uncharacteristic lenity, called commonplace critics (in The Round Table). They are afraid to make absolute judgments, even the most trivial. Deep versed in books and shallow in themselves, they think Shakespeare great because their betters have said he is, and they say so too. But to pronounce on a contemporary dramatist is something they could nohow be coerced into doing till somebody capable of using criteria to evaluate new works tells them what to believe.

In my judgment I have confidence. Miller's The Crucible is a landmark in American drama. Conceivably it is the first American play to justify a claim to greatness.

III

With remarkable exceptions, people of the theater (actors, directors, producers) are incapable of judging the worth of a play. "The grossest dish when 'twill down is as ready as the best." That is as true as when Jeremy Collier wrote it (in A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, Conclusion).

IV

Young scholars are incontestably expert at bibliographical procedures. What I can't stomach is their seeming to imply that of their predecessors who read, studied, and wrote more than thirty years ago none had sense. They rediscover self-evident truths with the elation of schoolboys mastering a Euclidean theory.

V

I read scholarly books with increasing annoyance at the intrusion of the apparatus. The surest way for an author to lose sympathy and win resentment from a reader is to oblige him to observe (or to ignore) those series of superior figures.

There was a long time during which young and aspiring scholars (and also established and venerated ones) seemed to believe that over-documentation was equivalent to dignity and impressiveness, and a PMLA article was peppered with tiny numerals guiding one to "Ibid." That condition was changed under the editorship of William Riley and with the distribution of The MLA Style Sheet, originated by him. Parker's influence was salutary

and great. But sane and knowledgeable scholars continue to produce books that, because of intrusive references, give no pleasure in the reading. Most such books could have been made more agreeable to read (while at the same time satisfying the requirements of scholarship) with the mode of documentation adopted by Leon Edel in his biography of Henry James.

The inevitable reply—that scholarly reading is not for pleasure—is inadmissible. Reading ought never to be anything else.

VI

Assiduous scholars made solemn pronouncements about Twain, Carroll, Rutherford, and others as if such appellations were the proper surnames of authors. When a writer chooses to publish under a name not his own, or derives a name as Samuel Clemens did, the proper reference is the pseudonym exactly as he set it down. Some chosen names are not pseudonyms. Teodor J.K. Korzeniowski legally made himself Joseph Conrad, and while he lived was properly called Mr. Conrad; the youth Dikran Kuyumjian was as a man properly referred to as Mr. Arlen. But Samuel Clemens (though he called himself "Mark", as did others) never was Mr. Twain or Charles Lutwidge Dodgson Mr. Carroll, or William Hale White Mr. Rutherford, or Julien Viaud M. Loti, or Jacques Thibault M. France, or Solomon Rabinowitz Mr. Aleichem (or Mary Ann Evans Mrs. Eliot!).

VII

The published findings of "research" are so mountainous that one doesn't ask whether there is an answer to a question but asks for a divining rod to locate it within the mountain. Accordingly techniques are proposed for "information retrieval". (The proper instrument is, of course, a computer.) And it is reasonable indeed to regard the sun of knowledge as a balance to be drawn on instead of a symbol of demonstrable power like the gold bullion at Fort Knox.

But, as with bibliographies of bibliographies of bibliographies, when the occasional clear voice of reason reminds academic people that all this compulsive scrutation must have had its origin in a logical purpose, they have got so far from the plain and lowly starting point that they tend to be annoyed. Their reaction is that of the Prince in H.G. Wells' allegory "The Pearl of Love": having devoted many years to the building of a splendid edifice to shelter the coffin of his dead wife, during which splendor was piled onto splendor and the earliest works were removed as unbefitting the later magnificence, one day he penetrated the interior and regarding the sarcophagus itself. He was offended by its poorness. "Take that thing away", he commanded.

VIII

It is axiomatic that the pursuit of learning, especially the study of humane letters, broadens experience, sharpens the intellect, increases tolerance, opens the door to wisdom. Yet many who engage in it have dull minds and narrow views and are both intolerant and unwise. A goodly number, to be sure, are the technicians and mechanics of higher education, who fell into teaching by way of a graduate assistantship. The ordeal of securing the doctorate then deprived them of any natural humanity they may have had.

Others, who in fortunate situations become wise and humane scholars, are required to sit habitually in judgment of graduate students who may, conceivably, be their betters. The necessity tends to contract their intellectual horizons, to make them captious and dogmatic. Wisdom has nothing to do with judgment of people, only of works and things; it is small wonder that few professors are wise.

IX

"The failed artist is the meanest of God's creatures." Glenway Wescott said it (on Camera Three the TV program, 30 January 1966). The frustration is even greater for those who, obliged to admit they can't create, find they can't be scholars either. The pity is that they who become successful scholars so often take on so much arrogance. Learning does give one a certain security, a solid base to speak from a knowledgeability. It does not justify the implication that the scholar is a special breed, an intellectual superman.

R. G. Collingwood made a good phrase, which, though he applies it differently, is apropos: "the curse of the ivory tower" (The Principles of Art, 119).

X

One's enjoyment of a work of literature is inhibited by having to "teach" it—that is, to analyze its merits, characteristics, and properties for the purpose of organized discussion. Academic people, bound to defend their many indefensible practices, deny this, and content that to examine minutely does not detract fro pleasure in the reading, but is essential to full understanding of the work, which enhances its esthetic appeal. This speciously reasonable contention does not suffice them; they must go on to examine minutely everything that has been written about it, not matter how harebrained or ridiculous.

In the name of objectivity they deplore whatever can be labeled subjective or impressionistic, as if there is something reprehensible about reading for pleasure. What, one may ask, is so deplorable about adventuring among masterpieces?

XI

The truth, if it were to be let know, is that many professors of English have ceased to be interested in what they teach. The fact ought not to startle anyone, for the interests of a mature intellect shift as do a child's and a youth's. Having committed themselves to a period in the history of literature, they must continue to labor at it as if doing so were a task, which actually it is. "When literature is the sole business of life it becomes a drudgery" is a statement ascribed to Samuel Rogers.

XIII

The best writers, one observes, have never held an academic poet, or have freed themselves from such a connection as soon as they could, or have retained the tie only in a nominal, tenuous, or ambiguous way. There is every reason why the creative writer should avail himself of the findings of scholarly investigation when they are useful to him—and everything is potentially useful to a writer—but the truth is that civility and scholarship don't mix. The one is wholly synthetic, the other largely analytic. These are thoroughly opposed habits of mind, and the intellect facile in both is certain to be gigantic.

For this reason academicism is uncongenial to the creator, and to him so-called humanistic studies at universities are likely to seem purblind and narrow. In his view (which is mine), the study of literature is that most afflicted by provincialism and traditional bias, and departments and professor of English, despite their protestations to the contrary equate literature with libraries, not with life.

XIV

That is not to say that knowledge is bad for a writer. He should know as much as he can. Miscellaneous knowledge, haphazardly acquired, however, is worse than useless: it is too often that dangerous state of little learning that makes authors notoriously poor critics. It goes without saying that they should be familiar with the accomplishments of their predecessors, and it is hard to think of a writer of first rank who was not a well-read man. But criticism is a highly specialized discipline that requires arduous preparation, and there is no way in which a creative writer can reveal himself more naked of judgment that in setting up shop on the other side of the street. There are, to be sure, great exceptions, none greater than Coleridge.

