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THE "WRITER'S BOOK" BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A CRITICAL EDITION

by

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A Dissertation Submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of Loyola University in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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INTRODUCTION

I. DESCRIPTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE "WRITER'S BOOK"

In 1947 Sherwood Anderson's widow, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, bequeathed to the Newberry Library in Chicago the papers of her late husband. Mrs. Anderson's gift consists of manuscripts of published and unpublished works, letters between Anderson and his family and friends over a period of twenty-five years, fragments, sketches, and notes of unfinished works, as well as royalty statements, newspaper clippings, photographs, and a few of Anderson's own paintings. Since the original bequest, the Newberry Library has acquired by gift or purchase many more documents concerned with Sherwood Anderson. Its most notable recent acquisition is the manuscript of Winesburg, Ohio, purchased from the Burton Emmett Estate in 1969.

At the present time the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the Newberry Library consist of 16,718 items. Mrs. Amy Nyholm, former curator of the Sherwood Anderson Papers, is responsible for the excellent organization of the Papers. The arrangement is in four sections: (1) outgoing letters, arranged chronologically; (2) incoming letters and material relative to Anderson, arranged alphabetically; (3) works by Anderson, arranged alphabetically; and (4) appendix, consisting, among other things, of art work, dust jackets, photographs, the diaries that Anderson kept from 1936 until his death, and several sealed boxes, to be opened only after the death of Mrs. Eleanor Anderson.

One of the manuscripts among Sherwood Anderson's "Works" is a
holograph of 267 pages called the "Writer's Book." The manuscript is divided into seven sections and, except for the third section, is written on white, unlined paper, 8 1/2 by 11 inches. The third section is written on sheets from a tablet of lined, coarse white paper, 8 1/2 by 12 3/4 inches. Each section of the manuscript, except for one typewritten page, is written with a fountain pen in light-blue ink. The manuscript is not dated, but internal evidence, as we shall see, indicates that it was written in the middle and late 1930's, that is, during the last decade of Anderson's life.

At the time of Anderson's sudden death in Colon, Panama, on March 8, 1941, he left three unfinished projects: his Memoirs, on which he had been working intermittently from 1933; a new volume of short stories; and, as Ray Lewis White calls it in his "Introduction" to the critical edition of Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs, "a literary textbook essay for creative writing, 'The Writer's Book'" (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1969, p. xxxiv). This "Writer's Book," except for passages published by Paul Rosenfeld in the first edition of the Memoirs (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1942), has remained in its manuscript form among the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library until now. The present is the first edition of the "Writer's Book" in its entirety. This edition also includes critical apparatus, given at the foot of the pages of the text, and interpretive and biographical notes, given in the Commentary which follows the text.

The manuscript of the "Writer's Book" is in good condition. Except for the pages of Part III, written on the coarse sheets of tablet paper now turning yellow, the paper of the manuscript is still in fair condition. The ink throughout the work has not faded. Although
Anderson's handwriting is, at first, very difficult to decipher, familiarity renders it legible. The manuscript itself consists of two introductory pages and seven sections of unequal length. The two introductory pages are a typewritten page which lists possible topics for inclusion and is entitled "The Book for Writer," and a handwritten foreword which is entitled "A Sermon. Half a Story." The seven sections which follow are: I, "Prelude to a Story (Addressed to Story Tellers)"; II, "How to Write to a Writer"; III, "The Writer"; IV, "The Workman, His Moods"; V, "Notes on the Novel"; VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas"; and VII, "Note."

At the beginning of the manuscript there is a piece of brown wrapping paper, ten inches wide and two-and-a-half inches long, on which is written in pencil in Anderson's hand: "MS--For Writer's Book / These have been copied." "Copied" most likely means "typed," for frequently among the Sherwood Anderson Papers there are both a holograph and a typed copy of the same work. As the critical note to 1/2 explains, however, any copy that was made of the holograph of the "Writer's Book" has been lost, except for four pages. These pages are in pairs and were found by the present editor in the boxes marked "Journal" among the "Works" with the Sherwood Anderson Papers. The first pair was found in the "Journal" folder marked 1933 and is the same as the first four and a half pages of Part II, "How to Write to a Writer" (pp. 113/1-117/12 of the present edition). The second pair was found in the "Journal" folder marked 1937 and is the same as the last four pages of Part V, "Notes on the Novel" (pp. 144/9-148/8 of the present edition). On these typed pages long passages are deleted and the titles of imaginary works are changed to titles of actual works by Anderson. Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor in an
interview at Ripshin Farm outside of Marion, Virginia, on July 17, 1970, that the penciled deletions and substituted titles are in Paul Rosenfield's hand. Rosenfield, however, never published, either in the Memoirs or in The Sherwood Anderson Reader (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947), any of the material on the four typed pages. (See the critical notes to 113/1, 114/15, 116/8-117/12, and 144/9-10 for further information on these typed pages.)

Anderson's only typewritten page in the manuscript, as the note to 2/1-6 explains, seems to be quite independent of the rest of the "Writer's Book." The title is given as "The Book for Writer," and the topics listed are not systematically followed in the remaining sections of the work. All of the topics are discussed, however, with the exception of one, namely, "Trilena White and the successful novelist... Has he contempt?" The topics that are systematically developed in the "Writer's Book," at least in Part I, are the topics mentioned in the second introductory page, "A Sermon. Half a Story." Therefore, it seems that "A Sermon. Half a Story" is the Foreword to Part I only, and not to the "Writer's Book" as a whole.

As has been explained, the seven sections of the "Writer's Book" are of unequal length. Part I, "Prelude to a Story (Addressed to Story Tellers)," 168 pages, is by far the longest and, in many respects, the most personal. Here Anderson, undoubtedly in the last years of his life, reminisces about his life and works: about his mother, his father, his boyhood in small Ohio towns, his youth as a laborer in Chicago, about his business careers in Chicago and Elyria, Ohio, and about his struggle to establish and maintain his literary reputation. The other six sections are
considerably shorter; and except for Part III, the only fictional section, they continue the reminiscent, autobiographical musings of Part I.

Part II, "How to Write to a Writer," thirteen pages, is a humorous account of Anderson's reaction to the numerous letters he received from aspiring writers. Part III, "The Writer," ten pages, is the only part of the "Writer's Book" that is a fictional narrative. A later section of the Introduction and the note to 121/1-128/6 explain why the present editor believes that "The Writer" is an early version of Anderson's short story "Pastoral," published originally in Redbook (LxXIV [January, 1940], 38-39, 59), and later published, in a revised version, in Anderson's Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 222-30). Part IV, "The Workman, His Moods," sixteen pages, tells of "rich glad times" (135/10), when Anderson wrote A Story Teller's Story in Reno, Nevada; Tar: A Midwest Childhood in a shed in a cornfield on a farm in Virginia; and unnamed works in "a tall old house in the old quarter of New Orleans" (135/14) and in "a cheap hotel in Kansas City" (136/2). Part V, "Notes on the Novel," twenty-three pages, is similar in two respects to the shorter Part VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas," nine pages. Both Parts V and VI deal with the development of the imagination and encourage the free flow of thoughts and ideas. Part V, however, speaks also about the place of sex in literature and about the relationship between the novel and the short story. Part VII, "Note," twenty-six pages, likewise treats the relationship between the novel and the short story. Nonetheless, even though Anderson had intended in Part VII to speak of this relationship (see 163/1-5 and 166/4-5), he had "been carried away" by the remembrance of "the glorious times in the life of the writer of short tales" (163/4-5). "These glorious moments, these pregnant hours"
(155/13) of intense creativity are Anderson's subject in Part VII, where he describes in detail the circumstances surrounding the writing of three short stories: an unnamed story written in a railroad station in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; "I'm a Fool," written in the office of his Chicago advertising agency; and "The Man's Story," written in Stark Young's apartment in New York.

Since Part III is a story and Parts II, IV, V, VI, and VII are relatively straightforward accounts of various aspects of Anderson's literary career, they do not require a detailed analysis in the Introduction.

Part I, on the other hand, is a more complicated piece of writing. If, as the present editor believes, "A Sermon. Half a Story" is the foreword to Part I and not to the whole of the "Writer's Book", then "A Sermon" (3/1-8) tells us that Part I "attempts to tell a new story," and that the telling will show "the processes by which a story begins in the mind of the story teller's." These processes include "the resistance in him to its flow" and "the struggle he has with himself." Part I will also show "what finally emerges," that is, the story itself. Thus "Prelude to a Story" is itself a story, but a story told in such a way as to include the very processes, with their struggles and resistances.

The "new story" that Anderson tells in "Prelude to a Story" is the story of his attempt to write a salable short story for "some magazine" because "I am needing money" (4/7-8). The scene in which the story is laid is Anderson's farm, Ripshin, in southwest Virginia. The external action of the story takes place on an afternoon when Anderson is writing in the cabin at the side of Ripshin Creek and later during the night, first by the bedside of his sleeping wife, then on a hillside overlooking
his house, and lastly at a grassy spot near his cabin, the "black spot on
the grass by the creek where I had burned the attempt I had made to im-
pose my own will on the people of my imaginative world" (111/14-112/3).
This framework of external action, however, is a means Anderson employs to
tell several stories. The stories that take place in Anderson's imagina-
tion as he tells the skeletal story are as much a part of the story of Part
I as the skeletal story itself. Also integral to "Prelude to a Story" are
Anderson's statements on the craft of story writing.

The "processes by which a story begins in the mind of the story tell-
er's" (3/4-5) constitute the first thirty-nine pages of Part I. In the
course of describing these "processes," Anderson tells three stories.

First, he begins the skeletal story of his attempt to write the salable
magazine story. Secondly, he tells the story that a friend, called both
a scientist (8/10) and a judge (36/8), told him about a secret love affair.
Thirdly, he tells the story of his youthful search for an ideal woman,
called Cecilia, but of finding a prostitute instead. These three stories
are made to come together, or, more accurately, to blend into one another
by means of Anderson's use of personal reminiscences.

For example, as Anderson starts the skeletal story he is reminded by
his literary agent, either Otto Liveright or Jacques Chambrun (see the
note to 4/5), that "large American magazines are business ventures" (5/
10-11). This remonstrance reminds him of the poverty of his boyhood and
youth and of his early "passion for writing" (15/10). His "passion for
writing" had found expression in writing letters to "Cecilia," his person-
ification of the ideal woman. As Anderson recounts his letter-writing to
Cecilia, he is reminded of many scenes from his days as a young laborer
in Chicago. He remembers most vividly a scene on a Sunday morning when an old man led a white horse past three other men and past an old, bald-headed woman standing by the curb. This scene makes him remember his encounter with a prostitute on the previous night. Finally, all of his memories make Anderson think of the Winesburg story "Loneliness," a story which "described a little man in a room and what the imagined figures his fancy had conjured up had come to mean to him" (24/1-2).

Just as reminiscence plays a role in structuring the progress of "Prelude to a Story," so does contrast. For example, Anderson contrasts the story that the judge told him in the moonlit meadow, which contained "certain so-called sordid touches" (9/3), with the story that he is trying to write for the magazine, a story in which "there must be nothing that will remind readers of certain sordid moments, thoughts, passions, acts, in their own lives" (10/2-4). He also contrasts the imaginary Cecilia with the real prostitute. These contrasts heighten the absurdity of Anderson's struggle to write the salable story, as well as the absurdity of his dream to find ideal beauty. Nonetheless: "It is by such absurd dreams, always coming, always changing, that the imaginative young man lives. And, if he becomes in the end an American popular short story or novel writer, it is out of such dreams he later builds his tales" (28/2-6). Finally, when Anderson contrasts the real prostitute with the unreal Cecilia and says that perhaps he can imagine the prostitute "the real Cecilia" (30/13-14), he sums up one of the dominant themes of "Prelude to a Story."

Cecilia is imaginary and the prostitute is real, but to Anderson and to the "imaginative young men" (27/1) for whose benefit he is writing, Cecilia is real; but the prostitute, the radio announcers whose tone of
voice she mimicks, the writers of magazine short stories, and all the artists who prostitute their art, are unreal. After telling the prostitute's story Anderson asks the rhetorical question: "And why do I, here, as a part of the introduction to another tale I have wanted to write, why do I tell it here?" (35/14-36/1). Anderson's answer is the rest of Part I. "When I sat down to write the story, to which this rambling talk may serve as a sort of introduction, I had something in mind, as I have already suggested, other than the story of the country boy who later became a judge" (36/4-8). Anderson had in mind a story of an afternoon of determined effort in his cabin to write a story that would observe all the "don'ts" (40/2-5) imposed by the editors of popular magazines and, by extension, by all the manipulators of popular taste. The story of his struggle culminates in his nighttime adventure when he listens to the sounds of the stream that runs through his mountain farm. After doing so, Anderson goes to his cabin and, in the middle of the night, burns his manuscript. Anderson's struggle ends with his determination "not to impose myself, to let the story I was trying to write write itself, to be again what I had always been, a slave to the people of my imaginary world" (112/7-10).

The "Writer's Book" is a manuscript that Anderson did not revise extensively. Although it contains some revisions that Anderson clearly made during original composition, it does not contain the kind of revision that an author makes on subsequent rereadings of his text. For example, at 3/3 Anderson originally started the first sentence of "A Sermon" as follows: "Written by a ve." He then canceled "by a ve" and continued the sentence: "for young American story tellers by a veteran of the craft."
Therefore, it would seem that during the original composition, as soon as he wrote "by a ve" he decided that a better position for the phrase "by a veteran of the craft" would be later in the sentence. Also, at 7/6 the manuscript reads: "When I got to his town there was a sudden illness." The cancellation of the first "there" seems to indicate that as soon as Anderson wrote the word he decided to use the expression "there was a sudden illness" and replaces the first "there" with the phrase "to his town."

On the other hand, some revisions may have been made either during the original composition or sometime afterwards. For example, at 7/1-2 Anderson originally wrote: "a man friend had come one evening to my house." In the manuscript "to my house" is canceled; "to me" is interlineated after "come"; and a period is added after "evening." The revised sentence reads: "a man friend had come to me one evening." The great number of interlineated words, especially the long phrase written down the right hand margin on page ninety of the manuscript (70/10-12 of the present edition), could indicate that many revisions were made on a subsequent re-reading. It is the present editor's opinion, however, that the majority of the cancellations were made and interlineated words written during the original composition. The reason for this opinion is the fact that Anderson failed to correct many of his inadvertent errors. Of course, Anderson, like all poor spellers, did not notice his misspelled words; but if he had reread his manuscript for revisions he probably would have noticed that he wrote "spendid" for "splendid" (6/13), "I rember" for "I remember" (135/13), and "grassed" for "grasses" (159/5).

The first fifteen pages of Part I have double pagination. Centered
at the top of the first page is the number 4. This number is canceled and to its right is written "(1)." The title "Prelude to a Story (Addressed to Story Tellers)" is squeezed in above both numbers. Therefore, it seems that page 4 of another manuscript was changed into the first page of a new work. The double pagination continues through page 15 of the manuscript, and the two paragraphs in the bottom half of page 15 are canceled. See the critical apparatus and the notes to 4/3 and 13/6 for further details, including the content of the cancellation. It is also probable that the first fifteen pages have been revised more carefully than the remaining pages. For example, the revision in the first sentence on page 4, the first page of "Prelude to a Story" in the present edition, seems to have been made to accommodate the adaptation of the older manuscript to the purposes of the "Writer's Book." The original working of the opening sentence was: "On a certain day, in the early summer, a year or two ago, I got a letter from my literary agent." In order to move the time of the narrative further into the past, the manuscript was revised to read: "On a certain day, in the early summer, some years ago. • •" (4/4). Also, the last sentence on page 4 shows another revision that was probably made to adapt the original manuscript for use in "Prelude to a Story." Originally the sentence read: "'But,' he said, 'you are always getting something into all your stories.'" In the manuscript as we have it now, the period and quotation mark at the end of the sentence are canceled and the words "that spoils the sale" are interlinedated. It now reads: "'But,' he said, 'you are always getting something into all of your stories that spoils the sale.'" The present editor believes also that in the opening fifteen pages Anderson caught a few, although not all, of his inadvertent
mistakes. For example, the manuscript at 5/4 originally read: "He smiles when he said it and I also smiles." Anderson corrected the first "smiles" to "smiled," but he failed to correct the second "smiles." Hence the manuscript reads: "He smiled when he said it and I also smiles."

Another reason why the present editor concludes that Anderson did not read his manuscript for revision is the fact that it contains several inconsistencies. The first notable inconsistency might have occurred because the opening pages were taken from an earlier work. As has been mentioned, at 8/10-11 Anderson calls the friend who told him his story an experimental scientist, but at 36/8 this scientist turns into a judge. Other inconsistencies are: the grey horse of 25/4 becomes white at 25/10; Anderson, who "went barefooted out of my house" (96/12) becomes shod: "I had come out of my house wearing bedroom slippers" (109/3-4); and the shed in the cornfield in which he wrote Tar, a shed with "no doors and windows" (134/4), acquires both: "The stacks pushed through the open windows, through the low doorway" (134/11-12).

The manuscript of Part I has many words added to it in pencil. Close examination of the penciled words reveals that they are of two kinds. First, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson had gone over the first eighty pages of Part I and had written above Anderson's words whenever they were illegible or misspelled. As the note she left between pages 80 and 81 explains, she had read through and clarified the manuscript as far as page 81 by December 15, 1950. The second kind of penciled remark on the manuscript of Part I are words written in by Paul Rosenfeld. Rosenfeld, New York music and literary critic, was a friend of Sherwood Anderson's from the early 1920's until Anderson's death in 1941. It was to Rosenfeld that Mrs.
Eleanor Anderson turned for help in the monumental task of organizing her husband's papers after his sudden death. Rosenfeld selected portions of Parts I, IV, and VII of the "Writer's Book" for inclusion in his edition of Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs in 1942; and, when he brought out The Sherwood Anderson Reader in 1947, he reprinted the portion of Part I that he had included in the Memoirs. Therefore, it is not surprising to find four times in the manuscript of the "Writer's Book," in the margin near passages included in Rosenfeld's edition of both the Memoirs and the Reader, the penciled word "Memoirs," which is then erased, and the word "Reader" written over the erasure. A page number which corresponds to the Reader pagination is also written in. See the notes to 102/2, 108/14, 109/11, and 112/15, which describe Rosenfeld's penciled comments.

Because of the disorganized state of the manuscripts of the three "works in progress" that Anderson left at the time of his death, it is now impossible to determine with certainty which manuscripts he intended to include in the "Writer's Book" and which manuscripts he intended to include in his Memoirs. Nevertheless, a five-page list of "Omissions" in a folder at the beginning of Box 2 of the manuscript of the "Memoirs" in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library helps determine which manuscripts Anderson intended to eliminate from his Memoirs. In a section called "Previous Cuttings" this list gives, sometimes in a slightly different form, the headings of the handwritten foreword and four of the sections of the "Writer's Book." The headings as listed on the pages of "Omissions" are as follows: "Sermon--try to get a good copy," "Notes on the Novel," "How to Write a Writer
(end,)

"On Saving Ideas," and "The Workman, His Moods." This list also includes "Sound of the Stream (few pages)." It would seem, therefore, that the bulk of the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" was taken from manuscript material of the "Memoirs" and set aside to form Anderson's essay on creative writing.

Although it seems clear that Anderson cut several sections from his manuscript of the "Memoirs," Paul Rosenfeld included three of the sections when he brought out Anderson's posthumous Memoirs in 1942. Rosenfeld also changed the titles of the sections. For the title of Part I he turned to one of the headings under "Previous Cuttings"; he called it "The Sound of the Stream." Perhaps "Sound of the Stream" was the title of the original manuscript which Anderson adapted to form the opening fifteen pages of "Prelude to a Story." Diligent search through the Sherwood Anderson Papers as they now stand, however, has uncovered no manuscript called "Sound of the Stream." Nonetheless, comparing Rosenfeld's "The Sound of the Stream" with Part I of the "Writer's Book" leaves no doubt that Rosenfeld's "The Sound of the Stream" is "Prelude to a Story."

Rosenfeld took great liberties as editor when he prepared "The Sound of the Stream" for publication. As the very change in title suggests, the whole tone and character of the work were altered by Rosenfeld's editing. Principally by his deletions, but also by his transpositions, Rosenfeld changed a work concerned with Anderson's struggle to maintain his artistic integrity to a work which describes Anderson's writing of stories amid the beauties of his mountain farm in Virginia. For example, Rosenfeld did not begin "The Sound of the Stream" with the passage about Anderson's correspondence with his literary agent (4/4-7/1). Rather, he brought forward
from 105/9-108/7 the passage about the stream that runs through Ripshin Farm. Thus the bucolic passage about the stream and about the way it talked to Anderson was taken out of its original context and made to provide the opening scene of "The Sound of the Stream." The notes in the Commentary go into greater detail about all the passages that Rosenfeld transposed.

Since Anderson's punctuation and spelling are unconventional, to say the least, Rosenfeld, like all editors of Anderson's works, corrected misspelled words and, in some instances, changed the punctuation for the sake of clarity. As the present editor knows, Anderson's punctuation can present vexing problems, and it seems profitless and pedantic to pursue Rosenfeld's changes in punctuation. The only things that are considered in this Introduction and in the Commentary are Rosenfeld's changes or omissions of words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs, and whole pages of the manuscript.

At 47/10-11 Anderson speaks about a well-wisher who told him that, if he tried to write for a popular audience, "You can clean up." Rosenfeld changed this expression to: "You can change" (Memoirs, p. 435). This change in wording is indicative of all the changes that Rosenfeld made. He seemed intent on "cleaning up" Anderson's text by making three types of changes: by omitting "sordid details," by omitting passages about Anderson's business and/or literary careers, and by "improving" Anderson's style.

Very frequently the notes call attention to the irony of Rosenfeld's omission of what he evidently considered "sordid details" from a work in which Anderson emphasizes the necessity of not omitting such details.
The theme of "Prelude to a Story" is that the artist must maintain his artistic integrity in the face of the crass pressures exerted by the commercial aspects of popular literature. Furthermore, "Prelude to a Story" is concerned also with the difficulties encountered by Anderson when trying to establish and maintain his literary career at the same time that he was compelled to support himself in the manufacturing or advertising business. Because the details about Anderson's business careers do not fit the pastoral tone of "The Sound of the Stream," Rosenfeld omitted most of them.

The following passages seem to be omitted by Rosenfeld because they are too "sordid": 14/4-36/9, which deals with the judge's passion for the woman, the author's encounter with the prostitute, and the author's dream of Cecilia; 38/2-39/6, which deals with the significance of the author's encounter with the prostitute; and 106/10-107/8, which deals with the author's affair with the crippled girl. The following passages seem to be omitted because they are concerned with Anderson's business and/or literary careers: 43/12-46/11, which deals with the beginning of Anderson's writing career while he was still in business, with the early reception given to Winesburg, Ohio, and with the way Horace Liveright "plunged" on him; 48/3-13, which deals with his advertising work and his "debauch of scrubbing"; 49/2-15, which describes writing "Death in the Woods"; 56/1-60/1, which describes a young man selling electric washing machines and contains some bitter remarks about business; 99/1-101/13, which deals with a correspondence about Winesburg between Anderson and the Reverend Arthur H. Smith; and 102/2-103/9, which deals with Somerset Maugham and Of Human Bondage. The passage from 84/9 to 90/16 seems to be omitted because it
is both "sordid" and concerned with Anderson's business career. It deals with his assignment to write advertisements for a cathartic. Also omitted is the autobiographical passage from 65/11 to 77/1, which deals with Anderson's mother, his father, his boyhood in small Ohio towns, and his youth in Chicago.

Several changes introduced by Rosenfeld seem to have been made with the purpose of "improving" Anderson's style. For example, in order to give Anderson's text the proper adverbial construction, where Anderson wrote "again near broke" (83/9), Rosenfeld printed "again nearly broke" (Memoirs, p. 441). In order to give the text a parallel construction, where Anderson wrote: "and began to meet her secretly. At least he thought, or hoped, he was meeting her in secret" (37/1-2), Rosenfeld changed "in secret" in the second sentence to "secretly" (Memoirs, p. 432). Rosenfeld also changed Anderson's unusual expression "to throw them all out at the window" (42/15-16) to "to throw them all out of the window" (Memoirs, p. 434). In the sentence: "Once I had gone to Hollywood, being in California, to see a friend" (81/8-9), Rosenfeld felt called upon to correct Anderson's awkward placement of phrases. He changed the sentence to read: "Once, being in California, I had gone to Hollywood to see a friend" (Memoirs, p. 441).

In addition to an expurgated version of Part I, Rosenfeld also included in his edition of Anderson's Memoirs portions of Part IV and practically all of Part VII. As the note to 130/1 explains, the last section of Rosenfeld's edition (pp. 503-507), is entitled "The Fortunate One" and is made up of portions of Part IV, "The Workman, His Moods" and portions of the final section of the manuscript of the "Memoirs." The parts of
"The Workman, His Moods", however, that Rosenfeld used in "The Fortunate One" are not used in the order in which they are in the manuscript. The opening pages of "The Fortunate One" were taken from 133/17-135/10 of "The Workman, His Moods," and the middle pages were taken from 130/1-132/7.

Besides transposing these two passages, Rosenfeld also made numerous changes within passages. For example, he changed corn "stacks" (134/11) to "stalks"; "I thought" (134/15-16) to "I was hoping"; and "I thought I would like" (134/18) to "I was craving" (Memoirs, p. 503). Furthermore, Rosenfeld omitted the sentence: "'When I am dead I wish someone would carve that sentence on a stone and put it over my grave,' I thought" (135/1-3); and before he continued with the text he slipped in a paragraph from the manuscript of the "Memoirs." He also slipped in a sentence of material from the "Memoirs" between the sentence which ends with the words "never stopping" and the sentence, "And then have come these rich glad times" (135/9-10). Following "these rich glad times," Rosenfeld put in six paragraphs of material from the "Memoirs" before reverting to the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" at 130/1-132/7, and again made several changes within the passage (Memoirs, pp. 503-505).

The last part of the "Writer's Book" that Rosenfeld included in his edition of Memoirs is Part VII, entitled by Anderson simply "Note" and by Rosenfeld "Writing Stories." Even though the title is changed, Rosenfeld's version of Part VII is closer to the manuscript than either of the other two parts he edited. In Part VII he cut considerably less material and did not change the position of any of the passages. His deletions consisted in omitting a participial phrase (158/7); three times omitting a clause (158/5-6, 159/12, and 165/8-11); three times omitting a sentence
(154/8-9, 166/4-5, and 166/17-167/1); and once omitting a paragraph and four lines of prose poetry (160/2-11). He also changed individual words. For example, "passionate interest" (155/9-10) is changed to "passion"; "slattern" (159/1) is changed to "flirt"; "weeds" (159/5) is changed to "seeds"; and "poetical" (162/1) is changed to "particular" (Memoirs, pp. 341-45).

Therefore, since the "Writer's Book" has never been edited or published in its entirety, since portions of it have been too freely edited by Paul Rosenfeld in the 1942 edition of Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs, and since Ray Lewis White in his critical edition of the Memoirs in 1969 excluded it because he did not consider it a part of the original manuscript of the "Memoirs" (see pp. xxxiv-xxxv), the present edition of the "Writer's Book" is presented to all readers of Sherwood Anderson's works.

II. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION CONTAINED IN THE "WRITER'S BOOK"

The "Writer's Book" is an autobiographical and literary essay on the craft of story telling and, as has been explained, is organized according to two principles typical of Anderson's writing. First, Anderson is above all a story teller, and everything written by him takes on the aspect of a tale. Secondly, Anderson tells the autobiographical-literary story that is the "Writer's Book" by means of a series of reminiscences. As he recounts a story related to his literary career, he digresses into many personal musings on happenings in his life. In the course of these reminiscences the reader gathers a great deal of information about Anderson, about his works, and about his literary theories.
Even though a brief biography of Anderson can be reconstructed from the "Writer's Book," the reader must not expect Anderson to tell the literal "truth" about his life. We, the readers, and not Anderson, must separate "fact from fancy." Anderson tells us in the "Foreword" to his second autobiography, Tar: A Midwest Childhood:

I have a confession to make. I am a story teller starting to tell a story and cannot be expected to tell the truth. Truth is impossible to me. It is like goodness, something aimed at but never hit. (ed. Ray Lewis White [Cleveland: The Press of Case Western Reserve University, 1969], p. 5.)

All tale telling is, in a strict sense, nothing but lying. That is what people cannot understand. To tell the truth is too difficult. I long since gave up the effort. (Ibid., p. 8.)

The greatest aid in our task of separating fact from fancy in Anderson's early years is the excellent study by William A. Sutton, "Sherwood Anderson: The Formative Years (1876-1913)" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, The Ohio State University, 1943). Our greatest aid in separating fact from fancy in Anderson's later years is his letters in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. Many, but far from all, of these letters have been published in Letters of Sherwood Anderson, Selected andEdited with an Introduction and Notes by Howard Mumford Jones in Association with Walter Rideout (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1953; New York: Kraus Reprint Company, 1969).

Anderson's biography as constructed from the "Writer's Book" begins with a description of the families of his father and mother. When speaking of his fear of poverty and old age, Anderson tells us that his father, "in his occasional sad moods" (91/14-15), used to sing the popular late-nineteenth-century song "Over the Hill to the Poor-House" (92/2-3). Anderson then speaks of his father's family: "The fear in him too,
perhaps, came into him from his father and his father's father and on, back and back, all perhaps men who had lived as I had always lived—pre-
cariously" (92/4-6). From Sutton's dissertation (pp. 9-14), we know that Anderson's father's family did not live "precariously." Anderson's great-grandfather was Robert Anderson, who, when he died on February 9, 1841, left to his heirs 226 acres of land in Adams County, Ohio, which were sold for $1,638. Sherwood's grandfather was James Anderson, who died on May 11, 1886, and who also left a substantial estate.

Sherwood's father, Irwin McLain Anderson, was born in West Union, Ohio, on August 7, 1845, the son of James Anderson and Isabella Bryon Higgins Anderson. Isabella Bryon Higgins was a widow with two children when she married James Anderson. James too had been married before and by his first wife had had six children. He and Isabella had three more children, of whom Irwin was the oldest. The large family of father, mother, and eleven children lived on a farm outside West Union, apparently in a happy and comfortable home (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 11 and 25-26).

Sherwood mentions also his mother's family in the "Writer's Book." In the context of describing his mother as a "bound girl" (69/10), Sherwood alludes to his grandmother; but later he virtually admits that his picture of his grandmother is a highly imaginative one: "If you do not like my picture, make your own. My own mother and my grandmother is my own mother and grandmother" (75/5-6). In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood also says: "my grandmother was married four times. Let us say that my mother's father is dead and that her mother has her eye on a new husband. The girl will be a handicap to her and so she has bound her out" (76/
In his autobiographical writings Sherwood was fond of telling certain "myths" about his grandmother: that she was of Italian ancestry, that she had been married four times, and that she had "bound out" her daughter Emma when she wanted to enter into a new marriage. Sutton's dissertation gives us facts that disprove these myths.

Margaret Austry, Sherwood's grandmother, was born in Germany, probably near Berlin, on September 10, 1830, and came to the United States when she was three or four years old. Margaret Austry, also spelled "Oustry" and "Ostracy," married William H. Smith in Butler County, Ohio, on December 22, 1851. Smith deserted Margaret in March of 1854, when their first daughter, Emma, was seventeen months old and two months before their second daughter, Mary Ann, was born. Margaret was granted a divorce on December 4, 1857. Sutton in his dissertation says that Margaret probably supported herself and her two daughters by going into a family with her children and doing the housework for room, board, and perhaps a little money. Within a few years, however, Margaret married for a second time. She married Lewis Maer, also spelled "Myers," on March 29, 1858. Maer and she had another daughter, named Margaret, but the mother was left a widow with three young children when Maer died of cholera in Oxford, Ohio, in September of 1861. Margaret Maer lived until June 30, 1915, and never married again (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 16-18 and 22-23).

Emma Smith, Sherwood's mother, was born October 1, 1852. She probably was taken into families with her mother and her sisters after the father had deserted them and again after her mother was left a widow by Maer's death. Since she was nine at Maer's death, she may have left her mother and sisters at that time and gone into a family on her own.
Sutton quotes Miss Nellie Finch of Oxford, Ohio, who says that Emma went into the home of James I. Faris on a farm near Morning Sun, Ohio, "as soon as she was able to work" ("Formative Years," p. 23). The arrangement with the Faris family seems to have been rather loose and probably very friendly and charitable. Certainly Emma Smith never lived under the harsh system of indentured servitude. Emma left the Faris family only after her marriage to Irwin Anderson on March 11, 1873. At the time of their wedding Emma was twenty-one and Irwin was twenty-eight.

In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood speaks about a photograph of his mother. "Her photograph, enlarged from an old daguerreotype and presented to me by my brother Karl, hangs above my desk" (65/13-15). The present editor saw this picture in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's files during her visit to Marion, Virginia, on July 16, 1970. It is indeed a picture of a "very beautiful" (70/4) young woman. At 66/1 Sherwood says that the daguerreotype "must have been taken when she was twenty-two"; but at 70/2-3 he says, "she might have been eighteen rather than twenty-two when it was taken." Since Sherwood conjectures that the daguerreotype was taken in a studio "upstairs perhaps above my father's harness shop" (66/4-5), Emma was more likely twenty-two or twenty-three rather than eighteen. At eighteen she was not yet married; but in 1874, when she was twenty-two, Emma and Irwin moved to Camden, Ohio. Camden is in Preble County, and in the Directory of Preble Co., Ohio, for 1875 we find I. M. Anderson listed as a dealer in "Harnesses &c" (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 34-35).

Sherwood, Irwin's and Emma's third child and second son, was born in Camden, Ohio, on September 13, 1876. In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood speaks of Emma as "the mother of five strong sons and two daughters" (65/
The children that came to Emma and Irwin were Karl, born January 13, 1874; Stella, born April 13, 1875; Sherwood, born September 13, 1876; Irwin, born June 18, 1878; Ray, born May 21, 1883; Earl, born June 18, 1885; and Fern, born December 11, 1890 (Tay, ed. White, p. 31n). Fern died in infancy, but the others lived to maturity. Karl, the eldest, was the last survivor of the family. He died in 1956.

The trade in which Irwin was engaged before his marriage was harness making. Immediately after their marriage Irwin and Emma settled in Morning Sun, Ohio, but in the following year they moved to Camden. Ohio directories indicate that he was in the harness business in Camden from 1875 until at least 1879. Sometime around 1883 the Anderson family moved to Caledonia, Ohio. Sutton thinks that Irwin at that time was still self-employed in his own harness trade. About the same year, however, Irwin left the harness business. For a time he worked in Mansfield, Ohio, thirty miles from Caledonia, in the Aultman-Taylor factory, then the largest manufacturer of farm-machinery in the country. According to Sutton, he worked there in the fall of 1883 and Emma and the children did not follow him to Mansfield but kept their residence in Caledonia. By the fall of 1884, however, the whole family had moved to Clyde, Ohio. School records show that Karl, Stella, and Sherwood attended the Clyde public school in the fall of 1884. When Irwin moved to Clyde he went back into the harness business, but he no longer owned his own shop. In Clyde he worked for Erwin Brothers, harness manufacturers and dealers. Soon, however, Irwin "became a house painter" (66/5-6). It is certain that by 1887 Irwin had abandoned the harness trade and was, as the Directory of Clyde and Vicinity describes him, a "House and sign painter."
Ohio directory for 1890-91 describes him simply as a "painter" (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 34-41, 65).

In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood sums up his father's life by saying that his mother saw "the failure in life of the man she married" (71/12). In all of his autobiographical writings Sherwood pictures his father as a ne'er-do-well, lovable but completely irresponsible. See, for example, A Story Teller's Story (ed. Ray Lewis White [Cleveland: The Press of Case Western Reserve University, 1968], p. 5); Tar (ed. White, p. 173); and Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 44, 81, and 274). Nevertheless, the diary that Irwin kept in 1871-72, that is, during his twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh years, shows him to be an industrious and conscientious worker (the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the Newberry Library; see also William A. Sutton's analysis of both Irwin's and Emma's diaries in Appendix I of Tar, ed. White, pp. 219-30). Furthermore, during the years of his marriage Irwin seems to have been a hard worker, although the incipient industrialization of the late nineteenth century forced him to abandon the harness business and undertake house and sign painting. Irwin's loss of his preferred trade may have been one reason for his excessive drinking (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 81). The residents of both Caledonia and Clyde whom Sutton interviewed remember that Irwin was generally well liked, played in the band, and was a grand story teller. They also remembered that he drank too much or, as one resident of Caledonia put it, went "on a toot once in a while" (as quoted in Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 38).

Immediately after Sherwood's summation of his father's life as a "failure," he comments that his mother became "a few years after marriage, a washwoman" (71/13). In A Story Teller's Story (ed. White,
p. 63), in Tar (ed. White, p. 175), and in his Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 28, 38, 67-68, and 156), Sherwood speaks of his mother as washing the neighbors' clothes. Sutton's dissertation does not verify Emma's specific job of washwoman, but it does show that she worked hard to maintain her family in decent circumstances. In Camden, Caledonia, and Clyde she seems to have been more highly respected than her husband. Nonetheless, Sherwood's emphasis in all of his autobiographical writings upon the extreme poverty of his family is an exaggeration. Although the family certainly lived in modest circumstances, it probably is not true that he lived "through boyhood and into my young manhood, in a very poor family" (14/8-9). Sutton's comment on the matter is: "The soundest view of the position of the Anderson family in Clyde seems to be that conditions, though at times difficult, were seldom if ever desperate... It was assuredly a hard life, but it was not so hard that Sherwood's imagination could not harden it still more" ("Formative Years," p. 70).

In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood speaks several times about his work as a common laborer. At 14/14 he says that he worked as "a factory hand." Probably the first time that he worked in a factory was during his high school days in Clyde. Largely because the family needed to have the boys, as well as the mother, supplement the father's meager salary, Sherwood dropped out of high school, for the first time in March, 1892, and once for all in February, 1893. Perhaps at both of these periods, and most certainly after February, 1893, he worked in the bicycle factory that was Clyde's one attempt to enter into the industrialization of northern Ohio in the last decades of the nineteenth century (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 81). In A Story Teller's Story (ed. White,
p. 148), Sherwood speaks about working in "a bicycle factory where I was employed as an assembler."

In the "Writer's Book," as well as in A Story Teller's Story (ed. White, pp. 21 and 63), Tar (ed. White, p. 175), and Memoirs (ed. White, p. 156), Sherwood attributes his mother's early death to her laborious life. In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood says that when the fear of old age and poverty came upon him, he "began thinking of my mother, who died of overwork at thirty-five" (65/11-12). He also remembers her as "a washwoman until her death from overwork and exposure while still so young" (71/13-14). Actually Emma Anderson died of "consumption" on May 10, 1895, when she was forty-two and Sherwood was eighteen (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 62). By advancing several years the age at which his mother died and by lowering the age at which he was left motherless--"she died when I was young" (74/11)--Sherwood again exaggerates the hardships of his boyhood. It is interesting to note that in Sherwood's masterpiece, Winesburg, Ohio, Elizabeth Willard dies when she is forty-two and George is eighteen. A year after his mother's death George Willard leaves Winesburg, "going out of his town to meet the adventure of life" (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1919, p. 302).

As it is in the fictional portrayal in Winesburg, so it was with the Anderson's family in life. After the death of the mother the family drifted apart. Irwin left Clyde, settled in Indiana, and married Minnie Stevens in 1901. He had a sixth son, Harold, and died in an old soldiers' home in Dayton, Ohio, on May 23, 1919 (A Story Teller's Story, ed. White p. 63n). Most probably it is Sherwood's recollection of his father's death that causes him to speak about "my fear of perhaps ending my days
in the soldiers' home" (67/6-7). By 1896 Sherwood himself had left Clyde and was living with his elder brother Karl in the home of the Paden family in Chicago. Clifton Paden, born in Sandusky, Ohio, in 1874, grew up with Sherwood and Karl in Clyde, where his father had been mayor before his death in 1890. By the middle of the 1890's the Paden children, Jeanette, Carrie, Alexander, and Clifton, were living at 708 Washington Boulevard in Chicago and were taking in boarders (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 90-92). Clifton Paden became the Hollywood actor and producer named John Emerson, and in the "Writer's Book" Sherwood reminisces about the time when he and John Emerson "had both left our home town and were rooming in the same house in Chicago" (67/13-14).

Twice in the "Writer's Book" (21/1 and 25/2), Sherwood speaks about working in a cold-storage warehouse. He does the same in Memoirs (ed. White, p. 150). Jeanette Paden remembers that Sherwood rolled barrels in a cold-storage warehouse when he lived in the Paden home (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 92); and Karl Anderson writes in "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson" (The Saturday Review of Literature, XXXI [September 4, 1948], 6): "Sherwood spent the next two years wheeling meat in and out of frigid vaults."

After his first two years in Chicago, Sherwood was rescued from the cold-storage warehouse by the Spanish-American War. On March 28, 1895, Sherwood had enlisted in Company I, Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, Ohio National Guards, known in Clyde as the McPherson Guards. When the United States declared war on Spain on April 21, 1898, Anderson had been working in the cold-storage warehouse for little over a year. On April 25, 1898, Company I of the Ohio National Guards was called into active
service. Karl, in "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson" (p. 7), says that Sherwood wrote to him as he was going off to war: "I prefer yellow fever in Cuba to cold storage in Chicago." Sherwood never glamorized his reasons for going to the war. In A Story Teller's Story (ed. White, p. 169), he says that he enlisted "because I was broke and could see no other way to avoid going back into a factory"; and in his Memoirs (ed. White, p. 169), he says: "By going off to war I was dodging a certain responsibility. At home they needed the little money I had been able to send home from my job. My sister had pointed all of this out to me."

Sherwood and his company arrived in Cuba on January 3, 1899, six months after the armistice was declared. On April 21, 1899, Anderson left Cuba. He arrived in Savannah, Georgia, on May 2, 1899, where Company I was discharged from federal service by May 24. Sherwood was back home in Clyde on May 26 (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 84-85 and 93-117; Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 166n, 191n, and 198n).

During the summer after his return from the Spanish-American War, Sherwood worked on a threshing rig on the farm of Wallace Ballard, a good friend of Karl's (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 119). In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood tells us that he "had been a farm laborer" (14/13-14), but the summer on the Ballard farm probably was the only time when he worked on a farm for any considerable length of time. In the fall of the same year, 1899, he entered Wittenberg Academy in Springfield, Ohio, to complete his high school education. He received his high school diploma in June of 1900, when he was twenty-three years old. Trilena White (2/4), his English teacher at Wittenberg, exerted a strong influence on Anderson during his year at school and remained a friend throughout his life. In

The number of times that Anderson in the "Writer's Book" speaks about his work in the advertising business is well-nigh legion. For example, he tells us that even after he had published his first books, "Winesburg and others," he "had to go on for years, working in an advertising place" (5/8-9). We also hear him complain that even though he "had got a good deal of recognition as a literary artist," he "had been compelled to go on writing advertisements" (85/1-5). He also comments that "this advertising business is so filled with fakery that it is easy to cheat" (87/2-3); and he proceeds to recount how he sometimes wrote the advertisements required of him on the train going to his assignment and thus was able to waste three or four days in the new town.

Anderson's advertising career started in 1900 when, after graduating from Wittenberg Academy, he went to work for the Frank B. White Advertising Agency in Chicago. In 1903 the White agency merged with the Long-Critchfield agency. Anderson worked for Long-Critchfield until 1906, when he temporarily left advertising to go into business for himself in mail-order houses in Cleveland and Elyria, Ohio. He returned to Long-Critchfield in 1913, and he stayed with the Taylor-Critchfield-Clague Company, as it was subsequently called, until he closed out his last accounts in 1922. Since Anderson was with the Frank B. White agency and its successor, the Long-Critchfield Company, between 1900 and 1906, and with Long-Critchfield and its successor, the Taylor-Critchfield-Clague Company, from 1913 until 1922, it is true that he was "for ten, fifteen years an
advertising writer, in a big Chicago advertising agency" (44/1-2).

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks about "my wife, my sons and daughters" (75/10). Actually Anderson was married four times, and he had two sons and one daughter. His first wife was Cornelia Lane, whom he married in 1904 when he was in the advertising business in Chicago. Cornelia and Sherwood had three children: Robert Lane Anderson, born August 16, 1907; John Sherwood Anderson, born December 31, 1908; and Marion Anderson, born October 29, 1911. The eldest son, Robert, succeeded his father as editor of the Smyth County News and Marion Democrat and died in Marion, Virginia, in 1951. John Anderson lives in Chicago and is on the art faculty of Kennedy-King College in Chicago. Marion is now Mrs. Russell Spear and lives in Madison, North Carolina, where she and her husband edit the Madison Messenger. Cornelia and Sherwood were divorced in 1915, two years after Sherwood returned to Chicago and the advertising business. After her divorce Mrs. Cornelia Anderson lived in Michigan City, Indiana, where she taught school. She died in 1967 (interviews with Mrs. Eleanor Anderson on July 17, 1970, and with John Anderson on July 23, 1970).

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks about his "passion for writing" (15/10) during the "years of my early young manhood working as a laborer" (14/13). Placing his first attempts at writing so early in his life may be another of Anderson's exaggerations, but his "passion for writing" certainly manifested itself during his first advertising career from 1900 to 1906. The earliest writings that Anderson published were columns in the Long-Critchfield's house organ, Agricultural Advertising. The two columns were "Rot and Reason," which ran for ten months in 1903,
and "Business Types," which ran for ten months in 1904. In October, 1903, Anderson also published an article entitled "A Business Man's Reading" in the Bobbs-Merrill periodical *The Reader*. In December of the same year he published a second article in *The Reader*, this one entitled "The Man and the Book." In these articles Anderson cites several authors whom the American businessman should read: Socrates, Shakespeare, Stevenson, Browning, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Samuel Johnson.

Two letters of Anderson corroborate the fact that he began his serious writing near the start of his advertising career in Chicago. In a letter written to his son John in April, 1927, Anderson says: "The fools who write articles about me think that one morning I suddenly decided to write and began to produce masterpieces. There is no special trick about writing or painting either. I wrote constantly for 15 years before I produced anything with any solidity to it" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 166). Since Anderson's first story, "The Rabbit Pen," was published in 1914 and his first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*, was published in 1916, Anderson may have started his serious writing about 1900. Anderson also wrote to his psychologist friend Trigant Burrow (see 140/3) in 1919, shortly after the publication of *Winesburg, Ohio*:

> Naturally I am very anxious to continue my work as a writer, but the truth is that I am rapidly approaching the time when I shall have to give it up. It begins to look as though, having made myself this tool of expression by infinite labor, I shall have to put it aside.
> The situation with me is one you will readily understand. For twenty years I have carried a double load, making my living as a writer of advertisements and trying always to steal as much time as possible for this other work. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 48.)

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks about "the fifteen or twenty years during which I was in business as advertising writer, as manufac-
turer" (61/11-13). Since we have already spoken about Anderson's fifteen years in advertising, from 1900 to 1906 and from 1913 to 1922, we need now turn our attention to his manufacturing career in Cleveland and Elyria, Ohio. At 92/9-10 Anderson says: "for a time I left advertising and became a manufacturer"; and at 43/13 he writes: "once I even owned a factory." Sutton informs us that on Labor Day, 1906, Anderson went to Cleveland to become titular president of the United Factories Company. The United Factories Company wanted to secure control of the mail-order business of several companies; and, because of his success with Long-Critchfield in soliciting mail orders, Anderson was asked to join the firm. The scheme of the United Factories Company failed, however, for two reasons: lack of unity among the factories and deceptive practices among the manufacturers. Anderson left the company at the end of the year for which he was hired ("Formative Years," pp. 177-84).

In 1907 Anderson established in Elyria, Ohio, his own mail-order business selling roof paint. He founded the Anderson Manufacturing Company, which sold a paint called "Roof-Fix," a name coined by Anderson. In 1908 the Purcell Company of Lorain, Ohio, was absorbed by the Anderson Manufacturing Company. In November, 1911, a new company was formed, the American Merchants Company, which was to serve as merchandising outlet for the Anderson Manufacturing Company. On the surface everything seemed to be going well, but in truth Anderson was neglecting his business and spending hours at night in writing. By the time Anderson left Elyria in 1913 the Anderson Manufacturing Company was heavily in debt and all of its assets had to be liquidated. The American Merchants Company, however, was salvaged and reorganized by Waldo Purcell, former owner of the absorbed
Purcell Paint Company (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 191-205).

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson tells us, "I had found the courage to walk away from my factory" (93/8). "Courage" is the important word here. In A Story Teller's Story (ed. White, pp. 215-36), and Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 20 and 238-53), Anderson also speaks of the way in which he turned his back on business and redirected his career towards the arts. The degree to which Anderson's repudiation of business in 1912 was a conscious choice of the life of the artist over the life of the businessman is a moot question; but the fact that, at the age of thirty-six, Anderson changed the course of his life cannot be gainsaid. William A. Sutton's Exit to Elsinore (Ball State Monograph Number Seven [Muncie, Ind.: Ball State University, 1967]), is the best factual account of what happened to Anderson when on November 28, 1912, he suffered a mental collapse, walked out of his office in Elyria, wandered about in a state of amnesia for four days, and finally was hospitalized in Cleveland on December 1. After a period of recuperation in the hospital, Anderson returned to Elyria, took care of some of the details connected with closing out his business, and left Elyria for good in February, 1913.

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson remarks: "Let us say that a man begins writing at the age of thirty. It is young enough" (137/12-13). If Anderson began his serious creative writing only after he came to Elyria, he began it no earlier than the age of thirty-one. Once when he was changing trains in Elyria six years after he had left the town, he wrote to Marietta Finley, later Mrs. Vernon Hahn, a reader for the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company. In the letter, dated December 8, 1916, Anderson says: "In my second year here I began to write. I wrote Windy and
Marching Men here and the writing saved me from insanity. Night after
night I crept away to my room to write" (Letters, Newberry Papers, Re-
served Box: Letters of Anderson to Mrs. Vernon Hahn; printed in Sutton's
Exit to Elsinore, pp. 41-43).

It is now impossible to determine exactly which works Anderson wrote
in Elyria. It would seem that some of them were set in a town he called
Winesburg, Ohio. In the "Writer's Book" Anderson tells us: "I had at-
tempted two or three novels set in a mythical Winesburg, Ohio" (99/13-
14). We know from the holograph of Winesburg, Ohio with the Sherwood
Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library that eighteen of the Winesburg
stories were written on the back of sheets from a discarded novel also set
in the town of Winesburg. The novel is called alternately "The Golden
Circle," "Talbot the Actor," and "Talbot Whittingham." (See the excellent
discussion of the Winesburg, Ohio manuscript in William L. Phillips,'"Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio: Its Origins, Composition, Technique,
and Reception" [unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Chicago,
1949].) In addition to this discarded novel, there is a fragment of an-
other novel called "Talbot Whittingham" set in the town of Mirage, Ohio.
This fragment has been edited by Gerald Nemanic in "Talbot Whittingham:
An Annotated Edition of the Text Together with a Descriptive and Critical

When Anderson returned to Chicago in 1913 he brought with him several
novels in manuscript form. They included novels that subsequently were
published--Windy McPherson's Son in 1916 and Marching Men in 1917--and
novels that never saw publication--"Mary Cochran" and two different works
called "Talbot Whittingham."
We have already seen that Anderson went back to the advertising business when he returned to Chicago. Business and money-making, however, were no longer his dominant concerns. In Chicago he became closely associated with some of the writers, critics, and newspapermen of the "Chicago Renaissance": Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Ben Hecht, Floyd Dell, Margery Currey, and Margaret Anderson. This group of artists and literary friends whetted Anderson's "passion for writing"; and it was when he was living with the "Little Children of the Arts" (see Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 346-50) in a boarding house at 735 Cass Street, now Wabash Avenue, that he wrote most of the stories that became Winesburg, Ohio. It was also through this group of friends that Sherwood met Tennessee Mitchell, sculptress, musician, and piano teacher, whom he married in 1916.

In addition to many aspects of his writing career, Sherwood alludes also to his painting in the "Writer's Book": "A good many years ago, I painted" (73/13). By the time Sherwood returned to Chicago from Elyria, his brother Karl was a successful commercial painter. In 1913 Karl introduced Sherwood to the Margery Currey-Floyd Dell art colony at Fifty-Seventh Street. Although painting remained no more than an avocation throughout his life, in 1920 Sherwood gave a one-man show at the Radical Book Shop in Chicago; and in the following year he had a show at The Sunwise Turn book store in New York (James Schevill, Sherwood Anderson [Denver: University of Denver Press, 1951], pp. 83-84 and 133-34). Furthermore, judging from his letters written in Reno in 1923 and 1924, Sherwood did a good deal of painting during the year he spent in Reno waiting for his divorce from Tennessee. The present editor saw several of Sherwood's paintings during her visit to Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's home in Marion,
Virginia: two water colors, one a landscape and one an abstract design; two chalk sketches, a front view and a profile of a black man's face; and one pencil drawing of the hills and the road leading to Ripshin Farm.

Although Anderson's books did not easily gain a large reading public in the United States, they were "translated into many languages" (39/12). They have been translated into Chinese, Czech, Danish, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Norwegian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Slovenian, Spanish, and Swedish. Anderson, who always complained about the slow reception of his works at home, spoke about his translations in a letter written on June 24, 1924, to Alfred Stieglitz, photographer and art critic: "I have good news and bad news. In America, Horses and Men has sold hardly at all. On the other hand my books actually [have] begun to be published in Europe. Sweden has bought Poor White. The Russians are publishing three... I shall have, apparently, a European success" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1924).

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks about "so much of the world seen" (70/13). One of the reasons Anderson undertook the first two of his three European trips was to further his "European success." In 1921 he, Tennessee, and Paul Rosenfeld visited France and England; and in the winter of 1926-27 he, Elizabeth Prall (his third wife), and his son John and his daughter Marion visited the same two countries. The motive inspiring his third trip to Europe was other than literary. In 1932 he went to Amsterdam as a member of the American delegation to the left-wing World's Congress Against War. Finally, his last voyage overseas, this time to South America on an unofficial goodwill tour for the State Department, ended suddenly and tragically in his death at Colon, Panama,
In March, 1941, just four days after his embarkation from New York.

In Part IV, "The Workman. His Moods," Anderson describes the conditions under which he wrote several of his works. He speaks of writing *A Story Teller's Story* "in Reno, Nevada. I was getting a divorce from a woman" (132/8-9). He also says: "The woman loved another man. She wanted me to divorce her" (132/10-11). Evidence shows, however, that Tennessee probably was not in love with another man--she never remarried after her divorce from Sherwood--and that it was Sherwood, and not she, who wanted the divorce. Sherwood had met Elizabeth Prall in New York in the Lord and Taylor bookstore which she managed, and in the spring of 1923 he left Tennessee and took up residence in Reno in order to obtain a divorce. Once in Reno he repeatedly wrote back to Tennessee in Chicago, as well as to many of his friends, asking that Tennessee be reasonable and not oppose the divorce. Sherwood did not expect to receive opposition from her because, at the time of their marriage, they had agreed to enter into what they regarded as a "new" or "liberated" marriage, one in which both partners retained their independence and even separate residences. Nonetheless, Tennessee opposed the divorce. Sherwood had to stay in Reno a whole year, negotiating from afar with Tennessee, with his friends, notably Ferdinand Schevill, professor of history at the University of Chicago, and with his Chicago lawyer, Clarence Darrow. Sherwood finally was granted the divorce on April 4, 1924. In the same month he married Elizabeth Prall (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923-24).

In September, 1924, Sherwood and Elizabeth moved to New Orleans. It was at this time that Sherwood started to lecture in order to supplement the money earned by his writings. He wrote to Ferdinand Schevill that
lecturing "will be better than being an ad man and stealing spoons" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1924). In the "Writer's Book" Sherwood gives the impression that only once did he have to go on a lecture tour. He says that while he was building his stone house on his farm in Virginia he was obliged "once . . . to stop building for four months while I went delivering silly lectures to get more money" (98/2-3). In actual fact Sherwood went on several lecture tours from 1924 until the early 1930's. His begrudging attitude toward the necessity of lecturing is well reflected in the "Writer's Book," as well as in the following letter to his biographer Nathan Bryllion Fagin, written on September 30, 1929: "I am afraid I can't be encouraging about the lecture. I have given the vice up. When broke it is a way to become unbroke, but it is dreadful. Most ways of making money are. A man cannot escape a rather dirty feeling of exhibitionism" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1929).

It was while Anderson was living in New Orleans that he wrote Dark Laughter, his one "novel that had sold" (45/15). Although he mentions it by name only at 57/12, he also speaks about it and its publisher, Horace Liveright, at 45/15-46/2, 92/10-93/7, and 93/13-94/4. In these passages Anderson betrays an ambivalent attitude toward Horace Liveright, his publisher from the time he left Ben Huesch in 1925 until Liveright's death in 1933. Although Anderson says that Liveright came to his rescue when he was down to his last hundred dollars (92/10-12), that Liveright enabled him to buy his beautiful mountain farm (46/3-4 and 94/2), and that Liveright was "very tender" towards him (93/4), Anderson also admits that Liveright "plunged on me" (45/17) and "exploited me" (93/13). The exploitation seems to be explained by the fact that Liveright bought advertise-
ments in newspapers and on placards on streetcars (46/1-2 and 93/13-15). The real difficulty, however, rests not with Horace Liveright but with the American public: "People in America do not buy books. They do not buy anything. Everything is sold to them" (93/16-94/1).

Since Anderson was dissatisfied with Ben Huebsch's promotion of his books, he signed a contract with Horace Liveright on April 11, 1925. The contract included the stipulation that Anderson give Liveright one book a year and that Liveright pay Anderson $100 a week for five years, assuring Anderson of an income of a little over $5000 a year. Anderson's royalty was fifteen percent on all books sold and ten percent on Modern Library editions. By 1927, however, Anderson was finding it difficult to produce a book-length work each year, and the weekly advances from Liveright were turning into a source of embarrassment, then of annoyance, and finally of debt. In 1927 Anderson had to ask Liveright to stop payments (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1925-27).

A number of pages in the "Writer's Book" (77/11-83/12) are concerned with Anderson's writing of a manifesto that he called "I Accuse." He says that he wrote it "some five or ten years ago . . . I was living in New Orleans at the time" (77/11-12); and he gives the occasion that called forth this accusation of his fellow writers: "I had been in the evening to the movies and had seen a picture written by a man of talent who had once been my friend, and having seen it had been shocked by what seemed to me a terrible selling out of all life" (77/12-78/1). These words seem to indicate that Anderson wrote "I Accuse" in New Orleans about 1926, but it is the opinion of the present editor that he is referring to the 1931 sound version of Theodore Dreiser's An American Tragedy and that Anderson
is fusing in his memory two events.

In a letter to John Emerson written from New Orleans on April 5, 1925, Anderson refers to the large sums of money that Dreiser was receiving for movie rights to his books. He comments: "Dreiser, for example, was recently offered twenty thousand for movie rights to The Genius" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1925). In 1926 Paramount Studios, then called Famous Players, bought the rights for a silent version of An American Tragedy. The studio must have had second thoughts, however, and it was not until 1930 that Paramount finally decided to produce a sound version. On January 2, 1931, Dreiser signed a contract with Paramount for $55,000. When the film was completed Dreiser was displeased with it and sued Paramount for what he considered a distortion of the novel (W. A. Swanberg, Dreiser [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1965], pp. 369-378).

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson might easily be telescoping a night in New Orleans in 1926 when he heard that Dreiser had been offered a large sum of money for the silent movie rights to An American Tragedy and a night in San Francisco when, after Dreiser's lawsuit, he might have seen the sound version of An American Tragedy. We know from "You Be the American Zola" in Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 542-45) that Anderson visited San Quentin Prison in 1932 and that he was annoyed when "Tom Mooney," an alias for Thomas J. Zechariah, convicted of murder in 1917 and pardoned in 1939, told him: "I'm the American Dreyfus. You be the American Zola." Thus the sound version of An American Tragedy, the visit to Tom Mooney in San Quentin, and the remembrance of news received in New Orleans about Dreiser and movie rights—all might have coalesced to form the passage about "I Accuse" in the "Writer's Book."
In addition to fusing two events concerning Dreiser and movie rights, Anderson might also be fusing his several attempts to write a manifesto called sometimes "I Accuse" and sometimes "J'Accuse." Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor during her visit to Ripshin Farm on July 16, 1970, that Sherwood several times during his life wrote such a manifesto. Sherwood says the same thing in a typewritten fragment in Box 2 of the manuscript of his "Memoirs" at the Newberry Library. The fragment reads in part:

Several times in my life I have begun the writing of a kind of manifesto, addressed to American writers, and after all, the man who writes for the theatre is a writer; makers of plays, of novels, writers of short stories for popular magazines, journalists, we are all in the same boat. How many times have I begun the writing of this manifesto, putting at the top of the page the words "I Accuse." I have never been able to go on because I have been unable to convince myself that my own hands were clean. (p. 9.)

In a letter written to Laura Lou Copenhaver, his wife Eleanor's mother, Anderson describes one of these manifestos. Writing from San Francisco, sometime after April 8, 1932, he speaks about a finished novel, probably *Kit Brandon*, and "another book to be called I Accuse--this already nearly done since I have been out here--an indictment of all our crowd--writers, painters, educators, scientists, intellectuals in general" (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 258).

The "I Accuse" mentioned in this letter seems to be the manuscript "J'Accuse" in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. The manuscript is written on stationery from many different hotels, but mainly from "The Clift" in San Francisco. It is an indictment of "the mob of us, in America, educators, thinkers, painters, tale-tellers, professional men, scholars, scientists, all of us always hedging. We are presumed to be men
of brains, of talent. We want to lead" (p. 26). The "J'Accuse" manuscript differs from "I Accuse" as described in the "Writer's Book" in three important respects. First, in "J'Accuse" Anderson includes himself in his accusations: "wanting to whiplash myself a bit" (p. 18). Secondly, he speaks out against "all the world of us here in America who are always pretending to ourselves we are leaders" (p. 19). Thirdly, he mentions Theodore Dreiser and his movie version of An American Tragedy by name: "Mr. Dreiser going to court, after selling his boy Clyde of An American Tragedy into the talkies... A second and greater American Tragedy because Mr. Dreiser is a true man" (p. 127). In the version of "I Accuse" described in the "Writer's Book," however, Anderson excludes himself from his indictment of writers who are guilty of "the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people" (80/13-14) because "there had been no offers. I had not been tempted" (82/7). Secondly, in "I Accuse" Anderson limits his indictment to actors and literary men: "American actors, American writers, who, having had a quick and often temporary success on the New York stage, or who, having written a novel or a story that had caught the popular fancy, had rushed off to Hollywood" (78/9-12). Thirdly, in "I Accuse" Anderson mentions none of these writers and actors by name. He simply says that "many of them [were] my personal friends" (79/12-13). Therefore, it probably is true that Anderson destroyed the version of "I Accuse" referred to in the "Writer's Book": "I tore up what I had written" (81/4-5).

Even though the version of "I Accuse" as described in the "Writer's Book" was more limited in scope than the extant manuscript "J'Accuse," Anderson's discussion of it provides him with the occasion for his most
explicit statement of the theme of Part I: "And do you not understand that the complete selling out of the imaginations of the men and women of America by the artists of the stage, by the artist story tellers, is completely and wholly an acceptance of whoredom?" (79/7-10).

After Horace Liveright "sold" *Dark Laughter* to the American public, Anderson was able to buy a farm in Grayson County, Virginia. He bought the farm from Mrs. Barbara Miller for $1450, making his downpayment of $50 on September 15, 1925. The first building that Anderson had erected on the farm was a cabin in which he could do his writing. It was built during the winter of 1926. On May 1, 1926, Sherwood and Elizabeth moved from New Orleans to Ripshin, and while their new stone house was being built, they lived in a barn converted into a dwelling and called the "green house." The large stone house, of which Sherwood was so justifiably proud and of which he speaks so lovingly in the "Writer's Book," was built from the late spring of 1926 until the late summer of 1927 (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1925-27). It was at Ripshin that Sherwood wrote the "Writer's Book": "I live in the country on a farm and in the house built by my one successful book" (52/5-6).

When speaking of Ripshin, Anderson, as is his wont, liberally mixes fact with fancy. At 46/3-7 he says: "I had got some money and had built with it a house in the country, but when it was built I couldn't live in it for some five years. The publisher had plunged on me but I had played him false. The next book I sent him was, alas, a book of verse. I couldn't expect him to plunge on that." At 97/18-98/4 he writes: "For two years and while the house was building, all the money made for me by Horace Liveright going into it, myself once having to stop building for
four months while I went delivering silly lectures to get more money, I had done no writing." The facts of the case, however, are slightly different.

As has been said, the stone house at Ripshin was built in little more than a year. It was started in the late spring of 1926; by the late summer of 1927, although work on it was not entirely finished, Sherwood and Elizabeth were living in it. Sherwood is quite accurate, however, when he says that "all the money made for me by Horace Liveright" (98/1) went into Ripshin. During 1926 Dark Laughter netted $8000 for Anderson, but he wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill: "Cost of all buildings, farm, etc., about $10,000" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1926). He also informed Roger Sergel: "We have about got a house. Our debt on it, all told, may be $4,000, a stone house with a barn & a tenant house, also a cabin for me" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 160). Furthermore, the "book of verse" that Anderson "couldn't expect him to plunge on" (46/6-7) was A New Testament, which Liveright published in 1927. It was not, however, the "next" book that Anderson sent to him; in 1926 Liveright had published Sherwood Anderson's Notebook and Tar. Since none of these three books was financially successful, even though Anderson did not have "to stop building for four months," he did have to go "delivering silly lectures" (98/2-3). Finally, it is not true that "for two years and while the house was building" (97/18) Anderson "had done no writing" (98/3-4).

During the two years between the downpayment on his farm and the completion of his stone house, Anderson continued to work on his writing, although it is true that these years represent a low ebb in his creative
productivity. Nonetheless, he kept on trying to write. He did what he advises writers to do in Part VI: "A man should write and throw away. Write and throw away again" (153/9-10). At this time in his life Anderson was trying to write, among other things, the novel he called alternatively _Another Man's House_ and _Other People's House_, a novel with Talbot Whittingham once again as the protagonist. This novel was later destroyed. Nevertheless, just as it is true that Anderson did a good deal of writing that did not satisfy him during the time of the building of Ripshin, he also did some excellent writing. For example, he wrote the final revision of "Death in the Woods." Chapter XII of _Tar_ represented one version of the story, and in the September after its publication Anderson published in _American Mercury_ (IX, September, 1926, pp. 7-13) a revised version. The final version of the story, published as the title story in _Death in the Woods_ (1933), his fourth collection of short stories, is virtually the same as the 1926 magazine version (see William Vaughn Miller, "The Technique of Sherwood Anderson's Short Stories" [unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Illinois, 1969], pp. 245-46).

Anderson's writings in the first years of the 1930's show his interest in socialism and communism. The "Writer's Book," on the other hand, indicates that by the middle and late 1930's Anderson's political and economic views had changed. For example, in Part I Anderson speaks against writers who write "so-called proletariat stories" (80/4). The passage from 79/13 to 80/9 speaks ironically about the "radicals" who write for "causes," especially "the overthrowing of capitalism, the making of a new and better world" (80/8-9). In the context of telling us about writing "I Accuse," Anderson declares that writing for "causes" is not a
remedy for, but rather a cause of, suffering. The true remedy for the suffering of the world is in the hands, not of the economists, but of the creative artists: "the most bitter suffering, does not come primarily from physical suffering. It is by the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people that the great suffering comes. There the most bitter harm is done" (80/12-15). In Part VI, where Anderson speaks against literature with "a good proletariate angle" (151/8), he again uses an ironic tone: "we are to be saved by communism, or socialism, or fascism, or by this or that" (151/6-7). The ironic tone shows that the "Writer's Book" was written in the later 1930's when, after the policies of Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal started to alleviate much of the misery of the depression years, Anderson turned away from the socialism and communism that had attracted him in the late 1920's and early 1930's. For a discussion of Anderson's place among other socially concerned novelists of the 1920's and 1930's, see Robert L. Rothweiler, "Ideology and Four Radical Novelists: The Response to Communism of Dreiser, Anderson, Dos Passos, and Farrell" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Washington University, 1960).

In 1933 Anderson married for the fourth time. He had divorced Elizabeth Prall in 1932, and on July 6, 1933, he married Eleanor Copenhaver. He speaks of Eleanor frequently in Part I of the "Writer's Book." He describes her as "certainly a patient woman ... has she not lived for years with me?" (56/15-57/1). In the course of his description of one sleepless night during the time he was trying to force himself to write a salable short story, Sherwood speaks about standing at the foot of the bed in which his wife lay sleeping. He says: "there is something grows
very close between people who have lived long together, who have really achieved a marriage" (96/7-9). In actual fact, Eleanor and Sherwood were married for only eight years; but with Eleanor, Sherwood finally achieved a marriage that was lasting and happy.

The last bit of autobiographical information that the reader can glean from the "Writer's Book" is the picture of Sherwood in the last years of the 1930's, living in his beautiful mountain home: "My house is in a little valley amid hills in the state of Virginia, far west in Virginia, in a sweet land of stars, softly rounded mountains and swift running mountain streams" (83/15-84/2). Ripshin Farm is twenty-two miles outside Marion, Virginia. Two streams run through the property. At the point where Laurel Creek and Ripshin Creek meet, the motorist turns off the county road onto the Anderson farm. A bridge over Ripshin Creek takes him to the stone house, its walled flower garden, and its apple orchard (see 57/13 and 97/4). On the other side of the bridge, "across the road from my house and hidden away under trees by a little creek" (103/3-4), is "a log cabin by a stream in which, on ordinary occasions, I work" (57/14-15). The reader of the "Writer's Book" can envision Anderson writing his text "for young American story tellers" (3/3) in this cabin.

III. THE "WRITER'S BOOK" IN RELATION TO ANDERSON'S OTHER WORKS

Internal evidence indicates that the "Writer's Book" is one of Anderson's late works, undoubtedly written in the last decade of his life. In it he reminisces about many of his other works. He describes the manner in which he wrote several of his books and stories, including Wines-
burb, Ohio, A Story Teller's Story, Tar, "I'm a Fool" and "The Man's Story." He also gives his interpretation of the critical reception given to such works as Winesburg, Ohio, Many Marriages, A Story Teller's Story, and "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath." Lastly, he passes judgment on some of his works: Winesburg, Ohio, Poor White, Many Marriages, "The Untold Lie," "Paper Pills," "The New Engander," "I'm a Fool," "The Man's Story," "Death in the Woods," and "Brother Death."

Although the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" is not dated, various indications point to the years 1933 to 1939 as the time of composition. The first indication is the piece of brown wrapping paper which precedes the manuscript. On this piece of paper is written in pencil in Anderson's hand: "Ms--For Writer's Book / These have been copied" (1/1-2). As has been mentioned, a search through all of the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library resulted in finding only four typed pages. All four were found with the manuscript of Anderson's "Journal." The first two pages are copies of the opening four and a half pages of Part II and were found in the folder marked 1933; the other two pages are copies of the last four pages of Part V and were found in the folder marked 1937. The present editor thinks that it is reasonable to assume that Part II, "How to Write to a Writer," was written in 1933 and that Part V, "Notes on the Novel," was written in 1937.

Perhaps all seven sections of the "Writer's Book" were written at different times. Since Part III, "The Writer," appears to be an early version of the story that finally became "Pastoral," printed in the Redbook in 1940 and in a slightly revised form in Anderson's Memoirs in 1942, it seems likely that Part III was the first part written. It may even have
been composed quite early in Anderson's career. The present editor feels that it is not representative of the writing that Anderson did in the 1930's, the kind of writing that we find in his Memoirs and in the rest of the "Writer's Book." It may have been included in the "Writer's Book" in order to provide an example of Anderson's usual method of writing short stories: "I have never been one who can correct, fill in, rework his stories. I must try and when I fail must throw away. Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times" (48/14-49/2). Later he confesses: "I have seldom written a story, long or short, that I did not have to write and rewrite. There are single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written" (154/2-4). The present editor believes that "The Writer" is one of Anderson's stories that "has not yet come to life" (49/8). It came to life only later as "Pastoral."

If we assume that Part III was written early in Anderson's writing career and that Part II was written in 1933, we know from internal evidence that Part IV, "The Workman, His Moods" was written after 1933. In Part IV, Anderson not only alludes to "Brother Death," a story written in 1933, but he speaks also about the difficulty he has in working in his cabin on the hilltop amid the beauty afforded by the magnificent view. The work cabin on the top of the highest hill of the property was the first building that Anderson had constructed at Ripshin. Although it is not true, as we have seen, that he "never wrote anything up there that I could bear printing," it is true that he "had to give up the cabin on the hilltop" (131/8-10). Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor that during the summer when Louis Gruenberg collaborated with Sherwood on a projected opera, that is, during the summer of 1933, they worked together
in the cabin on the hilltop. The last event that Mrs. Eleanor Anderson connects with the cabin on the hilltop was the bringing of a piano to Gruenberg up the narrow, winding road that led to the cabin. She also told the present editor that Sherwood, after he realized that he was not working well in the hilltop cabin, had each log numbered and the cabin moved, log by log, down the hill to its present location by the shores of Ripshin Creek (interview at Ripshin on July 17, 1970).

We have noted already that Part V, "Notes on the Novel," may have been written in 1937. Therefore, it seems that the chronological order of composition of the sections of the "Writer's Book" is: Part III, early in Anderson's writing career; Part II, 1933; Part IV, sometime after 1933; Part V, 1937. It is impossible to ascertain when the brief Part VI was written, but internal evidence indicates that Part I was composed between 1937 and 1939. Perhaps Part I, "Prelude to a Story," was the last section written, and possibly at the time of its composition Anderson conceived the idea of cutting some sections originally intended for his Memoirs and of grouping them with "Prelude to a Story" in order to form his textbook for young writers. Anderson begins a letter written on August 27, 1938, to George Freitag, an aspiring writer who had asked for advice: "It sometimes seems to me that I should prepare a book designed to be read by other and younger writers" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 403).

Several remarks made by Anderson in "Prelude to a Story" point to a year late in the decade of the 1930's as the date of composition of Part I. For example, in speaking of "I Accuse," Anderson tells us that he wrote it: "some five or ten years ago . . . I was living in New Orleans
at the time" (77/11-12). If we add ten years to 1926, the year Sherwood and Elizabeth left New Orleans for Ripshin, we have an indication that he wrote "Prelude to a Story" in 1936; if we add five years to 1932, the year he wrote "J'Accuse" in San Francisco, we have the year 1937 as the date of composition of "Prelude to a Story." Of course, we must always keep in mind Anderson's disregard for the accuracy of dates.

A clear indication of the date of Part I is Anderson's remark: "after twenty-five years of writing, some twenty to twenty-five books published" (39/10-11). It is safe to assume that the "writing" referred to is Anderson's short stories and novels. Therefore, by adding twenty-five years to the date of his first published story, "The Rabbit Pen," in Harper's in 1914, we arrive at the year 1939 as the date of composition of "Prelude to a Story." By 1939 Anderson had published exactly twenty-five books. For a list of these titles see the note to 39/10-11 and the Bibliography.

Perhaps the clearest single piece of evidence for dating the composition of "Prelude to a Story" is Anderson's comment: "even as I write these sentences I can hear the thump, thump of a dasher in a churn and know that our Ruby is on the back porch of our house churning the milk from our cow into butter" (56/7-10). Ruby Sullivan Barker worked for the Andersons for different periods of time from 1933 or 1934 until her marriage in 1940. In a letter she wrote to the present editor from Roanoke, Virginia, on August 24, 1970, she verified many of the facts Sherwood mentions in the description of his Virginia farmhouse. Her letter says in part:

I did work for the Andersons at Ripshin for a few years. There was no electricity during those years. The butter was churned by hand. . . .
About 1933 or '34 I worked at Ripshin as a baby sitter for some of the Anderson guests. I do not recall their names at this time.

In the years that followed I helped out with the housekeeping and cooking for two or three years... Then for about the years of 1937 thru 1939, I worked for the Andersons with my younger sister, Charlotte, helping me for about one year. She was married at the age of 16. Then I was assisted by Miss Faye Price for the last years I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The last year I worked was 1939. I was married in the spring of 1940, and was unable to be at the farm that year.

Although Paul Rosenfeld, in the Table of Contents to The Sherwood Anderson Reader, assigns 1940 as the date of "The Sound of the Stream," Ruby Sullivan's letter makes it clear that Part I of the "Writer's Book" could have been written no later than 1939.

The "Writer's Book" is undoubtedly one of Anderson's last works, and in it he looks back upon his writing career. For example, he describes the circumstances under which he wrote several of his novels and short stories. He says, as he does in many of his writings, that he wrote the Winesburg stories in a boarding house: "In the Winesburg series of short stories, written in just such a rooming house as I have described" (23/10-11). From his letters written in 1915 and 1916, we know that his address was 735 Cass Street, Chicago. Cass Street is now Wabash Avenue, and the boarding house that stood at that address no longer exists. A parking lot now covers the site. Anderson's description of the boarding house is given in the note that he appended to the manuscript of "Winesburg," presumably when he found it in a box of old papers in 1938. The note reads:

At the time these stories were written the author was employed as a copy writer in a Chicago advertising agency and the paper is no doubt that used for roughing up advertisements. It is likely the stories were written two or three times, in the writer's room, in a rooming house in Cass Street in Chicago, or in hotels as he traveled about, visiting clients of his employers. (The Sherwood Anderson
Later in Part I Anderson says that both Poor White and Winesburg were written "in a Chicago rooming house" (48/5). This statement is erroneous. Poor White was begun and nearly completed when Anderson was in New York in the fall of 1918, working on his "sinecure" in John Emerson's movie company (see Memoirs, ed. White, p. 407). He finished it in the winter of 1920 in Fairhope, Alabama.

To discuss in chronological order Anderson's account of writing his stories, we must turn next to Part VII. "Note" describes "these glorious moments, these pregnant hours" (155/13) when a short story is written in one absorbing burst of awareness and inspiration. "Note" discusses the manner in which Anderson wrote three short stories: an unnamed story written in a railroad station in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; "I'm a Fool," written in his Chicago advertising office; and "The Man's Story," written in Stark Young's apartment in New York.

As the note to 155/16 explains, there is reason to believe that the unnamed story could be "Nobody Laughed" or "The New Englander." "Nobody Laughed" is a story that was published for the first time by Paul Rosenfeld in The Sherwood Anderson Reader. In the Table of Contents the story is labeled "1939, unpublished." It is possible that the first version of this story was written in 1916. There is in the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the Newberry Library a typewritten copy of a fragment of one of Anderson's earliest stories. The fragment, dated December 15, 1916, seems to be an early draft of "Nobody Laughed" because, before it breaks off abruptly at the end of page 3, the fragment tells of Tom, seventy-five, who cures warts, and his crippled wife of thirty. The opening scene is laid
in "the railroad station in a small Kentucky town" (typewritten copy of the fragment housed in the University of Chicago Libraries, the Hi Simon Papers; the present editor is indebted to Mark Shore of Harvard University for calling this fragment to her attention).

Stronger evidence points to "The New Englander" as the story that Anderson refers to in Part VII (155/16-160/7). In A Story Teller's Story Anderson speaks about writing a section of Poor White and "The New Englander." He says: "I remember . . . how at a railroad station at Detroit I sat writing the tale of Elsie Leander's westward journey, in The Triumph of the Egg, and missed my own train--these remain as rich and fine spots in a precarious existence" (ed. White, p. 155). "The New Englander" was first published in the Dial, LXX (February, 1921), 143-58, and was reprinted in The Triumph of the Egg, Anderson's second volume of short stories. Anderson's memory when he was writing the "Writer's Book" could have confused Harrodsburg with Detroit; or, if the story referred to is "Nobody Laughed," he could have confused "a summer night" (156/12) with December 15.

Regardless of which story Anderson wrote one summer evening "when I was still a writer of advertisements" (156/1), he gives in "Note" a vivid picture of the circumstances under which he wrote: "A hunch had come to me and I had bought a yellow tablet of paper at a drugstore as I walked to the station. I began writing on a truck on the station platform. . . . The great passion had come upon me" (156/4-9). Anderson goes on to speak of the mixture of intense awareness of his surroundings coupled with an intense concentration on the task at hand. Such periods of awareness and concentration are "the rich moments" (159/14) in a writer's life, the
moments when a writer enters into "the land of the Now" (158/12).

Anderson’s description of writing the other two stories also speaks of his utter absorption in the task of writing and, at the same time, his intense awareness of external circumstances. With the words, "I was in a big business office, surrounded by many people" (160/12-13), Anderson starts his description of writing "I’m a Fool." In addition to telling about the awareness and concentration characteristic of all creative work, he also confesses the way he hedged when he was supposed to be writing advertisements: his fellow workers "discussed with me the work in which I was engaged, or rather the work in which I was presumed to be engaged" (160/16-161/2). Anderson makes it clear that he turned to the writing of "I’m a Fool" when he became disgusted with the kind of writing required of him in his office: "Here I am, condemned day after day to write advertising. I am sick of it" (161/4-5); "I am a man of talent and they will not let me practice the art I love" (161/7-8). Twice in Memoirs Anderson also speaks about the writing of "I’m a Fool." In one place he asserts he wrote it after he had been given "an assignment to write certain advertisements of pills to cure people’s bound up bowels"; in the second place he maintains he wrote it after "I was given the assignment to write the advertisements for the manufacturer of commercial fertilizer" (ed. White, pp. 122 and 432). "I’m a Fool" was originally published in the Dial, LXXII (February, 1922), 119-29; it was reprinted in Anderson’s third volume of short stories, Horses and Men (1923).

Anderson introduces his description of writing "The Man’s Story" with these words: "There was the day in New York City when I was walking in a street and the passion came to me. I have spoken of how long it sometimes
takes to really write a story. You have the theme. You try and try but it does not come off. And then one day, at some unexpected moment, it comes clearly and sweetly" (163/6-11). In Part I (103/15-104/3) Anderson had alluded to the circumstances under which he wrote this story, but in Part VII (163/6-167/3) he goes into much greater detail. Likewise in Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 434-35) he describes the writing of "The Man's Story." In all these accounts the circumstances are the same: Anderson had written it in Stark Young's apartment in New York; he had been trying to write it for several years; he had created it in one burst of creative energy sustained throughout the day; he had thrown each sheet on the floor as he finished it; and, although Stark Young had left a bottle of whisky with Anderson, he had not felt the effects of the drink until the story was finished. Anderson concludes his account in the "Writer's Book" by saying: "At least at the moment, my story, written thus, seemed very beautiful to me. As it happens I have not reread the story for years, but I have a kind of faith that something of the half mystic wonder of my day in that apartment still lingers in it" (166/17-167/3). In an interview with the present editor on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson said that Sherwood always maintained that "The Man's Story" was his favorite among all his "favorite" imaginary children. "The Man's Story" was first published in the Dial, LXXV (September, 1923), 247-64, and reprinted in Horses and Men.

In Part I, immediately after Anderson briefly refers to writing "The Man's Story" in a mood of total absorption, he adds: "I had written my A Story Teller's Story" in such a mood, day after day passing as in some delicious dream, and my Many Marriages" (104/3-5). Anderson might be
referring to Many Marriages also in the passage in Part IV when he speaks about writing "with joy [in] a certain room in a tall old house in the old quarter of New Orleans" (135/13-14). It was during the winter and, although there was no heat and he had to write clad in his overcoat (135/15-16), he remembers this time as one of the "rich glad times" of intense creativity. Because of the fondness with which Anderson always speaks of Many Marriages and because it seems to have been one of the works he wrote with comparative ease, Anderson probably is referring to the house at 708 Royal Street, New Orleans, and to the winter of 1922. He is probable not alluding to the house at 540-B St, Peter Street, where he lived when he wrote Dark Laughter in the fall and winter of 1924. Although Dark Laughter was his one novel "that had sold" (45/15), Anderson never once in the "Writer's Book" gives it praise or speaks about the joy and ease with which it was written. Many Marriages, on the other hand, was a work that was always close to Anderson's heart. It was published by Huebsch in 1923.

In two other places in the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks of the ease with which he wrote A Story Teller's Story. In Part I he says that it "flowed out of my fingers as the water in the mountain stream before my cabin, where my mother's picture hangs on the wall above my desk, runs down to a river" (69/1-3); in Part IV he gives a long account of writing A Story Teller's Story when he was in Reno in 1923 waiting for his divorce from Tennessee: "I began to write joyously. . . . Every morning I awoke singing. . . . I wrote until I was exhausted, slept, wrote again. I wrote a book called A Story Teller's Story, a very gorgeous book. It is a gay book, a laughing book. The days marched past in splendor" (132/
Many of the letters that Anderson wrote from Reno, however, give evidence to disprove that *A Story Teller's Story* was written with such joy and ease. It seems true that a good deal of material "flowed out of my fingers"; but, as Anderson wrote to Otto Liveright in September, he had to "revise it rigidly" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923). In the spring of the same year he had written to Paul Rosenfeld: "In the meantime I work--rather intensely. As for the actual work that creeps out from under my pen--I can't be sure of it yet... As a matter of fact I've written a good deal--have plowed straight on thinking to go back and balance and weigh what I have done a little later" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923).

Anderson also describes the manner in which he wrote *Tar: A Midwest Childhood*. He explains that it was written in the midst of a cornfield in "a low shed that had formerly, I believe, housed pigs" (134/3-4). During their first summer in the Blue Ridge country of Virginia, Sherwood and Elizabeth had stayed on the farm of the John F. Greear family. The "young boys in the family" (134/2) were John, Joshua, David, Philip, and Solomon. Mr. David Greear, who now lives in Marion, Virginia, told the present editor in an interview on July 17, 1970, that the house in which Sherwood wrote *Tar* was an abandoned tenant house, not a hog house. He said that it stood on the edge of the cornfield, and he confirmed Anderson's statement (134/6-8) that he, David, and his brothers cleaned it out so that Sherwood could use it for his writing.