XV

To a young scholar: You've fought it out with yourself and been defeated; that is, you've admitted you can never be a creative writer. It hurts, and with acceptance of the next-best you need to plan how to make the next-best as good as it can be made.

Concentrate on a major figure. Don't commit yourself to an author of no importance because he happens to be academically virgin. The great novelists, the great poets have to be reevaluated a couple of times every century. Observe the evaluation of Dickens a hundred years after. The same thing ought to occur to Walter Scott. Scott, Haslitt, Thackeray, the Brontes, Hardy, Moore, James, Conrad—any of them is a career.

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East and Midwest in James Michener's tales of the Pacific War

David D. Anderson

When James Michener published Tales of the South Pacific, the first major literary attempt to define the American experience in the Pacific War of 1941-1945, he returned in spirit if not in factual details to an American literary phenomenon fusing romanticism and realism that had run its brief course just a century earlier. The fusion was manifested particularly in two novels of the South Pacific by Herman Melville: Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life (1846), and its sequel, Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas (1947). In these novels, Melville fused the American romantic interest in the exotic, in the life of the South Pacific, known only to the few New Englanders who participated in a whaling industry soon to run its course, with a growing popular interest in romantic-realistic adventure, and the combination brought Melville literary prominence.

But the monumental critical and popular failure of Moby-Dick (1851) in which Melville attempted to advance that fusion into philosophical statement combined with the growing slavery crisis at home, the drilling of the first successful oil well near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859, and the first modern mass war in 1861-65, as well as an incipient and growing interest in a knowable realism in fiction to insure that the American interest in the exotic world of the South Pacific would remain short-lived. It was not revived by the changing geo-political world of imperialism that saw European domination of much of the South Pacific by the end of the nineteenth century, nor did it receive more than passing popular interest when the "Splendid Little War," as John Hay described the Spanish-American War, sent a few regiments of regulars, a minor fleet, a handful of volunteers to the far Pacific, to make the United States a Pacific power, even as Admiral Dewey gave his name to the 1899 crop of male American babies.

For the first four decades of the new century, dominated by American participation in a major European war in 1917-18, a reversion to isolation in the 1920s, and the most serious depression in American history during much of the 1930s, a few Americans were concerned with the Pacific. Nor had events in the Pacific attracted much mainland attention, as, early in the century, Philippine irregulars voted against inclusion in an American empire with their weapons, and Japan defeated Russia to emerge as a major modern power in the Western Pacific. Not until the growing conflict of the 1930s between China and Japan was punctuated by the Japanese bombing of the U.S.S. Panay on the Yangtze in 1937 did mainland Americans as a whole become conscious of the tumultuous changes in the Far Pacific. But from September 1, 1939, when Hitler invaded Poland, until December 7, 1941, interest in Pacific affairs was at best secondary to the growing war in Europe.

By the time Tales of the South Pacific, the first major work to come out of World War II, was published in 1947, the Pacific world had become a permanent major part of the mainland American consciousness as millions of young and not so young Americans traveled

there, a good many to die, and place names like Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Corregedor, Guadalcanal, Coral Sea, New Guinea, Tarawa, and hundreds of others were emblazoned in headlines and embedded in the public consciousness, even penetrating to the front page of Stars and Stripes Mediterranean. I remember one lank Tennessee rifleman of my acquaintance initially commenting that he "wouldn't mind being out there at all. Be just like squirrel hunting back home," a comment that I'm sure would be resented even yet by those who fought on the beaches and the islands of the far Pacific. But I'm afraid that the area still connoted the exotic, the romantic, the warm, inhabited by countless Dorothy Lamours in sarongs, to those of us in the grime, wet, and cold of Tunisia, Sicily, and Italy during 1942, 1943, and 1944.

James Michener, a forty-year-old academic and textbook editor, was one of those young and not so young Americans who had received an all-expense, free room and board and medical and dental care included, trip to the Pacific, in his case as a rear echelon naval staff officer in a theatre of war that covered nearly a quarter of the earth's surface, most of it water. It was also the theatre that was, after its first grim months at Bataan an Corregidor, the scene of the most highly-technological war in history up to that point. Much of it was a war fought by the most modern and specialized aircraft, communications, and ships ever assembled, and it was dominated, too, by the weeks and sometimes months of waiting that mark every war. Then suddenly it would be punctuated by days or weeks of bloody, deadly combat in difficult terrain beyond the experience of even the most widely traveled of this third and by far largest generation of mainland Americans to come to the Far Pacific.

All this James Michener, Lt. j.g., USNR, trained social scientist, middle-aged shore-based mariner, expediter of men and material to the war zone, frequent traveler across the water expanses of the theatre of war, observed, and he was fascinated by the impact of an alien American culture upon the complexities of what had become a backwater of European colonialism. He was particularly fascinated by the human condition in the South Pacific in the greatest war in history, and he was ideally situated to observe those complex events and to transmute them, through talent and imagination as well as memory, into what he called Tales of the South Pacific, a work which might more properly be called, "Tales of Men and Women in and of the South Pacific.'

Set in the Pacific War in the mid-1940s, Tales of the South Pacific is only incidentally a war novel, although that war is constantly in the background, and it only infrequently makes its direct presence felt. Rather, the novel is, as Michener makes clear in his opening paragraphs, a book about people. First, however, as the book opens, he attempts to focus upon the time and the place as his narrator speaks:

> I wish I could tell you about the South Pacific. The way it actually was. The endless ocean. The infinite specks of coral we called islands. Coconut palms nodding gracefully toward the ocean. Reefs upon which waves broke into spray, and inner lagoons, lovely beyond description. I wish I could tell you about the sweating jungle, the full moon rising behind the volcanoes, and the waiting. The waiting. The timeless, repetitive waiting. (p. 1)

But setting and time, it becomes quickly evident, are secondary:

> But whenever I start to talk about the South Pacific, people intervene...the old Tonkinese woman...the Remittance man who lived among the Japs...the old savage...the mad

commander...Admiral McCain...Aubrey Fitch...a machinist who wasn't drunk...the men of the South Pacific....(pp. 1-4)

From those first pages, as the people of the South Pacific—those out of the post-colonial complex that grew out of nineteenth century European colonialism and of the Americans who came there out of an equally complex modern Western society—begin to pass through the experience of the narrator-observer-sometime participant, it becomes evident that the novel can also and perhaps more properly be called a collection of tales and sketches. It is evident, too, that Michener draws on two earlier literary sources for his inspirations for the work. The first and most immediately evident is the time and place of the mid-nineteenth century, from Western religious, technical, and commercial civilization began its initial impact on island peoples whose lives had evolved in an appropriate isolation for a millennium and had suddenly encountered forces that they were helpless to resist. This is the South Pacific Melville had defined for his time in Typee: A Peep at Polynesian life in 1846 and Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas, published the following year.

Both novels, at once realistic and romantic, as Michener's Tales was to be a century later, are based on the year that Melville spend in Polynesia after deserting from the whaler Acushnet in 1942. After jumping ship at Nukuhiva, the Marquesas, where he spent a month with what he later described as the "friendly cannibals" of the Taipi valley, he made his way to the Society Islands and thence to Honolulu, where he enlisted as a seaman on the U.S.S. United States for the trip home in 1843, from which he was discharged in Boston in 1844.

In Typee and Omoo Melville sees the Islands as the last refute of human innocence, goodness, beauty, and love, in a natural society not yet imprisoned or distorted by guilt. But it is on the threshold of the Western incursion, led by Protestant missionaries in the van, that was to change the lives of the people of the islands forever. Neither pastorally edenic, as too many European and American romantics insisted they must be, nor ridden with sin, as the missionaries were convinced that they were, Melville's Polynesians were "strong, wicked, beautiful men" not yet corrupted by alien people and values, and Typee and Omoo were, to Robert Louis Stevenson two generations later, the best books ever written about the South Pacific.

Tales of the South Pacific begins as that alien invasion had run its course and another, of men to whom their presence in the South Pacific was incidental to geopolitical reality, has begun. But Michener turns from the form of his work on the insights into his people that give it substance not to nineteenth century romance or twentieth century realism but to a work little more than a generation old as Michener wrote. That work also begins in time and place and quickly becomes instead a work about individual human lives, each of which is caught up in circumstances he or she can neither understand nor control and by which the course of his or her life is determined and its meaning often perverted

The work is, of course, Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, subtitled "a group of tales of Ohio small town life", a work which Anderson himself described at various times as both a collection of stories and sketches and as a novel in a form invented by himself. It is also a work which, published in 1919, foreshadows, in both substance and structure, Michener's accomplishment in Tales of South Pacific.

Both the town of Winesburg, Ohio and the South Pacific Islands of Michener's Tales are the physical places that serve as focal points for and backgrounds against which the people of each collection come together, interact, and often depart not through conscious determination but as the result of chance, movement, and the transient nature of human life, whether in nineteenth century Ohio or the mid-twentieth century theatre of war in the Pacific. Neither place is, for its people, an end or a goal in itself, but it is a way station, a place to which one comes to find refuge, or perhaps to wait an opportunity to move on, if not in fact, certainly in their hopes, dreams, and imaginations. For the military personnel the time of their sojourn on a particular island or in the theatre itself

is determined by and limited by the vagaries of war. For the Polynesians, Melanesians, and later expatriate Chinese and Europeans, primarily French, British, and Australians who had come by chance or perhaps because there was no place else to go, as well as the striking results of their co-mingling, the sojourn in the islands is as limited and as determined by chance as it is for the G.I.s, but for them chance is cosmic rather than strategic, to be measured in lifetimes or eons rather than months or years. But on Michener's islands as in Anderson's Winesburg, spans of time are insignificant; the only true significance is that of the individual moments out of which meaningful human life is constructed, not, however, by rational process but by the randomness by which those moments occur.

Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio and Michener's Tales are unified not only by setting and circumstance but by remarkable similar techniques—in Winesburg by a compassionate omniscient author to whom is given the ability to see, however momentarily, into the darkest regions of the human soul, and in Tales by the peripatetic staff officer whose duties provide him the opportunity and whose compassionate curiosity provides him the incentive to peer as deeply and to see as clearly if as momentarily as had Anderson, into the lives of those who had come together by chance.

Each book is unified primarily by this compassion, the attitude that each author has for his people and that he permits us to share, and each is a collection not of character types but of individuals. Each of those people is defined clearly for us in the moment of insight that contains the focal point of each individual story. At that moment the author lays bare the inner self of the protagonist of the story, often in a few deft words or sentences within the context of an otherwise realistic surface story of the relationships among people, place, and circumstances. Often, too, in both works, characters appear and reappear in roles of varying importance in the tales, each in the process contributing, in Tales, as in Winesburg, to the breadth and depth of what is ultimately, however transiently, a human community in all its complexity.

In Winesburg, unity is furthered by the role of George Willard, the young reporter on the Winesburg Eagle, who appears and reappears in more than half of the stories, slowly gaining insight into himself and others as he moves toward the time when, in "Departure," the town becomes but "a background upon which to paint the dreams of his manhood" in the city and beyond. In Tales, the narrator provides a unifying element, but the ultimate unifying role is the war itself as, for the people of the tales—combatant, civilian, or something of both—that war and the novel move inexorable to their crescendo in the assault on the island of Kuralei and to long moments of fierce combat and human suffering. But Anderson leaves to our imaginations the nature and result of George Willard's dreams and realistic experiences as he moves into manhood; Michener ends that crescendo of combat with what can only be for his narrator and his people a coda, in which, in the new graves at Hoga Point on the island of Konora, the dead are buried under new, nameless white crosses, known only, if not to a greater power, then to the two young black GIs," 'Me 'n' Denis'", who maintain the place and remember the people, some of whom lie there only in the mangled pieces that remained.

Many of those dead are the men we've met in the Tales, but others have gone on to other islands in the course of the war. The have left behind not only the dead but the people of those islands whom we, like Michener's narrator and his transient Americans, have met in the tales. And ultimately what we take from the novel is not the romantic setting that still lives in the romantic imagination of the nineteenth century or ours; rather we remember the people, those of the islands or there by chance, who have lived interacted, loved, and sometimes died neither because of nor in spite of the place that is more permanent than any or all of them.

Among Michener's people, those whose lives are at once tied irretrivably to others and at the same time fated to live and often to die alone, the most memorable include Tony Fry, the courier-operator who flew mission after mission of beer runs in an old PBY, from wherever there was some to wherever there was a thirst; Teta Christian, the matriarch of

Norfolk Island and granddaughter of Fletcher Christian of H.M.S Bounty fame and infamy, whose machinations convince Fry to save the pines planted by old Fletcher and that had been destined by the course of the war, to make way for a landing strip. There was, too, Ensign Bill Harbison, the Eastern snob, and Ensign Nellie Forbush, the nurse who nearly succumbs to him; the nameless Remittance Man whose broadcasts from behind the Japanese lives save countless American lives; M. Emile De Becque, the French expatriate who finds Nellie and in turn is found by her; Atabrine Benny, the fat little man with the best job in the Islands, dispensing atabrine tablets to civilians and service personnel alike; Bloody Mary, the age-old defier of unjust laws; Lt. Joe Cable, who found Liat, Mary's daughter, and then ridicule and finally his grave at Hoga Point; and the dozens of others, like Luther Billis and Commander Hoag, who inhabit the tales even as they people the islands and live their lives against a backdrop of war that suddenly becomes a violent foreground before drifting off again into the evening mists of the South Pacific.

At the end of Michener's novel peace reigns, however short-lived it may be, as his narrator and "me 'n Denis" ponder the lives abruptly terminated in the tropical sunshine and sandy beaches or tangled rain forest of Kuralei. But at its end, too, Michener leaves us with memories of a place, a time, and a diverse complex of people frozen permanently in time and place the reality of their lives and the war that intensified and distorted and often ended them fading slowly into romance. Perhaps it inevitably fades, too, into a memorable musical event that distorts when it does not destroy the vividly intense lives of those who had come together for a time through the sheer chance at the heart of Michener's war. As long as the novel and its people, endure, however, the war in the Pacific will continue to live in our memories; if or when they no longer do, we'll have to settle for the never-never land of Broadway and Hollywood's Bali-Hai, the never-was land not of Michener's war but of the popular musical that has unfortunately replaced it in the popular mind.