When Sherwood says that "a madness of writing had seized me" (134/10-11) in working on *Tar*, he is incorrect if by "madness" he means great joy and facility. If, on the other hand, by "madness" he means that he...
worked hard and long over *Tar*, the expression is accurate. The letters that he wrote while working on *Tar* attest to the laboriousness of his task. For example, he wrote to W. Colston Leigh of the Leigh Lecture Bureau towards the end of July: "As I wrote you before, I am an erratic cuss about my writing. The book on which I have been at work all summer has been a failure until just now. At last it is going well" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1925). Anderson hoped to finish the book before he had to return to New Orleans at the end of the summer, but he did not. He wrote to Otto Liveright on September 1: "During the month up in the country I wrote about 50,000 words on the Childhood book but threw away about half of it when I came home as not quite up to what I wanted" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1925). Anderson finally completed *Tar* in time to have chapters serialized in the *Woman's Home Companion* from June, 1926, to January, 1927. *Tar* was published as a book by Horace Liveright in 1926.

The last time in Part IV that Anderson speaks about the "rich glad times" (135/10) when a writer works well, he does not name a specific work. He simply remembers "a cheap hotel in Kansas City. Prostitutes came there... I was inside my room. I was in a clean mood. I was working" (136/2-6). As Anderson's letters tell us, from January to March, 1933, he stayed at the Hotel Puritan in Kansas City, Missouri. His letters from this hotel comment on the ironic character of its name. For example, he confides to Ferdinand Schevill in a letter written on March 2: "I am in a rather tough little hotel here... Poker games in nearby rooms and ladies of the night often laughing in the hallways." In the same letter he remarks: "Then I wrote a new story—the last one in the book [*Death in the Woods*], when you see it—called 'Brother Death' that I
think will make the book" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 278).
Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that the work referred to in Part IV is "Brother Death." In Part I Anderson mentions "Brother Death" by name (98/10). It is one of the four stories to which, he says, a friend compared the beauty of his house at Ripshin. The only publication that "Brother Death" had during Anderson's life was as the concluding story in his fourth volume of short stories, Death in the Woods, published by Liveright in 1933.

In addition to describing the composition of several works, in the "Writer's Book" Anderson also gives his reactions to their critical reception. He retells, as he does in many places, his interpretation of the circumstances surrounding the publication of Winesburg, Ohio. Anderson tells us that Winesburg was "two years selling the first five thousand; and all the stories of the book, previously published in the smaller literary magazines, had brought me in a total of eighty-five dollars" (44/8-10). He repeats that Winesburg was two years selling five thousand copies in Memoirs (ed. White, p. 22) and in a letter to N. Bryllion Fagin (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1927). He cites the figure of eighty-five dollars also in Memoirs (ed. Rosenfeld, p. 288; omitted in White's edition) and in a letter to George Freitag written on August 27, 1938 (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 404). The "smaller literary magazines" in which the Winesburg stories appeared were Masses, Little Review, and Seven Arts. Of these three, only Seven Arts paid.

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson goes on to declare that Winesburg "had brought me, when published, some literary recognition but also much bitter condemnation." He explains the condemnation by saying that the
stories were called "filth" and "the book spoken of, by most of the literary critics, as a kind of literary sewer" (44/11-45/1). When Anderson says that the publication of Winesburg brought him "some literary recognition," he is not acknowledging the fact that most of the critical opinion was favorable (see the note to 44/11, which documents this fact). Furthermore, at the time of Winesburg's publication, Anderson himself acknowledged its favorable reception. For example, he wrote to Trigant Burrow on September 15, 1919: "Have you read my new book, Winesburg? The book has been getting rather remarkable recognition even from those who have fought me before" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 48). He also admitted in a letter to Waldo Frank written in December: "I get constant and beautiful reactions from Winesburg (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1919).

Therefore, "most" critics did not condemn Winesburg. Nonetheless, throughout his life Anderson repeated the story of the charges of filth and sex-obsession that were leveled against it. See, for example, Hello Towns! (New York: Horace Liveright Publishing Inc., 1929, p. 244), Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 22-25 and 349-50), and the letter to George Freitag written on August 27, 1938 (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 405-406). Perhaps the reason why Anderson, in later years, remembered the adverse criticism given to Winesburg more than its enthusiastic reception is the fact that the charge of sex-obsession hurt him deeply. He reveals this in a letter to Van Wyck Brooks written in August, 1920:

It did hurt, though, when I found you also rather taking Winesburg, for example, as a sex book. It got under my hide a bit. I'm usually thick-skinned.

To me it seems a little as though one were permitted to talk abstractly of things, to use scientific terms regarding them, in the new dispensation, but when one attempts to dip down into the living stuff, the same old formula holds. A really beautiful story
like "Hands," for example, is—well, nasty. God help us! Dozens of men have told me privately they knew Wing Biddlebaum. I tried to present him sympathetically—taboo. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 59-60).

When Anderson in the "Writer's Book" claims that this kind of condemnation of Winesburg was given "often by critics who, after some ten or fifteen years, began to praise it highly" (45/1-2), he is repeating once again the largely imaginary story of the way Floyd Dell and Henry Mencken first rejected and later praised the Winesburg stories. In his Memoirs (ed. White, pp. 22-25 and 349-50) and in the Freitag letter (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 404-405), Anderson gives the same story and mentions Dell and Mencken by name. Mencken, however, praised Winesburg at the time of its publication in articles in the Chicago American and in his Smart Set, even though he never saw fit to publish any of the Winesburg stories in Smart Set. Floyd Dell published three Winesburg stories—"The Book of the Grotesque," "Hands," and "The Strength of God"—in Masses in 1916. After the book's publication he wrote in an article called "American Fiction" in Liberator (II [September, 1919], 47) that Winesburg was "a magnificent collection of tales." William Phillips in his dissertation, "Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio," quotes a letter that Dell wrote to him on December 12, 1948. Dell claims that there was "no truth at all" to Anderson's story that Dell rejected the Winesburg stories when he first saw them. Dell explains: "The origin of that delusion was the fact that some of the later Winesburg tales were submitted to vote at an editorial meeting or meetings and were voted down by the editors. S. A.'s paranoid self-pity turned this into a conspiracy with me as villain" (p. 148n). Dell also disavows his alleged mistreatment of
Anderson in "How Sherwood Anderson Became an Author," a review of Anderson's Memoirs, which appeared in New York Herald Tribune Books (April 12, 1942, pp. 1-2), and in "On Being Sherwood Anderson's Literary Father," Newberry Library Bulletin (V [December, 1961], 315-21). Evidence is not lacking, however, to support Anderson's contention that Dell did not fully appreciate at least one Winesburg story when he first saw it. In a letter to Waldo Frank written on December 14, 1916, Anderson speaks of "Loneliness," the story "concerning Enoch Robinson." "Loneliness" was never published in a magazine prior to its appearance in Winesburg, Ohio. Anderson comments to Frank:

I am glad you liked the story "Mother" and that you are going to publish it. Damn it, I wanted you to like the story about Enoch Robinson and the woman who came into his room and was too big for the room.

There is a story every critic is bound to dislike. I can remember reading it to Floyd Dell, and it made him hopping mad. "It's damn rot," says Floyd. "It does not get anywhere."

"It gets there, but you are not at the station," I replied to Floyd, and I think I was right.

Why do I try to convince you of this story? Well, I want it in print in Seven Arts. A writer knows when a story is good, and that story is good. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 5.)

In Part I (99/7-101/12) Anderson tells also the story of his correspondence with the Reverend Arthur H. Smith concerning Winesburg. The Reverend Mr. Smith, pastor of the Wicker Park Methodist Church in Chicago, but a native of Winesburg, Ohio, wrote a small book called An Authentic History of Winesburg, Holmes County, Ohio, Including a Winesburg Who's Who (Chicago: n.p., 1930). In this book, under the heading "A Few Side Notes," Smith comments on Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio:

If you have been disturbed because of Sherwood Anderson's book, "WINESBURG, OHIO" (a burlesque) and resented it as an insult and a slander on our home town, it will put your mind to rest in perfect peace if you will remember that Mr. Anderson did not know that there was such a town as Winesburg, Ohio, when he wrote his book which, by
the way, is well worth reading. The imaginary town he writes about is a much larger town and has a railroad. Where he got the name is not known. But "we (of our actual beloved Winesburg) should worry." (p. 70.)

On June 1, 1932, the Reverend Mr. Smith wrote Anderson a letter, and Anderson answered Smith with a letter on June 6, 1932. Both of these letters are printed in the "What Say" column of the Smyth County News for July 7, 1932. In Anderson's letter to Smith he objects to Smith's use of the word "burlesque" and tells Smith many of the things that he says in the "Writer's Book." For example, he informs Smith that Winesburg was first condemned and called "filthy" but that later it was praised and "translated into almost all of the European languages." When comparing the people of the real Winesburg, Ohio, with the people of his "mythical" town, Anderson says: "Do not be offended if I say that I hope that the real people of the real Winesburg, Ohio, are at bottom as decent and have as much inner worth" (Archives, Virginia State Library, Richmond). See Anderson's recollection of this statement as given in 100/14-16.

In Part V Anderson speaks about the critical reception given to either the Winesburg stories or the stories of his second volume of short stories, The Triumph of the Egg. Reminiscing about a time when he "was called sex-obsessed, when almost every story I put forth was condemned as nasty" (139/6-7), he remarks: "I remember a particular period. It was after the publication of my Triumph of the Egg and I was living in a Chicago rooming house" (139/14-140/1). Although Anderson may have written some of the stories that appeared in The Triumph of the Egg when he was living at 735 Cass Street, he had moved away from this rooming house by the time the stories were printed in magazines between 1918 and 1921 and
by the time the book was published by Huebsch in 1921. Nevertheless it is interesting to note that within a year of the book's publication, that is, in January of 1922, Paul Rosenfeld wrote in an article called "Sherwood Anderson":

Anderson has to face himself where Freud and Lawrence, Stieglitz and Picasso, and every other great artist of the time, have faced themselves: has had to add a "phallic Chekhov" to the group of men who have been forced by something in an age to remind an age that it is in the nucleus of sex that all the lights and the confusions have their center, and that to the nucleus of sex they all return to further illuminate or further tangle. (Dial, LXXII [January, 1922], 35.)

Incidentally, although most critics of Anderson, and Anderson himself in his Memoirs (ed. White, p. 451), attribute to Rosenfeld the coinage of the phrase "the phallic Chekhov," in a letter written prior to Rosenfeld's article Anderson attributes the coinage to Van Wyck Brooks. Anderson tells Rosenfeld in October, 1921:

Brooks, I believe, once called me "the phallic Chekhov." I really do not believe I have a sex-obsession, as has so often been said. I do not want to have, surely. When I want to flatter myself, at least, I tell myself that I want only not to lose the sense of life as it is, here, now, in the land and among the people among whom I live. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 78.)

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks also about the reception given to Many Marriages, published by Huebsch in March, 1923. He calls it a "terribly misunderstood book that some day--when the world has again passed out of our dark age of belief that life can be remade on a sounder and happier basis by economic professors--will come into its own" (104/6-9). Anderson cannot resist slurring propaganda literature, but his prophecy that Many Marriages will someday "come into its own" has not been fulfilled. The fault probably is not the readers' and critics' "misunderstanding" of the novel as much as Anderson's inability, as Rex Burbank explains, "to condense his material, to tighten the structure of
the book, and to examine the nature and consequences of his themes and the
assumptions behind them" (Sherwood Anderson [New York: Twayne Publishers,
Inc., 1964], p. 112). When speaking about John Webster, the novel's pro-
tagontist, Burbank adds: "In the absence of any discernible dialectic or
narrative conflict, Webster's supposedly sophisticated ideas about life
and sex become the muddledings of a terribly ignorant man, and his sym-
monic act of psychic and physical rebirth is reduced to absurdity" (p.
112).

Nonetheless, Many Marriages was always a favorite work of Anderson's.
He wrote to Ulrico Hoepli of the Casa Editrice Libraria Ulrico Hoepli in
Milan on June 5, 1937, that, although Dark Laughter was his best seller
and Winesburg, Ohio the book most acclaimed by critics, "I think that I
myself am fondest perhaps of another called Many Marriages, but this may
be only true because the book, when published, was very generally abused
by the critics" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 380). Anderson men-
tions the footsteps of John Webster, "the naked man in the room with his
daughter in Many Marriages" (108/3-4), as one of the sounds that spoke
to him from the stream on the night that he heard sounds from his "real"
and "imaginative" lives.

Since Anderson calls Many Marriages "another terribly misunderstood
book" (104/6), he implies that the book he has just been discussing, A
Story Teller's Story, was also misunderstood. Earlier in Part I Anderson
had said that A Story Teller's Story was "a book that has never had the
audience it deserved but that will have" (69/4-5). As in the case of
Winesburg, Anderson is overlooking the fact that most critics were favor-
able to A Story Teller's Story when it was published by Huebch in 1924.
For example, Lloyd Morris in "The Education of Sherwood Anderson" (New York Times Book Review, October 12, 1924, pp. 6, 22) compares A Story Teller's Story favorably with The Education of Henry Adams and goes on to comment:

In its widest application, as a whole challenge to our life to justify itself ideally, Mr. Anderson's autobiography is a book which should be read by every intelligent and reflective American. In its narrow application, as the story of the development of an American writer, it will exercise a compelling fascination upon those who, like Mr. Anderson, are seeking to give our life adequate esthetic expression. (Ibid., p. 22.)

Lloyd Morris' recommendation that "every American" should read A Story Teller's Story goes further than Anderson's observation that it is a book "that every young writer should read" (69/4). When work on A Story Teller's Story was nearing completion Anderson wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill: "There is a chance to say something that will mean something to some younger Sherwood Anderson some day" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923).

The passage from 52/11 to 55/7 contains an amusing account of the difficulty Anderson experienced in trying to sell to a magazine "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath." Anderson writes: "Once a magazine called Pictorial Review paid me seven hundred and fifty dollars for a short story. I had given the story the title 'There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath,' but after the story had been got into type and illustrations made for it, the editor of the magazine grew doubtful" (52/11-53/2). According to Anderson, the editor liked the story well enough but objected to the title. Anderson suggested a new title, "Roll Your Own," which, of course, was rejected; and the story was never published. Anderson, however, guessed the real reason behind the story's rejection: "Alas, as in
so many of my stories, there was a businessman made to appear a little ridiculous. And I am quite sure that may be the reason that so many of my stories have not sold" (55/4-7).

Several letters written at the time Anderson was trying to sell "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath" confirm the facts related in the "Writer's Book." He wrote to Jerome and Lucille Blum early in 1923: "Luck comes along. A magazine has paid $750 for the story about the jealous husband" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 91). Anderson was anxious to get the stories that were to be published in Horses and Men printed in magazines before the fall publication of the book. Therefore, he wrote to Otto Liveright on April 25: "Also, Otto, try to get Pictorial to use the story they have before October--as I would like to include it in the book" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923). Otto Liveright wrote back on July 13: "Mr. Vance [Arthur Turner Vance, editor-in-chief of Pictorial Review] is trying to publish THERE SHE IS, SHE IS TAKING HER BATH in the November number of Pictorial Review which is released October 15th. He cannot promise it definitely as there is so much pressure from the Circulation Department. He will know surely in a month and I have spoken to Mr. Huebsch about it. He will be able to hold the book open until Vance answers definitely" (Letters, Newberry Papers, Incoming, Otto Liveright to Anderson, 1923). Anderson wrote back to Liveright on July 24: "About the Pictorial. That is good news. I've a notion the Circulation objection is the title. If it is tell them to give the story another title. I won't care. I can't see what else there is objectionable" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1923).

"There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath" was never given another title
and was never published in *Pictorial Review* or in any other magazine. Furthermore, *Horses and Men* had to go to print without it. Before it was published in Anderson's last volume of short stories, *Death in the Woods*, it appeared only in *The Second American Caravan: A Yearbook of American Literature*, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (New York: The Macaulay Company, 1928), pp. 100-111. In the "Writer's Book" Anderson uses this recollection to draw a moral: "'You are just a little too apt, Sherwood, my boy, to find the businessman a little ridiculous,' I have told myself" (55/14-15).

In addition to speaking about the composition of his works and the reception accorded them, Anderson in the "Writer's Book" gives his opinion of several of his books and stories. *Winesburg, Ohio* he says is "the book by which, if I am remembered at all once I am dead, I will be best and with the most affection remembered" (72/2-3). He speaks also about three individual *Winesburg* stories. He merely mentions the story "Lonesomeness": "I described a little man in a room and what the imagined figures his fancy had conjured up had come to mean to him" (23/16-24/2). He makes evaluative statements about "Paper Pills" and "The Untold Lie." In Part VI, "Note—On Saving Ideas," as he is explaining that writers should not be "clinging to ideas" (151/16), he alludes to "Paper Pills": "It is a story that should be read by every young writer" (151/2-3). In Part I Anderson includes "The Untold Lie" as one of the four stories which he says a friend told him were as beautiful as his stone house at Ripshin (98/11). There is implicit praise of another *Winesburg* story in the fact that Doctor Parcival is listed as one of the loved ones of his "imaginary" life whose footsteps sound on the bridge over Ripshin Creek (108/
Doctor Parcival, the unsuccessful doctor in "The Philosopher," tells George Willard: "Everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified" (Winesburg, Ohio, p. 48).

Poor White, the book published the year after Winesburg, also receives Anderson's praise in the "Writer's Book." In Part I he lists several books in which he takes pride: "my Winesburg, Ohio, my Triumph of the Egg, [my] Horses and Men"—all volumes of short stories. The list continues: "and two or three novels, among them Poor White, a novel that had been put into the Modern Library" (87/11-88/2). Anderson had published two novels, Windy McPherson's Son and Marching Men, before Poor White, and he published four novels afterwards, Many Marriages, Dark Laughter, Beyond Desire, and Kit Brandon. Most critics agree with Anderson's estimate that Poor White is his best novel. For example, Horace Gregory selected it as the only novel included in The Portable Sherwood Anderson (New York: The Viking Press, 1949). William Phillips in "Sherwood Anderson's Two Prize Pupils [Faulkner and Hemingway]" (The University of Chicago Magazine, XLVII [January, 1955], 9-12), Lionel Trilling in "Sherwood Anderson" (The Liberal Imagination [New York: The Viking Press, 1950], pp. 22-33), and Frederick J. Hoffman in "The Voices of Sherwood Anderson" (Shenandoah, XIII [Spring, 1962], 5-19), all agree that Poor White is Anderson's best novel. In the "Writer's Book" Anderson mentions for a second time that Poor White was put into the Modern Library, this time coupling it with Winesburg, Ohio (48/3-4). He includes its protagonist, Hugh McVey, in his list of loved ones who spoke to him from the stream (107/15).

We have already noted that Anderson includes his second and third
volumes of short stories in the list of works of which he is proud. Stories from both volumes are praised also in the "Writer's Book." The four stories mentioned at 98/10-12 include "The New Englander," published in The Triumph of the Egg. "The New Englander," as has been explained, may be the unnamed story written in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, which Anderson discusses in Part VII. The two stories named in Part VII are stories that were published in Horses and Men. "I'm a Fool" is called "a very beautiful story" (161/12). In addition to listing "The Man's Story" with the three other stories at 98/10-12, Anderson calls it "a beautiful, a significant story" (166/15-16) and believes that it contains a "half mystic wonder" (167/2-3).

We have already spoken about Anderson's contention that both Many Marriages and A Story Teller's Story are "terribly misunderstood" (104/6). At 132/19 he describes A Story Teller's Story as "a very gorgeous book"; and in a similar but expanded statement he calls it "a really gorgeous book, one of the best that ever came out of the pen I here hold in my hand" (68/15-69/1).

Anderson's last book of collected short stories, Death in the Woods, contains two stories which are generally considered among his finest. They are the first and the last in the volume, "Death in the Woods" and "Brother Death." "Death in the Woods" receives high praise in the "Writer's Book": "Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times, and there is one story, 'Death in the Woods,' a magnificent tale, one of the most penetrating written in our times, that was ten years getting itself written" (49/1-4). "Brother Death," written specifically as a companion piece for the title story, was composed in the Hotel Puritan in
Kansas City and is probably the work referred to in Part IV where Anderson speaks about writing well in "a cheap hotel in Kansas City" (136/2). "Brother Death" heads the list of "beautiful" stories that Anderson compares to his house at Ripshin (98/10).

The last work mentioned in the "Writer's Book" is "Brother Death." This allusion, another indication that Part IV was written after 1933, lends support to the theory that all sections of the "Writer's Book," except Part III, "The Writer," were written between 1933 and 1939.

IV. THE "WRITER'S BOOK" AS AN EXPRESSION OF ANDERSON'S CRITICAL THOUGHT

The "Writer's Book" contains many of Anderson's theories about writing and some opinions of his fellow writers. One of the main themes of the "Writer's Book" is the struggle that the artist must wage in order to maintain his integrity in the face of the allurements of success and the pressure to sell his works to the New York stage or to Hollywood. Anderson insists also that the artist must remain independent of both adulatory and adverse criticism, an independence which he himself never completely attained. A second major theme of the "Writer's Book" is the writer's fidelity to the imaginative life. Anderson believes that the life of "fancy" is as important as the life of "fact." In addition to presenting these two themes, the "Writer's Book" comments also on the creative process. It shows "Anderson at work," striving to achieve "form" in his novels or "grasping whole" the ideas which become his short stories. One of the most important aspects of the "Writer's Book" is the insight it provides regarding Anderson's theory of the short story. It
gives two descriptive definitions of the short story, speaks about the difference between the short story and the novel, and describes Anderson's usual method of writing his stories.

The main theme of Part I, "Prelude to a Story," can be expressed as the author's struggle to maintain his artistic integrity in the face of pressures exerted by the manipulators of popular taste. This central theme finds expression in Anderson's attitude towards "the mythical thing we call 'success'" (51/2). The context of this remark is his attempt to convince "our younger American writers" (50/12) that they will always have to struggle to maintain their integrity because the mythical thing called "success" is ever present to entice them to the pursuit of money or fame. In Part V, "Notes on the Novel," Anderson also tells these young writers: "often enough the failure, the attempt of the young inexperienced writer who has at least the intent of the sincere worker, is worth more than all of the great successes, the slick books that slide so easily over all of the reality of lives" (148/4-8). In Part VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas," Anderson asserts: "It seems to me that the real purpose of all this writing is first of all to enrich the writer. It isn't surely to get fame, recognition" (153/7-9). In Part VII, "Note," he insists again: "What nonsense to mourn that we do not grow rich, get fame" (166/2).

All of these reflections on success lead Anderson to take a stand: "Let me remain small, as obscure a figure as possible" (98/17-18). There can be no doubt that Anderson was sincere when he made this and similar statements. For example, he wrote to Burton Emmett on December 6, 1928: "I mean I really do not need or desire enhancing of prestige. I am like
Shaw, about money, have already more 'prestige' than is good for me. My God--hasn't my poor soul been messed with by all the critics from Dan to Beersheba?" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1926). The very frequency of statements of this kind, however, leads the reader to suspect that Anderson is covering a hurt. In the "Writer's Book" he can recognize such facts as: "my name up as one of the outstanding American writers of my day" (39/11-12); "I have had a profound effect upon the art of short story writing" (55/10-11); and "I had brought new life into American story telling" (85/3-4). Nevertheless, throughout his life Anderson felt that his work was not sufficiently or correctly appreciated. Perhaps the truest statements about his attitude toward criticism occur in the later sections of the "Writer's Book." In Part II, "How to Write to a Writer," Anderson asserts in humor and irony, but, one suspects, also in truth: "I like only those critics who praise my work. I am, like most writers, inclined to think all others fools" (118/9-10). On the opening page of Part VII he admits: "For years I have had my wife go over all criticisms of my work. 'I can make myself miserable enough,' I have said to her. 'I do not want others to make me miserable about my work.' I have asked her to show me only the more favorable criticisms" (154/10-14).

Anderson's ambivalent attitude towards criticism is reflected also in his ambivalent attitude towards the mass media. Throughout Part I, when he describes his struggle to write a salable short story, he pretends to disdain writing for the movies: 'At that time the movies had just become a gold mine for writers. 'Take it on for a time,' my friends were saying to me" (47/8-10). Likewise in his account of writing "I Accuse," Anderson lashes out against writers who, after an initial success, "had rushed off
to Hollywood" (78/11-12). At 81/9-12 Anderson speaks of a trip to Hollywood. In this passage he compares the little offices in the movie studio to the offices in his advertising agency and implies that the writing done in the movie studio is no more creative than the writing done in the advertising office. Even though Anderson admits that "I had even written, two or three times, to agents in New York or Hollywood" (82/3-4), he concludes by stating that he could not include himself in "I Accuse" because: "There had been no offers. I had not been tempted" (82/7).

The truth seems to be that Anderson would have been very happy to sell some of his works to the movies and to have had some of his works dramatized for the stage. A good example of his ambivalence toward the film and stage is a letter to Roger Sergel, in which he refers to his novel Kit Brandon, published by Scribner's in 1936. Anderson quotes George Nathan as saying that Kit Brandon was "movie sure-fire" and continues: "So, you see, I may be getting /an offer and if I do I will take it, not, of course, going near their damned Hollywood" (quoted in Paul P. Appel, ed., Homage to Sherwood Anderson, 1876-1941 [Mamaroneck, N.Y.: Paul P. Appel, Publisher, 1970], p. 195).

Three years earlier there had been some negotiations between Anderson and Paul Muni about collaboration on a movie, and seven years before that Gilbert Seldes had approached Anderson about the movie rights to "I'm a Fool." Anderson's interest in the movies was paralleled by an interest in the stage, as his letters, especially in 1932 and 1933, show. H. S. Kraft, a free-lance writer in New York at the time, wanted to collaborate on a movie or a play, and Louis Gruenberg came to Ripshin in the summer of 1933 in the hope of adapting one of Anderson's works into an opera.
(Letters, Newberry Papers, 1926 and 1932-33; see also Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 279-80, 282-85, and 288-89). All these efforts, however, came to naught.

As Anderson himself tells us in the "Writer's Book," (82/10-13), he was anxious to have *Winesburg, Ohio* dramatized. Eventually three dramatic versions were made: one by Anderson, one by Christopher Sergel, and one by Gerry Morrison (Sherwood Anderson Papers, Newberry Library). Anderson's own dramatization was produced by the Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pennsylvania. The play had its premiere on June 30, 1934, and was in the Hedgerow Theatre repertoire for three years. This version of the play was printed in *Plays: Winesburg and Others* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937). The other plays that make up the volume are dramatizations of three short stories: "The Triumph of the Egg," "Mother," and "They Married Later."

Another theme that runs through Part I of the "Writer's Book" is the theory that "the unreal is more real than the real, that there is no real other than the unreal" (77/4-5). In this contest Anderson also says: "There is a sense in which it may be said, of any imaginative writer, that anything he says of the past, of people known in the past, is a lie. It is a lie and not a lie. As I have already said, in an introduction to another book [Tar], it is only by the lie that we arrive at truth" (72/8-13). For Anderson, artistic creation is a blending of facts and the artist's intuitive understanding of these facts. For example, if Anderson's imagination sees the photographer's studio where his mother's picture was taken as being above his father's harness shop (66/4-5), Anderson the artist is perfectly free to put it there, wherever the facts may
put it. If Anderson the artist "creates" an Italian grandmother for himself, to him "it is a true picture" (75/2-3).

Since Anderson believes that the imagination of the creative artist is free to mingle the "facts" of the real world with the "fancy" of the imaginative world, he holds, on a different but no less important level, that the artist must be "true" to his imaginative world. One of the most explicit statements of this belief expressed outside the "Writer's Book" is in "Man and His Imagination," published in *The Intent of the Artist*, edited by Augusto Centeno (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1941, p. 45):

> It seems to me that the obligation of the writer to the imagination is pretty obvious. I am, to be sure, speaking of the writer as a story teller. There is the obligation to himself, to his own imagination, its growth, what he does to it, the obligation to the imaginations of other people, and there is the third and perhaps most important obligation. The writer in his creative mood is creating figures of people, to be true imaginary figures, and there is the writer's tremendous obligation to these imaginary figures. I think this is the most important of all the obligations. It is the obligation least understood. It is, I think the thing to talk about. It is the obligation too often forgotten by our professional writers.

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson comments on all three aspects of this obligation. First, the artist's obligation to his own imagination is the main theme of the whole of Part VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas," just as it is the purpose behind Anderson's constant inveighing in Part I against what he calls the prostitution of art. Secondly, the writer's obligation to the imaginations of other people is emphasized in the passage in Part I where Anderson describes writing "I Accuse": "It is by the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people that the great suffering comes. There the most bitter harm is done" (80/13-15). Thirdly, Anderson's attitude towards "the most important" of the obligations,
the obligation to the characters of his imagination, is shown throughout part I in Anderson's struggle with the temptation to write the salable story. It reaches a climax when Anderson, speaking of the characters of his story, says: "They are just people and the people of our imaginations are as important to us as the real people in the flesh about us. To sell them out, as is always being done, in the imaginative world is as low and mean a trick as to sell people out in so-called real life" (101/8-12).

The "Writer's Book" contains many of Anderson's statements on the creative process. It shows Anderson in the actual task of writing. For example, Anderson describes himself sitting at his desk, trying to write a story that his literary agent can sell to one of the popular magazines. He becomes "interested, absorbed, often a little in love with these characters" (12/5-6). As he writes the story based on the tale told him by a friend in the moonlit meadow, the friend "had disappeared. There is a new man, coming to life, here, on this paper, under my hand" (12/10-12). It is this new man who tells the writer: "'There is a certain morality involved,' he says. 'Now you must tell everything, put it all down'" (13/1-2).

Just as Anderson insists that everything "true" to his characters must be told, he also believes, as has been said, that the literal truth can sometimes be abandoned. Anderson uses the comparison between the real prostitute and the unreal Cecilia, as well as his ironic statement that perhaps in the darkness of her room he can imagine the prostitute to be "the real Cecilia" (30/13-14), to point up the fact that art depends on "absurd" and "unreal" dreams: "There is this dream world in which we live in this intimacy with beauty. To the more imaginative young man, and
perhaps also young woman, for them I cannot speak, the dream sometimes grows more and more intense. The very power of concentration that is characteristic of the artist man makes his dream constantly more and more real" (23/4-9). A little later Anderson insists: "Do not deny it, you imaginative young men. It is by such absurd dreams, always coming, always changing, that the imaginative young man lives. And, if he becomes in the end an American popular short story or novel writer, it is out of such dreams he later builds his tales" (28/1-6).

Even though the artist blends truths from both his real and his imaginative worlds, his stories must be grounded in his own experiences. In Part I Anderson comments on the fact that most beginning writers start with autobiographical novels: "And it is so they should begin too. First the learning to use the experiences, the moods and hungers of your own life, and then, gradually, the reaching out into other lives" (50/8-10). In Part II Anderson returns to this idea. He deprecates a superficial "self-expression" (116/14-15) that urges some people to write, but he also insists, by means of a tale about an inspiring woman writer, that authors must write about the things they know. After reading the woman's manuscript Anderson suggested that "if she felt she must be a writer, she write about people she knew something about, whose lives did a little touch her own experiences" (117/14-16). The gist of Part II is that the creative artist is simply that, and not an editor or a critic: "He is not at all anxious to impose his judgment on others" (118/7-8). Anderson adds: "in the end every writer must be his own critic. There is something in a man that tells him when he has hit the mark at which he aimed" (118/11-13).
In Part IV Anderson stresses the fact that "the work before you when you sit at your desk does demand some control" (129/14-15); but in Parts V and VI he speaks against "a tendency to be economical, to save" (137/7). Both Parts V and VI develop Anderson's theory that creative writing is hindered more by over-control than by lack of control. Part V begins with the idea that in a novel "fatness, richness, does not depend upon bulk. There is such a thing as richness of suggestion" (137/2-4). Part VI begins with the words: "What strikes you about many writers is a certain thinness, poverty" (149/2-3). Both of these sections go on to consider an important aspect of the creative process, namely, the development of the imagination in order to free thoughts and ideas and to allow them to "flow" (153/11) and produce rich work. Note, for example: "There was never a novelist lived who did not write, in imagination, ten, a hundred novels for every one he actually puts down in ink. He is always doing it, always taking such flights. He is trying to select, choosing and rejecting" (143/7-10); and "There should be a continual flow, a stream—thoughts of others flowing through you, feelings of others flowing through you. This saving of your little two-for-a-penny ideas, your feelings, only dams the flow" (153/3-6).

We have already had occasion to comment on Anderson's description of the "rich glad times" (135/10) of intense creative activity. One of the factors that enters into the writer's ability to write well at such times is the acuteness of his senses. Speaking of the unnamed story written in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, Anderson implies that a writer can work well only if "all of your senses [are] curiously awake" (157/3). Similarly, he confesses that as he was writing "The Man's Story" in Stark Young's apartment,
he was "very conscious of everything going on in the street below, of a little cigar store on a corner, men going in and coming out, feeling all the time that, were I not at the moment engaged with a particular story, I could write a story of any man or woman who went along the city street, feeling half a god who knew all, felt all, saw all" (164/12-17). The conclusion that Anderson presents to the reader, therefore, is: "It is absurd to save ideas. Throw them away. What a man wants, what we all want, is a full rich life, to feel more, see more, understand more" (150/14-151/1).

In Part V, "Notes on the Novel," Anderson makes frank avowals of the difficulties encountered in writing novels. First, there is the problem of sustaining a theme. Anderson speaks about the difficulty the novelist has in concentrating on a central theme through the long time required to write a novel, through "all the changing circumstances of a life" (146/11-12). Secondly, there is the problem of characterization. Anderson admits that often for the novelist: "Some minor character in his novel begins suddenly to run away with his book." Invoking the simile of "a general trying to manage a vast army during a battle," Anderson concedes that, in addition to making the characters "alive and real," the novelist "must think his way through their relations to each other" (147/4-9).

These reflections lead Anderson to say that the novelist "must orchestrate his work, give it what is called 'form'" (147/9-10). Perhaps Anderson is partially concurring in the oft-repeated criticism that his novels are lacking in "form."

Some of Anderson's published works and letters give us insight into what he understood by "form" in art. First of all, he admits in a letter
written to Jerome Blum in 1926 that he has difficulty achieving form in his novels. The novel he is speaking about in the letter, called either "Another Man's House" or "Other People's Houses," was never published. He remarks to Blum:

I got started on a new novel--a rather delicate business--then checked my start, started again--checked again, etc. It will come off eventually and it may be that this present start will get somewhere. Anyway am working on it every day and that is fun. It's the old business of trying to get too much into one book and getting it messed up. The simple direct form of the thing only seems to emerge for me after a lot of sweating. I put doodads all over the house and then have to go around and knock them off. (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1926.)

In 1930 Anderson wrote to the aspiring painter Charles Bockler. He spoke about form in painting as well as in prose:

I think it would be a great mistake to waste any time at all thinking of "form" as form. It is one of the things artists, and most of all half-artists, babble of when their minds are most vacant.

Form is, of course, content. It is nothing else, can be nothing else. A tree has bark, fiber, sap, leaves, limbs, twigs.

It can grow and exist and not grow in the soil of your own being. It is so with women too.

The great thing is to let yourself be the tree, the sky, the earth. Enter into your inheritance. It is difficult and can only happen rarely, as between man and woman. My meaning is that life is not so separated from art. How often I go away from the presence of talking artists into the street, the field.

What I want is there. If I go in and come out clean, even now and then, in the end these same people who say I have no form will be prattling of the "form" in my work. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 202.)

In "A Note on Realism" Anderson explains what he means by saying "form is content":

The life of reality is confused, disorderly, almost always without apparent purpose, whereas in the artist's imaginative life there is purpose. There is determination to give the tale, the song, the painting Form--to make it true and real to the theme, not to life. (Sherwood Anderson's Notebook, pp. 75-76.)
In *A Story Teller's Story*, while speaking against the "formula" story with its "Poison Plot," Anderson writes:

What was wanted I thought was form, not plot, an altogether more elusive and difficult thing to come at. (ed. White, p. 255.)

In certain moods one became impregnated with the seeds of a hundred new tales in one day. The telling of the tales, to get them into form, to clothe them, find just the words and the arrangement of words that would clothe them—that was a quite different matter. (Ibid., p. 252)

The words used by the tale teller were as the colors used by the painter. Form was another matter. It grew out of the materials of the tale and the teller's reaction to them. It was the tale trying to take form that kicked about inside the tale teller at night when he wanted to sleep. (Ibid., p. 261.)

Even though Anderson often did not achieve in his novels the form desired, these quotations describe well the kind of form that he attained in his short stories. Therefore, some statements of Anderson's in the "Writer's Book" are disconcerting to those who recognize his greatest contribution to American literature to be in the genre of the short story. For example, in Part V, after citing H. G. Well's simile that writing a short story is like running to a fire but writing a novel is like taking an afternoon stroll, Anderson continues: "A man writes a novel as he takes an afternoon stroll only in his imagination. The actual physical feat of writing either a long or a short novel is another matter" (146/5-8). Furthermore, immediately after saying that novelists must "orchestrate" and give "form" to their work, Anderson declares: "It is not for nothing that we honor the novelists above the simple story tellers. The novel is the real test of the man" (147/10-12). It is disappointing to hear Anderson, one of the acknowledged masters of the short story, succumb to the popular notion that the novel is superior to the short
story. Undoubtedly, as he is at pains to show, the physical feat of writing the longer work is greater than that of writing the shorter work, but the test of artistic worth is not judged by length or physical exertion expended. Anderson's biographer Brom Weber gives one explanation why he persisted until the end of his life in his attempts to write novels:

It was not merely the pressure of publishers, as well as readers and critics, which pushed Anderson toward the novel against his natural inclination to work in short forms. Anderson shared the erroneous cultural belief that a novel is qualitatively as well as quantitatively more valuable than a short work. Had he been a younger man in the late 1910's and early 1920's, it is possible that he might have been able to develop the lyrical novel, a delicate form that would have best utilized his talents as it did those of Virginia Woolf, his admirer. But he had insufficient time in which to work slowly and perfect his art in every form. (Sherwood Anderson [Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1964], p. 34.)

The last three sections of the "Writer's Book" contain several statements regarding short story writing. First of all, they include two descriptive definitions of the short story. In Part VI Anderson says: "The writing of the short story is a kind of explosion" (146/1). This statement is similar to a remark he made in a letter to Ben Huebsch written on November 12, 1919. He tells Huebsch that the Winesburg stories came "all at one sitting, a distillation, an outbreak" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1919). In a letter to Paul Rosenfeld written from Reno in late 1923 or early 1924, he praises what the Chinese call "the short stop": "The notion was to touch something off and then let it complete itself in the reader" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1924). Anderson's second descriptive definition of the short story is found in Part VII: "The short story is the result of a sudden passionate interest. It is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard" (155/9-11). This definition reminds
the reader of a paragraph in the Winesburg story "Paper Pills—concerning Doctor Reefy," a paragraph which explains both Anderson's theory of the grotesque and his method of writing in Winesburg, Ohio. After explaining that Doctor Reefy's story is a curious one, Anderson continues:

It is delicious, like the twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg. . . . On the trees are only a few gnarled apples that the pickers have rejected. They look like the knuckles of Doctor Reefy's hands. One nibbles at them and they are delicious. Into a little round place at the side of the apple has been gathered all of its sweetness. One runs from tree to tree over the frosted ground picking the gnarled, twisted apples and filling his pockets with them. Only the few know the sweetness of the twisted apples. (Winesburg, Ohio, pp. 19-20.)

When Anderson maintains that a short story "is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard," and when he speaks about "single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written" (154/3-4), he is commenting on both his theory and his practice of short story writing. The author does not actually take ten or twelve years to write a story, but a story sometimes takes ten or twelve years "to get written." Anderson again uses the passive voice when he says: "Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times" (49/1-2). Rewriting does not mean that Anderson was "one who can correct, fill in, rework his stories" (48/14-15), nor is he one who can "linger over sentences" (154/5). Even though he does not literally mean that "all of my own short stories have been written at one sitting" (155/11-12), he does mean that the final version was often written in one burst of creative energy when, in definitive form, the idea for the story was finally "grasped whole."

As has been explained, when praising "Death in the Woods," Anderson admits that it was "ten years getting itself written" (49/4). A
holograph in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library called "The Death in the Forest" has attached to it a note in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's hand. The note reads: "Early version of short story Death in the Woods." This holograph is printed in an appendix to William Vaughn Miller's dissertation, "The Technique of Sherwood Anderson's Short Stories" (pp. 259-68), and in an appendix to Ray Lewis White's critical edition of Tar (pp. 231-36). The second known version of "Death in the Woods" was printed as Chapter XII of Tar, and the third version, greatly revised, was published in American Mercury in September of 1926. Since the story that appeared in American Mercury is virtually the same as it appeared in Death in the Woods, the final version of the story was written most probably in 1926. Therefore, if the story was "ten years getting itself written," the holograph "The Death in the Forest" in the Sherwood Anderson Papers was written about 1916, at the time Anderson was writing his Winesburg stories.

Even though Anderson in the "Writer's Book" speaks quite often about the novel and the short story, he is unable to formulate an adequate theory on the relationship between the two forms. He admits this inability in two places in Part VII. He confesses that in this concluding section he had not originally intended to speak about the writing of three short stories: "I had intended, when I began to write, to speak of the great gulf that separates the two arts" (163/1-2). After he describes writing his three stories, he again admits: "I had started here to speak of the relationship of the story to the novel but have been carried away" (166/4-5). Andersen is a creative artist, not a theorist, and he cannot translate into theory what he intuitively understands and practices as an
artist. He comes nearest to articulating a theory of short story writing when he ascribes to H. G. Wells the statement that writing a short story is like a man running to a fire while writing a novel is like the same man taking an afternoon stroll (146/2-6), but he ends this passage with the statement: "The actual physical feat of writing either a long or a short novel is another matter" (146/6-8). The "other matter," the real difference between short story writing and novel writing, is never explained.

Therefore we are forced to say that Anderson could never arrive at a satisfactory theory regarding the essential difference between the short story and the novel. Nevertheless, he can lay claim to an outstanding accomplishment: the creation of a wholly new art form in American letters. In "Waiting for Ben Huebsch" in Memoirs (ed. Rosenfeld, p. 289), he writes:

I have even sometimes thought that the novel form does not fit an American writer, that it is a form which had been brought in. What is wanted is a new looseness; and in Winesburg I had made my own form. There were individual tales but all about lives in some way connected. By this method I did succeed, I think, in giving the feeling of the life of a boy growing into young manhood in a town. Life is a loose flowing thing.

Since the question whether Winesburg, Ohio is a series of short stories or a novel is still debated by critics, it is well to see what Anderson himself says about his masterpiece. In the "Writer's Book" he always speaks of Winesburg as a series of stories, never as a novel. For example, note the phrases: "the Winesburg series of short stories" (23/10), "the Winesburg series of stories" (23/16), "all the stories of the book" (44/8-9), "the Winesburg tales" (48/3), "your Winesburg stories" (82/12), "the Winesburg stories" (99/12-13), and "my Winesburg series of
Furthermore, at 87/11-12 he lists *Winesburg* as a volume of short stories, along with *The Triumph of the Egg* and *Horses and Men*, and not as a novel; and at 155/1-8 he uses *Winesburg* as an example to substantiate the critical opinion that he is "best at the short story."

In letters of Anderson's written in the year of the publication of *Winesburg*, he speaks of it as a hybrid form. For example, writing on November 12, 1919, to Ben Huebsch, he compares his unsuccessful and unpublished "Mary Cochran" to *Winesburg*: "In its final form it will be like *Winesburg*, a group of tales woven about the life of one person but each tale will be longer and more closely related to the development of the central character." To Hart Crane on November 19, he remarks: "I shall later have another book of stories grouped into a semi-novel form"; and to Waldo Frank, sometime after December 4, he states: "Out of my necessity I am throwing the Mary Cochran book into the *Winesburg* form, half individual tales, half long novel form" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1919).


So I invented a figure I called George Willard and about his figure I built a series of stories and sketches called *Winesburg, Ohio*.

(*Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 22.)

Later, when I had become a writer and had written and published books, I wrote and published a book of tales, called *Winesburg, Ohio*. (Ibid., p. 177.)
He [Jacques Copeau] was, at that time, particularly interested in a book of tales I had written and that I had called Winesburg, Ohio. He said the tales had excited him. (Ibid., p. 362.)

I had myself written, in my Winesburg tales, the story of a woman who seemed to me a rather fine mother. (Ibid., p. 409.)

When he [Hemingway] began to write he began with the short story and I had already published my Winesburg, Ohio. I had published also my Horses and Men and my Triumph of the Egg. (Ibid., p. 462.)

At the time I was being published by Ben Huebsch who had taken my Winesburg stories after they had been kicked about in several publishing houses. (Ibid., p. 490.)

When, in the course of the "Writer's Book," Anderson gives his opinion of some of his contemporaries, he also gives expression to his critical theory. As has been noted already, Anderson probably is referring to Theodore Dreiser, although he does not mention him by name, in the passage in Part I concerning "I Accuse." Anderson mentions Dreiser by name in Part V. He alludes to the prose poem that he wrote about Dreiser (138/6), published originally in the Little Review (III [April, 1916], 5-6). This poem in a slightly revised form was printed at the beginning of Horses and Men, dedicated to Dreiser. After mentioning the poem, Anderson goes on to speak of the "nerve force, of patience, of courage" (138/12) with which Dreiser met the vicissitudes attendant on the publication of Sister Carrie. When speaking of the reaction of the public to Sister Carrie, Anderson links himself with Dreiser as a man who also was accused of being "sex-obsessed" (139/6). In exonerating Dreiser of this charge, Anderson implicitly exonerates himself. Anderson calls Dreiser "the man I consider the pioneer, the father of so much later American writing" (143/16-144/1). Dreiser "did not, as he was accused of doing, overemphasize sex. . . . The truth is that Mr. Dreiser simply
put sex back into our sexless literature. He gave sex a normal place in the lives of the people of whom he wrote. He gave all of our American writing a new health" (144/1-7).

Anderson's championing of the cause of his lifelong friend Theodore Dreiser leads him into a discussion of Sinclair Lewis. Lewis was the first American to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature (1930). In the "Writer's Book," as in his Memoirs (ed. White, p. 536), Anderson thinks Dreiser, rather than Lewis, should have been given this distinction. The reason for Anderson's preference of Dreiser over Lewis is the contention that Dreiser "is a man who has always been tender about life, all kinds of American life, in the poor and in the rich, in the healthy and in the deformed, and Mr. Lewis is very seldom tender" (144/10-12).

In comparing Main Street unfavorably to Sister Carrie, Anderson summarizes his attitude towards Sinclair Lewis: "Lewis' doctor shaking the ashes out of his furnace becomes the symbol of all life" (145/4-5).

Another contemporary of Anderson's who comes in for small praise in the "Writer's Book" is Somerset Maugham. In describing his struggle to write a salable short story, Anderson recounts that one afternoon he picked up Maugham's Of Human Bondage. He mentions, but does not quote, a paragraph from Of Human Bondage which, by implication, upholds the obligation which an artist has to the integrity of his art and which, perhaps, scorns money-making. Anderson concludes his remarks on Maugham: "Well, Maugham, by his writing and by his plays after his Of Human Bondage, had got rich" (102/9-10). Judged by Anderson's "myth" that the artist is poor and the businessman is rich, Maugham falls short of the true artist.
Since Anderson's "lifelong friend John Emerson" (67/9) was not a fellow artist but only a movie actor and producer, he is not condemned because he became rich nor because he "married that charming little woman Anita Loos and went to live in Hollywood" (67/12-13). Emerson is even included in the group of "old friends" (103/12) whose voices speak to Anderson from Ripshin Creek and mingle with the voices of loved ones from his imaginative life. In addition to John Emerson, the friends from Anderson's real life include Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, and Maurice Long.

Long was the owner of a large laundry in Washington, D.C., who, with Fred O'Brien, is described in "Two Irishmen" in No Swank (Philadelphia: The Centaur Press, p. 33) as "the two best story tellers I ever knew." Fred O'Brien, mentioned at 149/4-5 as the author of White Shadows on the South Seas, is perhaps the "Fred" of 107/10, whose footsteps Anderson hears on the bridge over Ripshin Creek.

Another of Anderson's close friends mentioned in the "Writer's Book" is Gertrude Stein. After Anderson confesses that he is not the kind of writer who can "linger over sentences," he adds: "It is true that Gertrude Stein once declared I was one of the few American writers who could write a sentence. She spoke, I think, of passionate sentences" (154/5-8). Anderson is alluding to The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, in which Gertrude Stein writes: "Gertrude Stein contended that Sherwood Anderson had a genius for using a sentence to convey a direct emotion, this was in the great American tradition, and that really except Sherwood there was no one in America who could write a clear and passionate sentence" (Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein, ed. Carl Van Vechten [New York: Random House, 1946], p. 218).
Anderson first became acquainted with Gertrude Stein's writings when his brother Karl brought to his boarding house at 735 Cass Street a copy of *Tender Buttons*, published in 1914. *Tender Buttons*, and later *Three Lives*, exerted a great influence on Anderson's prose style (see *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, pp. 260-63). Anderson met Gertrude Stein for the first time when he went to Europe in 1921. They renewed their acquaintance when Sherwood returned to Europe in 1926-27, and they remained close friends. In an interview with the present editor on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson affirmed that both Theodore Dreiser and Gertrude Stein were two of Sherwood's best and most loyal friends until his death in 1941.

V. THE PRESENT EDITION AND ITS PROCEDURES

Since the purpose of this edition is to make available to readers Sherwood Anderson's "Writer's Book," the basic editorial principle guiding all decisions is the presentation of an accurate, readable text. For the sake of clarity, the present editor has introduced into the text five kinds of changes. First, spelling is standardized. Secondly, necessary words omitted by Anderson are supplied in brackets. Thirdly, inadvertent errors in handwriting are corrected. Forthly, only glaring grammatical errors that impede easy reading are corrected; otherwise, Anderson's grammar is allowed to stand. Lastly, many changes are made in punctuation, even though the basic principle is to retain Anderson's highly individualistic punctuation whenever compatible with clarity. Absolutely every time that the slightest change is made in the text, the original
reading in the manuscript is given in the critical apparatus at the foot of the page.

Anderson's spelling is standardized, but his occasional use of British spelling, for example, "defence" (2/5), "enamoured" (36/15), and "armour" (133/13), is retained. Occasionally Anderson uses a variant spelling for a word. When a variant is recognized by Webster the editor lets it stand. Examples are "practise" (20/8), "mould" (63/6), "paralyzing" (115/14-15), "incased" (133/13), and "mustache" (143/11-12).

Occasionally Anderson omits a word clearly called for by the context. The present editor adds and brackets the words. Great clarity and readability, not an attempt to "improve" Anderson's style, are the criteria for these additions. For example: "He may think me one [of the] anarchists" (58/6); and "no one thinks [about] what is really going on in the room" (152/8-9). What the editor considers inadvertent errors in handwriting are corrected. For example, "her two room" (31/2) is changed to "her two rooms"; and "suggester" (28/8) is changed to "suggested." On the other hand, when the present editor judges that what appears on the page is what Anderson intended to write, the unorthodox word or words are allowed to stand. For example, "I rather gave her down the river" (117/6) is not changed.

Anderson's occasional grammatical errors present real editorial problems. Because some grammatical errors are considered by the present editor both inadvertent slips in handwriting and hindrances to easy reading, they are corrected. For example, "Your heart jump" (73/7) is changed to "Your heart jumps; and "I, who had always love the piles of clean white sheets" (42/4) is changed to "I, who had always loved the piles of clean
white sheets." On the whole, however, Anderson's grammar is allowed to stand. The only thing that is corrected is a flagrant grammatical error that would impede easy reading. For example: "she gave him no more attention but waited on we others" (22/8) is corrected to read: "but waited on us others."

Anderson's practices regarding tense and mood of verbs are retained. Consequently, the text is at times inconsistent and at other times awkward. An example of Anderson's inconsistency is his changing from the present tense to the past tense in the sentence: "She looks into his eyes, and at once, by a kind of magic, she recognized in him . . ." (27/15-16). An example of his awkwardness is the overuse of the past perfect tense: "It is a stream of sounds, and at night, ever since I had completed the building of my house and had moved into it, the stream had talked to me" (105/11-13). Even if it were not an unwarranted tampering with the text, it would be hard to determine and to follow any consistent policy in regard to the tense of Anderson's verbs.

In the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" there are several instances of complicated, grammatically imperfect sentences. Examples are found at: 51/1-6, 54/2-6, 67/9-15, 90/1-10, and 92/7-93/7. In the first three cases the present editor, in the interest of clarity, omits words that Anderson has in the manuscript. In the last two cases the present editor omits nothing but suggests in the critical apparatus and in the Commentary variant readings. The notes to these passages in the Commentary explain in full the changes made or suggested.

There are, furthermore, two cases (43/13-44/10 and 53/2-6) in which the present editor divides a long sentence into two. In the first case
the comma after "coming" (44/5) is changed to a question mark, and the
parenthetical expression that begins with "my Winesburg, Ohio" is changed
into an independent sentence. The justification for this change is, first
of all, clarity, and, secondly, Anderson's cancellation of the second
parenthesis, indicating that by the time he came to the end of the sen-
tence he no longer intended the information introduced about Winesburg to
be parenthetical. In the second case the present editor simply capital-
izes the "and" at 53/3: "... Can't you suggest another?" And I re-
plied ... ."

Anderson's indentation, unorthodox as it is, is allowed to stand.
Just as Anderson has reason for his highly individualistic punctuation
and sentence structure, he also intends his paragraphs—short, abrupt ones
or long, rambling ones—to regulate the movement of his thoughts and emo-
tions. Therefore, Anderson's indentation is respected. One unusual
practice of Anderson's is to start a new paragraph when the speaker in a
conversation starts a new sentence. This practice, too, is respected,
except in one case. The dialogue at 152/14-16 is not clear if, as in the
manuscript, the two sentences uttered by the first speaker are put into
separate paragraphs. Therefore, in the present text they are put into
the same paragraph; and the third sentence of the dialogue, spoken by the
other speaker, is reserved for the new paragraph:

"What a dull evening. I notice that you had very little to
say."

"A dull evening?"

Although this is the only case in which the present editor does not
respect Anderson's opening of a new paragraph, there are several instances
in which the present text commences a paragraph where Anderson has no indentation. The reason behind these changes is mainly typographical. For example, at the beginning of "A Sermon" and "Prelude to a Story" (3/3 and 4/4), Anderson does not indent the opening words. The appearance of pages 3 and 4, it is hoped, justifies making the change. There is, furthermore, one instance (126/15) where indentation is added not for typographical reasons but for clarity. It is consistent with Anderson's usual practice of starting a new paragraph whenever a new quotation is introduced, and it makes for clearer reading, if the judge's statement, "I am ashamed that I am so short," is made to start a new paragraph.

The "x's" that Anderson uses to break his text into sections are retained. Usually Anderson uses three "x's," although in a few cases he uses four. For typographical reasons the present editor consistently uses three. The three periods which Anderson often has in his manuscripts are retained in the present text. These three periods are not ellipsis marks. There is only one instance in which the present editor omits words from Anderson's manuscript and indicates the omission by three periods. As the note to 67/9-10 explains, three periods are substituted for the words "with whom, when" in the sentence: "My lifelong friend John Emerson, with whom, when we were both boys in the same small town . . . ." In other cases the present editor has supplied three periods when either clarity or Anderson's style calls for them. For example, in order to make Anderson's punctuation consistent as well as to clarify the meaning, in the following sentence three periods are substituted for the comma after "enough": "A protest having come from the office . . . 'You have put in time enough' . . . I showed the man the advertisements
written on the train" (88/13-15).

Undoubtedly the most numerous and difficult editorial decisions concern Anderson's punctuation. Even though a fundamental rule guiding the editing of the "Writer's Book" is to retain his punctuation wherever possible, clarity and readability often take precedence over strict adherence to his practice. For example, since Anderson often omits periods at the end of sentences and question marks at the end of questions, these marks are supplied. In a few cases periods are turned into exclamation marks: "And so I began to write, but alas!" (12/4); and in other cases exclamation marks are supplied where there is no punctuation: "But what rough places I had smoothed out!" (9/15). Periods are supplied after the abbreviations "Mr." and "Mrs."

Titles of books are underscored, with the exception of "Winesburg" when used as an adjective, as in "Winesburg series of short stories" (23/10). Quotation marks, when missing, are supplied for titles of stories and articles. Missing quotation marks in direct quotations are supplied, and Anderson's unnecessary quotation marks are omitted. When Anderson has a question within a quotation he sometimes encloses it in single quotation marks and sometimes in double quotation marks. His practice is made consistent by always using single quotation marks. Another practice of Anderson's that is made consistent is the placement of quotation marks in relation to periods, commas, and question marks. Anderson consistently puts his question mark before the quotation mark, but his periods and commas fall almost anywhere. All periods and commas are placed inside the quotation marks according to American usage.

The colon and the semicolon, uncommon in any of Anderson's manu-
scripts, do not appear in the manuscript of the "Writer's Book." For the sake of clarity, however, the present editor adds the colon once and the semicolon several times. The comma after "come" is changed to a colon in the sentence: "Bills come: so many pounds of grass seed for a field, a ton of lime, a new plow" (52/6-7). The semicolon is introduced into long compound-complex sentences when, in the opinion of the editor, the large amount of internal punctuation in the independent clauses makes it necessary to demarcate the independent clauses clearly: "She was in a car that was wrecked, was thrown stunned to the sidewalk, even here, in this dark dismal street; and her companion, an older man, it would have been her father, who was driving the car, was killed" (27/6-9).

Anderson's highly individualistic practice in regard to the comma raises difficult questions. Anderson uses the comma to help express his thought and to regulate the rhythm of his sentences, not consciously to follow such arbitrary rules as "commas are used to set off nonrestrictive elements in a sentence" or "commas are used to separate items in a series." These academic rules of punctuation did not interest Anderson, and he never mastered them. What he strove to write were simple, clear, readable sentences, and the present editor tries to be true to his intent and style. Therefore, the following practices are her guides.

Since Anderson usually does not use a comma to separate two independent clauses if the clauses are separated by a simple conjunction and if there is no internal punctuation, his practice is retained. When one or both of the independent clauses have internal punctuation, however, a comma is added to separate the main clauses. For example, the editor supplies the comma after "kitchen" in the sentence: "She uses it also as
a kitchen, but there is a little bed in a corner, hidden behind a curtain" (20/10-11). Since only rarely in the manuscript does Anderson use a comma to separate adjectives in a series, the editor retains Anderson's usual practice: "tense excited mood" (7/13) and "dark dismal street" (27/8). When one of the adjectives is modified by an adverb, however, a comma is supplied if it is not in Anderson's text. For example, the commas after "dark" and "older" are supplied by the editor: "certain secret, often dark, little recesses" (10/10), and "older, more experienced writer" (118/5-6). Commas are also supplied when the same adjective is repeated: "old, old struggle" (84/11), and "many, many pages" (105/3).

In accordance with current practice, Anderson does not use a comma to separate short introductory clauses from the main clause; he often uses a comma, not a semicolon or a comma and a conjunction, to separate short independent clauses: "We walked beyond the town, got into a dirt road, passed farm houses, dogs barked at us" (7/9-11). Anderson also does not use a comma before the final "and" in a series: "while their children play, fight and quarrel in the street" (19/5).

Very often Anderson omits the second of a pair of commas. It is difficult to decide whether to omit the first comma, since it serves no purpose by itself except to help inflection, or to supply the second. When the first comma seems to be intended to regulate the rhythm of the sentence or to introduce a parenthetical expression, the second comma is supplied. For example, the comma added by the present editor after "changing" seems necessary for the rhythm: "It is by such absurd dreams, always coming, always changing, that the imaginative young man lives" (28/2-3).
Although Anderson most probably did not reflect upon the difference between a restrictive and a nonrestrictive clause or phrase, the editor's decision about omitting the first or adding the second of a pair of commas is often determined by this difference. Very often Anderson puts a comma at the beginning of a restrictive element in a sentence. Since he does not follow the clause or phrase by another comma and since the sense of the sentence is clearer if the first comma is omitted, the present editor leaves it out. For example, commas are omitted after "artist" and "doctor" in the following sentences: "She had an artist who works in wood build a desk for him" (136/9-10); and "Lewis' doctor shaking the ashes out of his furnace becomes the symbol of all life" (145/4-5). On the other hand, the following sentence provides an example of a nonrestrictive clause that needs the second of a pair of commas added after "words": "I, who am a lover of words, must use them for this purpose" (86/9-10).

The present editor emends the wording of the text in five places. "Lugs" is changed to "dugs"; that is, an archaic word for "ears" is changed to a synonym for "udder," clearly called for by the context: "she is a woman with great breasts, like cows' dugs" (25/9-10). In the sentence which begins: "If there is something in a writer's work that really touches you, makes your life a lit richer" (118/14-16), the present editor emends "lit" to "bit," assuming that it is more probable that Anderson failed to notice he wrote "l" for "b" rather than that he failed to notice he wrote "lit" for "little." In two cases the present editor construes what looks like "jole" to read "joy" (104/10 and 110/3). She also emends "wom" (38/11) to "woman."

As has already been said, the holograph of the "Writer's Book" con-
contains some corrections, deletions, and additions made in Anderson's own hand, apparently during its original composition. The text as presented here is the text as Anderson would have revised it on a later reading, but the original wording, as well as all indecipherable deletions, are indicated in the critical apparatus at the foot of the page.
Mss--For Writer's Book

These have been copied

[i]
THE BOOK FOR WRITER

Literary flirtation.

How books carry on in the mind... 

Trilena White and the successful novelist... Has he contempt?

A defence of critics.

How the writer feels about his own books.
A Sermon.

Half a Story

Written for young American story tellers by a veteran of the craft, its purpose to show the processes by which a story begins in the mind of the story teller's, the resistance in him to its flow, the struggle he has with himself, and what finally emerges. The sermon to go at the front of a book in which he attempts to tell a new story.
On a certain day, in the early summer, some years ago, I got a letter from my literary agent. It may be that I had been writing to him. He had certain stories I had sent him to sell.

"Can't you, sir, sell one of the stories to some magazine? I am needing money."

He answered my letter. He is a sensible man, knows his business.

"I admit that the stories you have sent me are good stories.

"But," he said, "you are always getting something into all of your stories that spoils the sale."
He did not go further but I knew what he meant.

"Look here," he once said [2] to me, "why can't you, for the time at least, drop this rather intimate style of yours?"

He smiled when he said it and I also smiled.

"Let us say, now, that you are yourself the editor of one of our big American magazines. You have yourself been in business. When you first began to write, even after you had published some of your earlier books, Winesburg and others, you had to go on for years, working in an advertising place.

"You must know that all of our large American magazines are business ventures. It costs a great deal of money to print and [3] distribute hundreds of thousands of magazines. Often, as you know, the price received for the magazine, when sold on the newstand, does not pay for the paper on which it is printed."

"Yes, I know."

1 further] further

2 here,"] here", ; number 5 canceled before number 2

3 thus canceled before this

4 He smiles corrected to read He smiled; I also smiled.] I also smiles

8 Winesburg] Winesburg

11 two indecipherable words canceled before business

12 number 6 canceled before number 3

13 received] received
"They have to have stories that please people."

"Yes, I know."

We had stopped to have a drink at a bar. But a few weeks before he had written me a letter. "There is a certain large magazine that would like to have a story from you.

"It should be, let us say, a story of about ten thousand words."

"Do not attempt to write the story. Make an outline, I should say a three or four page outline.

"I can sell the story for you."

I had made the outline and had sent it to him.

"It is splendid," he wrote. "Now you can go ahead. I can get such and such a sum."

"Oho!" The sum mentioned would get me out of my difficulties.

"I will get busy," I said to myself. "In a week I will

5 you.

6 say ten canceled before thousand; about ten interlined words.

7 words.

9 quotation mark canceled after outline.

12 I] "I; him.

13 splendid]

17 busy,"] busy"; "In a week] In a week
dash off this story." Some two or three weeks before, a man
friend had [5] come to me one evening. He is a man to whom I am
deeply attached.

"Come and walk with me," he said, and we set out afoot,
leaving the town where he lived. I had gone to the town to see
him, but when I got to his town there was a sudden illness in
his house. The man has children and two of them were in bed
with a contagious disease.

I stayed at a hotel. He came there. We walked beyond the
town, got into a dirt road, passed farm houses, dogs barked [6]
at us. We got into a moonlit meadow.

We had walked for a long time in silence. At the hotel I
had noticed that my friend was in a tense excited mood.

"You are in some sort of trouble. Is it the children? Has
the disease taken a turn for the worst?"

1 before,] before; I canceled before a man

2 number 8 canceled before number 5; to me interlined after
come; to my house. canceled after evening.

6 him, but] him but,; there canceled before to his town

8 contagious] contagious

9 beyond corrected from beyoned

10 number 9 canceled before number 6

13 an canceled before excited; a tense interlined; tense can-
celed before mood

14 children?] children.

15 worst] read worse
"No," he said. "The children are better. They are all right."

We were in the moonlit meadow, standing by a fence, some sheep grazing nearby, and it was a delicious night of the early summer. [7] "There is something I have to tell to someone," he said. "I wrote to you, begged you to come here."

My friend is a highly respected man in his town.

He began talking. He talked for hours. He told me a story of a secret life he had been living.

My friend is a man of fifty. He is a scientist. He is employed, as an experimental scientist, by a large manufacturing company.

But, I might as well confess at once that I am, as you the reader may have guessed, covering [8] the trail of my friend. I am a man rather fortunate in life. I have a good many men friends. If I make this one an experimental scientist, working for a large manufacturing company, it will do.

1 are better] ar better
2 nearby,) nearby
5 number 10 canceled before number 7; someone,"] someone",
6 certainly. canceled after said.
8 comma changed to period after talking; He interlined before talked
13 once] once,
14 number 11 canceled before number 8
His story was, on the whole, strange. It was like so many stories, not invented but come directly out of life. It was a story having in it certain so-called sordid touches, strange impulses come to a man of fifty, himself in the grip of an odd passion.

"I have been doing this.

"I have been doing that. [9]

"I have to unload, to tell someone.

"I have been suffering."

My friend did unload his story, getting a certain relief, and I went home.

The letter came from the agent. I made the outline of the story that was pronounced splendid by my agent.

But what rough places I had smoothed out!

"No, I cannot say that such a figure, holding such a
respectable place in my life, did that.

"There must not be anything unpleasant. There must be nothing that will remind readers of certain sordid moments, thoughts, passions, acts, in their own lives.

"If I am to get this money, and, oh, how I need it!"

I am no Shakespeare but did not even Shakespeare write a play he called As You Like It?

"When you are writing, to please people, you must not touch certain secret, often dark, little recesses that are in all humans.

"Keep in the clear, man. Go gayly along.

"It will be all right to startle them a little.

"You must get a certain dramatic force into your story."
But that night the man, upon whose story I have based the story I am about to write, was, as he talked, simply broken. He even put his face down upon the top rail of the fence, there in that moonlit meadow, and cried, and I went to him. I put my arms [12] about his shoulders, said words to him.

"This passion, that has come to you at this time in your life, that now threatens to tear down all you have so carefully built up, that threatens to destroy the lives of others you love, will pass.

"At our age everything passes."

I do not remember just what I did say to him.

But I was at my desk.

"Never mind him. Use, [13] of the story he told you, only so much as will perhaps a little startle, without too much shocking, your readers.

1 But] "But
2 here canceled after write; that night canceled after talked; simply] simple
4 wept canceled and cried interlineated; cried,] cried
5 number 15 canceled before number 12
14 numbers 15 and 16 canceled before number 13
15-16 an canceled before a little; shocking,] shocking
"You know very well how badly you need this money." These sentences I had begun saying to myself.

And so I began to write, but alas!

Our difficulty is that as we write we become interested, absorbed, often a little in love with these characters of our stories, that seem to be growing here, under our [14] hand.

I have begun this story, taking off, as it were, from the story told me in the meadow by my friend, but now, as I write, he has disappeared.

There is a new man, coming to life, here, on this paper, under my hand. He seems to be here, in this room where I work.

"You must do me right now," he seems to be saying to me.
"There is a certain morality involved," he says. 
"Do not hesitate. I want it all put down."

And so, there is all of that money I so needed, gone out of the window. [16]

There is a series of letters, concerning a story to be written, that lie here on my desk. I have had them brought to me from my files.

"If you are to write the story for us it would be well for you to keep certain things in mind.

"The story should be concerned with the lives of people who are in what might be called comfortable circumstances.

And, oh, how I needed it.  

I was at a bar, in the city, drinking with my friend, the agent.  
"You sent me that outline. It was splendid. What did you not ink it in?"

1 here canceled after involved; comma and quotation mark inverted

2 number 18 canceled before number 15; this is the end of the double pagination; it interlineated after put

3 put interlineated after all; down."} down.

5 money] money,

6 Bottom half of page 15 is all canceled; the original reads:

And, oh, how I needed it.

I was at a bar, in the city, drinking with my friend, the agent.
"You sent me that outline. It was splendid. What did you not ink it in?"

8 written,] written

10 indecipherable word, possibly for, canceled between well and for

13 circumstances.} circumstances
"Above all, it should not be too gloomy.  
"We want you to understand that we do not wish, in any way, to dictate to you."

I sit at my desk, reading over the above letter. "It is true," I say to myself, "that I was once in business." For years I was employed as a writer of advertisements in an advertising agency. Having [17] been born into and having lived, through boyhood and into my young manhood, in a very poor family, I had for a long time what I presume might be called the American dream. I dreamed of getting rich, or at least well-to-do, of living in a big house, having an assured income. I had spent the years of my early young manhood working as a laborer, had been a farm laborer, a factory hand, lived as such men do in little...
rooms, often in cheerless enough streets. As I sit here this morning writing, scenes, smells, sights of that time in my own life come back to me. I see myself in a room in a house in a street in a factory town. I am sitting at my window looking out. I have got, at a second-hand furniture store, an old kitchen table and at a stationery store some tablets of white paper. Even at that time, and although I had not then begun to think of myself [18] as a writer, such a thing as authorship being seemingly as far away from me as the stars in the sky at night, I had nevertheless this passion for writing. Like my man of the story of certain phases of a human life I have here written, in this book, I took it out in writing letters. I used to get names out of newspapers or out of books borrowed at the public libraries. I began a letter, "Dear Cecilia."

I wanted to tell Cecilia of certain impressions, certain
feelings about life, I had been having.

But who was Cecilia? How old was she? What did she look like?

It was not difficult for me to evoke the figure of Cecilia. Although, as a young workman, not skilled in any one trade and therefore never very well paid, I was compelled to live always in some poorer section of the town or city where I was employed, I did, usually, have [19] one good suit of clothes, a presentable hat, presentable shoes, I could put on for a Sunday afternoon's or an evening's walk.

I walked in some rich or well-to-do section of town and there, on a wide street, under trees, I had seen a young woman walking.

She was tall and slender. She walked with easy grace. She had a somewhat dark, so-called "olive" skin—not the green but the ripe olive—but not that either.

"Her skin is of the color of the soil, in a certain field, seen from a distance, from a freight train, on which I was once buming my way to a new town and a new job," I told myself.
She had dark eyes and very fine glistening black hair.

So I wrote to her. I called her Cecilia. I began to tell her stories of workmen beside whom I worked, of dreams that came, of people [20] seen, of the hours of sleepless loneliness that sometimes came at night.

Of the noises at night in the rooming house where I had my room.

I always made my Cecilies a bit older than myself. Let us say I had reached the age of twenty-four. I made her a woman of thirty.

It is true that these thoughts of Cecilia led sometimes into lascivious thoughts. What young man has not had them about some imagined woman? I stopped thinking of her eyes, the broad forehead, the finely shaped nose and chin, her graceful stride as she walked under the trees and thought instead [of] holding her two shapely breasts in the palms of my hands, of her lips, of

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2 Cecilia] Cecelia
3 stories] stories,
4 came] come; loneliness] loneliness
6 house] house,
8 Cecilies] Cecelia's; myself canceled before myself
11 Cecilia] Cecelia; often canceled before sometimes
13 imagined] imagined
15 of] not in manuscript
her shapely thighs. [21]

Then I could not write to her. I could not sleep. Sometimes, when such thoughts came, I had to leave my room. I walked for hours in the street. I went into saloons and drank. I wanted to get drunk. "I'd better get drunk," I told myself.

x x x

I have spoken of scenes, looked at from the windows of rooms, in workingmen's rooming houses. I have told how these keep coming back to me.

I see, in fancy, in such a reminiscent mood, a certain street intersection. It is in a Middle-Western American city. It is a Sunday morning in a section of the city where a great many workers live.

Go down along this street, a block, two blocks, and there is a large brick factory, facing the street, where, every day, hundreds of thousands, it may be even millions, of loaves

3 came,] came
5 to get drunk. "I'd better get drunk,"] to get drunk "I'd better get drunk"," 10 reminiscent] reminiscent
11 Middle-Western] middlewestern
12 the canceled after where
14 two blocks,] two blocks
16 millions,] millions; loaves] loves
of bread are baked. There is a row of small mean-looking, unpainted houses facing it, and on hot summer nights men and women, the men in their shirt sleeves and the women, for the most part, in soiled, Mother-Hubbardish-looking dresses, sit on the steps while their children play, fight and quarrel in the street.

And on summer nights, there are young men, very like myself no doubt, at least some of them, walking up and down. Some of them are young roughs, others quiet gentle fellows.

Are they imagining their own Cecilias?

Very likely they are.

On the street, in one of the houses, upstairs in the house, [23] where she has taken two rooms, there is a woman lives. She is, I'd say, thirty-two. She has blond hair.

But perhaps it was not originally blond. She may have had it bleached.

Her eyes are dark and there are dark patches under her
The eyes look tired.

She is a prostitute, and the women, married to workers, who sit on the steps before the houses, do not speak to her when, in the evening, she comes down the stairs from her rooms to begin her evening's walk in the street, but usually she does not come down early. She has two children, both girls, one five and the other three; and before she sets out for her evening's work, to practise her old, old profession, she must get them into their bed and asleep. They sleep in one of the two rooms she rents. She uses it also as a kitchen, but there is a little bed in a corner, hidden behind a curtain. The curtain is made of a bed sheet, arranged on some wires she has strung up.

But how do I know all of this?

I shall have to tell you. One night, after work, in a

1 tired,] tired
2 prostitute,] prostitute; a canceled after workers,
4 evening,] evening; stairs] stairs,
5 p canceled before begin; evening's] evenings; street, but] street but,
7 three;] three
8 old, old profession,] old, old, profession,
10 kitchen,] kitchen
12 arranged] arrained
certain cold-storage warehouse, where butter and eggs were stored, some half dozen blocks from the house where I had my own room, after dining at a cheap workingmen's restaurant . . . I remember that on that evening a drunken young workingman came in there . . . he seemed under the impression that the place was a bar . . . he kept asking for whiskey. [25]

"But we do not sell any kind of intoxicating drink. This is a restaurant, a place to eat," the waitress kept saying.

She was a tall woman and heavy and walked with a limp, and more than once, when I had dined there, I had wondered why she didn't try to get a job that would let her work sitting down.

"So many hours, every day, spent standing and walking on the poor crippled foot," I had thought. I did not look at her when she brought my food. "Why look? Why make yourself unhappy by looking?" I said to myself.

On that night the drunken young man kept insisting.

"Hell, you got it in here, I know you have," he kept [26]
He sat at a little table pleading with the waitress of the crippled foot. He said his mother was always hiding his whiskey from him. "I get a bottle. I take it home. Well, I hide it good but she finds it.

"I do not swear at her because she is my mother and a man should respect his mother, but you are not my mother," he said to the waitress, but presently, other workers coming in to dine, she gave him no more attention but waited on us others while he sat, amusing the other workers by declaring over and over that he would not move until he got his drink.

"And they can't throw me out. I'm strong. Just let them try it," he kept declaring.

And so on that night I dined and went to my room. I began writing to some Cecilia, describing to her the events, the

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1 restaurant canceled after with the; waitress interlined
2 hiding] liding
6 his mother, but] his mother but; my mother,"}] my mother",
7 waitress,] waitress
8 us others] we others
12 try it,"}] try it",; declaring,] declaring
14 so] so,,; dined] dines
15 Cecilia] cecelia
thoughts and feelings of my day, but presently . . .

It began. Desire raged in me. Who has not seen such young men as I was then wandering restlessly in city streets at night?

But it is not lust alone that drives us forth. There is this dream world in which we live in this intimacy with beauty.

To the more imaginative young man, and perhaps also young woman, for them I cannot speak, the dream sometimes grows more and more intense. The very power of concentration that is characteristic of the artist man makes his dream constantly more and more real.

In the Winesburg series of short stories, [28] written in just such a rooming house as I have here described--

In a city rooming house, where often you do not know the others in the house—sound of the footsteps of girls and women on stairs at night. Women are undressing in nearby rooms.

A young girl begins to sing softly.

In the Winesburg series of stories, in the story "Loneliness,"

1 but presently . . .] but, presently.

3 night?] night.

5 an canceled after live

6 imaginative] imaginative

7 them] read her; speak,] speak

8 concentration] concentration; characteristic] characteristic

12 In a city] ... In a city; house, where] house where,

16 "Loneliness,"] Lonliness,
I described a little man in a room and what the imagined figures his fancy had conjured up had come to mean to him.

But I was speaking of myself, in such a room. I spoke of writing long letters to a woman I had named Cecilia and then of growing weary of writing and sitting by my window.

It is a Sunday morning, after a hot night. There is a small delicatessen a few doors down the street, beyond the corner, and on Sundays people go there for food. The windows of the store are dirty and it is run by a German in a dirty white apron. Often I wonder if he never has it washed.

Frowsy-looking women are going into the store. They look tired and bleary-eyed. There are two men standing at the corner, their backs against a building, and a third who sits at the curb, his feet in the street. He has got drunk during the night before and is still drunk.
And then, from out of the street along which I go to work there is a cold-storage warehouse along that street and I am employed as a laborer there . . . along the street comes a man leading an old grey horse.

The horse is lame. It goes painfully along. The three men and a fat woman with bare feet thrust into bedroom slippers that are run down at the heels, a soiled dress, and with grey hair that is twisted into an ugly little knot at the back of her bald head . . . she is a woman with [30] great breasts, like cows' uugs . . . these all stare at the old white horse being led along the street by a little old man with a white beard.

And all of this scene fixed, to stay until death, sharp as an etching, in the mind of a young man sitting in a window in a room in a rooming house.

Why?

I have spent my life wondering why.

I have spoken of the prostitute in the nearby street. On the night before the day when I saw the old white horse in the

1 are canceled before from
2 cold-storage] cold storage
6 woman] woman,; feet] feet,
7 dress,] dress
10 cows' dugs] cows lugs; horse] horse,
street, I had grown profoundly restless. I had been writing one of my Cecilia letters and could not write any more. I undressed and got into bed but could not sleep. I got up and dressed, went down into the street. [31]

It was very late and the streets in the section of the city where I then lived were now almost deserted.

"But where am I going?" I asked myself.

I would walk and walk and at last would grow weary. On more than one such night I had walked until daylight came, trying to quiet my restless longing.

But what did I hope?

For what did I hunger?

I am sure that young men, the restless young men out of the ranks of whom we are to get the artists of the future, will understand.

Yes, it is true, I was hungry for a woman, but I did not

1 restless.] restless
2 Cecilia] Cecelia
10 longing.] longing
11 hope?] hope.
12 hunger?] hunger
14 future,] future
16 woman,] woman
want just any woman. Such dreams as imaginative young men have, become at times absurd. As he walks restlessly about, as I was doing that night, he will come suddenly upon his Cecilia, and she, out of some divine impulse, will recognize at once that

There may be some accident happen. She was in a car that was wrecked, was thrown stunned to the sidewalk, even here, in this dark dismal street; and her companion, an older man, it would have been her father, who was driving the car, was killed.

Our young man springs forward. He puts his ear to her breast. She is still alive. He hails a car, takes her into his arms, accompanies her to a hospital.

He is in the car, holding her thus, and suddenly, as the car he has hailed passes a street light, she opens her eyes.

She looks into his eyes, and at once, by a kind of magic, she recognized in him ...
But why go on? Do not deny it, you imaginative young men.

It is by such absurd dreams, always coming, always changing, that the imaginative young man lives.

And, if he becomes in the end an American popular short story or novel writer, it is out of such dreams he later builds his tales.

I was in the street, walking as suggested, but a few doors from my own rooming house [34] when that prostitute spoke to me.

She was standing in the narrow hallway of the house in which she had the rooms. It had been a bad night for her, little or no trade coming her way, and she had, as I later knew, just

1 imaginative] imaginative; comma changed to period after men; it canceled after men.

2 of canceled before by; changing,] changing

3 imaginative] imaginative

4 becomes] becomes,

5 dreams] dreams,

8 suggested] suggester

9 house] house,

10 me] me

11 a canceled before narrow; the interlineated

13 way] way
run up to her room to see that her children were safe.

She had come softly down a flight of dark stairs and was just about to step out again, into the street, to again walk a certain number of blocks, looking about . . . there was a street, several blocks away, on which there were several saloons . . . there were some small dance halls . . . she would go there.

One more round and she would give it up for the [35] night. She saw me coming along and spoke to me.

"Hello. Won't you come here?"

When she spoke in the street thus she had a rather soft voice, but, as I later found out, it was not her natural voice. She was like the people who, nowadays, speak to all of us over the radio . . . she had cultivated a special tone for her work in the streets as the radio announcers cultivate a special tone for their work on the air.


I had stepped toward her. I stood looking at her. Her figure was dim, there in the half light. She began speaking quickly. There [36] was a little whine in her voice.

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5 away,
7 the [35] night.] the [35] the night.
9 here?"] here".
11 voice, but,] voice period canceled but,
12 nowadays] now days
"I'll give you a good time," she said.
She seemed to be pleading with me.

And what was I thinking?
I hardly know, but I am quite sure that, in a moment, when I had decided, on a sudden impulse, that I would accompany her up the stairs... there must have been a kind of clutching. It must have been that I was like one who has climbed to the top of a tall tree and has fallen. I clutched at branches as I fell.

"If I do not look too closely at her.
"It may be that the room to which she will take me will be dark. [37] I can close my eyes. I can imagine her the real Cecilia."

Do we not all, and often, tell ourselves such desperate nonsense?

She had said quickly that the charge would be two dollars,
and that day I had drawn my pay. I went after her up the stairs.

I was in one of her two rooms, in the one facing the street.

There was no light in there, but there was a light, seemingly behind a curtain, in her other room. There was light that seemed to come into the room over the top of the curtain.

There was light on the ceiling of the room but the floor of the room was dark.

The floor of the room [38] was a dark pit and I sat on the edge of her bed and gazed down into it.

She was undressing.

"Aren't you going to get ready?" she asked, and without looking up at her I took off my coat.

I held it in my hand. I looked up at her. I had not spoken to her. In that light, as she started to come toward me, perhaps to collect her money, I saw that her figure . . . she was now partly undressed . . . her figure was slender.
When she asked if I was not going to get ready her voice was harsh. She came [39] toward me. She had on some sort of short shirt, or waist, that came to her navel, but all the lower part of her body was naked.

I saw that she had slender hips. She had straight legs.

"She must be quite young," I thought.

"I wonder how many others she has been with tonight."

She had taken a step toward me, to collect, no doubt, her money, but suddenly stopped. In the room behind the curtain a child had screamed and I had jumped to my feet.

And now she was running, passing the curtain that divided her two rooms, and [40] I had followed her. I saw her part the curtain made from the bed sheet. There was a narrow bed with the two children, and one, the older of the two, was sitting upright in the bed.
The child had a look of terror on her face.

Was it because I had come in there with her mother?

I stood behind the mother as she took the child into her arms.

"Now, now. What is it?" she was saying to the child.

And now her voice was really soft.

But the child, had it, [41] as by some subtile impulse, felt me in the place?

I decided that it was not me, that I had not frightened the child.

"It has had a bad dream," I thought. I stood thus, my coat in my hand, behind the mother, who held the child against her breasts.

"Now, now. There, there," she kept saying, speaking softly, and my hand, fumbling in my pocket, had taken out a bill.

It was a five-dollar bill and I thrust it into the woman's
hand. I did not speak to her, had not as yet spoken to her, and as I put the bill into her hand she said nothing. There was no look of surprise or gratitude in her eyes. Her eyes were very tired. She was one who could no longer be surprised.

"And what kind of a one is this, who, while I am standing here, as he can see, with a frightened child in my arms, comes in here to me, pushes money into my hand?

"Is it that he cannot wait until I have quieted the child?"

I do not know what she thought, but in the flying moment, before I turned away, went down the stairs and along the street and back to my room, not having exchanged a word with her, I knew her story.

I knew it as well as though she had talked to me for hours, knew that she had been a girl, perhaps a waitress, in such a restaurant as the one in which I went for my food, and that she had

1 spoken to her, ] spoken to her
4 could] could,
6 quotation mark canceled after this
8 hand?] hand
9 child?] child?
10 thought,] thought
12 word] work; her,] her
15-16 restaurant] restaurant
married a man, a worker like myself, who, after her two children were born, had lost his job.

He had become discouraged and blue, had tramped from place to place, seeking a job, as I myself had done.

And at home there were the two babies, always crying, and the wife, frightened.

He had run away, deserted her.

"And now, how am I to support myself, and feed the babies?"

"I cannot go, all day, to a factory or to wait on people in a restaurant. There is but one trade I can practise."

A simple tale, one of a thousand, [that] every man who has eyes to see and ears to hear may pluck out of life.

And why do I, here, as a part of the introduction to another

2 born; her canceled before his
4 seeking; done.
5 crying.
6 wife.
7 page number 43 repeated
8 babes.
10 restaurant; practice.
12 that; not in manuscript
14 introduction.
I have wanted to write, why do I tell it here?