Michigan State University

THE SISTERS

By

William Thomas

By carrying a maximum load of credit hours and going to school two summers I did my college work in three years, and the year I was doing my last stint I lived in the house of a man who was a telegraph operator for the Associated Press. That house was a drab brick west-facing double, each side a mirror image of the other, with four ground-floor rooms in line front to back, the stair going up between the middle rooms. You could enter there by a side door, and, up a few steps (the Hoppenbergs had the north side) turn left through the dining room to the kitchen or right through the second room to the front. The side door also pointed you to the basement. Even though that second room had big double sliding doors to the front, they used it for a bedroom. In the daytime and till they went to bed, those doors always stood open, as well as the others, and you could see from the front room through to the kitchen. My room was the attic, which was finished off into one good-size area, with a gable on the north.

Mac worked long hours, they never went anywhere, and I knew Neil was lonely, for she hadn't any friends. They'd moved from a smaller city less than a year past, and, though she was agreeable enough to everybody, she was physically colorless and intellectually vapid, and didn't naturally bring forth response from either men or women. It was understandable that she'd kept close family ties. She talked about her younger sister Irene, who'd visited them at Christmas time, but I'd been home all vacation, and Irene and I had never met. So it was meaningless to me when Neil told me in June that she was coming again for a week.

On Sunday night I knew Irene was there, with her husband, for when I came in by the side door, as always, the four were playing cards in the front room. I went directly up to my attic. The next day I had need to go to the basement--I kept some books stored in boxes--and the sisters were both down there, washing clothing. "You can wear a dress of mine downtown this afternoon," I heard Nell saying. "And a slip too, if yours isn't dry in time."

Nell introduced me. Irene, who was blond and slim, almost skinny, didn't attract me much. I believed then I liked bigness and roundness in a woman, but I wasn't giving thought to women at that time, as I was putting all my effort and energy to completing my college work and getting ready to go East, where I had got a job. Besides, as Irene was married, I didn't suppose she'd give me any thought either.

I was mistaken. Nell went up, and as soon as I'd got the book I wanted Irene stood in front of me. She looked straight into my eyes out of hers, which were big and gray-green. She put both her hand on my shoulders, slid them behind my neck, pulled my head down, and kissed me.

When a woman did that, I never could resist, and I embraced her, sliding my hand from her shoulders down her back to the buttocks. She wasn't wearing a brassiere, and I thought there wasn't even a slip under her seersucker dress, but I felt a belt around her waist and a thickness between her buttocks, and knew she was menstruating. I kissed her, and she opened her lips, and I make it a French one, and brought my right hand up to her breast. It was small but hard. I was getting a hardness too.

We heard Nell coming back. "Tonight," Irene said. "I'll see you tonight."

I thought about her all day in my classes and in the evening found it impossible to concentrate on the studying I had to do. After a while I gave that up, and around nine thirty came down to the bath, at the back end of the second-floor hall. I relieved myself and had a thorough wash. I heard voices downstairs. When I went back up I left the door open to the stair leading to my room.

Within the next half-hour I heard the toilet flushed three times, and a little after ten heard steps going past the door and to the front room. I had a momentary fear that she wasn't going to keep her promise, but then I knew she was walking the hall's length so that Mac and Neil would know she'd gone into that room. After ten minutes I heard a sound no louder than a mouse-scrabble on my stair, and there she was, looking up at me in the dimness with those lovely eyes.

"May I?" she whispered.

"Come," I said.

We embraced and kissed and sat on my bed. She was wearing black silk pajamas, very plain, with a sleeveless top. I unbuttoned it and mouthed her little hard breasts, the one and then the other. That stimulated me fully, and she put her hand on my hardness.

"I want you, Irene. I want you completely."

"It's too soon. I'm still wearing my pad. I'll be over it tomorrow. Can you wait till tomorrow night?"

"I don't want to wait."

"I guess I don't either. You don't mind?"

" I don' t mind," I said.

I came off at once, there wasn't a thing I could do to hold back, because (I hadn't money to spend on girls) it was a long time since I'd had real sexual pleasure. I went on, though, and gave her an orgasm that I knew was a good one, for she moaned so loud that I was almost fearful Mac and Nell could hear.

After a while we did another, and I was sure I could go a third, but she said no, she felt just fine she'd come seven or eight times, and that was enough.

"Tomorrow night," she said. "We'll do it again tomorrow night."

So we did, and every night to the end of the week. I exalted me. I went to my class wearing a halo. It seemed unreasonable that people who saw me couldn't perceive the glow of well-being that enveloped me.

"I wish we could always go on like this," I said. "I love you, Irene." "No, you don't. You only want to love somebody. Not me. You'd get tired of me. I don't know anything. You do. I could never keep up with you. After you got enough sex you wouldn't want me."

"I'd never get enough."

"That's what you think until you do. You're only twenty-three. By the time you're twenty-seven, as I am, you'll have had enough--some time."

"Have you had enough?--of me?"

"I'm beginning to be satisfied. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. This is our fourth night. It's made me a little sore--literally, I mean. You're a lot bigger than my husband. I'm just not used to so much so good."

"I'm not either. I could go on a long time, though."

"I'm sure you could, but it isn't an endurance contest."

"He doesn't satisfy you?"

"Not really. He doesn't give me much sensation. I said 'How do you expect me to get excited over a little thing like that?'"

"Irene! That was cruel."

" I suppose it was. But I was annoyed."

Friday night she told me: "This is our last night. My husband is coming for me tomorrow."

It was less felicitous because it was our last night, and because, despite my disbelief at twenty-three, I had got almost enough for the time being. Nevertheless, we did it twice.

"This has to be our real goodbye," she said. "It's the last time we'll be alone together."

"Until you come back."

"You'll be gone then. You'll never come back."

I stayed away Saturday, studying at the Library, but I had to come in Saturday night, and there they all were again, with the doors between the rooms open, playing cards. I would have gone straight upstairs, but Nell stopped me and insisted that I come in and talk. She introduced

me to Irene's husband, a meek-looking fellow with thick glasses and thin hair. I avoided looking at Irene.

After a few minutes I escaped, saying I was sure they wanted to get back to their game. To Irene I said: "It's been a pleasure to talk to you." She only nodded.

It was yet June, and I had nearly two months to go in school. There were no problems in that respect, I had my work well in hand, was on the way to finishing all the things the University required of me in order to justify its making me a bachelor of arts. But I dared not neglect any of them, and settled down to study and to doing well in my courses. After a time I ceased to think often of Irene. It had been wonderful, and it was over.

Mac was put on night duty, and one night in July I came back from the Library fairly early, around nine. I was sleeping in the second-floor front room now, at Nell's suggestion, because it was so hot in the attic, but hadn't moved my things.