"He might have spared us that," I can hear the reader, who by chance has picked up my book, saying to himself. [44]

But to that I have something to say. When I sat down to write the story, to which this rambling talk may serve as a sort of introduction, I had something in mind, as I have already suggested, other than the story of the country boy who later became a judge. I have told how, as I stood with him in a field, a friend talked to me of a turn in his life that threatened to destroy the position he had achieved in his community. The friend cried like a small boy. He had got a sudden passion for a woman of his town, the sort of thing always happening in towns. "Three years ago," he said to me, "there was another man here, a friend, a man as I am of standing in our community, who did what I am doing now. He became enamoured of a woman here, the wife of a

1 here?)] here.

2 You canceled and He interlineated before might; that,"] that",

3 himself.) himself

6 introduction,) introduction

9 confessed to me canceled before talked to me; of interlineated after talked to me

13 ago,"] ago",

14 man] man,
friend, and began [45] to meet her secretly.

"At least he thought, or hoped, he was meeting her in secret.

"He did as I have been doing. In the evening, when darkness came, he got into his car. She had walked out along a street and in some dark place along the street he picked her up. He drove with her out along little side roads, went to [a] distant town, but soon everyone knew.

"And how I blamed him. I went to him. 'What a fool you are being,' I said.

"'Yes, but I cannot help it. This is the great love of my life.'

"'What nonsense,' I said. I pleaded with him, quarreled with him, but it did no good. I thought him an utter fool and now I am being just such another.'

\[
\text{x} \quad \text{x} \quad \text{x} \quad \text{[46]} \quad 15
\]

I had taken the man, with whom I talked in the field, [and] his story as the base for the story I was to write for one of

---

1 friend,[] friend; secretly.] secretly

2 he canceled before least; hoped,[] hoped

6 a) not in manuscript; town,] town

9 said.] said

11 life.'] life'

12 nonsense,'] nonsense,; double quotation mark canceled after nonsense; pleaded] plead

16 indentation not in manuscript; and] not in manuscript
the popular magazines, had made an outline which was approved.

I began to write.

To be sure I could not bring into my story any of the rather sordid details, happenings, so likely to come into such affairs. I had to lift it out of that. Just what I did, in making the outline for the story I was to write, I can't remember except that it was another case of myself, in my room, a young laborer, with my dream of my Cecilia and of what I actually found when, growing restless and weary of dreams I went into a city street to find my Cecilia in the flesh.

And what I found was the [47] woman with the two babes, deserted by her husband, driven to the desperate expedient of making her living, getting food and clothes for her babes, in an old and terrible trade.

And there I was, on the dark stairs, following her up into her two poor rooms, refusing to look at her, hoping to find her rooms above also dark.

"In the darkness I can make myself believe she is Cecilia."

4 happenings,] happening,
6 write,] write; period canceled after remember
8, 10 Cecilia] Cecelia
11 woman] wom
13 babes,] babe; by canceled before in
18 Cecilia] Cecelia
How much of life is like that? It is in the movies, in the theatre, in our magazines, in our novels.

But what does it do to those of us who feed the dream?

Is the dream necessary? Is there not something, in the actuality of life, even now, in our own day, in our own towns and cities, that is better and richer? [48]

When I sat down to write the tale for which I had made an outline, being in bitter need of the money it might bring, being always, after twenty-five years of writing, some twenty to twenty-five books published, my name up as one of the outstanding American writers of my day, my books translated into many languages, after all of this being always in need of money, always just two jumps ahead of the sheriff, I was determined.

"Well, I will do it. I will. I will."

For a day, two days, three, a week, I wrote doggedly, with dogged determination.

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1 that?
3 up canceled before those; those of us] those of up; dream?
4 necessary?] necessary.
6 richer?] richer.
7 four x's in manuscript
8 tale] tale,
16 week, tw canceled before day; wrote canceled before wrote
"I will give them just what they want." I had in mind the "don'ts." I had been told, it had been impressed deeply upon my mind, that, above all things, to be popular, successful, I must first of all observe the "don'ts."

"Don't make the people of your story do this or that."

"Be careful of what you make them say."

A friend, another American writer, came to see me. He mentioned a certain, at present, very popular woman writer.

"Boy, she is cleaning up," he said.

However, it seemed that she, one who knew her trade, was safe, occasionally slipped.

It may be that here, in telling of this incident, I have got the story of what happened to the woman writer confused with many such stories I have heard.
However, it lies in my mind that the writer was making, for the movies, an adaptation of a very popular novel of a past generation. There was a child that began eating candy before breakfast in the morning and was reproved by the mother.

"Put that stuff aside. It will ruin your health."

Something of that sort must have been written. It was unnoticed, got by.

What, and with the candy people spending millions in advertising! What, [51] the suggestion that candy could ruin the health of a child, candy called "stuff"!

My friend told some tale of a big damage suit, of indignant candy manufacturers.

"Why, there must be thousands of these 'don'ts,'" I said to myself.

"It would be better, in your story, if your people be in what might be called comfortable positions in life."

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1 However,] However

5 Putt canceled before "Put; indecipherable letter, possibly the beginning of the letter S, canceled after health."

6-7 unnoticed, got by.] unnoticed, go by.

8-9 advertising!] advertising.

10 health] health; "stuff"!] "stuff."

12 manufacturers] manufactures

13 Why,] Why; be thousands] the thousands; 'don'ts,'"] "don'ts,"

16 life."

] life"
I had got that sentence from someone. I wrote it out, tacked it up over my desk.

And so I wrote for a week and there was a great sickness in me. I, who had always loved the piles of clean white sheets on my desk, who had been for years obsessed with the notion that someday, by chance, I would find myself suddenly overtaken by a passion for writing and would find myself without paper, pencils, pens or ink so that I was always stealing fountain pens and pencils from my friends, storing them away as a squirrel stores nuts, who, upon going for even a short trip away from home always put into my car enough paper to write at least five long novels, who kept bottles of ink stored in all sorts of odd places about the house, found myself suddenly hating the smell of ink.

There were the white sheets and I wanted to throw them all out at the window.

Days of this, a week. It may have gone on for two weeks. There were the days, something strangely gone out of
life, and there were the nights. Why, I dare say that to those 
who do not write, or paint, or sculp, or in any way work in the 
arts, all of this will seem nonsense indeed.

"When it comes to that," they will be saying, "our own work 
is not always so pleasant.

"Do you think it's always a job to be a lawyer, wrangling 
ever other people's ugly quarrels in courts, or being a doctor, 
always and forever with the sick, or a factory owner, with all 
this new unrest among workers, or a worker, getting nowhere, 
wearing your life out for the profit of others?"

"Yes, I know. I have thought of all that," I answer. 

Haven't I been also a worker? Once I even owned a factory. Was

1 Why, I dare say that] Why I dare say that,
2 sculp,] sculp
4 comes] comes corrected in manuscript to read comes; that,"] that",
5 pleasant.] pleasant."
6 it's] its; f canceled before always
7 being] read to be
8 owner,] owners,
11 four x's in manuscript
12 indentation not in manuscript; "Yes,] "Yes; quotation mark can-
celed and period changed to comma between that and uncanceled 
quotation mark
13 Haven't] Haven't; worker?] worker.
I not for ten, fifteen years an advertising writer, in a big Chicago advertising agency, going every day to the office, and this even after I had written and published several books, hating the place as I might have hated living in a pest house, my books not selling, so-called literary kudos coming? My *Winesburg, Ohio* was written at that time, and although it has not become a textbook for story writers in schools and colleges, it was, when published, two years selling the first five thousand; and all the stories of the book, previously published in the smaller literary magazines, had brought [54] me in a total of eighty-five dollars. It had brought me, when published, some literary recognition but also much bitter condemnation. Strange to think now that the stories of the book should have been called, at the time, filth, the book spoken of, by most of the literary critics, as a kind of

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1 not] not,

5-6 selling, so-called] selling--so-called; coming? My *Winesburg, Ohio* coming, (my *Winesburg* Ohio; time, and although] time and, although

7 textbook] text book

8 thousand] thousand

9 published] published,

10 parenthesis canceled after dollars. Anderson thus canceled the parenthesis that closes the parenthetical clause begun in line 5. The present editor has omitted both parentheses.

11 published] published
literary sewer, and this often by critics who, after some ten or fifteen years, began to praise it highly, asking often why I did not keep on writing in the same mood. "I knew, when I first read it, that it was a great book, one of the greatest of our times," said a certain famous literary critic, myself, although I did not remind him of it, remembering that when I had taken the unpublished stories to him . . . we young writers [55] were all looking up to him at the time . . . [he] had dismissed the book with a wave of his hand. "They aren't even stories at all," he had said. "They are nothing. I advise you to throw them away."

But, my dear reader, there is something curious about the practise of an art. You take my own case. There I was, as I have pointed out, after the years of writing, some fame got . . . I had, some years before, written a novel that had sold . . . there was a publisher who suddenly decided that I was what he spoke of as "an undeveloped property." He plunged on me, spent

1 comma canceled after critics
4 it,] it
8 he] not in manuscript
9 all,"] all",
10 nothing.] nothing
15 before,] before
17 as] as,
money for newspaper advertising. For a time I even saw my picture staring down at me from placards in city streetcars.

I had got some money and [56] had built with it a house in the country, but when it was built I couldn't live in it for some five years. The publisher had plunged on me but I had played him false. The next book I sent to him was, alas, a book of verse. I couldn't expect him to plunge on that. Books, like everything else in America, are sold, not bought, but I had myself been an advertising man. I knew that no amount of advertising would sell my experimental, half mystic verse.

So there I was, having what is called literary fame. I was no longer young. "Presently I will be old. The pen will fall from my hand. It will [57] come the time of long afternoons sitting in the sun, or under the shade of a tree. I will no longer want to write. It may be that I will have my fill of people, their problems, the tangle of life, and will want only

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1-2 picture,; streetcars] street cars
4 country, but] country but,
8 America,] America
9 may canceled before man
13 Presently] Presently
14 number 6 canceled before 57
17 life,] life
to look at sheep grazing on distant hillsides, to watch the waters of a stream rolling over rocks, or just to follow with my aging eyes the wandering of a country road winding away among hills," I thought.

"It would be better for me to turn aside, make money now. I must. I must."

I remembered the advice always being given me when I was a young writer. "Go in for it," my friends said. At that time the movies had just become a gold mine for writers.

"Take it on for a time," my friends were saying to me. "You can clean up. Get yourself a stake. Make yourself secure and then, when you are quite safe, you can go ahead. Then you can write as you want to write."

"It may not have been good advice then but it is now," I said to myself. Formerly, when I was writing all of my earlier books, I was very strong. I could work all day in the advertising place or in the factory I once owned. I could go home to
my rooms. I took a cold plunge. Always, it seemed to me, there was something that had to be washed away. When I was writing the Winesburg tales and, later, the novel Poor White, both now to be had at a low price in The Modern Library, I was living in a Chicago rooming house.

I was in the advertising place and on Saturdays we got off at noon. I went to my room. I undressed. It seemed to me that I wanted, more than anything else in the world, a great washing. I stood naked in my room and there was also a bathroom. "I must wash myself. I must wash the floor of my room, [60] the chair in which I am to sit, my desk." Sometimes I even washed the walls of the room. There was a debauch of scrubbing. I scrubbed myself.

At that time I couldn't get tired, and often, after working all day, I wrote all night. I have never been one who can correct, fill in, rework his stories. I must try and when I fail
must throw away. Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times, and there is one story, "Death in the Woods," a magnificent tale, one of the most penetrating written in our [61] times, that was ten years getting itself written.

I had to approach and approach. I was like a lover patiently wooing a woman. I wrote and threw away, wrote and threw away.

"No, it is not there. It has not yet come to life, throw it away. Wait. Wait."

"But while you are waiting . . . It was all right to wait and wait when you were young, when you could work all day and write all night, but now . . ."

I have spoken of the days of trying. An odd thing [62] happens to a man, a writer. Perhaps I am saying all of this, not at all for those who do not write, but for the young American writers. Nowadays they are always coming to me. They write me
letters. "You are our father," they say to me.

"One day I picked up a book of stories of yours, or it was one of your novels, and a great door seemed to swing open for me."

There are such sentences written to me by young writers in letters. Sometimes they even put such sentences into the autobiographical novels with which almost [63] all new writers begin.

And it is so they should begin too. First the learning to use the experiences, the moods and hungers of your own life, and then, gradually, the reaching out into other lives.

And so I am addressing here our young American writers, the beginners, but what am I trying to say to them?

Perhaps I am only trying to say that the struggle in which we are engaged, in which any man or woman who turns to any one of the arts must always be engaged, has no end, that we in America [64]
have, all of us, been led into a blind alley. We have always be-
fore us, we keep before us, the mythical thing we call "success,"
but for us, there is, there can be, no success, but while this
belief in the mythical thing called "success" [is] running
among us, always in the minds of others about us, we will be in
danger of inoculation by it. I am trying to prove all of this to
you by showing here how I, a veteran now among you, for a long
time thinking myself safe from the contagion, was also taken with
the disease. [65]

   x       x       x

And so I sat in my room, trying and trying.

I was in one of my frightened moods. Soon now my money
would all be gone. I am a man who has always had, in the matter
of finance, a line that, when crossed, I begin to tremble.

1 al canceled after first have; alley.) alley
2 us, we keep before us, the] us, we keep before us the
3 but for us] but that, for us; success, but] success, but that
4 "success"] success
8 contagion,] contagion
10 four x's in manuscript
11 trying and trying.] trying and trying
13 been canceled before had
14 finance,] finance
Anything above five hundred dollars in [the] bank has always seemed to me riches, but when my bank account goes below that amount the fears come.

Soon I shall have but four hundred dollars, then three, two, one. I live in the country on a farm and in the house built by my one successful book. Bills come: so many pounds of grass seed for a field, a ton of lime, a new plow. [66]

Great God, will I be compelled to return to the advertising agency?

I have three or four short stories in my agent's hands. Once a magazine called Pictorial Review paid me seven hundred and fifty dollars for a short story. I had given the story the title "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath," but after the story had

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1 the] not in manuscript
2 riches,] riches
3 come,] come
5 the canceled before farm; a interlineated
6 come: so many pounds] come, so many pound
9 agency?] agency.
10 agent's] agents
11 magazine called Pictorial Review] magazine, called "Pictorial Review"
12 title] title,
13 "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath," but] "There she is, She is Taking her bath," but,
been got into type and illustrations made for it, the editor of
the magazine grew doubtful. "We are doubtful about the title," he wired; "Can't you suggest another?" And I replied, saying, "Roll Your Own," but got from him a second wire saying that he didn't think that title fitted the story, and in the end [he] never published [it].

"Will he be demanding back my seven hundred and fifty dollars?" I asked myself, knowing nothing of my own legal rights, but then a thought came, a very comforting thought.

"He may demand but how can he get it?" I had spent the money for an automobile, had got a new overcoat, a new suit of clothes.

"Just let him try. What can he do? I am dustproof," I muttered, but I had misjudged the man. He must really have been a splendid fellow, and in the end and without protest and after

1 it,] it
2 title,"] title"
3 wired;] wired,; another?" And] another?" and
4 Own,"] Own"; wire] wire,
5 story,) period canceled after story; he] not in manuscript
8 rights,) period canceled after rights
9 thought,) thought
13-14 do?)] do.; dustproof,"] dust proof";; muttered,) muttered
15 period canceled after fellow; the present editor has supplied a comma
some four or five years, he sent the story back to me, saying nothing at all of all that [68] money given me for it. He said, if I remember correctly, that he personally liked the story, in fact thought it splendid, a magnificent achievement, etc., etc., also that he had always greatly admired my work, but that the story did not really fit into the tone of the magazine. There was in it, as I now remember, a little businessman, timid and absurdly jealous of his wife. He had got it into his head that she was having affairs with other men and had determined to have it out with her, but when he had worked himself up to it and had rushed home, always fearing he would lose his courage on the way, it happened that he arrived invariably just as [69] she was taking her bath. A man couldn't, of course, stand outside the door of a bathroom, his wife splashing in the tub, and through the door accuse her of unfaithfulness.

3 that he] that, while he
4 achievement, etc., etc.,] achievement, etc., etc.
7 businessman] business man
10 her, but] her but,
11 lose] loose
12 way,] way; arrived invariably] arrived, invariable
14 bathroom] bath room; tub,] tub
15 unfaithfulness] unfaithfullness
In my story the wife was, to be sure, quite innocent; as a detective he hired to watch her assured him, she was as innocent as a little flower . . . if I remember correctly that was the expression used . . . but, alas, as in so many of my stories, there was a businessman made to appear a little ridiculous.

And I am quite sure that may be the reason that so many of my stories have not sold. Why, I am told there are men and women who receive, [70] for a single short story, as much as a thousand, fifteen hundred, even two thousand dollars. I am also told that I have had a profound effect upon the art of short story writing.

"And so, what's wrong?" I, more than a hundred times, ask myself, but at last I came to a conclusion.

"You are just a little too apt, Sherwood, my boy to find the businessman a little ridiculous," I have told myself.
There is a man comes to the door of my house. He is selling electric washing machines, but we live in the country and our house is not wired. In the evening [71] we use the old-fashioned coal oil lamps. We rather like them. We live in a hill country and most of our land is covered with trees, and trees are always dying so we burn firewood in our cookstove and in our fireplaces. We have no electric stove, no electric irons or churns, and even as I write these sentences I can hear the thump, thump of a dasher in a churn and know that our Ruby is on the back porch of our house churning the milk from our cow into butter.

My wife had explained all of this to the man, a tall strong-looking fellow, but he had been taught a certain patter regarding the advantages of an electric [72] washing machine and, having got started, could not stop. All of this in a nearby room, and as the man talks I can, in fancy, see my wife, certainly a patient

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1 There is a man comes] read There is a man that comes
2 machines,] machines
3 old-fashioned] old fashioned
5 trees, and trees are] trees and trees are
6 cookstove] cook stove
7 churns,] churns
8 thump, thump] thump, thump,
12 patter] patter,
14 room, and] room and,
woman . . . has she not lived for years with me? . . . standing at the open door. She is being very polite and even kindly and does not interrupt the man who goes on and on. He must, he feels, even though the making of a sale is under the circumstances impossible, go on to the end of it, get it all off; and when at last he finishes, and having been told again, for the third or fourth time, that we have no electricity, I see him [73] going away, past the window of the room where I sit writing, a curious baffled look on his face.

"What, no electricity?" he is saying to himself. He stops and looks back. Our house is quite large. It is of stone. It is a very beautiful house. My novel Dark Laughter built it for me. It built also a walled garden. It planted flowers. It built a log cabin by a stream in which, on ordinary occasions, I work.
"Can such a place be without electricity? It is against the law. It is not done.

"There is something queer about these people. It may be they are foreigners." [74]

"He may even belong to an organization to advance the teaching of Americanism. He may think me one of the anarchists. Very likely he does," I think. I am amused, as I so often am, by the world of business. There is a strong-looking country boy who should be plowing fields or cutting down trees but who had read an advertisement.

"Be a salesman. Rise in the world," the advertisement said. It told of a young man, out in Iowa, who was out of a job. He worked in a small factory in his town but it closed. His picture is in the paper. He had just married, had gone into debt for furniture for his house, and was desperate, [75] but he became a salesman and, at once, began making three hundred dollars a month.

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1 electricity?] electricity
6 of the] not in manuscript
7 am, by] am by
8 strong-looking] strong looking; boy] boy,
10 advertisement] advertisement
11 salesman] sales man; advertisement] advertisement
15 house,] house; desperate,] desperate
And so this other country boy, with a little case of samples in his hand, is at our door. He wants to sell extracts, or perfumed toilet soap, and he also has got a patter. He is a shy boy and does not look at my wife. He looks at the ground as he stands there by the door, saying rapidly and in a half-frightened voice the words he has taught himself, and my wife, a sudden surge of sympathy sweeping through her, buys a bottle of extract.

It is later discovered to be an imitation. It is synthetic vanilla. It is synthetic vanilla.

"Oh, the world of business!

"How wonderful!

"How wonderful!"

hand
soap
ground
there, half-frightened
himself
her, buys
"Oh, the world of business!
"How wonderful!
"How wonderful!"
"Yes, and there is just your trouble, my boy. The businessman, as he is represented in our fiction, as he must be represented, is, above all things, a shrewd and knowing man. It would be better to represent him as very resolute, very courageous. He should have really what is called 'an iron jaw.' This is to indicate resolution, courage, determination.

"And you are to bear in mind that, earlier in life, he was an [77] athlete. He was a star football player, a triple threat, whatever that is, or he was on the crew at Yale.

"He is older now but he has kept himself in trim. He is like the first Roosevelt, the Teddy one. Every day he goes to his club to box. The man who is to succeed in business cannot keep that in mind... let himself grow fat. Do not ever make him fat, watery-eyed, bald. Do not let him have a kidney complaint.

"The trouble with you," I told myself, "is just the years..."
you spent in business"; and I begin to remember the men, hundreds
of them, some of them known quite intimately, often even sensi-
tive fellows, at bottom kindly, puzzled as I was puzzled,
always breaking out into odd confessions, telling intimate little
stories of their loves, their hopes, their disappointments.

"How did I get where I am? What brought me here?

"This is something I never wanted to do. Why am I doing

Something of that sort and then also, so often, something
naive, often wistful and, alas, a little ridiculous.

I could not shake off the fact that, in the fifteen or
twenty years during which I was in business as advertising
writer, as manufacturer, five men among my personal acquaint-
ances had killed themselves.

So there was tragedy too, plenty of it.

x x

"But, my dear fellow, you must bear in mind that this is a

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1 business"; "hundreds] hundred
5 disappointments.]] disappointment
8 it?]] it."
10 wistful and, alas, a little ridiculous] wistful and alas a
little ridiculous
12 business] business,
15 tragedy] tragedy
16 four x's in manuscript
country ruled by business. Only yesterday, when you were driving
on the highway, you saw a huge sign. 'What is good for business
is good for you,' the sign said.

"So there, you see, we are a great brotherhood."

All of this above, said to myself, over and over. "Now
you are below the line, the five hundred dollar line. Keep that
in mind." [80]

There were these days, my struggle to write in a new vein,
being persistently cheerful, [to] let nothing reflecting on the up-
rightness, the good intent, the underlying courage of business
creep into my story.

"Above all, do not put into your story a businessman who is
by chance shy, sensitive, even neurotic, who does occasionally
ridiculous things. Even if, at bottom, the fellow is quite lov-
able, do not do that."

"But, you see, my man is not in business. I have made him
a judge."

"But, you fool, don't you see . . . my God, man, a judge!"

"Is there not also a pattern, [81] a mould, made for the
judge?"

And so you see me arguing, fighting with myself, through the
days, through the nights. The nights were the worse.

"But can't you sleep, my dear?"

"No, my darling, I cannot sleep."

"But what is on your mind?"

1 ridiculous things.] ridiculous things
4 judge.] judge.
5 my God, man, a judge!] my God man, a judge.
6 "Is] 'Is; pattern,] pattern; mould, made] mould made,
7 judge?"] judge."
9 arguing] arguing
11 dear?] dear.
12 sleep.] sleep.
14 mind?] mind?
You see, I cannot tell her. She would rebel. She would begin talking about a job. "We can give up this house, this farm," she would say. "You are always spending your money on it," she [82] would add. She would call attention to the absurd notion I have that, in the end, I can make our farm pay. We would get into an argument, myself pointing out that it is a dishonorable thing to live on land and not work constantly to make it more productive.

"It would be better for me to surrender everything else before my love of the land itself," I would say, and this would set me off. As she is a Southern woman I would begin on the South, pointing out to her how the masters of the land and [of] the slaves of the Old South, claiming as they did an aristocratic outlook on life, had been nevertheless great land destroyers; and from that I would go on, declaring that no man could make...
claim to aristocracy who destroyed the land under his feet.

It is a favorite subject of mine and it gets us nowhere.

"I think I have been smoking too many cigarettes," I said, and she agreed with me. She spoke again, as she had so often, of her fear of the habit-forming danger of a certain drug I sometimes take; but—"You had better take one," she said.

And so I did but it did not help.

"But why should you be afraid?" I asked myself. Even after I had taken the drug I was wide-awake and remained so night after night.

"But, man, you will not starve." I began thinking of my mother, who died of overwork at thirty-five, having been the mother of five strong sons and two daughters. Her photograph, enlarged from an old daguerreotype and presented to me by my brother Karl, hangs above my desk. She sits there... the

3 cigarettes," I said,] cigarettes", I said
4 often,] often
5 habit-forming] habit forming
6 take; but—"You had better take one,"] take but, "you had better take one"
9 drink canceled before drug; wide-awake] wide awake
11 "But, man, you will not starve."] "But man you will not starve"
14 daguerreotype] daguerreotype
15 Karl,] Karl
photograph must have been taken when she was twenty-two . . . in
one of the uncomfortable chairs that used to be in all small-town
photographers' studios . . . the studio would have been in a
small and stuffy room, upstairs perhaps above my father's har-
ness shop . . . this before he lost his shop and became a house
painter . . . and I can in fancy see the photographer, a thin man
of forty-two, a little dirty, with stained fingers and a three-
days' growth of beard on his thin cheeks. [85]

He would have been unmarried, a small-town fairy, an uncon-
scious one, always furtively eyeing small boys in the street but
always fighting down the impulse to entice one of them into the
dark studio.

But these are thoughts my mother would never have had.
Modern knowledge of the queer tangled lines of sex in all of her
had not yet come to America. There was no Freud, not _____.

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1 twenty-two . . . ] twenty-two,
2 an canceled before all; small-town ] small town
3 photographers' ] photographers
4 father's ] fathers
7-8 three-days' growth ] three days growth; cheeks. ] cheeks
9 an canceled and a interlined before small-town; small-
town ] small town
14 lines ] could possibly be read as lives
15 America. ] America; lines are in manuscript, but the period
following them is not
she knew only that the photographer was a Baptist and that he
never missed the Sunday morning preaching or the Sunday school.

It was an intense relief to me, during those days and nights,
when I was trying so valiantly to write the kind of story I did
not want to write, one that would bring me in a pot of money,
taking away my fear of perhaps ending my days in the soldiers' home.

"You were once a soldier. You [86] can always go live in
the soldiers' home." My lifelong friend John Emerson . . . we
were both boys in the same small town . . . who was one of the
founders and the first president of The Actors' Equity Society,
who married that charming little woman Anita Loos and went to
live in Hollywood, used to tell me, after we had both left our
home town and were rooming in the same house in Chicago, that I
would end up in the soldiers' home. I went off to the Spanish-
American War, and when I came back he gave me a new nickname. He

4 valiantly] valiently
6 soldiers'] soldier's
7 home.] home
8 liv canceled before go
9-10 soldiers'] soldiers; Emerson . . . we] Emerson, with whom,
when we; town . . . ] town,
13 Hollywood,] Hollywood
14 Chicago,] Chicago
15-16 soldiers'] soldiers; Spanish-American War] Spanish American
war
called me Swatty, explaining that a Swatty was an old soldier sitting in the yard before a soldier's home. "You will end your days there. You have no sense of money. If you got any you would quickly [87] lose it, blow it in. You will sit in the shade of a tree, in the yard before the soldiers' home. You will be telling lies and playing checkers with other old Swatties as you sit there, your hair and teeth gone. You will make a perfect old Swatty."

I have spoken here of my mother because I am writing of a time when the fear of coming poverty and old age was strong on me, and her figure came back sharply into my mind because she never knew anything else but poverty and, I'm sure, was not afraid.

"But look what you have had [that] she never had," I told myself. In a book of mine, A Story Teller's Story, a really gorgeous book, one of the [88] best that ever came out of the pen I

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1 soldier] soldier,
2 soldiers'.large soldiers
4 lose] loose
5 soldiers'] large soldiers
12 me,] me
14 that] not in manuscript
15 A Story Teller's Story] a Story Tellers Story; Gor canceled after really
here hold in my hand, a book that flowed out of my fingers as the
water in the mountain stream before my cabin, where my mother's
picture hangs on the wall above my desk, runs down to a river, a
book that every young writer should read, a book that has never
had the audience it deserved but that will have . . . in that
book I told a story, a true one, of my mother's acquiring cabb-
gages to feed us by a trick she played on small-town boys out
throwing heads of cabbage at doors of houses to celebrate Hallow-
seen.

My mother was a bound girl, bound out by her mother as a child to work [89] in the kitchen of a farmer, having, in the
agreement made in an earlier America in such cases, the privilege
of going to school, for a few months each winter, in some country
schoolhouse. She would have walked there, a girl child, very

2 mother's] mothers
3 river,] river, . . .
6 mother's acquiring] mothers acquiring
7 us] us; small-town boys] small town boys
8–9 heads of cabbage] heads of cabbages; Halloween] the halloween
10 My] "My
11 child] child,
12 privilege] privilege
14 schoolhouse.] school house."
pretty . . . in the daguerreotype, taken later when she was a young woman . . . she might have been eighteen rather than twenty-two when it was taken . . . that hangs where my eye always catches it when I raise my eyes from my writing, she is very beautiful.

The privilege of a few months each winter at a country school, a new dress and a pair of shoes once a year. When she was [90] eighteen . . . or could it have been at sixteen? . . . she would have been given a hundred dollars with which to make her start in life.

What a comfort to think of my mother and of her life, rather than the characters in the absurd story I was trying to force myself to write, comparing it with my own, the privileges given me she never had, so much of the world seen, men and women of distinction met, friends made . . . who in all America had been so

1 ph canceled before daguerreotype; daguerreotype] deguerratye; later] later,
3 I can canceled before my eye
5 privileges] privalege
6 it canceled before she
7 eighteen . . .] eighteen,; and canceled before or; sixteen? . . .] sixteen,
9 life.] life“.
10-11 rather . . . to write,] inserted down the right-hand margin; characters] caracters
12 privileges] privaleedges
14 All canceled before all
rich in friends as myself? ... little surges of tenderness for her running through me, as always when I thought of her.

In actuality I knew so little of her. I had always been making up stories about her. I began doing it again. I [91] saw her, a girl child, being taken to the house of the farmer where she was to serve, half a slave, half free.

"And why am I not trying to tell her story rather than the one I am telling?"

"But you would get into it so much that would make it seem sad, a tragedy, and they do not want that," I answered myself. 10

"But was her life, for all its years of poverty, of hardships endured, seeing the failure in life of the man she married, becoming, but a few years after marriage, a washwoman until her death from overwork and exposure while still so [92] young, washing other people's dirty clothes to feed and clothe the boys and girls that had come out of her delicate body, was her life an unhappy one?"

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1 myself? . . . ] myself.
6 serve] served
8 telling?" ) quotation mark canceled after telling?
10 tragedy] tragedy; that," ] that",
13 marriage, a washwoman] marriage a wash woman,
14 young, ] young
15 cloth] cloth
It was a question I couldn't answer. I had dedicated to her the book by which, if I am remembered at all once I am dead, I will be best and with the most affection remembered, my Winesburg, Ohio.

"To my mother--

"Whose shrewd observations etc."

But was she shrewd? Did she make such observations? It is entirely possible she did not. There is a sense in which it may be said, of any imaginative writer, that anything he says of the past, [93] of people known in the past, is a lie.

It is a lie and not a lie. As I have already said, in an introduction to another book, it is only by the lie that we arrive at truth.

Perhaps there is no such thing as truth. This I know, that, having long ago seen for the first time my wife, my brothers,
any friend with whom I may be at all intimate, I never see any of these people again. Something gets between me and them. My imagination goes to work on them. There is, for example, a woman loved, even tenderly and dearly loved. Today, at such and such an hour, you walk into a room where she sits or stands. Or she is walking across the room, coming toward you.

How altogether lovely! Your heart jumps. You are near to tears.

And then, in an hour, or the next day, you see the same woman and pass her unnoticing. It is with women as with paintings; their beauty comes to you only at moments when you are prepared to receive and also when it has become alive in them. Formerly, a good many years ago, I painted, and when I had finished a painting I hung it on the wall at the foot of my bed.

I wanted to look at it when I awoke in the morning and at odd moments during the day. You see crowds of people going
through picture galleries. What dumb expressions on their faces. There may be beautiful paintings in the room through which they walk. They are uncomfortable. It must be the inner feeling that there is something false in what they are doing that makes them say such stupid things. They use expressions they have read in books about painting or that they have heard others say. You want to shout at them, saying—"Go away. You are poisoning the air of this room. There may be beautiful paintings here, but how can I see them while you are here?" [96] 

I will return, however, to my mother of whom, in actuality, as she died when I was young, I knew so little but of whom I have written so much. The truth is that I have seen something of my mother in every woman I have loved and in every woman of whom I have written, and could, I'm sure, still write for years, without exhausting the theme. In fancy I have seen her, a hundred

1 galleries.] galleries
2 paintings] painting
5 use] us
7 poisoning] poisoning
8 here, but] here but
9 here?"] here."
10 return, however,] return however
15 e canceled at the end of her
times, going with her mother, who is, in my picture—some of my brothers have often told me it is false but to me it is a true picture—who are you, more than myself, to say what my mother or my grandmother, her mother, is like?

("If you do not like my picture, make your own. My own mother and my grandmother is my own mother and grandmother," I have said.)

And when it comes to that, I have created for myself, out of my own thoughts, my own feelings, also my brothers, all of my friends, my wife, my sons and daughters, all of the men and women I have loved in the past; all the men and women I now love are being constantly, day by day, re-created in me.

So, whether to others the picture is true or false, there is my mother, a girl child, being taken by her mother,
who wants to get rid of her . . . my grandmother was married four times. Let us say that my mother's father is dead and that her mother has her eye on a new husband. The girl child will be a handicap to her and so she has bound her out.

My mother goes into the strange house, a little shy, rather awkward and frightened, and I see her crying with loneliness and homesickness in her bed at night. She is to become a beautiful woman, but her beauty, under the hardness [99] of her whole life, is to fade quickly; but I, in turn, am to live, over and over, every moment of her loneliness. I am to see and feel, in a thousand different ways, all the events of her life, the courtship of the man who became my father, her going to live with him. I have even felt and could, if challenged, describe vividly my own birth, the coming of the birth pains, the room in which my mother is lying; I can see my father running along a street in an Ohio village to fetch the doctor. The doctor came in a buggy, and I can see the buggy [100] and the horse, a great bony grey

6 frightened,] frightened; loneliness] loneliness
8 woman,] woman; and canceled and but interlineated after woman; al canceled before whole; life,] life
9 quickly;] quickly
10 loneliness] loneliness
14 in which] is which
15 lying;] lying,
16 two periods canceled after fetch the doctor.; buggy,] buggy
beast.

But why go on? We story tellers, and I am writing all of this solely for story tellers, all know, we must know, it is the beginning of knowledge of our craft, that the unreal is more real than the real, that there is no real other than the unreal; and I say this here, first of all I presume, to reestablish my own faith, badly shaken recently by an experience gone through, and a little, because I am a veteran story teller, to strengthen the faith in other and younger American men. [101]

I remember that once, some five or ten years ago . . . I was living in New Orleans at the time . . . I had been in the evening to the movies and had seen a picture written by a man of talent who had once been my friend, and having seen it had been shocked by what seemed to me a terrible selling out of all

2 on? on.
5 unreal; unreal,
6 first of all I presume,] first of all, I presume
7 through, and] through and,
8 teller,] teller
10 four x's in manuscript
13 picture] picture,
14 talent who had once been my friend,] talent, who had once been my friend
life; and having got out of the movie theatre and into the street, I went along, growing constantly more and more angry, so that when I got to my room I sat down at my desk and wrote for the rest of the night, and what I wrote was a kind of American "I ACCUSE."

I had written the words "I ACCUSE" at the head of the first of a great pile of sheets on the desk before me, and as I wrote that night I called the roll. I made a great list of the names of American actors, American writers, who, having had a quick and often temporary success on the New York stage, or who, having written a novel or a story that had caught the popular fancy, had rushed off to Hollywood.

There was the temptation and I knew it must be a terrible one . . . five hundred, a thousand a week.

"I will do it for a time. I will store up my money.

"When I have got rich I will be free."
"But, my dear fellow, you would not advise a woman, let us say a beautiful girl of eighteen, such a girl, say, as my own mother, who never had during her whole life any money with which to buy gowns, the trappings that so enhance a woman's beauty—you would not advise her to get these things by going on the street?

"And do you not understand that the complete selling out of the imaginations of the men and woman of America by the artists of the stage, by the artist story tellers, is completely and wholly an acceptance of whoredom?"

I had written all of this, very bitterly, on a certain night in New Orleans, naming men who had done it, many of them my personal friends. A good many of them were also radicals. They wanted, or thought they wanted, a new world. They thought that a new world could be made by depending on the economists

1 "But] But
2 girl, say,] girl say
3 had during her whole life] had, during her whole life,
6 street?] street?"
8 imaginations] imagainations; the interlined before men;
America by the artists] America, by the artists,
9 tellers,] tellers
13 also canceled before were also
15 economists] economists
it was a time when the whole world was, seemingly, dominated by the economists. A new world was to arise, dominated by a new class, the proletariat. A good many of them had turned to the writing of so-called proletariat stories. It was the fashion.

"If I go to Hollywood, write drivel there, get money by it, and if I give that money to the [106] cause?"

"But, please, what cause?"

"Why, to the overthrowing of capitalism, the making of a new and better world."

"But, don't you see that what you are doing . . . the suffering of the whole world, the most bitter suffering, does not come primarily from physical suffering. It is by the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people that the great suffering comes. There the most bitter harm is done."

I accuse.

I accuse. [107]
I had accused my fellow artists of America, had named names; I wrote for hours and hours, and when I had finished writing, had poured out all of the bitterness in me brought on by the picture I had seen, I leaned back in my chair and laughed at myself. I tore up what I had written.

"How can you accuse others when you yourself have not been tempted?"

Once I had gone to Hollywood, being in California, to see a friend [108] working in one of the great studios; and as we walked through a hallway in one of the buildings, row after row of little offices like the offices we used to sit in, in the advertising agency, names of writers I knew, one of the writers came out to me.

"And have they got you too?"

1 indentation not in manuscript
2 hours and hours,] hours and hours
3 poured] pour; me] me,
6 yourself canceled after accuse
8 being in California, interlineated after Hollywood,
9 studios;] studios,
10 a great canceled before a hallway
11 offices like the offices] offices, like the offices
13 indecipherable letter canceled before me
"No," I said, "I am just looking about."

"Well, they have not got you yet, but they will get to you."

I had even written, two [109] or three times, to agents in New York or Hollywood.

"Cannot you sell, to the pictures, such and such a story of mine?"

There had been no offers. I had not been tempted.

"Let us say," I remarked to myself, that night in New Orleans, after the outbreak of writing against others, accusations hurled at their heads, "that you had been offered . . . let us be generous . . . let us say twenty-five thousand [110] for the use of one of your Winesburg stories, or for that matter for the whole series.

"Would you have turned the offer down? If you did such a thing everyone who knew you and who knew of your constant need of money would call you a fool. Would you do it?"

I had to admit that I did not know, and so, laughing at

1 "No,"] "No",
2 yet,] yet; you."] you?"
3 times, to agents] times to agents,
9 others] other
10 your canceled before their
14 down?] down.
17 know,] know
myself, I was compelled to tear up, to throw in the waste-[111]
basket the thousand of words of my American "I ACCUSE."

"You were, on that night in New Orleans, asking yourself
whether you, the pure and holy one, would have the courage to
turn down an offer of twenty-five thousand just to let someone
sentimentalize one of your stories, twist the characters of the
stories about; and now here, for a few hundred, because you are
again near broke, because you are beginning to fear old age, an
old age perhaps [112] of poverty, you are at work doing the thing
for which you were about to publicly accuse others and doing it
for a few hundred dollars."

The above thought jumping into my head at night, I got out
of bed. My house is in a little valley amid hills in the state

1-2 waste basket; thousand of words] read thousand
words or thousands of words; American] American.

4 night] night,

6 thousand] thousand,

7 characters] characters

8 about;] about

11 and doing it interlineated after others

12 hundred dollars."

14 night;] night.
of Virginia, far west in Virginia, in a sweet land of stars, softly rounded mountains and swift running mountain streams; and that night, the moon shining and sending so bright a path of light through an open door into the room that I thought a lamp must have been left burning in a nearby room, I went to look.

I returned to the room [113] where my wife lay, curled into a little ball at the bed's edge, the light coming through the door falling on her face.

And why had I not told her of the struggle going on in me?

Was it because I really wanted to fight it out myself? It was an old, old struggle and my life had been filled with compromises. All of my life to do what I myself wanted to do, not to turn aside, to go on and on with my own work, paying little attention to criticism, had been my central passion. During the long years--some ten, twelve, even fifteen of them--when,

---

1 and rus canceled after stars,
2 swift running] read swiftly running; streams;) streams
4 an open door into interlineated after through
5 room,) room
10 myself?] myself.
11 old, old] old old
14 criticism,) critism
15 them--] them
after I had got a good deal of recognition as a literary artist, my books translated into many languages, articles and new books written about my work, men beginning to say that I had brought new life into American story telling, I had been compelled to go on writing advertisements to get clothes, food, the right to space within the four walls of a room where I could sit at a desk to write at night.

There had been times during those years when, having been given some assignment . . .

That night in the room, in the moonlight, standing at the foot of the bed in which my wife lay sleeping, having stepped into the next room to see that no lamp had been left burning there and having returned, I thought of a certain assignment on which I was once sent to an Illinois town.

I was to write advertisement for a certain medicine to aid in the evacuation of the bowels of the constipated; and on the particular day, having arrived in the town and having gone to the

1 to get a fare deal canceled before after; artist] artists

4 I had] I had, I had

5 advertisements] advertisments

8 times] times,

15 advertisement] advertisment

16 constipated;] constipated

17 comma canceled after town
office of the man who was growing rich by selling the medicine,
I sat listening while he talked.

"There is one point I want you to emphasize. It is the
softness of the stools."

He had talked on and on. A small man he was with a great
nose, a small [116] puckered mouth and a grey ashen complexion.

"So, here I am, an artist, and I must sit listening to this.
I must go sit at a desk writing words about men and women in
privies. I, who am a lover of words, must use them for this pur-
pose."

That day I had stood the man's talk as long as I could and
had then excused myself. He had wanted to give me his ideas of
what the advertisements should be like, but I had told him he had
better not.

"I had better go out, walk about town, and think," I said, and
leaving his office I had walked to the [117] edge of town and
going into a small wood had vomited.

1 medicine,] medicine
2 talked,] talked
6 complexion,] complexion
7 artist,] artist
9 words,] words
13 advertisements,] advertisements; like,] like
15-16 town,] town; think," I said, and] think", I said and,
I had, however, written the advertisements. After all, I had sometimes thought during those years, this advertising business is so filled with fakery that it is easy to cheat. I did not have often to write of people's bowels, and on more than one occasion, having been sent thus to some town to write perhaps a dozen, two dozen advertisements, I wrote them all on the train, going to the town.

However, I did not show them. "Your problem is a very serious one," I said to the manufacturer. "I will have to give it thought." All during the later years of my experience as advertising writer, having already written and published my Winesburg, Ohio, my Triumph of the Egg, my Horses and Men and two or

1 had, however,广告s
2 thought
3 fakery
4 bowels, and
5 town
6 a dozen, two dozen advertisements
7 however
8 one
9 thought
10 thought
11-12 my Winesburg, Ohio, my Triumph of the Egg, my Horses and Men
three novels, among them Poor White, a novel that had been put into the Modern Library, the manufacturers I served as scribbler, having heard or been told by some salesman from our office that I had published books, that my stories were published in high-brow magazines, there was a certain awe of me I could take advantage of.

"I will have to give your problem thought." Naturally I had not shown him the advertisements already written. [119]

"I shall have to walk about alone, go into your factory, wander about the streets.

"It is my way of courting sin."

And more than once I had thus gained several days, and when at last, a protest having come from the office ... "You have put in time enough" ... I showed the man the advertisements written on the train coming to his town, he was always enthusiastic.

1 Poor White] Poor White
2 manufacturers] manufactures; scribbler,] scribbler
3 heard] heard,
6 of] off
8 advertisements] advertisements
12 days,) days
14 enough" ... ] enough,"; advertisements] advertisements,
15 town,) town
"I tell you it pays to take your time," he invariably cried, and I had gained all that time. I had quit once or twice, thinking it would be better and healthier [120] for me to make my bread by physical labor, but it had not worked. In the factories in that time I was compelled to work ten hours a day, almost always on my feet all day; and when, after such a day, I went to my room and sat at my desk, trying to write, I fell asleep.

So I had returned to and had stayed at the advertising writing. By being frugal and careful with my money I could, at least once in two years, take a few months off. There had been a legend created about me ... it still goes on ... that I was a particularly [121] clever writer of advertisements; and once or twice it had been proposed to me that, if I would let myself be what was called "staged," the impression built up that I was an advertising genius, huge prices being charged for my services, I could grow rich.

"But no. It is bad enough as it is. Let me remain small, as obscure a figure as possible," I had said to myself when
resisting these proposals. It had been my thought all along that, if I could keep what I called "an honest mind," helping others in the making of money by [122] the creating of often false notions of values but all the time knowing just what I was doing, not continually lying to myself as most of the others about me ... and these often quite lovable men ... some of whom I liked intensely, even loved . . . were constantly doing, some of them even occasionally begging of me . . . this would happen when we were in our cups and I had broken forth, saying that we were all whores . . . not to talk so.

"Don't," they said. "I have to go on as I am. I have a wife and children. If you must think such [123] thoughts keep them to yourself."

I was standing as I have described, at the foot of the bed in which my wife lay sleeping. I had told her nothing of the new temptation that had come to me. She was one who, like my mother, would have gladly worked herself into the grave as my mother had done, rather than that I should be trying to do what

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1-2 that, if] read that perhaps; mind,"] mind",

3 false canceled before often false

4 but] but,

17 temptation] temptation

18 mother,] mother
I had been trying to do.
And what was this fear that had come upon me, the fear of
old age, an old age of poverty? [124]

But you will not starve. At the worst you will have more
than your mother ever had during her whole life. You will wear
better clothes, eat better food. You may be even able to retain
this beautiful house a book of yours built.

I stood that night by my wife's bed, having this argument
with myself, the whole matter being one that will interest only
other artists, realizing dimly, as I stood thus, that the fear
in me that night, of which my wife knew nothing . . . it would
have [125] shocked her profoundly to be told of it . . . the fear
perhaps came up into me from a long line of men and women. I
remembered that night how my father, in his occasional sad
moods . . . he was, most of the time, rather a gay dog . . .

used to go sit in the darkness of our house in a street of

3 poverty?] poverty.
4 worst] worse
6 food.] food; B canceled before You
10 thus[,] thus
13 women.] women . . .
14 occasional] occasional
15 time[,] time
workingmen's houses and sitting in there, the rest of us grown
suddenly silent, sing in a low voice a song called "Over the
Hill to the Poor-House."

The fear in him too, perhaps, came into him from his father
and his father's father and on, back and back, all perhaps
men who had lived as I had always lived--precariously.

And, if it had not happened that, twice in my life, I was
comparatively rich so that I could indulge a passion for luxuri-
ous living, once for a few years when for a time I left adver-
tising and became a manufacturer, and again when, on the streets
of New Orleans, when I was down to my last hundred dollars [and]
I had met that strange figure among American publishers, Horace

1 workingmen's] workingmen
2 sing] singing; called] called,
3 Hill to the Poor-House."] hills to the Poor House."
4 perhaps,) perhaps
5 father's father] fathers' father; on,) on
6 lived--precariously] lived precariously
7 if it had not happened] read it had happened; life,) life
8 rich] rich,
9 years when] years, when,
10 manufacturer,) manufacturer
11 and] not in manuscript
Liveright, the man among American publishers [127] to whom justice has never been done, a strange figure of a man, physically very handsome, often toward certain people to whom he took a fancy . . . I was one of them . . . very tender, toward others a sadist, loving to hurt or humiliate them, a bold gambler, a Don Juan, who, like all Don Juans, could not love any one woman and must therefore have many women . . .

I had found the courage to walk away from my factory, throwing aside the opportunity before me to make much money, telling [128] myself that I was through with all idea of money-making forever, and after a few years had walked into the arms of Horace.

And he had exploited me. Pages of advertising had been taken in newspapers. I had seen my picture looking down at me from placards in city streetcars.

"Why, of course your books can be sold. People in America do not buy books. They do not buy anything. Everything is sold

1 man
2 indecipherable letters canceled before never
6 Juans,] Juans; ai canceled before any
10-11 moneymaking forever, and] money making forever and,
15 streetcars] street cars
16 "Why,] Why
to them," he had said to me. [129]

He had got my beautiful house for me, my mountain farm. He had given me the privilege of buying paintings to hang in my house, beautiful beds to lie in, beautiful chairs to sit in.

It is what gets a man. In the artist there must always be this terrible contradiction. If he be an artist, he is a sensualist. If I myself had not been an artist, pouring the vast energy buried away in me into work, I would have given my life to lusts. It is only by work, by the intensity of concentration [130] necessary to produce any work of art having its own life, that I have escaped a life of lust.

There is this contradiction in all of us. We want passionately the luxuries of life; the things we produce, our books,
paintings, statues, the songs we make, the music we make, these are all luxuries.

We want luxuries . . . for who but his fellow artists can really love the work of the artist? . . . while at the same time knowing, deep down in us, that if we give way to this passion for the possession of [131] beautiful things about us, getting them by cheapening our own work, all understanding of beauty must go out of us.

"And so, why all this silly struggle? Why this absurd fear?"

On the night, after some weeks of trying, as I have here described, to write a story that would be a sure seller, that would bring in money by which I could live comfortably another year, making the characters in my story all, at bottom, approved people, the judge in my story such a man as people think a judge [132] is—he being a judge . . . people in my story, as had

1 statues] statures
3 luxuries . . .] luxures
4 artist? . . .] artist; while] while,
5 that] that,
7 work,] work
9 so,] so; struggle?] struggle.; fear?"] fear."
11 described,] described
13 characters] characters; bottom,] bottom
been suggested to me, all, to use the words that had been used in describing a publisher's need, all "in what might be described as in comfortable circumstances in life," the people of my story constantly struggling to break out of the world into which I had been trying to force them, a struggle going on between them and me too--after all of this and leaving the moonlit room where my wife lay asleep . . . there is something grows very close between people who have lived long together, [133] who have really achieved a marriage . . . as I had stood at the foot of the bed in which my wife lay I had seen little waves of pain run across her sleeping face as waves run across a lake in a wind . . . After all of this I went barefooted out of my house, clad in my pajamas . . . they are of silk . . . my wife insists on buying them for me with money she herself earns . . . she is constantly, persistently buying me expensive shirts, expensive ties, shoes, hats, overcoats. I speak here of poverty, [134] but on a hook in a closet off my sleeping room there are dozens [of],
perhaps even a hundred, ties that have cost at least three dol-
lars each.

Absurdity and more absurdity. What children we are. I went
and stood by an apple tree in the orchard back of my house and
then, going around the house, climbed a little hill where I could
see the front of the house.

"It is one of the most beautiful houses in all America," I
said to myself, and for a time that night I sat absorbed,
forgetting entirely the absurd struggle that had been going on
in me for a week, for two weeks, my eye following the line of the
wall rising out of the ground and then following along the roof.
"Oh, how perfect the proportion and there is where the beauty
lies."

Only a few of the many people who had come to visit me had
been able to realize the extreme beauty of my achievement in
building the house. It was true that there had been an architect
who had made the drawings for me, but I had not [136a] followed
the drawings. For two years and while the house was building,

1 hundred,] hundred
3 quotation mark canceled before Absurdity
4 appp canceled before apple
5 house,] house
8 myself,] myself
17 drawings] drawing; me,] me; 136a] This is the first page
numbered 136
all the money made for me by Horace Liveright going into it, myself once having to stop building for four months while I went delivering silly lectures to get more money, I had done no writing. It didn't matter. A friend had once walked up the hill with me, to sit with me on the top of a cement tank that went down into the ground, where I sat that night in my pajamas, it also being a moonlight night, and had said that my house was as beautiful to him as a [137a] poem. "Cling to it," he said. "Live all the rest of your days in it." He went on at length, saying that the house was as beautiful as my story "Brother Death." He named three other stories, "The Untold Lie," "The New Englander" and "The Man's Story." "It has the quality they have."

He said that and I wriggled with pleasure, enjoying his praise of the beauty of my house more than any praise I had ever got from my writing.

3 delivering] deliving
5 st canceled before sit; the top of interlineated after on
6 pajamas] pajainas
7 moonlight] read moonlit; night,] night
8 137a] this is the first page numbered 137
10 "Brother Death."] Brother Death.
I was on the hill alone, at night, in the moonlight, my wife sleeping in the house below. She knew nothing of the absurd fear of old age, trembling feet [136b] going down stairways, trembling hands trying to hold the pen, through which I had been passing. I had been trying to force the people of my imaginative world into a world dictated by others, by people who did not know my people. As I sat up above my house that night I remembered suddenly some letters that, a few years before, had passed between me and a certain man of God.

He was a preacher—whether Methodist, Baptist or Lutheran I have forgotten—and wrote to me from Winesburg, Ohio. [137b]

There was then really such a town. Before writing the Winesburg stories I had attempted two or three novels set in a mythical Winesburg, Ohio, and one day had got from a friend a little book that listed, so he said, the names of all of the town of

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3 feet] feet,; 136b] this is the second page numbered 136;
stairways] stairway

5 imaginative] imaginative

6 world] world,; dit canceled before dictated

9 God.] God

11 forgotten--] forgotten; Winesburg, Ohio] Winesburg Ohio;
137b] this is the second page numbered 137

13 novels] novels,

14 Winesburg, Ohio, and one day had got] Winesburg Ohio and, an
day, had got,

15 all th canceled before the names
the state.

There was no Winesburg and I was delighted. As it turned out the little book listed only towns on railroads, but that I did not know.

The preacher in the real Winesburg had written a history of the town, as I gathered a small German community, devoted I hoped to the raising of the grape, and in it had mentioned my book. He had assured the people of the town that I had never been there. He was quite sure I did not intend to reflect on the people there. He wrote me a letter, speaking of all this and sending me his little book, and I was indignant. At once I sat down and wrote him a hot letter. What did he mean by suggesting that, had I really been in Winesburg, had I really written of the people there as I had written of the people of my mythical town, the stories would have brought shame to them? "If the people of your real Winesburg are a third as decent as the people of my Winesburg, you should be happy and proud."

2 period canceled after Winesburg
3 comma and in canceled after out; railroads,] railroads
4 preacher] preacher,
10 period canceled after book; the present editor has supplied a comma
15 decent] descent
16 Winesburg,] Winesburg
I had said something of that sort to him, for all during my life as a writer I had not minded when some of the critics had condemned me for my stories . . . when the Winesburg stories were published there had been a great outcry about [140] filthiness in me . . . I had been called a filthy-minded man . . . but any condemnation of any of the people in any of my stories I had always deeply resented.

"They are just people and the people of our imaginations are as important to us as the real people in the flesh about us. To sell them out, as is always being done, in the imaginative world is as low and mean a trick as to sell people out in so-called real life," I had for years been saying to myself. [141]

"And now you yourself are doing it.

"Coward!"

On that night I jumped up from the tank top and walked down the hill past my house and to a bridge over a stream and stood

1 him, for] him period canceled for,
2 writer] writer,
3 condemned] condemned
5 called] call; man . . .] man,
8 imaginations] imaginations; at canceled after are
9 people] people,
10 imaginative] imaginative
still arguing with myself.

"But I have a right now to put money first." I began to think of a paragraph read that afternoon in an early novel by Somerset Maugham. It was Maugham's Of Human Bondage and I had picked up the book during the afternoon and it had fallen open at a certain page.

Put in Maugham's paragraph.

Maugham had said.

Well, Maugham, by his writing and by his plays after his Of Human Bondage, had got rich.

"He is right. I have got to begin now thinking of money.

I have got to begin making money," I had said to myself
after reading the paragraph. I had, that afternoon and after reading the above paragraph, put the book back into its place on my shelves and had returned to my cabin, across the road from my house and hidden away under trees by a little creek. I had been trying to write, going heavily and laboriously at the task, much in the half-desperate mood in which I formerly wrote advertisements; but, the words refusing to flow, I had given up for the day. [150]

I had, however, gone back at it. "I will. I will. These people of my story shall behave as I wish. For years I have been a slave to these people of my imagination but I will be a slave no longer. For years I have served them, and now they shall serve me." In the past, when I was at my desk writing, I had often sat for hours, a kind of quiet joy in me, unconscious of the world of reality about me. Once I had written for ten hours, [151] throwing the sheets on the floor as I filled them.
I had done ten thousand words at a sitting; and, had the house in which I sat that day caught fire, I am sure I would have known nothing of it until the fire had burned the coat off my back. I had written my *A Story Teller's Story* in such a mood, day after day passing as in some delicious dream, and my *Many Marriages* ... another terribly misunderstood [152] book that some day—when the world has again passed out of our dark age of belief that life can be remade on a sounder and happier basis by economic professors—will come into its own.

There had been this happiness, this [joy] of the mind, of the body, in sitting, my pen racing over page after page of white paper, myself, as people about me saw and felt me, having no existence, the self, for the [153] time, completely gone; but

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1 sitting;] sitting; and,] and

2 fire,] fire

4 *A Story Teller's Story*] *A Story Tellers Story*

5 delicious dream, and my *Many Marriages*] delicious dream and my *Many Marriages*

6 misunderstood] misunderstood

7 word canceled before world

8 basis] bases

9 professors—] professors,]

10 joy] indecipherable word; perhaps joke, and a comma

12 of the real at canceled after people

13 gone;] gone,
now, on that afternoon, I had sat determined, as it were fighting
my own people, determined to make them at last my subjects.

And in that mood I had covered many, many pages. It had been bitter laborious work but I had done it. I had on that afternoon at last understood what had been meant by writers who had told me they hated writing, that they had to force themselves to write.

x x x

And now I must speak [154] [of] something else. I have already mentioned that my house stands by a mountain stream.

It is a stream of sounds, and at night, ever since I had completed the building of my house and had moved into it, the stream had talked to me.

On how many nights had I lain in my bed in my house, the doors and windows that faced the stream all open and the sounds coming in.

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1 sat] sat,
3 many, many] many many
9 of] not in manuscript
10 on canceled after stands
11 period canceled after sounds; the present editor has supplied a comma; ever since] every, since
12 comma canceled after house; it,] it
The stream ran over rocks. It ran under a [155] bridge, and somewhere I have written telling how, on dark nights, the sounds change and become strangely significant.

There was the sound of the feet of children running on the floor of the bridge. A horse galloped, soldiers marched. I heard at night the footsteps of old friends, the voices of women I had loved.

There was a crippled girl with whom, when I was a young workman, I had once made love, in the rain, under a bush in [156a] a city park. She had cried, and I had been puzzled as to whether her sobs had been sobs of joy because of the exquisite pleasure I had got from her slender little body or of sorrow that our joy was such a passing thing. The crippled girl had one leg shorter than the other, and as I had walked to her home with her, that

1 bridge,[ ] bridge
2 nights,[ ] nights
3 significant] significant
7 l canceled before I had loved.
8 to wh canceled before with whom
9 workman,[ ] workman; 156a] this is the first page numbered 156
10 cried,[ ] cried
11 exquisite] exquisit
14 other,[ ] other; home in canceled after walked
night in the rain . . . her home being in a street of peculiarly ugly apartment buildings, run up cheaply for the Chicago World's Fair and afterwards and later [156b] occupied by employees of a Chicago streetcar company . . . the girl I had begun flirting with on a streetcar and had later followed along a street until after a hesitating refusal she had let me walk with her, had told me that her father was a streetcar conductor.

I had heard the haunting sound of her feet, the curious broken rhythm on the bridge over the stream by my house at night—the voices of Fred, of Mary, of Tom, of Ester and a hundred others, loved and lost in what I called my real life; [157] and always, above these voices [and] the sound of the footsteps of these, the sound also of the footsteps and the voices of those of my imaginative world.

The long slow stride of Hugh McVey. These mingled, let us
108

say, with the footsteps of Carl Sandburg, or Ben Hecht. My friend John Emerson or Maurice Long walking beside my Doctor Parcival. The naked man in the room with his daughter in Many Marriages soft [158] beside the footsteps of some dear one in the life I had led away from my desk.

These sounds from the stream whispering to me, sometimes crying out, through many nights, making nights alive.

And there I was, on this other night, clad in my pajamas and standing in silence on the bridge over the stream, and there again were the sounds. The sounds crept into me, invaded me. I heard again the [159] sob of that crippled girl. I heard the voices of old friends. The sounds went on for a time, and then of a sudden the sounds all changed.

There were no more voices, only laughter. The laughter began. It increased in volume. It seemed to become a roar.

"Why, the very stream is laughing at me," I cried and began

1 say,] say; Sandburg] Sandburg
2 John Emerson] Jane Emerson
3-4 ma canceled before naked; Many Marriages] Many Marriages
7 many nights, making nights alive.] many night, making nights alive
8 pajamas] pajamas
9 stream,] stream
12 friends.] friends; time, and then] time and then,
15 roar.] roar
16 "Why,"] "Why
to run along the country road that goes past my house. [160] I ran and ran. I ran until I was exhausted. I ran up hill and down. I hurt my bare feet. I had come out of my house wearing bedroom slippers but I had lost them. I ran until I was out of breath, exhausted. I had hurt one of my feet on a sharp stone. It bled. I am trying to set down here the story of a real if absurd experience. I stopped running that night at the brow of a low hill, after all [161] not far from my house . . . a man of my age, who has spent so much of his life at a desk, who has smoked so many hundreds of thousands, it may be even millions, of cigarettes, does not run far.

I ran until I was exhausted, and then, hobbling along as once a crippled girl in Chicago had hobbled sobbing beside me in a rain-swept Chicago street, I went back along the road along which [162] I had been running and to my cabin by the creek.

I let myself into my cabin, and getting the manuscript on which I had been at work I took it out to a little open grassy

2 and 5 exhausted] exhausted
10 millions,) millions
1l cigarettes,) cigarettes
12 exhausted,) exhausted; along) along,
14 rain-swept Chicago street,) rain swept Chicago street
16 w canceled before let; cabin,) cabin
place beside the stream, and sitting there on the grass I burned it page by page.

The burning took a long time but it was a joy. It was, I knew, an absurd performance [163] and that I was, as all such men as myself must ever be, a child; but later, as you see, I have wanted to write of it, to see if in words I can catch the mood of it.

"It will be a joy to other writers, other artists, to know that I also, a veteran among them, am also as they are, an eternal child," I thought.

I did all of this, as I have here set it down, going at great length, [164] as you will see, to catch the mood of it, to give it background; and then, being very careful with my cut foot, I went back to my house and to my bed.

However, I went first to the bathroom. I put disinfectant on the cut on my foot and my wife awoke.

1 stream,] stream
3 was a joy] has a joy
4 knew,] knew
5 child; but later,] child but later
6 see,] see
9 them,] them; are,] are
12 length,] length
13 background;] background; foot,] foot
15 However,] However; my canceled and the interlineated before bathroom
"What are you doing?" she asked me, speaking sleepily; and, "Oh, I just got up to go to the bathroom," I said. [165] And so she slept again, and before again getting into bed I stood for a time looking at her asleep.

"I dare say that all men, artists and others, are, as I am, children at bottom," I thought and wondered a little if it were true that only a few women among all the millions of women got, by the pain of living with us, a little mature.

I was again in my bed and I thought that the voices in the [166] stream by my house had stopped laughing at me and that again they talked and whispered to me; and on the next morning, my shoe hurting my foot so that when I was out of my wife's sight I hobbled painfully along, I went to my cabin and to the black

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1 sleepily;] sleepily
2 "Oh,] "Oh; bathroom,"] bathroom",
3 slept again,] slept again
4 are,] are
5 children at bottom,"] children, at bottom",
6 of women interlined and on us canceled after millions
7 us,] us
8 me;] me; morning,] morning
9 that] that,
10 along,] along; to the black] so the black
spot on the grass by the creek where I had burned the attempt I had made [167] to impose my own will on the people of my imaginative world. I began to laugh at myself.

It had, I thought, been an absurd and silly experience through which I had passed, but God knows, I told myself, I may have to pass through it again, time after time. I was, I knew as I sat down at my desk that morning, determined again not to impose myself, to let the story I was trying to write write itself, to be again [168] what I had always been, a slave to the people of my imaginary world if they would do it, making their own story of their own lives, my pen merely forming the words on the paper . . . I knew that what I had been through, in such an absurd and childish form, letting myself again be a victim to old fears, was nevertheless the story of like experiences in the life of all artists, no doubt in all time.

1 creek] creek,
2-3 imaginative world.] imagination world; something, possibly quotation mark, canceled before I began
4 had, I thought,] had I thought
5 passed, but] passed but,; quotation mark canceled after knows,; myself,] myself
6 I was] It was
9 been,] been
10 imaginary] imaginary; of canceled before if
11 story of their own interlineated between own and lives; only canceled and merely interlineated after pen
14 fears,] fears
How to Write to a Writer

I am sure my own experience is that of all writers who have been a long time at the trade. We are all constantly receiving letters from younger writers and from those who aspire to become writers.

Young writers are wanting us to read their manuscripts. It puts a man in a difficult position. The common practice is to write declaring that you want only a frank honest opinion.

"Shall I go on trying or shall I quit?" [2]

I received recently a letter from a young woman. She had, she said, a passionate desire to be a writer.

However, she hadn't much time. She had to work for a living.

"There is a young man who has taken a fancy to me and I am fond of him. Naturally, he wants me to go out with him in the 15

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1 How to Write to a Writer] How to write to A writer.
3 receiving] recieving
5 writers.] writers
7 difficult] difficuit
10 received] recieved
12 However,] However; an canceled before a living
15 Naturally,] Naturally
evening. To do it I must give up my writing. Will you read my manuscript and tell me whether you think my talent is great enough to risk losing him for the sake of going on with my art?"

There are schoolteachers who have got an idea. They are teaching children of eight. [3] They give to each pupil the name and address of an author.

"I am a little girl, eight years old, and you are my favorite author. Will you write me a letter, telling me the history of your life?"

A man walks up and down. He becomes profane. He cannot well be angry with an eight-year-old child. He would like to get his hands on that schoolteacher, box her ears, shake her until the teeth fall out of her mouth.

A common practice among young writers, addressing older ones, is to discuss his books. [4] "Your story 'The Lost Millionaire' "

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3 losing] loosing; art?] art."
4 schoolteachers] school teachers
7 old,] old
9 life?] life."
11 eight-year-old child] eight year old child
12 schoolteacher] school teacher; until canceled before until 13 fall] fell
15 story] story, ; quotation mark canceled before The; Millionaire] Millionaire canceled, quotation mark left uncanceled, then Millionaire written in; quotation mark canceled after Millionaire
is my favorite," he says. "I think it is the best of all your books."

Oh, you do, eh?

And who, will you tell me, asked your opinion?

Naturally, you are a good deal annoyed. The writer who has written many books is in a good deal the same position as the mother who has had many children. You do not go to such a mother asking her which of all her children is her favorite. You do not tell her which is your favorite. At best, you see, the writer has [5] to put up with the professional critics. Often they are men he knows. Aside from their work as critics, he likes them very well. He knows that most of them are harassed troubled men. There are some of them, a good many, who must write of a new book every day. He realizes that it is a paralysing task. It makes him shudder to think of it but at least he can [15] be sympathetic . . .

But these volunteer critics!

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3 Oh, you do, eh?] Oh you do eh?
4 me,] me
5 Naturally,] Naturally
10 critics,] critics
11 work] work,]
17 volunteer critics!] volunteer critics.
"I would like you to read my manuscript. I think that 'Stung by a Bee' is by far the best story you ever wrote. You are my favorite author. Recently I read a story of yours in some magazine. I thought it rather thin. It may be you are getting old. I was talking to a man who said that you were about worn out. I do admire you so. Please be perfectly frank with me about my own work."

It seems to me that most of the young writers who write to older ones, who send them manuscripts, have no real interest in writing. They have a great desire to be writers. They think of the life of the writer as very romantic. He is a fellow who can go freely from place to place. He does not have to ring a time clock. Nowadays employment is hard to get.

And there is a great yearning for what is called "self-expression." It is a yearning a great many women seem to have. I had, some two or three years ago, a letter from such a woman.
she was the wife of a friend.

"I have written this story and you must read it." It was, I thought, a rather highfalutin story. It happened that I knew quite well the circumstances of the woman's life. In her story, it seemed to me, she had gone skyrocketing off into space. I told her so. I rather gave her down the river.

"So she wants frankness, an honest opinion. Well, she shall have it."

Of course I lost her friendship. I had been, before, a welcome guest in her house but that was at an end. She wrote to me saying that while she appreciated my taking my valuable time to read her story she had not expected to be insulted. She said she hadn't realized I was so stuck on myself. I had suggested that, if she felt she must be a writer, she write about people she knew something about, whose lives did a little touch her own experiences, and she answered saying that she thought it impertinent of me to pretend that I knew anything of her experiences in

3 highfalutin] high faluting
4 woman's] woman
5 me,] me
7 Well,] Well
10 hus canceled before house
14 writer,] writer
15-16 experiences,] experiences
118

"You think you know everything. You think you are the all-wise. You make me tired," she wrote.

As a matter of fact, I think it nonsense for the younger writer to send his manuscript to the older, more experienced writer. What I am after in my [10] work you may not be after.

The writer is not an editor. He is not at all anxious to impose his judgment on others. I think that I am like most other writers. I like only those critics who praise my work. I am, like most writers, inclined to think all others fools.

And, in any event, in the end every writer must be his own critic. There is something in a man that tells him when he has hit the mark at which he aimed. This running about to others, really asking [11] them to reassure us, gets us nowhere. If there is something in a writer's work that really touches you, makes your own life a bit richer, even perhaps reveals something
of yourself to yourself, and you have the impulse to write thanking the man, that is something else. There is something fine in that. Writers are often terribly depressed. There are long periods in the lives of even veteran writers when all they have ever written seems rather nonsense, when they feel themselves utter failures; and very often during such periods a letter received that does not put the writer on the spot, does not ask him to pass judgment on the work of another at a time when he cannot pass judgment on his own work, that does not ask him to suddenly become not a writer but a critic, but that gives him in his black period a word of praise, may lift him up. It may put him back on his feet when one of his own failures has put him down for the count. It is a very thoughtful, a very splendid thing to do for the writer whose work has pleased you a little. It is about the only excuse for writing to a writer you do not personally know.

1 t canceled before of yourself; to yourself, and] to yourself
and

2 man,] man

3 W canceled before Writers

6-7 failures; and very often] failures and very often,; received] received,

10 him] him,

11 praise,] praise

16 I hav canceled after know.
I have got a letter from a man. He has read a story of mine.

"Your story hit me where I live," he says. "It gave me something I wanted."

The man who wrote the letter did not give an address. He did not send a manuscript to be read. It was impossible to answer his gracious letter.

"And that," I thought, "is the way to write to a writer."
The impulse to write must be in many people. In a certain town a judge told me a story. There was a certain doctor in the town, a rather small man, the judge said. One of the sort of men, he said, you would never notice if you met him in the street. He was very devoted to his profession, studied constantly, read all of the medical journals. He had a little round bald head with a bulging forehead, pale blue eyes, a small nose turned sharply up at the end, and a small puckered mouth. He was married and had three children.

His wife and daughters were a good deal involved in the social life of the town. They went to card parties, to the country club, to dances, but he didn’t go. He said he was too busy. [2] When he wasn’t out seeing his patients he sat in his

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1 The Writer] The Writer,
2 indentation not in manuscript
5 said] said; noci canceled before notice
7 pr canceled before journals
8 nose] note,
9 end] end
13 dances] dances
14 number 2 not in manuscript; since Anderson does not number the pages in this section, the editor has supplied the numbers.
There was a drugstore in the building where he had his offices, and in the drugstore a certain woman worked. She was tall and handsome. She had red hair. She had been married but her husband had died. Her name was Agnes Riley.

The doctor began to write her letters although he never mailed one of them, never gave one of them to her.

When it began he addressed her as Mrs. Riley. He spoke of having been in the drugstore about a prescription. He had noticed that she had a cold. He prescribed a remedy.

Then in another letter, really in a series of letters, he spoke to her of little happenings of his day. A Mrs. Snodgrass had been in his office.

"She thinks she has ulcers of the stomach but it is all nonsense. There isn't a thing in the world wrong with her. However, I didn't tell her so. I gave her some medicine that will
do no harm."

He spoke of other patients. He had been driving in the country. The little man had a great love of nature. Sometimes he went many miles out of his way to drive along a certain stretch of country road. He grew bold as he wrote. After he had written some ten or twelve of the letters . . . they grew longer and longer . . . he no longer called her Mrs. Riley. He called her "Agnes," and then "dear Agnes," and finally "my adored one."

It was a chance for the little doctor to spill some-thing out of himself. Often he sat in his office writing until two or three in the morning. The judge, who told me the story, had read all of the letters.

He had begun after a time to speak of Agnes Riley's hair, her eyes . . . the most beautiful eyes in the world, he said . . .

1 harm."

5 h canceled before road.

7 and longer . . . an uncanceled comma is beneath the three periods; Mrs. Riley] Mrs Riley

8 "Agnes," and then "dear Agnes," and finally] Agnes and then dear Agness and finally,

9 number 4 not in manuscript

10 write canceled before writing

11 story,) story

13 begun] begun,

14 world,) world
of her figure ... how straight and fine it was ... of the way she walked.

"When I see you walk it makes my heart dance with joy."

He began telling her stories of his own boyhood, of what a trial it had been to him to be small. "I have always been homely," he said. "When I was still a young boy I passionately wanted the little girls in school to be attracted to me. They never were."

He used to dream at night that he had grown suddenly tall and handsome. He told Agnes about that. After he began writing the letters he never went into the drugstore—didn't dare, he said.

"I am afraid I will suddenly fall on my knees at your feet, kiss the hem of your skirt."

He knew to the minute when she went home to her lunch, when she returned, when she came in the morning, when she left the store at night. He could see her from his office window.
"I was ten miles away. I was with a patient who was desperately ill. I shouldn't have left but I did." He described a desperate drive over muddy roads. "I missed [6] seeing you in the morning. I was fixing a farmer's broken leg. He fell out of a haymow. I didn't think I could live through the afternoon if I didn't see you at noon." There was a little stretch of street through which she passed, going to and from the store. "The wall of the baker blocks, cuts you off," he wrote. As she went past the front of an A & P grocery and a hardware store she was to him, he said, like a young birch tree dancing in the wind. When he saw her thus he thought of hummingbirds, the ruby-throated kind, suspended above flowers in a beautiful garden. He thought of the wind, playing in ripe yellow wheat. In one of the letters he told her of the [?] time when he was a medical student and went at night to the door of a house of ill fame. He had been
unable to enter. He said he began running along a street. It was raining. "I fell. I broke my nose. That is what gives it such a funny angle."

The doctor continued writing the letters for several years. He grew passionate. He grew reminiscent. He made little sketches of his patients. He said that sometimes, when he went into his house late at night, when he was in a little hallway at the front of the house, he stood for a time. "There is a light and I turn it out," he said. "It seems to me that I can feel you coming along the hallway toward me." He said that sometimes the impression of her presence was so real, so vivid, that he stood for a long time trembling so that he couldn't walk to his own room.

"My wife speaks to me. She calls to me and I can't answer."

"I am ashamed that I am so short," he wrote. "Sometimes
when you come to me thus in the darkness, you kiss me and, oh,
how delicious your lips, but I am terribly ashamed that to kiss
my lips you have to lean down."

The little doctor died. He was killed in an accident in
his car. It may have been when he was driving furiously to get
to his office, to see Agnes as she left the store to go to her
lunch. He was [9] on a clay road and his car skidded. It rolled
down a hill and he was killed. The judge said that the little
man had always been kind and faithful to his wife. He had been
an indulgent father. He had saved money. He left his family
comfortably fixed.

And as for Agnes Riley, she knew nothing about it all. A
lawyer who had charge of his estate had found the letters and
had brought them to the judge. The judge said that he and the
lawyer spent several evenings reading them.

"It made us a little ashamed to do it but we did it," he
said. "It is strange," the judge said, "but as we read we had,
both of us, the same feeling. [10]

"We mentioned it," he said, "after we had burned the letters."

"And what did you feel?"

"We both felt," he said, "as though it had been ourselves writing the letters."
The Workman,

His Moods

I dare say that every writer has his own idiosyncrasies.

For many years of my own life as writer, I have lived in rooming houses or in the cheaper kind of hotels. I have had to work in the same room where I slept. Often I have breakfasted in the room, but in the morning I cannot set to work until everything is in order. All traces of the breakfast must be put out of sight. The bed must be made. The life you lead in bed, alone or with another, is a distinct life widely separated from your daytime life. It must be put away. During your hours in bed your imaginative life [2] is beyond your control. The fancy roams free. It is up to all sorts of tricks. It may be true, as certain scientists contend, that it can teach you much, but the work before you when you sit at your desk does demand some control.

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3 idiosyncrasies] idocyncracies
4 life] life,
7 room, but] room but,
10 another,] another; separated] seperated
11-12 imaginative] imagainative
14 contend,] contend; much,] much
15 does demand] mand some control canceled before when
I went to the country and having a little money built a cabin on a high hill, and every morning I climbed the hill. "Oh, what a magnificent view." The few people who climbed the hill to my cabin all went into ecstasies. "What a place in which to work. "You should do magnificent work up here." [3]

I did nothing. Day after day I climbed the hill. The hills, going away into the distance, were like the waves of a vast sea. Clouds floated across the hills. Little fragments of clouds crept down into hollows in the hills. My eye could follow a pale-yellow dirt road that wound around and up over hills. Horses in a distant hilltop pasture stood silhouetted against a pale blue sky.

I sat on some steps before my cabin and the hours passed, Nature, so on parade, was too much for me. Nature seemed to be mocking me, laughing at me. The hills laughed. Trees [4] on a nearby hill thumbed their noses at me. I kept going back to the cabin on the hilltop. Formerly, when I first began to write, I

2 hill,] hill
4 ecstasies] exsctacies
8 distance,] distance
11 pale-yellow] pale yellow
12 Horses] Horses,; silhouetted] silhauted
used to tell myself that a good test for anything I had written would be to try reading it aloud in a cornfield. I thought of going into a silent wood, of standing under tall trees, my manuscript in my hands, reading to the trees.

"If I am not too much ashamed it should be a sign," I said to myself. The truth is that I had never tried the experiment. It was one of my poetic notions. [5]

I am always having them. I had to give up the cabin on the hilltop. I never wrote anything up there that I could bear printing.

I have had times of being very pagan. It has seemed to me that formerly, when man believed in wood gods, rain gods, in fairies dancing in the grass, in giants living in castles hidden in mountains, life must have been richer. I have tried to re-create these. When I have been living in the country and have gone to my place of work at night . . . usually in some isolated building . . . I have lighted [6] candles and carried them outdoors.

1 test for anything I had written] test, for anything I had written,
5 sign,"] sign",
9 no canceled before never
12 rain] rain
13 in interlineated before giants
14-15 re-create] recreate
17 building . . .] building
I put the candles under two trees. I went indoors and sat at my desk near a window. I prayed to the old gods. I dare say I got a certain satisfaction out of these fantasies but they did not help my work. There was some difficulty. I had got together certain characters. How did this woman, created in my imagination, affect the life of this man? I had got lost in some maze and wanted the old gods to come back and lead me out of the maze.

I was in Reno, Nevada. I was getting a divorce [7] from a woman. I rented a little house in a row of many little houses. I had very little money. The woman loved another man. She wanted me to divorce her.

My surroundings were all very commonplace. There were no friends near. A part of the time I had to cook my own food, make my own bed, clean my own little house.

I began to write joyously. I forgot the woman who loved another man. Every morning I awoke singing. Often I ate no breakfast. I cleaned my house hurriedly, sat at my desk, I wrote until I was [8] exhausted, slept, wrote again. I wrote a book called A Story Teller's Story, a very gorgeous book. It is

5-6 characters; imagination; man?

8 Reno, Nevada; Reno Nevada; divorce; divorce

11 divorce; divorce

17 hurriedly; hurriedly

19 A Story Teller's Story; "The Story Tellers Story"
a gay book, a laughing book. The days marched past in splendor. The rather sordid business of getting a divorce under our absurd American laws did not bother me. All during my time in that strange town I was far away from the town. It is true that occasionally I went out among people. The life about me was all a little feverish. I went on drinking parties, went to dances. Among men and women all up to the same thing, all, for the time, rather self-conscious, all feeling themselves cut loose from the respectable associations of their former lives, there is a new recklessness. Women are being bedded with strange men, men with strange women, and I dare say, during my time there, I had opportunities too.

I was, however, incased in an armour. I was, for the time, a writer, nothing more. I was very happy, very strong, very moral.

I was in the country, having taken a room in the house [10]

2 divorce] divorce
3 time] time,
7 women] women,
11 women,) women followed by a canceled period; and] and,
13 was, however,) was however 
14 more,) more
17 country,) country; number 9 canceled before number 10
of a certain family. There were many children. There was no place to work. There were young boys in the family.

There was a low shed that had formerly, I believe, housed pigs. It had no doors or windows. It stood in the midst of a cornfield.

The boys cleaned it and I helped. We shoveled dirt from the floor until we got down to the hard clean clay. We whitewashed the walls.

I moved my desk in [11] there. I could not stand erect. While I worked in that place . . . again a madness of writing had seized me . . . the corn about me grew tall. The stacks pushed through the open windows, through the low doorway. A broad green corn leaf lay across the corner of my desk.

I wrote a book of childhood, an American childhood. It was in that place that a certain sentence came into my head. I thought that if, after my death, there were any who wished to do me honor, they would honor me not [12] for what I had written but for the full rich life I have lived. I thought I would like to be known as one man who had never saved, never provided for the morrow, as a man who had wished only to live in the Now.
"Life not Death is the Adventure," I wrote. "When I am dead I wish someone would carve that sentence on a stone and put it over my grave," I thought.

As a writer I have had endless miserable [13] days. Black gloom, having settled upon me, has often stayed for days, weeks and months, and these black times have always been connected with my work.

I have been too lustful. I have wanted to create constantly, never stopping.

And then have come these rich glad times. It is, it seems, for the writer, for any artist, impossible to create the conditions, the place, the associations under the influence of which he will work best; and I [14] remember with joy a certain room in a tall old house in the old quarter of New Orleans.

It was winter and there was no heat. There was a cheap and ugly brass bed. I had to sit at my desk, clad in a heavy overcoat.
My feet were cold.

I remember a cheap hotel in Kansas City. Prostitutes came there. They brought men up an elevator and along a hallway past my door.

I was inside my room. I was in a clean mood. I was working. [15]

I remember places where all was prepared for me and I did nothing. I could not work.

I knew a poet who married a very rich woman. She had an artist who works in wood build a desk for him. Oh, how beautiful and expensive the desk at which he was to sit. How beautiful the room in which the desk sat. He showed it to me.

We looked into each other's eyes. He loved the woman and she was deeply in love with him. He knew, as I did, that at the desk in the room he could do nothing. He could not sing, could not work, could not be joyous in that place, at that desk. We did not speak of the matter but went quickly out of the room into a street.

"Well, good-bye," I said, but he did not answer. He turned from me and hurried away. He could not bear my knowing what he himself knew.

2 hotel] hotel,
10 artist] artist; Oh,] Oh
14 did,] did
19 good-bye] goodbye; said,] said
Notes on the Novel

A novel may be thin or fat, but fatness, richness, does not depend upon bulk. There is such a thing as richness of suggestion. The mind, the imagination, of the reader is sent off into new and unexplored fields. Or the familiar is made more familiar. I have a notion that as a man goes on writing novels there is a tendency to be economical, to save. Few of us are really rich in invention. We try to use, over and over, the same situations, put them in a new way. We have learned to write by much writing and begin to depend [2] upon our ability to elaborate to write fine. A certain swift movement is lost.

Let us say that a man begins writing at the age of thirty. It is young enough. For some reason men in America, if they mature at all . . . many never do . . . mature later in life than does the European. I have my own notion as to the reason. We

1 Novel] novel
2 indentation not in manuscript; fat,) fat; richness,) richness
4 imagination] imagination
8 over and over,) over and over
9 writ canceled before write
15 do the canceled before does the
still here live in a new land, and it seems that the practise of the arts begin only after a nation, a people, have rather spent the vigor that expresses itself in physical accomplishment. [3]

And then too artists beget artists. Once I wrote a little prose poem to Mr. Theodore Dreiser. I called it:

Heavy Heavy Lies over Thy Head.

Here is the poem:

(Copy poem)

It will be apparent to the young writer what I am here trying to say. Mr. Dreiser, when he began writing his novels, must have been a very strong man. There was in him a great reserve of nerve force, of patience, of courage. We have all heard the story of [4] the fate of his Sister Carrie. There must have been a period of several years after that happened when the man stood
rather stunned, unable to go on. When a man has written of life in another beautifully and tenderly and the reaction to his work is only abuse, when people speak of his work as brutal and ugly, there comes this stunned feeling. I know all of this from my own experience, of which I have already spoken. There was, for me also, a period when I was called sex-obsessed, when almost every story I put forth [5] was condemned as nasty. People who read my books began to write me letters abusing me. Sometimes I got as many as a half dozen in one morning's mail.

I began to doubt myself. There was a time when I avoided people. There was a kind of sickness. I was being pelted with filth and a stench arose from me.

"There are so many saying it that it must be true," I began to tell myself. I remember a particular period. It was after the publication of [6] my Triumph of the Egg and I was living in

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1 life] life,
2 another] another,
3 abuse, when] abuse. When
4 ugly,] ugly
6 also,] also
7 sex-obsessed,] sex-obsessed.
8 when] When
9 morning's] mornings
10 indecipherable letters canceled before There
15 Triumph of the Egg] triumph of the egg
a Chicago rooming house.

I went into my room at night and in the darkness knelt by a window and looked at the sky over the city. Although I am far from a conventionally religious man, I prayed.

"If I am, as so many say, unclean, make me clean." Sometimes I even walked crying in the streets at night. A great many of the letters coming to me were from women, and later a psychologist, Mr. Trigant Burrow, then [7] at Johns Hopkins, told me that the letters of abuse thus sent to me were but a perverted attempt on the part of starved women to make love to me.

If what the psychologist said was true it was something I did not want. It is perhaps true that every man who is by his nature an artist . . . and there must be many, many thousands of such men who never begin working in the arts . . . is also a lustful man.

He may even be a man highly sexed. He is fond of women. He wants them. [8] However, when he begins the practise of an art

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4 man, I prayed.] man I prayed
5 unclean,] unclean; clean,"] clean.
7-8 women,] women; psychologist] scicalogiest; Mr. Trigant Burrow]
Mr Trigant Buraugh; Johns Hopkins,] John's Hopkins
9 abuse] abuse,
11 psychologist] psychaogist
13 many, many] many many
17 However,] However
he becomes absorbed. The energy, the vitality in him makes a new channel. It flows away from actual physical contact with women and he begins to enter women in a new way. Balzac spoke of this. He had spent a night with a woman. Bang went a chapter, he said.

There is the awakening of a new love. No woman ever entirely absorbs the artist; and, speaking for myself, I can recall that more than one woman, having known me, having perhaps for a time been [9] what is called "in love" with me, has after a time begun to complain.

"I have been talking to you for an hour but you have heard nothing of what I said. Outwardly you have seemed to be giving attention to me, but all the time you have been far away.

"The truth is that I am nothing but dust under your feet.
"You seem to me to be using me only as a way of entry for your thoughts. Why not tell me of your thoughts?"

But how was I to [10] tell her of my thoughts? Let us say that the woman and I had been strolling in a city park. We had been sitting together on a bench, let us say, in a Chicago park and looking out over the lake.

People were passing up and down. There were old men and old women, young men and women, people of the middle age. A man's mind becomes fixed upon some one figure in such a crowd or perhaps [upon] a couple.

There is a short slender man with a little black [11] mustache who is walking with a tall fair woman, and they are speaking to each other rapidly, with a curious intensity.

You become lost in them. Your imagination goes to work.

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1 entry] entrf
2 thoughts.] thoughts; of your thoughts?" [of your thoughts."
3 thoughts?] thoughts.
4 strolling] strolling; park] part
5 park] part corrected in manuscript to read park
10 upon] not in manuscript; couple.] couple
11-12 There] "There; mustache] mustache,; woman,] woman
12-13 rapidly canceled after speaking
14 imagination] imagination
suddenly you are trying to reconstruct their lives.

You begin telling yourself the story of their two lives. They have got suddenly into a quarrel. Yesterday they were happy together, they loved, but now they are [12] filled with hatred.

Why? Why?

How can you pay attention to the woman who is sitting with you? There was never a novelist lived who did not write, in imagination, ten, a hundred novels for every one he actually puts down in ink. He is always doing it, always taking such flights. He is trying to select, choosing and rejecting. He may want terribly, in another mood, to win the woman with [13] whom he sits on the park bench, but when his imagination is at work he keeps pushing her away. It needs an extraordinary woman to forgive him, not to begin to hate him.

But to return to the matter of sex in our novels. Mr. Dreiser, 15 the man I consider the pioneer, the father of so much later American

1 reconstruct their lives.] reconstruct their lives  
2 You] "You  
7 you?] you.  
8 imagination] imagination; in canceled before he; wr canceled before puts  
10 comma and in canceled after want  
12 bench, but] bench but,; imagination] imagination  
15 Mr. Dreiser] Mr Dreiser
writing, did not, as he was accused of doing, overemphasize sex. Reread one of his earlier novels now and you will be amazed. [14] "Why all the fuss? Why all of this calling of names?" you will begin asking yourself. The truth is that Mr. Dreiser simply put sex back into our sexless literature. He gave sex a normal place in the lives of the people of whom he wrote. He gave all of our American writing a new health, and I have always believed that he, rather than Mr. Sinclair Lewis, should have been given the Nobel Prize. He should have been given this recognition. He [15] is a man who has always been tender about life, all kinds of American life, in the poor and in the rich, in the healthy and in the deformed, and Mr. Lewis is very seldom tender. He has been a man too much absorbed in himself, has done too much hating. The first book that established his fame was the novel Main Street. If you have not read it for a long time reread it.  

1 writing,] writing; accused] accused
3 fuss?] fuss.
4 Mr.] Mr
5 simply] simple
7 health,] heath
8 Mr. Sinclair Lewis,] Mr Sinclair Lewis
9 Nobel Prize] Nobel prize
12 deformed,) deformed; Mr. Lewis] Mr Lewis
15 Main Street] Main Street
Then reread Sister Carrie. In Sauk Center [16] there was never a baseball game, boys never went swimming, the circus never came, lovers never walked in the moonlight. It is all drab and grey. It is ashes. Lewis' doctor shaking the ashes out of his furnace becomes the symbol of all life. There is no coal, no fire, only ashes, and I have sometimes thought that the worldwide recognition given Mr. Lewis by the bestowal of the Nobel Prize was more than half due [17] to a desire on the part of Europeans to see American life through Mr. Lewis' eyes.

And I do not mean to say that Mr. Lewis has not had his tender moments. There are lovely spots in his Arrowsmith, in his Babbitt. I am speaking only of the general tone of his work.

1 Sister Carrie] Sister Carrie; Sauk Center] read Gopher Prairie
2 baseball] base ball
3 grey] grew
4 Lewis' doctor] Lewis doctor,
6 ashes,] ashes; worldwide] world wide
7 Mr. Lewis] Mr Lewis
8 desire] desire,
9 Mr. Lewis' eyes] Mr Lewis eyes
10 Mr. Lewis] Mr Lewis
11 Arrowsmith] Arrowsmith; th canceled before the second his
12 Babbitt] Babbitt
The writing of the short story is a kind of explosion. I think it was Mr. H. G. Wells who once described the writing of the short story by the figure of a man running to a fire and the novel by the figure of the same man taking an afternoon stroll.

But it is not as simple as that. A man writes a novel as he takes an afternoon stroll only in his imagination. The actual physical feat of writing either a long or a short novel is another matter.

There is his theme, and he must hang on to it day after day, month after month, and often year after year. He must carry the theme within himself in all the changing circumstances of a life. There will be, during the process of the writing, birth and death. He must perhaps move from place to place. He suddenly finds for himself a new woman, begins to want her. He is a poor man and must, in some way, manage to make a living.

This applies particularly to the young writer to whom I am
addressing these remarks. Publishers do not give young, unknown writers big advances.

The man is constantly swept by all sorts of emotions having nothing to do with the work in hand. Some minor character in his novel begins suddenly to run away with his book. He is like a general trying to manage a vast army during a battle. It is not enough that he has made the characters in his novel seem alive and real to us. He must think his way through their relations to each other. He must orchestrate his work, give it what is called "form." It is not for nothing that we honor the novelists above the simple story tellers. The novel is the real test of the man. People are always saying there are too many people trying to write novels but I do not think so. I think the writing of novels, when the job is sincerely undertaken, a noble occupation. It is the giving to oneself a real challenge.

And even when the novel does not quite come off, if it have but few alive spots in it, there is something gained.
There is inevitably, for the one who makes the attempt, a good deal gained. You cannot, even in a small way, give yourself to the life about you in others without gaining something for yourself; and often enough the failure, the attempt of the young inexperienced writer who has at least the intent of the sincere worker, is worth more than all of the great successes, the slick books that slide so easily over all of the reality of lives.
Note—On Saving Ideas

What strikes you about many writers is a certain thinness, poverty. They speak of saving material. My former friend, the Irishman Fred O'Brien, wrote a book called *White Shadows on the South Seas*. He wrote another book on the same theme and then, I believe, a third. He came to see me and we talked of it. He blamed the public. He blamed the publishers. He spent several days with me. He had been a newspaperman in China, in the Philippines. He was a grand story teller. It seemed to me that, having [2] succeeded in the telling, in print, of one story of a particular experience in an interesting and adventurous life, he was afraid to venture further.

I was talking to another writer. He said . . . "I am asked
by such and such an organization to write for them a one-act play. I would like to do it. It is a worthy organization, doing good work in a good cause, but I cannot afford to give out too freely my ideas. I must save them for my own work."

I have heard many writers get off this sort of thing. It has always shocked me. When men speak of [3] the difficulties of telling a story truly, getting at the real meat of a story, that is another matter; but this saving of ideas, of so-called material, has always struck me as curiously niggardly.

And I think it is due to an utter misunderstanding. Young writers are always being told that the way to learn to write is to write, and the saying is true enough; but it is also true that the way to learn to use the imagination is to use it.

It is absurd to save ideas. Throw them away. What a man wants, what we all want, is a full rich [4] life, to feel more,
see more, understand more. In my Winesburg series of stories I wrote a story called "Paper Pills." It is a story that should be read by every young writer. One of the very poisonous things in life just now is that so many of our intellectuals are clinging to ideas.

We are to be saved by communism, or socialism, or fascism, or by this or that. I send to my publisher a novel and he writes me that it has "a good proletariat angle."

What does he mean? I am not trying, when I tell stories, to represent, [5] to speak for the proletariat. To me, as story teller, people are just people. It happened that all of my own early life was spent among the poor. A man gathers his sharpest impressions of life when he is young. Most of my life I have written about small businessmen, workingmen, etc., but that is accidental.

But I was speaking of the development of the imagination. I said that what we all wanted was full rich lives. I think it is only through the development of the imagination that a man can be

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6 fascism,] factism
8 angle."] angle"
9 mean?] mean.; stories,] stories
14 businessmen, workingmen, etc.,] business men, working men etc
16 and 18 development] development; imagination] imagination

You see several people sitting in a room. They are engaged in conversation. Watch them. You will find most of them eager, straining a little.

"There is a conversation going on here and I am not being heard."

Several people begin talking at once. They are all eager to be heard. No one listens. No one thinks [about] what is really going on in the room.

There are all sorts of subtle relationships, thoughts passing back and forth, [7] things thought not said. People are always saying one thing and meaning another. I come with another man from such an evening spent with people.

"What a dull evening. I notice that you had very little to say."

"A dull evening?"

I am surprised. I do not think that life is ever very dull. I think that we dull our own imaginations by trying to save our
thoughts, our ideas. You cannot save thoughts, ideas, feelings, by putting them in a savings bank. [8] You cannot put them out at interest. There should be a continual flow, a stream—thoughts of others flowing through you, feelings of others flowing through you. This saving of your little two-for-a-penny ideas, your feelings, only dams the flow. Everyone knows that a man may be very rich without a cent in his pocket. It seems to me that the real purpose of all this writing is first of all to enrich the writer. It isn't surely to get fame, recognition. A man should write and throw away. Write and [9] throw away again. The habit of letting the thoughts and ideas that come to you flow through your body, down your arm, through your hand to the pen is a kind of house-cleaning. Often enough, when you get it out on paper, you see how petty it is. The great idea that you were clinging to, thus stopping the flow of other ideas, amounts to nothing at all.  

1 feelings, 2] feelings
3 stream--] stream,
5 two-for-a-penny] two for a penny
6 feelings,] feelings; r canceled before very
12-13 housecleaning] house cleaning; out] out,
Note

I have seldom written a story, long or short, that I did not have to write and rewrite. There are single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written. It isn't that I have lingered over sentences, being one of the sort of writers who say . . . "Ah, to write the perfect sentence." It is true that Gertrude Stein once declared I was one of the few American writers who could write a sentence. She spoke, I think, of passionate sentences. Very well. I am always pleased with any sort of flattery. I love it. I eat it up. For years I [2] have had my wife go over all criticisms of my work. "I can make myself miserable enough," I have said to her. "I do not want others to make me miserable about my work." I have asked her to show me only the more favorable criticisms. There are enough days of misery, of black gloom.

2 indentation not in manuscript
4 I canceled before have taken
11 criticisms] criticisms; w canceled before work
12 enough,"] enough",
14 criticisms] criticisms
15 misery,] misery
However, this has leaked through to me. There is the general notion, among those who make a business of literary criticism and who have done me the honor to follow me more or less closely in my efforts, that I am best at the short story. [3]

And I do not refer here to those who constantly come to me saying, "Winesburg contains your best work," and who, when questioned, admit they have never read anything else. I refer instead to an opinion that is no doubt sound.

The short story is the result of a sudden passionate interest. It is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard. All of my own short stories have been written at one sitting, many of them under strange enough circumstances. There are these glorious moments, these pregnant hours, and I remember such hours as a man remembers the first kiss got from a woman loved.

I was at the little town of Harrodsburg in Kentucky...
this when I was still a writer of advertisements. It was evening and I was at a railroad station—a tiny station as I remember it—and all day [I] had been writing advertisements of farm implements. A hunch had come to me and I had bought a yellow tablet of paper at a drugstore as I walked to the station. I began writing on a truck on the station platform. I stood by the truck writing. [5] There were men standing about and they stared at me.

It did not matter. The great passion had come upon me and the men standing about, small-town men loitering about the station, now and then walking past me ... the train must have been late but it was a summer night and the light lasted ... There were crates of live chickens at the other end of the truck on which I rested my tablet. There is this curious absorption that at the same time permits a great awareness. You are, as you are not at other times, aware of [6] all going on about

1 advertisements] advertisements
3 it—] it; I) not in manuscript; advertisements] advertisements
5 drugstore] drug store
7 period canceled after about
10 small-town men] small town men,
13 wa canceled before were; to canceled before live; chickens] chicken
14-15 absorption] absorption
16 times,] times
you, of the color and shape of the clouds in the sky, of happen-
ings along a street, of people passing, the expression of faces,
clothes people wear . . . all of your senses curiously awake . . .

At the same time an intense concentration on the matter in
hand.

Oh, that I could live all of my life so! Once I wrote a
poem about a strange land few of us ever enter. I called it the
land of the Now.

How rapidly they march! How the words and sentences [7]
flow, how they march!

It is strange, but now that I try to remember which of my
stories I began, standing by the truck at the little railroad sta-
tion at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and ended, riding in the day coach
of the train on my way to Louisville, I remember only the station,
each board of the station wall, the places where the boards of the station wall had pulled loose, nails pulled half out.
The tail feather of a rooster stuck out of one of the crates.
Once later I made love to a woman in the moonlight in a field.
[8] We had gone into the field for that purpose and she was grateful to me. There were some white flowers, field daisies, growing in the field, and she plucked one of them, "I am going to keep it to remember this moment," she said.

And so also did I pluck a feather from the tail of a rooster at the railroad station at Harrodsburg. I put it in my hat. "I will wear it for this moment, for this glorious peep I am having into the land of the Now," I [9] said to myself. I do not remember which of my stories I wrote that evening but I remember a young girl sitting on the porch of a house across a roadway.

She was also wondering what I was up to. She kept looking across at me. When I raised my eyes from the paper on which I wrote so rapidly, she smiled at me. The girl . . . she couldn't

6 daisies,] daisies
7 go canceled before growing; field,] field
8 moment,"] moment",
12 st canceled before said
16 up to] up too
have been more than sixteen... was something of a slattern.
She had on a soiled yellow dress. She had thick red hair.
In such moments as I am trying to describe here the eyes see more
clearly. They see everything. The ears hear every little sound.
The very smell of the roots of weeds and grasses buried down
under the earth seem to come up into your nostrils.

The girl sitting on the porch of the house across the road
from the railroad station had heavy sleepy blue eyes. She was
full of sensuality. "She would be a pushover," I thought. "If
I were not writing this story I could walk over to her.

"'Come,' I could say to her. What woman could resist such
a man as I am now, at this moment?" I said to myself.

I am trying to give, in this broken way, an impression of a
man, a writer, in one of the rich moments of his life. I am try-
ing to sing in these words put down here the more glorious

1 sixteen ... ] sixteen; slattern] slantern
5 grasses] grassed,
6 seem] read seems; nostrils. ] nostrils
7 house] house,
9 pushover,"] push-over",
11 "'Come,'] "Come",
12 moment?] ] moment,
13 way,] way; the canceled and an interlineated before impres-
sion
14 in canceled after man,; writer,] writer
moments in a writer’s life.

But I have gone far enough with the particular moment, although I could go on for hours, describing [12] in detail a lumberyard along the street beyond the railroad station, the features of two men standing by a pile of lumber and talking earnestly. A thousand little details of the particular scene could be put down.

Oh, glory, glory!
Oh, hail the land,
the towns, the houses,
the people seen!

But my mind moves on to other such moments. I was in a big business office, surrounded by many people. Clerks and other [13] fellow workers in the office where I was employed walked up and down past my desk.

They stopped to speak to me. They gave me orders, discussed

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2 moment,] moment
4 lumberyard] lumber yard
5-6 earnestly] earnestly; seen] scene
7 down.] down
8 Oh, glory, glory!] Oh glory, glory.
9 Oh,…
10 houses,] house,
11 seen!] seen.
12 indentation not in manuscript; a bi canceled after was
with me the work in which I was engaged, or rather the work
in which I was presumed to be engaged.

I had been for days in a blue funk. I had been drinking.
"Here I am, condemned day after day to write advertising. I am
sick of it." I had been filled with self-pity. No one would
buy [14] the stories I wrote. "I will have to spend all of my
life in some such place as this. I am a man of talent and they
will not let me practise the art I love." I had begun hating the
men and women about me, my fellow employees. I hated my work. I
had been on a drunk. For several days I stayed half drunk.

I sat at my desk in the crowded busy place and wrote the
story "I'm a Fool." It is a very beautiful story. Can it [15]
be possible that I am right, that the thoughts I now [am] having,
looking back upon the two or three hours when I wrote thus in
that crowded busy place, have any foundation in fact? It seems
to me, looking back thus on that poetical morning as I sat at my desk in a long room where there were many other desks, that a curious hush fell over the place, that the men and women engaged in the writing of advertisements in the room, [16] advertisements of patent medicines, of toilet soaps, of farm tractors, that they all suddenly began to speak with lowered voices, that men passing in and out of the room walked more softly. There was a man who came to my desk to speak to me about some work I was to do, a series of advertisements to be written, but he did not speak. He stood before me a moment. He began speaking. He stopped. He went silently away.

Do I just imagine all of this? Is it but a fairy tale I am telling myself? The moments, the hours, in a writer's life of which I am here trying to speak seem very real to me. I am, to be sure, speaking only of the writing of short stories. The
writing of the long story, the novel, is another matter. I had intended, when I began to write, to speak of the great gulf that separates the two arts, but I have been carried away by this remembering of the glorious times in the life of the writer of short tales.

There was the day in [18] New York City when I was walking in a street and the passion came upon me. I have spoken of how long it sometimes takes to really write a story. You have the theme. You try and try but it does not come off.

And then one day, at some unexpected moment, it comes clearly and sweetly. It is in your brain, in your arms, your legs, your whole body.

I was in a street in New York City and, as it happened, was [19] near the apartment of a friend.

The friend was Mr. Stark Young and I rang his bell.
It was in the early morning and he was going out.

"But may I sit in your place?"

I tried to explain to him. "I have had a seizure." I tried to tell him something of my story.

"There is this tale, Stark, that I have for years been trying to write. At the moment it seems quite clear in my mind. I want to write. Give [20] me paper and ink and go away."

He did go away. He seemed to understand. "Here is paper. "And here is a bottle."

He must have left with me a bottle of whiskey, for I remember that as I wrote that day, hour after hour, sitting by a window, very conscious of everything going on in the street below, of a little cigar store on a corner, men going in and coming out, feeling all the time that, were [21] I not at the moment engaged with a particular story, I could write a story of any man or woman who went along the city street, feeling half a god who knew all, felt all, saw all . . . as I wrote hour after hour in Mr. Young's

place?" ] place."

5 tale, Stark, ] tale Stark

10 whiskey, ] whiskey

11 wrote] wrote,

14 that, ] that

16 indecipherable letters canceled before feeling

17 Mr. Young's] Mr Youngs
apartment and when my hand began to tremble from weariness I drank from the bottle.

It was a long short story. It was a story I called "The Man's Story." For three, four, five years I had been trying to write [22] it. I wrote until the bottle before me was empty. The drink had no effect upon me until I had finished the story.

That was in the late afternoon and I staggered to a bed. When I had finished the story that at least one man, Mr. Ralph Church, now at Cornell University, a philosopher there, a man whose mind I respected, once called the most beautiful story he had ever read—when I had finished it I went and threw myself on the bed. There were sheets of my story thrown [23] about the room. Fortunately I had numbered the pages. There were sheets under the bed in the bedroom into which I went, blown there by a wind from the open window by which I had been sitting; there were sheets in Mr. Young's kitchen.

I am trying, as I have said, to give an impression of

3-4 called "The Man's Story."] called, "The Man's Story".
6 finished] finised
8 story] story,; Mr. Ralph] Mr Ralph
14 bed] bed,
15 sitting;] sitting,
16 Mr. Young's] Mr Youngs
17 said,] said
moments that bring glory into the life of the writer. What non-
sense to mourn that we do not grow rich, get fame. Do [24] we
not have these moments, these hours? It is true something is
said of such times. I had started here to speak of the relation-
ship of the story to the novel but have been carried away. I
have long been wanting to write of these moments, of these visits
a writer sometimes takes into the land of the Now.

On the particular occasion here spoken of I was on the bed
in Mr. Young's apartment when, in the late afternoon, [25] he came
home.

He had brought a friend with him and the two men stood be-
side the bed in which I lay. It may have been that I was pale.
He may have thought that I was ill. He began pulling at my
coat. He aroused me.

"What has happened?" he asked; and, "I have just written a
beautiful, a significant story and now I am drunk," I replied.

At least at the [26] moment, my story, written thus, seemed
very beautiful to me. As it happens I have not reread the story for years, but I have a kind of faith that something of the half mystic wonder of my day in that apartment still lingers in it.
The following short titles are used for the works most frequently cited in the Commentary. A Selected Bibliography is given at the end of the Commentary. When letters are quoted from the Jones and Rideout edition, that version, with spelling and punctuation standardized, is reproduced exactly, and the Jones and Rideout page number is given. When manuscripts are quoted, the Newberry Library's method of cataloging the Anderson Papers is indicated. For outgoing letters, that is, letters written by Anderson, the year of composition is given. For incoming letters, that is, letters written to Anderson, the writer and the year of composition are given. The manuscripts of Anderson's works are indicated simply by title. When Anderson's manuscripts are quoted, spelling and punctuation are standardized and errors are corrected according to the editorial practices followed in the text. When the text of the "Writer's Book" is referred to in the Commentary, only the page and line number are given. The title, "Writer's Book," is assumed.

PRIMARY MATERIAL


SECONDARY MATERIAL


1/1-2. This page consists of a cut piece of brown wrapping paper, ten inches wide and two to two-and-a-half inches long. The writing is in pencil in Sherwood Anderson's hand.

1/2. These have been copied. After long and careful search only four typed pages of the "Writer's Book" have been found among Anderson's papers. Therefore, it might be safe to assume that, although a typed copy was made, the copy has been lost except for two pairs of two pages each. These four pages were found in the box marked "Journal, 1933-1940" in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. The first two pages are typescripts of the first four-and-a-half pages of Part II, "How to Write to a Writer" (113/1-117/12), and the other two pages are a typescript of the last four pages of Part V, "Notes on the Novel" (144/9-148/8). See the notes to 113/1 and 144/9-10.

2/1-6. This is the only typewritten page in the manuscript. Note that the title is changed to "The Book for Writer" and that the topics proposed are not systematically developed in the body of the work. With one exception, however, the topics are treated but in the manner outlined on page 3 rather than on page 2.

2/4. Trilena White. Since she is not mentioned again in the "Writer's Book," the question of her relationship to the successful novelist and his contempt is the one topic listed on page 2 that is not treated in the "Writer's Book." Trilena White was Anderson's English teacher at Wittenberg Academy in Springfield, Ohio, during the school year 1899-1900 when, at the age of twenty-three and after his service in the Spanish-American War, Anderson returned to school and received his high school diploma. Trilena White had a powerful and lasting influence on Anderson. Schevill, p. 29, quotes Anderson as saying: "She was the first woman who introduced me to real writers."

In his Memoirs, ed. White, p. 334, although he deliberately confuses Wittenberg Academy with Wittenberg College because he was ashamed that he finished high school at twenty-three, Anderson gives a clear picture of an old friend, Miss Trilena White, a school teacher with whom I had
become acquainted when I was, for a brief time, a student at Wittenberg College at Springfield, Ohio." Anderson ascribes to Miss White the inspiration, or rather as he puts it, the "challenge," behind his writing the first story he published, "The Rabbit Pen," Harper's, CXXIX (July, 1914), 207-10. For other details about his writing "The Rabbit Pen," see the note to 39/10-11.

A letter to Hart Crane, written from Chicago on December 3, 1919, and a letter to Mrs. Martha Keifer of Springfield, Ohio, written on April 20, 1926 (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1919 and 1926), both speak of Trilena White and of Anderson's lasting friendship with her. Probably the last letter that Anderson wrote to Trilena White was the one written on May 22, 1940, shortly before her death (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 460-61).

3/1. A Sermon. As is explained in the Introduction, the "Memoirs" manuscript, Box 2, contains a list of "Omissions." Under the caption "Previous Cuttings" is the heading: "Sermon--try to get a good copy." There is no copy of anything called "Sermon" in the "Memoirs" manuscript as it now stands, nor, to the present editor's knowledge, in any of the Anderson Papers.

3/3. Written . . . by a veteran. The manuscript reads: "written by a veteran for young American story tellers by a veteran of the craft, . . . ." Revisions of this kind indicate that Anderson probably made them during the original composition, in this case as soon as he realized that he wanted to put "by a veteran of the craft" later in his sentence. They also might indicate that Anderson did not reread the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" after original composition.

As is explained in the Introduction, all revisions are described in the critical apparatus at the foot of the page on which they occur. Only revisions and corrections that seem significant are treated in this Commentary.

4/1. Prelude to a Story. This is the manuscript title of the first and
by far the longest part of the "Writer's Book." It is the part that Paul Rosenfeld included, under the title "The Sound of the Stream," in his edition of Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs, pp. 429-45, and reprinted in The Sherwood Anderson Reader (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947), pp. 356-373. The heading "Sound of the Stream (few pages)" is included under "Omissions" and "Previous Cuttings" in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscript, but nothing with this title is now in the Anderson Papers. Perhaps the "few pages" are the pages discussed in the following note.

4/3. Double pagination goes from page 1 to page 15 of the manuscript of Part I, "Prelude to a Story." Therefore, page 1 of the manuscript as we have it now, with two lines of title squeezed in at the top, seems to have been page 4 of something written earlier. The three missing pages, however, are now impossible to identify.

4/4. On a certain day, in the early summer. Rosenfeld's version of Part I in his edition of Memoirs does not start with this sentence. Instead, he brings forward the passage from 105/9-108/7—see the notes to 106/10-107/8, 107/12-13, and 108/3 for the changes he makes in this passage—and prints it before the opening sentence. When he turns to the opening words of the manuscript, he changes the sentence to read: "It was in the early summer and I had gotten a letter from my literary agent" (Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld, p. 429).

4/4. summer. The manuscript reading for this word is "summer." Written in above Anderson's misspelling, in pencil in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's hand, is the correction "summer." Throughout the first 80 pages of the manuscript of "Prelude to a Story," Mrs. Anderson writes in pencil above words that are misspelled or hard to decipher. See the note to 62/14, which comments on the last of these penciled words and on the slip of paper that Mrs. Anderson left with the "Writer's Book" manuscript between pages 80 and 81.

4/4. some years ago. The manuscript reads: "Some years of my ago." Since
page 1 probably is page 4 of an earlier work, Anderson had to make this revision in order to move the time further into the past. The question of the date of composition of the "Writer's Book" is discussed in the Introduction.

4/5. my literary agent. In the 1920's Anderson's agent for his short stories was Otto Liveright, brother of Horace Liveright, his publisher from 1925 to 1933. See 45/16-17 and 92/12-93/1. Anderson wrote to Edmund Wilson from New York in August, 1922: "I have made an arrangement with Otto Liveright to handle my stories" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1922), and to Roger Sergel from Reno in October, 1923: "If you have any short things you want to sell, I suggest you get into touch with Otto Liveright[,] 2 West 43rd St[,] New York[.] He has done well for me as an agent" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 111). In 1929 Anderson entered into correspondence with the literary agent Jacques Chambrun about placing translations of his stories in foreign periodicals (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1929), and by 1937 Chambrun was handling all of Anderson's short stories. Anderson wrote to Marshall A. Best of the Viking Press in regard to the Redbook reprint of "I Want to Know Why": "Before I got your letter, I had already written to the literary agent, Jacques Chambrun, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City, telling him to forward the Redbook check to you" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 383).

4/7. Can't you, sir, sell one of the stories to some magazine? Anderson's preoccupation with his personal financial problems and his concern over the adverse effect that financial considerations have on creative writing in America combine to form one of the main themes of the "Writer's Book." Anderson's essay "Man and His Imagination" in The Intent of the Artist, edited by Augusto Centeno (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1941), p. 48, asserts:

Story telling, as we know it here in America has become too much the servant of the dollar. There is a constant corruption of the imagination always going on. The story teller, instead of being absorbed in human life, is made too much to serve, through our magazines, the radio etc., the purpose of selling some toothpaste or some hair invigorator and to do this successfully the story teller must never draw his audience too close to the strangeness of life as we lead it.
4/13. that spoils the sale. An example of the kind of letter that Anderson refers to here is the following from Otto Liveright written on June 8, 1926. This letter also shows that Anderson was not, as he sometimes made out to be, the helpless victim of business machinations.

DEATH IN THE WOODS is a fine story but one which I think all of the better-paying magazines will reject because they will consider some of the relationships you mention as being illicit and, therefore, not pure as ivory soap for their readers. . . . What I would like to do is to offer it to Harper's who would, if they accept it, cancel one half of your one thousand indebtedness to them. Aside from Harper's, The Dial and American Mercury are the only possible magazines. Please instruct me immediately.

I have had a long talk with [Donald] Freeman of Vanity Fair and am trying to get their price up. Other Vanity Fair contributors, including Hendrik van Loon, have told me what they receive and the price they offer you is far in excess of what they pay them. I shall let you know just as soon as I hear from them. (Letters, Newberry Papers, Incoming, Otto Liveright to Anderson, 1926.)

"Death in the Woods," one of the acknowledged masterpieces among Anderson's short stories (see 49/2-4 and the notes to 44/5 and 98/3-4), was rejected by Harper's but bought by American Mercury for $350. It was published in September, 1926, pp. 7-13.

5/8. some of your earlier books, Winesburg and others. Before Anderson published Winesburg, Ohio in 1919 he had published two novels, Windy McPherson's Son in 1916 and Marching Men in 1917, and a book of verse, Mid-American Chants, in 1918. See the note to 39/10-11 for a list of all the books that Anderson had published by 1938, a probable date for the composition of the "Writer's Book."

5/9. for years, working in an advertising place. Having completed his year at Wittenberg Academy, Anderson went to work in 1900 for the Frank B. White Advertising Agency in Chicago. In 1903 the White agency merged with the Long-Critchfield agency. Anderson worked for Long-Critchfield until 1906, when he temporarily left advertising to go into business for himself in mail-order houses in Cleveland and Elyria, Ohio. He returned to Long-Critchfield in 1913. He stayed with the Taylor-Critchfield-Clage
Company, as it was subsequently called, until he closed out his last accounts in 1922. See Schevill, pp. 41 and 60; Dale Kramer, Chicago Renaissance (New York: Appleton-Century, 1966), pp. 46-48; and Letters, Newberry Library, 1919-1922. The most authoritative study of Anderson's life prior to 1913 is William Sutton's "Formative Years."

See 14/6-8 and 44/1-4, where Anderson also speaks about his years in advertising. A letter that illuminates this period is one to Trigant Burrow (see 140/8 and its note), written from Chicago early in 1919:

I have had to come back to my grind here. It means working in an office eight hours a day at work in which I have no interest. Much of my energy is exhausted in that and in the effort to keep my outlook on life sweet and clear. Most of our artists give themselves up to protest and become in the end embittered and shrill. It is fortunate, however, that I have the constitution of an animal. I still rebound quickly and do manage to creep off into the world of the imagination.

Proof is read for my next book, Winesburg, Ohio, and it has gone to press. I expect it will be published in March. The new book [Poor White], a novel, stands still for the present. It wants two or three weeks' steady writing yet and then a week or two for cutting to shape. I wonder how and where I am to get the time for that. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 45.)


As a natural result of the demand for standardization of taste and material desires came the modern magazine. The magazine with a circulation of a million or two million became not unusual. The real purpose, as everyone understands, was to create through advertising, a nation-wide demand for certain commodities. The magazines were business institutions run by business men with business ends in view. (p. 14.)

I have tried to show you here that the popular magazines are but factories for efficient standardization of the minds of people for the purpose of serving the factories. I think they do not really pretend to be anything else.

I am bringing no personal accusation against the factory owner or the publishers of factory-made literature. They are business men and if I were a business man I would try to be a good one. I would try to make money. . . . Until the impulse for vast production of second-rate goods and the tendency to be satisfied with second-rate art wears itself out or people grow tired of it things will go on just as they are. (pp. 27-28.)
See also Memoire, ed. White, p. 408, where Anderson says: "I had found out that the magazines were, first of all and always, business institutions."

There are two indecipherable words canceled between "are" and "business ventures." The present editor is slow to say what canceled words are. At its best Anderson's handwriting is difficult to decipher; it is particularly difficult under cancellations. Perhaps the second of the two canceled words was intended to be "business," but written "buis."

From this point on, no comment will be made regarding indecipherable deletions, but they will always be indicated in the critical apparatus at the foot of the text.

6/1. stories that please people. Anderson believed, as he wrote to his son John in the spring of 1927, "The object of art is not to make salable pictures. It is to save yourself" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 166). Nevertheless, he also had to support himself and his family by the sale of his books and stories. He wrote to Otto Liveright on June 14, 1926: "Have just finished a short story of a sort you should be able to sell to any magazine. Nothing in it to scare anyone. Would like to get some real money from this one" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926).

6/4-5. a certain large magazine that would like to have a story from you. "Large" or "popular" magazines that published stories by Anderson in the 1930's and 1940's include:

New Yorker: "Pop," IX (May 27, 1933), 12;
"Off Balance," IX (August 5, 1933), 12-14;
"Nice Girl," XII (July 25, 1936), 15-17;

Reader's Digest: "Discovery of a Father," XXXV (November, 1939), 21-25;

Redbook: "I Want to Know Why," LXX (November, 1937), 38-41, 114 (originally published in Smart Set, LX [November, 1919], 35-40);
"A Moonlight Walk," LXX (December, 1937), 43-45, 100-104;
"Pastoral," LXXXIV (January, 1940), 38-39, 59 (see the note to 121/1-128/6);

Scribner's Magazine: "In a Strange Town," LXXXVII (January, 1930), 20-25;
In the 1930's and '40's Anderson also published articles on literature and on social and political questions in these same magazines. See the note to 83/4-5, where the "highbrow magazines" in which Anderson published are listed.

6/11. This is the first occasion in which Anderson uses three x's to mark a division in the text. Here the three x's seem to be used to indicate the passage of time, the time in which he worked on the outline. As the text of the "Writer's Book" proceeds, however, the three x's seem to be used arbitrarily to indicate breaks and divisions of all kinds. Anderson frequently used three or four x's in this manner in his writings at this time, as the manuscripts in the Newberry Library collection of Anderson Papers show.

6/12. I had made the outline. A letter to Jacques Chambrun written from Marion on July 2, 1938, well reflects the situation that Anderson describes here in the "Writer's Book":

I have your letter about the outline I made for the Redbook story. I am not altogether surprised. [The] truth is that, as it has turned out, I would have been unable to deliver. I began working on the story and suddenly realized that the story I wanted to write did not at all follow the outline I had made. I began to be interested. What had happened is that I have been busily writing on the story, which I expect will turn out to be a novel, ever since I sent you the outline. I have already probably written 20 or 25 thousand words. And I, when your letter came, was just about to sit down and write, telling you the situation. The difficulty is that I am at present so absorbed in the story that has come out of the brief outline that for a long time I may not be able to do anything else. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 398.)

6/17-7/1. I will dash off this story. In "The Writer's Trade," in Hello Towns! (New York: Horace Liveright Publishing Inc., 1929), a book that is a compilation of articles written for his two weekly newspapers, Smyth County News and Marion Democrat, Anderson says:

Writing is both a trade and an art. Ordinary writing, such as the writing of articles, newspaper stories, etc., has little to do
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with art. I can see no reason why it should not be an honorable trade.

I see no reason why it should not be a fair trade to write clever plot stories for magazines. I am always wishing I could do it.
(p. 321.)

7/2. friend had come to me one evening. The manuscript reads: "friend had come to me evening. TS ff 1711111. This revision makes the interview more personal—"come to me" replacing "come to my house"—and makes this sentence more in keeping with the following sentence: "He is a man to whom I am deeply attached."

7/6. when I got to his town there was a sudden illness. The manuscript reads: "when I got to his town there was a sudden illness." This is the kind of revision that would seem to indicate that Anderson corrected his manuscript only during original composition. As Anderson was in the process of writing this sentence, he realized that the first "there" was awkward and repetitious.

7/13. in a tense excited mood. The manuscript reads: "in a tense excited mood." The revision from "an excited tense mood" to "a tense excited mood" shows Anderson's concern with the rhythm of his sentences. Placing the monosyllabic adjective "tense" before the trisyllabic adjective "excited" gives a rhythm that suggests excitement. See 25/13-14 and its note for a discussion of Anderson's style.

8/2. This is the second occasion (see the note to 6/11) in which Anderson uses three x's, and again he uses them to indicate the passage of time. The x's are not used, however, to indicate that Anderson is going back to the principal "time" of the story, that is, to the "time" in which the agent is urging him to write a salable story. A more conventional use of the x's would be, perhaps, to use them for this purpose. For example, the next time they are used (9/10) they again indicate passage of time within the episode of the friend's telling Anderson his story; if they had been used two lines later, they would have indicated the movement back to the original fictive present, a movement back to the main story.
8/10. **He is a scientist.** Several inconsistencies in the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" indicate that it probably was not worked over by Anderson. One example is the "experimental scientist" and "experimental scientist, working for a large manufacturing company" of 8/11 and 8/16-17 who turns into a judge in 36/8. He remains consistently, however, a judge for the remainder of the story.

8/14. **covering the trail for my friend.** Since, as he frequently admits, Anderson could not or would not separate fact from fancy, he constantly writes of his friends while at the same time "covering the trail." See Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 278-81, where Anderson recounts the influence of a man he knew in Elyria, Ohio. "It was this man, whose name was Luther Pawsey (he is dead now so I may write of him with ease, and besides Luther Pawsey was not his name), with whom I began spending a good many hours together" (p. 280). Anderson says it was he "who first suggested to my mind the idea of being a writer" (p. 279). Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 206-207, claims that Luther Pawsey was the name given to Perry S. Williams, Anderson's best friend in Elyria, although Pawsey differs from Williams in one important respect. When they were together in Elyria, Williams was surprised to discover that Anderson had aspirations to be a writer.

9/3. **certain so-called sordid touches.** Note Anderson's ironic overuse of the word "sordid" here and in 10/3, where he says he should not "re­mind readers of certain sordid moments," and in 38/3-4, where he says he should not "bring into my story any of the rather sordid details, happenings."

9/10. The three x's, if they had been held until after the next sentence--"My friend did unload his story, getting a certain relief, and I went home"--would have indicated a more definite division in the organization of the story. Anderson, however, uses these x's arbitrarily to indicate all kinds of divisions and breaks in the thought of the narrative. See the notes to 6/11 and 8/2. Therefore, subsequent use of the x's will be allowed to pass without comment.
9/11. **getting a certain relief.** After these words Rosenfeld in his edition of *Memoirs* jumps ahead thirty-five pages in Anderson's manuscript. By changing "talked" (36/9) to "talking," Rosenfeld splices the first part of the sentence that begins at 9/11 with the last part of the sentence that ends at 36/10. Rosenfeld's editing makes his text read: "My friend did unload his story, getting a certain relief talking to me of a turn in his life that threatened to destroy the position he had achieved in his community" (p. 431). At 38/1 Rosenfeld jumps back to 9/14, again splicing two sentences together. See the note to 38/1.

10/2. **There must not be anything unpleasant.** The manuscript reads: "There must not be anything unpleasant." Note how the revision makes the thought stronger, implying that anything unpleasant would not sell.

10/3. **certain sordid moments.** See "An Apology for Crudity" in Sherwood Anderson's *Notebook*:

To me it seems that as writers we shall have to throw ourselves with greater daring into life. We shall have to begin to write out of the people and not for the people. We shall have to find within ourselves a little of that courage. To continue along the road we are traveling is unthinkable. To draw ourselves apart, to live in little groups and console ourselves with the thought that we are achieving intellectuality is to get nowhere. By such a road we can hope only to go on producing a literature that has nothing to do with life as it is lived in these United States. (pp. 197-98.)

10/7. **Shakespeare.** William A. Sutton's monograph *Exit to Elsinore* gives the text of Anderson's "Amnesia Letter," written while he was wandering about in a state of nervous exhaustion for four days in 1912. See the note to 93/8, where this letter and Sutton's monograph are discussed in the context of Anderson's dramatic departure from his paint factory in Elyria in 1912. In the "Amnesia Letter" Anderson uses the expression "to Elsinore" as a veritable refrain. Sutton comments:

Anderson had a strong interest in Shakespeare and all good writers. The significance here assigned to this symbol [Elsinore] is merely that it indicates much more knowledge of literature than Anderson, usually protecting himself by claiming to be uneducated, normally would admit. (p. 28.)

Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, in an interview with the present editor at the
Newberry Library on June 5, 1969, corroborated the fact that Anderson had a deep and abiding love for Shakespeare. She said that one of the books that he always took on trips, no matter how short, was an edition of Shakespeare's sonnets.

10/9-10. you must not touch certain secret, often dark, little recesses. See The Modern Writer, p. 21, where Anderson says: "To actually touch people's lives is the unforgivable sin. Both thinking and feeling are dangerous exercises, and besides people do not like them." See also "Man and His Imagination," p. 46, where, in speaking of the publishers and editors who came to his Chicago advertising agency to get stories written as if they were ordering automobiles, he says: "Life was not to be touched too closely, to disturb people or make them think. People did not like being made to think, or to be disturbed." Despite the quotation cited in the note to 10/3, these two quotations, along with the fact of Anderson's abiding love for Shakespeare, show that his anti-intellectualism was, at times, a pose.

10/14. a certain dramatic force into your story. "Practical handbooks" on how to write short stories proliferated in Anderson's time. Many of the authors misunderstood the first critic of the short story, Edgar Allan Poe, when in his criticism of Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales ("Hawthorne's Tales," Graham's Magazine, May, 1842; reprinted in The Works of Edgar Allan Poe, ed. by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, VII [Chicago: Stone and Kimball, 1895], pp. 30-31), he praised the dramatic qualities of the short story because of its similarity, not to the drama, but to the lyric poem. Consequently, the authors of these handbooks insisted on imposing on the short story dramatic "rules" supposedly deduced from the teachings of Aristotle. A list of these handbooks would include:

(Boston: D. C. Heath and Company, 1916);

J. Berg Essenwein, The Art of Story-Writing (Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School, 1913);

Studying the Short-Story: Sixteen Short-Story Classics with Introduction, Notes and a New Laboratory Study Method for
11/2. story I am about to write, was, as he talked, simply broken. The manuscript reads: "story I am about to write, was, as he talked, simple broken." This revision is a good example of a revision probably made during original composition. Anderson canceled "here" and the second "that night," realizing that this expression had already been used in the sentence (11/1), but he failed to notice that he wrote "simple" for "simply."

11/4. and cried, and I went to him. The manuscript reads: "and wept, and I went to him." One wonders why Anderson canceled "wept" and substituted "cried." "Weep" is from the Old English "wēpan," "to shed tears"; "cry" is from the Old French "crier," which in turn is from the Latin "quiritare," "to cry for help (from a citizen)." (See Webster's
Third New International Dictionary of the English Language Unabridged, 1961. Perhaps Anderson wanted the word that suggested both weeping and crying out for help.

11/15-16. a little startle, without too much shocking, your reader. See also "Notes on Standardization" in the Notebook, p. 145:

A magazine having a circulation of a million is in a rather ticklish position when it comes to handling any such matter as honest reactions to life. There are so many things the editors of all such magazines have to be careful about. All such basic human attributes as sex hungers, greed and the sometimes twisted and strangely perverted desires for beauty in human beings have to be let alone. The basic stuff of human life that all real artists, working in the medium of prose, have handled all through the history of writing has to be thrown aside. The writer is perpetually called upon to seem to be doing something while doing nothing at all. There is the perpetual tragedy of unfulfilment.

12/4. I began to write, but alas! In a letter to the young painter Charles Bockler on November 26, 1930, Anderson wrote:

My situation is a bit absurd.
This winter I have had opportunity to make perhaps $3,000 by doing articles for popular magazines, but couldn't do them. It seems to me that I will have to find a way other than writing to make my living. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1930.)

There is a similar statement in a letter to his friend Ferdinand Schevill, Professor of History at the University of Chicago, written about the same time:

This winter I have had opportunity to make three or four thousand dollars, but can't make any of it. I'm becoming a nut. When I am offered money for anything, it becomes spoiled for me. It doesn't matter so much, as I spend little.
I've about concluded that it is wrong for me to go on thinking of myself as an artist at all. I can't be professional, it seems. On the other hand, I can't quite go to work at some commercial thing. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 229)

12/11. a new man, coming to life, here, on this paper. In "Man and His Imagination," pp. 55-57, when speaking of his novel Kit Brandon (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936), Anderson tells about a woman rum-runner he met while covering a smuggling trial in Virginia. As he started work on his novel, he changed the woman completely into Kit Brandon, or rather,
the woman rum-runner disappeared and Kit Brandon came into being:

What I am trying to say is that the new woman, the central figure, in my story no longer lived in the reality of her own life, but that she had a new life in this imaginative world. This is a matter that is a little difficult sometimes to make people understand who are not writers. A book or story that comes alive, that really has form and substance, has its own life and it is right here that violence is so often done to the art of writing. (p. 57)

13/1. a certain morality involved. In two letters, both written from Marion, Virginia, but written ten years apart, Anderson speaks about the morality involved in art. In the spring of 1929 he wrote to Dwight MacDonald, then a writer for Time, later an editor of Partisan Review:

When I saw you in New York, I said a little to you about the artist's life. I would like to see artists in America become a bit more class-conscious. I would like to see them become men of pride in their bearing.

I would like to see them quit kneeling down before money and middle-class moral standards.

There must come someday real morality here. Towns must be comprehended, lives, fields, rivers, mountains, cities.

Everything is to be comprehended. Life here is loose, immoral, meaningless. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 192-93.)

On August 9, 1939, Anderson wrote to Carrow De Vries, poet and short story writer:

Have you not often read a story where a character has been made by the storyteller to do something you knew the character could not do? We call it bad art. It is more than that. It is a display of immorality.

What is needed among so-called artists is moral men who will not do this violence to people in their imagined world. That is what the world is seeking, a morality. To my mind the place to find it is in an attitude, first of all, to this imagined life. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 446.)

See the notes to 80/13-14 and 101/9-10, which explain Anderson's attitude toward "this imagined life."

One of Anderson's clearest statements about morality in art is in a letter written to Norman Holmes Pearson in the fall of 1937. This letter, which links morality in art with form, is quoted in the note to 147/9-10, which documents Anderson's attitude towards form.
hand but in much smaller writing. It is hard to determine why Anderson made this long cancellation. Most likely it marks a new direction given to the manuscript. The original manuscript could have had many pages describing the author's and agent's visit to the bar, but with this cancellation Anderson turns back to the story about his trying to write a salable short story for a magazine.

11/13. **comfortable circumstances.** Two similar passages are: "It would be better, in your story, if your people be in what might be called comfortable positions in life" (41/15-16); "in what might be described as in comfortable circumstances in life" (96/2-3). In 96/2 the admonition about "comfortable circumstances" is called "a publisher's need."

14/1. **it should not be too gloomy.** See 71/7-10, where Anderson asks himself why he does not tell his mother's story "rather than the one I am telling." Then he answers, "But you would get into it so much that would make it seem sad, a tragedy, and they do not want that."

14/2-3. **we do not wish, in any way, to dictate to you.** One of the stylistic devices Anderson uses throughout the "Writer's Book" is irony. Much of the irony of this passage comes from the fact that all of his life, and even after his death, Anderson had to contend with the over-editing of those who prepared his texts for publication. A case in point is Rosenfeld's editing of the Memoire. As the notes to 9/11, 38/1, and 39/8 explain, Rosenfeld jumps back and forth in Anderson's manuscript in order to piece together the passage from Part I that he prints on pp. 431-33. Furthermore, after 14/3 he cuts twenty-eight pages of the manuscript, that is, pp. 14/4 to 36/9 of the present edition. It is as if Rosenfeld were dictating what Anderson should and should not include in his text. See the note to 36/2-3 which comments on Rosenfeld's omissions.

In regard to the question of the way business dictates to the writer, see an article called "Why Men Write," published in *Story*, VIII (January, 1936), 2-4, 103, 105:

A good many do it for money. It seems such an easy way. It isn't so easy. I have never yet known one of our commercial writers who
was very happy. There are too many concessions to be made. The businessmen who employ us are very stupid about it. They are arrogant. They make the most absurd demands and suggestions. (Typescript version, Newberry Library, p. 1.)

14/7-8. a writer of advertisements in an advertising agency. See 5/9 and 44/1-2 and their notes.

14/8-9. through boyhood and into my young manhood, in a very poor family. Throughout "Formative Years" Sutton maintains that the Anderson family, although certainly in modest financial circumstances, did not live in extreme poverty. In regard to the appearance of the six living Anderson children in the photograph taken around 1887 or 1888, when Sherwood was eleven or twelve, Sutton remarks that the children all look well-fed, healthy, and well-dressed, even though admittedly in their "best." Sutton comments: "At that time, at least, the family was not exactly in penury" (p. 68).

After the death of the mother in 1895, the Anderson family drifted apart. Sherwood was eighteen at the time. See 65/12 and its note.

14/11-12. I dreamed of getting rich, or at least well-to-do, of living in a big house. For a time this dream came true. In Memoirs, ed. White, when speaking of the time he left his Chicago advertising agency for his own business in Cleveland and later in Elyria, he says:

I had returned to Ohio where my youth had been spent. As a boy in a neighboring Ohio town I had been half a young hustler. Because of my eager hunger for jobs I had been called "Jobby Anderson." (p. 240.)

I had got into the position described, the money beginning to roll in, my house on a good enough street. I would have a bigger and a finer house in a few years. (p. 241.)

Later, when Anderson left Elyria in 1913, he repudiated both the dream and the reality.

14/13-14. working as a laborer, had been a farm laborer, a factory hand. There is a similar sentence in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 198: "I had been a laborer, a farm hand, a soldier, a factory hand."

In regard to his farming experiences, in a letter to David Karsner,
in response to Karsner's request for information for his article "Sherwood Anderson, Mid-West Mystic," New York Herald Tribune, Magazine Section, May 16, 1926, Anderson speaks of his early jobs: "I sold newspapers, worked in the fields of nearby farmers, went about to fairs with race horses, went with a threshing crew to thresh grain in the wheat harvest, worked in the cabbage and corn fields" (Letters, Newberry Library, April 5, 1926). We know from Sutton's "Formative Years," p. 119, that during the summer of 1899, after his return from the Spanish-American War and before he entered Wittenberg Academy, Anderson worked on a threshing rig on the farm of Wallace Ballard, a good friend of his brother Karl.

Anderson's experiences as a factory hand were more numerous and are easier to verify. Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 31, speaking about the minimal industrialization of Clyde in the late nineteenth century, attests to the fact that Anderson worked in its bicycle factory. He may have worked there "after he dropped out of high school the first time in March, 1892, and if he was in the factory for any extended length of time, it must have been after he finally gave up high school in February, 1893." In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, Anderson speaks about working in the bicycle factory in Clyde (p. 148), of working in a sheet-iron warehouse before he came to Chicago (p. 100), and of later working in a Chicago warehouse (p. 156). Appendix I of White's edition of A Story Teller's Story prints for the first time "Sherwood Anderson's Earliest Autobiography," a publicity essay written in 1918. In this essay, although he makes himself much younger than he was and says that he worked more years than he did, Anderson conveys the essential truth of his life as a factory laborer in Chicago:

When I was sixteen or seventeen years old, I came to the city of Chicago [actually he was eighteen or nineteen] and there made the most serious mistake of my life. For four or five years, I worked as a common laborer and got myself caught in that vicious circle of things where a man cannot swagger before his fellows, is too tired to think, and too pitifully ashamed of his appearance to push out into the world. (p. 346.)

See also 21/1 and 25/2, where Anderson speaks about working in a cold-storage warehouse.
14/14-15/1. in little rooms, often in cheerless enough streets. Throughout the early section of Part I Anderson is preoccupied with the memory of living in rooming houses during his early years in Chicago. He mentions it in 17/6, 18/8, 21/2, 22/14, 24/4, 28/9, 34/12, and 48/7. See also 23/10-11, where he speaks about writing Winesburg, Ohio in a rooming house, and 139/15-140/1, where he says he lived in a rooming house after he published The Triumph of the Egg. Documentation for the rooming house referred to here (14/14-15/1) is given in the note to 67/14, where Anderson speaks of living with John Emerson.

15/3-4. I see myself in a room in a house in a street in a factory town. Two other times in the early pages of the "Writer's Book" Anderson writes sentences with a series of prepositional phrases strung together. See the sentence near the end of this same paragraph: "Like my man of the story of certain phases of a human life I have here written" (15/10-11), and the sentence at 25/12-14: "... sharp as an etching, in the mind of a young man sitting in a window in a room in a rooming house." See also the note to 25/13-14 on Anderson's style.

15/5-6. I have got, at a second-hand furniture store, an old kitchen table. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, when speaking of living in cheap houses on side streets in Chicago, Anderson says: "At a second-hand furniture store nearby you procure a second-hand kitchen table and a cot and on the cot, when you are not sleeping on it, you put a red Indian blanket" (p. 293). This passage is in a section that is bracketed, indicating that Anderson, or the editor or publisher, deleted the passage before the original publication by Neubsch in 1924.

15/10. this passion for writing. Since Anderson places this writing in the "years of my early young manhood working as a laborer" (14/13), he is referring to writing done before his two columns, "Rot and Reason," 1903, and "Business Types," 1904, appeared in the Long-Critchfield Advertising Agency's house organ Agricultural Advertising, and before he wrote two articles which appeared in The Reader, a Bobbs-Merrill periodical,
"A Business Man's Reading," October, 1903, and "The Man and the Book," December, 1903. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, when speaking of a time about two years after his mother's death—she died in 1895 when he was eighteen years old—Anderson says:

It must have been about this time that my own imaginative life began to take form. Having listened to the tales told by my father, I wanted to begin inventing tales of my own. At that time and for long years afterwards, there was no notion of writing. Did I want an audience, someone to hear me tell my tales? It is likely I did. There is something of the actor in me.

When later I began to write I for a time told myself I would never publish and I remember that I went about thinking of myself as a kind of heroic figure, a silent man creeping into little rooms, writing marvelous tales, poems, novels—that would never be published.

Perhaps it never went quite that far. They would have to be published sometime. My vanity demanded that. (pp. 71-72.)

In "Man and His Imagination" Anderson says:

The first thing I ever wrote was a long book, of some several hundred pages, under the title, Why I Am a Socialist. I must have written the book when I was seventeen or eighteen years old. I had come upon the idea of socialism, the co-operative commonwealth, and, like most young men, having got the idea, I had, temporarily, the impression that I was the first man in the world it had ever come to. I wanted to explain it to all the world. I wrote and wrote feverishly. I do not know what ever became of the book. It got lost. Perhaps later I threw it into the fire. (p. 60.)

No copy of "Why I Am a Socialist" has ever been discovered. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 293, Anderson speaks of writing "Why I Am a Socialist" at a much later date, when he was in business in Elyria. He also speaks about writing and publishing a magazine, called Commercial Democracy, during that same period. In regard to Anderson's views on socialism, see the notes to 79/14 and 151/6; in regard to writing "Why I Am a Socialist" and Commercial Democracy, see the note to 92/9-10.

15/10-12. Like my man . . . I took it out in writing letters. Anderson now turns his attention back to the friend who spoke to him in the moonlit field, the man of 11/1-2 who is "simply broken" as he tells the story of his secret love, the friend of 12/9 who disappears so that the "new man" of 12/11 can take his place. But Anderson seems to forget that he has not mentioned anything about the friend's writing letters to his beloved. The fact of the letter writing, however, links Part I to Part III, "The
"Writer." "The Writer" relates a story that a judge (Anderson's scientist friend here in Part I turns into a judge at 36/8) told him about a doctor writing secret letters that he never sent to a woman named Agnes Riley. See the note to 121/1-128/6.

16/4. **It was not difficult for me to evoke the figure of Cecilia.** Judging from the letters collected at Newberry Library, certainly only a portion of Anderson's correspondence, Anderson was a voluminous letter writer. In a letter to Marietta Finley, later Mrs. Vernon Hahn, dated December 11, 1916, when Anderson speaks of "all this writing," he is referring no doubt, in addition to his letters, to writing novels and stories. In the winter of 1916 he was writing the Winesburg stories:

I am trying with all my might to be and remain a lover. All this writing is addressed to my beloved.

I am writing these snatches of things to women, to all women, to one woman. I am telling her of my life, of a man actively engaged in the grim wrestle of modern industrial life.

The wrestler is myself. I tug and pull at my opponent, Reality. Sweat rolls from me. Occasionally I cry out with pain.

My woman is made up of all the women in the world. She is no longer young nor is she old. She is beautiful.

You have something of that woman in you. All women have. (Letters, Newberry Library, Reserved Box 7: Mrs. Hahn's Letters from Anderson, 1916.)

16/6-7. **I was compelled to live always in some poorer section of the town.** See *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 154: "As I was destined to live most of my life and do most of my work in factory towns and in little ill-smelling, hideously furnished rooms, freezing cold in winter and hot and cheerless in summer. . . ." Although Anderson certainly is exaggerating when he says: "live most of my life and do most of my work," he did live in this kind of surroundings when he first came to Chicago, probably around 1896, and until he enlisted in the Spanish-American War in 1898. Again when he returned to Chicago after his year at Wittenberg Academy and until his marriage to Cornelia Lane in 1904, he may have lived in conditions similar to those described here in the "Writer's Book."

16/18-19. from a freight train, on which I was once bumbling my way to a
new town. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 243: "One night, years before, when I was a young laborer and was beating my way westward on a freight train, a brakeman had succeeded in throwing me off the train in an Indiana town."

17/4-5. hours of sleepless loneliness that sometimes came at night. The theme of loneliness is one that preoccupied Anderson throughout his life. In "Man and His Imagination," p. 47, he says: "It is my belief that we Americans are, in spite of our great achievements, an essentially lonely people, and this may be true because we were, in the beginning, a transplanted people." In the "Writer's Book" he explicitly mentions sharing his mother's loneliness at 76/6-10, and he mentions the Winesburg story "Loneliness" at 23/16. Furthermore, the loneliness of the writer striving to preserve his artistic integrity is a main theme pervading the whole of the "Writer's Book." One of Anderson's greatest contributions to American literature is his portrayal of the hidden beauty of the lives of the lonely, inarticulate, and frustrated. One of the most beautiful expressions of this theme, as well as one of Anderson's explanations of his theory of the "grotesque," is found in the Winesburg story "Paper Pills--concerning Doctor Reedy." See 151/2 for Anderson's comment on "Paper Pills." In Winesburg, Ohio Anderson says that Doctor Reedy's story is curious:

It is delicious, like the twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg. . . . On the trees are only a few gnarled apples that the pickers have rejected. They look like the knuckles of Doctor Reedy's hands. One nibbles at them and they are delicious. Into a little round place at the side of the apple has been gathered all of its sweetness. One runs from tree to tree over the frosted ground picking the gnarled, twisted apples and filling his pockets with them. Only the few know the sweetness of the twisted apples. (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1919, pp. 19-20.)

18/11. a Middle-Western American city. Most probably Anderson is referring to Chicago. He made Chicago his home in 1896-98, 1900-06, and 1913-23. The time he is referring to in this passage is the period between 1896 and 1898 when he was working as a common laborer in Chicago.

18/15-19/1. a large brick factory . . . where . . . millions of leaves
of bread are baked. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 146-48, Anderson recounts an incident with a prostitute who has two small children. She has one room with an alcove separated from the rest of the room by a curtain. After Anderson leaves the prostitute's room, he walks the streets in shame, finds a purse in which there are five one-dollar bills and some small change, returns to the woman, and gives her the money. The incident starts:

I remember sharply one such adventure. I had walked for hours through the night, too restless to go home and to bed. It is true that, at the time, I was doing hard laborious work all day but I was very strong.

I was in a street of drab little frame houses clustered about a factory. As I remember the night there was a huge bakery where bread was made. There was an elevated railroad going through the street.

A woman spoke to me and I followed her up a stairway into a small dismal room. (p. 146.)

This incident is very similar, although much shorter, to the incident described at 18/14-35/10.

19/16-20/1. there are dark patches under her eyes. The manuscript reads: there are dark patches under her eyes. By substituting "patches" for the more usual word "rings," Anderson emphasizes the woman's made-up, artificial appearance. A similar idea is expressed by her bleached hair (19/14-15) and her unnatural voice (29/11). At 29/13-15 Anderson likens "the radio announcers [who] cultivate a special tone for their work on the air" to the prostitute. Thus the artificiality and deception of the prostitute become images for the selling out of true art by commercial writers. This theme is made explicit several times in the "Writer's Book," for example, at 90/9-10 and, most fully, at 79/7-10: "The complete selling out of the imaginations of the men and women of America by the artists of the stage, by the artist story tellers, is completely and wholly an acceptance of whoresom."

20/2. She is a prostitute. A three-page typescript, entitled "Amateur Critic," in Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts at the Newberry Library has many interesting similarities with the passage in the "Writer's Book" concerning the prostitute. The typescript tells about writing "I Want to
Know Why" twenty years earlier; this would date it about 1938. It also
gives one more version of writing "Hands." Also of interest are Ande-
son's reflections on the connection between sensuality and the love of
beauty (see 94/6-95/8). The manuscript reads in part:

A doctor who said he had made a deep study of the human mind
spoke to me of one of my short stories. It was a story called "I
Want to Know Why." I had written the story twenty years before
[published in Smart Set, LX (November, 1919), 35-40, and in The Tri-
umph of the Egg (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1921] and had dif-
culty selling it. One of the smaller literary magazines did fi-
nally publish it and paid me perhaps thirty dollars. Twenty years
later one of the big popular magazines paid me five hundred for the
privilege of reprinting it [Redbook, LXX (November, 1937), 38-41,
114]. It was the story of a young boy, passionately fond of horses.

It is somewhat interesting, to the writer, to try to find, in his
own experience, the source of such a story. There are these strange
contradictions in every man. The man of science got from the story
the notion that, sometime, in my early life, I had fallen deeply in
love with a prostitute. He said that I, having discovered what she
was, was terribly shocked and hurt. I think what did happen was
that, having on some particular day written something solid, having
been in such a glow, I found myself, later, perhaps on the same day,
going to some prostitute.

For example, I remember a day when I sat down at my desk, in a
Chicago rooming house, to write. For several years I had been writ-
ing but nothing I had done satisfied me. I kept writing and throw-
ing away but on that day I suddenly wrote the story called "Hands."
It is in the Winesburg collection of stories. It wrote itself as
water flows down hill. When I had finished, there it was. I never
had to correct it, never touched it again [see the note to 155/11-
12].

And I think of another experience. It might well have been later,
on the same day. I would have gone walking in the city streets,
filled with exultation. Let us say that I had got into a district of
small frame and brick houses and of factories. A woman spoke to me
from a hallway and I went to her. I do know that such an experience
happened at about that time.

I went up into a rather small and dirty room and there laid with a
woman of the town. She would have been a stupid enough woman. As I
was about to leave her, having paid her for the service done me,
feeling already rather mean, a child spoke to her from another room.
She had but the two rooms and the second room was divided from the
one in which I had lain with her by a thin curtain. I asked for an
explanation and was told, simply, that her man, a workman, having
deserted her, leaving her with two children, a boy and a girl, and
having been laid off at the factory where she had been employed, she
had taken up this other employment. . . .
And so I imagine myself, walking again in the street, still on the same day, and thinking of the theme of the story "I Want to Know Why." I would simply have been questioning the two sides of myself, being, in myself, both the boy who was a horse lover and the trainer who went off to the whore.

20/14. But how do I know all of this? See "Man and His Imagination," p. 441

When you are dealing with the art of writing you are dealing primarily with the imagination, and not only your own imagination but the imagination of others. Now there are two distinct channels in every man’s life. We all live on two planes. There is what we call the world of reality and there is the somewhat unreal world of the imagination. These roads do not cross each other but the road of the imagination constantly touches the road of reality. It comes near and it goes away. All of us are sometimes on one road and sometimes on another. I think that we are all living more of our lives on the road of the imagination, or perhaps I had better say in the world of the imagination, than in the real world.

See 77/4-5, where Anderson explicitly says: "the unreal is more real than the real, that there is no real other than the unreal."

21/1. certain cold-storage warehouse, where butter and eggs were stored. Jeanette Paden, sister of John Emerson, with whom Anderson boarded in Chicago (see 67/14 and its note), confirms the fact that Anderson rolled barrels in a cold-storage warehouse and that he "simply despised the work he was doing" (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 92). Karl Anderson, in "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson," Saturday Review of Literature, XXXI (September 4, 1948), 6, speaks about Sherwood's following him to Chicago and the kind of work he did there: "Sherwood spent the next two years wheeling meat in and out of frigid vaults." When Sherwood himself speaks of this period of his life in Memoirs, ed. White, he says:

In the place where I then worked, in a huge cold storage warehouse (all day I was handling barrels filled with apples and crates of eggs. We piled them high in great rooms kept at a low temperature. Most of the men who worked with me were heavy shouldered Swedes and Poles and Finns), in that place I did not have to work on Saturday afternoons and often on Saturday nights John and I walked together for hours. (p. 150.)

Anderson mentions this cold-storage warehouse also at 25/2.
22/8. waited on us others. The manuscript reads: "waited on we others." This is the one time in this edition of the "Writer's Book" where a grammatical error is corrected, except for what the editor considers inadvertent slips of the pen, for example, "had always love" at 42/4. See the Introduction, "The Present Edition and Its Procedures."

23/5. this dream world in which we live in this intimacy with beauty. With the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the Newberry Library are two lectures called "America: A Storehouse of Vitality." Clippings from Portland, Oregon, newspapers show that the shorter of the two lectures was delivered there on July 16, 1931. In the longer lecture Anderson says:

As to the practical value of the imaginative life I think we all know that it has a very practical value. Before the thing of beauty can express itself in song, in books, in music, in building, in beautiful streets or cities, it must of course live as a thing of beauty or meaning in the imaginative life of some man. The dream must so pervade his being that it inevitably works down through his fingers and becomes expressed in a fact. The weaker dreams will fade but the stronger dreams will set up a kind of fever within. (p. 18.)

In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, Anderson says:

In the world of fancy even the most base man's actions sometimes take on the form of beauty. Dim pathways do sometimes open before the eyes of the man who has not killed the possibilities of beauty in himself by being too sure. (p. 60.)

See also 95/6-7, where Anderson warns against getting beautiful things by doing cheap work, thus destroying "all understanding of beauty."

23/10. In the Winesburg series of short stories. Since the question whether Winesburg, Ohio is a series of short stories or a novel is still debated by critics, it is well to see what Anderson himself says about his masterpiece. In the "Writer's Book" he always speaks of Winesburg as a series of stories, never as a novel. For example: "In the Winesburg series of stories" (23/16); "all the stories of the book" (44/8-9); "the Winesburg tales" (48/3); "your Winesburg stories" (82/12); "Before writing the Winesburg stories" (99/12-13); and "In my Winesburg series of stories" (151/1). Furthermore, at 87/11-12 he lists Winesburg as a volume of short stories, along with The Triumph of the Egg and Horses and Men,
and not as a novel; and at 155/4-8 he uses Winesburg as an example to substantiate the critical opinion that he is "best at the short story."

In letters that Anderson wrote in the year of the publication of Winesburg, he speaks of it as a hybrid form. For example, writing on November 12, 1919, to its publisher, Ben Huebsch, he speaks about "Mary Cochran," a work that was never published as a novel but two of whose stories, "Unlighted Lamps" and "The Door of the Trap," were published in The Triumph of the Egg. Anderson says to Huebsch:

One of these days I shall be able to give you the Mary Cochran book. It has tantalized me a good deal but is coming clear now. In its final form it will be like Winesburg, a group of tales woven about the life of one person but each tale will be longer and more closely related to the development of the central character. It can be published in fact as a novel if you wish.

It seems to me that in this form I have worked out something that is very flexible and that is the right instrument for me. The reason will be plain. I get no chances at all for long periods of uninterrupted thought or work. I can take my character into my consciousness and live with it but have to work in this fragmentary way. These individual tales come clear and sharp. When I am ready for one of them it comes all at one sitting, a distillation, an outbreak [see the note to 146/1]. No one I know of has used the form as I see it and as I hope to develop it in several books. Damn, man, I wish I had time to work. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919.)

To Hart Crane on November 19, 1919, Anderson wrote: "I shall later have another book of stories grouped into a semi-novel form" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919); and to Waldo Frank, sometime after December 4, 1919, he wrote:

Out of my necessity I am throwing the Mary Cochran book into the Winesburg form, half individual tales, half long novel form. It enables me to go at each separately, perhaps when I am ready to do it at one long sitting. My life now is too broken up for the long sustained thing. Every few days I must go Wade in mud, and the filth of money-making. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919.)

Writing many years later, in 1931, to Laura Lou Copenhaver, his wife Eleanor’s mother, Anderson spoke of his new book, probably Beyond Desire, in the following terms:

The thing on which I am at work seems to get bigger and bigger. You will remember I told the story of the boy [George Willard] in Winesburg by telling the stories of other people whose lives touched his life. This is going to be something of the same thing, if it comes off, only that instead of short stories there will be something perhaps like a series of novels. The first one is about done. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 246.)
In his Memoirs, ed. White, as in the "Writer's Book," Anderson consistently calls Winesburg, Ohio a series of short stories:

So I invented a figure I called George Willard and about his figure I built a series of stories and sketches called Winesburg, Ohio. (p. 22.)

Later, when I had become a writer and had written and published books, I wrote and published a book of tales, called Winesburg, Ohio. (p. 177.)

He [Jacques Copeau] was, at that time, particularly interested in a book of tales I had written and that I had called Winesburg, Ohio. He said the tales had excited him. (p. 362.)

I had myself written, in my Winesburg tales, the story of a woman who seemed to me a rather fine mother. (p. 409.)

When he [Hemingway] began to write he began with the short story and I had already published my Winesburg, Ohio. I had published also my Horses and Men and my Triumph of the Egg. (p. 462.)

At the time I was being published by Ben Huebsch who had taken my Winesburg stories after they had been kicked about in several publishing houses. (p. 490.)

In Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs there is a section, "Waiting for Ben Huebsch," which is omitted from White's edition. When speaking of Winesburg in this section, Anderson says:

The stories belonged together. I felt that, taken together, they made something like a novel, a complete story. . . . I have even sometimes thought that the novel form does not fit an American writer, that it is a form which had been brought in, what is wanted is a new looseness; and in Winesburg I had made my own form. There were individual tales but all about lives in some way connected. By this method I did succeed, I think, in giving the feeling of the life of a boy growing into young manhood in a town. Life is a loose, flowing thing. (p. 289.)

23/10-11. written in just such a rooming house. A letter that Anderson wrote to Waldo Frank on November 20, 1916, gives Anderson's address at the time he was writing the Winesburg stories. The letter is written on stationery with the letterhead "Taylor-Critchfield-Clage Co., Chicago," and at the end of the letter Anderson wrote in his home address: "735 Cass Street, Chicago, Illinois." Cass Street is now Wabash Avenue, and the rooming house that stood at 735 no longer exists. A parking lot now covers the site. In the letter to Frank, Anderson wrote:
Thanks for the check and for liking the story of the farm hands [probably "The Untold Lie," published in Frank's Seven Arts, I (January, 1917), 215–21, and in Winesburg, Ohio.]

As a delightful old reprobate in my home town used to say, "My life is an open ditch." I wrote the story last week.

The other day I wrote you a letter [see Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 4-5] concerning a series of stories written last winter. I am sending two for you to look at. Personally, I like the Enoch Robinson thing ["Loneliness"; see 23/16] better than anything else I have ever done. You may not agree with me but I'll be anxious to see how you react to it. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1916.)

In his Notebook Anderson says:

I myself remember with what a shock I heard people say that one of my own books, Winesburg, Ohio, was an exact picture of Ohio village life. The book was written in a crowded tenement district of Chicago. The hint for almost every character was taken from my fellow-lodgers in a large rooming house, many of whom had never lived in a village. (p. 76.)

Also in Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson speaks about writing Winesburg:

When I wrote the stories in the book called Winesburg, Ohio I was living in a cheap room in a Chicago rooming house. I dare say that all of the tales in the book came out of some memory or impression got from my boyhood in a small town but, as I had lived in several such towns, I had no one town in mind.

The house in which I had the room was on Chicago's North Side and was occupied by a group of people new to me. They were all either actively in the arts or they aspired to a place in some one of the arts. They were young musicians, young writers, painters, actors, and I found them delightful. (p. 346.)

The idea I had was to take them, just as they were, as I felt them, and transfer them from the city rooming house to an imagined small town, the physical aspects of the town having, let us say, been picked up from my living in several such towns. (p. 348.)

I myself think that the real fathers and if you please the mothers of the Winesburg stories were the people who once lived with me in a Chicago rooming house, the unsuccessful Little Children of the Arts. (p. 350.)

The Winesburg manuscript at the Newberry Library has with it a note in Anderson's hand. This note probably was written when Anderson found the Winesburg manuscript in a box of old papers in 1938. The note reads:

At the time these stories were written the author was employed as a copy writer in a Chicago advertising agency and the paper is no doubt that used for roughing up advertisements. It is likely the stories were written two or three times, in the writer's room, in a rooming house in Cass Street in Chicago, or in hotels as he traveled about, visiting clients of his employers.

23/16. the story "Loneliness." The table of contents for Winesburg lists both "The Tales and the Persons," and among its listings is: "Loneliness—concerning Enoch Robinson." In a letter to Waldo Frank written on December 14, 1916, Anderson speaks of this story:

I am glad you liked the story "Mother" and that you are going to publish it. Damn it, I wanted you to like the story about Enoch Robinson and the woman who came into his room and was too big for the room.

There is a story every critic is bound to dislike. I can remember reading it to Floyd Dell, and it made him hopping mad. "It's damn rot," says Floyd. "It does not get anywhere."

"It gets there, but you are not at the station," I replied to Floyd, and I think I was right.

Why do I try to convince you of this story? Well, I want it in print in Seven Arts. A writer knows when a story is good, and that story is good. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 5.)

Neither Frank's Seven Arts nor Dell's Masses published "Loneliness"; in fact, it never was published in a magazine.

See 45/1-2 and its note for Floyd Dell's reaction to the Winesburg stories.

24/1-2. a little man in a room and what the imagined figures his fancy had conjured up had come to mean to him. "Loneliness" is the story of a twenty-one-year-old aspiring artist who goes from Winesburg to New York City and at first invites people to his room and tries to explain his paintings to them. In the course of time he marries and has two children, but eventually he becomes so absorbed with the people of his fancy that his wife and children leave him. Then comes another woman who, for a time, understands him; but, as Enoch relates to George Willard, "I wanted her to understand but, don't you see, I couldn't let her understand. I felt that then she would know everything, that I would be submerged, drowned out, you see" (p. 210). So he berates the woman and she too
leaves. Through the door as she leaves go all of Enoch's imaginary people. Enoch then returns home, "to live out his life alone and defeated in Winesburg" (p. 208). The story ends with Enoch Robinson saying to himself, after George Willard leaves him: "I'm alone, all alone here," said the voice. "It was warm and friendly in my room [with his imaginary people] but now I'm all alone" (p. 212).

24/13. bleary-eyed. This unusual expression appears in a letter to Alfred Stieglitz written from New Orleans about August 3, 1924. In the letter Anderson is describing the sights that give him inspiration as he works on his novel Dark Laughter. Among them are "bleary-eyed old nigger women with their pipe-stem legs" (Letters, ed. Jones and Hideout, p. 129).

25/2. cold-storage warehouse. See 21/1 and its note.

25/10. cow's dugs. This is one of the three emendations made by the present editor. "Lugs," an archaic word for "ears," is changed to "dugs," a synonym for "udders." See Introduction, "The Present Edition and Its Procedures."

25/10. white horse. Here the "grey horse" of 25/4 becomes white. In this line Anderson is probably thinking ahead to the end of the sentence where he says that the horse is being led "by a little old man with a white beard" (25/11). The horse remains white in 25/19.

Interestingly enough, the same, or rather the reverse, inconsistency appears in the Winesburg story "Paper Pills" (see 151/2 and the note to 17/4-5). Doctor Reefy's "jaded white horse" (p. 18) turns into a "jaded grey horse" (p. 20).

25/13-14. in the mind of a young man sitting in a window in a room in a rooming house. See the following notes which comment on Anderson's style: 7/13 on his sense of rhythm, 15/3-4 on other examples of sentences made up of a series of prepositional phrases, 101/5-6 on his word repetition patterns, and 154/3-4 on his use of the passive voice. See also the discussion of Anderson's style in Earl Hilton, "The Purpose and Method of
Sherwood Anderson" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Minnesota, 1950). Hilton says that Anderson's style is characterized by an unusually frequent use of prepositional phrases, passive voice, and periphrastic genitives. An example in the "Writer's Book" of the third is "mind of the story teller's" in 3/5. Hilton continues:

The greatest distinction of Anderson's style, however, lies in its rhythm, a rhythm so essential to his communication, according to Rosenfeld [The Sherwood Anderson Reader, p. xvii] that the reader who is insensible to his "sonorities and cadences" misses a part of his meaning. The most characteristic device used in the creation of this rhythm is the word repetition pattern. (p. 87.) Finally, see the discussion of Anderson's style in Richard Bridgman's The Colloquial Style in America (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966).

After asserting that Anderson "was the first writer since Mark Twain to take the vernacular as a serious way of presenting reality," Bridgman goes on to discuss Anderson's use of the vernacular in Winesburg. He says:

Winesburg is deliberately primitivist, stated with a sober, humorless intensity that moves at a slow pace from word to word, object to object. Long series of hardly varied declarative sentences are set down, key nouns are repeated, qualification is pared, and subordination minimized. The main resources of the vernacular are used by Anderson dead seriously. The result is at once impressive and irritating. (p. 155.)


What I am trying to say is that there are always these little scenes, presenting themselves for our notice, out of the commonplace little incidents of our everyday lives. They are ugly. Surely. But let them be truly presented, so that we feel them as part of ourselves, and something happens.

Beauty happens. That strange intangible quality of looking at life and at things, feeling into life and things, making others feel, is in everything this man, Lankes, the Virginia woodcut man, is doing.

26/13-14. the restless young men out of the ranks of whom we are to get the artists of the future. These are the "young American story tellers" to whom Anderson, "a veteran of the craft" (3/3-4), is addressing the "Writer's Book."
27/1-2. **Such dreams as imaginative young men have, become at times absurd.** See Anderson's novel *Many Marriages* (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1923), p. 28, where the main character, John Webster, behaves in much the same fashion:

There was a dream. One vainly hoped to find, wandering about somewhere, a woman who by some miracle would love with freedom and abandon. Along through the streets one went usually in dark badly lighted places where there were factories and warehouses and poor little dwellings. One wanted a golden woman to step up out of the filth of the place in which one walked. It was insane and silly and one knew these things, but one persisted insanely.

Anderson comments on *Many Marriages* at 104/5-9 and 108/3-4.

27/6. **There may be some accident happen.** See the note to 25/13-14 and Hilton's comment that Anderson's style contains an unusually frequent use of the passive voice.

28/2-4. **It is by such absurd dreams, always coming, always changing, that the imaginative young man lives.** See *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 352:

What dreams, hopes, ambitions. Sometimes it has seemed to me, when, as a young man, I sat at the window of that room, that each person who passed along the street below, under the light, shouted his secret up to me.

I was myself and still I fled out of myself. It seemed to me that I went into the others.

What dreams. What egotism. I had thought then, on such evenings, that I could tell all of the stories of all the people of America. I would get them all, understand them, get their stories told.

28/4-5. **popular short story or novel writer.** The use of the word "popular" is surprising. Throughout the "Writer's Book" Anderson denigrates the writer who can write salable stories, plays, and novels that cater to the popular taste.

29/14. **as the radio announcers cultivate a special tone.** Here the radio announcers are used as an image for all commercial artists who accede to popular demands in art. In a letter written about November, 1917, to his brother Karl, a successful commercial artist, Anderson says:

I came among artists hoping to find brotherhood there, but there isn't much of it. As it is in painting, so it is among writers.
Fundamentally most of our American writing men are graceful and facile fanner[ites] [Note: "that is, unscrupulous men"] and whores altogether. If one did not laugh at them, he would go mad. The artisan and the mechanic talks with fair intelligence of his tools. The average professional intellectual talks, of course, like a silly, puzzled child. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 20.)

30/13. dark. Darkness is a favorite metaphor in the "Writer's Book," as it is in many of Anderson's writings. When man is powerless, through his own fault or the fault of others, to cope successfully with a situation, Anderson often describes the situation in terms of darkness. In the "Writer's Book" the prostitute's "figure was dim, there in the half light" (29/18) when she first speaks. When the author decides to follow her up the stairs, he hopes "that the room to which she will take me will be dark" (30/12-13). His hope is fulfilled: "There was no light in there" (31/3). "There was light on the ceiling of the room but the floor of the room was dark. The floor of the room was a dark pit" (31/6-8). A few pages later Anderson moves back to the story of the judge—he was called a judge for the first time at 36/8—and he tells us that the judge met his beloved "in the evening, when darkness came" (37/3-4), "in some dark place" (37/5). The story of the judge and the story of the prostitute are brought together by this figure of darkness when Anderson returns to the man "on the dark stairs, following her up into her two poor rooms, refusing to look at her, hoping to find her rooms above also dark" (38/15-17). The passage ends with the man's deliberately deceiving himself: "In the darkness I can make myself believe she is Cecilia" (38/18).

Later in Part I Anderson speaks about his ineffectual father and tells how he would sit in the darkness of their home and sing "Over the Hill to the Poor-House" (91/16-92/3).

See a letter to Waldo Frank, written at the end of 1919 or the beginning of 1920, in which Anderson describes an unsatisfactory situation in his own life:

One thing I have found out. I cannot continue to live the life I have lived as a businessman. In a sense I have been like one living in a damp, dark cellar ever since I went back into business after my few months of freedom in New York last year. To think straight at all I had to get temporarily out of it. In New York I did. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 50-51.)
See also one of Anderson's most highly acclaimed short stories, "The Man Who Became a Woman," published in Horses and Men (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1923). In this story Herman Dudley, a young racetrack swipe, learns in a series of adventures in one night to accept the adult world and his own adult sexuality. After an encounter with several drunken, brutal men in a saloon, his own face, seen in the saloon mirror, seems to him to be the face of a young girl. He then leaves the saloon: "And so there I was, outside there in the darkness, and it was as cold and wet and black and God-forsaken a night as any man ever saw" (p. 214). Later two drunken negro swipes also mistake him for a girl as he sleeps in the stable loft. He runs out into the night: "It was black dark and raining hard now and a roaring wind had begun to blow" (p. 222). Finally, as dawn comes, he falls exhausted into the whitened skeleton of a horse abandoned in the field near the slaughter house. He is then cleansed of his mistaken identity and confirms his male adulthood.

30/13-14. I can imagine her the real Cecilia. See 38/18: "In the darkness I can make myself believe she is Cecilia." Again Anderson calls attention to the irony of the situation. Cecilia is unreal and the prostitute is real; but to the author and to the "imaginative young men" (27/1) to whom he is writing, Cecilia is real and the prostitute, the radio announcers, and all artists who prostitute their art are unreal. Anderson in this passage is expressing by means of the story of the real prostitute and the imaginary Cecilia one of the most frequently repeated themes of his works, namely, "that the unreal is more real than the real" (77/4-5). See also 38/7-8, 39/4-6, and 66/3-4 and their notes.

31/13-14. I had not spoken to her. See the note to 17/4-5, which discusses Anderson's masterful handling of the themes of loneliness and man's inability to communicate. Even though he follows her up to her rooms, the author cannot bring himself to speak to the prostitute: "I did not speak to her, had not as yet spoken to her" (34/1). At the end of the episode neither he nor the prostitute speaks. Nevertheless, "not having
exchanged a word with her, I knew her story. I knew it as well as though she had talked to me for hours" (34/12-14). Again irony comes into play. The author, representing the true artist, does not speak to the prostitute, who represents both false life and art. She speaks to him, but, of course, achieves no real communication. She can, however, communicate with her child--"now her voice was really soft" (33/7)--and, without words, can communicate to the author the loneliness and tragedy of her life.

33/8-9. by some subtile impulse, felt me in the place? The manuscript reads: "by some subtile impulse, felt me in the place?" This is another example of a revision made during the original composition.

35/14-36/1. a part of the introduction to another tale I have wanted to write. See 36/5-6: "the story, to which this rambling talk may serve as a sort of introduction," and 37/16-38/1: "I had taken the man, with whom I talked in the field, [and] his story as the bases for the story I was to write for one of the popular magazines." Anderson tells the stories of the prostitute and the judge as a kind of introduction to the real story he is telling in Part I. The important story is the story of Anderson's struggle to maintain his artistic integrity in the face of the temptation to write a salable magazine story.