"I know you aren't going to bed so early, Dan," Nell said. "If you're going to study, bring your books down and do it in the front room. Put on your pajamas and be comfortable."

I agreed that was a good idea, so I put on pajamas and a seersucker robe and brought down the books I'd be using. The doors between the rooms were still open, but as I walked through to the front I saw that Nell had shut the front door and, though they kept out any air that might be moving, had drawn the shades. She had changed her clothing, too, as I saw when she came out of the kitchen in a robe.

What she did next was as unexpected as the time when Irene approached me in the basement. Nell confronted me in the same way, put her hands on my shoulders, slid them behind my neck, pulled my head down, and kissed me. In that moment I couldn't have told which of the sisters I held in my arms.

But I couldn't respond at once. Mac was a friend of mine, and I was a young idealist reluctant to do a wrong to my friend. Nell had made herself ready for my hesitance, for while I was holding her and she was holding me she contrived to make her robe fall open, and under the robe was only Nell. At the same time she found her way into my pajamas, and before I could retreat (had I possessed will power enough to do so) she was rubbing my shaft against her lower mouth with her hand.

I lifted her and carried her to the bed.

It was like having Irene all over again, almost, for the sisters were a lot alike, despite the several years difference in their ages. Nell had more meat on the bones, but it was flabby, and her breasts were bigger, but not so stiff and shapely as Irene's. I wasn't critical. Fate was kind to me that summer. At first I felt guilty about what I was doing to Mac, but once I was thoroughly into the role of Lancelot I knew I never could have been Galahad.

It was weeks before Nell named Irene, whom I took care not to mention. Then she put the question pointblank: "Do you like it with me as well as with Irene?"

I didn't know what to answer, and I tried to evade, clinging to the convention that a man may kiss but should never tell. "What makes you think that Irene and I--"

"What could be more likely? I know Irene. Besides, she told me."

I didn't know whether I was displeased with Irene for doing that or not. I concluded I didn't care.

"She told me the morning of the day she left. Then she said: "Why don't you have some of it too?"

"So you decided you would."

"I decided I would."

"And it pleases you to share with Irene this way?"

"Yes. we've shared a lot of things in our lives, Irene and I. We've always been close. We were never jealous of each other, even when we were children. Having the same man in bed tightens the bond."

As I said, Fate was kind to me that summer. In August I got my degree, and went East to my job.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION FOR MARSHALL M. FREDERICKS

Louis J. Cantoni

On Sunday, January 20, 1995, beginning at noon , the Friends of the Marshall M. Fredericks Sculpture Gallery gathered as guests at the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club to celebrate Mr. Fredericks' 87th birthday. Marshall and his wife Rosalind received guests in the Ring Room, a lounge area adjoining the Indoor Riding Ring, a sky-lighted paddock. While the Fredericks and guests engaged in animated talk, they could also observe several young riders putting sleek horses through their paces. Following the reception, guests enjoyed an excellent meal in the main dining room. Table conversation indicated that nearly all the many assembled knew Mr. Fredericks personally and regarded him as both a great sculptor and a great human being.

After the dinner, in line with they day's plan, guests adjourned to the DeSalle Auditorium at the Cranbook Academy of Art Museum in Bloomfield Hills. There, in a packed auditorium. they, and also members of the general public, heard Michael W. Panhorst give a lecture titled, "Marshall M. Fredericks: A Life in Art. Dr. Panhorst is Director of the Marshall M. Fredericks Sculpture Gallery at Saginaw Valley State University. This gallery houses over 200 of the sculptor's works. As Dr. Panhorst read his prepared material and showed slides of Fredericks sculptures, he embellished his written words with additional commentary. He described how in 1930, on fellowship, Fredericks studied with Carl Milles in Sweden. The two sculptors found that they shared an interest in poetry and Fredericks presented Milles with a notebook of his poems. After severalmonths in Milles' studio, Fredericks toured Europe, studying sculpture in a number of academies and studios. Dr. Panhorst also spoke of Fredericks' early interest in persons with disabilities. Currently Fredericks has ties to several national and international organizations which serve such individuals. Over the years a number of his sculptures have been sold at auction with the proceeds going to youngsters and adults who have various disabilities. At the conclusion of Dr. Panhorst's lecture, Fredericks himself awas called upon to speak. He thanked everyone for coming. He said he wants his sculptures to inspire people and give them hope and joy. He is now in the middle of two major projects, and much other work awaits him. He invited everyone in the auditorium to return for his 100th birthday.

Also on January 29, the Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum featured an exhibit of Fredericks' sculptures. Most of those who attended the lecture went to see his work. Of the many pieces on display, large and small, three especially caught Fredericks' humanity, versatility, zest. "The Thinker " an ape with a bemused expression, demonstrates, Fredericks' rare ability with compactness. The striking anghularities of "Don Quixote," in the "Saints and Sinners" series, clearly state that Cervantes' Knight of the Sad Countenance as out of joint with his times. And "The Leaping Gazelle," probably Fredericks' best-known work, captures nature's power and grace through lines that curve back upon themselves.

Wayne State University

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"ST. NICHOLAS *has caused the best writers in America to turn their attention to the task of giving delight and imparting culture to children.*"—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

FAMOUS CONTRIBUTORS TO ST. NICHOLAS.

ST. NICHOLAS has printed the work of the greatest writers, including Tennyson, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Bret Harte, Stedman, Howells, Eggleston, Warner, Stockton, and scores of other well-known authors. Mrs. F. H. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" first appeared in its pages, with some of Miss Alcott's best stories for girls, Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy," J. T. Trowbridge's "His Own Master," Noah Brooks's "Boy Emigrants," Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier School-boy," Mrs. Jamison's "Lady Jane," and hundreds of other well-known works of fiction. Almost every notable young people's story produced in America now first seeks the light in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

IN 1894

ONE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTIONS IS

"TOM SAWYER ABROAD,"

BY MARK TWAIN.

Every lover of these two boy creations of America's great humorist, Mark Twain, will wish to follow the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, accompanied by the faithful negro "Jim," in other lands. They visit the eastern hemisphere in a flying-machine, and have some surprising adventures, all of which are feelingly described by Huckleberry Finn, with illustrations by a special artist, "taken on the spot." This great story begins in November, and will run nearly through the coming year.

Call for Papers

PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON POPULAR CULTURE

January 9, 10, and 11 of 1997

All aspects of cultures will be considered with emphasis on international/comparative approaches.
The first two days of the conference will be held in Honolulu.
Sessions for the third day will take place in Laie on the North Shore of Oahu.

If you would like to have your presentation considered, please send a 150 word abstract with title and your name and full address. Please also include phone, fax, and email number.
The deadline is October 30, 1996.
There will be a $65 registration fee for all participants except students will pay $45.