36/2-3. "He might have spared us that." It is, however, Anderson's decided conviction that he should not spare the reader "the rather sordid details, happenings, so likely to come into such affairs" (38/3-4). Anderson has "something in mind . . . other than the story of the country boy who later became a judge" (36/6-8). He has in mind a story that is true to life, that really represents the passions, fears, hopes, and loves of the people he observes daily in his life. See the notes to 10/3 and 10/9-10. In the "Writer's Book" Anderson is advising young writers to be, as he was, honest in their portrayal of life. It is ironic that the "sordid details" of the judge's passion for the woman and of the author's encounter with the prostitute (14/4-36/9) are cut in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs. The notes to 14/2-3, 38/1, and 38/2-39/6 explain
Rosenfeld's cutting and rearranging of Anderson's text.


Anderson tells these stories with a simplicity and a sureness that show that at last he knows what he is doing and how he wants to do it. He has his medium in such complete control that it is not difficult to be unconscious of his mastery of it. His air of simplicity and ingenuousness, the apparent rambling, the way in which he appears to be haphazardly setting down ideas as they come into his mind in an attempt to discover their meaning, his groping, his artlessness, his naïveté—these are but tricks of the story teller's trade to earn our sympathy for the story which he unfolds graphically and without confusion. To be sure, that groping naïveté betokens a certain self-consciousness on the part of the author, but such self-consciousness is an integral part of Anderson, and rarely does it become obtrusive.

36/8. **a judge.** Anderson inadvertently makes the scientist of 8/10-17 into a judge. See the note to 8/10. See also Part III, "The Writer." In its second sentence Anderson says: "In a certain town a judge told me a story" (121/2-3). Anderson then proceeds to tell the story of an unnamed doctor and Agnes Riley. See the note to 121/1-128/6 which discusses this story.

38/1. **an outline which was approved.** Rosenfeld's edition of *Memoirs* omits the words "which was approved" and goes back to 9/14 to pick up the words "that was pronounced splendid by my agent." Thus Rosenfeld's sentence ends: "had made an outline that was pronounced splendid by my agent" (p. 432). Rosenfeld then continues with the passage as it is found at 9/14-14/3 of the present edition, with the omission of 11/11-12/3 and 13/4-6. Since 13/4-6 is omitted, Rosenfeld adds the words "At this point" (p. 433) before "There is a series of letters" at 13/7.

38/2-39/6. **I began to write. . . . better and richer.** This whole passage is cut by Rosenfeld in his edition of *Memoirs,* thus again "not bring[ing] into my story any of the rather sordid details, happenings, so likely to come into such affairs" (38/3-4).
38/7-8. it was another case of myself, in my room, a young laborer, with my dream of my Cecilia and of what I actually found. See 30/13-14, 39/4-6, 66/3-4, and 77/4-5 and their notes on Anderson's theory that the unreal is more real than the real. In this passage, however, the unreal dream of a beautiful Cecilia and the unrealistic attempt to purge the judge's story of its sordid details and happenings are not real. Both are false and untrue to life.

39/1-2. It is in the movies, in the theatre, in our magazines, in our novels. "It" refers to deliberate self-deception, such as the young laborer's false dream that in the darkness he can make himself believe that the prostitute is the real Cecilia. In his Notebook, pp. 143-44, Anderson also speaks about deliberately false portrayals of life in popular fiction:

Where among us live these creatures of the popular magazine short story, the best-selling novel or the moving picture? You read the stories published in these magazines and they are very skilfully done. There is a strange exterior semblance of life in the people who parade before us and do for our edification these brave clever or humorous stunts.

There is a kind of legerdemain that with practice may be acquired. Having tricked your reader by these purely mechanical details into having faith in the people you are writing about, you simply make these people do and say things no human being has ever really been known to do or say.

In the pages of these magazines no one ever acts as people do in life or thinks as people do in life and of course the writers of the stories care nothing for human life. To begin caring for human life, thinking of human life and trying to understand it a little, would so quickly destroy their technique, stop incomes and jerk the writers down off the pasteboard thrones.

39/4. Is the dream necessary? We know from 23/5, 27/1-2, and 28/2-4 that Anderson believed that the dream was necessary. The dream, but not deliberate self-deception, is necessary precisely because the unreal is more real than the real, as explained in the following note.

39/4-6. Is there not something, in the actuality of life, • • • that is better and richer? The answer to the dilemma is that true art is the result of the creative blending of the real and the imaginary--of the
"dream" and "the actuality of life, even now, in our own day, in our own towns and cities." See a letter written to Alfred Stieglitz on June 30, 1923. Anderson is speaking about working on A Story Teller's Story:

In the meantime I get along into this semi-autobiographical thing on which I am at work. It is thoughts, notions, and tales all thrown together. The central notion is that one's fanciful life is of as much significance as one's real flesh-and-blood life and that one cannot tell where the one cuts off and the other begins. This thing I have thought has as much physical existence as the stupid physical act I yesterday did. In fact, so strongly has the purely fanciful lived in me that I cannot tell after a time which of my acts had physical reality and which did not. It makes me in one sense a great liar, but, as I said in the Testament, "It is only by lying to the limit one can come at truth." (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 99-100.)

See also "A Note on Realism" in Notebook. (Part of "A Note on Realism" is reprinted in "Man and His Imagination," pp. 65-71.)

For some reason—I myself have never exactly understood very clearly—the imagination must constantly feed upon reality or starve. Separate yourself too much from life and you may at moments be a lyric poet, but you are not an artist. Something within dries up, starves for the want of food. Upon the fact in nature the imagination must constantly feed in order that the imaginative life remain significant. The workman who lets his imagination drift off into some experience altogether disconnected with reality, the attempt of the American to depict life in Europe, the New Englander writing of cowboy life—all that sort of thing—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ends in the work of such a man becoming at once full of holes and bad spots. The intelligent reader, tricked often enough by the technical skill displayed in hiding the holes, never in the end accepts it as good work. The imagination of the workman has become confused. He has had to depend altogether upon tricks. The whole job is a fake. (p. 73.)

39/8. When I sat down to write. In his edition of Memoirs Rosenfeld changes this clause to read: "I had sat down to write," and puts it after "we do not wish, in any way, to dictate to you" (14/2-3). See the notes to 14/2-3 and 38/1. By changing the adverbial construction of the "when" clause and by omitting the two "being"s in 39/9, Rosenfeld makes the first part of Anderson's sentence independent. He also omits the words "being" and "determined" (39/13 and 14), and he brings "I was" forward to the position before "always" (39/13). Thus Rosenfeld makes Anderson's long, rambling sentence at 39/8-14 into two sentences which read: "I had sat
down to write the tale, for which I had made an outline, in bitter need of the money it might bring. After twenty-five years of writing, some twenty to twenty-five books published, my name up as one of the outstanding American writers of my day, my books translated into many languages, after all of this, I was always in need of money, always just two jumps ahead of the sheriff" (p. 433).

39/10-11. after twenty-five years of writing, some twenty to twenty-five books published. It seems safe to assume that the "writing" mentioned here is Anderson's short story and novel writing. Therefore, disregarding the writing that he published in the Lang-Critchfield agency's house organ Agricultural Advertising and in the Bobbs-Merrill Reader (see the note to 15/10), we can date the beginning of his serious publications with the printing of "The Rabbit Pen" in Harper's in July, 1914 (see the note to 2/4). Sutton, Exit to Elsinore, p. 17 says that Anderson was submitting manuscripts for publication as early as 1911 and 1912, and that "The Rabbit Pen," Windy McPherson's Son, and Marching Men were probably written before Anderson left Elyria in 1913. Adding twenty-five years to these dates would give 1936-38 as the date for the writing of Part I of the "Writer's Book." We must always remember, however, that Anderson is totally unconcerned about the accuracy of dates. Nonetheless, by 1938 he had published the following twenty-five books:

Windy McPherson's Son (New York: John Lane, 1916; revised edition, New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1921);
Marching Men (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1917);
Mid-American Chants (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1918);
Winesburg, Ohio (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1919);
Poor White (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1920);
The Triumph of the Egg (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1921);
Horses and Men (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1923);
Many Marriages (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1923);
A Story Teller's Story (New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1924);
Dark Laughter (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925);
The Modern Writer (San Francisco: The Lantern Press, Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 1925)
Sherwood Anderson's Notebook (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926);  
Tar: A Midwest Childhood (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926);  
A New Testament (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927);  
Alice and The Lost Novel (London: Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 1929);  
Hello Towns! (New York: Horace Liveright Publishing Inc., 1929);  
Nearer the Grass Roots (San Francisco: The Westgate Press, 1929);  
The American County Fair (New York: Random House, 1930);  
Perhaps Women (New York: Horace Liveright Inc., 1931);  
Beyond Desire (New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1932);  
Death in the Woods (New York: Liveright Inc., Publishers, 1933);  
No Swank (Philadelphia: The Centaur Press, 1934);  
Puzzled America (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935);  
Kit Brandon (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936);  


This much is sure, however—and true particularly of the novel—that our artists have been of two extremes: those who gained an almost unbelievable purity of expression by the very violence of their self-isolation, and those who, plunging into the American maïlstrom, were submerged in it, lost their vision altogether, and gave forth a gross chronicle and a blind cult of the American Fact.

The significance of Sherwood Anderson whose first novel, "Windy McPherson's Son," has recently appeared (published by The John Lane Company), is simply that he has escaped these two extremes, that he suggests at least a presentation of life shot through with the searching color of truth, which is a signal for a native culture.

Mr. Anderson is no accident. The appearance of his book is a gesture of logic. Indeed, commentators of tomorrow might gauge the station at which America has arrived today by a study of the impulses—conscious and unconscious—which compose this novel. But it is not a prophetic work. Its author is simply a man who has felt the moving passions of his people, yet sustained himself against them just enough in a crude way to set them forth. (Reprinted in The Achievement of Sherwood Anderson, ed. by Ray Lewis White [Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press], pp. 20-21.

Thomas Whipple in 1928, in speaking of Anderson's short stories, said:

His stories are as devoid of plot as they are of all the devices taught by correspondence schools for producing salable fiction. His best stories seem to have no technique at all: each deals with an episode, a crisis in one or two lives, and Anderson first gives whatever information is needed concerning the participants, and then proceeds with his anecdote. As a writer, his outstanding trait is his integrity; to maintain such integrity against all the lures and pressures of twentieth-century America is a notable feat which speaks highly for his instinct as a workman. To possess not only the story-telling knack but also the critical sense and the severity of taste necessary for strict self-discipline . . . Anderson must have been endowed with the rigorous conscience of the true craftsman. He has repeatedly stated that that is his ideal of writing: to deal with words with the same honest skill and solid workmanship with which a good carpenter treats wood or a mason stone. (pp. 120-21.)

Granville Hicks in 1935 wrote:

Incapable of sustained, exact description, Anderson relies upon the lightning flash. Surfaces, deeds, even words scarcely concern him; everything is bent to the task of revelation. When he succeeds, there is the character of Elmer Cowley or Dr. Reefy or Louise Hardy.
about whom we need to be told nothing more. If one were to judge Anderson only by his best work, one could scarcely avoid the conclusion that his talent was of the first order. Here, one would note, was a prose-writer with the courage to create his own idiom and his own rhythms. One would marvel at the man's penetration, his understanding of the strangeness and terror that life holds even for the humblest. And one would find, in such a book as *Winesburg, Ohio*, an authentic picture of the small town, and, in *Poor White*, the record of the small town's transformation. Except in *Poor White*, one would find little about industrialism, and yet one could never be unaware that the civilization portrayed was in travail. Others have described more fully how the common people live; no one has shown so authoritatively what they feel. (pp. 229-30)

Of course, it is untrue and unfair to cite only the critics who praise Anderson. For everyone who praised him could be matched one who condemned him. Suffice it here to quote in part from one outstanding critic, Lionel Trilling, who in "this notice of Anderson on the occasion of his death," wrote a severe critical article, "Sherwood Anderson," *Kenyon Review*, III (Summer, 1942), 293-302, which became the basis for the essay in *The Liberal Imagination* (New York: The Viking Press, 1950), pp. 22-33. Although Trilling confesses to "some unconscious residue of admiration" (p. 23) for Anderson and admits that "*Winesburg, Ohio* has its touch of greatness" (p. 25), he says:

In their speech his people have not only no wit, but no idiom. To say that they are not "real" would be to introduce all sorts of useless quibbles about the art of character creation; they are simply not there. This is not a failure of art; rather, it would seem to have been part of Anderson's intention that they should be not there. His narrative prose is contrived to that end; it is not really a colloquial idiom, although it has certain colloquial tricks; it approaches in effect the inadequate use of a foreign language; old slang persists in it and elegant archaisms are consciously used, so that people are constantly having the "fantood," girls are frequently referred to as "maidens," and things are "like unto" other things. These mannerisms, although they remind us of some of Dreiser's, are not the result, as Dreiser's are, of an effort to be literary and impressive. Anderson's prose has a purpose to which these mannerisms are essential—it has the intention of making us doubt our familiarity with our own world, and not, we must note, in order to make things fresher for us but only in order to make them seem puzzling to us and remote from us. . . .

Anderson liked to catch people with their single human secret, their essence, but the more he looks for their essence the more his characters vanish into the vast limbo of meaningless life, the less they are human beings. . . . The more Anderson says about people, the less alive they become—and the less lovable. Is it strange
that, with all Anderson's expressed affection for them, we ourselves can never love the people he writes about? But of course we do not love people for their essence or their souls, but for their having a certain body, or wit, or idiom, certain specific relationships with things and other people, and for a dependable continuity of existence: we love them for being there. (pp. 30-31.)

39/12. my books translated into many languages. The standard bibliography for Anderson, Sherwood Anderson: A Bibliography, compiled by Eugene p. Sheehy and Kenneth A. Lohf (Los Gatos, Calif.: The Talisman Press, 1960), as well as Checklist of Sherwood Anderson, compiled by Ray Lewis White (Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill Publishing Company, 1969) and the holdings at Newberry Library, show that Anderson's books have been translated into the following languages: Chinese, Czech, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Norwegian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Slovenian, Spanish, and Swedish. This listing does not include translations of individual short stories.

In 1927 when Anderson's American reputation was perhaps at its lowest point, he found solace during his second European trip (see the note to 70/13) in the fact that his European reputation seemed secure. He wrote to Paul Rosenfeld from Paris at the beginning of 1927: "At last A Story Teller, the Note Book, Winesburg and another book of stories are to be all published in France this year. 'A Man Who Became a Woman' & 'A Man's Story' were published here--Bernard Fay translation--and they seem to have opened this door" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 165). At the end of the same year Anderson wrote to Ralph Church (see 165/8-9 and its note) from Marion, Virginia: "My books keep going big in Germany, and there are to be new Polish, Danish, Swedish, and Dutch translations this year" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 181).

39/16. For a day, two days, three, a week, I wrote doggedly. The manuscript reads: "For a week the day, two days, three, a week, I wrote doggedly." The revision at the beginning of the sentence makes the statement stronger, makes the struggle appear to be even greater, as if the dogged effort to write the story for the magazine was such a great
effort that it could not be endured for more than a week. The revision at the end of the sentence is one of the rather frequent instances of Anderson's crossing out a word and then deciding to keep the original word.


There is an undefined, but no less real, censorship in most magazine offices, which determines to a very large extent the ideas and situations which a short story may present. This censorship is based on a curious list of taboos which have no necessary relation to decency or morality. It goes without saying, of course, that the American magazine professes to be highly moral, but in many cases salacious writing is encouraged as a matter of policy, provided that it does not cross a line which is by no means accurately determined.

The real censorship of ideas and situations has little to do with any moral question. The tone of a short story must be optimistic; flirting with sex is desirable, provided that sex is not regarded as real; the story must contain no religious speculation or philosophic ideas which challenge, or even test, currently accepted opinions on any subject; it must present no social or political problems; it must consistently preach what is known as "Americanism"; it must have a happy ending. In other words, the writer must agree with as many average people as possible. Therefore, he is forbidden to present any new ideas. Apparently it is believed that in the mind of the American reader unfamiliality breeds contempt.

41/16. *comfortable positions.* Compare with 13/12-13: "The story should be concerned with the lives of people who are in what might be called comfortable circumstances."

42/4. *I, who had always loved the piles of clean white sheets.* A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 209-10 and 212-14, also tells about Anderson's great love for, and fear of being without, paper, pens, pencils, and ink. On p. 210 he says: "To the writer of prose, who loves his craft, there is nothing in the world to satisfying as being in the presence of great stacks of clean white sheets."

42/8-9. *I was always stealing fountain pens and pencils.* Anderson wrote
to J. J. Lanke from Marion on December 27, 1931, on stationery from Hotel Lanier, Macon, Georgia, with "Macon, Ga." crossed out and "Marion Va" written in: "What do you steal? I always steal paper and fountain pens. Also many lead pencils" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1931).

42/9-10. as a squirrel stores nuts. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 209: "In houses where I live for some time I cache small stores of paper as a squirrel stores nuts."

43/2. sculpt. Tennessee Mitchell, Anderson's second wife, was a sculptress as well as a competent musician. When Anderson moved to Chicago from Elyria in 1913 and joined the group which comprised the Chicago Renaissance, Tennessee encouraged him in his writing. At that time she was making her living as a piano tuner and music teacher. She was interested also in the dance, and in the summer of 1916 at Lake Chateaugay, New York, where she had gone to attend a school in rhythmic dancing directed by Alys Bentley, she and Anderson were married. See Schevill, pp. 87-88, and Howe, p. 82.

In the winter of 1920, as their marriage was proving less and less successful, Tennessee followed Anderson to Fairhope, Alabama. It was here that Anderson claims to have taught her to sculpt. In a letter to Van Wyck Brooks written on May 15, 1920, although he characteristically twists facts by saying that he had "persuaded" her to come—he had actually "run off" without her—he says:

It has been a wonderful time for me here these three months. In the first place, I persuaded Tennessee to be utterly reckless, chuck her job and income, and run off here with me. That has worked out. She is getting well and is happier than I have ever seen her. What a tremendous thing life is. For several years she has been a tired woman. Here she rested and then suddenly began to play. There are great quantities of red, yellow, and blue clay here, very fine and plastic. Tennessee suddenly began working in it, and already she does really remarkable things. What new joy in life that approach towards beauty coming in a definite form out of herself has given her. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 54.)

in Clay" appear at the beginning of the book, and three of them are companion pieces for three of the stories: "I Want to Know Why," "The Egg," and "Out of Nothing into Nowhere."

Anderson and Tennessee were divorced in April, 1924. See 132/8 and its note.

43/12-46/10. Yes, I know... half mystic verse. This whole passage is cut by Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs. It is the contention of the present editor, as explained in the Introduction, that Rosenfeld's editing changes the tone of Part I of the "Writer's Book." When Rosenfeld cut this passage he omitted, not "sordid details," but details about Anderson's business and literary careers which were not in keeping with the pastoral tone of his expurgated version of Part I, which he called "The Sound of the Stream."

43/13. Once I even owned a factory. See the note to 92/9-10 for details on Anderson's manufacturing careers in Cleveland and Elyria. Suffice it here to cite a few quotations. Karl Anderson in his article "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson" says: "From Cleveland Sherwood had gone to Elyria, O., to start a factory making housepaint" (p. 7). While on a trip in 1916 Anderson wrote to Marietta Finley, later Mrs. Vernon Hahn, then a reader for the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company. Anderson had changed trains in Elyria: "Just across the track from where I stood was the factory building where I employed myself striving to get rich" (Letters, Newberry Library, Reserved Box 7: Mrs. Hahn's Letters from Anderson; letter of December 8, 1916; reproduced in Sutton's Exit to Elsinore, pp. 41-43).

44/1-2. for ten, fifteen years an advertising writer, in a big Chicago advertising agency. See 5/9, 14/6-8, and 61/11-13 and their notes. Anderson's statement here is remarkably accurate. Since he was with the Frank B. White Advertising Agency and its successor, the Long-Critchfield Company, between 1900 and 1906, and with Long-Critchfield and its successor, the Taylor-Critchfield-Clague Company, from 1913 until 1922, it is true that he was with one Chicago agency for a total of fifteen years.
The books Anderson published by 1922 are: *Windy McPherson's Son*, *Marching Men*, *Mid-American Chants*, *Winesburg, Ohio*, *Poor White*, and *The Triumph of the Egg*. See the note to 39/10-11. Since Anderson, however, says "written" as well as "published," we should add to this list several unpublished works. They include "Mary Cochran," "Immaturity," "Impotence," and "Talbot Whittingham" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1915-1922). Perhaps the earliest version of "Talbot Whittingham," written when Anderson was still in Elyria, is the first book set in his mythical Winesburg, Ohio; and on the back of one of the versions of this unfinished novel he wrote some of his Winesburg stories. See Phillips, "Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*," pp. 33-34n.


Anderson reiterates so frequently his aversion to advertising work that no documentation seems necessary. It is surprising and interesting, however, to hear him speak in his middle years, that is, in the middle and late 1920's, of this work as pleasant. The reason may be that, after the popular and financial success of *Dark Laughter* in 1925 (see 45/15), Anderson's reputation declined. Also in the later 1920's his third marriage was proving unhappy, and a great feeling of personal and artistic inadequacy often overcame him (see 119/3 and its note). Therefore, he could write on May 26, 1926, to Burton Emmett, who had just started to approach him about selling some of his manuscripts: "As a matter of fact my own experience in an advertising agency was far from unpleasant. How many good friends I made there" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). Also in *Nearer the Grass Roots*, published in 1929, in the context of describing his buying and publishing the Marion Democrat and Smyth County News, he says: "One day, on an impulse, I went to the town and purchased the papers. I have been running them now for a month [marginal note: "January, 1928"], and it has
been the most normal and happy month I have had since I threw up my job in
the advertising agency in Chicago" (p. 10). By the middle and late 1930's,
however, when the "Writer's Book" was written, Anderson had achieved a
happy marriage, found a new outlet for his artistic endeavors in writing
about the industrialism that had come to the South, and was fruitfully at
work on a volume of short stories and his Memoirs. Therefore, from the
ambience of his immediate happiness he could again look back on his adver-
tising days as ones of drudgery and frustration.

44/4-5. my books not selling. Anderson had to struggle all of his life
to make a living solely by his writing. In 1948 Karl Anderson, in the
article "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson," p. 26, had this to say about the
situation: "The royalties of Sherwood's first four books—the fourth of
them was 'Winesburg, Ohio'—came to less than $400. (Later he was fond
of saying, 'I am the most talked about, most unread, most unbought author
in America.')"

44/5. so-called literary kudos coming. Anderson uses this same expres-
sion in a passage in Memoirs, ed. White: "At the time I was being pub-
lished by Ben Huebsch who had taken my Winesburg stories after they had
been kicked about in several publishing houses. . . . I had been getting
a good deal of literary kudos but little or no money on which to live"
(p. 490). A sampling of the literary kudos includes, first, Edward J.
O'Brien's dedication of The Best Short Stories of 1920 to Anderson in
these words:

It is my wish to dedicate this year the best that I have found in the
American magazines as the fruit of my labors to Sherwood Anderson,
whose stories, "The Door of the Trap," "I Want to Know Why," "The
Other Woman," and "The Triumph of the Egg" seem to me to be among the
finest imaginative contribution to the short story made by an
American artist during the past year. (p. xx.)

In the very next year the dedication to The Best Short Stories of 1921
says:

In my opinion Sherwood Anderson has made this year once more the
most permanent contribution to the American Short Story, but as
last year's book is associated with his name, I am happy to dedicate
this year's offering to a new and distinguished English artist, A. E.
Coppard. (p. xvii.)
Secondly, in the same year of 1921, Anderson, young in literary output and in the minds of critics, if not in years, received the first annual *Dial* Award, intended to encourage the work of promising young writers. With the *Dial* Award went a prize of $2000. (The second recipient of the *Dial* Award was T. S. Eliot after the publication of *The Waste Land* in 1922.) Thirdly, in 1926 Anderson was given the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize for the story "Death in the Woods" (see 49/2 and the notes to 4/13 and 98/3-4), which appeared in *American Mercury* in September, 1926. Apropos of the irony of his receiving this award, on September 1, 1925, Anderson wrote to Gilbert Seldes, associate editor of *Dial* from 1920 to 1925: "Where do you get that stuff about O. Henry awards? Don't you know that I have been making funny cracks about O. Henry as a short story writer for years?" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925). Anderson accepted the award, nonetheless.

Finally, in 1937 Anderson was elected to membership in The National Institute of Arts and Letters. An article that discusses Anderson's election, after a cautious two-year delay, is Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., "Anderson and the Institute," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXIII (April 5, 1941), 11.

44/7. textbook for story writers in schools and colleges. A similar passage in *Memoirs*, ed. White, anticipates also what Anderson will say in 44/8-45/1 about *Winesburg*'s first two years' sales and its "condemnation":

That particular book did not sell. It was widely condemned, called "nasty" and "dirty" by most of the critics. The book was more than two years selling the first five thousand.

... "The book has become a kind of American classic. It is used as a textbook for story tellers in many schools and colleges. Really the stories might almost be published now in the Ladies Home Journal. (p. 22.)"

In a letter to George Freitas of Canton, Ohio, who had written to Anderson about the problems facing the young writer, Anderson, on August 27, 1938, says much the same thing:

Some of my own stories, for example, that have now become almost American classics, that are put before students in our schools and colleges as examples of good storytelling, were, when first written, when submitted to editors, and when seen
by some of the so-called outstanding American critics, declared
not stories at all. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 403.)

44/8. two years selling the first five thousand. In addition to mention-
ing this figure in the quotation from Memoirs, ed. White, cited in the pre-
vious note, Anderson speaks of it in a letter to N. Bryllion Fagin. This
letter was probably written in the fall of 1927 in order to correct some
mistakes and omissions in the "Biographical Note" that Fagin appended to
his biography The Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson. Anderson wrote:
"Winesburg--as well as Poor White--is in The Modern Library. It may be
interesting to you personally that it was 2 years selling 5000. It now
sells 5000 to 8000 a year" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1927). See 48/3-4,
where Anderson also speaks with pride of the fact that Winesburg and Poor
White are in Modern Library editions. At 88/1-2 he again speaks of the
Modern Library edition of Poor White.

44/9-10. previously published in the smaller literary magazines. The
Winesburg stories which had magazine publication prior to their publica-
tion in the collected volume are:


"Hands," Masses, VIII (March, 1916), 5, 7;

"The Philosopher," Little Review, III (June-July, 1916), 7-9; (this
is the Winesburg story "Paper Pills," not the Winesburg story
"The Philosopher"; see Phillips, "How Sherwood Anderson Wrote
Winesburg, Ohio," as reprinted in The Achievement of Sherwood
Anderson, ed. by Ray Lewis White, [Chapel Hill: University of
North Carolina Press, 1966], p. 67);


"Queer," Seven Arts, I (December, 1916), 97-108;

"The Untold Lie," Seven Arts, I (January, 1917), 215-21;

"Mother," Seven Arts, I (March, 1917), 452-61;

"The Thinker," Seven Arts, II (September, 1917), 584-97.
See 88/4-5, where Anderson speaks about publishing in "highbrow magazines."

44/10. had brought me in a total of eighty-five dollars. In a passage in
Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, a passage entitled "Waiting for Ben
Huebsch" and omitted by White in his edition, Anderson says:
To get the stories published was a harder matter. In New York The Seven Arts and the old Masses, in Chicago The Little Review had begun printing them and in one or two instances I got as much as ten dollars for one of them. Once later I counted up—it must have been in a base moment, when I was thinking of money. For the whole series, printed in this way, I figured I had got eighty-five dollars. I mention the matter because I am always getting letters from young writers and they seem, most of them, to be up against what I was up against. (p. 288.)

One of these young writers was George Freitag, mentioned in the note to 44/7. Anderson tells Freitag: "For the whole series I got eighty-five dollars" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 404). Phillips, "Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio," p. 150, says that only Seven Arts paid; Masses and Little Review did not.

44/11. Some literary recognition. The standard bibliographies of Sherwood Anderson's works, in particular Sheehy and Lohf's, White's, and G. Thomas Tanselle, "Additional Reviews of Sherwood Anderson's Work," Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, LVI (1962), 358-65, give evidence of the critical attention paid Winesburg, both at the time of its publication and later. Of course, some of the reviews were favorable and some were not, but undoubtedly the weight of critical opinion fell on the side of favorable reviews. As a sampling, consider the six contemporary reviews reprinted by John H. Ferres in his critical edition of Winesburg, Ohio, The Viking Critical Library (New York: The Viking Press, 1966). Of the six, four are favorable:


Llewellyn Jones, "The Unroofing of Winesburg: Tales of Life that Seem Overheard Rather than Written," The Chicago Evening Post, June 20, 1919;

H. L. Mencken, in Smart Set, August, 1919;

H. W. Boynton, "All Over the Lot," The Bookman, August, 1919.

One is unfavorable: an anonymous article in The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, July 20, 1919. Rebecca West in The New Statesman, July 22, 1922, although she compared Winesburg unfavorably to The Triumph of the Egg, nonetheless praises Winesburg.

There is also a good deal of evidence that Anderson, at the time, acknowledged the favorable recognition that Winesburg received. He
wrote to Waldo Frank on May 27, 1919:

Of course, I knew you would care for the Winesburg book but it is worth a great deal to me to have you say so as you do so beautifully. The book has only been out a few days but already I have had several letters of very deep appreciation of it. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919.)

To Trigant Burrow on September 15, 1919, he wrote:

Have you read my new book, Winesburg? The book has been getting rather remarkable recognition even from those who have fought me before. In another year it will no doubt get publication in France and perhaps in other European countries.

It seems to me that I have proven my ability as a writer. I know of no other man in the country who has got such recognition as has come to me. Yet I make no money, and it is evident that the only source of income I might expect to open to me, the magazine field, will not open. The editors of such magazines write me personal letters congratulating me on the fine work I am doing, but laugh at the idea of printing my stuff. It is all very perplexing and disconcerting. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 48-49)

Finally, Anderson admits in a letter to Waldo Frank written probably in December, 1919: "I get constant and beautiful reactions from Winesburg" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919).

The good deal of recognition given to Winesburg is evidenced by the fact that three years after its publication by Huebsch a cheaper Modern Library edition was also published (see 48/3-4 and its note). For this edition Ernest Boyd wrote the Introduction, in which he says:

The present collection of Winesburg stories gives the measure of his genius. In their unpremeditated narrative art they have a power of suggestion and revelation which we are accustomed to find in the great Russians, in Chekhov more than in Dostoyevsky, for there one admires the same economy of means, the same rich synthesis of life. . . . The stories are written out of the depths of imagination and intuition, out of a prolonged brooding over the fascinating spectacle of existence, but they combine that quality with a marvelous faculty of precise observation. Thus, the impression of surface realism is reinforced by that deeper realism which sees beyond and beneath the exterior world to the hidden reality which is the essence of things. (New York: The Modern Library, 1922, p. xv.)

To conclude, even in the late 1920's, when Anderson's reputation was at its lowest point, Winesburg received high praise. N. Bryllion Fagin in his 1927 biography of Anderson says:

Winesburg, Ohio, is a thoughtful book. . . . Winesburg is a sad book; a book of drab little stories, a book of the tragedy of our
life. And yet it is a happy book. Its appearance was a happy omen. It is a tribute to the sturdiness of the spirit of a people. It is a landmark in the evolution of a mature literature. . . . *Winesburg* is a book of passionate revolt--revolt which is always an expression of a deep love of life. (p. 86.)

44/14-45/1. by most of the literary critics, as a kind of literary sewer. Although it is not true that most of the literary critics condemned *Winesburg*, throughout his life Anderson repeated the story of the charges of filth and sex-obsession that were leveled against it. See, for example, *Hello Towns!*, pp. 244-45; *Memoirs*, ed. White, pp. 22-25, 349-50; and the letter to George Freitag written on August 27, 1938 (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 405-406). A concrete example of the kind of criticism against which Anderson inveighs is Arthus H. Quinn's in *American Fiction: An Historical and Critical Survey* (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1936):

> Inspired probably by The Spoon River Anthology of Edgar Lee Masters, Anderson has been publishing short prose sketches of people in a small town which were collected in *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919). The characters are lonely, frustrated, futile, and abnormal. Anderson explains in the introduction that he intends to draw grotesques, and it is quite probable that in a small town there might be found an insane person with hands which loved to fondle small boys, another who thinks everyone is Christ, a woman who takes a pillow to bed with her instead of a man, a minister who peeps through a hole in a stained glass window at a woman in her bedroom across the way, to mention only a few of the eccentrics. But why in the name of sanity and maturity, without which art is sterile, should anyone write about them? These aberrations occur mostly among adolescents, and to record them is to place one's self on the level of the small boy who relieves his mind with a piece of chalk on a back fence. (pp. 657-58.)

A letter of Anderson to his friend Van Wyck Brooks, written in August, 1920, a year after the publication of *Winesburg*, shows the depth of Anderson's feelings in regard to this kind of criticism:

> It did hurt, though, when I found you also rather taking *Winesburg*, for example, as a sex book. It got under my hide a bit. I'm usually thick-skinned.

> To me it seems a little as though one were permitted to talk abstractly of things, to use scientific terms regarding them, in the new dispensation, but when one attempts to dip down into the living stuff, the same old formula holds. A really beautiful story like "Hands," for example, is--well, nasty. God help us! Dozens of men have told me privately they knew Wing Biddlebaum. I tried to present him sympathetically--taboo. (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 59-60.)
45/1-2. critics who, after some ten or fifteen years, began to praise it highly. Anderson was fond of telling the story of how Floyd Dell and Henry Mencken first rejected and later praised the Winesburg stories. The Memoirs pages and the Freitag letter cited in the previous note tell the same story, and mention Dell and Mencken by name. Nonetheless, as was mentioned in the note to 44/11, Mencken wrote a laudatory review of Winesburg in Smart Set, August, 1919, and he also praised it at the time of its publication in an article in the Chicago American headed "Anderson Great Novelist, Says Mencken." Mencken, however, did not publish any of the Winesburg stories in Smart Set. Furthermore, Floyd Dell wrote in "American Fiction," Liberator, II (September, 1919), 47, that Winesburg was "a magnificent collection of tales." Prior to this praise Dell had thought enough of the Winesburg tales to print three of them in Masses: "The Book of the Grotesque," "Hands," and "The Strength of God." In a letter from Dell to William Phillips on December 12, 1918, Dell says that there was "no truth at all" to Anderson's story that Dell rejected the Winesburg tales when he first saw them. He also says that "the origin of that delusion was the fact that some of the later Winesburg tales were submitted to vote at an editorial meeting or meetings and were voted down by the editors. S. A.'s paranoid self-pity turned this into a conspiracy with me as villain." See Phillips, "Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio," p. 148; pp. 3-6 and 147-48 give many details of the Dell-Mencken story. Dell also disavows his alleged mistreatment of Anderson in "How Sherwood Anderson Became an Author," a review of Anderson's Memoirs, which appeared in New York Herald-Tribune Books, XVIII (April 12, 1942), pp. 1-2, and in "On Being Sherwood Anderson's Literary Father," Newberry Library Bulletin, V (December, 1961), 315-21. See, however, in the note to 23/16, Anderson's letter to Waldo Frank in 1916, which cites Dell's disapproval of the Winesburg story "Loneliness."

45/7-8. we young writers were all looking up to him at the time. This statement seems to indicate that the "famous literary critic" of 45/5 is Dell rather than Mencken. As Anderson tells us in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 336: "It was through Margery [Currey] that I met Ben Hecht,
Arthur Ficke, her husband Floyd Dell, who became for a time a kind of literary father to me." Nonetheless, in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 349-350, Anderson also says:

I think that later, a good many years later, both men [Dell and Mencken] made claims to having been, more or less, the fathers of the stories. I think that by the time they came to make the claim they had both convinced themselves it was true. I think that it is now generally recognized that the little book did something of importance. It broke the O. Henry grip, de Maupassant grip. [See 55/10-11.] It brought the short story in America into a new relation with life. I myself think that the real fathers and if you please the mothers of the Winesburg stories were the people who once lived with me in a Chicago rooming house, the unsuccessful Little Children of the Arts.

Apropos of the paternity of the Winesburg tales, the letter to Waldo Frank written on May 27, 1919, and cited in the note to 44/11, goes on to say:

In regard to writing a review, if you can possibly find time to do it [Frank never did], I wish you would do it for one of the New York papers or something else. It does not need to be done right away but there is a viewpoint on this book that no one can express quite as well as you and that ought to be expressed. In a certain sense, you are father of the book. (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1919.)

45/15. a novel that had sold. Anderson is referring to Dark Laughter, the first of his books published by Horace Liveright. It will be mentioned by name for the first time at 57/12. It netted for Anderson more than $8000 during its first year of publication. See David D. Anderson, Sherwood Anderson: An Introduction and Interpretation (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc., 1967), p. 91.

45/16-17. a publisher who suddenly decided that I was what he spoke of as "an undeveloped property." See 92/10-12, where Anderson speaks of Horace Liveright's coming to his rescue when he was down to his last hundred dollars. The passage here referring to the unnamed publisher is very similar to the passages at 92/10-12 and 93/13-94/2, referring to Horace Liveright. In both instances the publisher "plunged on" (45/17) or "exploited" (93/13) Anderson, bought advertisements in newspapers and on placards on streetcars (46/1-2 and 93/13-15), and made it possible for Anderson to buy his farm and build his beautiful home (46/3-4 and 94/2). Documentation for Anderson's relations with Horace Liveright will be given in the notes to 92/10,
46/3-4. **Built with it a House in the Country.** Letters, Newberry Library, 1925, from Anderson to Mrs. Barbara Miller of Grant, Virginia, and to Mr. William White of the First National Bank of Troutdale, Virginia, show that Anderson bought Ripshin Farm from Mrs. Miller for a total of $14.50, paying Mrs. Miller a down payment of $50 on September 15, 1925. From Letters, Newberry Library, 1926-27, we also know that Anderson had a cabin built on the property during the winter of 1926, that he and his wife Elizabeth Prall moved to the farm in the spring of 1926, and that the large stone house was built from the spring of 1926 until the summer of 1927.

46/4-5. **When It Was Built I Couldn't Live in It for Some Five Years.** This statement is incorrect, as is the statement in 97/18, where Anderson says: "For two years and while the house was building." The large stone farmhouse actually was built in little more than one year's time. Anderson and Elizabeth went to Ripshin to live on May 1, 1926. By that time the cabin, where Sherwood was to work, was completed, but work on the house had only begun. Sherwood and Elizabeth lived in an old barn converted into a dwelling and called "the green house." It still stands on the Anderson farm, across the stream from the stone house, and is now inhabited by tenants of Mrs. Eleanor Anderson. From a letter written to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill in the late fall of 1926, we know that Sherwood and Elizabeth were living in the main house by then. Enclosed in the letter is a photograph of the unfinished house with a description of it written on the back. The description says in part: "This end is finished and we are living in it." Sherwood and Elizabeth sailed for Europe on December 1, 1926, and on their return to the United States in the spring of 1927 they definitely moved into the house. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926-27.) By mid-August, 1927, Anderson wrote to Stark Young: "The house is really pretty well done. One or two country men dubbing about in the garden" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 174). Elizabeth Prall Anderson in her memoirs, pp. 144-152, recounts the building of the stone house at Ripshin. She says: "It was August in 1926 and the house called Ripshin was finished. Sherwood had good reason to be proud of it. He had
taken joy in every phase of its construction and it had an unusual, unorthodox beauty" (Elizabeth Anderson and Gerald R. Kelly, Miss Elizabeth: A Memoir [Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1969], p. 151). If she really means "finished," the year should be 1927.


46/7-8. Books, like everything else in America, are sold, not bought. See 93/16-94/1, where Anderson makes the same statement, and its note, which shows the connection between this statement and the dominant theme and metaphor of the "Writer's Book." See also three letters to Anderson's agent and publishers. Anderson wrote to Otto Liveright on June 13, 1924:

As to the matter of Horace. You may be sure of this—if I were thinking of a change from Huebsch I'd talk to Horace first of all. And I've no doubt more of my books could be sold by vigorous merchandising.

But on the other hand Ben Huebsch stuck to me when I wasn't worth salt as a property and he'd have to give me a pretty raw deal of some sort before I'd ever quit him. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1924.)

Anderson left Huebsch in the next year, however. Then four years after Horace Liveright "sold" Dark Laughter to the American public, Anderson wrote to him on February 21, 1929:

I've been reading proofs on Hello Towns. . . . It's a damn good book—one of the best I ever did. I want you to jigger up your sales force. Sell this book.

It is a real picture of life—fragmentary, as I have been lately, but real. People are going to like it. Books sell when you fellows sell them.

You go and sell this book. It is going to be a go.

You take my judgment on this, Horace. Shoot the works on this book. I really am right about it. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929.)

After Horace Liveright's death in 1933, Scribner's sought for and obtained Anderson as one of their authors. Anderson wrote to Maxwell Perkins on August 16, 1940:

At the same time, Max, I can't live by merely being thought of as a sometime master of my craft.
It is, Max, my own pretty firm belief that the American people do not buy books. Books are sold to them. Pretty much everything is sold to Americans.

When I began publishing, I began with Ben Huebsch, who had a curious reluctance about selling books. I stayed with him for a long time, for years. I was, at the time, strong enough to work, often at work I hated, to make a living and support my children and do my writing at night. I had finally to quit him or starve.

I went to Horace Liveright, and while he lived, Horace did sell my books. He took a gamble on me, and he won and I won. Horace had, as we both know, a lot of unpleasant things about him, but he did put a roof over my head and free me from having to sit day after day in a damn advertising office.

Which convinced me that my books could be sold. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 463.)

46/10. my experimental, half mystic verse. Anderson here is speaking of A New Testament, but he could just as well be speaking of his first book of poetry, Mid-American Chants, published by John Lane in 1918. See 167/2-3, where Anderson speaks of the "half mystic wonder" of "A Man's Story."

46/12. having what is called literary fame. When Anderson returned from his European trip in the spring of 1927, he wrote to Roger Sergel:

I'm pretty tired of bigness, big feelings, self-induced.
I went over to Paris, had a success of a sort there.
You haven't come to that yet. I mean feeling yourself established.
You get what is called fame.
Sherwood Anderson--
A man's name.
You hearing it around.
Preseently a kind of deep sickness. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 168.)

46/12-13. I was no longer young. By September of 1927 Anderson was fifty-one years old. When Dark Laughter was published in 1925 he was forty-nine.

47/8. "Go in for it," my friends said. Anderson had at least two opportunities, one in 1905 and the other in 1917, when he was a young writer, to turn aside and make money. Both of the known opportunities were offered to him by the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the popular magazines Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, and Country Gentleman. Anderson in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 211-15, tells of his early
offer from Cyrus Curtis himself who had been impressed by the writing Anderson had done praising business in Agricultural Advertising. Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 166, cites two letters from Marco Morrow, the man who had hired Anderson for the Frank B. White Agency in 1900. Morrow's letters, written from Topeka, Kansas, on October 11 and November 12, 1941, corroborate Anderson's account that he wrote a story for George Horace Lorimer which Lorimer rejected because it did not "glorify" business. Anderson refused to change the story. Sutton, however, doubts that Anderson was offered a position as editorial writer.

The second opportunity that Anderson had to write for the Curtis Company came in 1917. From Anderson's letters to Waldo Frank we learn that the Curtis Company again approached him. He wrote to Frank from Chicago sometime before October 29, 1917:

The Curtis people approached me and I proposed to them that they send me on a two years' literary pilgrimage to the cornfields. I would like to find some publisher venturesome enough to send me on a long walk, to last about two years, among the farmers and the small town people of the Middle West. I want to pull out of business and go live among the people but don't want to make compromises. I would produce stories, sketches and articles. Don't like the flavor of the Curtis crowd, but if I went for them I would work on Country Gentleman, not the Post. That would be better. Is there any other magazine, a little broad in its outlook, that might be interested in such an idea? (Letters, Newberry Library, 1917.)

Anderson also wrote to Frank sometime before November 7, 1917:

Here is an odd thing that may interest you. It may prove to you that I am corrupt. It almost seems to me so and keeps me grinning as I go along the street.

[Barton Wood] Currie of the Curtis crowd wanted me to do some country town stories for them. I dismissed the idea, said I couldn't write to order, etc.

But the damned cuss got an idea into my head. I was a good deal tired and blue and began doing some small-town stories in a semi-light vein for my own amusement. They fairly dance along, and I grin all the time as I write. The idea I have is whimsical and tremendously amusing. In spite of myself I may do just what the cuss wants and make a little money. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 22.)

Here is an instance in 1917 when Anderson resisted the "temptation" to write for money. See 78/13, 81/6-7, and 82/7.

47/8-9. At that time the movies had just become a gold mine for writers. At the time Anderson changed from Huebsch to Liveright, he wrote to his
life-long friend John Emerson, Hollywood producer and actor (see 67/9 and its note), to ask his advice about movie rights for his books. In a letter written on April 5, 1925, he tells Emerson about his new contract, and then says:

The only thing left open in the contract covers play rights and moving picture rights to my books and stories. These are perhaps not valuable now, but with the rapid change of things going on they may be any day. Dreiser [see 77/13-14 and its note], for example, was recently offered twenty thousand for movie rights to The Genius. Liveright wants to handle all such negotiations for me and there is a question as to what percentage of any monies got from these rights should go to him. I took the liberty of asking him to impose on you in my name to discuss the matter. You and he come to an agreement that seems fair to you both and write it into the contract. Whatever seems right to you two will be right with me. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

Anderson had worked for Emerson's movie company in the fall of 1918 as a publicity man; he calls the job a "sinecure" in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 407. See also A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 22-23. We see from evidence in his letters that throughout his life he had a desire to get some of his works into the movies. He never succeeded, however. See 82/3-4, where he says, "I had even written, two or three times, to agents in New York or Hollywood." The note to 82/3-4 documents some of this correspondence.

47/12-13. Then you can write as you want to write. In a letter to Trigant Burrow on October 12, 1921, Anderson wrote:

The commercial aspect of thing[s] is really more deeply seated in all of us than we quite dare allow ourselves to realize. I constantly myself have men come to me, men who I think love me too, and say: "Now, Anderson, you could write a novel or a play that would make money. Why don't you do it and thus make money enough to be a free man? Afterward you could of course do your real work." (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 75.)

Twice in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 329-30 and 410, Anderson speaks in the same vein, and in both instances he is speaking about the time of his return to Chicago after he left business in Elyria. The incident on p. 410 is summarized in this way: "I could go into the movies, write the stuff they want, for a time, get myself some dough. Then I could cut it out." See also 80/5, where Anderson says: "If I go to Hollywood, write drivel there, get money by it."
47/15-16. when I was writing all of my earlier books, I was very strong. See the note to 46/7-8 and Anderson's letter to Maxwell Perkins which says the same thing.

48/3-13. both . . . At that time. This passage is omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, perhaps because, like the passage in 43/12-46/11 (see note), Rosenfeld did not consider it in keeping with the pastoral tone he established in his version of Part I. Another passage that may have been omitted for the same reason is the one concerning "Death in the Woods" and Anderson's practice of waiting for a story to come to him (49/2-15).

48/3-4. both now to be had at a low price in The Modern Library. See the note to 44/8. Winesburg, Ohio was published in a Modern Library reprint in 1922 and Poor White in 1926. As to the reprint of Winesburg, from letters between Huebsch and Anderson we can see Huebsch's reluctance to sell to Horace Liveright and the Viking Press, publishers of the Modern Library, the plates of Winesburg. Anderson argues, however, that a cheaper edition would enhance the book's popularity and not greatly interfere with the sales of the more expensive edition. Here and in 88/1-2 Anderson speaks of the Modern Library editions as marks of great distinction.

48/4-5. I was living in a Chicago rooming house. As has been noted (23/10-11), Winesburg, Ohio was written in a rooming house at 735 Cass Street, Chicago, but Poor White was not. Poor White was begun and nearly completed when Anderson was in New York in the fall of 1918, working on his "sinecure" in John Emerson's movie company. He finished Poor White in the winter of 1920 in Fairhope, Alabama (Schevill, pp. 118-23).

48/7-8. I undressed. It seemed to me that I wanted, . . . a great washing. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 249-50, Anderson describes a similar scene in which he undresses, washes his clothes, his room, and himself, before he starts his writing. In Memoirs, however, he puts this scene in his home in Elyria.
48/14-15. I have never been one who can correct, fill in, rework his stories. This statement is substantially correct, but false if taken too literally. By temperament Anderson was not inclined to rework, correct, and fill in details in his stories. The many versions of the same story that fill the vast manuscript collection of Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library attest to the fact that Anderson, instead of reworking a story, often rewrote it completely (see 154/2-5). It is possible that Part III, "The Writer," is a concrete example of Anderson's working in this manner. It seems to the present editor, as is explained in the Introduction and in the note to 121/1-128/6, that "The Writer" is an early version of the short story "Pastoral."

On the other hand, Anderson often made specific corrections, deletions, and additions in his manuscripts. The number of notes that indicate manuscript changes at the foot of the pages of the text of the "Writer's Book" attests to this fact. So does the whole of the manuscript collection at the Newberry Library. See also William Phillips' "How Sherwood Anderson Wrote Winesburg, Ohio." When commenting on Anderson's statement in Memoirs (ed. Rosenfeld, p. 280; in White's edition the passage is on p. 352), that no word of "Hands" was changed after its original composition at one sitting, Phillips says:

Furthermore, although Anderson insisted that after writing the story "Hands," "no word of it ever changed," the manuscript shows that the tale underwent extensive revisions of words and phrases after it had been written. And in addition to the manuscript revisions, the first five paragraphs of the Masses version of "Hands" are a re-arrangement of the corresponding first two paragraphs of the manuscript version, indicating that Anderson reworked the first part of the story before submitting it to the Masses. (As quoted in The Achievement of Sherwood Anderson, p. 65.)

Anderson's attitude towards correcting, as well as towards "clean white sheets" (see 42/4), is well expressed in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 210:

To the writer of prose, who loves his craft, there is nothing in the world so satisfying as being in the presence of great stacks of clean white sheets. The feeling is indescribably sweet and cannot be compared with a reaction to be got from sheets on which one has already scribbled. The written sheets are already covered with one's faults; and oh, it is seldom indeed these sentences, scrawled across these sheets, can compare with what was intended.
48/15-49/1. I must try and when I fail must throw away. Evidently Anderson wrote *A Story Teller's Story* in the manner he describes here and in the quotation from that book given in the previous note. In a letter to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill written in September, 1923, he speaks about writing *A Story Teller's Story*: "As for this present book on which I work now, it has been rewritten several times. The physical labor has been tremendous. Never did I tear up so much" (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 108). See also 98/3-4 and 153/10 and their notes for more details on Anderson's practice of writing and throwing away.

49/1-2. Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times. See 154/3-4, where Anderson says: "There are single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written."

49/2-15. and there is one story . . . days of trying. This passage is omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of *Memoirs*. See the note to 48/3-13.

49/2-4. "Death in the Woods," a magnificent tale, one of the most penetrating written in our times. This might seem like inordinately high praise from the author himself, but Anderson's judgment here must be allowed to stand. "Death in the Woods" is one of the acknowledged masterpieces among Anderson's short stories (see the notes to 4/13 and 98/3-4), for which he received the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize in 1926 (see the note to 44/5). Some of the critics who share Anderson's high opinion of "Death in the Woods" are:

- Mary Rohrberger, "The Man, the Boy, and the Myth: Sherwood Anderson's 'Death in the Woods,'" *Midcontinent American Studies Journal*, III (Fall, 1962), 48-54;

Sister Joselyn, who examines the four interlocking transformations of the story, concludes her study: "Thus the whole is implicit in each of the parts, and by these means and others, Anderson succeeds in creating a perfectly integrated work of art" (p. 259).

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ten years getting itself written. There is a passage in "Waiting for Ben Huebsch" in Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld, which is very similar to this passage:

Often I have found that an impression got from a story must stay in me for years. It comes into my mind, stays for a time. Perhaps I try to write it but it is not there. I must throw it aside. [I think for example of a story called Death in the Woods. It is a story I must have tried to write at least a dozen times over as many years. I am not one who can peck away at a story. It writes itself, as though it used me merely as a medium, or it is n.g.] (p. 286.)

In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 424-26, Anderson recounts the time in Palos Park, Illinois, when he, on a snowy, moonlit night, watched a pack of dogs running in a circle around him as he lay stretched out on a log in a clearing in the forest. He says:

It was on that night I got the impulse for one of my best stories, the title story for the volume Death in the Woods.

I did not succeed in writing it at once. It was one of the stories I wrote, threw away and rewrote many times. (p. 425.)

Actually Anderson did not get the initial impulse for "Death in the Woods" from the experience with the dogs in the woods near Palos Park.

Woods" folder and the other copy in the Tar folder at the Newberry Library; (3), a holograph fragment in the Tar folder; (4), a typescript in the Tar folder which became the printed chapter in Tar; this typescript is heavily revised in black ink; and (5), a typescript and its carbon in the "Death in the Woods" folder. This is the version of the story as it appeared in Death in the Woods (New York: Liveright, Inc., Publishers, 1933). The version that appeared in 1926 in American Mercury is identical with the 1933 version except for the addition of a four-line paragraph about bound children and the deletion of three words.

The published versions of "Death in the Woods" are: (1), "The Death in the Forest," Miller's version as reprinted in the appendix to Ray Lewis White's 1969 critical edition of Tar; (2), Chapter XII of Tar (Boni and Liveright, 1926, pp. 199-222; ed. White, pp. 129-41); (3), in American Mercury, IX (September, 1926), 7-13; and (4), the title story in Death in the Woods, pp. 3-24.

If Anderson is accurate in saying that "Death in the Woods" was ten years in getting itself written and since the 1926 version in American Mercury is virtually the same as the story as it appeared in Death in the Woods, "The Death in the Forest" must have been written about 1916, the time he was writing the Winesburg tales. It is interesting to hear Schevill speak of "Death in the Woods" in these terms:

It is one of Anderson's great accomplishments and its quality is due to the fact that in writing it he reverted temporarily to his old ideas about style and form. (p. 228.)

After he had finished this story, he dispatched it to his agent. Perhaps if it had been praised and accepted immediately, his interest in the old form would have revived. But Harpers turned it down. The American Mercury finally published it in their September, 1926, issue. [See the note to 4/13.] By then it was too late. The momentary urge to return to his old aims had worn off. (p. 230.)

49/8-9. It has not yet come to life, throw it away. See a letter Anderson wrote to Roger Sergel when he was working on the revisions of Tar, that is, in the fall of 1925:

How many times I have had like that--still have. It means only--I'm sure--that the tale you were telling was not fully alive in you. There are tales I've tried 20 times to write and don't get down. Perhaps they do not really belong to me.
Am trying to get the Childhood book done by Oct. 12th. It's crowding things a little. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

49/18-50/1. They write me letters. See Part II, "How to Write to a Writer," 113/1-120/8, where Anderson discusses the kinds of letters he receives from aspiring writers.

50/1. "You are our father." The friendship, influence, and later misunderstanding between Anderson and such younger American writers as William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe are too well known to need documentation here. The most explicit statement about Anderson's being their "father" comes from William Faulkner. In an interview in New York in 1956 with Jean Stein Vanden Heuvel of the Paris Review, Faulkner said: "He was the father of my generation of American writers and the tradition of American writing which our successors will carry on. He has never received his proper evaluation. Dreiser is his older brother and Mark Twain the father of them both" (Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, edited, and with an Introduction, by Malcolm Cowley [New York: The Viking Press, 1956, 1958], p. 135).

50/8. And it is so they should begin too. In "Man and His Imagination," p. 58, Anderson says: "The work of any writer and for that matter of any artist in any of the seven arts should contain within it the story of his own life." A section of "Man and His Imagination," including this sentence, was incorporated into "A Writer's Conception of Realism," an address delivered on January 20, 1939, to aspiring writers at Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan, published by Olivet College in 1939 and reprinted in The Sherwood Anderson Reader, pp. 337-47.

51/3-4. but for us, there is, there can be, no success; but while this belief. The manuscript reads: "but that, for us, there is, there can be, no success, but that while this belief." The present editor has omitted the two "that"s. This is one of the few instances when the editor has omitted Anderson's words. It is the editor's opinion that the two "that"s obstruct the sense of the sentence and were inadvertently written by
Anderson because he still had in his mind the "perhaps I am only trying to say that" of 50/14.

Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs also omits the two "that"s and makes five other changes in the sentence. For the purpose of comparison the three versions of the sentence are given here. The manuscript reads:

We have always before us, we keep before us the mythical thing we call "success," but that, for us, there is, there can be, no success, but that, while this belief in the mythical thing called success running among us, always in the minds of others about us, we will be in danger of inoculation by it. (p. 64.)

The present editor edits the text to read:

We have always before us, we keep before us, the mythical thing we call "success," but for us, there is, there can be, no success, but while this belief in the mythical thing called "success" [is] running among us, always in the minds of others about us, we will be in danger of inoculation by it. (5/1-6.)

Rosenfeld edits the text to read:

We have always before us, we keep before us, the mythical thing we call "success," but for us there is, there can be, no success, for while this belief in the mythical thing called success remains among us, always in the minds of others about us, we shall be in danger of infection. (p. 436.)

51/4. the mythical thing called "success." As early as 1917 we hear Anderson saying to Waldo Frank in two letters, the first written in March and the second in November:

Primarily the difficulty with all of us is that, being Americans, we in some way got a wrong start in life. The notion of success in affairs, in love, in our daily life is so ingrained that it is almost impossible to shake it off. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 8.)

I suspect that the thing needed is quite simple—a real desire, on the part of a few people to shake off the success disease, to really get over our American mania for "getting on." It has got to be pretty deep-seated if it gets us anywhere.

Why is the desire for success so deep-seated? I have wondered. Is it because we are neither urban or rural that we have neither the crude sincerity of the Russians or the finished gesture at art and life of the Frenchmen? (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 24.)

Ten years later Anderson, in the middle of his career, wrote in two letters to his son John, then an art student:

It is ten times as important to be devoted [to the arts] as it is to succeed. You will be a fool if you think ever that you have succeeded in the arts. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)
It isn't your success I want. There is a possibility of your having a decent attitude toward people and work. That alone may make a man of you. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1927.)

See also 153/9, where Anderson says that the real purpose of writing isn't surely to get fame, recognition.

51/9. disease. Anderson wrote to his son John in 1927, "Self is the grand disease." Later in the same letter he says: "Power, such as comes with achievement, is something. In the end it becomes a disease. It destroys the man who has it" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 167-68). This letter is quoted at some length in the note to 166/1.

52/4. but four hundred dollars, then three, two, one. Anderson speaks about this kind of financial situation in a letter to Burton Emmett, dated by Emmett, not by Anderson, October 21, 1929:

After the break up of my last marriage I guess I rather broke up. I haven't done much decent work for a year. Of course very little money came in. Most of the stuff I wrote I didn't feel like sending anyone. I tore most of it up.

So I came here [probably Washington, D.C.], almost broke. I got down to $50.00, was going to put the novel aside, go home and do some articles, etc., when luck came. I got in almost $2000.00. That means I can stay at the novel and, I hope, see it through this winter. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929.)

52/5-6. on a farm and in the house built by my one successful book. See 45/15 and its note. In 1925 Anderson wrote to his brother Karl after Karl sent him greetings for his birthday on September 13:

Sent you copy Dark Laughter the other day. Am leaving here October 8th for long lecture trip. Will be in New York late in October sometime. A damn bore but I need to rake in the shekels.

Have bought a small mountain farm in Virginia--Blue Ridge Mountains--and will spend next summer there.

Try not to think too much of birthdays. Slur them over all I can.

The novel seems to have got away from the barrier well and is running well up the back stretch. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

See also 98/3, where Anderson speaks about "delivering silly lectures to get more money" for Ripshin.
"Roll Your Own." This is another passage in which Anderson's irony comes to the fore. As we see in the last of the letters quoted in the note to 53/6, Anderson would permit Pictorial Review to change the title. He knew, however, that if the title that fits the story is not acceptable to the magazine, the magazine's editors will be hard pressed to find a suitable and acceptable title.

53/6. never published it. It is possible to verify the truth of this incident concerning "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath" by letters that Anderson wrote in 1923. In a letter to Jerome and Lucile Blum written early in the year, Anderson says: "Luck comes along. A magazine has paid $750 for the story about the jealous husband" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 91). In a footnote Jones and Rideout say: "Presumably 'The Man's Story,' Dial, LXXV, 247-264 (September, 1923). Collected in Horses and Men." "The Man's Story," however, is not about a jealous husband, and "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath," as stated in 54/8, is. Anderson, anxious to get the stories that were to be published in his third volume of short stories, Horses and Men, printed in magazines before the fall publication of the book, wrote to Otto Liveright on April 25:

Let the Dial have "The Man's Story"--if they want it--and will give it publication before October.

Also, Otto, try to get Pictorial to use the story they have before October--as I would like to include it in the book. I suppose there is a certain kudos for them in being given credit on the book's title page. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

Anderson wrote to Ben Huebach on May 16:

Enclosed is the copy for the new book of tales--Horses and Men--and I hope you will like it.

As for these stories I am sure of all of them for the book except the story THERE SHE IS--SHE IS TAKING HER BATH. Pictorial Review bought magazine rights on the story and my agent Otto Liveright says they will probably use it in October or November. I suppose we would plan publication of this new book for October so that if they printed the story, even in the November number, it could be included in the book. I would like to have it in. Would it, therefore, be asking too much to suggest that you go ahead and set the whole book as we have it here—with the chance we may have to pull this story at the last minute? (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

Huebsch wrote back to Anderson on July 10:

Liveright has just called me up to say that there seems to be almost no chance of the Pictorial Review printing its story in the immediate
future. It appears that there is a dispute about it between Vance [Arthur Turner Vance, Pictorial Review's editor-in-chief] and the Circulation Department. That being the case, the story will have to be killed. (Letters, Newberry Library, Incoming, Ben Huebsch to Anderson, 1923.)

Anderson received more detailed information from Otto Liveright on July 13:

Mr. Vance is trying to publish THERE SHE IS, SHE IS TAKING HER BATH in the November number of Pictorial Review which is released October 15th. He cannot promise it definitely as there is so much pressure from the Circulation Department. He will know surely in a month and I have spoken to Mr. Huebsch about it. He will be able to hold the book open until Vance answers definitely. (Letters, Newberry Library, Incoming, Otto Liveright to Anderson, 1923.)

Anderson answered Liveright on July 24:

About the Pictorial. That is good news. I've a notion the Circulation objection is the title. If it is tell them to give the story another title. I won't care. I can't see what else there is objectionable. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

"There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath" was never given another title and was never published in Pictorial Review or in any other magazine. Furthermore, Horses and Men had to go to print without it. Before it appeared in Anderson's last volume of short stories, Death in the Woods, it appeared in The Second American Caravan: A Yearbook of American Literature, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (New York: The Macaulay Company, 1928), pp. 100-111.

54/3. that he personally liked the story. In this phrase for the second time (see the note to 51/3-4) the present editor omits a word Anderson has in the manuscript. The manuscript reads: "that, while he personally liked the story." It seems to the editor that retaining "while" obstructs the easy reading of the sentence because the sentence as a whole does not convey a conditional meaning.

55/2-3. she was as innocent as a little flower • • • if I remember correctly. Anderson does not remember correctly. When the detective made the report to the jealous husband he said: "She is as innocent as a little lamb" (Death in the Woods, p. 78).
for a single short story, as much as a thousand, fifteen hundred, even two thousand dollars. Anderson seems rather conservative in his estimate here. In the last years of the 1920's the Saturday Evening Post, one of the best-paying magazines, paid as much as $6,000 for a short story by a well-known author (Frank Luther Mott, A History of American Magazines, IV [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1957], 698). Of course, during the depression years of the 1930's, even the Post paid less. Nevertheless, $2,000 was not an exceptionally high figure.

I have had a profound effect upon the art of short story writing. In Memoirs, ed. White, when speaking of Winesburg, Anderson says: "it has been said of the Winesburg stories that they did give story telling among us a new tone" (p. 341), and "I think that it is now generally recognized that the little book did something of importance. It broke the O. Henry grip, de Maupassant grip. It brought the short story in America into a new relation with life" (pp. 349-50). Critics agree with Anderson's self-estimate. In 1927 two biographies of Anderson appeared. Cleveland Chase's, on the whole rather unfavorable, says this about Winesburg:

These stories represent the finest combination Anderson has yet achieved of imagination, intuition and observation welded into a dramatic unity by painstaking craftsmanship. They are one of the important products of the American literary renaissance and have probably influenced writing in America more than any book published within the last decade. (New York: Robert M. McBride, 1927, pp. 31-32.)

Chapter 4 of N. Bryllion Fagin's biography calls Anderson "The Liberator of Our Short Story" and says:

Winesburg, Ohio has become a national classic, and has exerted the largest influence [of his three volumes of short stories] upon other writers of the short story, as well as contributing to the establishment of Sherwood Anderson as the leading exponent of our short story. It was Winesburg which made us pause over our unquestioned definition of the short story. Perhaps, we began to think, a short story is not really something concocted to produce an effect. Perhaps, we thought, having read Winesburg, a short story is so called not because it can be read at one sitting, or, because its elements are so arranged as to produce the maximum effect that can be registered at one sitting. Perhaps, we thought, a short story has more to do with life of people than with its own elements. Perhaps it is so called merely because it contains a maximum of life in a minimum of space. (pp. 80-81.)

In concluding the chapter Fagin says:
[Anderson] broke away, wouldn't be stopped. He has fought. He has dared. He has wandered in strange places, unusual, unfrequented paths. He has created things for the love of creating. He has said things that a short story writer, by all the rules of the game and tradition, should not say. He has spoken of himself and for himself. And a new short story has emerged. The American short story, through his efforts, is receiving a new tradition. Year after year he has gone on writing in his own way, creating new forms, enlarging and vitalizing the substance of a trivial, frivolous genre. . . . Even if Sherwood Anderson does not himself write a single other short story of value—if he should stop with what he has already written—his influence would entitle him to the gratitude of all serious workers in the short story, of all lovers of the short story, of all lovers of American literature. He has brought an age of sincerity, of honesty, of artistic integrity, into a frail, vulgarized medium—into the American short story. (pp. 94-95.)

In the Introduction to The Best Short Stories of 1929, Edward J. O'Brien states:

A comparison of the stories which I published in 1915 with those I am publishing in 1929 reveals an interesting contrast. Fifteen years ago, it was almost impossible to find more than one or two stories in a year's file of all American periodicals which revealed literary gifts of more than a technical order. In 1915, the best American short stories almost never rose above the standard of a well-made Scribe play. . . . To-day such men as Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, and Morley Callaghan, to mention no other names, have educated a considerable public sufficiently for it to distinguish between ready-made stories and works of art. (p. ix.)

In the Introduction to The Best Short Stories of 1933, O'Brien declares:

Sherwood Anderson's explorations of the contemporary scene attracted no attention at first. No editor was much interested in his stories and his early work appeared for the most part in obscure periodicals. Yet these almost anonymous stories of his, as we now see, marked a departure from the stencilled formalism of the past as profound in its effects as that of Chekhov's stories in Russia. Almost for the first time, an American artist had attempted in his fiction to present a picture rather than to write an ephemeral play. The pictorial values of Sherwood Anderson's work were not at first apparent, because his pictures lacked colour. He was much more concerned to present significant form than to dazzle the eye with colour. In this his instinct was profoundly right. . . . He believed in craftsmanship rather than machine production and so ran counter to the spirit of his age. (p. xvi.)

After Anderson's death critics of the short story continued to recognize the profound effect that he had on the development of the genre. In 1945 Herbert E. Bates in The Modern Short Story (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons) had a chapter entitled "American Renaissance." Its opening sentence
is: "To a young English writer beginning somewhere about 1921 the business of writing stories, the only possible source of modern American inspiration would have been the author of Winesburg, Ohio." Bates goes on to speak of Anderson's life and says that in the years after World War I, "in the years of immediate bewilderment, he began to write stories which broke free from all past American tradition and stereotyped formalism" (p. 163).

Malcolm Cowley, in the Introduction to the Viking Compass paperback edition of Winesburg, Ohio (New York, 1960), says: "He soon became a writer's writer, the only story teller of his generation who left his mark on the style and vision of the generation that followed. Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck, Caldwell, Saroyan, Henry Miller . . . [Cowley's periods] each of these owes an unmistakable debt to Anderson, and their names might stand for dozens of others" (p. 1).

Frank O'Connor, in The Lonely Voice (Cleveland and New York: The World Publishing Company, 1962), when speaking of Winesburg, says: "It is from this remarkable little book that the modern American short story develops, and the Americans have handled the short story so wonderfully that one can say that it is a national art form" (p. 41). O'Connor also remarks: "The year 1919 and Sherwood Anderson signaled the beginnings of a new self-consciousness; by 1920 Scott Fitzgerald was describing the return of the troops and the fresh complication this was creating, and within a couple of years Hemingway and Faulkner were sketching out the new literature" (p. 39).

William Peden in The American Short Story (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1964) asserts:

The antecedents of the recent or "new" American short story have been discussed in such detail in recent years that no detailed discussion is needed here. Among its ancestors are the stories of Gogol, Henry James, Chekhov, Joyce, and Sherwood Anderson. Dubliners (1914), and Winesburg, Ohio, published five years later, are towering landmarks and seminal forces in its development. The new story in America was essentially a post-World War I development, forged in the restless, disillusioned years following Versailles. (p. 11.)

56/1-60/1. There is a man . . . Yes, and. This passage is omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs.
56/3-4. **House is not wired**. . . . we use the old-fashioned coal oil lamps. The present editor's visit to Ripshin farm on July 16-17, 1970, was to a house equipped with all possible electrical conveniences, including electric stove and dishwasher in the kitchen (see 56/7). Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, however, confirmed Sherwood's statement that as long as he lived in the house there were no electric lights, only coal oil lamps. In an interview with the editor on July 23, 1970, Mr. John Anderson, Sherwood's son, said that his father, looking ahead to a time when he might sell the house, had it wired for electricity when it was built but that he left the wiring unfinished. In the Sherwood Anderson Papers there is a bill from the Johnson Electric Company of Marion, Virginia, dated September 22, 1926. The bill is for $150.00 for "wiring house" (Folder, "Ripshin Farm," Newberry Library). John Anderson's recollection of the house during his father's lifetime is of a house with wires protruding from walls and ceilings but with no light bulbs or electrical appliances. In a letter to Horace Liveright in 1929, at the time his third marriage was breaking up and he was trying to sell the house, Sherwood himself admits:

> When I built the house I wired it throughout for electric lights, building the wiring right into the stone walls, but, as a matter of fact, I have never put in one of the little plants they sell for making electric lights in such places. It would cost but a few hundred dollars to do this. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929.)

56/5. **Most of our land is covered with trees**. In the letter to Horace Liveright cited in the previous note, Anderson also says: "Up in the country where the house is located it is all cut-over timber land with great stretches of second growth timber now growing up" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929). Ripshin Farm is in the midst of the beautiful forests of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

56/6. **We burn firewood in our cookstove and in our fireplaces**. In a letter to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill, written from Ripshin in the late fall of 1926, Anderson says:

> The house is stone--18 inch walls--hot water heating system--9 rooms--2 bathrooms--3 toilets--spring water in the house--all wood in the house oak.
The farm is about 33 acres. Our own firewood on the place--5 fireplaces.
Cost of all building, farm, etc., about $10,000.

Karl says cost in city would not be under $30,000. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

56/9. **our Ruby.** Ruby Sullivan Barker worked for the Andersons for different periods of time from 1933 or 1934 until her marriage in 1940. In a letter she wrote to the present editor from Roanoke, Virginia, on August 24, 1970, she verifies many of the facts Sherwood mentions here in the "Writer's Book." Her letter says in part:

I did work for the Andersons at Ripshin for a few years. There was no electricity during those years. The butter was churned by hand, the refrigerators were run with kerosene, and the cooking done with wood and coal ranges. Also there was a stove that was used for cooking which burned kerosene. The lamps were kerosene. Some of them were the Aladdin type. Also candles were used for lighting.

About 1933 or '34 I worked at Ripshin as a baby sitter for some of the Anderson's guests. I do not recall their names at this time. In the years that followed I helped out with the housekeeping and cooking for two or three years.

Then for about the years of 1937 thru 1939, I worked for the Andersons with my younger sister, Charlotte, helping me for about one year. She was married at the age of 16. Then I was assisted by Miss Faye Price for the last years I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The last year I worked was 1939. I was married in the spring of 1940, and was unable to be at the farm that year.

56/13. **The advantages of an electric washing machine.** The protagonist of **Many Marriages**, John Webster, is a salesman of electric washing machines. **Many Marriages** (see 104/5-9 and the note to 27/1-2) is the story of his flight from his job and his family.

57/1. **has she not lived for years with me?** Sherwood was married to Eleanor Copenhaver for eight years, from 1933 until his death in 1941. See 96/9, where Anderson says: "there is something grows very close between people who have lived long together, who have really achieved a marriage."

57/12. **My novel Dark Laughter built it.** This is the only time that
Dark Laughter is mentioned by name. It is alluded to in 45/15: "a novel that had sold"; and in 91/7: "this beautiful house a book of yours built."


57/14-15. log cabin by a stream in which, on ordinary occasions, I work. This remark helps to date the composition of the "Writer's Book." The first building that Anderson had constructed on his newly acquired farm was a cabin on the top of the highest hill on the property. In a letter to Mrs. John Greear, with whose family he stayed during the summer of 1925 (see 134/1 and its note), Anderson gives minute details about the building of:

... the log cabin I want to use as a workshop. Mr. Greear and I walked up the hill and selected about the spot where we decided the cabin should be built. As he knows, I want it to face the turn of the road so that it looks up the valley of the Laurel [Creek] and towards the distant mountains. Also I would make it face that way and have the front door on that side.

I made a kind of rough plan which I am sending you. (Letters, Newberry Library, September 30, 1925.)

The cabin was completed by the spring of 1926.

In Part IV of the "Writer's Book" Anderson speaks of the cabin when it was situated on the hilltop. See 130/1-2 and 130/17-18. In 131/8-10, however, he says: "I had to give up the cabin on the hilltop. I never wrote anything up there that I could bear printing." Throughout Part I, the cabin is always described as being by the side of the stream. See 103/3-4, 109/15, and 111/14-112/1. Therefore, Part I was written after the cabin was moved from the top of the hill to its present location, not far from the farmhouse beside Ripshin Creek. See the note to 131/8-10 for further details about the moving of the cabin.

58/1. "Can such a place be without electricity? Irony comes into play in this passage as it does in many others. Anderson's beautiful, large stone house should not be without electricity. People without electricity must be "anarchists" since it probably "is against the law" to live in such a primitive way. Furthermore, these people must be "queer" and "foreigners" since "it is not done." The real Americans have electricity."
anarchists. Anderson's ironic comments about anarchists also help to date the composition of the "Writer's Book" towards the middle or late 1930's when he became disillusioned with the "radicals," the "economists," and with socialism. See 79/14, 151/6, and their notes.

59/9. It is synthetic vanilla. A major theme of the "Writer's Book," the prostitution of art, is expressed in this passage with a slightly different turn. Here Anderson is speaking of what we might call the prostitution of business itself, or rather, the prostitution of the young, naive salesman. This passage is immediately followed by deeply ironic remarks on business:

"Oh, the world of business!"
"How wonderful!"
"How wonderful!" (59/10-12).

All of page 60 continues the ironic statements about the "very resolute, very courageous" (60/4) businessman.

60/3. a shrewd and knowing man. In the present context Anderson gives "shrewd" the connotation that he usually attaches to it. For Anderson "shrewd" is a pejorative term. Therefore it is surprising to have him, when speaking of the dedication of Winesburg to his mother, misquote it and use the word "shrewd" for "keen." See 72/6 and its note.

60/11. the first Roosevelt, the Teddy one. Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth President of the United States (1901-1909), was often the object of ironic gibes from Anderson. See Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 17, 192, and 255. See also A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 201 and especially p. 158, where Anderson says, in speaking of his days as a young laborer:

All about me was the great American world rushing on and on to new mechanical and material triumphs. Teddy Roosevelt and the strenuous life had not yet come but he was implicit in the American mood.

60/16-61/1. "The trouble with you," I told myself, "is just the years you spent in business." This sentence is quoted by Sutton in Exit to Eternity, p. 12. Sutton gives as his source "The Sound of the Stream," The
Sherwood Anderson Reader, p. 365. As the Introduction to this edition explains, Paul Rosenfeld published first in Memoirs, 1942, and then in the Reader, 1947, a portion of Part I of the "Writer's Book" and called it "The Sound of the Stream." Sutton's Exit to Elsinore deals with the years when Anderson lived in Elyria, that is, 1907-1913, and it gives no indication that the sentence quoted was written late in Anderson's life. The context of the quotation is as follows:

The dual process of indulging in writing and neglecting business was evidently protracted and unsystematic, but certain aspects of it can be identified and partially described. In spite of the fact that Anderson eventually did separate himself from his family to follow the destiny of his artistic urge, the decision seems to have been achieved only gradually through great struggle and in response to powerful inward pressures. "The trouble with you," I told myself, "is just the years you spent in business."

61/2. quite intimately. Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 438, changes these words to "internationally." This change is another instance in which Rosenfeld's editing alters the meaning of the text.

61/3. puzzled as I was puzzled. A letter written at the time of which Anderson is speaking, written in late February of 1919 to Waldo Frank, tells of such experiences:

It is sad that those who have done most for me get the least in return. To the men about me in the office there I present myself as a strong swimmer. Hardly a day passes that some businessman or woman does not come to me asking a question.

"How do you remain so calm and quiet?" they ask.

I laugh. "It is because I love God," I say.

The men and women are baffled. They are angry at me. They love me.

I cannot explain to them that I also am troubled and tossed out. I am too much like them.

I come to the few people who have emerged into self-consciousness. It is for that reason you get occasionally such letters. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919.)

See also Anderson's letter to Trigant Burrow, written in September of 1919 (quoted in the note to 44/11) in which Anderson says that the mixed reception given to his works "is all very perplexing and disconcerting" (Letters, ed. Jones and Ridout, p. 49).
61/11-13. in the fifteen or twenty years during which I was in business as advertising writer, as manufacturer. Compare this statement with 44/1: "for ten, fifteen years as advertising writer." As the note to 44/1-2 shows, Anderson was in the advertising business for a total of fifteen years. He was a manufacturer for six and a half years, from 1906 to 1913. Therefore, he was in business for nearly twenty-two years, from 1900 to 1922.

61/13-14. five men among my personal acquaintances had killed themselves. In Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson makes a similar, though less strong, statement: "I had, during my experience as business man, known two or three people who afterwards committed suicide" (p. 416).

62/2-3. 'What is good for business is good for you.' The irony of this statement and of the following one--"we are a great brotherhood"--helps to date the composition of Part I in the depression years of the 1930's. They also connect it with Anderson's views on capitalism and socialism. See 79/14, 80/8, 151/6, and their notes.

62/13-14. a businessman who is by chance shy, sensitive, even neurotic. Anderson seems still to have in mind the main character of "There She Is, She Is Taking Her Bath." These adjectives aptly describe John Smith's diffidence and jealousy.

62/14. neurotic. As the Introduction explains, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson wrote in pencil on the manuscript of Part I above words that were misspelled and/or difficult to decipher. Here, for the last time, she wrote in a correction; above Anderson's barely legible "neurotic" she penciled "neurotic." In between pages 80 and 81 of the manuscript there is a 3 by 5 piece of yellow paper on which Mrs. Anderson wrote: "To p. 81 / 12/15/50." When asked about going over the manuscript, Mrs. Anderson told the present editor in an interview on July 17, 1970, that she no longer remembers writing on the manuscript of the "Writer's Book." The handwriting on the manuscript and on the piece of yellow paper, however, are undoubtedly hers.
Incidentally, Rosenfeld in his edition of *Memoirs*, p. 438, omits the words "even neurotic."

63/5. *my God, man, a judge!* Here Anderson includes the professional man in his indictment of business. He is implying that all those who are not in the arts are caught up in the commercialism of American life. On the other hand, in "I Accuse," described in the "Writer's Book" 77/11 to 83/2, and in a manuscript at the Newberry Library called "J'Accuse" (see the notes to 78/6-7, 78/12, and 79/10), Anderson also includes artists in his indictment of those who succumb to commercialism.

64/4-5. *the absurd notion I have that, in the end, I can make our farm pay.* Mrs. Eleanor Anderson in an interview on July 16, 1970, confirmed the truth of the statements in this passage. She said that only tobacco-growing is profitable on the farms in southwestern Virginia; but since the government strictly regulates the tobacco crop, it is very difficult today, as it was in Anderson's time, to make the farms pay for themselves. Sherwood was always spending money on the farm, but he never made it pay.

64/15-65/1. *no man could make claim to aristocracy who destroyed the land under his feet.* There is a manuscript in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscripts at the Newberry Library called "These Southern Aristocrats."
The manuscript is not included in either of the published editions of the *Memoirs*. In it Anderson says that most of his life after he was forty-five, that is, after 1922, he lived in the South, first in New Orleans and then in Virginia. He goes on to say:

I went north to Virginia and bought a farm there, in the hills. In the hills the people were all poor but, later, I went down into one of the valley towns. I began meeting the people there. . . .

There was something that constantly annoyed me. It was the pretentions of the so-called upper classes. They were bitten by the notion of what they called aristocracy, a persistent insistence on ancestry, always building it up, often enough telling themselves the most monstrous lies, which, having told, time and again, they came to believe.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
The South, with its slave civilization, having produced little or nothing of a cultural nature, having brutalized the poor whites, having pretty much destroyed the very land for which they fought, by the
continual cotton cropping, having, on the whole, made a failure of living on what should have been the most beautiful and richest part of the country, had, I presume, to claim something.

There is another manuscript in "Memoirs" Box 2 at the Newberry Library called "Aristocracy" in which Anderson expresses similar ideas. In the published Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson speaks at least twice in the same vein. On pp. 500-501 he tells about his friendship with a poor woman, decidedly not of the Southern aristocracy, but a person of great pride. He comments:

[Aristocracy] seemed to me to be always connected with the former ownership of slaves, with the ownership of rich valley land and money in the bank.

To tell the truth I had grown a little weary of the talk of southern aristocracy and had been asking myself a question: "But what is an aristocrat?"

I thought I had found one in the hills. It was my little old woman neighbor. (p. 501.)

On p. 555, when speaking of men who do not love and respect the land, Anderson writes:

In this light what are we to say of the men of our "old south," who cotton cropped all of the fertility out of the most beautiful section of our land? We speak of an old southern aristocracy. We should think only of their ugliness, their terrible weakness. Our Stark Youngs and Allen Tates are our ultimate vulgarisms.

In an article called "Price of Aristocracy," published in Today, March 10, 1934, pp. 10-11, 23, Anderson says much the same thing as he is saying here in the "Writer's Book." For example: "The South is now paying for the sins of an older generation which abused its rich birthright—the land."

65/11-77/1. But, man, ... beast. This whole passage, that is, sixteen pages of manuscript, is omitted by Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs.

65/12. mother, who died of overwork at thirty-five. Anderson was prone to exaggerate his mother's hard life, and in his writings he always made her death occur earlier than it did. From Sutton's research we know that Emma Smith Anderson was born on October 1, 1852, and died "of consumption" on May 10, 1895, when she was forty-two and Sherwood was eighteen (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 16 and 62). Anderson speaks of his mother's death
in *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, pp. 21 and 63; in *Tar*, ed. White, pp. 175 and 204-12; and in *Memoirs*, ed. White, pp. 67-68 and 114-15. See also 71/3, where Anderson implies that his mother died young, and 74/11, where he says "as she died when I was young."

65/13. **mother of five strong sons and two daughters.** In *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 21, Anderson says: "A family of five boys and two girls--a mother who is to die, outworn and done for at thirty--" A note on p. 31 of *Tar*, ed. White, lists the seven Anderson children with their birth dates: Karl, born January 13, 1874; Stella, born April 13, 1875; Sherwood, born September 13, 1876; Irwin, born June 18, 1878; Ray, born May 21, 1883; Earl, born June 18, 1885; and Fern, born December 11, 1890. Fern died in infancy, but all the others lived to maturity. Karl, the eldest, was the last survivor of the family. He died in 1956.

65/13-14. **Her photograph, enlarged from an old daguerreotype and presented to me by my brother Karl.** In a letter to his brother Karl written from Palos Park, Illinois, in November of 1921, Anderson says: "Many thanks for the picture of Mother. It is a charming thing" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1921). The editor saw this photograph in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's files in her home in Marion, Virginia, on July 17, 1970.

65/15. **hangs above my desk.** In *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 33, Anderson says: "Mother had been a bound girl and must have been quite lovely. Her picture, as a young and beautiful woman, is before me on my desk as I write." This picture, called "The Mother," is the first of eighteen pictures reproduced in *Memoirs*, ed. White, between pages 311 and 315. The picture called "The Memoirist," with the caption "Anderson in 1941 at 'Ripshin,'" shows Anderson writing at his desk with the picture of his mother on the wall behind him.

66/1. **photograph must have been taken when she was twenty-two.** See 70/2-3, where Anderson says: "she might have been eighteen rather than twenty-two when it was taken." It is impossible from the photograph to tell his mother's exact age. It is, however, the photograph of a lovely young woman.
in one of the uncomfortable chairs that used to be in all small-town photographers' studios. In the photograph Anderson's mother is sitting sideways in a chair with her right elbow resting on the arm of the chair. Her right hand is held against her right cheek as she gazes pensively off to her right. It is true, as Anderson says in 70/4, that in the photograph she is very beautiful.

the studio would have been in a small and stuffy room, upstairs perhaps. The key words in this passage are "would have been" and "perhaps." In this passage Anderson is doing the thing that he continually insists all creative artist must do, namely, create a mixture of fact and fancy, let the imagination so play on the factual world that something new is created. Anderson is not pretending that the circumstances surrounding the taking of his mother's picture actually were as they are described here. The literal facts are altered according to his creative imaginings, but an artistically true portrayal of his mother, his father, and the photographer is conveyed. See 30/13-14 and 39/4-6, and their notes, on the relation between the real and the unreal. See also 150/13 and 151/16-18, where Anderson speaks about the use of the imagination, and 152/18-153/15, where he speaks about the importance of the "flow" of ideas through the imagination.

above my father's harness shop. Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 35-43, gives information relative to Irwin Anderson's business ventures. He owned his own harness shop in Camden, Ohio, from 1875 until at least 1879. Camden is in Preble County, and the Directory of Preble Co., Ohio, for 1875 lists I. M. Anderson as one dealing in "Harnesses &c." It also ran an advertisement which called him a "Manufacturer and Dealer in Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips &c." Sherwood was born in Camden on September 13, 1876. The Anderson family moved to Caledonia, Ohio, sometime around 1883. Irwin seems to have lost his harness shop because, probably in the fall of 1883, he worked in Mansfield, Ohio, for the Aultman-Taylor Company, at that time one of the largest farm-machine
factories in the country. Nonetheless, a Caledonia resident remembers him as a harnessmaker who worked hard but "spent his money on drink in saloons" (p. 38). Several reminiscences of Irwin attest to the fact that he drank too much.

The Anderson family moved to Clyde, Ohio, probably in the summer of 1884. In Clyde Irwin worked for Erwin Brothers, harness manufacturers and dealers. Thus during the Clyde years he no longer owned his own shop but worked for others. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 34, where Sherwood speaks about his father's working in his own harness shop before the family moved to Clyde, and p. 37, where he speaks of him as no longer owning his own shop but working for another man in Clyde.

66/5-6. before he lost his shop and became a house painter. Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 41, says that the directory of Clyde for 1887 describes Irwin as a "House and sign painter." The directory for 1890-91 describes him only as a "painter." Sutton goes on to say: "Apparently Irwin saw that he could no longer earn a living at harnessmaking and made during the middle of the 'eighties the change to the trade he was to follow the rest of his life." In Memoirs, ed. White, Sherwood speaks of his father's house painting on p. 28 and of his sign painting on p. 38. Pages 95 and 275 have passages very similar to the passage here in the "Writer's Book." Three of Sherwood's highly imaginative accounts of his father's painting businesses are found in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 37-38, and in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 5 and 72.

Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 81, says that Clyde was basically a farm town and was not as deeply affected as other Ohio towns by the incipient industrialization of the late nineteenth century. Nonetheless, industrialization was partially responsible for the meager financial resources of the Anderson family. Irwin had to abandon his harnessmaking craft apparently because, with the advent of machine-made harnesses, people were no longer willing to pay more for handmade goods. Citing the well-attested fact that Irwin drank heavily, Sutton concludes: "part of the reason for his drinking may have been his frustration at having to give up his trade."
thoughts my mother would never have had. . . . There was no
Freud. The best study to date of Anderson's use of Freudian psychology
is Frederick J. Hoffman, "Three American Versions of Psychoanalysis," in
Freudianism and the Literary Mind (2nd ed., Baton Rouge: Louisiana State
University Press, 1957). Pages 229-50 discuss Anderson. Hoffman's open-
ing sentence is: "At the peak of his career, in the mid-twenties, critics
hailed Sherwood Anderson as the 'American Freudian,' the one American
writer who knew his psychology and possessed a rich fund of knowledge and
experience to which it could be applied." The remainder of the section
on Anderson disproves this erroneous assumption. On p. 236 Hoffman
quotes a letter that he received from Dr. Trigant Burrow (see 140/8 and
its note), written October 2, 1942. Dr. Burrow says:

My feeling is that Sherwood Anderson was, like Freud, a genius in
his own right. Anderson was a man of amazing flashes but again,
like Freud, the chief source of his material was his own uncanny
insight.

I can say very definitely that Anderson did not read Freud, nor
did he draw any material from what he knew of Freud through others.
Don't you think that all schools like to lay claim to an apt scholar?
I think this largely accounts for the psychoanalysts' quite unwar-
rented adoption of Anderson. Of Anderson I would say that socially
he was one of the healthiest men I have ever known. His counter-
offensive in "Seeds" [a story that grew out of a conversation be-
tween Anderson and Burrow] amply testifies to this. Indeed on this
score many orthodox psychoanalysts might very profitably take a leaf
from his book.

The conclusion that Hoffman draws from his investigation of Anderson's
knowledge of and dependence on Freud is that: "Anderson developed his
themes quite independently of Freudian influence, but with such a start-
ling likeness of approach that critics fell into the most excusable error
of their times; it seemed an absolute certainty that Anderson should have
been influenced directly by Freud" (p. 241).

Occasionally in his works Anderson mentions Freud by name. As Hoff-
man points out, he mentions him in Dark Laughter in a line given to the
hero, Bruce Dudley: "If there is anything you do not understand in human
life consult the works of Doctor Freud" (p. 230). Anderson also mentions
Freud in A Story Teller's Story and in Memoirs. In A Story Teller's Sto-
ry, ed. White, pp. 78-90, Anderson gives the facts of his birth (see 76/
13-17) in the context of the episode of hearing his father tell fanciful
tales about his parentage. These tales serve as a springboard for Sherwood to make up a tale about his "fanciful father" and his mother. In the midst of this long episode, Sherwood says:

And if you have read Freud you will find it of additional interest that, in my fanciful birth, I have retained the very form and substance of my earthly mother while getting an entirely new father, whom I set up--making anything but a hero of him--only to sling mud at him. I am giving myself away to the initiated, that is certain. (p. 87.)

In Memoirs, ed. White, when speaking of the time when he first came to know the people associated with the Chicago Renaissance, he says:

At the time Freud had just been discovered and all the young intellectuals were busy analyzing each other and everyone they met. Floyd Dell was hot at it. We had gathered in the evening in one of the rooms. Well, I hadn't read Freud, in fact wouldn't read him, and was rather ashamed of my ignorance. . . .

And now he had begun "psyching" us. Not Floyd alone but others in the group did it. They psyched us. They psyched men passing in the street. (p. 339.)

The discussion of the group's penchant for psychoanalysis and Freudian interpretation of everything goes on until p. 341. Also in Memoirs, ed. White, when Anderson speaks about the possibility of a deep love existing between two men or between two women but not having it based on homosexuality, he writes:

It is often a love based on natural loneliness, the desire for at least one close companion in life. . . . There is among us, in the modern world, with all our new literature and sex perversions, the great Sigmund Freud passion that swept through the American intellectual world in my time, everyone trying to psychoanalyze everyone else, too much inclination to suspect all such relationships as I am speaking of here.

I have myself suffered from all of this. When some of my own earlier stories were first published a good many critics declared that I had soaked myself in Freud but it was not true. I had, at the time, never read Freud, had scarcely heard of him. (p. 473.)

Modern knowledge of the queer tangled lines of sex in all of her had not yet come to America. For several reasons these are difficult, confusing lines. First of all, there is the difficulty of reading Anderson's handwriting. Did he write "lines of sex" or "lives of sex"? Secondly, there is the ambiguity regarding the antecedent of "her." Does "her" refer to his mother or to America? Thirdly, there is the vague
reference to Freud, with blanks written but never filled in. A passage that might throw some light on these lines is the following from Memoirs, ed. White. The context of the passage is Anderson's describing his attempts to write in Elyria and the beginning of his estrangement from his first wife. His wife was busy with their children and did not understand him, nor did he understand her.

Was there ever such a people as the Americans for always looking to the children, vaguely hoping they may live, may get something out of life we living Americans do not quite dare let ourselves take?

Whoa. I may have struck upon something here. Do you suppose, dear American readers, if I write this book as I should I am quite sure no one but an American will ever quite understand it. Do you suppose that we, Americans, human beings dropped down as we were in such a glorious continent, have always been rather buffeted by the land itself? That is at least an idea. We do all seem to have a dreadful inferiority complex, thanks to Mr. Freud, but I swear we do not, as a people, feel so damn superior to any other people, even the English. But do you suppose the land itself has got us that way? (p. 245.)

67/6-7. taking away my fear of perhaps ending my days in the soldiers' home. Anderson's own father died in an old soldiers' home in Dayton, Ohio, on May 23, 1919, having had little to do with the children of his first marriage after his second marriage to Minnie Stevens in 1901 (A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 63n).


67/9-10. we were both boys in the same small town. The Paden family was an important one in Clyde during Anderson's boyhood there. The father of Clifton Paden was mayor of Clyde before his death sometime around 1890 (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 92).

For the third time (see also 51/3-4, 54/3, and their notes), the present editor has omitted words written by Anderson. The manuscript reads: "My lifelong friend John Emerson, with whom, when we were both boys in the same small town." It is the editor's opinion that "with whom, when"
obstructs the meaning of the sentence. Anderson seems to forget about these words as the sentence unfolds. The editor has substituted for them and for the comma after "town" three periods, a favorite punctuation device of Anderson's.

67/10-11. one of the founders and the first president of The Actors' Equity Society. John Emerson was president of the Actors' Equity Association from 1920 until 1928, and honorary president from 1928 until his death (Who Was Who in America, III, 259).

67/12-13. who married that charming little woman Anita Loos and went to live in Hollywood. John Emerson married Anita Loos in 1919. Anita Loos was born in Sisson, California, in 1893. At the age of five she appeared in her father's stock company. He had become interested in the movie industry at the time of its infancy, and by the time Anita was in her teens she was writing movie scenarios. For five years she wrote scenarios for David W. Griffith. After her marriage to John Emerson she continued her scenario writing, working for Douglas Fairbanks for three years. She and Emerson established their own movie company, the John Emerson-Anita Loos Productions, and later they went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In 1925 Anita Loos wrote her first novel, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, which sold 40,000 copies. Later she turned her attention to Broadway, writing Happy Birthday for her friend Helen Hayes in 1946. In the fifties the Broadway musical version and the movie version of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes were extremely successful--(Twentieth Century Authors, 1942, pp. 847-48, and First Supplement, 1955, p. 595). Thus Anita Loos could be considered the epitome of a successful commercial novelist, scenario writer, and dramatist. See Anderson's comments on this kind of success in 47/8-9, 78/10-12, and 82/3-7.

During my eighteenth year I left home to study at the Art Institute in Chicago. . . I had been boarding with a family on the West Side of Chicago for about two years when Sherwood followed me there to share my room. He was nineteen then, a callow youth of medium height. At once he captured the hearts of the family with whom we were staying by his good natured assurance.

Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 145-56, gives a lengthy description of the days when Sherwood and John Emerson were rooming together in Chicago. Sherwood starts the description by saying, "His sister kept a rooming house there, on a street over in Chicago's vast West Side. We had known each other as boys and I had for him a rather intense boyish admiration." He then begins, however, to speak of John's "quick shrewd mind." When John wanted to advance in a job, "he would set about accomplishing his advancement with a cold, shrewd, patient determination that filled me with admiration." But this admiration soon wore off, and the passage as a whole gives a rather uncomplimentary picture of Emerson and his desire for money and success. See the comments on Anderson's use of the word "shrewd" in 60/3 and 72/6.

Emerson is presented in a much better light in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 16, when Sherwood speaks of a time he was in bed for a month with an injured hip:

There was a boy from my own Ohio town who had come to the city. It was John Emerson, who years later became a well known figure in the American theatre and the first president of the actors' equity society. He was a clerk there in a Chicago warehouse and, during my illness, he came every week end and divided his weekly wages with me.

67/15-16. I went off to the Spanish-American War. Anderson enlisted in Company I, Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, Ohio National Guards, known in Clyde as the McPherson Guards, on March 28, 1895, at the age of eighteen. Probably in 1896 he went to Chicago, and at the outbreak of the war in 1898 he had been working in the cold-storage warehouse for a little over a year. The United States declared war on Spain on April 21, 1898, and on April 25 Company I of the Ohio National Guards was called into service. Anderson and his company arrived in Cuba on January 3, 1899, six months after the armistice was declared on August 13, 1898. On April 21, 1899,
Anderson left Cuba and arrived in Savannah, Georgia, on May 2, where Company I was discharged from federal service by May 24. Anderson was back home in Clyde on May 26, 1899 (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 84-85, 93-117; Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 166n, 191n, and 198n).

In a publicity essay written in 1918 and printed in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, as Appendix I, where it is called "Sherwood Anderson's Earliest Autobiography," Anderson says:

"The Spanish War saved me from this [working as a common laborer in Chicago]. I enlisted, frankly not through patriotism—but in order to get out of my situation. To my amazement, when I returned to my home town to become a soldier, I was greeted as a hero—one who had given up a lucrative position in the city in order to fight for his country. My natural shrewdness led me to take advantage of this situation, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. (p. 346.)"

Karl Anderson, in "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson," p. 7, says that Sherwood wrote to him as he was going off to war: "I prefer yellow fever in Cuba to living in cold storage in Chicago."

67/16-68/1. he called me Swatty. There are three letters in the Newberry Library, for the years 1918 and 1920, written to Anita Loos and signed "Swat." A picture of Anita Loos at Ripshin Farm is inscribed in her hand "To dearest Swatty." Elizabeth Prall Anderson in her memoirs, Miss Elizabeth, mentions on pp. 47 and 109 that Anita Loos, but not John Emerson, called Sherwood "Swatty." In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 26-27, Sherwood says:

"As a lad and in the small Ohio town where I spent most of my boyhood I was known by the nickname of "Jobby" and later my friend John Emerson gave me another nickname. He called me "Swatty." A swatty is an old soldier. He sits in an easy chair, in the sun, before the door of an old soldiers' home. I think the two names describe very well two sides of my nature. I want to sit and dream. I want to move restlessly about, see everything, hear everything, feel everything."

68/3. You have no sense of money. Part of the "Anderson myth," self-perpetuated, is that Anderson had no business sense, no money sense. The truth is that in fact he had a rather "shrewd" business sense, and towards the end of his life, in his Memoirs, he admits it. Pages 12-14 of White's edition tell of a secretary whom Anderson employed to help him with his
writing when he was still working in the advertising office in Chicago. He says that he rented a small office on a side street in the business district where he could go to write, in the afternoons and evenings, while working at his other job. He would dictate his stories and letters to his secretary. (Whether or not all of these facts are true is, for Anderson, unimportant.)

The secretary left Anderson's employ to get married, and when she came to say good-bye there was "a wicked twinkle in her very nice eyes. She spoke with a certain hesitance" (p. 13). The gist of the conversation between Anderson and her is that she recognized his business acumen. She tells him:

"You see, since I have been with you . . . you know how many letters I have taken for you . . . to your clients, to your friends. I wanted to say, before I left you . . . You see, you have continually been saying to these men with whom you do business . . . you say, 'I am no business man.' You are always playing the innocent. You put on an act of innocence. You make yourself appear naive. "Good God, man, don't keep it up until you believe it yourself." (p. 14.)

See also Memoirs, ed. White, p. 410.

Many letters of Anderson's give evidence of business sense, for example, the following letter to Horace Liveright from New Orleans on August 28, 1925:

I am going lecturing about October 15th. If Mr. Leigh of the Leigh Lecture Bureau has not given you my dates, have somebody in the office get in touch with him so the new novel [Dark Laughter] can be pushed in the towns where I appear. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 146.)

68/11. fear of coming poverty and old age was strong. This fear of old age and poverty is a recurring theme in the "Writer's Book." It is also mentioned in:

91/2-3: "And what was this fear that had come upon me, the fear of old age, an old age of poverty?"

95/9: "And so, why all this silly struggle? Why this absurd fear?"

99/2-4: "She [his wife] knew nothing of the absurd fear of old age, trembling feet going down stairways, trembling hands trying to hold the pen, through which I was passing."

See the note to 91/13, where a passage from Memoirs, ed. White, explains
in part Anderson's fear of poverty.

68/12-13. she never knew anything else but poverty. See 14/8-9 and its note, which disproves the extreme poverty of the Anderson family.

68/15. A Story Teller's Story. This book, with the subtitle The tale of an American writer's journey through his own imaginative world and through the world of facts, with many of his experiences and impressions among other writers--told in many notes--in four books--and an Epilogue, was published by Huebsch in 1924. Ray Lewis White brought out a critical edition in 1968. It is the first of Anderson's autobiographies, followed by Tar in 1926 and the posthumous Memoirs in 1942. As 132/8 and 132/19 tell us, Anderson wrote A Story Teller's Story while he was in residence in Reno, Nevada, waiting for his divorce from his second wife, Tennessee Mitchell.

68/15-16. a really gorgeous book, one of the best. This statement gives a clear idea of Anderson's opinion of the book. For contemporary critical opinion, on the whole favorable, see the reviews that appeared at the time of its publication, for example:

William Rose Benét, in Saturday Review of Literature, I (October 18, 1924), 200.

Louis Bromfield, in Bookman (New York), LX (December, 1924), 492-93.

C. Cestre, in Revue Anglo-Américaine, III (December, 1925), 175-78.

Herbert S. Gorman, in Literary Digest International Book Review, II (December, 1924), 15-16.

Harry Hansen, in Nation, CXIX (December 10, 1924), 640-41.

Ernest Hemingway, in Ex Libris (American Library, Paris), II (March, 1925), 176-77.

Arthur Kellog, in Survey, LIII (December 1, 1924), 288-89.


Robert Morris Lovett, in New Republic, XL (November 5, 1924), 255-56.


Gertrude Stein, in Ex Libris (American Library, Paris), II (March, 1925), 177.

Walter Yust, in New York Evening Post Literary Review, November 1, 1924, p. 4.
69/1. a book that flowed. "Flow" is a favorite word of Anderson's. See 103/7, where he confesses that, as he was trying to force himself to write a salable short story, the words refused to flow. See also 153/3-15, where he speaks at length about the importance of not stopping the flow of ideas, and 157/9-10, where he says: "How the words and sentences flow, how they march." "March" is another of Anderson's favorite words.

69/1-2. flowed out of my fingers as the water in the mountain stream. See 104/5, where he says he wrote A Story Teller's Story "as in some delicious dream." There is, however, proof from letters written at the time of the composition of the book that A Story Teller's Story was not written with great facility. A good deal of material flowed from Anderson's pen, but, as he wrote to Otto Liveright from Reno in September of 1923, he had to "revise it rigidly" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923). Six months earlier, in the spring of 1923, he wrote to Gertrude Stein and Paul Rosenfeld about the actual composition of the book. To Gertrude Stein he says:

You see, in this book on which I am at work I am trying to make a kind of picture of the artist's life in the midst of present-day American life. It has been a job. So much to discard. Have never thrown away so much stuff. I want to make it a sort of tale, you see, not a preachment. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 95.)

To Paul Rosenfeld he says:

In the meantime I work--rather intensely. As for the actual work that creeps out from under my pen--I can't be sure of it yet.

But a process is going on--a sort of process of internal adjust-
ment perhaps. On these days, sometimes I feel as though it were a
kind of inner distillation with the hope perhaps of finding some new
primary colors on my palette when it is all over.

As a matter of fact I've written a good deal--have plowed straight
on thinking to go back and balance and weigh what I have done a lit-
tle later. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

69/4. book that every young writer should read. In the late summer or early fall of 1923, as work on A Story Teller's Story was nearing comple-
tion, Anderson wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill:

As for work--I have tried to do this book--big (physically) on the
position of the literary artist in American life. It is outside
my field but I did want to have a kind of say. There is a chance I
may say something that will mean something to some younger Sherwood
As for this present book--on which I work now--it has been rewritten several times. The physical labor has been tremendous. Never did I tear up so much. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

69/4-5. book that has never had the audience it deserved. Shortly after the book's publication Anderson wrote to Paul Rosenfeld, describing the difficulty he foresaw in gaining an audience for A Story Teller's Story:

As a matter of fact, I have no cause for complaint about the book. I believe sales are not much yet and may never be great, but such an outpouring of fine letters from fine people. At first I sometimes got several in one mail. What is my great handicap is really the dealers. I am known as a dangerous man, and dealers will not stock me. I think Many Marriages did it. The whole mood is one out of which I have quite passed now, but the public does not know that. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 133-34.)

See 104/4-6, where Anderson says that A Story Teller's Story and Many Marriages are "terribly misunderstood" books.

The critics, however, were generally favorable in their opinion of A Story Teller's Story. See the note to 68/15-16. Robert Morse Lovett shows that he understands what Anderson is speaking about in the "Writer's Book," as well as what he attempted in A Story Teller's Story, when he writes in New Republic:

Mr. Anderson's story of himself is not a conventional autobiography, plodding from weary day to weary day with chronological precision and completeness. . . . The record gains in vividness and reality, as do many of Mr. Anderson's stories, by the fact that he does not impose a pattern, even a simple chronological order, on his material, but lets that material possess him in retrospect and tell itself in a form which is inherent in its substance and grow with its unfolding. (p. 255.)

Lloyd Morris in New York Times Book Review compares A Story Teller's Story favorably with The Education of Henry Adams and calls it "a book probably unequaled in our recent literature for austerity of moral courage and sincerity of conviction" (p. 6). William Rose Benet's review in Saturday Review of Literature is a mixture of adverse criticism and praise. In criticizing the book Benet uses two of the figures--the pen and the river--used by Anderson himself in the "Writer's Book." Benet writes: "'A Story Teller's Story' runs forth from the itching pen of a predestined romancer in a bright and rapid river of memorialized experience, but the river wanders
...into a marsh at the end and disappears among quaking quicksands of half-hearted speculation." This sentence, however, is immediately followed by high praise: "Nevertheless, two-thirds of the book is unusually rich narrative and several true stories in the narrative course are, in my own estimation, among the very best stories Anderson has ever told." The episode about the young man and woman in the field and the marriage that ensued, an episode which Benet entitles "The Dark Field," is "one of the great short stories of our generation" (p. 200).

69/5. but that will have. In 1969 a Viking Compass paperback edition of A Story Teller's Story was published, with a preface by Walter Rideout. He opens his preface with these words:

Although A Story Teller's Story is one of Sherwood Anderson's best books, misunderstanding as to its nature and purpose may well have contributed to the decline of his literary reputation during the years just before and after his death. When this autobiography of an imagination was originally published on October 15, 1926, it received generally favorable reviews, including an enthusiastic endorsement from Sinclair Lewis, and sold moderately well. But in the thirties and forties critics frequently complained that the autobiographical "facts" were unreliable and that the book was disorganized in structure and thought. Now, forty-five years after A Story Teller's Story was published, we can see that this first objection is irrelevant, the second mistaken.

Another recent evaluation of A Story Teller's Story is in Rex Burbank's biography Sherwood Anderson (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1964), pp. 118-19:

A Story Teller's Story may best be defined as a romance-confession made up of familiar essays that are held together—like the tales in Winesburg—by a common theme and by a mythical rather than a chronological structural sequence. . . . A Story Teller's Story contains some of Anderson's finest writing. While it hardly deserves to be classed with Walden or with Leaves of Grass, it does share two qualities with those masterpieces. First, it has an intangible but pervasive quality which suggests the presence of an authentic person and of a vital, sensitive inner life. . . . Second, it shares with these two books a structural cohesion and movement which have unfortunately gone unappreciated by most critics but which make the book a significant expression of the "American myth." Admittedly—almost defiantly—an imaginative biography, it deliberately scorns the primacy of the world of fact and compels an imaginative, mythical interpretation.

40-43, recounts the tale that on Halloween farm boys would pull cabbages up by their roots, bring them into town, and, grasping them by the long roots and stalks, hurl them against the doors of darkened houses. If the thundering of the cabbages against the door did not disturb the inhabitants, the boys would go on to another house. If the cabbage assault did call forth a scolding and a pursuit, the boys would return time and time again to the house. Anderson's mother, according to the account, would wait behind the door of their darkened house and pursue each of the boys who threw a cabbage. After all the cabbage-throwing was at an end, the Anderson children would gather up the "spoils." "Often as many as two or three hundred cabbages came our way and these were all carefully gathered in" (p. 42). They were then planted, head down, in the back yard. They thus provided the main ingredient for the cabbage soup that was the mainstay of the Anderson diet throughout the winter months.


69/10. My mother was a bound girl. Throughout his life Anderson told the erroneous story that his mother from an early age was "bound out" to work for farm families. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 33; Memoirs, ed. White, p. 33; and a letter written on October 7, 1925, to John Taylor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in response to a request for some facts about his life. The letter to Taylor is ample proof that to Anderson "the unreal is more real than the real." He says:

I was born at Camden, Ohio, September 13, 1876. My father, Irwin Anderson, was, I have heard him say, a North Carolina man—the son of a planter. Have never looked up his people. My mother's maiden name was Emma Smith. She was Italian on her mother's side, Scotch-Irish on her father's side. Her father was a laborer, a lumberman, and was killed by a falling tree when she was a child and she became a bound girl. It was peasant stock. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

Sutton gives us the facts that are more real than Anderson's imaginative ones. He tells us that Sherwood's grandmother, Margaret Austry Smith,
who had been born in Germany with no Italian blood in her veins, was de-
serted by her first husband, William H. Smith, and probably supported her-
self and her two girls—Emma was the elder—by going into a family with her
two children and doing the housework for room, board, and perhaps a little
pay. Subsequently Margaret Smith married for a second time, had another
daughter, and was left a widow when her second husband, Lewis Naer, died
in 1861. Sutton thinks that Emma probably left her mother at the time of
her stepfather's death when she was nine. It is known that she went into
the home of Mrs. and Mrs. James I. Faris, near Morning Sun, Ohio, "as soon
as she was able to work." The arrangement with the Faris family seems to
have been rather loose, probably very friendly and charitable. Therefore,
Emma was never strictly speaking a "bound girl" (Sutton, "Formative Years,"
pp. 22-23).

In regard to his mother's life as a "bound girl," see also 70/8-9,
71/5-6, and their notes. In regard to his mental picture of his grand-
mother, see 75/1-7.

70/2-3. she might have been eighteen rather than twenty-two. See the note
to 66/1. If, as Anderson says in 66/4-5, the daguerreotype was taken in a
studio above his father's harness shop, her age would be twenty-two or
twenty-three rather than eighteen.

70/5-6. a few months each winter at a country school. Appendix I of Tar,
ed. White, prints William A. Sutton's "The Diaries of Sherwood Anderson's
Parents," pp. 219-30. A fuller description of the diaries and of Sutton's
analysis of them is given in the note to 76/11-12. Emma's diary for the
year 1872, the year she was 18-19, shows her rather routine existence with
the Faris family. It records a round of household duties and church and
school activities. Evidently she attended school regularly because she
mentions it frequently in the diary. Once she lists the other pupils in
her grade, and once she refers to grades "at the close of school term of
winter" (p. 220).

70/6-7. When she was eighteen • • • or could it have been at sixteen?
Emma Smith did not leave the Faris household until her marriage to Irwin
Anderson in 1873. She was twenty-one at the time.

70/8-9. a hundred dollars with which to make her start in life. Emma earned her board and room with the Faria family by helping with the housework. In her diary for the year 1872, under the heading "Receivable," she made fifteen notations of money received from "J. Faria." These payments were in sums from twenty-five cents to five dollars. Her recorded duties include washing, ironing, cleaning, and baking (Sutton, "Diaries," in Tar, ed. White, p. 220).

Emma did not have to make her start in life independently of all help. Although there is no evidence that she was given a gift of a hundred dollars, this may have been true. Nevertheless, she was married at the Faria farmhouse on March 11, 1873, by a minister of the Hopewell Church of Morning Sun, Ohio, and the Faria family gave a reception for her after the ceremony (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 24).

70/10-12. rather than the characters in the absurd story I was trying to force myself to write. This whole phrase is inserted down the right hand margin of the page and thus gives evidence of one instance when Anderson might not have made his revisions during the original composition of the "Writer's Book."

70/13. so much of the world seen. Anderson was an inveterate wanderer. During his life he traveled to many sections of the United States and lived for a time in small towns in Ohio, in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Mobile and Fairhope, Alabama, New Orleans, Reno, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Marion, Virginia. He also took trips to Europe: for the first time in 1921 with Tennessee Mitchell Anderson and Paul Rosenfeld, for the second time in 1926-27 with Elizabeth Prall Anderson and his son John and his daughter Marion, and for the third time to Amsterdam in 1932 as a member of the American delegation to the left-wing World's Congress Against War. He died in 1941 in Colon, Panama, four days after he embarked on a goodwill tour to South America.

70/13-14. men and women of distinction met. During the last decade of
his life, at the time he was working on his Memoirs and the "Writer's Book," Anderson projected plans for a work to be called "Rudolph's Book of Days." It was to be an autobiographical work but in the third person, like Tar, and was to discuss Anderson's friends of "distinction." The Introduction to Memoirs, ed. White, pp. xviii-xxii, reproduces a list of friends originally jotted down on twenty-four separate sheets of paper, one sheet for each initial of the alphabet. Those among the nearly fifty names listed on the alphabetized sheets mentioned by name in the "Writer's Book" are: Karl Anderson, Ralph Church, Theodore Dreiser, John Emerson, Horace Liveright, Maurice Long, Anita Loos, Frederick O'Brien, Carl Sandburg, Gertrude Stein, and Stark Young.

70/14-71/1. who in all America had been so rich in friends as myself? See the "Foreword" to Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 28-29:

It happens that I have met, in the course of the life, briefly outlined here, a good many so-called "notable" men and women, famous writers, painters, singers, actors, publishers. Whom have I not met? I have remained a restless man, always moving about. It happens that, as writer, I came into writing at a fortunate time. New paths were being made. Often nowadays my name is coupled with that of Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Masters, Sandburg, Eugene O'Neill and others, as, shall I say, a "pioneer." Naturally I am interested in these men met, women met, so-called "notable" men and women with many of whom I found friendship, but (and this fact may disappoint you who have happened to pick up this book) these notable ones are not and have not been my central interest. Some of them may or may not appear in the pages of my book and if they do appear will appear but incidentally for, in my writing, I have always written of, shall I say, "obscure" people and it is these who have given me life.

71/3-4. In actuality I knew so little of her. I had always been making up stories about her. See 74/10-12, where Anderson says substantially the same thing. See also the note to 65/12, which shows that Anderson was eighteen when his mother died. Surely it is no mere coincidenee that in Anderson's masterpiece, Winesburg, Ohio, Elizabeth Willard dies when she is forty-two and George is eighteen.

71/5-6. to the house of the farmer where she was to serve, half a slave, half free. As the notes to 69/10 and 70/8-9 show, Emma Smith's life with
the Faris family was probably characterized by hard work and simple joy on Emma's part and by kindness and charity on the Faris' part. Emma certainly was not "half a slave, half free," but rather, as her wedding and reception show, treated like a member of the family.

71/9-10. so much that would make it seem sad, a tragedy. See 14/1, where Anderson also says that salable short stories cannot be sad or "gloomy."

71/12. seeing the failure in life of the man she married. Let us hear first what Anderson has to say about his father in his autobiographies.

In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 5, he writes: "My father, a ruined dandy from the South, had been reduced to keeping a small harness repair shop and, when that failed, he became ostensibly a house painter." In Tar, ed. White, p. 173, he says: "Men like Tar's father take life as it comes. Life rolls off them like water off a duck's back. What's the use hanging around where there is sadness in the air, trouble you can't remedy, being what you are?" In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 274, he states: "Life had run out early for her and her man, my father, hadn't made good. To tell the truth he must have been to many people rather a joke." Again in Memoirs, ed. White, this time on p. 81, he remarks:

We had gone broke, down and out, and do you think he ever brought anything home? Not he. If there wasn't anything to eat in the house, off visiting he'd go. He'd go visiting around at farm houses near our town. They all wanted him. Sometimes he'd stay away for weeks, mother working to keep us fed, and then home he'd come bringing, let's say, a ham. He'd got it from some farmer friend. He'd slap it on the table in the kitchen.

Now let us hear what Sutton found out about Sherwood Anderson's father, Irwin McLain Anderson, 1845-1919. He was born in West Union, Ohio, on August 7, 1845, the son of James Anderson and Isabella Bryon Higgins Anderson. The family lived on a farm just outside West Union. During the Civil War he saw a good deal of action as a private, first with the infantry (June, 1863, to March, 1864) and then with the cavalry (August, 1864, to July, 1865). He remained active in the G. A. R. throughout his life. Sutton corroborates Sherwood's statements that during his adult years his father was no great success financially (see 66/4-5 and its note). Certainly he drank too much. Nonetheless, he was well-liked in
Clyde and his family was thought of as one of the "respectable" families in the town (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 25-30 and 42-46).

Furthermore, Sutton's analysis of the diaries kept by Emma and Irwin Anderson gives a quite different picture of Irwin, at least at the age of twenty-six and twenty-seven, than that perpetuated by his writer-son, Sherwood. At the beginning of the diary Irwin wrote the Latin motto Præ-
stare Fidem Morti—to do one's duty faithfully till death (Sutton's transla-
tion)—and almost every entry, except for Sundays, speaks about his work, about receipts and disbursements, and often gives a list of harnesses and saddles made, sold, ordered, or received. Nonetheless, Sutton also points out that his father's will mentioned a note for $150 loaned to Irwin on September 17, 1870. The note was still unpaid when his father died in 1886, "which fact may be the most eloquent over-all comment on Irwin's business career" (Tar, ed. White, pp. 222-24).

The final word about his father, however, still belongs to Sherwood. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 76-85, there is a section called "Unforgotten." This is the essay that Anderson published in Reader's Digest, XXXV (November, 1939), 21-25, under the title of "Discovery of a Father"; Rosenfeld prints it under the same title in his edition of Memoirs, pp. 45-49, and in The Sherwood Anderson Reader, pp. 698-703. See also Memoirs, ed. White, p. 44, where Sherwood says:

I do know that it was only after I had become a mature man, long after our mother's death, that I began to a little appreciate our father and to understand a little his eternal boyishness, his lack of feeling of responsibility to others, his passion for always playing with life, qualities that I have no doubt our mother saw in him and that enabled her in spite of the long hardship of her life with him to remain always a faithful and, for anything I ever heard her say, a devoted wife.

71/14-15. washing other people's dirty clothes to feed and clothe the boys and girls. This passage is very similar to passages in A Story Teller's Story and Memoirs where, as in the "Writer's Book," Sherwood gives his own version of his mother's and father's place in the home. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 12, he says:

If her husband, the father of the boys, is a no-account and cannot bring money home—the money that would feed and clothe her children in comfort—one feels it does not matter too much. If she herself,
the proud quiet one, must humiliate herself, washing—for the sake
of the few dimes it may bring in—the soiled clothes of her neigh-
bors, one knows it does not matter too much.

In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 28, 38, and 67-68, Sherwood says much the same
thing. See especially p. 156:

Mother dead now, killed by poverty. All the later years of her
life, when we children were all small, had been spent being a wash
woman, washing other people's dirty clothes to keep her little family
alive.

Father, although oddly lovable, never having any sense of respon-
sibility for the children he had helped bring into the world.

Sutton verifies Sherwood's statement that his mother worked hard to
maintain the family, although her life was not one of unmitigated hard-
ship. Sutton also attests to the fact that she was more highly respected
than her husband ("Formative Years," pp. 59-63).

Sherwood himself recognized the qualities that he inherited from his
father. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 21, after describing his
mother in terms quoted in the note to 65/13, he goes on to describe his
father:

A father, whose blood and whose temperament I am to carry to the
end of my days. How futile he was—in his physical life as a man—
in America—in his time—what dreams he must have had!

72/6. "Whose shrewd observations etc." Anderson in quoting from memory.
The dedication to Winesburg, Ohio reads:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

EMMA SMITH ANDERSON

Whose keen observations on the life about her
first awoke in me the hunger to see beneath
the surface of lives, this book is dedicated.

As the note to 60/3 mentions, Anderson's substitution of the word "shrewd"
for "keen" is surprising. Almost always in his writings "shrewd" is a de-
rogatory term, usually connected with the making of money. See, for ex-
ample, Memoirs, ed. White: "There were all sorts of scheming shrewd men who
understood what you did not understand. In New York Jim Fisk, Jay Gould,
that queer figure of the Erie Railroad, Daniel Drew" (p. 118); "Already he
had a chain, four restaurants, all alike, in four Ohio towns. I had asked
my banker and he had told me. 'A good shrewd fellow,' the banker had said"
(p. 267); and "There was a rich man who had made money and what a strange thing money. The man had been shrewd. He had, no doubt, a certain talent, the talent of acquisitiveness" (p. 509). See also a letter Anderson wrote to his son John in April of 1926: "There is a kind of shrewdness many men have that enables them to get money. A low order of mentality often goes with it" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 153).

72/7. Did she make such observations? See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 9: "When she spoke her words were filled with strange wisdom (how sharply yet I remember certain comments of hers—on life—on your neighbors)—but often she commanded all of us by the strength of her silences." Anderson habitually speaks of his mother as a patient, silent woman.

72/11. It is a lie and not a lie. This is another way of Anderson's saying that "the unreal is more real than the real" (see 77/4-5). See also A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 190, where he says, "the fancy is a great liar"; and Memoirs, ed. White, p. 21, where he says: "Facts elude me. I cannot remember dates. When I try to deal in facts at once I begin to lie. I can't help it."

72/11-12. In an introduction to another book. In the "Foreword" to Tar, ed. White, Anderson says:

I have a confession to make. I am a story teller starting to tell a story and cannot be expected to tell the truth. Truth is impossible to me. It is like goodness, something aimed at but never hit. (p. 5.)

"Where is Truth?" What an unsatisfactory question to be compelled to keep asking, if you are a teller of tales.

Let me explain—if I can.

The teller of tales, as you must all know, lives in a world of his own. He is one thing, as you see him walking in the street, going to church, into a friend's house, [or] into a restaurant, and quite another fellow when he sits down to write. While he is a writer nothing happens but that it is changed by his fancy and his fancy is always at work. Really, you should never trust such a man. Do not put him on the witness stand during a trial for your life—or for money—and be very careful never to believe what he says under any circumstances. (p. 7.)
All tale telling is, in a strict sense, nothing but lying. That is what people cannot understand. To tell the truth is too difficult. I long since gave up the effort. (p. 8.)

73/2-3. My imagination goes to work on them. See "Man and His Imagination," p. 49:

This whole matter of what we think of as realism is probably pretty tricky. I have often told myself that, having met some persons for the first time, some other human being, man or woman, and having had my first look, I cannot ever even see him or her again.

If this is true, why is it true? It is true because the moment I meet you and if we begin to talk, my imagination begins to play. Perhaps I begin to make up stories about you.

73/13. a good many years ago, I painted. At the time when Anderson moved back to Chicago from Elyria and became associated with the Chicago Renaissance, his latent interest in painting was aroused. His brother Karl was an aspiring painter in Chicago and introduced Sherwood to the Margery Currey-Floyd Dell studios in the Fifty-Seventh Street colony in 1913. Sherwood's paintings were given a one-man show at the Radical Book Shop in Chicago in 1920. Anderson speaks about this show in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 366. One year later, through the efforts of Paul Rosenfeld, he also had a show at The Sunwise Turn book store in New York (Schevill, pp. 83-84, 133-34). When he was in Reno in 1922 and 1923 his letters often speak about the painting he is doing. The present editor saw several of Anderson's pictures in Marion, Virginia: two water colors, one a landscape and one an abstract design; two chalk sketches, a front view and a profile of a black man's face; and one pencil drawing of the hills and the road of the approach to Ripshin Farm.

74/8. There may be beautiful paintings here. Throughout his life Anderson was interested in painting and seems to have been a creditable amateur critic. One of his deepest and longest-lasting friendships was with Alfred Stieglitz and his wife, Georgia O'Keeffe. John Anderson and Charles Bockler were constantly assisted in their artistic aspirations by Anderson's words of encouragement and advice and by his efforts to interest his wealthy friends in their work. Of the masters, those who seem to
have been his favorites, judging by the frequency of his references to them in letters, were the late nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century Impressionists and Post-Impressionists: Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Renoir, and Van Gogh. He often mentions Whistler in his letters but only to deprecate his work.

74/11. she died when I was young. See 65/12, 71/3-4, and their notes.

74/12-14. something of my mother in every woman I have loved and in every woman of whom I have written. The influence that Anderson's mother had on his life needs no further documentation than the numerous quotations from his three autobiographies, A Story Teller's Story, Tar, and Memoirs, that have already been given. It is also true that many of the attributes of Emma Anderson can be seen in the characterization of Elizabeth Willard in Winesburg, especially in the stories "Mother" and "Death," and of Ma Grimes in "Death in the Woods," the "bound girl" who spent her life patiently, silently, and laboriously "feeding animal life." Nonetheless, it is rare in Anderson's writings that he, as here, explicitly says that the women of whom he writes are projections of his mother.

75/1-3. some of my brothers have often told me it is false but to me it is a true picture. See Tar, ed. White, p. 6, and "Man and His Imagination," p. 49, where Anderson also speaks about his brothers' protestations that he is not telling the "truth" about their grandmother. In a typescript in Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts at the Newberry Library, Anderson confesses that he deliberately made his grandmother Italian rather than pure-blooded German. The typescript is entitled, in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's hand, "My Sister." Also penciled in at the top of the manuscript are the words "Unfinished." See other version." A note accompanying the typescript, also in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's hand, states: "Story of a Christian Life Made from this." "Story of a Christian Life" is a section in Memoirs which speaks of Sherwood's sister Stella. The typescript, when speaking of his grandmother, says:

Later, when I became a writer and, as all writers do, plunged back into my boyhood and my young manhood, often re-creating it, she, the
old woman with the one eye, with the great breasts and the wide hips of the peasant she was, was to become one of the favorite figures of my imaginative life. Later I was to re-create and re-create her. My brothers always swore that she was German but I made her Italian. It may have been because I fancied the notion of having, in my own veins, to mix with my northern blood, some of the warm blood of the South.

"But she was German," said my older brother Karl . . . this after I had written of her in one of my books, A Story Teller's Story. "And so she may be to you," I replied. I am sure that in the argument concerning the old woman, had later, it was difficult for my brothers to understand my position.

"If I choose to have an Italian, rather than a German, grandmother, what is it to you? If you prefer that your own grandmother be an old German, all right.

"Shall a man who has spent all of his life creating people not have the privilege of creating a grandmother?" (pp. 81-82.)

See the notes to 69/10, 76/1, and 76/1-2, which give some "truth" about Anderson's grandmother.

75/5-6. My own mother and my grandmother is my own mother and grandmother. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 21:

When, for example, I wrote of my own father and mother I depicted people my brothers and my sister could not recognize.

"Anyway," I said to myself, "I have made a picture of my father and mother." They were my father and mother as I felt them.

75/8-10. I have created for myself, out of my own thoughts, my own feelings, also my brothers, all of my friends. See "Man and His Imagination," p. 65:

May it not be that all the people we know are only what we imagine them to be? . . . To be sure I do not want to discount the difficulty. It is very hard to understand any other human being. It is difficult to tell truly the story of another, but it is, I think, rather a grand challenge.

75/10. My wife, my sons and daughters. Anderson's wife at the time of the writing of the "Writer's Book" was Eleanor Copenhaver, whom he married in 1933. He had also been married to Cornelia Lane, from 1904 until their divorce in 1915. They had three children. Robert Lane Anderson was born August 16, 1907. He succeeded his father as editor of the Smyth County News and Marion Democrat and died in Marion in 1951. John Sherwood
Anderson was born December 31, 1908. He now lives in Chicago and is on the art faculty at Kennedy-King College in Chicago. Marion Anderson, Sherwood's only daughter, was born October 29, 1911. She is now Mrs. Russell Spear and lives in Madison, North Carolina, where she and her husband edit the Madison Messenger. Cornelia Lane Anderson died in 1967. (Interviews with Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, July 17, 1970, and with John Anderson, July 23, 1970.) Anderson was married to Tennessee Mitchell from 1916 until their divorce in 1924 (she died in 1929), and to Elizabeth Prall, from 1924 until their divorce in 1932. Elizabeth Prall Anderson recently published her memoirs: Miss Elizabeth: A Memoir, by Elizabeth Anderson and Gerald R. Kelly (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1969).

76/1. who wants to get rid of her. Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 16-18, shows that this statement is not true. Sutton thinks that Emma Anderson's mother kept all three of her daughters with her until the death of her second husband, Lewis Maer, in 1861. See the note to 69/10.

76/1-2. my grandmother was married four times. Although Anderson makes this statement in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 9, and in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 44, Sutton in "Formative Years," pp. 16-18, proves that this statement is untrue. Margaret Austry, also spelled "Oustry" and "Ostracy," was born in Germany on September 10, 1830. She came to the United States when she was three or four years old. She was married twice, the first time to William H. Smith in Butler County, Ohio, on December 22, 1851. She had two daughters by him and was granted a divorce on the grounds of desertion on December 4, 1857. Her second husband was Lewis Maer, also spelled "Myers." She married him on March 29, 1858, in Butler County, Ohio. Maer died of cholera in Oxford, Ohio, in September of 1861. Margaret Maer lived until June 30, 1915, and never married again.

76/2. Let us say that my mother's father is dead. William Smith deserted Margaret in March, 1854, when Emma was seventeen months old and two months before Margaret's second daughter, Mary Ann, was born. So "let us say that my mother's father is dead" certainly was true as far as Margaret and her children were concerned.
76/3-4. The girl child will be a handicap to her. Margaret Austry Smith took her two daughters, Emma, aged five, and Mary Ann, aged three, to live with her when she married Lewis Maer in 1858, a year and three months after her divorce from Smith. Another daughter, Margaret, was born on March 1, 1859 (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 18).

76/6 and 10. Loneliness. As was pointed out in the notes to 17/4-5 and 23/16, the idea of loneliness preoccupied Anderson throughout his life. See, for example, the letter he wrote to Ralph Church on December 30, 1934, where he speaks about "a curious loneliness, separateness, that dominates lives" (Letters, ed. Jones and Hideout, p. 308).

76/11-12. the courtship of the man who became my father. As was mentioned in the note to 70/5-6, Appendix I of Tar, ed. White, pp. 219-230, gives William A. Sutton's analysis of the diaries kept by Emma and Irwin Anderson, along with excerpts from these diaries. The diaries themselves are with the Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. Both diaries were kept in diary booklets, Irwin's being slightly larger than Emma's, and both are from the year 1872. Emma's lacks entries for ninety-nine days but Irwin's lacks entries for only two days. In Emma's diary the first mention of "Irvin," as she consistently spells his name, is on January 9, when she notes that "Anderson was Chairman" at a prayer meeting. Not until Thursday, September 19, does she note that "Anderson was to come to play croquet [sic], but called on me." From Irwin's diary we know that on September 12 he went to a croquet party at the James Faris home, and that on September 19 he "called on Miss Smith."

Since Irwin was more regular in his entries than was Emma, we can follow their courtship through his entries. He records visits to Emma on October 1, 8, 22, 27, and 31, as well as a party at the Faris home on October 17. He visited her on November 12, 15, 19, and 28, and on December 10, 15, and 19. On Christmas Eve he "went to own Christmas Tree with Emma." In her diary Emma also notes that Irwin called on her on November 19; she mentions too that he fixed a harness on November 22. It would seem that neither kept a diary for 1873 (pp. 225-29).
76/12. her going to live with him. Sutton's analysis of the diaries says that Emma and Irwin were married on March 11, 1873, at the Hopewell Church, the licence having been granted by the Probate Judge of Preble County on February 26 (Tar, ed. White, p. 229). Sutton, "Formative Years," however, says that the wedding took place at the Faris farmhouse and was presided over by a minister of the Hopewell Church (see the note to 70/8-9). In "Formative Years," Sutton cites as the source of his information interviews with George Faris of Morning Sun, Ohio, and with Mrs. William Beaton of Oxford, Ohio, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James I. Faris (pp. 24 and 34).

76/13-14. could, if challenged, describe vividly my own birth. Anderson did just this in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 78-90. In this long passage which speaks about his "real birth" and his "fanciful birth," he says in part:

Such a birth in an Ohio village—the neighbor women coming in to help—rather fat women in aprons.

And then the doctor coming hurriedly, father having run for him.

He would be a large man with side whiskers and large red hands. (p. 80.)

The story I had set myself down to tell was that of my own birth into the world of fancy—as opposed to the rather too realistic birth already depicted, and that, as I have explained, took place in Camden, Ohio.

Very well then, a year has passed [since his "fanciful father" married his mother] and I am being born a second time, as it were, but this second birth is quite different from the one in the Ohio town. There is more punch to it. Reading of it will lift you, who have been patient enough to follow me so far, out of your common everyday humdrum existences. (pp. 86-87.)

And now I am being born. It is late in the afternoon of a still hot day and I, having just been ushered into the world by the aid of a fisherman's wife, who also does duty as a mid-wife in that isolated place and who has now left to return again late at night—I having been so born am lying on the bed beside mother and thinking my first thoughts. In my own fancy I was, from the very first, a remarkable child and did not cry out as most newly born infants do but lay buried in deep thought. (p. 88.)

76/15-16. my father running along a street in an Ohio village to fetch the doctor. As was quoted in the previous note, Anderson's vivid description
of his "real" birth in A Story Teller's Story included a description of his father's running to get the doctor. So does the description in Tar, ed. White, pp. 78-83, of the birth of the Mooreheads' youngest son, who, in the fictionalized account, is named Will. In neither A Story Teller's Story nor Tar, however, is there mention of a horse and buggy. In both accounts the doctor comes on foot.

77/4-5. the unreal is more real than the real. Anderson expresses this theory frequently. See the quotations from his other works cited in the notes to 20/14 and 39/4-6, as well as Anderson's remark in the "Writer's Book" that he "can imagine her [the prostitute] the real Cecilia" (30/13-14). Anderson's essays on Margaret Anderson and Gertrude Stein in No Swank (Philadelphia: The Centaur Press, 1934) also comment on the relationship between the real and the unreal. In "Margaret Anderson: Real--Unreal" he reviews her autobiography, My Thirty Years' War, and speaks of the joy it brought him to reminisce about the days of the Little Review and the Chicago Renaissance. He says that then for a short time: "I saw men of my own real-unreal world all drawn together" (p. 112). In "Gertrude Stein" he remarks:

The world of art, of any art, is never the real world. The world of the novel or the story is not the world of reality. There is a world outside of reality being created. The object is not to be true to the world of reality but to the world outside reality. (p. 84.)

77/5. there is no real other than the unreal. About the time he was writing the "Writer's Book," Anderson, the veteran story teller (see 3/3-4 and 77/8), speaks in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 348, of writing the Winesburg stories in the Chicago rooming house:

And so the stories came, in this rather strange way, into existence. I had, in relation to them, a somewhat new feeling. It was as though I had little or nothing to do with the writing. It was as though the people of that house, all of them wanting so much, none of them really equipped to wrestle with life as it was, had, in this odd way, used me as an instrument. They had got, I felt, through me, their stories told, and not in their own persons but, in a much more real and satisfactory way, through the lives of these queer small town people of the book.
77/11-12. some five or ten years ago ... I was living in New Orleans at the time. Since Anderson lived in New Orleans from the time of his marriage to Elizabeth Prall in 1924 until the building of Ripshin in 1926, as well as during the winter of 1922, we can tentatively date the composition of Part I, "Prelude to a Story," at 1936, adding the "ten years" mentioned in the text to the last year of his residency in New Orleans. We must always remember, however, Anderson's complete disregard for the accuracy of dates.

77/13-14. a picture written by a man of talent who had once been my friend. The note to 78/6-7 describes a holograph in the Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library called "J'Accuse," in which Anderson, in his indictment of American artists, scholars, scientists, and teachers who "surrender to the money standard of life" (p. 78), explicitly mentions Theodore Dreiser and the 1931 film version of An American Tragedy.

If Anderson has Dreiser in mind in this passage, it is strange that he uses the word "onces." In an interview with the present editor on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson said that Sherwood's and Dreiser's friendship extended over a period of thirty years and that he and Dreiser remained friends until Sherwood's death. The greatest strain on Sherwood's and Dreiser's friendship came in 1926 when Dreiser published a poem he called "The Beautiful" in the October issue of Vanity Fair. Franklin P. Adams printed in parallel columns in the New York Herald Tribune Dreiser's "The Beautiful" and Sherwood's Winesburg story "Tandy," proving beyond doubt that Dreiser had stolen the poem from Anderson (see William A. Swanberg, Dreiser, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1965, pp. 313-14). Mrs. Eleanor Anderson remembers that Sherwood's response, when the plagiarism was pointed out to him, was, "Dreiser is too great a writer to have to copy from me or anyone else." Sherwood speaks about this incident in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 459.

77/15. shocked by what seemed to me a terrible selling out. In the second letter written to George Freitag on August 27, 1938, Anderson says: "Formerly I used to grow indignant because so many writers seemed to be
selling out. Now I think it doesn't matter. I think every man writes as well as he can. Ordinary people need to be amused, taken away from thought" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 408).

78/4-5. what I wrote was a kind of American "I ACCUSE." Mrs. Eleanor Anderson in an interview on July 16, 1970, told the present editor that during his life Sherwood wrote several versions of "I Accuse" or "J'Accuse." Sherwood himself says the same thing in a typewritten fragment in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscripts at the Newberry Library. At the back of Box 2 there are many sheets of fragmentary material not included in Rosenfeld's or White's editions. See, for example, the comments on "My Sister" in the note to 75/1-3. The fragment in question here, with "this needs a beginning" penciled in Roger Sergel's hand, starts with page 8 and then repeats pages 8 and 9. On the second page 9 Sherwood writes:

It seems I am a little off the track. I started to write of the experiences of a book writer in trying to write a play, but never mind. There is a lot involved in this matter. Let me go on. Several times in my life I have begun the writing of a kind of manifesto, addressed to American writers, and after all, the man who writes for the theatre is a writer; makers of plays, of novels, writers of short stories for popular magazines, journalists, we are all in the same boat. How many times have I begun the writing of this manifesto, putting at the top of the page the words "I Accuse." I have never been able to go on because I have been unable to convince myself that my own hands were clean.

78/6-7. "I ACCUSE" at the head of the first of a great pile of sheets. From San Francisco, sometime after April 8, 1932, Anderson wrote to Laura Lou Copenhaver. He spoke of a novel that he was finishing and of another work: "another book to be called I Accuse--this already nearly done since I have been out here--an indictment of all our crowd--writers, painters, educators, scientists, intellectuals in general" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 258). The "I Accuse" mentioned in this letter seems to be the manuscript in the Newberry Library called "J'Accuse" (see the note to 77/13-14). The manuscript is written on stationery from many different hotels, but mainly from "The Clift" in San Francisco. It is an indictment of "the mob of us, in America, educators, thinkers, painters, tale-tellers, professional men, scholars, scientists, all of us always hedging. We are
presumed to be men of brains, of talent. We want to lead" (p. 26).

The "J'Accuse" manuscript differs from "I Accuse" as described in the "Writer's Book" in two important respects. In "J'Accuse" Anderson includes himself in his accusations: "wanting to whiplash myself a bit" (p. 18); "not only the others, myself too, God knows" (p. 28). Secondly, Anderson speaks out against "young scientists, doctors, social workers, schoolteachers, college professors, all the world of us here in America who are always pretending to ourselves we are leaders" (p. 19). There are, however, many interesting similarities between "J'Accuse" and "I Accuse," as subsequent notes will show.

78/8. I called the roll. The writers and works which Anderson mentions by name in "J'Accuse" are Theodore Dreiser and his An American Tragedy and Eugene O'Neill and his Strange Interlude. He rather haughtily dismisses Sinclair Lewis because he is "not as important as Dreiser or O'Neill ... in spite of Nobel Prize" (p. 39). See 144/7-9, where Anderson also speaks about Lewis and the Nobel Prize. He also mentions Faulkner by name but he praises rather than condemns him. See also 79/12-13, where Anderson says that many of the men he names in "I Accuse" were his personal friends.

78/12. rushed off to Hollywood. Anderson's attitude towards Hollywood in "J'Accuse" is shown by the following quotation:

In the average American, I grant you, there seems to be little or no resentment that always, in American movies, life is mirrored forth as something sentimental, second-rate--cheap to be exact--all always over sentimentalized, over dramatized in the cheapest possible way. A side of life always being reflected forth that has no reality ... love not love ... death not death ... drama never, never drama.

They know it on the movie lots, don't think they don't know it. (pp. 41-42.)

Anderson's ambivalent attitude towards Hollywood, however, is shown in a letter to Frederick O'Brien (see 149/4-5 and its note), written in New Orleans on April 20, 1926:

I hear fine reports of the sale of Dreiser's book [An American Tragedy was published in 1925]. Someone told me the other day they had seen an article in the New York World saying it had sold 30,000
and that Dreiser had had an offer for $90,000 for movie rights. That seems unbelievable but it may be true and I hope it is. After all Dreiser is a genuine story teller and even though he is a difficult and heavy writer he gets somewhere and has something to say. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

In 1926 Paramount Studios, then called Famous Players, bought the rights for a silent film of *An American Tragedy*. The studio must have had second thoughts, however, and it was not until 1930 that it finally decided to produce a sound version. On January 2, 1931, Dreiser signed a contract with Paramount for $55,000. When the film was completed Dreiser was not pleased with it and sued Paramount for what he considered a distortion of the novel (W. A. Swanberg, *Dreiser*, pp. 369-78). This is the context out of which Anderson speaks in the "Writer's Book."

79/1-6. "But, my dear fellow, . . . street? This paragraph is omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of *Memoirs*. Once again Rosenfeld might have thought that it was too "sordid" a detail to include. See the notes to 36/2-3 and 38/2-39/6. Furthermore, Rosenfeld thought it necessary in 79/10 to change Anderson's word "whoredom" to "harlotry" (p. 440).

79/10. *an acceptance of whoredom?* The passage in "J'Accuse" where Anderson speaks about the folly of selling a daughter into a house of prostitution and then getting out an injunction against the keeper of the house is very similar to 79/1-10. In "J'Accuse" Anderson says:

Like Mr. Dreiser going to court, after selling his boy Clyde of *An American Tragedy* into the talkies--trying by a court action to make the keepers of a house--(from whom he had taken $100,000--$50,000--how much was it? It doesn't matter)--to say, by a court action--you've got to keep the truth of the boy intact.

A second and greater American Tragedy because Mr. Dreiser is a true man.

Is it lack of sophistication--American confusion? I think so. I'm not saying that, given the same chance to sell out people, whose lives have been lived in books of my own--men and women brought to birth by me in moments of love--

My dream children--as real surely as any living children.

I'm not saying I wouldn't have done what Mr. Dreiser did. (pp. 127-28.)

Writers, play-makers, you cannot--having written an honest book--afterward sell it to the talkies for your $25,000--$30,000--$100,000 without the dirt of the whole transaction hanging forever over the book and you. (p. 136.)
"Writer's Book" 79/1-10 is the most explicit statement of a major theme of the work, namely, the selling out of the imagination by cheap work. See also 19/16-20/1, 29/14, 63/5, 80/13-14, 90/9-10, and their notes.

79/11-12. On a certain night in New Orleans. It would seem that in the "Writer's Book" Anderson is fusing in his memory two events and possibly two of his attempts to write the manifesto "I Accuse." He is probably telescoping a night in New Orleans in 1926 when he heard that Dreiser had been offered a large sum of money for the movie rights to An American Tragedy and a night in San Francisco in 1932 when, after Dreiser's lawsuit, he might have seen the movie version of An American Tragedy. We know from "You Be the American Zola" in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 542-45, that he visited San Quentin Prison in 1932 and that he was annoyed when he was told by "Tom Mooney," alias for Thomas J. Zechariah, convicted of murder in 1917 and pardoned in 1939, "I'm the American Dreyfus. You be the American Zola" (p. 545). Thus the movie version of An American Tragedy, the visit to Tom Mooney in San Quentin, and the remembrance of news received in New Orleans about Dreiser and movie rights might all have coalesced to form the passage in the "Writer's Book" about "I Accuse." Since the New Orleans incident occurred in 1926 and the San Francisco incidents in 1932, the "some five or ten years ago" of 77/11-12 would place the composition of Part I about 1936 or 1937.

79/14. They wanted, or thought they wanted, a new world. Phillips, "Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio," pp. 100-101n, says that Anderson in the early thirties "advocated more direct social criticism for the writer, an attitude which soon gave way again in the late thirties to his earlier one of the writer as an artist responsible to his own imagination." The quotations cited from "J'Accuse," written in 1932, and the quotation in the letter to Laura Lou Copenhaver cited in the note to 78/6-7, suggest that in the early thirties Anderson was sympathetic toward the thought of social revolution. In the middle and late thirties, however, after the policies of Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal had won his support, Anderson took a dim view, and here in the "Writer's Book" an ironic tone,
towards the "radicals" and their "causes" (79/13 and 80/6 and 7). See also 151/9-10: "I am not trying, when I tell stories, to represent, to speak for the proletariat."

80/1-2. whole world was, seemingly, dominated by the economists. See 104/7-9, where Anderson longs for the day "when the world has again passed out of our dark age of belief that life can be remade on a sounder and happier basis by economic professors." In such a day his Many Marriages will be understood.

80/4. writing of so-called proletariat stories. See 151/8, where Anderson speaks disparagingly of his agent who says that his book has "a good proletariat angle."


80/7. "But, please, what cause?" See "The Writer's Trade" in Hello Towns!, pp. 327-28:

    Why do I not fully, wholeheartedly, accept my position as writer? Why do I not say to myself, "I am a worker. Why not accept my trade?"
    Well, I do sometimes and when I do I have the most fun.
    If I set myself up—if I have opinions of my own, if I make myself stand for certain principles in life, as sure as I am alive I will do something tomorrow that will do to the cause, for which I am trying to stand, a thousand times more harm than it will ever do good. And besides, what have I to do with causes? How am I to know a good cause from a bad one? Who am I, a scribbler, a teller of tales, to be fooling with causes? I should have the dignity of my own trade.

80/8. the overthrowing of capitalism. See 151/6, where Anderson also says derisively: "We are to be saved by communism, or socialism, or fascism." Documentation of the evolution of Anderson's social thought will be given in the note to 151/6.

80/13-14. the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people. One of the most frequently repeated tenets of Anderson's critical creed
is his insistence upon the obligation that the writer has to the world of the imagination. One of his clearest statements of this tenet is in "Man and His Imagination":

It seems to me that the obligation of the writer to the imagination is pretty obvious. I am, to be sure, speaking of the writer as a story teller. There is the obligation to himself, to his own imagination, its growth, what he does to it, the obligation to the imaginations of other people, and there is the third and perhaps most important obligation. The writer in his creative mood is creating figures of people, to be true imaginary figures, and there is the writer's tremendous obligation to these imaginary figures. I think this is the most important of all the obligations. It is the obligation least understood. It is, I think, the thing to talk about. It is the obligation too often forgotten by our professional writers. (p. 45.)

In the "Writer's Book" Anderson comments on all three aspects of this obligation. First, the artist's obligation to his own imagination is the main theme of the whole of Part VI, "On Saving Ideas." Anderson's constant inveighing against what he calls the prostitution of art (see the note to 79/10) is but another way of expressing the "selling out" of his own imagination by the artist. Secondly, the writer's obligation to the imaginations of other people is touched upon in the passage here in Part I where Anderson says: "The suffering of the world, the most bitter suffering, does not come primarily from physical suffering. It is by the continual selling out of the imaginative lives of people that the great suffering comes." Thirdly, what Anderson calls "the most important" of these obligations, the obligation to the characters of one's imagination, is discussed in 99/5-7 and 101/8-12. See the note to 101/9-10 for excerpts from Anderson's other writings which speak about the importance of fidelity to the characters of one's imaginative world.

81/5. tore up what I had written. See 83/1-2, where Anderson says: "I was compelled to tear up, to throw in the wastebasket the thousand of words of my American 'I Accuse.'" It is likely that the "I Accuse" described in the "Writer's Book" was destroyed by Anderson. There is no manuscript that completely fits its description in the Sherwood Anderson Papers as they exist now.
81/8-9. gone to Hollywood, being in California, to see a friend working in one of the great studios. Anderson was in Hollywood in April, 1932, and the friend referred to here might be John Emerson. John Emerson was at that time working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (see the note to 67/12-13), and Anderson on April 8 described the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in the diary he was writing for Eleanor:

Here thrown upon a great open field were fragments of Russian villages, a college campus—the street of a small middle-western town, the entrance to a large hotel, the prow of a ship, half a street car, a jungle village, a mine, a street in the suburb of a city, an armory—

These but a fragment of what I saw—all artificial, all paper maché.

Here in this place you get again the envious thing about American life. I talked to a writer. . . . What about the people? The nice people, he said, are the mechanics . . . in other words the workers. (As quoted in Schevill, p. 282.)

81/11-12. like the offices we used to sit in, in the advertising place. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 407-408, Anderson speaks about the time he worked for John Emerson’s movie company in New York in 1918. In the Memoirs passage he compares, as he does here, movie studios to advertising offices, even to factories, and talks about creative writing’s subservience to business:

Why how very like the factories to which I had been going as advertising writer. There was immediately something sensed. "It is not the actors or the makers of plays, those who write for the theatre, who are in command here," I told myself. There was immediate disillusionment. As it was in the factories, the workers every year less and less having anything at all to say about the work they did (this discovered earlier when I was a young factory hand), as it was in politics (this made clear to me by friends among Chicago newspaper men), so here also, in this new art of the theatre, the movies, there was a force, certain men, up above all writers, all actors.

"Business is business."
"It's money makes the mare go."

82/3-4. I had even written, two or three times, to agents in New York or Hollywood. An example of such a letter is one written to Mr. Harry Dimand, Belmont Hotel, 3rd at Hill Street, Los Angeles, California, dated January 31, 1928:
From time to time someone has talked about picture possibilities of my books, but I always run up against this attitude of theirs, that they have no picture possibilities.

Someday, of course, someone will get at it and make some picture showing more of the drama of the insides of people. It can be done, surely. I am certain that all it requires is a little more intelligent approach. You had better get hold of someone and put this through for me. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1928.)

82/7. There had been no offers. Some offers, it would seem, had been made. Letters in the Newberry Library for 1925 show that Gilbert Seldes, associate editor of Dial, which had awarded Anderson its first annual award for his story "I'm a Fool" (see the note to 44/5), approached Anderson about getting "I'm a Fool" into the movies and that Anderson turned the matter over to Otto Liveright. "I'm a Fool" was published in Anderson's third volume of short stories, Horses and Men, and Otto Liveright wrote to him on July 23, 1926:

Cecil B. DeMille's office has just telephoned from the coast for the price of the motion picture rights of your book of short stories, Horses AND MEN. I do not know whether they want an individual story or several of them, but I think it would be a good idea to put a price on the entire book. A minimum of five thousand dollars is what I suggest. If you will leave it in my hands I will use my best judgment. Please wire to me immediately what you would like to do in the matter. (Letters, Newberry Library, Incoming, Otto Liveright to Sherwood Anderson, 1926.)

Also with the Sherwood Anderson Papers there is a sixteen-page manuscript entitled "I'm a Fool, Use for a Movie." It begins:

It seems to me that a fine picture, for some youngster of the movies, could be made from the story

I'm a Fool.

Nevertheless, "I'm a Fool" never became a movie. The closest it came to production by the mass media was a radio broadcast. On August 1, 1938, Anderson wrote to Anita Loos:

There was a little play, made from my story "I'm a Fool," on the radio the other evening, done by Orson Welles, and they tell me it was quite charming. I didn't hear it. Did you? (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 402.)

Another offer from the movies occurred in 1933. Anderson wrote to Laura Lou Copenhaver early in May: "Went to lunch with a nice man from Paramount pictures, and they want a story. That can wait" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 285). We know from letters between Anderson and
Paul Muni that there was talk about their collaborating on a film. For example, Anderson wrote to Muni on May 8, 1933:

Now, what I think about the story is this: you are going to have a busy summer and so am I. I suggest that you sit down and dictate an outline of the story just as it lies in your mind and send it on to me. If in the fall you still feel that I am the man to work with you, I would make this other suggestion. I think that before tackling a mining story with you, I should go back again for a month or six weeks into the mining country and perhaps to the same country you visited. I should spend a time there going about in the mines and among the men to get myself full of the atmosphere of the place and the life. Then I should come to you wherever you are and spend another month or six weeks in actual work on the story. If you are making a movie, I could come to that place, or if you are back on the stage, I could come to where you are. I believe we could work together. I think we should spend an hour or so a day talking about the story as it progresses. I believe there is a chance of getting over a real story and yet having in it a possibility for the movies as they are now. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 288-89.)

As all the bibliographies of Anderson attest and as Mrs. Eleanor Anderson confirmed in an interview with the present editor on July 17, 1970, the fact remains that none of Anderson's works was ever made into a movie.

82/11. let us say twenty-five thousand. In the letter to Paul Muni quoted in the previous note Anderson goes on to say:

However, if when the time comes you still feel you want to work with me, I would suggest that you try to get for me $10,000 for my work. I should think the company might also undertake to pay my expenses while I am in the mining town and also the expenses of coming to you wherever you are to do the story. Of the $10,000 I should think $2,000 might be paid to me as an advance and the other when the story is completed to your satisfaction. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 289.)

Thus we see one instance in which Anderson was "tempted" (82/7) by the possibility of making a large sum of money in the movies.

82/12. your Winesburg stories. Although Winesburg was never made into a movie, it has been made into a play. In fact, there are three dramatic versions of Winesburg: one by Anderson himself, one by Christopher Sergel, and one by Gerry Morrison (Sherwood Anderson Papers, Newberry Library). Anderson is remarkably accurate in "An Explanation," the preface to the
The author tried, with several collaborators, to make a play of the Winesburg tales but without much success. There were several versions made that all rather sharply violated the spirit of the book. Finally all of these efforts had to be thrown aside and an entirely new play made by the author. In this work he was however assisted, rather tremendously, by Jasper Deeter, Roger Sergel, and others. The play was produced at the Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, and has been in the repertoire there for three years. In the play the author has not tried to follow the exact pattern of the stories in the book but has tried rather to retain only the spirit of the stories.

The Hedgerow Theatre production had its premiere June 30, 1934. The other plays printed in Plays: Winesburg and Others are "The Triumph of the Egg," "Mother," and "They Married Later."

In an interview with the present editor on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson said that Sherwood knew that he was not a dramatist, just as he knew that he was not a poet. She said that he always thought of himself as a story teller but that he wrote poetry and drama because he was always striving for "the hidden poetry in prose" and for "the hidden drama in lives."

83/2. thousand of words of my American "I ACCUSE." The "J'Accuse" manuscript in the Newberry Library is 145 pages and approximately 14,500 words long. Whatever version of "I Accuse" Anderson is speaking about, more probably it was not "the thousand words" of manuscript that he destroyed but, rather, the "thousands of words." Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 441, prints "thousands of words."

83/7. sentimentalize one of your stories. The "J'Accuse" manuscript in the Newberry Library concludes with the following words:

Suppose the chance had come to me. It might have. The book [Winesburg] afterward sold, over the world, in reprints, translations, etc., hundreds of thousands of copies.

Suppose I had sold my people to the movies.

They sentimentalizing them, jazzing them up—

Making these poor little figures of American people, so like myself, so like everyone I have ever known in America—making them cheap, trashy, flashy.

Myself not dirtying my own work thus but, for money, letting
someone else do it.
For money.
For money.

x x x

It's what is done here, is always being done here in America—not only to writing but to painting, sculpture, music—
Learning.
It's the American Tragedy O.K.
Money. Money.
It's the real American Tragedy. (pp. 143-45.)

83/7-8. twist the characters of the stories about. One example of how closely Anderson watched over the artistic integrity of his works and their characters can be found in a letter written on October 10, 1932, to The Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago. In New York on February 10, 1925, the Provincetown Playhouse had produced Anderson's one-act play "The Triumph of the Egg" as a "curtain-raiser" for Eugene O'Neill's two-act Different. The dramatization of "The Triumph of the Egg" was made by Raymond O'Neil and was published by The Dramatic Publishing Company in 1932, as well as in Plays: Winesburg and Others in 1937. The foreword to The Dramatic Publishing Company's edition is the letter of October 10, 1932, in which Anderson says in part:

At the last, by my friend Mr. Raymond O'Neil's version of the story, you see the two people, the unsuccessful little restaurant keeper and his wife, they having thrown themselves sobbing on the bed. This ending did a little violate my own conception when I wrote the story. To me the whole point of the play should be that the audience stays balanced between laughter and tears. In the Provincetown Players' version and after the outburst of ineffectual anger on the part of the father—his throwing the eggs about the room, etc.—he goes behind the restaurant counter. For a moment he stands there, looking about, perplexed, his anger dying, hurt. He sits down on a stool, and his head falls into his hands. His elbows are on the counter.

The father is sitting with his head in his hands, half raises his head. Curtain. I do not really know how much of this is from the Provincetown Players' version and how much my own imagination has built up since, but of this I am quite sure: to do the little play in this way will gain tremendous effectualness and will leave the audience, as it should be left, balanced between laughter and tears. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 263-64.)

83/15-84/3. My house ... that night. This part of the sentence is cut
by Rosenfeld in his edition of *Memoirs*, p. 442.

84/1-2. **far west in Virginia, in a sweet land of stars, softly rounded mountains and swift running mountain streams.** Ripshin Farm in Grayson County, Virginia, is twenty-two miles outside Marion and is in the southwest corner of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. At the point where Laurel Creek and Ripshin Creek meet, the motorist turns off the county road onto the Anderson farm. The house at Ripshin is approached over a bridge that crosses Ripshin Creek.

84/9-90/16. **And why . . . yourself.** This passage is cut in Rosenfeld's edition of *Memoirs*. This omission provides another instance in which Rosenfeld cut material he thought inappropriate to the bucolic character of his "Sound of the Stream," either because he considered it too frank or because it dealt with Anderson's advertising and literary careers. See the Introduction and the notes to 36/2-3 and 38/2-39/6.

84/11. **an old, old struggle and my life had been filled with compromises.** In a letter from an earlier period than that of the composition of Part I of the "Writer's Book," a period when his marriage with Elizabeth Prall was breaking up, we see this "old, old struggle" and perhaps what Anderson calls his "compromises." He wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schewill on June 2, 1929:

> To tell the truth, I have been this year more dispirited than I ever remember to have been. That made me determined to fight it out with myself, if I could.

> There was a great temptation to throw everything up and try something new, as I had done so often before—a new place, a new woman, a new book to write, etc.

> I have not done it this time, but have hung on here, having my son [Robert, who was editing the *Smyth County News* and the *Marion Democrat*] with me, fighting constantly the impulse to flee, to be near someone, like your two selves, for example, who, thank God, have never given up loving me and always seemed glad to have me about.

> I have, however, stayed, in such depression much of the time as I never knew before.

> Now I begin to be a little cured, partly by nature, the lovely hills and streams here—it now getting richer than I have ever seen
it before—and partly by getting weaned away from myself to again begin thinking of other lives and loving and enjoying people again. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 194.)

84/13-14. paying little attention to criticism. Anderson would have liked to pay little attention to criticism, but in actual fact he was extremely sensitive to adverse criticism, probably because of his awareness of his lack of formal education. See 154/10-14, where he says that he asks his wife to go over all criticism of his work and show him only the more favorable. Another place where he admits to his sensitivity is in his first autobiography. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 227-28, he says:

All during the last years of my life as a manufacturer and later as a Chicago advertising man I had secretly been writing tales and now they were beginning to be published. In some places they had been praised, in others blamed. I had loved the praise. It had made me feel very much as I had felt, as a manufacturer, when I had made a little money and had begun to dream of building a great factory and being father to workmen—that is to say, rather grand and noble. When my tales displeased people and when some critic wrote condemning me and calling me a dull or an unclean man, I got furiously angry but always tried quickly to conceal my anger. I was really so angry that I did not want, on any account, to let the other fellow know how angry and hurt I was. Often the critic seemed merely to want to hurt.

Nevertheless, in two letters written after his reputation began to wane, he tries to argue for the helpful influence of adverse criticism. These letters were called forth by Lawrence S. Morris' review of A New Testament, "Sherwood Anderson: Sick of Words," New Republic, LI (August 3, 1927), 277-79, in which Morris says that the Anderson of Winesburg and the other early excellent short stories is dead. Anderson wrote to Stark Young, probably in mid-August of 1927:

About the New Republic matter. There is a sense in which the man is right. I mean about the dying condition of the Winesburg Sherwood) A[nderson].

There is too much talk anyway of the sweet, naive S.A.—adolescence, etc.

In general I think this kind of body-punching criticism is a good thing. There is too much softness.

Of course, it made me sick for a day. What hurts, however, is the ugliness—bad workmanship, etc., evident revengeful feeling, so much unconcealed joy in the death.

It was so damned funereal.
You know what would have happened to me had I gone on being the S.A. of Winesburg.
However, it isn't this man's business whether or not there is a new and worth-while S.A. coming along. That is up to me.
Anyway, dear man, I'm working at it. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 174.)

In a letter to Alfred Stieglitz written on August 18, 1927, Anderson speaks about "Marin." The artist John Marin was a friend of Anderson's and Stieglitz's, but the context of the letter indicates that Anderson means "Morris" rather than "Marin." He says:

About the Marin's [read Morris'] thing. The man has some right on his side. He was rather revengeful and I thought ugly.
So much joy over funerals. I think you have been checked out from time to time.
Just the same I like thumping criticism. I'm something of a champion--know a little about handling the gloves.
The champion who doesn't get a mauling now and then isn't any good. He goes soft. It's like a horse who never goes to the races--just does an occasional exhibition ride. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1927.)

84/15. the long years--some ten, twelve, even fifteen of them. Here starts a passage in which Anderson repeats many of the things he has said earlier in Part I. For example, the passage between 44/1 and 44/12 also speaks about working in an advertising agency for ten or fifteen years even after he had published Winesburg and had got "some literary recognition" (44/11).

85/2. my books translated into many languages. See 39/12, where Anderson uses these exact words.

85/4. brought new life into American story telling. See 55/10-11, where Anderson says: "I have had a profound effect upon the art of short story writing." See the note there for documentation of Anderson's influence on the development of the American short story.

85/5-6. to go on writing advertisements to get clothes, food, the right to space. Anderson is here aptly describing his life during the early years of his writing career. He also describes it in a letter to Trigant Burrow written from Chicago at the very beginning of 1919, after he had
written all of the Winesburg stories but before Winesburg, Ohio was pub-
lished:

I may be wrong, you know, Brother, but it seems to me that I am
now ripe to do something, and I hate to see the years and the days
go by in the writing of advertisements for somebody's canned toma-
toes or in long days of consulting with some fellow as to how he can
sell his make of ready-made clothes instead of the other fellow. I
want to go up and down the great valley here seeing the towns and the
people and writing of the[s] as I do not believe they have been writ-
ten of.

Well, you see how it is. The modern system will pay me five
thousand a year for writing the canned tomato advertisements. It
doesn't want the other, or rather it thinks it doesn't want them.
(Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 45.)

85/15. advertisements for a certain medicine. This line introduces a
passage, 85/15-86/17, in which Anderson uses a new metaphor for "selling
out" artistic integrity. His first metaphor was prostitution. His new
metaphor is writing advertisements for laxatives. See Memoirs, ed. White,
pp. 414, where he combines these two metaphors:

I had been given an assignment. I was to write that day a series of
advertisements for the daily newspapers, a new cathartic.

And so, I was to spend the day delving in people's bowels. I had
come in through the wet streets, some of the others already there.
"Hello girls," We, in the so-called "copy department," were making a
struggle. Sometimes, at lunch, in some little saloon, we talked it
over among ourselves. "For God's sake let us keep trying. It may be
we can hold on." There would have been two or three of us who dreamed
of someday becoming real writers. This fellow was, in secret, work-
ing on a play, that fellow on a novel.

"We are little male whores. We lie with these business men. Let
us at least try to keep our minds a little clean. Let us not fall
for this dope that we are doing something worth doing."

"Hello girls."

86/8-9. writing words about men and women in privies. See Memoirs, ed.
White, pp. 122-23, where Anderson speaks about writing "I'm a Fool" in
his Chicago advertising office when there was "before me an assignment to
write certain advertisements of pills to cure people's bound up bowels"
(p. 122). In the "Writer's Book" also he speaks about writing "I'm a
Fool" in his Chicago advertising office (160/12-162/11).

87/3. it is easy to cheat. Several times in Memoirs, ed. White,
Anderson speaks about the fakery in the advertising office. For example, on p. 331 he speaks about "stealing" accounts, and on p. 395 about "staging" copywriters. See also a letter that he wrote to Waldo Frank probably at the end of August, 1919, shortly after the publication of Winesburg, Ohio:

All the time in the back of my mind I am working and working trying to devise some plan by which I may live and get out of business. It is going to be harder than ever for me to face the thing this year. Everything in me that is worth a damn draws away.

Always there has been a kind of cunning in me. I have been able to sabotage very successfully but I grow very weary of it and I am losing my cunning. Often I feel that I should rather starve than stay another day at any occupation other than the occupation of the writer. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919.)

87/6-7. I wrote them all on the train. A similar incident is recounted at the beginning of "I Court a Rich Girl" in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 201-202. In the Memoirs version also Anderson cheats the manufacturer because he writes the advertisements on the train on the way to the town, and thus "precious days and nights [are] gained" (see 88/12). In the Memoirs account, however, Anderson goes to a town in Kentucky and his assignment is to write advertisements for machines to be used in digging ditches on hillside land.

87/11. having already written and published. Anderson's facts are remarkably accurate here. He makes only one mistake, namely, the inclusion of Horses and Men, which was not published until 1923. By the time he left advertising in 1922, Anderson had written and published Winesburg, Ohio, 1919, The Triumph of the Egg, 1921, and three novels: Windy McPherson's Son, 1916, Marching Men, 1917, and Poor White, 1920.

88/1-2. Poor White, a novel that had been put into the Modern Library. Anderson's self criticism here is also accurate. He lists first among his books his masterpiece Winesburg, Ohio, and then he lists his other volumes of short stories. He places the novels he had written by 1922 after the volumes of stories, and the only novel that he mentions by name is undoubtedly his best, Poor White. Anderson again mentions with
pride that Poor White has been published by the Modern Library (see 48/3-
4). In fact, Anderson wrote the Introduction to the 1926 Modern Library
edition. In this Introduction he says in part:

There is this book, "Poor White"—now to be published in the Mod-
ern Library, tricked out in a new dress, going to call on new people. The Modern Library is something magnificent. Long rows of names--
illustrious names. My book, "Poor White," feels a little like a
countryman going to live in a great modern sophisticated city. (p.
vi.)

As on that day when I first saw "Poor White" as a book, I shall
see it new and fresh again. There will be for me a new time of ex-
citement when I see it in this new, strong house—in this new,
strange, great city of books.

Will you, the reader, be excited as I am? Will you see and feel
the town and the people of my book as I once felt them?

That of course I cannot know. I wish "Poor White" were better
done. The book is, however, far from me. It is no longer mine.

And when it comes to that, I wish all books were better done.
They will never be too well done—at least not by me. (p. viii.)

When Poor White was first published by Huebsch in November of 1920,
Anderson wrote to his friends about its reception. For example, to Hart
Crane he wrote:

I have your fine letter about Poor White, and naturally I am pleased
to hear from you that it hit you. When a man publishes a book, there
are so many stupid things said that he declares he'll never do it
again. The praise is almost always worse than the criticism, but you
know how to take a story naturally and simply and how to react natur-
ally and simply. It does one good. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout,
p. 63.)

To Jerome and Lucile Blum on January 7, 1921, he wrote:

I've been getting a good deal of spread-eagle talk—notices, etc.—
on my new book but don't fancy it sells much. My books never do.
(Letters, Newberry Library, 1921.)

Contemporary reviews of Poor White were, in fact, favorable. For example,
see:

Robert C. Benchley, in Bookman (New York), LII (February, 1921),
559-60;
Francis Hackett, in New Republic, XXIV (November 24, 1920), 330;
Robert Morss Lovett, in Dial, LXX (January, 1921), 77-79;
C. Kay Scott, in Freeman, II (January 5, 1921), 403.

Anderson's biographers also single out Poor White as his best novel.
See, for example, Schevill, p. 127; Howe, p. 123; David Anderson, p. 60;
and Brom Weber, Sherwood Anderson (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota
Current critics who praise Poor White include Horace Gregory who, by selecting it as the only novel in The Portable Sherwood Anderson (New York: The Viking Press, 1949), calls attention to its importance. Walter Rideout in his Introduction to the Viking Compass paperback edition of 1966 contends that Poor White speaks powerfully to contemporary man and is the most structurally unified of Anderson’s novels. William Phillips in "Sherwood Anderson’s Two Prize Pupils", The University of Chicago Magazine, XLVII (January, 1955), 9-12, and Frederick J. Hoffman in "The Voices of Sherwood Anderson," Shenandoah, XIII (Spring, 1962), 5-19, both cite Poor White as the best of Anderson’s novels. Hoffman praises Poor White in these words: "The novel is a creative work of mythic history that deserves more attention than it has received" (p. 16). Others who recognize the mythical and historical importance of Poor White are Horace Gregory in his Introduction to The Portable Sherwood Anderson and Anderson himself in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 354:

It was the novel Poor White, later put into the Modern Library series of books. I wanted to tell the story of a town, what happened to it when the factories came, how life in the town changed, old patterns of life broken up, how the lives of people of the town were all affected by the coming of the factories. The book has since become a sort of historical document of that change. It is used nowadays by a good many historians to give present day students a sense of the so-called “industrial revolution,” brought down into a single American town.

88/4-5. my stories were published in high-brow magazines. By "high-brow magazines" Anderson probably means the "little magazines" that in the 1910's, 1920's, and 1930's could afford to publish experimental writers but could not afford to pay them. See 44/9-10, where Anderson says that his Winesburg stories were "published in the smaller literary magazines." From the time of his first published story, "The Rabbit Pen," in Harper's in 1914, until the publication of "I’m a Fool," for which he won the Dial prize and the $2000 which was partly responsible for his being able to leave advertising in 1922, Anderson published twenty-eight stories in ten magazines. Of these ten, six would be considered little magazines: Little Review, Smart Set, Masses, Seven Arts, Dial, and
Broom; four would be considered commercial magazines: Harper's Magazine, Forum, Vanity Fair, and The Bookman. See the note to 6/4-5.