Send abstracts to any one of the following:

Margaret Baker/Gale Ward
BYU-Hawaii
Laie, HI 96762
(808) 293-3602 (office)
(808) 293-3662 (fax)
wardg@byuh.edu
bakerm@byuh.edu

Joseph Stanton
Center for Arts & Humanities
University of Hawai'i at Manoa
Hawaii Hall 103
Honolulu, HI 96822
(808) 956-4050 (office)
(808) 956-9085 (fax)
jstanton@hawaii.edu

Leialoha Apo Perkins
Humanities Division
University of Hawaii, West Oahu
96-043 Ala Iki
Pearl City, HI 96782
(808) 453-6186(office)
(808) 696-8419 (home)
(808) 453-6076 (fax)

PCAP
Popular Culture Association
BYUH Box 1818
Laie, HI 96762

Sponsored by

Popular Culture Association of the Pacific with the backing of PCA/ACA, the Division of Language Literature and Communication, BYU-Hawaii; the Center for Arts & Humanities, UH-Manoa.

Seventh International Willa Cather Seminar

WILLA CATHER'S SOUTHERN CONNECTIONS

Winchester, Virginia
Shenandoah University
21–28 June, 1997

This seminar, held in the Shenandoah Valley county where Willa Cather was born and spent the influential first nine years of her life, will explore Cather's deep and lifelong connections to Southern culture. Seminar sessions will consider Southern issues and institutions--including slavery--in Cather's writing and biography and will read her fiction in the contexts of Southern predecessors, contemporaries, and followers. Plenary presentations will include historians, folklorists and a wide range of literary scholars representing various theoretical perspectives. Among the scholars who have already agreed to serve as seminar faculty or speakers are Ann Fisher-Wirth, John Murphy, Noel Polk, Susan Rosowski, Merrill Skaggs, Robert Thacker, Joseph Urgo, John Vlatch, Cynthia Griffin Woolf, Patricia Yaeger, and a panel of Washington-area African Americanists.

Seminarians will be housed on the parklike campus of Shenandoah University, and the week will include ample opportunities to explore the history and culture of the area, visiting Willowshade, Cather's childhood home near Winchester, and many other local sites inscribed in Cather's fiction. Cather's last novel, Sapphira and the Slave Girl, is set in this area and is rooted in Virginia family history. A day in Washington, D.C., based at George Washington University, will also provide an opportunity to explore Cather's Washington connections.

A call for seminar papers will be circulated in September. Until then, send inquiries and statements of interest to:

Professor John Jacobs
Site Director
Department of English
Shenandoah University
Winchester, VA 22601
e-mail: jjacobs@su.edu

Professor Ann Romines
Program Director
Department of English
George Washington University
Washington, DC 20052
e-mail: annrom@gwis2.circ.gwu.edu

The seminar is co-sponsored by the University of Nebraska--Lincoln, Shenandoah University, George Washington University, and the Willa Cather Educational Foundation.

Call for Papers for Edited Book Collection

Native American Literature and the Environment

Thomas Dean and George Cornell seek essay proposals for *Native American Literature and the Environment*, a book collection of edited essays focusing on how relationships with the natural environment inform and are expressed in literature by Native American writers. A variety of approaches and authors is encouraged, though the editors will be looking especially for essays that demonstrate sensitivity to the realities of Native American history and cultures. Three university presses have expressed interest in this project.

Please send proposals and short vitae by November 1, 1996
to either editor:

Thomas Dean
Department of American Thought and Language
Ernst Bessey Hall
Michigan State University
East Lansing MI 48824
E-mail: deanth@pilot.msu.edu

George Cornell
Director, Native American Institute
Owen Graduate Hall
Michigan State University
East Lansing MI 48824

Want to get serious about *MARK TWAIN*?

Here's What You Need To Know

The Mark Twain Circle of America was formed at an organizational meeting held at the December 1986 Modern Language Association Convention in New York City. The membership has since grown to more than 400, distributed throughout the United States and in nineteen foreign countries. Many members of the Mark Twain Circle are academic specialists, including numerous prominent literary scholars. However, the Circle also includes quite a few non-academic Mark Twain enthusiasts—readers who wish to know more about Mark Twain. Current officers are President Victor A. Doyno, Vice President Michael J. Kiskis, and Executive Director Laura Skandera-Trombley.

The Circle publishes a quarterly newsletter, the *Mark Twain Circular* (described below), and sponsors Mark Twain sessions at various conferences each year (including the annual conventions of the Modern Language Association, the American Literature Association, and the South Atlantic Modern Language Association). We also lend support to the Mark Twain Project (located at the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley) and to Twain-related sites in Elmira, NY; Hartford, CT; and Hannibal, MO.

The purpose of the Mark Twain Circle is to promote Mark Twain scholarship by providing a vehicle for communication among Twain scholars and others interested in current developments, by establishing regular gatherings to present research findings, and by reaching out to non-specialists to make available—for a broad range of contexts—the best of Mark Twain resources. This circle emphasizes inclusion, not exclusion.

To become one of the encircled (and begin receiving the *Mark Twain Circular*), complete the form to the right and send it, with payment as indicated, to Executive Director Laura Skandera-Trombley at the address shown on the form.

The *Mark Twain Journal*, founded in 1936 by Cyril Clemens, is the oldest American journal devoted to a single author. In 1982 Mr. Clemens retired, and the *Journal* moved to its present home in Charleston, SC, under the

To: Laura Skandera-Trombley
Executive Director
Mark Twain Circle
SUNY, Potsdam
Potsdam, NY 13676

Please enroll me as a member of the MARK TWAIN CIRCLE OF AMERICA and subscriber to the Mark Twain Circular. I enclose a check for $10.00 ($11.00 for a non-U.S. address) made out to "Mark Twain Circle of America."

_____
(printed name)

_____
(address)

_____
(city, state, zip code)

23rd Annual Conference of the Midwest Popular Culture & American Culture Associations meeting with the Lyrica Society

Meeting at Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio November 15 & 16, 1996

We are pleased to accept proposals for full panels of three or more presenters and individual presentations in the following areas:

African American History
African American Theatre
American Detective Fiction
Anthropology of the Midwest
Animated Cartoons
Architecture in the Midwest
Archives & Archival Collections
Asian American Studies
British Language and Culture
Broadcasting
Children's & Young Adult Literature
Comics and Comic Art
Computer Cultures
Creative Writing: Fiction
Dance Studies
Earth Religions
Environmental Studies
Fantasy and Science Fiction
Film Studies
Folklore
Foodways
Gay and Lesbian Studies
Gender Studies
The Internet
Jewish Studies
Historical Fiction
Holidays
Horror & Dark Fantasy
Literature of the Midwest
Lyrics & Culture
Men's Studies
Museology
Native American Studies
19th Century African American Women
Occupational Culture
Performance Art/Studies
Popular Music
Postmodern Theory
Radio
Rhetoric & Culture
Rock Lyrics
Sea Literature
Shakers
Television
The 70s
The 60s
Sports
Travel & Tourism
Women's Studies
World Culture(s)

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Proposals include the panel/presentation title, a 200-300 word abstract for each individual presentation, your name, your professional title, your professional affiliation, your complete address, e-mail address, if available and A-V request of either VCR, slide projector or overhead projector. There will be the possibility on Saturday of the conference for accessing multi-media as well as computer presentations, but access is limited. It is MPCA/MACA's policy that those who present on music or sound bring along their own boom box.