88/5-6. a certain awe of me I could take advantage of. A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 242, speaks of a business conference with six or eight men for the promotion of the sale of plows in Oklahoma and Texas:

I tried to appear attentive. There was a trick I had cultivated for such occasions. I leaned a little forward and put my head in my hands, as though lost in deep thought. Some of the men in the room had heard that I wrote stories and had therefore concluded that I had a good brain. Americans have always a kind of tenderness for such cheats as I was being at the moment. Now they gave me credit for thinking deeply on the subject of plows, which was what I wanted.

88/11. "It is my way of courting sin." The thought would seem to indicate that this sentence should not be in quotation marks, that Anderson did not say this sentence to the manufacturer but to himself. The present editor has let it stand, however, as Anderson wrote it.

89/10. once in two years, take a few months off. Anderson says the same thing in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 393, when recounting the days he worked in the Chicago advertising agency:

I was there working in that place. I got a little money ahead and then quit. I went away, often to the south, to Mobile or New Orleans. I got a room in a cheap rooming house in one of these cities.

There is evidence of at least four such escapes from advertising. During the winter months of 1913-14 he took a long vacation in the Ozarks with Cornelia. Harry Hansen in Midwest Portrait (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1923), p. 122, says that Anderson claims to have written a novel there, a novel that he soon realized was not good and that he threw out of the train window on the way back to Chicago. In 1918 he left Chicago for New York, worked on his "sinecure" in John Emerson's movie company, and started Poor White. In January of 1920 he temporarily left both Tennessee and his advertising job and went south, first to Mobile and then to Fairhope, Alabama (see the note to 43/2). At this time he
finished Poor White and started *Many Marriages*. Lastly, in January of 1922, with the $2000 from the *Dial* prize, he again went south, this time to New Orleans. He lived in the French Quarter and continued work on *Many Marriages*. His finances, however, compelled him to return to Chicago in March. See Schevill, pp. 122-23, and Howe, pp. 54-55 and 140-41.

89/10-11. *There had been a legend created about me.* Anderson has become the subject of several self-perpetuated legends, for example, the legend that he had no sense of money (see the note to 68/3), the legend of the young businessman who forsook his career for the sake of his art (see the note to 93/8), and the legend of the unschooled artist who scorned reason and the intellect and relied only on intuition and emotion (see the note to 10/9-10). The legend referred to here, that Anderson was an unusually good advertising copywriter, most probably is true. The fact that he always got his advertising job back after his "months off" gives it credence. Anderson also speaks about this legend in *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 394. After his "quittings" he would go back to the advertising agency and ask for his job back. The employers would make him wait until an "emergency" occurred:

> What an uproar now arises. Men are running up and down. Conferences are being held.
> "Where is Smith? Where is Jones? Where is Albright?"
> "We must have something absolutely original now."
> "Where is that Anderson? Where is he?"

89/14. *"staged."* As was mentioned in the note to 87/3, Anderson mentions the "staging" of copywriters in *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 395. In *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 190, he also comments:

> Among advertising men, with whom I later associated, we managed things better. We took turns doing what we called "staging" each other. I was to speak highly of Smith who in turn did the same of me. The trick is not unknown to literary men, but it is difficult to manage in autobiography.

89/17. *Let me remain small, as obscure a figure as possible.* Perhaps another legend that Anderson created about himself, or, a better way to
express the same thing, another of Anderson's ambivalences, was his insistence that he always wanted to remain obscure. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 410, he remarks: "There was a place for me but not in the theatre or in the movies, I told myself. I had got this notion fixed in my head. 'You can make it all right if you will only be satisfied to remain small,' I told myself." In the next sentence, however, he admits that he "had to keep saying it over and over to myself. 'Be little. Don't try to be big.'" In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, too, when speaking of the time he started to write in Elyria, he says: "Utter obscurity, the joy of obscurity. Why could not one cling to that?" (p. 230); "Utter obscurity, the joy of obscurity. Why had I not been content with it?" (p. 231).

In a letter to N. Bryllion Fagin written in July, 1927, Anderson states: "To tell the truth I would be a happier man if I lived in entire obscurity" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1927). A letter written at the time Anderson is describing here in the "Writer's Book," that is, written when he is making his break with the advertising business, throws light on Anderson's simultaneous desire for recognition and desire for obscurity.

He wrote to Paul Rosenfeld on July 8, 1922:

As to the matter of my going to pieces. I hardly know whether your analysis of what is wrong is the correct one for Sherwoodio or whether as usual it is all my own fault. What I think is that I have allowed people to make me a bit too conscious of myself. A certain humbleness toward life in general, that has always been my best asset, was perhaps getting away from me. One begins to be taken up by people of little or no intelligence and soon cannot discriminate. I have thought the remedy to be a long period of being unknown—even if necessary losing my name.

Well enough I know, Paul, that we have done little enough, and I have seen what seemed to be the effect of the sort of thing of which I am speaking on Sandburg and Masters. In both these cases I am of course speaking from reports only.

At any rate I suddenly find myself in a somewhat new position in life—the prize, the Literary Digest writing me up, Vanity Fair, etc. The thing penetrated down into channels of life it had not reached before. I want, you see, a period of living a pretty obscure life, although God knows I need my real friends. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1922.)

90/1-10. It had been my thought all along that, if ... These words are the beginning of a long complicated sentence. "If" in 90/2 makes the whole sentence conditional, but the condition introduced by "if" is
never completed. Replacing "if" with "perhaps" would retain some of the conditional connotation of the sentence and, at the same time, prevent the sentence from dangling unfinished at the end. Therefore, a suggested reading is: "It had been my thought all along that perhaps I could keep what I called 'an honest mind,' helping others in the making of money by the creating of often false notions of values but all the time knowing just what I was doing, not continually lying to myself as most of the others about me . . . and these often quite lovable men . . . some of whom I liked intensely, even loved . . . were constantly doing, some of them even occasionally begging of me . . . this would happen when we were in our cups and I had broken forth, saying that we were all whores . . . not to talk so."

90/2. **what I called "an honest mind."** This is another expression of the main theme of the work, maintaining artistic integrity. Even if Anderson helps in the creating of "often false notions of values" (90/3-4), if he knows what he is doing and does not lie to himself (90/5), he will retain his integrity.

90/8-9. **when we were in our cups.** See the letter written to George Freitag on August 27, 1938, in which Anderson speaks about his years in advertising in these terms:

> The men employed with me, the businessmen, many of them successful and even rich, were like the laborers, gamblers, soldiers, race track swipes I had formerly known. Their guards down, often over drinks, they told me the same stories of tangled, thwarted lives. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 406.)

90/9-10. **saying that we were all whores.** Anderson was fond of using this metaphor to depict an artist's, or even a businessman's, selling out to the money principle. See, for example, the passage from "J'Accuse" quoted in the note to 79/10, the passage from Memoirs, ed. White, quoted in the note to 85/15, and the letter to his brother Karl quoted in the note to 29/14. See also the letter written on September 21, 1925, to David Karaner: "It is rather a wrong notion--this waiting for money in order to do good work. As well tell a girl to go on the street to
get money to afford living with a man she loves" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925).

90/18-19. as my mother had done. The sentence from 90/17 to 91/1 provides another example where the present editor has not attempted to "improve" Anderson's style. The obvious redundancy of "like my mother" and "as my mother had done" is allowed to stand.

91/2-3. fear of old age, an old age of poverty? See the notes to 68/11 and 91/13.

91/7. this beautiful house a book of yours built. At 45/15 Anderson speaks about, but does not name, "a novel that had sold." At 57/12-13 he mentions the novel by name: "My novel Dark Laughter built it for me."

91/13. from a long line of men and women. Although we know from Sutton, "Formative Years," that Anderson exaggerated the poverty of his early years, the following passage from Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 27-28, gives some insight into his obsessive fear of poverty:

I understand rich men, the hunger in them, fear in them, that makes them rich, that sharpens the accumulative faculty. The whole thing, while it lasted in me, may have been due to early poverty. I can't be sure.

There is this fact, interesting, at least to me, that I live now, for most of the year, in the country, in a very beautiful hill country and, in my country, the wooded hills, in the fall, are very beautiful but sometimes, in the early fall and when the leaves begin to turn, I do not see the beauty.

There is a dread, a fear that settles down upon me. I go blindly along, often filled with a nameless misery.

Is it because of the physical poverty of early youth? In my boyhood and in our house the fall was a time of fear. There would be no butter to spread on bread. Father, when he worked, was a house painter. There were no houses to paint. Sometimes there was lack, not only of butter, but of the bread itself.

91/15. most of the time, rather a gay dog. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 78, where Anderson says:

I know that, as a small boy, I wanted my father to be a certain thing he was not, could not be. I wanted him to be a proud silent
dignified one. When I was with other small boys and he passed along the street, I wanted to feel in my breast the glow of pride.
"There he is. That is my father."
But he wasn't such a one. He couldn't be. It seemed to me then that he was always showing off.

See also the analysis of Anderson's father in the note to 71/12, especially the final paragraph.

91/16. darkness. See the discussion of Anderson's use of darkness as a metaphor for ineffectiveness, frustration, and self-deception in the note to 30/13.

91/16-92/1. our house in a street of workingmen's houses. Is Anderson confusing here "a house in a street in a factory town" (15/3-4) which he remembers from his days as a laborer and the houses in which the Anderson family lived when he was a boy? A "house in a street of workingmen's houses" seems to fit better Anderson's Chicago warehouse days than the days that the Anderson family lived in the small Ohio towns of Camden, Caledonia, and Clyde. Sutton, "Formative Years," tells us that Clyde, when Sherwood lived there from the age of eight until perhaps twenty, was primarily a farming, not a factory, town. Sutton, pp. 66, quotes Anderson's description of Clyde in Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld: "There were many little white frame houses. All the residence streets were lined with maples." It is known that while in Clyde the Anderson family lived in the Piety Hill district on Race Street, and also on Spring Avenue, Vine Street, Mechanic Street, and Duane Street (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 70). Memoirs, ed. White, shows a picture of one of these houses, which may well be "in a street of workingmen's houses," perhaps on Mechanic Street, but which indeed looks very pleasant.

92/2-3. "Over the Hill to the Poor-House." In 1874 David Braham wrote the music for George L. Catlin's lyrics, and this song became one of the more popular songs of the late nineteenth century (Sigmund Spaeth, A History of Popular Music in America [New York: Random House, 1948], p. 182.)
92/4-5. his father and his father's father. Irwin's father was James Anderson, who died May 11, 1886. His father's father was Robert Anderson, who died February 9, 1841. There is no evidence that these Anderson men lived "precariously" (92/6). When Robert Anderson died he left 226 acres of land in Adams County, Ohio, which were sold for $1,638. When James Anderson died he also left a substantial estate but did not will anything to his son Irwin; in fact, he did not even cancel a note showing that Irwin owed him $150 (see the note to 71/12). James made only one of his five surviving children his heir, presumably because he, Benjamin, was the one who stayed on the family farm and made a home for his mother and father in their last years (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 9-15.)

92/7-93/7. And, if it had not happened that, ... These words introduce another long complicated sentence (see the note to 90/1-10). It seems to the present editor that the conditional meaning introduced by the words "if" and "not" is not sustained in the remainder of the sentence. Furthermore, the "when" in line 11 is clearly redundant. "And" is supplied later in line 11 to facilitate easy reading. Nonetheless, with all these suggested changes the sentence ends with a sense of incompleteness. Anderson's punctuation of three periods at the end indicates that Anderson intends to keep the reader wondering about the character of Horace Liveright. A suggested reading for the sentence is:

"And, it had happened that, twice in my life, I was comparatively rich so that I could indulge a passion for luxurious living, once for a few years when for a time I left advertising and became a manufacturer, and again when, on the streets of New Orleans, I was down to my land hundred dollars and I had met that strange figure among American publishers, Horace Liveright, the man among American publishers to whom justice has never been done, a strange figure of a man, physically very handsome, often toward certain people to whom he took a fancy ... I was one of them ... very tender, toward others a sadist, loving to hurt or humiliate them, a bold gambler, a Don Juan, who, like all Don Juans, could not love any one woman and must therefore have many women ... ."

92/9-10. when for a time I left advertising and became a manufacturer.
See 43/13, where Anderson says: "Once I even owned a factory." See also "J'Accuse," p. 47:

I had, by accident, got into business as an advertising writer and found myself rather slick at that. I grew ambitious and became, first, the figurehead president of a mail-order house at Cleveland and then a manufacturer. I won't go into the story of how I cheated everyone with whom I dealt.

Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 177-84 and 191-93, tells us that on Labor Day, 1906, Anderson went to Cleveland to become titular president of the United Factories Company. Mr. George A. Bottger was the secretary-treasurer and, in actuality, Anderson shared the control of the company with him. The United Factories Company wanted to handle the mail-order business for several factories, and Anderson was invited to join the company because of his experience with Long-Critchfield as a successful solicitor of mail orders. Bottger told Sutton: "Anderson had some very big ideas for a factory combine. The scheme failed for lack of a head. Each factory wanted to be boss" (p. 179). Another obstacle to Anderson's success with his new company was the deception perpetrated by an incubator manufacturer in Illinois who sold him, for him to resell, defective incubators. Bottger said: "We lost thousands of dollars and wound up in a law suit" (p. 183). Anderson left the United Factories Company at the end of the year for which he was hired, that is, in the late summer of 1907. Sutton thinks that Anderson had to borrow money, or to pretend that he had it, in order to go into a mail-order business selling roof paint in Elyria in 1907.

The first years of his mail-order business in Elyria were prosperous. Some men, probably John Emerson and Walter E. Brooks, from whom Anderson rented his factory, lent him money to start the Anderson Manufacturing Company, which sold a paint called "Roof-Fix," a name coined by Anderson. The cost of manufacturing "Roof-Fix" was about one-fifth the sale price, and Sutton thinks that Anderson made a good deal of money around 1908 and 1909. In 1908 the Purcell Company of Lorain, Ohio, another paint manufacturing company, was absorbed by the Anderson Manufacturing Company. At this time Anderson inaugurated his plan of selling stock in the company to his dealers. The plan was called "Commercial
Democracy," and it was in connection with this enterprise that Anderson wrote the magazine Commercial Democracy and probably the work he called "Why I Am a Socialist." See the note to 15/10. In November of 1911 a new company was formed, the American Merchants Company. This company was to serve as merchandising outlet for the Anderson Manufacturing Company. Anderson put up no money for the new company when it was incorporated, although he became one of its directors. When Anderson left Elyria in 1913 the Anderson Manufacturing Company ceased to exist and the American Merchants Company was reorganized by Waldo Purcell (Sutton, "Formative Years," pp. 191-205). A statement by a Doctor Saunders, one of the stockholders of the American Merchants Company, well summarizes the results of Anderson's business venture in Elyria:

As a consequence of Anderson's leaving, his investors were faced with the problem of clearing up the business. The company was heavily in debt. Available funds were used to pay debts. Then the assets were liquidated to take care of debts then unpaid. (Sutton, "Formative Years," p. 204.)

Therefore, neither the Cleveland nor the Elyria manufacturing career was financially successful. The years when Anderson "left advertising and became a manufacturer" were not one of the two periods in his life when he was "comparatively rich" (92/8), although he remembers them as such. Once again Anderson is perpetuating his well-entrenched legend that Anderson the businessman was rich and Anderson the artist was poor.

92/12-93/1. Horace Liveright. Anderson's publisher from 1925 to 1933 was Horace Liveright (1886-1933). In Memoirs, ed. White, the section called "Meeting Horace Liveright," pp. 490-504, opens with these words:

It was a time when Horace Liveright was the outstanding figure in the American publishing world. He was tall and very handsome. Having come to New York from Philadelphia he had got a job on the stock exchange and once, when I was lunching with him, he told me of how he had, by a quick succession of speculations, run a few hundred dollars into a hundred thousand dollars.

Anderson, however, goes on to speak of other things, among them Ben Huebsch, and in the last analysis the section is more about building his Virginia farm than about Horace Liveright. The section entitled "More about Publishers," pp. 517-19, gives a better picture of the unorthodox ways of Horace Liveright, mixing stock speculation, show business, and
chorus girls with book publishing. This section also gives a good picture of Liveright's generosity: "And there was his check book, always at hand, often with a bottle of whisky on the desk beside it" (p. 517). See also Walker Gilmer, *Horace Liveright: Publisher of the Twenties* (New York: David Lewis, 1970). Gilmer devotes one chapter, pp. 106-19, to Liveright's relations with Anderson.

We know from letters in the Newberry Library for 1925 and 1927 that Anderson signed a contract with Liveright on April 11, 1925. The terms of the contract included the stipulation that Anderson give Liveright one book a year and that Liveright pay Anderson $100 a week for five years, giving Anderson an assured income of a little over $5000 a year. Anderson's royalty was fifteen percent on all books sold, ten percent on Modern Library editions. By 1927, however, Anderson was finding it difficult to produce a book-length work each year, and the weekly advances from Liveright had turned into a source of embarrassment, then annoyance, and finally debt. Anderson had to ask Liveright to stop payments. Nevertheless, in 1925 and 1926, because of the advances from Liveright and the good sales of *Dark Laughter*, Anderson truly could say that he was "comparatively rich" (92/8).

93/5. **a bold gambler.** In "More about Publishers" in *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 518, Anderson says:

Horace was a gambler and, if he believed in you, would gamble on you and I have always thought, since the man's death, that too much emphasis has been put on the reckless splendor of the man rather than his never failing generosity and his real belief in men of talent.

Anderson goes on to recount the financial failure of the Boni and Liveright firm in 1933. According to Anderson, the failure was brought on, not by Liveright's generosity to writers, but by his speculation on the stock market. Anderson visited him when, at the age of forty-nine, he was ill and near death. The section ends: "I took the elevator down out of that apartment building and walked in the street below with tears blinding my eyes" (p. 519).

93/5-6. **a Don Juan.** See *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 491:
So one day I was walking in one of the streets of New Orleans and there was Horace Liveright. He had come down there. He was striding along with a beautiful woman clinging to his arm. Horace was famous for his women, that I knew. I had already, on many occasions, seen him with many women and they were always beautiful.

He stopped and introduced me to the woman he had brought with him to New Orleans.

"Meet Mrs. Liveright," he said and I laughed.

"But why does he need to do this to me?" I thought.

"I'll not let him get away with it," I thought.

"Mrs. Liveright, oh yeah?" I said.

Well, it was Mrs. Liveright and I was sunk and so was Horace.

There was an uncomfortable moment.

"It may have been an uncomfortable moment for you but it was a lot more than that for me," Horace later told me.

93/8. courage to walk away from my factory. "Courage" is an important word here. Again Anderson is perpetuating the impression—and who can say that it is wrong?—that he consciously and with a good deal of courage changed the course of his life in 1913, when he was thirty-six years old. On November 28, 1912, he suffered a mental collapse, walked out of his office in Elyria, wandered about in a state of amnesia for four days, and finally was hospitalized in Cleveland on December 1. Realizing that his illness and subsequent repudiation of business were crucial in his life as an artist, Anderson told and retold the story. It is recounted in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 215-36 and in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 20 and 238-53. In A Story Teller's Story he contends that, while dictating a letter to his secretary he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence and said to her: "I have been wading in a long river, and my feet are wet." He goes on:

Again I laughed as I walked lightly toward the door and out of a long and tangled phase of my life, out of the door of buying and selling, out of the door of affairs. . . . "My feet are cold wet and heavy from long wading in a river. Now I shall go walk on dry land," I said and as I passed out at the door a delicious thought came. "Oh, you little tricky words, you are my brothers. It is you, not myself, have lifted me over this threshold. It is you who have dared give me a hand.' For the rest of my life I will be a servant to you," I whispered to myself, as I went along a spur of railroad track, over a bridge, out of a town and out of that phase of my life. (p. 226.)

The best factual inquiry into the details of Anderson's illness and
subsequent departure from Elyria is William Sutton's *Exit to Elsinore*. Pages 22-34 tell of the amnesia attack, the hospitalization in Cleveland, the return to Elyria until February, 1913, and the final departure for Chicago. Included in the Appendix is what Sutton calls "The Amnesia Letter," seven pages of notepaper-jottings that Anderson made during his wanderings and mailed to his wife Cornelia from Cleveland at 5:00 p.m. on November 30. The original of his letter is in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. The title of Sutton's monograph is taken from this letter, for the phrases "Elsinore," "get to Elsinore," "went to Elsinore," "near Elsinore," and "go to Elsinore" all appear in the jottings. Also included in the Appendix are the statement dictated by Anderson while in the Cleveland hospital and a letter that Anderson wrote to Marietta Finley on December 8, 1916. In commenting on the recurrence of the word "Elsinore," almost as a refrain, in the Amnesia Letter, Sutton says:

The first impulse might be to think that Anderson had thus thought of himself as Hamlet on the torture rack identified symbolically as Elsinore (Elyria). Further examination reveals, however, that he is not wanting to leave Elsinore but is rather pointed toward it. * * *

The letter, as will be seen, is full of fearsome and unsatisfactory ugliness, and Elsinore represents the escape valve. As Anderson said in many ways, his basic approach to literature was therapeutic, to give him release from the consciousness of the world he rejected, to work out through the manipulation of imagined life the problems of his own, to find understanding for himself through probing into the lives of his imagined characters. This is a veritable refrain, as many biographical passages show. The fantasy world of the fictional Elsinore, so closely identified with his kindred sufferer, Hamlet, is the doorway to escape, to the pleasant land where the head no longer hurts. (p. 28.)

The two sentences which immediately follow this quotation are cited in the note to 10/7.

93/10-11. through *with all idea of money-making forever*. Although the words "all" and "forever" make it impossible to say that Anderson was completely accurate in this statement, it does present one aspect of his attitude towards money in the years after Elyria. The other aspect, of course, is his shrewdness about money, an attitude which he knew never
completely left him (see the note to 68/3). Nonetheless, Anderson's repudiation of money and business after Elyria was authentic, and it often motivated him during the remaining years of his life. See, for example, a letter to Trigant Burrow written on October 12, 1921:

As you know, my own books do not sell much, but I suppose a smart publisher could sell twice as many; at least several have come to me with the proposition that they would undertake to do something like that if I would only come to them. I've stuck to Ben because my years as a businessman cured me so effectually of any desire to make money that there is almost a satisfaction in some of Ben's inefficiencies as a publisher. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 74.)

93/11-12. after a few years had walked into the arms of Horace. Here, as always, dates are of little importance to Anderson. The "few years" actually were twelve, from 1913 when Anderson left Elyria until 1925 when he accepted Liveright's offer in New Orleans.

93/13. he had exploited me. See the note to 45/16-17, which discusses the similarity between the passages in 45/16-46/4 and 93/13-94/2. What actually does Anderson mean by "exploited"? The meaning is certainly related to the idea that Liveright "plunged" on him (45/17) and to the idea that "people in America do not buy books. They do not buy anything. Everything is sold to them" (93/16-94/1). See also 46/7-8, where Anderson says: "Books, like everything else in America, are sold, not bought."

93/17-94/1. Everything is sold to them. See the note to 46/7-8. See also Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 291-92, where the buying and selling of books by publishers is linked to writing advertising copy as well as to prostitution. In this Memoirs passage Anderson is speaking of the days when he and other aspiring artists were forced to write advertisements in a Chicago advertising agency:

"Hello girls," I said, coming in of a morning, trying to put as brave a front on it as I could, as were all the others. I guess they all knew what I meant. I wonder sometimes what girls in a parlor house talk about when there are no customers about. Afterwards, as I found out, it is not so different in publishing houses. The racket going on there too. People do not buy books. Books are sold to people. When things are sold to people there will always be a racket.
This quotation provides a good example of the fusion of the principal theme of Part I (the integrity of the artist), its principal metaphor (prostitution), and two concrete examples of selling out this integrity (advertising writing and book selling).

94/3-4. paintings . . . beautiful beds . . . beautiful chairs. Here an ambivalence is discernible even in Anderson's attitude towards artistic integrity. If Horace Liveright "exploited" him, the exploitation resulted in the fact that Anderson had a beautiful mountain home, beautiful paintings, beautiful furniture for his home. In recognizing this ambivalence Anderson also recognizes the contradiction that is in the life of all artists.

94/6. this terrible contradiction. According to what has preceded this statement, the artist is enabled to purchase the beauty and luxury that he needs and loves because he himself is exploited by businessmen. According to what follows, the artist is a sensualist and a lustful man because he loves and needs this beauty and luxury. A partial resolution of the contradiction lies in the discipline—"the intensity of concentration" (94/9-10)—that the artist must impose upon himself in order to do good work. In regard to this artistic discipline, see 129/11-15 and the notes to 129/11-12 and 129/15.

94/6-7. he is a sensualist. See a letter from Anderson to Ettie Stettheimer written in June of 1926: "It is a shabby affair—living by writing. I am really a sensualist, wanting always lovely people, lovely things about" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). See also 135/8 and its note.

94/12-95/2. We want passionately . . . luxuries. This sentence provides another instance in which Anderson revised his manuscript, apparently at the time of composition, in order to give a more precise meaning to the text. The manuscript reads:
We want passionately the luxuries of life, the things we produce, our books, our paintings, statues, the songs we make, the music we make, these are all luxuries.

It would seem that Anderson originally intended to write:

We want passionately the luxuries of life, the things we produce are really all [luxuries.]

Anderson revised the sentence so that it became:

We want passionately the luxuries of life, the things we produce, our books, our paintings, statues, the songs we make, the music we make, these are all luxuries.

95/3. who, but his fellow artist. See "The Education of an Artist" in Helle Towne, p. 308:

The world is ruled by the paradox. Who loves luxury as does the artist? If he is a good artist he is a sensualist. He is as unmoral as a dog. A fine dog has the sense of smell highly developed. The artist would have all of his senses developed like that.

There the man is, trying to train himself all the time. Color, the feel of fabrics, the seductive lines of the human form.

The lines formed by hills falling away into valleys. Horses pulling loads up hills.

Voices heard in silent streets at night.

Every impulse of the artist is toward luxury. Nothing destroys like luxury.

95/6-7. getting them by cheapening our own work. See The Modern Writer, pp. 39-40:

If you handle your materials in a cheap way you become cheap. The need of making a living may serve as an excuse but it will not save you as a craftsman. Nothing really will save you if you go cheap with tools and materials. Do cheap work and you are yourself cheap. That is the truth.

96/3. comfortable circumstances in life. See 13/13 and its note. The people in "comfortable circumstances" are also the "approved people" of 95/13-14, and it is "a publisher's need" (96/2), not art, that insists they be the subject of Anderson's salable short stories.
96/5-6. a struggle going on between them and me. See a letter that Anderson wrote to his brother Karl in September of 1926. Anderson is speaking about the difficulty he is having with a novel he alternatively called "Another Man's House" and "Other People's Houses," a novel which he never completed. He admits to Karl: "The people of the novel want to emerge as individuals aside from myself and what I think they should be, and I have difficulty letting them. It is only when I can do it I get something pure" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 161.)

96/8-9. people who have lived long together, who have really achieved a marriage. Sherwood and Eleanor Copenhaver were married for eight years. See 57/1 and its note. With Eleanor, Sherwood finally achieved a marriage that was lasting and happy.

96/15. persistently buying me expensive shirts, . . . overcoats. Mrs. Eleanor Anderson in an interview with the present editor on July 17, 1970, admitted that she bought Sherwood expensive gifts. Even after her marriage, she continued to work as National Secretary for the Y.W.C.A.

97/1-2. ties that have cost at least three dollars each. Mrs. Eleanor Anderson in an interview on July 17, 1970, verified the fact that in rural Virginia in the 1930's ties costing three dollars were indeed expensive.

97/4. the orchard back of my house. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 493: I had determined to have a house of stone to stand at the recess where Ripshin joined Laurel Creek. There was a fine old apple orchard at that spot and my house, when built, would be protected from the storms by the surrounding hills. Several letters written during the year when Anderson was building his house also speak of the apple orchard. For example, on the back of a picture of Ripshin sent to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill in the late fall of 1926, Anderson says:

This is a side view of the house. This end is finished and we are now living in it. The two wings at the back are of logs. They look into an apple orchard. . . . Ripshin Creek is at the foot of
the orchard. My work cabin is on a hill—about the place marked X. Looks over Iron Mountain. In front of the house we will have our flower garden. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

97/5-6. **hill where I could see the front of the house.** The editor's visit to Ripshin Farm, July 16-17, 1970, confirmed the accuracy of Anderson's description of his house and grounds. The apple orchard is behind and a little to the side of the house, that is, south and a little to the west. The front of the house faces north and overlooks a walled flower garden with a low hill behind it. The view of the house from the top of this hill is most impressive. One's eye can easily follow "the line of the wall rising out of the ground and then following along the roof" (97/10-11).

97/16-17. **an architect who had made the drawings for me.** A friend from New Orleans days, William Spratling, at that time a professor of architecture at Tulane University, made the drawings for Ripshin. See a letter written to Charles and Mabel Connick from New Orleans in early March of 1926. After extending an invitation to come to Virginia, Anderson continues: "We will get at the house as soon as we get there. An architect friend is making drawings. He makes some and brings them to the house—a patient man. We make changes every time" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). In 1926 Spratling and William Faulkner collaborated on a satire: **Sherwood Anderson and Other Famous Creoles: A Gallery of Contemporary New Orleans** (published by the Pelican Bookshop Press in Royal Street New Orleans, 1926). The book is made up of Spratling's pen and ink sketches of the artists, writers, and journalists of the French Quarter during the 1920's. The first sketch is of "Mister Sherwood Anderson"; the last one, untitled, is of Spratling and Faulkner. Preceding the first sketch is a two-page foreword by "W.F." in a style intended to parody Anderson's. Hemingway's parody of Anderson's style in *The Torrents of Spring* catches the idiosyncrasies of Anderson's style better than does Faulkner's foreword. Hemingway's satire is probably cleverer; it is certainly lengthier and crueler. Spratling has also published his autobiography: **File on Spratling: An Autobiography**
97/17-18. I had not followed the drawings. This statement is not entirely true. See a letter to Mark Anthony, another friend of New Orleans days, written on May 28, 1926: "Tell Bill that our carpenter has studied his plans until they are almost worn out" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). Nonetheless, it may have some truth to it. See also Memoirs, ed. White, p. 493:

I had got an old man named Ball to be my builder and he was full of confidence. Bill Spratling, who was then teaching architecture at Tulane University, in New Orleans (He went afterward to Taxco in Mexico and set up as a silversmith. He prospered there.) drew some plans for me.

However, we could not use the plans much as neither the builder Ball or myself could understand the blueprints.

"But never mind," Ball said. "We'll get along."

97/18. For two years and while the house was building. See the note to 46/4-5, which shows that the house was built in little over one year's time. Nonetheless, from the time Anderson made his first payment on September 15, 1925, to Mrs. Barbara Miller for her farm until the withdrawal of the last workmen from the stone house in August, 1927, "two years" had elapsed.

98/1. All the money made for me by Horace Liveright going into it. To Ferdinand and Clara Schevill in the late fall of 1926 Anderson wrote: "Cost of all building, farm, etc., about $10,000" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). To Roger Sergel in late August, 1926, Anderson wrote: "We have about got a house. Our debt on it, all told, may be $4,000, a stone house with a barn & a tenant house, also a cabin for me" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 160). We know that during 1926 Anderson made more than $8000 on Dark Laughter (see the note to 45/15); and in 1926 Liveright published two books for Anderson—Sherwood Anderson's Notebook and Tar—neither of which was commercially successful. In the following year, the year in which the house was completed, Liveright published A New
Testament, Anderson's second book of poetry, a book which Liveright could hardly "plunge on" (see 46/7). Therefore, Anderson had to supplement the money made for him by Liveright by money made on lecture tours (see the following note).

Here in the "Writer's Book" however, Anderson does not mention that the sales of Dark Laughter and the lecture tours also financed a trip to Europe. He sailed for Europe on December 1, 1926, with Elizabeth, his son John, and his daughter Marion. In his letters to Karl throughout the winter and spring of 1926-27, Sherwood repeatedly tells him that he cannot afford the trip, but he goes anyway. Another source of expense for both Sherwood and Karl at this time was the illness of their youngest brother, Earl, who had suffered a paralytic stroke. Karl was carrying the brunt of the medical expenses, although Sherwood constantly wrote that he would soon send his share of the money. Earl died shortly after Sherwood returned from Europe in March, 1927. Sherwood then embarked on a spring lecture tour (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926 and 1927).

98/2-3. Once having to stop building for four months while I went delivering silly lectures. The lecture tour Anderson refers to here is probably the one he made between March and June of 1927 when, after his return from Europe, he had to lecture in order to raise the money that was still needed for the completion of Ripshin. During the fall and winter of 1925-26, however, he had also gone on a lecture tour, to get the money he owed Mrs. Barbara Miller for the farm and to pay for the beginning of the work on his cabin and stone house. Furthermore, as early as 1924 Anderson had started to lecture; in a letter to Ferdinand Schevill written in the summer of that year he tells him that lecturing "will be better than being an ad man and stealing spoons" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1924). As late as 1931 he was still lecturing; he wrote to Paul Rosenfeld on April 7, 1931: "I am doing some lecturing again this year, but this time I am not lecturing about writing or the arts and so do not mind doing it. My talks will be largely about newspapers and industry" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1931). Therefore, the implication that only once he stopped his total absorption in the building of Ripshin to deliver lectures is false.
Anderson's general attitude towards lecturing, however, is reflected in this passage in the "Writer's Book." We see this attitude reflected also in a letter written to Montgomery Wright of The Kansas City Star on March 15, 1926, that is, at the end of the tour in the fall and winter of 1925-26 referred to above:

In regard to lecturing, all I can say is that I find it hard enough to keep my relations to other men and women in the world somewhat balanced without attempting to get people in the mass. In spite of what everyone says about people that come to lectures, I think they do come in a pretty good spirit, really wanting something, but what can a man give them by standing up in front of them gabbing at them? Everyone, I presume, really wants a little decent affection and understanding, and I know now that they are never going to get them from a lecturer. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

98/3-4. I had done no writing. It is not true that from September, 1925, until August, 1927 (see the note to 97/18), Anderson had done no writing, although it is true that these years represent a low ebb in Anderson's creative energy. He went on trying to write, nonetheless. He did what he advises writers to do in Part VI: "A man should write and throw away. Write and throw away again" (153/9-10). He was trying to write, among other things, the novel he called "Another Man's House" or "Other People's Houses," a novel with Talbot Whittingham once again as the protagonist (see the note to 44/3). Early in the summer he is optimistic about this writing. He wrote to Mary Reynolds on May 27, 1926: "I have got a farm here I have had my mind on for a year or two, and we are living on it. It is in the lower part of southwest Virginia, a lovely spot. Just at present I am up to my eyes in two things: building a stone farmhouse, and writing a novel"; and the next day he wrote to Alfred Steiglitz: "This is a heavenly place and I have been working hard and steadily" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). By the end of the summer, however, he is terribly depressed. See, for example, the letter to Karl quoted in the note to 98/5-6, as well as the following letter to Roger Sergel written in late August. He tries to console Sergel about Sergel's own difficulties with a book, and says:

Dear man. How many times have I gone through that story and must yet go. Only last week my creeping to Elizabeth, tears in my eyes,
saying [all] I had ever written was nothing, declaring I would never write anything really decent. A man plows on and then dies. God knows about it all. This summer I have destroyed 30[,000] to 40,000 words of a novel twice. Rubbish piled up. The real flaw always eluding a man. Then when it is almost hopeless, a bit comes. This year I undertook too much, a house & a novel too. I want the house there and paid for if it can be managed. It will cut my living cost down, down. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 160.)

Just as it is true that Anderson had done some writing, but not writing that pleased him, it is also true that not all the writing he did at this time was poor. It seems that he was able to write short things but not a novel. For example, it was at this time that he wrote the final version of his excellent story "Death in the Woods" (see 49/2-4 and notes).

98/4. **It didn't matter.** The implication is that Anderson's artistic energies were absorbed and fulfilled by the building of Ripshin. This implication is strengthened a few lines later (98/6-12) when he recounts that a friend once told him that his house was as beautiful as a poem and as beautiful as several of his best short stories. In other words, the building of his house was an artistic undertaking and an artistic achievement.

In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 494-95, Anderson also draws a comparison between building a house and writing creatively. The Memoirs passage, however, does not imply that the building of the house fully satisfied Anderson's artistic impulses.

98/5. **cement tank.** In a letter to Karl written on July 16, 1926, Sherwood says: "The water supply is from a spring--feeding a tank--on the hill above the house" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926). The cement tank still stands on the top of the small hill that overlooks the north, or front, side of the house. It is no longer used for water storage, however.

98/8-9. "**Live all the rest of your days in it."** Anderson lived in the
house from 1927 until the fall of 1928. By January, 1929, however, Eliza­
beth had left him and gone back to her family in Berkeley, California, 
and Sherwood had moved out of Ripshin. At this time he was traveling a 
good deal in the South, gathering information for his articles on the new 
industrialization of the South. Whenever he returned to Marion he lived 
with his son Robert, who by this time had assumed the editorship of the 
Smyth County News and the Marion Democrat. He wrote to Roger Sergel in 
the fall of 1929 that he was "staying with Bob in a tiny apartment above 
the print shop in Marion" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929). He was then 
trying to sell Ripshin. His plan was to interest five other men in buy­
ing partial interest in the house and farm and to establish a lodge to 
which the men could go for vacations. He wrote to several of his friends, 
for example, Horace Liveright, Burton Emmett, Maurice Long, and Ferdi­
nand Schevill, telling them about the advantages that Ripshin offered as 
a resort: trout fishing in the spring and summer, pheasant and quail 
hunting in the fall, beautiful scenery at any season (Letters, Newberry 
Library, 1929, 1930). Anderson was never able to carry out this plan, 
or to sell Ripshin. Then, in 1933, shortly before his marriage to 
Eleanor, he started writing to his friends that he had decided not to sell 
the house and farm. For example, he wrote to J. J. Lankes from Kansas 
City on February 4, 1933: "You know, Lankes, I've been trying to sell 
that Ripshin for three or four years, and now I think I'll go back there 
to live, perhaps this spring" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 277). 
Sherwood and Eleanor lived at Ripshin until his death in 1941.

98/10.  "Brother Death." This story is the last one in the volume Death 
in the Woods. It was written specifically for this volume in a hotel in 
Kansas City in 1933. See 136/2, where Anderson speaks about writing well 
in a cheap hotel in Kansas City. For the circumstances surrounding the 
writing of "Brother Death," as well as Anderson's opinion of it, see the 
letter he wrote to Ferdinand Schevill on March 2, 1933:

I got the proofs for the new short story book, and they have been returned.

The truth is that when I got the book before me, I was not sat­
sisfied with it—two or three very fine stories and several just 
fair. I threw out two or three.
Then I wrote a new story—the last one in the book, when you see it—called "Brother Death" that I think will make the book. It is, I'm pretty sure, one of the finest stories I've done, and I even dare say one of the finest and most significant anyone has ever done.

Sounds cocky, doesn't it? (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 277-78.)

See also a letter to Paul Rosenfeld written on July 14, 1933. After telling Rosenfeld that he is not hurt by his adverse criticism of Beyond Desire in "The Authors and Politics," Scribner's, XCIII (May, 1933), 318-20, Anderson speaks about "Brother Death":

As for the new book of short stories, that you say you have not read, most of them are four or five years old, but at the end of the book there is a story called "Brother Death," written last winter after the rest of the book was in press, that I think does thoroughly refute all you say of me. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 292.)

See also a letter to Gertrude Stein written in early September, 1933:

I wrote one good story last winter, in a book called Death in the Woods. I'd send the book on to you, only the publisher went smash and I haven't any copies. The one story I liked best was called "Brother Death." (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 295.)

Anderson's criticism of his work in this instance is just. "Brother Death" is considered one of Anderson's best stories. See, for example:


Schevill, pp. 300-301.

"Brother Death" is the only story mentioned here in the "Writer's Book" that is included in Maxwell Geismar's Sherwood Anderson: Short Stories (New York: Hill and Wang, 1962).

98/11. "The Untold Lie." Of the four stories mentioned here by Anderson, this is the only Winesburg story. It was first published in Seven Arts, I (January, 1917), 215-21. After its publication in Winesburg it was reprinted in The Sherwood Anderson Reader and in Selected Short Stories of Sherwood Anderson (Edition for the Armed Services, Inc., 1945). "The Untold Lie," as well as "Brother Death," is often singled out as one of Anderson's best stories. For example, Malcolm Cowley in the
Introduction to the Viking Compass paperback edition of *Winesburg, Ohio* affirms that Anderson started a new trend in American short story writing by concentrating on single significant moments. Cowley goes on to say: "The best of the moments in *Winesburg, Ohio* is called 'The Untold Lie'" (p. 6). See also:


98/11. "The New Englander." This story was first published in the *Dial*, LXX (February, 1921), 143-58, and then in Anderson's second volume of short stories, *The Triumph of the Egg*. It is also included in *The Sherwood Anderson Reader* and *Selected Short Stories of Sherwood Anderson*, Edition for the Armed Services. From Weber in "Anderson and 'The Essence of Things,'" *Sewanee Review*, LIX (Autumn, 1951), 687, says of "The New Englander": "This story will remain one of the finest embodiments of the merits potentially contained in Anderson's lyrical-symbolic method."

Frederick Hoffman in *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, pp. 244-45, also discusses its symbols, which graphically express the sexual repression of Elsie Leander, the New Englander. Anderson in *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 155, speaks about writing a section of *Poor White* and "The New Englander." He says: "I remember ... how at a railroad station at Detroit I sat writing the tale of Elsie Leander's westward journey, in *The Triumph of the Egg*, and missed my own train--these remain as rich and fine spots in a precarious existence." See 155/16-160/7, where Anderson speaks about writing a story, which he does not name, at a railroad station in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. See also the note to 155/16.

98/12. "The Man's Story." This story was first published in the *Dial*, LXXV (September, 1923), 247-64, and then in Anderson's third volume of short stories, *Horses and Men*. It has also been printed in *The Sherwood Anderson Reader* and *Selected Short Stories of Sherwood Anderson*, Edition
for the Armed Services. Anderson seems to have had a special fondness for this story. See 103/15-104/3, where the circumstances surrounding the writing of "The Man's Story" are alluded to, and 163/6-167/3, where the writing is described in detail. In an interview with the present editor on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson said that it was true that Sherwood usually answered the question as to which was his favorite story with his oft-repeated quip, "Ask a mother which is her favorite child" (see 115/1-9). Nevertheless, she confessed that Sherwood always (and she emphasized "always") maintained that "The Man's Story" was his favorite. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 278, where Anderson heaps high praise on "The Man's Story." He is recalling the image of his father kneeling by the fire and pretending to burn a deed for some property in Cincinnati. He declares:

When years later the scene gave me the idea for one of the finest short stories I or any other man ever wrote, "The Man's Story," in the book Horses and Men, the woman in the room with the absorbed man, the poet (and if father was not a poet, at that moment, what was he?), the flare of light from a fireplace filled with papers, the woman shot by a rejected lover, not wanting to disturb the poet, lighting the papers in the room and walking across the room to fall dead at his feet, it is a story that will someday be counted one of the very great and beautiful short stories of the world and father gave me the key for it.

In the case of "The Man's Story" Anderson's favoritism in regard to this one imaginative child seems to have clouded his critical judgment. Critics in general do not agree that it is "one of the very great and beautiful short stories of the world," nor even one of Anderson's greatest.

98/13. I wriggled with pleasure. "Wriggled," that is, writhed or twisted like a snake, does not fit Anderson's context here. Nonetheless, the manuscript cannot be construed to read "giggled," as Rosenfeld prints in his edition of Memoirs, p. 444.

99/1-101/13. I was on the hill . . . . Coward! Rosenfeld omits from his edition of Memoirs this passage about the correspondence between Anderson and the Reverend Mr. Smith, Anderson's reaction to the critical
reception of *Winesburg*, and his constantly renewed struggle with the temptation to "sell out" the characters of his imagination.

99/2-3. She knew nothing of the absurd fear of old age. See 91/10-12, where Anderson says: "the fear that night, of which my wife knew nothing ... it would have shocked her profoundly to be told of it." See also 68/11 and 95/9, where Anderson also speaks about the fear of poverty and old age.

99/5-6. to force the people of my imaginative world into a world dictated by others. See the notes to 80/13-14 and 101/9-10.

99/8-9. between me and a certain man of God. The "What Say" column of the Smyth County News for July 7, 1932 (Archives, Virginia State Library, Richmond), prints a letter to Anderson written on June 1, 1932, by the Reverend Arthur H. Smith, Pastor of the Wicker Park Methodist Church, 2016 Evergreen Avenue, Chicago, and Anderson's reply, written June 6, 1932. The letter from the Reverend Mr. Smith was written, not from Winesburg, as 99/11 says, but from Chicago. After the initial exchange of letters Smith wrote at least two other letters to Anderson, one on March 2, 1936, the other on July 23, 1940 (Letters, Newberry Library, Incoming, the Reverend Arthur H. Smith to Sherwood Anderson). In his letter of July 23, 1940, Smith invited Anderson to a Winesburg Reunion to be held August 15-17, 1940: "Let me assure you we will show you every possible courtesy if you can come." Anderson answered Smith's letter on August 1, 1940:

> It sounds delightful; but, alas, engagements already made will I am afraid, prevent my being there.  
> Do, however, take my greetings to the people of the real Winesburg.  
> As you know mine was a purely imagined town and I would be much hurt if anyone there should think of it and its people as having lived in any place but my imagination.  
> I wish I might know better the real Winesburgers. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1940.)

99/10. whether Methodist, Baptist or Lutheran I had forgotten. Anderson
probably had forgotten this detail and did not refer to his correspondence with the Reverend Arthur H. Smith. The "What Say" column of the Smyth County News clearly identifies the Reverend Mr. Smith as Pastor of the Wicker Park Methodist Church. The other two letters from Smith to Anderson are on stationery with his name and church's address stamped at the top. The March 2, 1936, letter is from Brighton Park Methodist Church, 2115 West 36th Street, Chicago, and the July 23, 1940, letter is from the Mandell Methodist Church, 4724 Gladys Avenue, Chicago. Anderson probably had received the 1936 letter by the time he wrote "Prelude to a Story," but probably not the 1940 letter.

99/12. There was then really such a town. Winesburg, Ohio, is only seventy-five miles from Clyde and fifty miles from Elyria (The International Atlas, Chicago: Rand McNally and Company, 1969). It is probably true, however, that Anderson did not know of its existence when, first in Elyria and later in Chicago, he wrote stories and novels about people in his "mythical" Winesburg. Only three months after the publication of Winesburg, Ohio in March of 1919, however, he became aware of its existence. He wrote to Ben Huebsch on June 14, 1919: "Here is an interesting development. There is a Weinsburg [sic], Ohio. I'll stay out of that town" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1919).

99/13-14. I had attempted two or three novels set in a mythical Winesburg, Ohio. It is impossible to determine exactly how many novels Anderson is referring to here. Phillips in "How Sherwood Anderson Wrote Winesburg, Ohio" describes the discarded novel whose main character is called Talbot Whittingham and whose setting is Winesburg. The manuscript version of eighteen of the twenty-five Winesburg tales is written on the back of this discarded novel, called alternatively "The Golden Circle," "Talbot the Actor," and "Talbot Whittingham." Another attempt at a novel called "Talbot Whittingham," the one edited by Gerald Nemanic in his dissertation (see the note to 44/3), is set in Mirage, Ohio. We will just have to take Anderson at his word of "two or three."
the little book listed only towns on railroads. For a similar account of the "real" and "mythical" Winesburg, see Memoirs, ed. White, p. 22. See also a holograph in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscripts at the Newberry Library called "More About Publishers." This holograph is not printed in either Rosenfeld's or White's edition of Memoirs. It probably is an alternate version of part 3 of what became "Pick the Right War," Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 182-87. In this holograph Anderson speaks about his early published works, Windy McPherson's Son, Marching Men, and Mid-American Chants. He then goes on to say:

I had begun to write of the little lives I knew, people with whom I had lived, had walked with and talked with, had perhaps even slept with, and the result was Winesburg, Ohio. It was no particular town. It was people. I had got the characters of the book everywhere about me, in towns in which I had lived, in the army, in factories and offices in which I had worked. So there they were, these people of my book, of my purely mythical Ohio town.

For it was a mythical town. When I gave the book its title I had no idea there really was an Ohio town by that name. I even consulted a list but it must have been a list giving only towns that were situated on railroads, and later the people of the actual Winesburg protested. They declared the book immoral and that the actual inhabitants of the real Winesburg were a highly moral people. (pp. 10-11.)

The preacher in the real Winesburg had written a history of the town. The Reverend Arthur H. Smith, a native of Winesburg, wrote a book called An Authentic History of Winesburg, Holmes County, Ohio, Including a Winesburg "Who's Who" (Chicago: n.p., 1930). The Reverend Mr. Smith mentions Anderson's Winesburg on p. 70, under the heading "A Few Side Notes":

If you have been disturbed because of Sherwood Anderson's book, "WINESBURG, OHIO" (a burlesque) and resented it as an insult and a slander on our home town, it will put your mind to rest in perfect peace if you will remember that Mr. Anderson did not know that there was such a town as Winesburg, Ohio, when he wrote his book, which, by the way, is well worth reading. The imaginary town he writes about is a much larger town and has a railroad. Where he got the name is not known. But "we (of our actual beloved Winesburg) should worry!"

Smith explains his use of the word "burlesque" in his March 2, 1936, letter to Anderson:
Perhaps you remember that about June 1—1932 I sent you a copy of my book "An Authentic History of Winesburg, Ohio"—On June 6—1932 you wrote me relative to your book "Winesburg, Ohio."

I greatly appreciate your explanation. My son is a Senior in "Northwestern University," Evanston, Ill. One of the books in his required reading is your "Winesburg, Ohio."

He showed his Professor your letter to me and the Prof. copied it.

Now, Mr. Anderson, I used the name "burlesque" in my History, p. 70, as I had only skimmed your book hastily before writing mine in 1930 so I ask your pardon. But you will note even there I exonerated you fully of any wrong intent in your book as a "slur" upon our real Winesburg—

I wanted the Winesburgers to get that straight, as a few of them were quite "agitated" about it—I never was I assure you.

In the hurry—and stress of my pastoral and home duties I used the word loosely—"burlesque"—for which I am sorry. I take your explanation gladly. (Letters, Newberry Library,Incoming, Reverend Arthur H. Smith to Sherwood Anderson, 1936.)

100/5. as I gathered a small German community. The Reverend Mr. Smith's history tells us that Winesburg was founded by "The Four Bachelors":

John Michael Smith, born in Wuertemberg, Germany; the Reverend William Smith, a young minister who had just graduated from a theological seminary in Germany; Frederick Happoldt, also born in Germany; and Dr. August Scheurer, born and educated in Germany (pp. 15-16 and 20-22). Many of the other early settlers were also of German extraction, and even in 1930 German names abound.

100/5-6. devoted I hoped to the raising of the grape. The Reverend Mr. Smith's Authentic History does not lead the reader to conclude that the raising of the grape or the enjoying of its produce were central concerns of Winesburg's inhabitants. They are presented as God-fearing, church-going, music-loving, hard-working citizens. Smith also explains how the town got its name:

The town having been laid out, a town meeting was called for the purpose of giving it a suitable name. At this meeting Dr. August Scheurer suggested the name of Weinsburg in honor of Weinsburg, Wuertemberg, Germany, noted for its heroic and faithful women. These women, when once their native village was besieged, begged of the besieging general only one request, that is, to be allowed to take with them their most costly treasure, which on being granted, they immediately carried their husbands safely out of the town of
Weinsburg, ever after known in history because of its "Weibertreu." The spelling was changed to Winesburg by the United States postal authorities in 1833, when a Post Office was established. (p. 18.)


100/11. wrote him a hot letter. Anderson's letter as printed in the Smyth County News is not a "hot" one. It is, as are most of Anderson's letters, a kind, gentle one but one that makes his true feelings clear. It objects to Smith's using the term "burlesque," and it says many of the things about Winesburg that Anderson says throughout the "Writer's Book," for instance, that it was first condemned, called "filth," later praised, even translated into almost all of the European languages. As is clear from the passage in Smith's history that mentions Winesburg (see the note to 100/4-5), Smith did not suggest that if Anderson had ever been to Winesburg and had written of the inhabitants as he wrote of the people of his mythical town, he would have brought shame to them (see 100/11-14).

100/14-15. "If the people of your real Winesburg are as decent as the people of my Winesburg, you should be happy and proud. In his letter Anderson defends the people of his mythical Winesburg in these words: "Do not be offended if I say that I hope that the real people of the real Winesburg, Ohio, are at bottom as decent and have as much inner worth" ("What Say," Smyth County News, July 7, 1932).

In the "Memoirs" holograph quoted in the note to 100/3, Anderson also remarks:

For certainly the people of my book, who had lived their little fragments of lives in my imagination, were not specially immoral. They were just people, and when I answered the preacher's letter I told him that if the people of his real Winesburg were as all around decent as those of my imagined town then the real Winesburg might--must--be indeed a very decent town to live in. (pp. 11-12.)

101/2-3. I had not minded when some of the critics had condemned me as
a writer. See 84/13-14, where Anderson also protests that he is not bothered by adverse criticism. On the other hand, see 118/10, where he says he is "inclined to think" that the critics who do not praise him are "fools," and 154/10-11, where he says he asks his wife to show him only the favorable criticisms. The latter two statements are probably the truer statements of Anderson's real attitude towards critics. A good summing up of his attitude is found in a letter to his mother-in-law, Laura Lou Copenhaver, written in early October of 1936: "Criticism is as usual—generous, mean, personal, smart-alecky, often penetrating. We have few big critics, Mother, but, on the other hand, criticism in America is never venal, as in Europe" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 364).

The year that Anderson wrote this letter he published Kit Brandon, and in the same letter to Laura Lou Copenhaver he also remarks: "It is impossible to tell how Kit will go" (p. 363). Kit Brandon was reviewed by:

Hamilton Basso, in New Republic, LXXVIII (October 21, 1936), 318;
Howard Mumford Jones, in Saturday Review of Literature, XIV (October 10, 1936), 13;
Alfred Kazin, in New York Herald Tribune Books, October 11, 1936, pp. 1-2;
Mark Van Doren, in Nation, CXLIII (October 17, 1936), 452-53;
Stanley Young, in New York Times Book Review, October 11, 1936, p. 3.

An example of criticism "as usual" is Kazin's review, headed "Sherwood Anderson, Still Shuffling Along: Grasping and Shy and Awkward and Strangely Moving." Kazin affirms that, although the subject matter of Southern factory towns and rum-running and the quicker tempo of the prose seem to make Kit Brandon appear different from Anderson's other novels, the difference is only on the surface. When Kazin compares Anderson with the other novelists of the 1930's, he says: "Though the others tower above him, he alone has kept the spiritual log of what it has meant to be an American in our time. It is important to recall today, when so many in his generation gaze at their laurels, that he has never lost his curiosity or his faith" (p. 2).
there had been a great outcry about filthiness in me. See 44/13-45/1, where Anderson speaks about Winesburg's being condemned as "filth" and a "literary sewer."

any condemnation of any of the people in any of my stories. Anderson's repetition of the word "any" may seem awkward and even redundant, but it is deliberate. One of Anderson's most characteristic stylistic devices is his repetition of words. See, for example, the repetition of the pronoun "she" seven times in the first paragraph of "Death in the Woods." In the first paragraph Anderson is calling the reader's attention both to the old woman, the central character of the story who "feeds" the narrator's artistic life, and to her seeming insignificance. Here in the "Writer's Book" Anderson is calling to the reader's mind his oft-repeated theme that "any" condemnation of his characters is, for him, a travesty of art and of life. See the notes to 7/13 and 25/13-14, which comment on Anderson's use of rhythm and word repetition patterns.

I had always deeply resented. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 93-94. The words enclosed in brackets and preceded by asterisks are material that Anderson added in the galleys:

A public speaker, in speaking of my Winesburg tales, praised me as a writer but spoke slightingly of the figures that lived in the tales. "They weren't worth telling about," he said, and I remember that I sat at the back of the room, filled with people, hearing him speak, and remember sharply also just the sense of horror that crept over me at the moment. ["It is a lie. He has missed the point," I cried to myself.] Could the man not understand that he was doing a quite unpermissible thing? As well go into the bedroom of a woman during her lying-in and say to her—"You are no doubt a very nice woman but the child to which you have just given birth is a little monster and will be hanged." . . . As I say listening certain figures, Wing Biddlebaum, [Hugh McVey], Elizabeth Willard, Kate Swift, Jesse Bentley, marched across the field of my fancy. They had lived within me, and I had given a kind of life to them. [They had lived, for a passing moment anyway, in the consciousness of others beside myself.] 'Surely I myself might well be blamed—condemned—for not having the strength or skill in myself to give them a more vital and a truer life—but that they should be called people not fit to be written about filled me with horror.

In a letter that Anderson wrote in August of 1938 to Mary Helen Dinsmoor
and that is quoted in her thesis ("An Inquiry into the Life of Sherwood Anderson as Reflected in His Literary Works," unpublished M.A. thesis, Ohio University, 1939, p. 70), Anderson says:

I was like a woman when her child is attacked. I swear I could not understand for, to me, the people of my tales were very much like all people I have ever known. They were no more normal or abnormal. It seemed to me that I had found some spot of beauty in each of them.

101/9-10. To sell them out, as is always being done, in the imaginative world. See the note to 80/13-14, which explains Anderson's theory of the threefold obligation that a writer has to the imagination. Here Anderson is once again speaking of the third and, to his mind, the most important obligation, the writer's obligation to the characters of his imagination. This obligation is a favorite theme throughout Anderson's writings. See, for example, Anderson's letter to Carrow De Vries quoted in the note to 13/1 and his letter to Norman Holmes Pearson quoted in the note to 147/9-10. See also "A Note on Realism" in the Notebook (also printed in "Man and His Imagination"):

The writer who sets himself down to write a tale has undertaken something. He has undertaken to conduct his reader on a trip through the world of his fancy. If he is a novelist his imaginative world is filled with people and events. If he have any sense of decency as a workman he can no more tell lies about his imagined people, fake them, than he can sell out real people in real life. The thing is constantly done but no man I have ever met, having done such a trick, has felt very clean about the matter afterwards. (p. 74.)

See also a section of "Man and His Imagination" that is not part of "A Note on Realism":

People are always being violated. What is not generally understood is that to do violence, to sell out a character in the imaginative world, is as much a crime as to sell people out in the real world. As I have already tried to say, this imaginative world of ours, the imaginative lives we live, are as important to us as are real lives. They may be more important. (p. 58.)

Finally, see The Modern Writer:

Consider for a moment the materials of the prose writer, the teller of tales. His materials are human lives. To him these figures of his fancy, these people who live in his fancy should be as real as living people. He should be no more ready to sell them out than he would sell out his men friends or the woman he loves. To
take the lives of these people and bend or twist them to suit the needs of some cleverly thought out plot to give your reader a false emotion is as mean and ignoble as to sell out living men or women. (p. 39.)

102/2. "But I have a right now to put money first." In the left hand margin in pencil in Paul Rosenfeld's hand is written, "Reader 371." Close examination shows that "Memoirs" was written first, then erased, and "Reader" written over the erasure. Three more times in the manuscript of "Prelude to a Story," Rosenfeld penciled in "Memoirs," then erased it, and penciled in "Reader" and a page number. See the notes to 108/14, 109/11, and 112/15. The page numbers correspond to the pages in The Sherwood Anderson Reader where the passages from "The Sound of the Stream" are found.

102/2-103/9. I began to . . . gone back at it. This passage about Somerset Maugham and Anderson's temptation to write for money is cut in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs. Rosenfeld substitutes for this passage two sentences that the present editor cannot find in the manuscript of the "Writer's Book": "I have got to begin now thinking of money. I have got to begin making money" (p. 444).


102/7. Put in Maugham's paragraph. It is now impossible to determine what paragraph Anderson had in mind. The present editor made a thorough search among the books of Anderson that still remain in the stone house at Ripshin and at the Copenhaver home in Marion. Anderson's work cabin by the stream at Ripshin no longer has any books in it. The copy of Of Human Bondage that Anderson had in his hands on the afternoon he wrote this passage in "Prelude to a Story" can no longer be identified. In an interview on July 23, 1970, Anderson's son John told the present editor
that he thought it very likely that his father wrote "put in Maugham's paragraph" because he was not sure where he could find the passage that his memory told him was somewhere in Maugham's novel.

102/9-10. by his writing and by his plays after his Of Human Bondage, had got rich. Maugham, who had grown up in relative poverty, "got rich" for the first time, not in 1915, but in 1911 when four of his plays, Lady Frederick, Mrs. Dot, Jack Straw, and The Explorer, enjoyed successful runs in London (Karl G. Pfeiffer, W. Somerset Maugham: A Candid Portrait [New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1959], pp. 49-50). From 1911 on, Maugham continued to write novels, stories, and plays that sold very well. This is not to say that they were not also good literature.

103/3-4. my cabin, across the road from my house and hidden away under trees by a little creek. This is a very accurate description of the present location of Anderson's work cabin. Ripshin Creek runs along the east side of the house. Farther to the east is the road. Down the road to the south is the confluence of Ripshin Creek and Laurel Creek. The cabin stands on the bank of Ripshin Creek, a little to the east of the confluence.

See the notes to 57/14-15 and 131/8-9 for details about the moving of the cabin down from the top of the highest hill on Anderson's farm to its present location by the side of the stream.

103/7. the words refusing to flow. "Flow" is one of Anderson's favorite words. See 69/1, 153/3, 157/9-10, and their notes.

103/12-13. now they shall serve me. See the letter, written to Roger and Ruth Sergel in January of 1930, which reflects the struggle that Anderson is speaking about here: 'In all my early writing and until my last [third] marriage I wrote pretty much what I damn pleased when I pleased. Then I became, I think now, very decidedly middle-class. I do not mean by doing what you are, but do mean by writing for money. It is perhaps only when we try to bend the arts to serve our
damn middle-class purposes that we become unclean.

So I tore my novel up and severed my connection with *Vanity Fair*.

*(Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 206.)*

The novel that Anderson tore up was called "No God," then "No Love," and then "Beyond Desire." It should not be confused with *Beyond Desire*, published in 1932.

103/15-16. *Once I had written for ten hours.* The circumstances given here (103/15-104/3) are a brief description of the writing of "The Man's Story" as told in greater detail in 163/6-167/3.

104/4-5. *Day after day passing as in some delicious dream.* See 69/1-2, where Anderson also speaks about the ease with which he wrote *A Story Teller's Story*. The note to those lines gives documentation to show that Anderson labored over this book as he did over all of his others.

104/6. *another.* This word shows that Anderson thought that *A Story Teller's Story* was also misunderstood. See 69/4-5, where Anderson says that it is "a book that has never had the audience it deserved but that will have."

104/6. *terribly misunderstood book.* One example of contemporary misunderstanding of *Many Marriages* is in Cleveland Chase's biography: "Anderson has stretched out the material for a mediocre short story into a full length novel and has made the material itself worthless in the process" (p. 54). Since *Many Marriages* ran serially in the *Dial* from October, 1922, until March, 1923, and was published as a book by Huebsch in February of 1923, Chase is assuming, as many other critics have done, that *Many Marriages* was first written as a short story and then unwisely expanded to the dimensions of a full length novel. Janice Ellen Cole in her dissertation, *"Many Marriages": Sherwood Anderson's Controversial Novel* (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Michigan, 1965), after a thorough investigation of the two extant manuscripts of *Many Marriages* and the letters that Anderson wrote at the time, argues that *Many Marriages* was first written as a novel and then shortened for its
serialization in the Dial, although she concedes that her theory cannot, 
no more than the commonly held one, be proved with certitude. Cole says:

Nowhere in the letters quoted in this chapter, or in any letters 
of the period in the Anderson Collection, is there any mention of 
material being added to the Dial version of Many Marriages. As has 
been said, there are, however, a number of letters in which shortening 
the novel for the Dial is discussed. (p. 63.)

On the other hand, we have Anderson's own words to refute this argument. 
Anderson prefaced his book-length edition with "An Explanation":

I wish to make an explanation—that should perhaps be also an 
apology—to the readers of the Dial. 
To the magazine I make due acknowledgement for the permission to 
print in this book form.
To the Dial reader I must explain that the story has been greatly 
expanded since it appeared serially in the magazine. The temptation 
to amplify my treatment of the theme was irresistible. If I have 
succeeded in thus indulging myself without detriment to my story I 
shall be glad.

The present editor, however, after her own study of Anderson's letters and 
the two manuscripts of Many Marriages, accepts the thesis put forward in 
Cole's dissertation, in spite of Anderson's "Explanation."

Two more important aspects of what Anderson would call the "misunder­
standing" of Many Marriages are the charges of immorality and lack of art­
tistry leveled against it. To quote Chase again: "The book rambles; re­
peats words, thoughts, symbols; were it not so thoroughly confused and 
meaningless, it would come very close to being immoral" (p. 54). Most of 
the critics who reviewed Many Marriages when it was published found more to 
blame than to praise. See, for example:

R. W. Boyton, in Independent, CX (March 31, 1923), 232;
Heywood Broun, in New York World, February 25, 1923, Section E, p. 6;
Henry Seidel Canby, in New York Evening Post Literary Review, February 
24, 1923, p. 483;
Gerald Gould, in Saturday Review of Literature, CXXXVI (September 8, 
1923), 281;
Ludwig Lewisohn, in Nation, CXVI (March 28, 1923), 368;
Robert Littell, in New Republic, XXXVII (April 11, 1923), 6-8;
Burton Rascoe, in New York Tribune Book News and Reviews, February 25, 
1923, p. 17;
Percy N. Stone, in Bookman (New York), LVII (April, 1923), 210-11;
F. Scott Fitzgerald, however, in an article entitled "Sherwood Anderson on the Marriage Question" in the New York Herald, March 4, 1923, Section 9, p. 5, (see Cole, pp. 17-18), praised the book, giving special attention to Anderson's style. Other friends of Anderson also praised the book, but in private letters to him. For example, Gertrude Stein and Theodore Dreiser both wrote laudatory appreciations of Many Marriages shortly after its publication (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923). Years later, on December 6, 1935, Dreiser again wrote: "You say I think the novel is not your field. I don't know that I ever emphasized that. It may be yet your greatest field. I loved Many Marriages at a time when many quarreled with it" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1935; also quoted in Cole, p. 14).

In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 152, Anderson says that Many Marriages was "not understood," and in a letter to Georgia O'Keeffe written in December of 1935 he says, as he does in the "Writer's Book," that it was "terribly misunderstood" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 338). A clear indication of Anderson's attitude towards Many Marriages, as well as an example of his critical judgment on his works, is given in a letter to Ulrico Hoepli of the Casa Editrice Libraria Ulrico Hoepli in Milan, Italy. Anderson wrote on June 5, 1937:

It is a little difficult for any writer who has written many books to pick out one of them and to say, "This is the most important of my efforts." It is too much like asking a mother who has many children to say which of her children is her favorite.

A novel of mine called Dark Laughter has had the largest immediate sale of any of my work. A book of short stories called Winesburg, Ohio is, I believe, the book of mine most often selected by American critics. It was written some twenty years ago and has become more or less an American classic.

I think that I myself am fondest perhaps of another called Many Marriages, but this may be only true because the book, when published, was very generally abused by the critics.

You will see how difficult it is for a writer to make a selection. When I was a boy in an American country town, there was in the town an old horse-trader who had a favorite saying: "The best horse I ever owned I own now." I think most any writer would be inclined to say that his best work is the one not yet done. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 380.)

See the note to 27/1-2, where a passage from Many Marriages is quoted.
Our dark age of belief . . . by economic professors. See the passages 79/13-80/17 and 151/6-10, where Anderson speaks against the idea of what we might call "propaganda literature," literature with "a good proletariat angle" (151/8) or "so-called proletariat stories" (80/4). Such propaganda literature arises in a world "dominated by the economists" (80/1-2). See also a letter written from Ripshin on June 14, 1937, to Dorothy Norman, editor of Twice a Year:

I have been thinking for several years that we would presently grow tired of the rather hard-boiled, pessimistic, wisecracking attitude toward life. In fact I have sometimes said to myself that we are again in a dark age that clings to the belief that a good life may be attained through economic readjustment alone. It is pretty hopeless. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 383.)

See also Memoire, ed. White, p. 554:

The time will come when men will look back upon my times, speaking of it as another dark age. Any civilization absorbed in economics, the economic interpretation of history, etc., etc. is but a savage and brutal civilization. There will be a renaissance and then my own work and my own life will be appreciated. For in a muddled time I have lived fully and very richly.

Recent critics still quarrel with the greatness of Many Marriages. See, for example, Rex Burbank's 1964 biography of Anderson. In the Preface Burbank says that the general reader and the critic usually agree upon Anderson's successes and failures. They both rank Many Marriages among the failures. In the body of the biography Burbank explains why:

The chief weakness of Many Marriages is that the symbols—of which the picture of the Virgin is one of the most important—are made to carry a greater rhetorical burden than they can bear, being used in lieu of action to convey the themes. Anderson's thesis is not imaginatively realized through either symbols or action, and the novel lapses therefore into mere rhetoric. . . .

Many Marriages is a thoroughly irresponsible work, both artistically and intellectually; "but we need not question Anderson's integrity of purpose. The irresponsibility consists in his failure to condense his material, to tighten the structure of the book, and to examine the nature and consequences of his themes and the assumptions behind them. Above all, it is irresponsible because his
mouthpiece, Webster, wins his argument too easily; he has no articulate antagonist to challenge his assumptions. In the absence of any discernible dialectic or narrative conflict, Webster's supposedly sophisticated ideas about life and sex become the maundering of a terribly ignorant man, and his symbolic act of psychic and physical rebirth is reduced to absurdity. (pp. 111-12.)

104/10. *joy.* The word that the editor has emended to read "joy" looks a bit like "jole." The sentence on 110/3--"The burning took a long time but it was a joy"--also has the word that looks like "jole"; but in this case the "le" could be construed as a "y." Therefore, the editor reads what looks like "le" in 104/10 also as "y."

104/13. *the self, for the time, completely gone.* Anderson started Many Marriages in the late winter or early spring of 1921 when he was in Fairhope, Alabama, with Tennessee (see the note to 43/2). He finished it in New Orleans when he returned there in January, 1922. By March, 1922, he wrote to Gilbert Seldes of the Dial about serial publication (Letters, Newberry Library, 1921-22). See 135/13-136/1, where Anderson may be reminiscing about finishing Many Marriages in New Orleans.

105/9-108/7. *I have already mentioned ... making nights alive.* This is the passage with which Rosenfeld begins his "Sound of the Stream," that is, his version of Part I of the "Writer's Book." See the note to 4/4.

105/9-10. *already mentioned that my house stands by a mountain stream.* See 101/16-17.

105/15-16. *the sounds coming in.* Ripshin Creek, running over the many rocks in its bed (see 106/1) is very audible from the master bedroom on the first floor of the east side of the house.

106/2. *somewhere I have written.* See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 505: "The creek, near the house, that murmured and talked to you at night as you lay awake in bed was another matter. It was fed by other mountain springs and was cold and clear."
In a letter to Roger Sergel written on March 26, 1928, Anderson comments on the Sergels' move into an apartment at 6016 Stony Island Avenue in Chicago, "almost exactly an address at which I once lived." Anderson lived on the South Side near Jackson Park shortly after his return to Chicago from Elyria. Floyd Dell, Margery Currey, and other artists and writers of the Chicago Renaissance lived in apartments which had originally been erected for the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago in 1893 (see 107/2-3). In the letter to Sergel, Anderson mentions the fact that "there used to be a lot of low, one-story buildings on Stony Island near 57th Street," and goes on to say:

I think Jackson Park is one of the loveliest parks in America. How many adventures I have had in that park! How many hours have I spent wandering about in it at night and dreaming!

I went to Chicago when I was quite a young man. All sorts of love adventures in Jackson Park, a good many of which I have written about. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 182-83.)

I had been puzzled . . . streetcar conductor. All of this passage is omitted in Rosenfeld's version of Part I. Perhaps Rosenfeld, once again, thought that this passage contained "sordid details." See the notes to 36/2-3 and 38/2-39/6, which comment on Rosenfeld's cuttings.

her father was a streetcar conductor. In A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 171-74, Anderson tells of having an affair with the wife of a streetcar conductor, whom he used to meet in the park, when he was a young laborer and living in an ugly apartment building where many streetcar employees lived.

of Fred, of Mary, of Tom, of Ester. It is impossible to determine exactly whom Anderson is speaking about in this passage. Fred could possibly be Fred O'Brien (see 149/4-5 and its note) or Fred Booth, an unsuccessful novelist and short story writer, friend of Anderson, Waldo Frank, and Paul Rosenfeld in the late 1910's (Letters, Newberry Library, 1918-1919). Mary could be several people who were close to Anderson in
his lifetime: Mrs. Burton Emmett, Mary Chryst Anderson, his son Bob's wife, Mary Vernon Greear, one of his secretaries, or "Old Mary," whose sister's house he rented in Palos Park, Illinois, between 1920 and 1922 and who brought him his dinner and regaled him with stories of her youth­ful days in vaudeville (see Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 420-24). Tom very likely is Tom Smith, one of Horace Liveright's editors. Ester might possibly be the Virginia mountain woman whose trial for cursing a certain Carl was covered in the Smyth County News and Marion Democrat (see Wel­ford Dunaway Taylor, "Sherwood Anderson," Virginia Cavalcade, XIX [Spring, 1970], 46).

107/12-13. the sound of the footsteps of these. These words are omitted by Rosenfeld in his edition of Part I.

107/15. Hugh McVey. He is the main character in Anderson's novel Poor White (see 88/1-2). See also the quotation from A Story Teller's Story cited in the note to 101/6-7, where he is incorrectly listed among the Winesburg characters. In both the Introduction to the Modern Library edition of Poor White and in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 354, Anderson says that Poor White is more the story of the town of Bidwell, Ohio, than it is the story of Hugh.

108/1. Carl Sandburg. Sandburg (1878-1967) was an editorial writer on the Chicago Daily News and an aspiring poet befriended by Harriet Monroe and Poetry magazine when Anderson first knew him. Anderson never had a close friendship with Sandburg nor a high opinion of his literary worth. See "The Sandburg," Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 466-69, where Anderson reminisces about the Chicago Renaissance, about Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, and Ben Hecht, and in regard to Sandburg says, among other things: "Here, in the poet Sandburg, was, I thought, a man who had collected more, in respect and admiration, while giving less than any poet of my time. . . . He was a man who had never made a fight for any other first rate poet of his time" (p. 467).
Ben Hecht. Hecht (1893-1964) wrote for the Chicago Daily News from 1914 until 1923, when he founded, assisted by Sandburg and Maxwell Bodenheim, his literary burlesque, Chicago Literary Times. Hecht went from Chicago to New York to Hollywood becoming, with his collaborator Charles MacArthur, the kind of successful playwright and movie producer whom Anderson castigates through most of the "Writer's Book." See, however, a letter of Anderson to his mother-in-law, Laura Lou Copenhaver, written on October 13, 1936:

Had a long talk yesterday with Ben Hecht, who has gone sour on the movies. You know we were once great friends in Chicago. His old mother was killed in an automobile accident in Los Angeles, and the last thing she said to him before dying was that he should have stuck to me and gone with me on my road. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 365.)

In a letter to Waldo Frank written in the spring of 1917 Anderson speaks of both Sandburg and Hecht:

I saw Sandburg the other night, and we had a long evening together. He liked my songs [Anderson was working on his Mid-American Chants] very much, and I liked him. There is something Scandinavian about him, a suggestion of closed-in icy places. Most of his verses do not sing, but he does. Ben Hecht called him a true poet who could not write poetry. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 12.)

John Emerson. The manuscript reads "Jane Emerison." Since the present editor found no mention in any of Anderson's writings, published or unpublished, to a Jane Emerison, the editor assumes that this is one of Anderson's "slips of the pen" (see the Introduction) and changes the name to John Emerson. John Emerson (see 67/9-16 and notes) was a close friend of Anderson from their youth together in Clyde until Anderson's death.

Maurice Long. Anderson knew Maurice Long, the owner of a large laundry in Washington, D.C., for less than two years, from March of 1930 until Long's death in December, 1931; but during that short time he became one of Anderson's closest friends (Letters, Newberry Library, 1930-31). In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 520-24, there is a moving account of Anderson and Long's friendship and of the real love that existed between them. In the Preface to the Memoirs, p. 4, Long is listed with other close friends of Anderson:
To myself, and wanting a better, I use often the word "sweet" in describing these men. There is a kind of warmth, a going out to others in them. I think of the critic Mr. Burton Rascoe, that perfect gentleman and only real sophisticate I have known, Lewis Galantière, of a certain Irish owner of a huge laundry in the city of Washington, a flame of a man, Maurice Long, of Lewis Gannett, George Daugherty and Marco Morrow, of Tommy Smith and Heywood Broun.

108/2-3. Doctor Parcival. "The Philosopher--concerning Doctor Parcival" is the fifth of the Winesburg stories. Parcival is an unsuccessful doctor who one afternoon refuses to go to the aid of a young girl fatally hurt in an accident. No one in the town notices Doctor Parcival's absence, but he becomes convinced that the town's people will hate him for his refusal, that he will be "crucified" by them. He tells George Willard: "Everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified" (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1919, p. 48).

In a letter to Jasper Deeter of the Hedgerow Theatre, written on July 9, 1934, Anderson speaks about his dramatic version of Winesburg, mentioning most particularly the characterization of Doctor Parcival. He tells Deeter how he would like the actor to play the part:

Let him try thinking of Parcival as a man who wants above everything else closeness to others, human brotherhood. The man is wiser than all the others about him, sees life more clearly than the others, and this is what stands in the way of the closeness he wants. He is in an American small town of the Middle West. He is a doctor, but medicine doesn't interest him much. Jap, I have thought for a long time that one of the most characteristic things about American life is our isolation from one another... The crucifixion of Christ is real to him. He feels it going on and on in people. There is the same identification. "We are all Christs, and we will all be crucified." (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 305-306.)

108/3. The naked man in the room with his daughter. In Many Marriages John Webster, after undressing and walking up and down before a statue of the Virgin Mary, tries to explain to his daughter Jane what he considers the true meaning of love and sex. See the quotation from Rex Burbank's biography of Anderson cited in the note to 104/9; see also Anderson's comment in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 152:

I called my book Many Marriages, meaning to convey the feeling of contacts among people, of the flesh and not of the flesh—something
deeply of the spirit that nevertheless has the flesh in it.
The book was not understood. When it was published I was widely
cursed for it. There was a scene between a father and daughter that
was taken for incest.
What stupidity. It hurt me deeply when it happened.

429, Rosenfeld adds words to Anderson's text. He makes the sentence be­
gin: "The footsteps of the naked man" in order to balance the phrase "the
footsteps of some dear one" later in the sentence.

108/14. *There were no more voices, only laughter.* In the left hand mar­
gin of the manuscript Rosenfeld wrote "Memoirs," then erased it, and
wrote "Reader p. 371." See the notes to 102/2, 109/11, and 112/15.

109/3-4. *I had come out of my house wearing bedroom slippers.* Here is
one more example of a slight inconsistency in Anderson's text. In 96/12
he had said: "After all of this I went barefooted out of my house."

109/11. *cigarettes, does not run far.* For the third time, this time in
the right hand margin of the manuscript, Rosenfeld wrote "Memoirs,"
erased it, and wrote "Reader 372." See the notes to 102/2, 108/14, and
112/15.

110/1-2. *I burned it page by page.* This is the culmination of Ander­
son's struggle to maintain his artistic integrity which has been the cen­
tral concern of the whole of Part I, "Prelude to a Story."

110/3. *but it was a joy.* See the note to 104/10. The manuscript here
can be construed as either "but it has a joy" or "but it has a job."
The present editor renders the phrase: "but it was a joy." Rosenfeld in
his edition of *Memoirs*, p. 444, renders it: "and it was a job."

110/4-5. *an absurd performance . . . a child.* Anderson often uses the
word "absurd" to characterize his struggle to write a salable short story
and the circumstances surrounding this struggle. He also links the
struggle to childishness. Nonetheless, both the absurdity, to a slight
degree, and the childishness, to a far greater degree, are presented as integral to the experience. Artists are men who engage in absurd dreams: "Such dreams as imaginative young men have, become at times absurd" (27/1-2). When Anderson contemplates the beauty of his house he forgets "entirely the absurd struggle that had been going on" (97/9). He sums up the purpose of Part I by saying: "I am trying to set down here the story of a real if absurd experience" (109/6-7), and he thinks it will be "a joy to other writers, other artists, to know that I also, a veteran among them, am also as they are, an eternal child" (110/8-10). Finally he says: "I dare say that all men, artists and others, are, as I am, children at bottom" (111/5-6). Therefore, the "absurd and silly experience" (122/4) in the "absurd and childish form" (112/13) related throughout Part I is an experience that is likely to happen to all artists, "no doubt in all time" (112/15).

111/10-12. I thought that the voices in the stream ... whispered to me. These words are quoted by Schevill in his criticism of Memoirs. Since Schevill's biography appeared in 1951, he is speaking of Rosenfeld's edition, and he cites "The Sound of the Stream" as the source of the quotation. Schevill believes that the final result of Memoirs, as of Winesburg, is "the creation of myth." He then says:

If the Memoirs is less complete and integrated than Winesburg, it gains by its greater exploration of the nature of myth. All of these diverse mythological elements reach their climax in the chapter called "The Sound of the Stream." Lying in bed at night Anderson hears, in the rush of the stream that runs past his house, the voices of the many characters he has created in the special integrity of their imaginary presences. He is in need of money and has received an offer from a big commercial magazine. All he has to do is to write their kind of story. In desperation he tries, but the words will not come. The world of imagination is being betrayed. With a feeling of joy, Anderson finally burns up his attempt at a popular story, and the release is immediate: "I thought that the voices in the stream by my house had stopped laughing at me and that again they talked and whispered to me." The necessity of myth, the demand for illuminating images which will generate meaning, continues. The book ends on the note of search, "Life, not death, is the great adventure," for the nature of myth is eternal rebirth. (pp. 349-50.)
112/15. no doubt in all time. Here, at the very end of Part I, Rosenfeld for the last time, again in the right hand margin of the manuscript, penciled in "Memoirs," erased it, and wrote "Reader 373." See the notes to 102/2, 108/14, and 109/11. For the last time also Rosenfeld changes "Prelude to a Story." His version ends: "no doubt throughout time" (Memoirs, p. 445).

113/1. How to Write to a Writer. In a folder at the front of Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts in the Newberry Library there is a list of "Omissions" (see the note to 3/1). Under the heading "Previous Cuttings" is listed: "How to Write a Writer (End)." Evidently "How to Write a Writer" was cut from Memoirs and put into the "Writer's Book," possibly because Anderson thought it was incomplete.

As the note to 1/2 explains, the present editor found only four typed pages of the manuscript of the "Writer's Book" among the Sherwood Anderson Papers. The first of the typed pages is entitled "How to Write to a Writer." It has no typed number because it is a title page, but "7a" is written in by hand at the top. The second page has a "2" typed at the center of the top; it is then crossed out and "7b" is written in. The next page has "5" typed and then "12" written in. The last page has "6" typed and then "13" written in. At first glance it might look as if pages 3 and 4 of the typescript were missing, but many more than two pages have been lost. Typescript pages 2 and 3 are separated from 5 and 6 by 45 pages in Anderson's manuscript and 27 pages in the present edition. Typescript pages 2 and 3 are the same as the first four-and-a-half pages of Part II (113/1-117/12); the last two typescript pages are the same as the last four pages of Part V, "Notes on the Novel" (144/9-148/8). The loss of approximately thirteen pages of typescript, if all of the intervening pages were typed, remains a mystery.

One of the "Works" housed with the Anderson Papers is his "Journal," two boxes of holographs, typescripts, and galley sheets of work done between 1928 and 1940. In the folder for 1933 the present editor found the first two typescript pages; in the folder for 1937 she found the last two pages. Since Mrs. Eleanor Anderson and Paul Rosenfeld shortly after Anderson's death organized the material in the "Journal" boxes, it
is likely that "How to Write to a Writer" was written about 1933 and "Notes on the Novel" about 1937.

113/2. I am sure my own experience. The opening lines of "How to Write to a Writer," as well as its title and the words "by Sherwood Anderson," are canceled in pencil in the typescript described in the previous note. The cancellation continues through 114/13.

113/4. letters from younger writers. See 49/18-50/6, where Anderson speaks about young writers who come to him, who write him letters, and who say that because of his novels a great door has swung open to them. See also in Memoirs, ed. White, the section called "Letters, Autographs, and First Editions," the section that White, p. xxxv, says may originally have been written for the "Writer's Book." It begins: "I presume that every author of any standing must get a good many letters" (p. 545).

113/8. a frank honest opinion. In a reply to one of the many letters he must have received, Anderson wrote to Mr. E. Gonklin of Hanover, New Hampshire, on April 28, 1925:

   I am in receipt of your charming letter of April 29 [sic], together with the manuscript of the story "The Cathedral," which I have read with much interest.

   Inasmuch as you asked me to be perfectly frank with you I would suggest that it would be better not to try to get publication for this manuscript yet. It shows undoubted ability as a writer but is rather melodramatic and for that reason does not ring very true. I think it would be much better for you to keep on writing without trying to get publication for a time. I, myself, wrote for eight or ten years before trying for publication and I think that is a common experience with writers.

   Try as hard as you can to see things as they are and find the drama in things as they are, without trying to force your situations in order to make a story. In other words, try to let the story grow naturally out of the materials at hand. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

113/12. However, she hadn't much time. From the mention of the young woman's "passionate desire to be a writer" (113/11) until the disclosure of her unwillingness to risk losing her young admirer "for the sake of going on with my art" (114/3), Anderson deftly employs his skill in
Ironic understatement. Irony is also employed in the passage about the schoolteacher (144/4-13), and especially in the supposed letter from a young writer given at 116/1-7.