All panel and paper proposals with complete A-V requests are to to Cassie Carter by July 1, 1996:

Cassie Carter, Program Director
MPCA/MACA
English Department
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio 43403-0215

ccarter@bgnet.bgsu.edu

We are also accepting continuing AREA CHAIRS for many of the above areas. If there is an additional area you think needs to be represented, please contact us as soon as possible.

ALL AUDIO-VISUAL EQUIPMENT REQUESTS ARE DUE UPON SUBMISSION OF YOUR PROPOSAL

PLEASE POST
PLEASE POST

Early American Women Prose Writers to 1820

Dictionary of Literary Biography

The editors seek contributors for a volume of the Dictionary of Literary Biography featuring American women prose writers to 1820. Entries will be due in mid-February 1997. Authors for whom entries are currently unassigned include:

Abigail Smith Adams
Susanna Anthony
Elizabeth Sampson Sullivan Ashbridge
Abigail Abbott Bailey
Martha Moore Ballard
Bathsheba Bowers
Sarah Cary
Jane Colden (Farquher)
Hannah Mather Crocker
Elizabeth Sandwith Drinker
Jenny Fenno
Winifred Marshall Gales
Grace Growden Galloway
Sarah Prince Gill
Sarah Ewing Hall
Hannah Heaton
Ann Hulton
Sophia Hume
Susan Mansfield Huntington
Mary Kinnan
Sarah Kemble Knight
Deborah Norris Logan
Martha Daniell Logan
Eliza Lucas Pinckney
Lydia Minturn Post
Maria van Cortlandt van Rensselaer
~~Rebecca Rush~~
Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton
Eunice Smith
Sarah Pogson Smith
Tabitha Gilman Tenney
Caroline Matilda Warren Thayer
Sukey Vickery (Watson)
Helena Wells
Louisa Susannah Wells (Aikman)
Eliza Yonge Wilkinson
Anna Green Winslow
Margaret Tyndal Winthrop
Sarah (Sally) Wister

For more information, contact Angela Vietto, Amy Winans, or Carla Mulford at

Department of English
Pennsylvania State University
117 Burrowes Building
University Park, PA 16802-6200

Or by email:

Angela Vietto arv2@psu.edu
Amy Winans aew1@psuvm.psu.edu
Carla Mulford cjm5@psuvm.psu.edu

Call for Papers for Edited Book Collection

Teaching American Realism and Naturalism

MLA's "Options for Teaching" Series

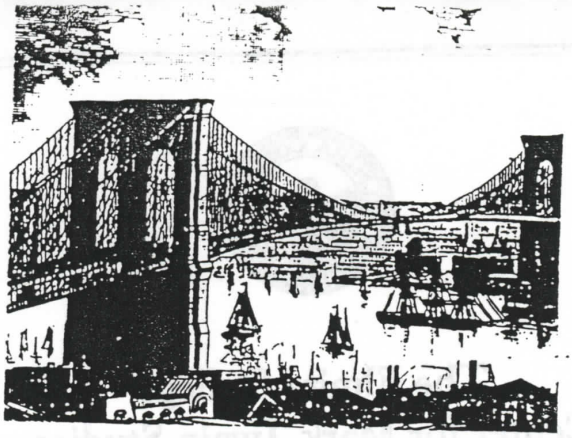
Thomas K. Dean and Louis J. Budd seek proposals for *Teaching American Realism and Naturalism*, a projected new volume in the MLA's Options for Teaching series. Intended as a resource guide primarily for college and university instructors, the book will offer essays treating a wide variety of approaches and topics: theoretical, analytical, cultural, and historical background, as well as practical suggestions for teaching relevant issues and texts in the classroom. The editors also hope the book will advance the critical debate about American realism and naturalism: their definitions, canons, margins, and larger relationships to American and international culture of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Please send essay proposals and short vitae by **November 15, 1996** to either editor:

Thomas K. Dean, Department of American Thought and Language
Ernst Bessey Hall, Michigan State University
East Lansing MI 48824-1033
E-mail: deanth@pilot.msu.edu

OR

Louis J. Budd, Department of English, Duke University
Box 90015, Durham NC 27708



CALL FOR PAPERS!

The Third International Arthur Miller Conference

Utica College of Syracuse University
Utica, New York

September 18-19, 1996
(Rescheduled from May 30-31, 1996)

Conference Topic: *"Celebrating a Lifetime of Achievement"*

Papers discussing any aspect of Miller's life or work will be considered. Of particular interest are essays that deal with Miller's theatrical and literary accomplishments. Paper topics may address a single play, clusters of works, thematic concerns, stylistic or technical innovations, performance issues, the playwright's stagecraft, the production history of individual plays, or any other significant feature of Miller's drama. Also of interest are essays that discuss Miller's fiction, screenplays, adaptations, books of reportage, and theater or political essays. Submissions dealing with Miller's political activism, specifically his testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities as well as his involvement in International PEN and global campaign for human rights, will also be considered.

Completed papers should not exceed 10 pages of double-spaced typescript so that papers can be read in a twenty-minute presentation. Please send papers to:

Steve Centola
Department of English
Millersville University
Millersville, PA 17551

The deadline for submission of papers is **June 30, 1996**.

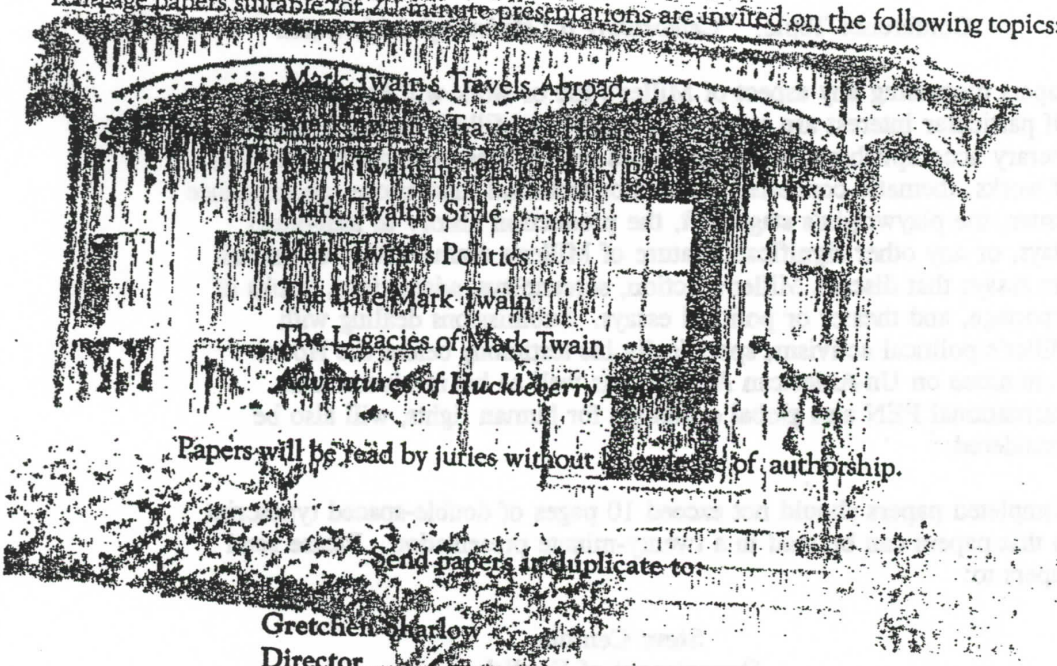
PLEASE SHARE WITH INTERESTED COLLEAGUES

The Elmira College
Center for Mark Twain Studies

Call for Papers

The Elmira College Center for Mark Twain Studies announces a call for papers for a conference on **"The State of Mark Twain Studies," August 14-16, 1997.** Co-chairs are James Wilson of the University of Southwestern Louisiana and Leland Krauth of the University of Colorado. The conference will celebrate the centennial of the publication of ***Following the Equator*** and honor Hamlin Hill upon the occasion of his retirement.

Ten-page papers suitable for 20-minute presentations are invited on the following topics:



- Mark Twain's Travels Abroad
- Mark Twain's Style
- Mark Twain's Politics
- The Late Mark Twain
- The Legacies of Mark Twain
- *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

Papers will be read by juries without knowledge of authorship.

Send papers in duplicate to:

Gretchen Sharlow
Director
Elmira College Center for Mark Twain Studies
Elmira College
Elmira, NY 14901

Deadline is January 15, 1997.

The Society for American Travel Writing

SATW is a collection of scholars especially interested in travel literature deriving primarily, but not solely, from narratives having the United States as either point of departure or destination. Our goal is simple: to create a community through which readers and writers with a variety of travel-related interests and disciplines can seek and share information.

Currently, we participate in several national and regional conferences and seminars each year and, due to increasing interest, we will publish a newsletter (and a corresponding WEB site) beginning in October of 1996.

If you have any questions or would like membership information (no dues, by the way), please contact:

Professor Jeff A. Melton
Department of English and Philosophy
Auburn University at Montgomery
Montgomery, AL 36117
e-mail: meltonj@strudel.aum.edu

or

Professor Beth Lueck
Department of English
University of Wisconsin-Whitewater
Whitewater, WI 53190

CALL FOR PAPERS

SOUTH CENTRAL CONFERENCE ON CHRISTIANITY AND LITERATURE

January 30 -- February 1, 1997

Lafayette, Louisiana

HOST: THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
SITE: THE HOLIDOME (HOLIDAY INN, CENTRAL), LAFAYETTE, LA

Papers of 8-10 pages, suitable for 20 minute presentation, are welcome on any aspect of Christianity and the literary imagination. We also welcome submissions of original poetry or short fiction dealing with religious subject matter; again, portfolio presented should be suitable for 15-20 minute reading. In 1997, the James Sims cash prize ($200) will be awarded to the outstanding conference paper on Shakespeare.

We especially encourage submissions on the following subjects:

- THE CLERGY IN LITERATURE
- CHRISTIANITY AND NATURE LITERATURE
- RELIGIOUS ISSUES IN FEMINIST TEXTS
- FANTASY LITERATURE
- CHRISTIANITY AND SEXUALITY
- TEACHING RELIGIOUSLY ORIENTED LITERATURE IN A SECULAR UNIVERSITY
- SOUTHERN WOMEN WRITERS AND RELIGION
- CHRISTIANITY AND THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEGACY
- THE BIBLE AND LITERATURE
- A CHRISTIAN AESTHETIC IN A POST-MODERN WORLD

DEADLINE for submission (completed paper or abstract): October 1, 1996

Send to:
Professor Mary Ann Wilson
Co-chair, Conference on Christianity and Literature
Department of English
University of Southwestern Louisiana, Box 44691
Lafayette, LA 70504

A Call for Papers
for Special Sessions on the Swedish Connection to Midwestern Literature and Culture

From March 18 to June 21, 1997, the Michigan State University Museum will be one of only four sites in North America hosting a landmark international exhibition, "Swedish Folk Art: All Tradition is Change." This exhibit is the Swedish government's most ambitious cultural effort undertaken in North America as part of a larger 1994-1997 commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the first wave of immigration to North America from Sweden.

In conjunction with this exhibit, the Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature is soliciting paper and panel proposals on the Swedish connection to Midwestern Literature and Culture for a number of special sessions at the 1997 SSML Conference/Midwest Poetry Festival. Papers or panel proposals may examine any aspect of the Swedish connection including studies of Swedish immigrant or Swedish-American authors; Swedes and Swedish-Americans as depicted in midwestern literature; or the inclusion of, and/or allusion to, Swedish traditions, folklore or literature in midwestern literary works.

Paper and panel proposals can be forwarded to Jean Strandness, 1996-1997 SSML president and program chair, at the North Dakota State University, Fargo, ND 58105. For further information on the exhibit and the wide range of activities concerning Swedish American culture and life planned in conjunction with the museum exhibit, please contact Yvonne Lockwood at the Michigan State University Museum, East Lansing, MI 48824.

Call For Papers

MELVILLE "AMONG THE NATIONS"

Papers and proposals (20-min. reading-time max.) are being sought for an international conference on the life and writing of Herman Melville to be held in

VOLOS, GREECE: July 2 to July 6, 1997

Only submissions with an international perspective upon Melville and his work will be considered.

Fields from which topics may be drawn include, but are not limited to: Melville' s biography and travels, the fine arts, comparative literary relationships, worldwide social and cultural matters related to Melville, history, philosophy, religion, European critical theory, ethnic and gender issues, and language. Papers focusing on Melville's travels in Greece and influences from Classical Greek writing upon his own or from his work upon contemporary Greek culture would be especially pertinent.

Workshops are being planned to promote discussion of the pleasures and problems of translating Melville's writings and of teaching, studying, and publishing his work abroad. *Please indicate if your paper or proposal is intended for a workshop.*

Complete papers or proposals of 250-500 words should be sent to:
Prof. Sanford E. Marovitz, Dept. of English, Kent State Univ., Kent, Ohio 44242.

All submissions must be received by Aug. 1, 1996.

We anticipate publishing a volume of selected papers and workshop summaries after the conference.

(Presenters must expect to cover their own expenses.)

Program committee: Profs. D. Berthold (Texas A & M), M. Fisher (Ariz. St.), K. Georgoudaki (Aristotle U. of Thessaloniki), J. Kennedy (Mount State Vincent), R. Kopley (Penn State), L. Newman, emer. (North Adams State), T. Tsibouki (U. of Athens); co-chairs, S. Marovitz (Kent State) and Mr. A. C. Christodoulou (Volos, Hellenic American Studies Assoc.)

CALL FOR PAPERS

Popular Culture Association
Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting
and
American Culture Association
Nineteenth Annual Meeting
March 26 - 29, 1997
Marriott Rivercenter Hotel
San Antonio, Texas

AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURES AND CULTURES

We invite individual submissions
focusing on such issues as:
Storytelling and the Oral Tradition
Political/Religious/Economic Issues
Poetry/Fiction/Autobiography
Teaching American Indian/First Nations Literatures
Historical Contact Issues

We especially invite the participation of American Indian
and First Nations scholars and writers.

Send 200 - 250 word abstracts by September 1, 1996 to:

Elizabeth Hoffman Nelson
P.O. Box 477 Brocton, NY 14716-0477
(716)792-9405 e-mail: nelson@cs.fredonia.edu