114/15. *The Lost Millionaire.* The same hand which made the long deletions (113/1-114/13 and 116/8-117/12) and crossed out the typed numbers and wrote in new numbers on the four pages of typescript also made three changes in the text. The first change occurs when "The Lost Millionaire" is canceled and "Windy McPherson's Son" is written in. Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor during her visit to Ripshin Farm on July 17, 1970, that the handwriting is undoubtedly Paul Rosenfeld's. Nonetheless, Rosenfeld never published any of Part II of the "Writer's Book."

115/8-9. **You do not tell her which is your favorite.** In an interview on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor that Sherwood was always annoyed when a person asked him which was his favorite story. She said he always answered as he does here in the "Writer's Book." See the note to 98/12, the letter to Ulrico Hoepli quoted in the note to 104/6, and *Memoirs,* ed. White, pp. 9 and 297. See also Sherwood's letter of October 2, 1925, to Jay L. Bradley, a fifteen-year-old boy who wrote asking for advice on how to become a writer. Sherwood very kindly answers all of Jay's questions and then says: "Your third question--what is my personal favorite among my own books?--is too much like asking a mother which is her favorite child. They are to me somewhat different from what they are to the public, and I simply can't answer the question" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 149).

115/10. **Often.** In the typed copy of Part II in the "Journal" boxes at the Newberry Library, the typist, and not Rosenfeld, changed this word to "after all."

115/13-14. **Must write of a new book every day.** Anderson wrote to his mother-in-law Laura Lou Copenhaver early in October, 1936: "You have to remember that many of these poor wretches, newspaper critics, try to cover a new book every day. Ye gods!" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 364).
In the typed copy of Part II Rosenfeld cancels the word "write" and substitutes "read."

116/2. 'Stung by a Bee.' Rosenfeld makes his third handwritten change in the typed copy here. He cancels "Stung by a Bee" and substitutes "The Triumph of the Egg." Then he cancels this title and writes in its place, "I'm a Fool."

116/8-117/12. It seems to me . . . insulted. This passage is deleted by Rosenfeld in the typed copy of Part II. See the note to 114/15. The second page of the typescript fragment ends with the word "She."

116/10. They have a great desire to be writers. See "So You Want to Be a Writer?" in Saturday Review of Literature, XXI (December 9, 1939), 13-14, later condensed in Reader's Digest, XXXVI (January, 1940), 109-11. The article makes the same distinction between the desire to be a writer and real interest in good writing:

In any group of young writers you will inevitably find those who want to write and those who merely want to be writers. They want, it seems, what they think of as a kind of distinction that they believe comes with being a writer. It's an odd thing. I daresay a kind of distinction, always I fear a bit synthetic, does come to a few, but really there are so many writers nowadays. (Saturday Review, p. 13.)

See also a passage in Hello Towns!

If you are to have any individuality as a workman you have to go alone through the struggle to find expression for what you feel. You have of course to train your hand and your eye. Just because you ache to do something is no sign you can do it. Talent is given you. You have it or you haven't. A real writer shows himself a writer in every sentence he writes.

The training is another matter. It is a question of how keen is the desire, how much patience and perseverance there is. Sometimes I think it largely a matter of physical strength. How much disappointment can you stand before you throw up the sponge? (p. 232.)

116/12-13. ring a time clock. Three times in Memoirs, ed. White, on pp. 355, 393, and 419, Anderson speaks about ringing a time clock while
working as an advertising writer in Chicago. The time clocks that Anderson would have used in the first quarter of the twentieth century had a bell that rang when the time was recorded. In Memoirs, ringing a time clock becomes almost a symbol of oppression, money-making, and frustration of artistic talent. For example, Anderson says on p. 355: "The feeling of tenseness still in me, the rushing, pushing Chicago streets still in me, Illinois Central train to be caught, to be at the office at just a certain hour, a time clock to be rung."

116/13. Nowadays employment is hard to get. If "How to Write to a Writer" was written in 1933 as the typescript found with the "Journal" manuscripts indicates, Anderson is writing these words during the worst years of the Great Depression.

116/15. Learning many women seem to have. In the article "So You Want to Be a Writer," cited in the note to 116/10, Anderson also says: "It may be a new novel by Miss Ethel Longshoreman. It seems women are nowadays writing our novels more and more. I guess they do it instead of getting married. It may be because of unemployment among the men. I don't know. Anyway it's a fact" (p. 13).

117/1. She was the wife of a friend. See Memoirs, ed. White, "Letters, Autographs, and First Editions," pp. 545-46, where Anderson tells a similar, though shorter, story about "the daughter of an old friend."

117/6. Gave her down the river. This is another of Anderson's unusual expressions. The reader expects "sold her down the river." The expression "to sell down the river" originated in slave days when a slave would be punished by being sold to a plantation on the lower Mississippi where conditions were generally at their worst (Mitford M. Mathews, ed., A Dictionary of Americanisms on Historical Principles [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1951], II, 1403).

117/14-15. Write about people she knew something about. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 287, where Anderson also speaks about the
necessity of an artist's staying at home for his materials:
One had first of all to face one's materials, accept fully the life about, quit running off in fancy to India, to England, to the South Seas. We Americans had to begin to stay, in spirit at least, at home. We had to accept our materials, face our materials.

118/10. fools. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 228, where, as here, Anderson admits that he is deeply hurt by adverse criticism. Externally he might be able to seem unperturbed, but interiorly he is "furious": "'They may be right,' I said aloud, generously, when inside myself I thought the critics often enough only dogs and fools." See also the notes to 84/13-14 and 101/2-3.

118/13. hit the mark at which he aimed. In a letter written on March 8, 1929, to Dwight Macdonald, then on the staff of Time and later one of the editors of Partisan Review, Anderson says: "I long since gave up the notion that the thing aimed at would be likely to be understood by the average reviewer" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929). See also A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 241, where Anderson says:

How many times I have sat writing, hoping I had got at the heart of the tale I was trying to put down on the paper when inside myself I knew I had not. I have tried to bluff myself. Often I have gone to others, hoping they would say words that would quiet the voices within. "You have not got it and you know you have not got it. Tear all up. Well, then, be a fool and go on trying to bluff yourself. Perhaps you can get some critic to say you have got what you know well enough you have not got, the very heart, the very music of your tale."

119/3. Writers are often terribly depressed. See the letter written in 1926 to Roger Sergel and quoted in the note to 98/3-4. See also the following two letters, the first written in 1929 and the second in 1933. Anderson wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill on December 28, 1929, the day before Tennessee Mitchell Anderson was found dead in her Chicago apartment:

My whole mood has been very silly for a long time. I think I might define it as just plain damn unspeakable gloom. The black dog was on my back all the time I was in Chicago and came right down here [St. Petersburg, Florida], still comfortably perched on
my back. The beast was so heavy on the way down that I remember little of the trip. I did have, I'm afraid, a feeling almost of satisfaction in getting away from Chicago.

In this mood, as you may guess, my work does not progress much. I write every day and tear up at night. That is the way I have been going for a long time.

However, no more of this. My kind of men, I guess, just have to go through these times. When they can no longer go through them, they die, I fancy. I won't do that just yet. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 201.)

From Marion on May 8, 1933, Anderson wrote to Burton Emmett:

There is nothing I can do or will do--put down, say or sing--that will not be forgotten, a little sound floating down the wind. However, Burt, it stays in my mind that we also are a part of something, of some incomprehensible thing. If we could understand, we would be gods. We aren't.

You must understand, Burt, that I myself have passed time and again through this dark valley, when I felt myself shut out from others and from life, as I have a hunch you now feel yourself shut out. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 286.)

See also 135/4-7, where Anderson says: "As a writer I have had endless miserable days. Black gloom, having settled upon me, has often stayed for days, weeks and months, and these black times have always been connected with my work." See also 154/15, where Anderson speaks of "days of misery, of black gloom."

120/6-7. impossible to answer his gracious letter. See "Letters, Autographs, and First Editions," in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 546: "People do many nice things to you in letters. Someone has read a book of yours. It gave him pleasure and he sat down and wrote to you, expressing thanks for the pleasure given. Often such a one sends no return address."

121/1-128/6. The Writer. This whole section is very different from the rest of the "Writer's Book." First, it is written on very different paper. Whereas the rest of the "Writer's Book" is written on single sheets of unlined white paper, 8½ by 11 inches, "The Writer" is written on a tablet of lined, very coarse white paper, now turning yellow, 8 by 12½ inches. The pages are not numbered, and some of them are still stuck together at the top by the glue of the tablet.
Secondly, the whole character of the section is different from the other sections. The "Writer's Book" as a whole is an autobiographical essay. "The Writer," on the other hand, is a story, a third-person fictional narrative. Even though the "I" of the story, as throughout the "Writer's Book," is Anderson, the "I" does not actually tell the story. In fact, he is present only twice, at the beginning and the end, thus framing the story and giving it that particular characteristic of all of Anderson's stories, the quality of first-hand observation of the drama of life, but of the drama being played out in the lives of others. In the second sentence the reader is told that "in a certain town a judge told me a story" (121/2-3). In the next to the last sentence "I" asks a question: "And what did you feel?" (128/4). The story is thus the judge's and the doctor's; it is a story about the similarity of their reactions to repressed love, about the universality of isolation, and about the inability to communicate love. For a discussion of points of similarity between "The Writer" and the early portion of "Prelude to a Story," see the notes to 15/10-12 and 36/8.

"The Writer" is characteristic of Anderson in its manner of telling and in its subject matter, but it is not a finished or artistically polished story. The similarity between this attempt to tell the judge's and the doctor's stories and a story that Anderson published in Redbook in 1940 suggests to the present editor that it could be an early attempt to tell the story that became "Pastoral," Redbook, LXXIV (January, 1940), 38-39, 59. Another version of "Pastoral" was published in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 222-30. In Memoirs we have a dramatic and highly effective story that, the present editor suggests, was just taking form in Anderson's mind when he wrote the version that found its way into the manuscript of the "Writer's Book."

One of the biggest differences between "Pastoral" and "The Writer" is the fact that "Pastoral" is told by a first-person narrator. The "I" of "Pastoral" is a personal, although not close, friend of the doctor, and he tells the doctor's story without the intermediary, the judge. The "I" of the story is also the man, with the lawyer, who reads the doctor's letters after his death. Thus the story "Pastoral" gains in immediacy while, at the same time, retaining Anderson's characteristic
"looking on" attitude. Another improvement that Anderson makes in the
story is in the depth of characterization. The doctor is more sharply de-
lineated, and the drugstore clerk whom he loves, although given no name,
more fully depicted and individualized than is Agnes Riley in "The
Writer."

Therefore, it seems to the present editor, the inclusion of "The
Writer" with the "Writer's Book" manuscript provides a concrete example
of a story by Anderson that was rewritten several times. See 49/1-2:
"Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times"; and 154/
2-3: "I have seldom written a story, long or short, that I
write and rewrite."

129/1-2. The Workman, His Moods. As with "A Sermon" and "How to Write
to a Writer" (3/1 and 113/1), the listing of "Previous Cuttings" under
"Omissions" in the folder at the front of Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manu-
scripts contains the heading "The Workman, His Moods," but there is no
manuscript with this title in the "Memoirs" materials. Here we have an-
other case of something taken from "Memoirs" material and put into the
"Writer's Book."

129/4-5. lived in rooming houses or in the cheaper kind of hotels. For
Anderson's life in rooming houses, see 14/14-15/1, 23/10-11, and 67/14,
and their notes. One "cheap" hotel in which Anderson stayed is the Pur-
tan Hotel in Kansas City. See 136/2 and its note.

129/11-12. in bed your imaginative life is beyond your control. See A
Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 92:

And what a world that fanciful one--how grotesque, how strange,
how teeming with strange life! Could one ever bring order into that
world? In my own actual work as a tale teller I have been able to
organize and tell but a few of the fancies that have come to me.
There is a world into which no one but myself has ever entered and I
would like to take you there, but how often when I go, filled with
confidence, to the very door leading into that strange world, I find
it locked. Now, in the morning, I myself cannot enter the land into
which all last night, as I lay awake in my bed, I went alone at will.
129/15. demand some control. Just as Anderson speaks here about the
free-roaming fancy (129/12) and about the free flow of imagination in
153/3-15, he also speaks about the control that must be exercised in the
production of all good art. The freedom and control of the imagination
is another aspect of the "contradiction" (see 94/6 and 94/12) that the
artist must resolve. Anderson also speaks about this control and freedom
in a letter to the poet and short story writer Carrow De Vries, written
on August 9, 1939:

The free flow wanted comes, I've a notion, from unconsciousness of
the act of writing.

It is true that as a man walks along a street or sits, often with
friends, he hears bits of conversation or the sounds of the street,
while at the same time his thoughts go wandering, doing many strange
things.

A certain amount of control is, of course, possible, or there
would be no work done at all.

No one ha[s] ever been able to entirely control this flow. It is
undoubtedly controlled at times, even for long periods, in the con-
summation of some work of art. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp.
445-46.)

130/1. I went to the country and having a little money. Portions of
three sections of the "Writer's Book," Parts I, IV, and VII, are printed
in Paul Rosenfeld's 1942 edition of Memoirs. Part I is entitled by Rosen-
feld "The Sound of the Stream"; Part IV is entitled "The Fortunate One";
and Part VII is entitled "Writing Stories." "The Fortunate One" is the
last section of his edition (pp. 503-507) and is made up of parts of
"The Workman, His Moods" and parts of the last section of "Memoirs"
manuscripts. 130/1 to 132/7, with numerous changes, is printed in the
middle of "The Fortunate One" (pp. 505-506). The opening passage of "The
Fortunate One" (pp. 503-504) is taken from 133/17-135/10.

130/1-2. built a cabin on a high hill. The first building that Anderson
had erected on his Virginia farm was his work cabin on the top of the
highest hill on the property. See the notes to 57/14-15 and 131/8-9.

130/3. what a magnificent view. The site where Anderson's cabin stood
on the top of the hill commands a view looking south across the Blue Ridge Mountains into North Carolina.

130/7. I did nothing. Rosenfeld omits these words from "The Fortunate One" in his edition of Memoirs, p. 505. Since Rosenfeld's version does not emphasize the difficulties that Anderson encountered while writing in his cabin, he also omits a paragraph at 131/8-10 and a sentence at 132/2-4.

130/15. Nature, so on parade, was too much for me. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 494-95, Anderson speaks also about the beautiful location of his hilltop cabin and of the difficulty he had writing amid such beauty. In the Memoirs passage it is also implied that he could not work because his creative impulses were engaged in the building of his house. See the note to 98/4. The Memoirs passage reads in part: "It was all too grand. I sat in the cabin and there were the blank sheets on the desk before me and down below, on Ripshin Creek, the materials for my house were being brought in" (p. 494).

131/2. reading it aloud in a cornfield. Very early in his writing career Anderson wrote to Waldo Frank, in November of 1917:

I have always thought of myself as peculiarly wind-blown, a man approaching the bucolic in my nature. You know how I have had the notion that nothing from my pen should be published that could not be read aloud in the presence of a cornfield.

And many people have written me of what they call the "morbidity" of my work. It has been puzzling and confusing. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 21.)

131/6. never tried the experiment. See the note to 134/14, which quotes Anderson in Memoirs and Elizabeth Prall Anderson in Miss Elizabeth as saying that Sherwood read portions of Tar aloud in the cornfield. The admission here that Sherwood never actually read his prose aloud to the growing corn is probably nearer to the literal truth than the embroidered accounts of both Sherwood and Elizabeth, although it would not be unlike Sherwood to do such a thing.

Rosenfeld's version of "The Fortunate One," Memoirs, p. 505,
changes "The truth is that I had never tried the experiment" to "I never tried the experiment."

131/8-10. I am always ... bear printing. This paragraph is omitted by Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 505.

131/8-9. I had to give up the cabin on the hilltop. See the note to 57/14-15. In an interview with the present editor at Ripshin on July 16, 1970, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson said that Sherwood, after he realized that he was not writing well in his hilltop cabin, had each log numbered and the cabin moved, log by log, down the hill to its present location by the shores of Ripshin Creek. Mr. Worth Price, Mrs. Anderson's present caretaker at Ripshin, confirmed this information. As a young workman on the farm, Mr. Price helped move the cabin. Neither he, Mrs. Anderson, nor John Anderson could remember the exact date of the move. They all agreed, however, that it was moved after 1933. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 495, Sherwood says:

I went again into my hilltop cabin. What really happened was that I never did write a word in that cabin. Even after I got clear of Horace's weekly payments I could not work up there. It may be that the view from the hilltop was too magnificent. It made everything I wrote seem too trivial. I had, in the end, and after my house was built, to move the cabin down the hill, tuck it in away under trees by the creek.

131/9-10. I never wrote anything up there that I could bear printing. Since the testimony of Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, John Anderson, and Worth Price agree that Sherwood did not move his cabin down to the side of Ripshin Creek until after 1933, it is not true that he published nothing that was written in the cabin when it was on the top of the hill. See the note to 98/3-4 and the Bibliography. It is probably true, however, that Sherwood was dissatisfied with most of the writing he did when the cabin was there.

131/11. times of being very pagan. Throughout his life Anderson speaks of himself as being "pagan," but, in point of fact, he reveals himself to be a deeply religious man. He concludes a letter to Marietta Finley Hahn
on May 25, 1917, with these words: "Yours for the gods of the grass and the cornfields and the rhythms that may lead to them" (Letters, Newberry Library, Reserved Box 7: Mrs. Hahn's letters from Anderson). Also in a letter to Waldo Frank written from the Adirondacks in 1917, he speaks about a new book. Since he mentions the character Joseph Bentley he may be referring to the four-part sequence in Winesburg called "Godliness," one of whose main characters is Jesse Bentley. He may also be referring to a book called "Immaturity," which he never finished, or to another attempted novel, "Ohio Pagan," which he never published as a novel but two of whose stories, "An Ohio Pagan" and "Unused," were published in Horses and Men. He tells Frank:

As I have loafed and danced and waited in the sun up here this summer, a peculiar thing has taken place in me. My mind has run back and back to the time when men tended sheep and lived a nomadic life on hillsides and by little talking streams. I have become less and less the thinker and more the thing of earth and the winds. When I awake at night and the wind is howling, my first thought is that the gods are at play in the hills here. My new book, starting with life on a big farm in Ohio, will have something of that flavor in its earlier chapters. There is a delightful old man, Joseph Bentley by name, who is full of old Bible thoughts and impulses. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 15.)

In 1929 we have two more statements in much the same vein. Anderson wrote from Dykemans, New York, to the Baroness von Kaskull in the summer of 1929, telling her of the difficulty he had with his writing until:

One day I went off into the hills alone—as low a man as you ever saw.

Something happened. Perhaps I saw God's face on the surface of the rocks.

Anyway I came home and began to write. I am a man you would not be ashamed to know. If I sell the house in the country, all right. If not, I shall give it to the Baptist church.

It is not money that makes a man write. He does it by God's grace.

Or by knowing people like you. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1929.)

In "Virginia Falls" in Hello Towns! Anderson describes a Saturday in October, a beautiful day with clear sunlight bringing out the vivid fall colors:

I imagined Christ walking with his disciples. Did God often let such a light fall on him? Did he think of trees, fields of grass, cattle on hills, flowering weeds, as well as men? I myself get well
fed-up on men and women and their everlasting souls, their problems, not so important after all.

Some of the pagan people see God in trees, cattle, weeds, fields of grain. I am more than a little a pagan myself. (p. 331.)

131/12-13. in wood gods, rain gods, in fairies. This passage is quoted in an essay by Cyrus J. Harvey called "Winesburg, Ohio: A Reinterpretation, by George Willard, Undergraduate," which appears at the beginning of his B.A. honors thesis, "Sherwood Anderson's Natural History of Winesburg, Ohio" (unpublished B.A. thesis, Harvard University, 1948). Harvey gives as his source for the quotation Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld, p. 505. Since he quotes from Rosenfeld's version, his quotation is slightly different from the manuscript version. When making the point that most of the significant action in Winesburg takes place at night, Harvey says: "'It has seemed to me,' Anderson writes, 'that formerly, when man believed in wood gods, in fairies dancing in the grass, in giants living in castles hidden in mountains, life must have been richer.'"

131/7. I have lighted candles. Even when Anderson was living in the city and many years before he wrote the "Writer's Book," he acted in much the same way. He wrote to Waldo Frank from Chicago in late December of 1917:

I find myself compelled to turn to little playful things. The night is cold and bleak. Unlovely people hurry along unlovely streets. I creep into my room and pull the blinds. I light my candle. The flame dances and throws grotesque shapes on the wall. In the midst of my roaring, ugly city there is a hush, imagined. I am an old priest in an old place. I am a firm believer in the gods.
(Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 29.)

132/2-4. I dare say . . . did not help my work. This sentence is omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, p. 505.

132/7. maze. At this point in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, he returns to the "Memoirs" manuscript for material for his conclusion to "The Fortunate One," pp. 506-507.

132/8. I was getting a divorce. Anderson was in Reno from the spring of
1923 until he obtained his divorce from Tennessee Mitchell in April of 1924. Sherwood and Tennessee were married with the understanding that they would both retain their independence. It is not true, however, as Sherwood says in 132/10-11, that she wanted the divorce, nor is there evidence that she loved another man. She never remarried after she and Sherwood were divorced. Sherwood, on the other hand, was in love with Elizabeth Prall, and he was the one who left Tennessee and went to Reno to establish residency in order to obtain a divorce there. He repeatedly wrote back to Tennessee in Chicago, as well as to his many friends, asking that Tennessee be reasonable and not oppose the divorce. A good indication of his true feelings at the time is given in a letter to Otto Liveright written from Reno in July of 1923:

Of course T. knows the whole situation, as I have been perfectly frank with her from the start. Have even been in direct communication with her to ask her to let someone out here act as her attorney to receive service and expedite the whole matter as much as possible. She has refused--first on the ground that something concerning a matter in Chicago with which I had never anything to do and that involved, she claimed, the liability of her being involved with another man's suit for divorce, etc., etc.--Well anyway, that fell through. Now she takes the ground that I must wait until such time as a divorce will not hurt her economically--which means, of course, to be at the mercy of her whim.

Naturally I am going right ahead--as I have told her, and if she, after a lifetime of scolding and storming at such people, wants to put herself in the position of hanging on to a marriage that has no reality but the technique of law, I'm going to give her the opportunity.

That is my program now and I'm going through with it. The silence of which you speak she has maintained, I believe, with everyone. God knows what kind of thinking is back of it--none, I fancy.

I am working, I think well, and have much work mapped out ahead. I'll float. With T. I think it is just a kind of dogged determination not to face simple facts and an unwillingness to make the gesture that would be most generous and fine. I shall certainly ask nothing more of her. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923.)

Anderson received the divorce on April 4, 1924, after Tennessee consented to give a Reno attorney, L. D. Summerfield, power of attorney in her case. Clarence Darrow was Sherwood's Chicago lawyer.

Anderson discusses his marriage to Tennessee, the divorce, and his stay in Reno in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 441-45.
132/9. I rented a little house. We know from letters written from Reno in 1923 and 1924 to Ben Huebsch, Alfred Stieglitz, and Otto Liveright that Anderson's address in Reno, at least for part of the time, was 33 E. Liberty Street (Letters, Newberry Library, 1923 and 1924).

132/15. I began to write joyously. See a letter Anderson wrote to Gertrude Stein on May 9, 1923:

"For one thing I'm doing a quite frankly autobiographical book. That may take something of the tendency to be too much interested in self out of me, unload it, as it were. Then I am getting a book of tales, call it Horses and Men, ready for book publication this fall. There are, I fancy, some good things in it. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 96.)"

132/19. A Story Teller's Story, a very gorgeous book. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 442, Anderson says: "It was at Reno that I wrote one of my best books, A Story Teller's Story." See also 68/15-69/3, where he says that A Story Teller's Story is "a really gorgeous book" and also implies that it was written with great ease. The note to 69/1-2 shows that, in point of fact, a great deal of labor was expended on A Story Teller's Story.

133/1. a gay book, a laughing book. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 238, Anderson describes A Story Teller's Story as "a book more or less, if not entirely, authentic. It has I think the true authenticity of a thing felt. What fun it was writing it."

133/2-3. getting a divorce under our absurd American laws. See the note to 132/8.

133/17. I was in the country. As the note to 130/1 explains, the passage from 133/17 to 135/10 forms the opening section of Rosenfeld's "The Fortunate One," Memoirs, pp. 503-504. Twice within this passage, once for a paragraph (see the note to 135/1-3) and once for a single sentence (see the note to 135/9), Rosenfeld inserts material from the "Memoirs" manuscript. After 135/10 Rosenfeld introduces six paragraphs of "Memoirs" manuscript material before using again material from the "Writer's
Book," that is, before transferring Anderson's opening passage (130/1-132/7) to the middle section of "The Fortunate One," pp. 505-506. See also the note to 132/7.

134/1. a certain family. Sherwood and Elizabeth lived with the John F. Greear family on a farm outside Troutdale, Virginia, during their first summer in southwestern Virginia, that is, during the summer of 1925. The present editor visited the Greear farm during her stay in Marion, July 16-17, 1970.

134/2. young boys in the family. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 486, Anderson gives their names: "in the Greear family a troop of boys. They all bore biblical names, John, Joshua, David, Philip, Solomon."

134/3-4. housed pigs. David Greear, one of the sons of John F. Greear, who now lives in Marion, told the present editor in an interview on July 17, 1970, that the house in which Sherwood wrote Tar (see 134/14) was a former tenant house, not a hog house. He said that it had not been used for years and that it stood on the edge of the cornfield. He confirmed Sherwood's statement in 134/6-8 that he and his brothers cleaned it out so that Sherwood could use it for writing. This tenant house no longer exists.

In 1925 Sherwood was not calling his working place a hog house. He wrote to Alfred Stieglitz on August 14: "The cabin where I go to write (it costs me nothing) is a deserted one in a big cornfield on top of a mountain" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 145). In his Memoirs, also, Sherwood refers to it as "a small one room cabin that had not been occupied for years" (ed. White, p. 486).

134/10. a madness of writing. If this expression means that Anderson wrote Tar with great ease, the expression is inaccurate. If, on the other hand, it means that he worked hard and long over Tar, the expression is apt. A series of letters written when he was working on Tar recounts his labors. Towards the end of July, 1925, he wrote to Gertrude B. Lane, one of the editors of Woman's Home Companion:
I think it is time that I wrote you something about the progress of the Childhood book. As I undertook to write it and you undertook to publish it, if you found it satisfactory, it worried me a great deal. I have worked on it all summer and thrown away all I have written. About two weeks ago I came up to this little place in the mountains of Virginia, and am living here where there is a large family of children.

The change gave me just the start I wanted, and now the book is going fine. I believe it is going to be something very real, and I hope you will like it. If it goes as well as it started, the next two months should see me through it. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

At the same time he wrote to W. Colston Leigh of the Leigh Lecture Bureau:

As I wrote you before, I am an erratic cuss about my writing. The book on which I have been at work all summer has been a failure until just now. At last it is going well. I am at a little town in the mountains of Virginia with my wife, and I'm working hard every day. If the gods are good I may finish the book while I am here. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

Nevertheless, the book did not get finished during Anderson's stay with the Greens. Anderson wrote to Otto Liveright on September 1, 1925:

During the month up in the country I wrote about 50,000 words on the Childhood book but threw away about half of it when I came home as not quite up to what I wanted. It keeps going along. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

The articles for *Woman's Home Companion* were finished only in time to be published from June, 1926, until January, 1927. *Tar* was published as a book by Liveright also in 1926.

134/11. the corn about me grew tall. See *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 487, where Anderson discusses what the corn growing all around meant to him as he was writing *Tar*. Calling himself "a kind of corn field mystic," he waxes poetic about the corn: "The corn, the corn, how significant in all American life." The significance of corn to Anderson is clearly seen in the first of his *Mid-American Chants*. The prose poem is called "The CornFIELDS," and in it Anderson says in part:

Into the ground I went and my body died. I emerged in the corn, in the long cornfield. My head arose and was touched by the west wind. The light of old things, of beautiful old things, awoke in me. In the cornfield the sacred vessel is set up.

I awoke and the bands that bind me were broken. I was determined to bring love into the heart of my people. The sacred vessel was
put into my hands and I ran with it into the fields. In the long cornfields the sacred vessel is set up. (pp. 11-12.)

134/12. through the open windows, through the low doorway. Here we have another of Anderson's inconsistencies. At 134/4 he says that the hog house in which he wrote had no windows or doors. In *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 486, the inconsistency is straightened out. The tenant house originally had windows, but evidently when it was no longer occupied the windows were boarded up: "The cabin stood in the tall corn. It had no windows. For years the dust had blown in through the openings where the windows had been and through the open door."


I was in the corn field at work. I wrote a book there, a book of childhood I called *Tar*. Often enough I had said to myself that a book should be so written that it could be read aloud in a corn field.

I even tried what I had often thought of trying. When I had written a chapter of my book I went outside my cabin and read it aloud to the corn. It was all a little ridiculous but I thought, "No one knows."

And the corn did seem to talk back to me.

"Sure, you are all right. Go ahead," it seemed to say.

See also Elizabeth Prall Anderson's *Miss Elizabeth*, pp. 133-34:

We spent the summer of 1925 in Troutdale, Virginia, in the farmhouse of the John Greear family, while Sherwood worked on his next book, *Tar*--A Midwest Childhood. It cost only two dollars a day for board, room, laundry and mending. The Greears were amiable, hospitable people with five sons: David, Philip, Solomon, John and Joshua, all of whom adored Sherwood. . . .

When Sherwood, in his exploratory wanderings, came upon a small cabin in the middle of a cornfield, the Greear boys obligingly swept out the accumulated dust and built him a crude table on which to write. Sherwood had become obsessed with the corn and the living things that surrounded him. He confessed to me that at times he would run outside the cabin and read chapters of *Tar* aloud to the cornfield. It may have saved his life. Some time later, after we became known around the countryside, one of the mountain men said they had sent someone crawling through the cornfield toward the little cabin to spy on Sherwood, because they thought he was a revenuer. When they heard him orating to the cornstalks, they concluded that, instead, he was merely crazy.
see also 131/6 and its note.

134/20. wished only to live in the Now. See 157/6-8, where Anderson says: "Once I wrote a poem about a strange land few of us ever enter. I called it the land of the Now." See the note to 157/7-8, which tries to identify this poem. See also 166/6-7, where Anderson speaks about glorious moments, "of these moments, of these visits a writer sometimes takes into the land of the Now."

In an essay on D. H. Lawrence called "Lawrence Again" in No Swank, Anderson praises Lawrence as a man who lived in the land of the Now. In comparing Lawrence to other men, Anderson states:

Let them tackle the problem of the Now, as Lawrence did, try to penetrate that, go into the immediacy of the living Now. If there is darkness, let them try to penetrate and understand darkness, the strange terrible darkness of the Now. Lawrence did. Lawrence was always willing to shoot the works, to plunge. (p. 96.)

Anderson also has something to say about the relation between Henry James's "usable past" and the Now. The Partisan Review in 1939 sent a questionnaire to many prominent American writers. Question 1 was: "Are you conscious, in your own writing, of the existence of a 'usable past'? Is this mostly American? What figures would you designate as elements in it? Would you say, for example, that Henry James's work is more relevant to the present and future of American writing than Walt Whitman's?"

Anderson's answer to this question is:

I am afraid I do not know what you mean by "usable past." It seems to me that for the story teller everything is usable. I am afraid that my difficulty in trying to answer these questions is that I spend little time thinking of either the past or the future. It is my passionate desire to live in the NOW. Mine is not a very critical mind. No, I do not believe that Henry James's work is more relevant to American writing than Walt Whitman's. There is more of the earth in Whitman's. No matter what fool things man does the earth remains. ("The Situation in American Writing: Seven Questions (Part II)," Partisan Review, VI [Fall, 1939], 104.)

135/1. "Life not Death is the Adventure." Karl Anderson in his article "My Brother, Sherwood Anderson," p. 27, writes: "Life, not death, was the essence of his being. Life was for him the great experience." The last words of Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs are: "When I die I would like this
inscription put on my grave: LIFE NOT DEATH IS THE GREAT ADVENTURE" (ed. White, p. 560).

135/1-3. "When I am dead . . . I thought. In Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, p. 503, this sentence is omitted and a paragraph from the "Memoirs" manuscript is substituted. See the note to 133/17.

135/3. over my grave. Sherwood Anderson is buried in the older of the two cemeteries in Marion, Virginia. His beautifully simple tombstone was designed by his friend, the sculptor Wharton Esherick. Its base is a V-shaped slab of granite. Resting on this base is a tall semi-circular granite stone containing the following inscription:

1876-1941
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
"LIFE, NOT DEATH, IS THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

135/4. I have had endless miserable days. See the note to 119/3.

135/8. I have been too lustful. See 94/6-11, where Anderson speaks about the contradiction that exists in all artists between the life of the senses and the life of artistic discipline. Here at 135/8-9 Anderson also implies that the artist cannot be too "lustful." The artist must impose upon himself, or submit himself to, the restraints of artistic discipline. The periods of "black gloom" mentioned at 135/3-4 are perhaps involuntary periods of restraint, depression, and artistic sterility. See also 140/12-141/5, where Anderson says that perhaps all artists are lustful men, men "highly sexed." Nevertheless, when they are engaged in the work of their art, their creative energies are absorbed by the demands of that art.

Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 503, changes "lustful" to "eager."

135/9. never stopping. Between this sentence and the next Rosenfeld slips in one sentence from the "Memoirs" manuscript. See the note to 133/17. The sentence reads: "Yet what man at all sensitive to life
doesn't have these weeks and months of gloom?" (Memoirs, p. 504).

135/10. these rich glad times. In Part IV, "The Workman, His Moods," Anderson has already spoken of two of these times: the time he wrote A Story Teller's Story in Reno and the time he wrote Far in the cabin on the Greear farm. Now he turns his attention to two other times when he wrote well: in a "tall old house" in New Orleans (135/14) and in a "cheap hotel" in Kansas City (136/2). In the concluding section of the "Writer's Book," called simply "Note," Anderson goes into greater detail about these times of intense creativity. From 155/13, where he starts speaking about "these glorious moments, these pregnant hours," until the end of the "Writer's Book," Anderson speaks about the circumstances surrounding the writing of three short stories, thus proving by three concrete examples that it is "impossible to create the conditions, the place, the associations under the influence of which he will work best" (135/11-13). See, in particular, the letter that Anderson wrote to Waldo Frank, quoted in the note to 161/1-2.

In his edition of Memoirs, pp. 504-507, after the words "these rich glad times," Rosenfeld turns to six paragraphs of material from the "Memoirs" manuscript before returning to the "Writer's Book" manuscript, 130/1-132/7. Rosenfeld then brings "The Fortunate One" to a close with the concluding material from the "Memoirs" manuscript. See the notes to 132/7 and 133/17.

135/14. a tall old house in the old quarter of New Orleans. In this passage Anderson is probably referring to a house at 708 Royal Street, New Orleans, where he lived during the winter of 1922, when he completed Many Marriages (see the note to 104/13). He wrote to Karl Anderson from this address on February 1:

| I am living in an old house in the old Creole section of New Orleans, surely the most civilized spot in America. . . . |
| . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . |
| As to the new book—if it comes off—as pray God it may—it may have to be printed in a special limited subscription edition—as already much harder and, I believe, more penetrating stuff has gone into it than into anything else I have printed. |
| At any rate I am very much the workman these days, trying as I never have to make every day count. |
And surely few men have been so blessed of the gods. Now, for a time I have money enough on which to live and a strong body that does not tire too easily. I have already had more recognition than I expected to get in a lifetime. Naturally I'm trying hard to make the time count. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1922.)

Anderson may also be referring to a house at 540-B St. Peter Street in New Orleans where he lived when he wrote Dark Laughter during the fall and winter of 1924. His letters at that time, however, do not reflect the joy with which he wrote Many Marriages. He wrote to Ferdinand Schevill, probably in the fall of 1924: "In the novel I am trying to get and give just the slow aftereffect of war-hatred on the emotions of people. You can see how elusive such a theme. I have had to create a style for it" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1924). To Paul Rosenfeld in December of 1924 he wrote: "I am gloomy about the finished novel. It is on a shelf in my workshop. I started another and another and put them both aside" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 133).

136/2. A cheap hotel in Kansas City. From January to March, 1933, Anderson stayed at the Hotel Puritan in Kansas City, Missouri. His letters from this hotel comment on the ironic character of its name. He describes it in a letter to Charles Bockler on January 20 in these terms:

I am writing from Kansas City, from a little, rather tough hotel, full of little actors, prize fighters, auto salesmen out of work, and whores, also out of work. I stumbled into the place and, to my amazement, got a grand room, clean, with a bath and an outlook over the city, for $5.50 a week. It's gaudy, and I really love these loose, non-respectable people about, drunk or sober. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 275.)

See the note to 98/10 for details about his writing "Brother Death" in this hotel room.

136/20-21. He could not bear my knowing what he himself knew. In regard to Anderson's theory that an artist cannot work in rich surroundings, see a letter to Laura Lou Copenhaver written on May 23, 1931. Anderson is speaking about a lecture he delivered at Purdue University:

I told them little stories of common people in towns and in factories, and I guess they liked it. What interested me was this. They seemed most touched by a story of something John once said to me. John had remarked, regarding Ripshin, that it was very nice, but that neither he [n]or I could ever work there. "It sets us too
far above all the people around us," John said.

I told them that story and also the story of the old farmwoman who said: "I guess it's nice you being here. I don't think you are an uppity man, but, well, before you came, we were all poor together here." They got the significance of those two stories. It was interesting to see a queer hush come over the room when I told them. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 246-47.)

137/1. Notes on the Novel. This heading is also listed in the folder at the front of Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts under the headings "Omissions" and "Previous Cuttings." Therefore, Part V of the "Writer's Book" was also cut from "Memoirs" material.

137/2. A novel may be thin or fat, but fatness, richness. Note the similarity between the opening words of Part V, "Notes on the Novel," and Part VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas." Part VI commences: "What strikes you about many writers is a certain thinness, poverty" (149/2-3). Furthermore, the themes running through Parts V and VI are similar in two respects. They both deal with an important aspect of the creative process, the development of the imagination in order to free thoughts and ideas so that they will "flow" (153/3-15) and produce rich work. They both also speak against "a tendency to be economical, to save" (157/7). See, for example, in Part VI: "this saving of ideas, of so-called material, has always struck me as curiously niggardly" (150/8-9); "the way to learn to use the imagination is to use it" (150/13); and "I think that we dull our own imaginations by trying to save our thoughts, our ideas" (152/18-153/1).

Part V, "Notes on the Novel," however, goes into two additional aspects of the work of the writer that are not treated in Part VI. Part V also talks about the place of sex in literature and about the relation between the novel and the short story. For further reflections of Anderson on the relation between the novel and the short story, see also Part VII, "Note," 155/9-12 and 162/15-163/5.

137/12. begins writing at the age of thirty. If Anderson began his serious writing as soon as he went to Elyria in 1907, he began writing no earlier than at the age of thirty-one. In any event, he published
his first story, "The Rabbit Pen," in 1914 when he was thirty-eight, and he published his first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*, in 1916 when he was forty. Even though here in the "Writer's Book" he says that the age of thirty "is young enough" (137/13), he wrote to Roger Sergel in 1923:

"What I have felt all the time is that every new workman is something added and that every new man will help also to make it possible for future artists here to begin working at 25 instead of 35 or 40" (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 119.)

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137/14. **many never do.** See a letter written to Alfred Stieglitz on September 6, 1922: "Now, Man, do not speak of being old Stieglitz, even in fun. About everyone in America is either old at 25 or they never get beyond 18. You are and have been such a glorious exception that I dislike even jokes about your being old Stieglitz" (*Letters*, Newberry Library, 1922).

138/1. **live in a new land.** See a letter to Van Wyck Brooks written on May 31, 1918:

> It is probably true that the reason our men who are of importance—Lincoln, Whitman, Twain, Dreiser, etc.—all begin when they are almost old men is that they have to spend so much of their lives putting down roots. The strength goes into that. We have, you see, Lincoln producing a few notable utterances, Whitman some clean stuff out of much windiness, Twain *Huck Finn*, Dreiser *Sister Carrie*, etc. (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 38.)

138/2-3. **spent the vigor that expresses itself in physical accomplishment.** In July, 1931, Anderson delivered a lecture in Portland, Oregon, called "America: A Storehouse of Vitality." With the Sherwood Anderson Papers there are two typed lectures with this title (see the note to 23/5). In the longer of the two, Anderson speaks at length about physical accomplishments in America and the maturing of the imaginative life:

The mere physical task of settling America, of binding it together as one nation, of making it possible for men of the Pacific coast to communicate quickly with the Atlantic coast, of moving vast quantities of goods from place to place, called for the development here of a heroic kind of man of action.

The American man then became a man of action. In our day it is becoming harder and harder to realize just what he did, just what
he suffered. He has been so romanticized by our sentimentalists, made so altogether one thing, has been so spoiled for us, if I may say so, by our bad writers, that it is hard to comprehend what he did and the speed with which he did it.

When the day of the need for great physical action has passed we shall have to find some new kind of action.

It will come, I believe, with a greater and greater development of our emotional and imaginative lives. Perhaps the change has already begun.

It has surely begun among our prose writers and after all I presume you will grant that prose writing—if it be an art at all—is the art likely to lie closest [to] the everyday lives of people. People's lives are, you see, the prose writers' materials. (pp. 10-11.)

And it is likely only when a nation is settled, when it begins to seem to people settled, when the physical drive necessary for the physical making of the nation has spent itself that the time comes for the flowering of this imaginative man.

I myself believe that the time for a fuller and fuller growth of the imaginative life has come or is rapidly coming. There is a slackening of the older impulses. (p. 14.)

138/4-5. prose poem to Mr. Theodore Dreiser. In 1923 Anderson dedicated Horses and Men to Dreiser with the words: "To Theodore Dreiser In whose presence I have sometimes had the same refreshed feeling as when in the presence of a thoroughbred horse." Following the Foreword there is a two-page prose poem entitled "Dreiser," pp. xi-xii, which reads:

Heav'ry, heav'ry, hangs over thy head.
Fine, or superfine?

Theodore Dreiser is old—he is very, very old. I do not know how many years he has lived, perhaps forty, perhaps fifty, but he is very old. Something grey and bleak and hurtful, that has been in the world perhaps forever, is personified in him.

When Dreiser is gone men shall write books, many of them, and in the books they shall write there will be so many of the qualities Dreiser lacks. The new, the younger men shall have a sense of humor, and everyone knows Dreiser has no sense of humor. More than that, American prose writers shall have grace, lightness of touch, a dream of beauty breaking through the husks of life.

O, those who follow him shall have many things that Dreiser does not have. That is a part of the wonder and beauty of Theodore Dreiser, the things that others shall have, because of him.

Long ago, when he was editor of the Delineator, Dreiser went one day, with a woman friend, to visit an orphan asylum. The woman once told me the story of that afternoon in the big, ugly grey building, with Dreiser, looking heavy and lumpy and old, sitting on a platform, folding and refolding his pocket-handkerchief and watching
the children--all in their little uniforms, trooping in.

"The tears ran down his cheeks and he shook his head," the woman said, and that is a real picture of Theodore Dreiser. He is old in spirit and he does not know what to do with life, so he tells about it as he sees it, simply and honestly. The tears run down his cheeks and he folds and refolds the pocket-handkerchief and shakes his head.

Heavy, heavy, the feet of Theodore. How easy to pick some of his books to pieces, to laugh at him for so much of his heavy prose.

The feet of Theodore are making a path, the heavy brutal feet. They are tramping through the wilderness of lies, making a path. Presently the path will be a street, with great arches overhead and delicately carved spires piercing the sky. Along the street will run children, shouting, "Look at me. See what I and my fellows of the new day have done"—forgetting the heavy feet of Dreiser.

The fellows of the ink-pots, the prose writers in America who follow Dreiser, will have much to do that he has never done. Their road is long but, because of him, those who follow will never have to face the road through the wilderness of Puritan denial, the road that Dreiser faced alone.

Heavy, heavy, hangs over thy head,
Fine, or superfine?

This prose poem to Dreiser was originally published in *Little Review*, III (April, 1916), 5.

138/10. **Mr. Dreiser, when he began writing his novels.** Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945) wrote his first novel, *Sister Carrie*, in the fall, winter, and spring of 1899-1900. He was twenty-nine years old when *Sister Carrie* was finished. Anderson first became acquainted with Dreiser through letters in 1915 when Floyd Dell interested him in the publication of *Windy McPherson's Son*. It was largely through Dreiser's efforts that the John Lane Company published Anderson's first novel in 1916. Anderson did not become a personal friend of Dreiser until Anderson's visit to New York in the winter of 1922-23 (Letters, Newberry Library, 1915-17; *Memoire*, ed. White, pp. 23, 451-55; Swanberg, *Dreiser*, pp. 82-85 and 187-88).

See 77/11-78/16 and notes for Anderson's views on Dreiser and the movie version of *An American Tragedy*. See also 143/15-145/1 for Anderson's views on Dreiser as a pioneer among the American writers who treat sex honestly in their work.

138/13. **the fate of his Sister Carrie.** Dreiser's own account of the
"suppression" of *Sister Carrie* is given in "The Early Adventures of *Sister Carrie*," *Colophon*. I, Part 5 (1931). Writing thirty years after the event, Dreiser says in part:

I took it first to Henry Mills Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who read the manuscript and, while expressing approval, at the same time doubted whether any publisher would take it. The American mass mind of that day, as he knew, was highly suspicious of any truthful interpretation of life. However, he turned it over to Harper & Brothers, who kept it three weeks and then informed me that they could not publish it.

I next submitted it to Doubleday Page, where Frank Norris occupied the position of reader. He recommended it most enthusiastically to his employers, and it seemed that my book was really to be published, for a few weeks later I signed a contract with Doubleday Page and the book was printed.

In the meantime (as I was told by Frank Norris himself, and later by William Heinemann, the publisher, of London), Mrs. Frank Doubleday read the manuscript and was horrified by its frankness. She was a social worker and active in moral reform, and because of her strong dislike for the book and insistence that it be withdrawn from publication, Doubleday Page decided not to put it in circulation. However, Frank Norris remained firm in his belief that the book should come before the American public, and persuaded me to insist on the publishers carrying out the contract. Their legal adviser—one Thomas McKee, who afterwards personally narrated to me his share in all this—was called in, and he advised the firm that it was legally obliged to go on with the publication, it having signed a contract to do so, but that this did not necessarily include selling; in short, the books, after publication, might be thrown into the cellar! I believe this advice was followed to the letter, because no copies were ever sold. But Frank Norris, as he himself told me, did manage to send out some copies to book reviewers, probably a hundred of them. (n.p.)

In general Dreiser's account is true, except for the glaring exaggeration that "no copies were ever sold." Vrest Orton in *Dreiserana* (New York: The Chocorua Bibliographies, 1929), p. 17, quotes a letter from one of Doubleday's secretaries:

> These are the actual facts about SISTER CARRIE, as revealed by the analysis card. The first edition consisted of 1,008 copies of which 129 were sent out for review, 465 [sic] were sold, and the balance, 423 copies, were turned over to J. F. Taylor & Company.

Simple addition shows that the secretary's figure of copies sold should be 456, not 465. Swanberg's biography of Dreiser, pp. 92 and 97, tells us that from these 456 copies Dreiser received royalties of $68.40; from the British edition brought out by William Heinemann in London in 1901 he
received only $100 more. The reviews of Sister Carrie after the American edition were generally unfavorable, those in England slightly better.

Swanberg explains:

Not a critic in the nation realized that this was a novel so transcendent in its realism and its humanity that it stood alone, that its imperfections deserved forgiveness, that it called for a new standard in criticism and a fight for recognition. No such enthusiasm was possible in 1900 over a heroine who not only sinned but spoke ungrammatically. (p. 92.)

In 1907 the B. W. Dodge Company of New York reprinted Sister Carrie, and in this edition it sold well. Orton says: "The Dodge edition of Sister Carrie sold extremely well. It went through several different printings, and helped establish the B. W. Dodge Company as up and coming publishers" (p. 23). Swanberg says that in the Dodge edition "Sister Carrie was almost if not quite a best seller" (p. 120). Other early editions were by Grosset and Dunlop in 1908, by Harpers in 1911, and by Boni and Liveright in 1917. Especially after Boni and Liveright's promotion of the book, Dreiser had little reason to complain about the reception given to Sister Carrie.

139/5. of which I have already spoken. See 44/11-45/1, where Anderson speaks about the condemnation of Winesburg, Ohio and 99/7-100/16, where he tells about his correspondence with the Reverend Arthur H. Smith on the subject of Winesburg.

139/6. when I was called sex-obsessed. See a letter written to Paul Rosenfeld in the fall of 1921:

Brooks, I believe, once called me "the phallic Chekhov." I really do not believe I have a sex-obsession, as has so often been said. I do not want to have, surely. When I want to flatter myself, at least, I tell myself that I want only not to lose the sense of life as it is, here, now, in the land and among the people among whom I live. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 78.)

This letter to Rosenfeld is interesting in the light of a sentence that Rosenfeld wrote in "Sherwood Anderson," Dial, LXXII (January, 1922), 35:

Anderson has to face himself where Freud and Lawrence, Stieglitz and Picasso, and every other great artist of the time, have faced themselves: has had to add a "phallic Chekhov" to the group of men who have been forced by something in an age to remind an age that it is in the nucleus of sex that all the lights and the confusions have their center, and that to the nucleus of sex they all return to
further illuminate or further tangle.

In later years most critics, and Anderson himself, attributed the coinage of the term "the phallic Chekhov" to Rosenfeld. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 451: "I remember that Paul Rosenfeld soon called me 'The Phallic Chekhov.'" See also Cleveland Chase's biography of Anderson, pp. 38-39. Chase is an example of a critic contemporaneous with Anderson who, although generally unfavorable, nevertheless recognizes Anderson's purpose in using sex as a symbol and indicator for all the drives in man:

Anderson has been widely criticized for the somidness of Winesburg; he has been called ignorant, perverted, immoral; even his friend, Paul Rosenfeld, termed him "the Phallic Chekhov." And there can be no question that he has chosen unpleasant subjects and that he is greatly preoccupied with sex. More than two-thirds of the stories have definitely sexual themes. This is partly due to the influence upon him of D. H. Lawrence and of the psychoanalysts, but even more it is because, using sex as a point of departure, he is able to depict emotions and reactions that are true not only of sex, but of almost all other human relations. It is for this reason that we close a book dealing so largely with sexual problems, not conscious so much of its sexual nature as of the way in which it has exposed the difficulty which the individual experiences in orienting himself in regard to his environment and to the people around him.

Just as the emotions these characters have are more significant than the characters themselves, so these "sexual crises" have implications much wider than those of mere sex. In most of the stories the climax throws light not so much upon the sexual nature of the characters concerned as upon their general emotional make-up. A similar thing might have happened in a realm quite disassociated from sex. Whatever his reason for so doing, Anderson has used sexual examples. To do this constantly is, to my mind, a decided weakness in craftsmanship; it in no important way invalidates the integrity of the conception of the stories. We may question Anderson's taste in concentrating so much upon sex; we cannot question his right to do so. Creative writing cannot be limited by the fickle demands of "good taste."

139/9. half a dozen in one morning's mail. See a letter written to Van Wyck Brooks on August 22, 1920:

There came, and still come, odd, hurtful reaction[s] from some things I write. A woman I have once know[n], strange men and women I have never seen write me queer, abusive letters. "Why do you wallow in ugly lies about life?" they ask. I have got a dozen such letters in a week. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 62.)

139/15-140/1. after the publication of my Triumph of the Egg and I was
living in a Chicago rooming house. Anderson was not living in a rooming house in November of 1921 when *The Triumph of the Egg* was published. He was dividing his time between his residence at 12 East Division Street, Chicago, and the house he rented in Palos Park, Illinois. He wrote to his brother Karl from Palos Park in November, and in speaking of one of Karl's paintings, says: "When you have time will you have your man there box up the painting and send it to 12 East Division Street--Chicago? Is there any chance you will be out here this winter? The new book *The Triumph of the Egg* will be published this week (Letters, Newberry Library, 1921).

See 48/2-5, where Anderson says that *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Poor White* were written in a Chicago rooming house. The truth of the matter is that only *Winesburg* was written in the rooming house at 735 Cass Street, Chicago.

**140/7. were from women.** See a similar passage in *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 177:

Later, when I had become a writer and had written and published books, I wrote and published a book of tales, called *Winesburg, Ohio*, and when it was published there was an outbreak of bitter denunciation. Letters kept coming to me, many letters, and they were all from women.

"You are unclean. You are one who has a filthy mind," they said and, for a time, there was so much of it that I began to distrust myself. I went about with head hanging in shame.

"It must be true. So many say it that it must be true."

**140/8. Mr. Trigant Burrow.** Anderson first met Trigant Burrow (1875-1950), a physician and psychoanalyst, when he and Tennessee were together in the Adirondacks in the summer of 1916. At first Burrow made a favorable impression on Anderson; in fact, Anderson probably got the inspiration for his short story "Seeds" from conversations with Burrow during that summer. Looking forward to his next summer's vacation to the Adirondacks, Anderson wrote to Waldo Frank sometime in March, 1917:

You must definitely plan to be with me the second week in June. After that a Johns Hopkins' man will be on the same side of the lake. That week we can have to loaf and think and talk. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 101.)

By the end of the summer, he wrote again to Frank, this time on August 27:

Burrow has been a sharp disappointment to me. Put to the test he proved to have no gift of companionship. The man wanted to
reform, to remake me; his attitude was like Dell's. Tell me why men constantly get the impression that I am a thing to be molded. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 15.)

Anderson speaks of Burrow in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 284:

I never went to a psychoanalyst but I have often thought of what must have happened, at least at the first, some other man attempting to thrust in and in, to search out your very soul, resentment, all kind of resistance. "Whatever I am you let me alone." The psychologist Trigant Burrow will remember an experience once had with me, at Lake Chateaugay, in northern New York, he trying to get at me, my resistance, the half comic situation that developed between us.

See the letter from Burrow to Frederick Hoffman apropos of Anderson's understanding of Freud, quoted in the note to 66/13-15.

140/11-12. it was something I did not want. The Memoirs passage quoted in the note to 140/7 continues:

But did I want what they were thinking about? I was puzzled and hurt.

"I do not," I cried to myself. Perhaps, after all, I wanted only someone to whom I could address myself. There was something warm in many women and I wanted warmth and, too often, men, seeing the adoration I had for many women, thought of me as the women of the letters had thought.

However it was not so with women known, and seen. That was a comfort to me. (ed. White, p. 177.)

140/15. lustful man. See 135/8 and its note.

141/3. he begins to enter women in a new way. In a letter written on August 27, 1938, to George Freitag, Anderson says:

I knew a painter once who said to me, "I want to make love to a thousand, a hundred thousand women." I understand him. He didn't really want to bed the women. He wanted to go into them, penetrate into the mystery of women. It was because of something he wanted in his art. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 408-409.)

141/3. Balzac. Balzac was one of Anderson's favorite authors. According to A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, Anderson started to read Balzac when he was still young, when he was reading such other authors as Laura Jean Libbey, Walter Scott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jules Verne, Stephen Crane, Fielding, Shakespeare, Cooper, Stevenson, Howells, and Mark Twain
On p. 261 he compares Balzac to Leonardo da Vinci and other greater painters and says: "Balzac had made his readers feel the universality and wonder of his mind." The epilogue to A Story Teller's Story, which was published as the story "Caught," American Mercury, I (February, 1924), 165-76, is the story of a writer of some promise who sells out his artistic ability by producing, year after year, football stories for high-paying magazines. One of the chief symbols in the story is a fine leather-bound edition of Tales from Balzac, which Anderson had been reading before the writer came into his room and which the writer, in his frustration over his wasted talent, keeps fingering and tearing. Finally the short story writer leaves Anderson, and the epilogue ends: "From the floor of my room the name Balzac is grinning ironically up into my own American face" (p. 341).

141/6-7. No woman ever entirely absorbs the artist. In a letter to his artist son John, probably written in 1926, Anderson speaks about the relation between an artist's love for his work and the artist's love for a woman:

The very capacity you have for feeling will inevitably make it burst into a flame occasionally about some woman. My own experience will, I am afraid, be of little help. In the end art is the essential thing, I think.

In the end you may prove a great disappointment to women, as I have and as most artists have.

Suddenly you go off. What was all-absorbing is no longer so. It is more terrible for the woman than going to another woman. You go into something indefinite, into a place where they cannot follow.

(Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

141/14. Dust under your feet. See "A Dedication and an Explanation" in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 7-9, which also speaks about the difficulty a woman has in living with a man who is an artist. Anderson remarks:

It is dreadful to live with such a man. It is only possible . . . only a saint could do it.

Why, there are months and months when you are merely dust under his feet. For him you have no existence. As well, during such times, be married to one of the dummies in a store window. (p. 8.)
142/3-4. Let us say that the woman and I. In the passage in Part V from 142/3 to 143/13 Anderson once again discusses the creative process, speaking about the flights of fancy that an artist takes while seemingly engaged in the ordinary occurrences of life. These flights of fancy are the "seeds" of stories, to use one of Anderson's favorite expressions. One of his most explicit statements about the working of the imagination in the creative process is in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 255-58. The section begins:

I was walking in the street or sitting in a train and overhead [the manuscript reading] a remark dropped from the lips of some man or woman. Out of a thousand such remarks heard almost every day one stayed in my head. I could not shake it out. . . .

A few such sentences in the midst of a conversation overhead or dropped into a tale someone told. These were the seeds of stories. How could one make them grow?

143/7-8. write, in imagination, ten, a hundred novels. Anderson gives concrete form to this theory in one of his short stories, "The Lost Novel," originally published in Scribner's Magazine, LXXXIV (September, 1928), 255-58, and reprinted in Alice and The Lost Novel and in Death in the Woods.

143/16. the pioneer. See the passage from Memoirs, ed. White, quoted in the note to 70/14-71/1, where Anderson includes himself along with Dreiser, Lewis, Masters, Sandburg, and O'Neill as "pioneers" in twentieth-century American literature. In the Introduction to Dreiser's Free and Other Stories which Anderson wrote for the 1918 Boni and Liveright Modern Library edition, Anderson singles out Dreiser above all the others:

If there is a modern movement in American prose writing, a movement toward greater courage and fidelity to life in writing, then Theodore Dreiser is the pioneer and the hero of the movement. Of that I think there can be no question. I think it is true that no American prose writer need hesitate before the task of putting his hands upon his materials. Puritanism, as a choking, smothering force, is dead or dying. We are rapidly approaching the old French standard wherein the only immorality for the artist is in bad art and I think that Theodore Dreiser, the man, has done more than any living American to bring this about. (pp. vi-vii.)

144/6. sex a normal place. In the light of this remark it is interesting
to read a letter that Anderson sent to his son John and Charles Bockler in the fall of 1929:

As a prose writer, and that is to say, "as a man who pretends to depict human life," I have gone as far, I suppose, as a man can go on the road of feeling. I have wrecked myself time and again.

It is all involved in sex. I think my generation went a little nuts on that, myself with them. We rather centered all feeling in sex.

We got results, did a kind of work, I dare say. I know I have done a few beautiful tales.

Just because they had power, they were overplayed, given a position of too much importance.

Their power over the minds of men is really gone, I think.

We have got new people growing up who will never know the inhibitions against which we fought. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 195.)

144/8-9. Mr. Sinclair Lewis ... the Nobel Prize. The first American to be given the Nobel Prize for Literature was Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951), who received this award in 1930. In an address before the Swedish Academy on December 10, 1930, Erik Axel Karlfeldt, Secretary of the Academy, explained why the award went to Lewis. He cited among Lewis' works Main Street, Babbitt, Arowsmith, Elmer Gantry, and Dodsworth. His concluding words were:

Yes, Sinclair Lewis is an American. He writes the new language --American--as one of the representatives of the 120,000,000 souls. He asks us to consider that this nation is not yet finished or melted down, that it is still in the turbulent years of adolescence.

The new great American Literature has started with national self-criticism. It is a sign of health. Sinclair Lewis has the blessed gift of wielding his land-clearing implement, not only with a firm hand, but with a smile on his lips and youth in his heart. He has the manners of a pioneer. He is a new builder. (Why Sinclair Lewis Got the Nobel Prize, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company [n.d.], p. 8.)

In his acceptance speech Lewis spoke about his contemporaries in American literature whom he considered great. They included Anderson, Dreiser, Mencken, O'Neill, Sandburg, Masters, Cather, Cabell, Hemingway, and Faulkner.

144/9-10. this recognition. These words are at the beginning of the last two of the four typewritten pages of the "Writer's Book" that the
present editor found with the "Journal" manuscripts at the Newberry Library. See the note to 113/1 for a description of these pages. The passage from "this recognition" to "of his work" (145/12), however, is all canceled by Rosenfeld. After this cancellation the typescript continues to the end of Part V.

144/10. tender about life. In Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson also calls Dreiser tender:

How wide my acquaintance has been but I have met few enough really tender men, men not seeking to justify their own existences. I think of men like Theodore Dreiser and Eugene O'Neill. (p. 3.)

On the one hand Dreiser can be the most gentle of men. He is, of all American writers I have known, the most essentially tender toward others. If you are hurt Dreiser is hurt with you.

On the other hand Dreiser can become suddenly violent. (p. 535.)

144/12. Mr. Lewis is very seldom tender: In "Man and His Imagination," p. 42, Anderson also contrasts Lewis and Dreiser:

Now to take two outstanding men among our more famous American story tellers, Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. Theodore Dreiser, what a difference is immediately noted. As we read, we feel that the one man, no doubt in some secret inner part of himself, has been at some time in his life, deeply hurt by his contact with life and wants to get even. He seems to want to pay life back, get even with it by showing people up, throwing up in his work constantly the ridiculous, the absurd and pretentious, while in the work of the other man, as we read, we feel constantly a great tenderness for all life.

144/15. Main Street. Lewis' novel was published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe in 1920, the same year that Huebsch brought out Poor White for Anderson. Poor White did not sell, but Main Street was an immediate success and throughout the years has sold more than 500,000 copies. Perhaps it always rankled Anderson that Main Street was a best seller while Poor White was not. He wrote to Hart Crane on March 4, 1921: "There seems to be a good deal of talk of Poor White, but it doesn't really sell much. I suppose Main Street, for example, has sold more in one week than Poor White altogether (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 70).

Main Street and Winesburg, Ohio have often been coupled together as landmarks in the "revolt from the village," to use Carl Van Doren's
phrase, which many American writers chronicled in the early decades of
the twentieth century. One example of the coupling of Main Street and
Winesburg is found in N. Bryllion Fagin's biography:

In Winesburg we have a group of short stories which, united by a
common setting and a universality of experience, render vividly the
life of a Mid-Western community. It is the subjective, the anthropo-
logical counterpart of Main Street. We receive practically no
definite outline of Winesburg. We have no picture of its exterior, as
we have in Main Street. We have a deeper, a finer study of char-
acter, of inner brooding, of thwarted desires, of obscure yearnings.
Main Street represents the revolt against provincialism, against the
narrowness and ugliness of our citified small towns. In Gopher
Prairie there is no comprehension of beauty. There is no vision be-
yond that of commercial success. There is no appreciation of art be-
yond that of the ladies of the Thanatopsis Club. In Main Street we
have men practicing their occupations—a doctor, a hardware dealer,
a banker, a school-teacher, a druggist, a tailor. In Main Street we
have a list of ugly externals. In Winesburg, we have a group of men
and women studied for their inner, subconscious life—their individual
life. The complexion of the soul, rather than the complexion of the
face, comes to the surface. Winesburg is an expression of the tri-
umph of the spirit—even the spirit of Main Street yokels—over
matter. (pp. 81-82.)

145/1. Sauk Center. Since Anderson is speaking about Main Street, the
text would be more consistent if Gopher Prairie, the town Lewis created
for the setting of Main Street, were substituted for Lewis' birthplace,
Sauk Center, Minnesota. Although Lewis always denied it, most critics
consider Sauk Center to be the prototype of Gopher Prairie.

145/2. boys never went swimming. In "Four American Impressions," origi-
nally printed in New Republic, XXXII (October 11, 1922), 171-73, and re-
printed in Sherwood Anderson’s Notebook, pp. 47-55, the four writers whom
Anderson considers are Gertrude Stein, Paul Rosenfeld, Ring Lardner, and
Sinclair Lewis. Of Lewis he says:

The texture of the prose written by Mr. Lewis gives me but faint
joy and I cannot escape the conviction that for some reason Lewis
has himself found but little joy, either in life among us or in his
own effort to channel his reactions to our life into prose. . . .
For after all, even in Gopher Prairie or in Indianapolis, Indi-
ans, boys go swimming in the creeks on summer afternoons, shadows
play at evening on factory walls, old men dig angleworms and go
fishing together, love comes to at least a few men and women, and
everything else failing, the baseball club comes from a neighboring
town and Tom Robinson gets a home run. (pp. 53-54.)

Among the fragments in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscripts in the Newberry Library we find this comment written in longhand on the back of p. 12 of an untitled typescript:

Why was it that, in that town of the American Northwest where Mr. Sinclair Lewis spent his boyhood there were no such evenings spent with other young men and boys. What a different book his Main Street might have been had a circus ever come to his town, had the baseball team of that town ever whipped a team from a neighboring town.

145/4. Lewis' doctor shaking the ashes out of his furnace. This scene is towards the beginning of Chapter XV of Main Street. Dr. Will Kennicott has just been called out in the middle of a December night to perform an appendectomy, and his wife Carol, for whom Gopher Prairie is still tolerable, hears him return home early in the morning. Anderson is inaccurate in saying that there was no fire:

At six, when the light faltered in as through ground glass and bleakly identified the chairs as gray rectangles, she heard his step on the porch; heard him at the furnace; the rattle of shaking the grate, the slow grinding removal of ashes, the shovel thrust into the coal-bin, the abrupt clatter of the coal as it flew into the fire-box, the fussy regulation of drafts--the daily sounds of a Gopher Prairie life, now first appealing to her as something brave and enduring, many-colored and free. She visioned the fire-box: flames turned to lemon and metallic gold as the coal-dust sifted over them; thin twisty flutters of purple, ghost flames which gave no light, slipping up between the dark banked coals. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1920, pp. 177-78.)

145/9. American life through Mr. Lewis' eyes. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 536:

I have always thought that he [Dreiser], and not Lewis, among our American writers, should have been given the first Nobel Prize given to an American writer. I have thought that it was given to Lewis because Europe wanted to see Americans as a race of Babbitts.


In my own feeling for the man from whose pen has come all of this prose over which there are so few lights and shades, I have come at
last to sense, most of all, the man fighting terrifically and ineffectually for a thing about which he really does care. There is a kind of fighter living inside Mr. Sinclair Lewis and there is, even in this dull, unlighted prose of his, a kind of dawn coming. In the dreary ocean of this prose, islands begin to appear. In Babbitt there are moments when the people of whom he writes, with such amazing attention to the outer details of lives, begin to think and feel a little, and with the coming of life into his people a kind of nervous, hurried beauty and life flits, like a lantern carried by a night watchman past the window of a factory as one stands waiting and watching in a grim street on a night of December.

145/12. general tone of his work. A good summary of Anderson's attitude towards Sinclair Lewis can be found in an article on Lewis that he wrote in 1930. A strike in the cotton mills of Marion, North Carolina, a strike in which six persons were killed, occasioned a pamphlet by Lewis in which he championed the cause of the strikers. The pamphlet, called Cheap and Contented Labor: The Picture of a Southern Mill Town in 1929 (New York: United Feature Syndicate, Inc., 1929), occasioned an attack on Lewis by Anderson. Anderson tentatively entitled his article "Labor and Sinclair Lewis." In a postscript to a letter written on February 20, 1930, to Nelson Antrim Crawford, editor of Household Magazine, in Topeka, Kansas, Anderson explains why he wrote the article against Lewis:

I've been laying for that bird ever since he wrote Main Street. Now he is on the labor lay, and I wanted to skin him alive. He'll do to the factories what he did to the small towns, the doctors, preachers, etc. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 208.)

Subsequent letters from Anderson to Crawford give more information on the motives behind his writing of the article. On March 13, he states:

In the same mail which brought your letter, there came a note from my agent O. K. Liveright in New York. He said that the Labor and Lewis article had been over at the Saturday Evening Post, that they liked it enormously, but were unwilling to give Sinclair Lewis as much publicity as this article gave him. I think they have missed the whole point, as it is not Lewis I am hitting, but rather a whole school of thought. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1930.)

On March 18 he says:

I think you will find in it what I think is a true criticism, not only of Lewis, but of the whole modern Mencken, hard-boiled attitude. It takes strength to be tender, and these men haven't strength. It is too easy to attack individuals. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 216.)
The "Labor and Sinclair Lewis" article eventually was published in a greatly shortened version in *Scribner's* as "Cotton Mill." Before it was published, however, Anderson entered into correspondence with John Hall Wheelock, one of *Scribner's* editors. Anderson wrote on March 24, 1930:

I had heard something of how you felt about the Labor-Lewis article, through my agent, Mr. Liveright.

After some searching of my own soul in this matter, I have about concluded that, whereas I was taking Mr. Lewis' hide off for his attitude toward the lady in Baltimore, the small town, etc., I was myself doing something of the same sort of thing to him. Of course, I have no personal feeling about Mr. Lewis, but I suppose there is a natural tendency in all of us to occasionally flay some fellow citizen.

I have decided to drop it, and I think you will agree with me. It is much better to do the constructive thing you suggest and let the parallel be drawn by other people.

I therefore think that it would be better to make this whole article entirely constructive by dropping the whole Lewis thing. This will shorten the article a good deal, but will leave in it all the constructive part and what I believe is its real beauty.

(Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 216-17.)

"Cotton Mill," with all the part on Sinclair Lewis cut, was published in *Scribner's*, LXXXVIII (July, 1930), 1-11.

The original "Labor and Sinclair Lewis" is with the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. Much of what Anderson says about Lewis and *Main Street* in the "Writer's Book" is also said in "Labor and Sinclair Lewis." For example:

There is no doubt the book is done with a certain skill. As I read people passed before me in the pages of the book and when I lifted my eyes from its pages certain living people, seen through a window, passed before me along the streets of the town I was in. In the pages of the book held in my hand that day people, Mr. Sinclair Lewis' people, were living their lives. I remember yet the peculiar feeling of hatred the book gave me. I had myself always been a small town man. . . . I like to hang about the courthouses of small towns, go to ball games there, go fishing with small town men in the spring and hunting with them in the fall. . . .

But let us return to Mr. Sinclair Lewis' town. I haven't a copy of the book with me as I sit writing of it but I remember a man back of an ugly little house on a side street, shaking ashes through an ash sifter. I remember hot and dusty places. The air is filled with heavy rank smells. I remember pretentious people, mentally dishonest people. (p. 17.)

Mr. Lewis has made, in American literature, this picture of the American small town. I am not saying that he has worked with any
such intentions. I am but telling what happened. He made for us a
town in which no grass ever grew. Grapes and apples never ripened
there. There were no spring rains. It was a town to which no ball
team ever came, no circus parades. I am convinced that, to a large
extent, the great success of the book was due to just that quality
in it which aroused people's contempt. There is that streak in all
of us. We all adore hating something, having contempt for something.
Mr. Lewis gave us a small town we could thoroughly dislike; he has
given us a preacher we can dislike, a businessman, a doctor.
(p. 18.)

146/1. The writing of the short story is a kind of explosion. This is
the first of two instances in the "Writer's Book" where Anderson defines
the short story. The other is at 155/9-11: "The short story is the re-
result of a sudden passionate interest. It is an idea grasped whole as one
would pick an apple in an orchard."

Anderson speaks of the short story as "a distillation, an outbreak"
in the letter to Ben Heubsch quoted in the note to 23/10, and as "the
short stop" in a letter to Paul Rosenfeld written from Reno in late 1923
or early 1924. The letter to Rosenfeld also speaks of the difficulty he
experiences in forcing himself to work on some things that he knows are
fragmentary. Both of the stories mentioned in this letter were published
in Anderson's third volume of short stories, Horses and Men:

Your comments—[on] "[An] Ohio Pagan" and "The Sad Horn Blowers"
—they are both true criticisms—something fragmentary there. I
felt it and had to ask myself, "Shall I try to go back and carry
them through?" The old Chinese used to write a thing called "the
short stop." The notion was to touch something off and then let it
complete itself in the reader.

Is this an excuse? I don't know. I have destroyed many frag-
ments. These I decided not to destroy and I could not work on them
as my mind was reaching toward something else. I refer you to a
song of Mid-American Chants.

"I'm the broken end of a song myself."

It's true. Perhaps I shall never quite complete, round out, any-
thing. Often enough I have to give just the broken ends. (Letters,
Newberry Library, 1934.)

Certainly Anderson did not always give "just the broken ends." In the
best among his stories, such as "The Untold Lie," "Death in the Woods,"
"Brother Death," "The Man Who Became a Woman," "I Want to Know Why," and
many others, he produced completed works of art.
Mr. H. G. Wells who once described the writing of the short story. The present editor has not been able to find the metaphors used by Wells for the writing of the short story and the novel referred to by Anderson in this passage. One of H. G. Wells' rare pieces of short story criticism is his Introduction to The Country of the Blind and Other Stories (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons [1911]). In this Introduction Wells says in part:

Some things are more easily done as short stories than others and more abundantly done, but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impossible.

At any rate, that is the present writer's conception of the art of the short story, as the jolly art of making something very bright and moving; it may be horrible or pathetic of funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating, having only this essential, that it should take from fifteen to fifty minutes to read aloud. All the rest is just whatever invention and imagination and the mood can give—a vision of buttered slides on a busy day or of unprecedented worlds. (p. viii.)

During the years when Anderson first began to write, H. G. Wells was one of his favorite authors. In Memoirs, ed. White, p. 451, Anderson writes: "I had been for some time under the spell of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett." He goes into more detail in "Waiting for Ben Huebsch" in Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld, p. 289:

I considered then, as I now consider, that my earlier stories, both Windy McPherson and at least in the writing, Marching Men, had been the result not so much of my own feeling about life as of reading the novels of others. There had been too much of H. G. Wells, that sort of thing. I was being too heroic.

The actual physical feat of writing either a long or a short novel. Anderson is no doubt reflecting his own experience in the writing of novels, a form in which he never excelled as he did in the short story. At the very beginning of his writing career he wrote to Waldo Frank to thank him for the article "Emerging Greatness" in Seven Arts, I (November, 1916), 73-78, which praised his first novel, Windy McPherson's Son. He then goes on to say:

I like particularly your slap at my ending of the novel. What you say is no doubt true. In secret I do not mind telling you that I never knew how to end a novel and am afraid I never will. Always feel as though I were just at the beginning when the thing has to be wound up and put aside. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 3.)
In the middle of his career, shortly after he moved to Ripshin in the spring of 1926, he wrote to Karl Anderson:

I have worked myself here. The organization of a new novel is such a racking process. All the life of the book has to [be] organized. I have just been going through that process.

Yesterday I worked until—when night came I had to go to bed.

I fancy you know that feeling of exhaustion—something however gained—put down. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

146/7. is another matter. See 163/1, where Anderson says: "writing of the long story, the novel, is another matter." The note to 163/1--2 discusses Anderson's inability to articulate a complete theory of short story writing.

146/10-11. He must carry the theme within himself in all the changing circumstances. As Anderson was working in the spring of 1926 on the novel he called either "Another Man's House" or "Other People's Houses," he wrote to Horace Liveright:

In the meantime I got right into the new novel. As often happens with me, I had to make three or four starts with it. I had the whole theme in my mind, but it is a delicate thing to handle, and I had to get the characters fitted into the theme. Twice after writing several thousand words I had to throw it all away. My people got off the track. I did not understand them well enough. They were not what I wanted. I went off to the country or walked around the streets and waited. At last I think I have a start that will do fine.

The man's name in Talbot Whittingham. The central figures of the novel are this man Whittingham and his wife Katherine—their relations to each other and of Whittingham's relationship with other women. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 154.)

Evidently Anderson was not able to carry through his theme. He never completed this novel.

147/4-5. Some minor character in his novel begins suddenly to run away with his book. See a letter to his son John written in 1931 shortly after he sent Perhaps Women to the publisher:

I get a long story started and sometimes it breaks in two. Some minor character comes in, as though a stranger had suddenly walked into a house. That changes everything. The new person may be absorbingly interesting.
You try to blend the new one into whatever you are doing and pretty often it spoils all.
Just the same it is something. There is the new one also wanting his, or her, story really told. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1931.)

147/9. **He must orchestrate his work.** See a letter written to Horace Liveright from New Orleans on April 18, 1925, in which Anderson speaks of *Dark Laughter:*

> You see what I am trying to give you now. Horace, is something of the orchestration of the book. The neuroticism, the hurry and self-consciousness of modern life, and back of it the easy, strange laughter of the blacks. There is your dark, earthy laughter—the Negro, the earth, and the river—that suggests the title. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 142.)

147/9-10. **give it what is called "form."** In 1926 Anderson wrote to Jerome Blum about the difficulty he has achieving form in his novels. Speaking about the same book, called either "Another Man's House" or "Other People's Houses," about which he wrote to his brother Karl and to Horace Liveright (see the notes to 146/6-7 and 146/10-11), Anderson remarks to Blum:

> I got started on a new novel—a rather delicate business—then checked my start, started again—checked again, etc. It will come off eventually and it may be that this present start will get somewhere.

> Anyway am working on it every day and that is fun. It's the old business of trying to get too much into one book and getting it messed up. The simple direct form of the thing only seems to emerge for me after a lot of sweating. I put doodads all over the house and then have to go around and knock them off. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1926.)

In other letters and in published works Anderson tries to explain what form means to him. In 1929 he wrote to Dwight Macdonald, telling him that he has read the book by Irving Babbitt that Macdonald suggested and that he found its prose heavy and its insistence on the observance of "laws" incorrect:

> Why, indeed there are laws. There are laws all such men as Babbitt will never in this life comprehend. There are laws within the laws, laws that ride over the laws.

> The law of which you are so sure may be breaking to bits before your very eyes. You may not know it.
This thing called form in art. It exists, of course. It is the force that holds the thing of loveliness together.

Often I walk about knowing there is form existent everywhere, in lives, things, in nature too.

It does not become form to me until I comprehend form in it.

There is a little reaching, a straining after the thing, the form. In comprehending it I create it too.

It happens I am an artist, and so this process of creation goes on constantly in me. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 191.)

In 1930 Anderson wrote to Charles Bockler about form in painting as well as in prose:

I think it would be a great mistake to waste any time at all thinking of "form" as form. It is one of the things artists, and most of all half-artists, babble of when their minds are most vacant.

Form is, of course, content. It is nothing else, can be nothing else. A tree has bark, fiber, sap, leaves, limbs, twigs.

It can grow and exist and not grow in the soil of your own being. It is so with women too.

The great thing is to let yourself be the tree, the sky, the earth. Enter into your inheritance. It is difficult and can only happen rarely, as between a man and woman. My meaning is that life is not so separated from art. How often I go away from the presence of talking artists into the street, the field.

What I want is there. If I go in and come out clean, even now and then, in the end these same people who say I have no form will be prattling of the "form" in my work. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 202.)

In "A Note on Realism" in his Notebook Anderson explains what he means by saying "form is content":

The life of reality is confused, disorderly, almost always without apparent purpose, whereas in the artist's imaginative life there is purpose. There is determination to give the tale, the song, the painting Form—to make it true and real to the theme, not to life. (pp. 75-76.)

In A Story Teller's Story, in the context of speaking against the "formula" story with its "Poison Plot," Anderson says:

What was wanted I thought was form, not plot, an altogether more elusive and difficult thing to come at. (ed. White, p. 255.)

In certain moods one became impregnated with the seeds of a hundred new tales in one day. The telling of the tales, to get them into form, to clothe them, find 'just the words and the arrangement of words that would clothe them—that was a quite different matter. (ed. White, p. 257.)

The words used by the tale teller were as the colors used by the painter. Form was another matter. It grew out of the materials of
the tale and the teller's reaction to them. It was the tale trying to take form that kicked about inside the tale teller at night when he wanted to sleep. (ed. White, p. 261.)

These quotations from *A Story Teller's Story* remind the reader of the first story in *Winesburg, "The Book of the Grotesque,"* the story that helps to give form to the whole book. This story describes an old writer who feels as if a "young thing" is inside him driving figures of grotesques before his eyes. The writer must get out of bed in the night and write down the stories of the grotesques. Their stories are, of course, *Winesburg, Ohio.*

One of Anderson's most explicit statements about form in art is a letter written to Norman Holmes Pearson in the fall of 1937. In this letter Anderson tells Pearson that the Winesburg story "Hands" was "the first one I ever wrote that did grow into form." He also links form and morality in art (see the note to 13/1) and speaks against betraying imaginary lives (see the notes to 80/13-14 and 101/9-11). Although the whole letter is well worth studying for Anderson's attitude toward form, only excerpts will be quoted here:

I presume that we all who begin the practice of an art begin out of a great hunger for order. We want brought into consciousness something that is always there but that gets so terribly lost. I am walking on a country road, and there is a man on a hillside plowing. There is something nice, even beautiful, in the man striding at the plow handles, in the breasts of the horse pulling, in the earth rolling back from the plow, in the newly turned earth below and the sky above.

We want not only to know that beauty but to have him, at the plow handles, know.

You see, Pearson, I have the belief that in this matter of form it is largely a matter of depth of feeling. How deeply do you feel it? Feel it deeply enough, and you will be torn inside and driven on until form comes.

I think this whole thing must be in some way tied up with something I can find no other word to describe aside from the word "morality." I suppose I think that the artist who doesn't struggle all his life to achieve this form, let it be form, betrays this morality. It is terribly important because, to my way of thinking, this morality may be the only true morality there is in the world.

And what is so little understood is that, in distorting the lives of these others--often imagined figures, to be sure--to achieve some tricky effect, you are betraying not only this indefinable
thing we call form, but that you are betraying all of life—in short, that it is as dirty and unworthy a thing to betray these imagined figures as it would be to betray or sell out so-called real people in real life.

And so this whole matter of form involves, for the story writer, also this morality. (*Letters*, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 387-88.)

To conclude the discussion of Anderson and form, let us listen to one of his critic-biographers. Howe says:

A great deal of cant has been written to the effect that Anderson's stories are "moving" but "formless"—as if a work of art could be moving unless it were formed or form could have any end other than to move. Those who make such remarks are taking form to signify merely the executive plan or technical devices that go into the making of a work of art. . . . Actually, however, form can be properly apprehended only by relating techniques and strategies to their organic context of emotion and theme, and it is consequently difficult to imagine a work of art with acknowledged authenticity of emotion to be simultaneously lacking in form. Valuable and finely formed fictions, such as some of Anderson's stories and Lawrence's novels, result not merely from the contrivance of skilled intention but also from the flow of released unconscious materials—which is to be taken not as a plea against the use of the blue pencil but as a statement of what it is used on. (pp. 151-52.)

147/11-12. *The novel is the real test of the man.* It is disappointing to hear Anderson, one of the acknowledged masters of the short story, succumb to the popular notion that the novel is superior to the short story. Undoubtedly, as he is at pains to show here, the physical feat of writing the longer work is greater than that of writing the shorter work, but the test of artistic worth is not judged by length or physical exertion expended. Here in the "Writer's Book" and in some of the letters quoted, especially in the notes to 146/6-7 and 146/10-11, Anderson confuses external criteria—quantity and effort expended—with intrinsic worth. At other times, however, he is conscious of the intrinsic worth of his stories. He recognizes that "Death in the Woods" is "a magnificent tale, one of the most penetrating written in our times" (49/2-4), that "I'm a Fool" is "a very beautiful story" (161/12), and that "I will be best and
with the most affection remembered, [for] my Winesburg, Ohio" (72/2-4).

His biographer Brom Weber gives one explanation why he persisted, until
the end of his life, in his attempts to write novels:

It was not merely the pressure of publishers, as well as readers
and critics, which pushed Anderson toward the novel against his natu-
ral inclination to work in shorter forms. Anderson shared the errone-
ous cultural belief that a novel is qualitatively as well as quanti-
tatively more valuable than a short work. Had he been a younger man
in the late 1910's and early 1920's, it is possible that he might
have been able to develop the lyrical novel, a delicate form that
would have best utilized his talents as it did those of Virginia
Woolf, his admirer. But he had insufficient time in which to work
slowly and perfect his art in every form. (p. 34.)

For further analysis of Anderson's position in regard to the novel
and the short story, see the note to 163/1-2.

147/16-17. when the novel does not quite come off, if it have but few
alive spots in it. See Bryllion Fagin's remarks on Poor White in his
biography of Anderson:

The true novelist needs great patience to weave all his threads into
a unified design. Anderson is too hasty, too intense to command
such patience. Poor White is more like a collection of short sto-
dies. There is the story of Hugh McVey and the story of Clara But­
worth; of Henry Shepard and Sarah Shepard; of Allie Mulberry; of--
There are twenty-nine distinct stories. Sometimes they merge into
the novel and sometimes they don't. But all of them merge into the
life which gave them birth—the inner life of a changed and changing
America. (pp. 40-41.)

148/4-6. often enough the failure . . . is worth more than all of the
great successes. At the end of the letter to Dwight Macdonald, quoted in
the note to 147/9-10, Anderson speaks about failure and success. The
original of this letter is not with the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the
Newberry Library. Jones and Rideout print the letter from an imperfect
copy and indicate blanks in the copy by means of dashes:

I would have you understand all this. I would like it if all
young men began to understand. My own errors, my looseness, my con-
stant experiment—and failure is the only decent thing about me,
man. I would like you to understand that, man.

I would like you to comprehend fully that what is to be got at
to make the air sweet, the ground good under the feet, can only
be got at by failure, trial, again and again and again and again failure.
(Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 193.)
108/7-8. The slick books that slide so easily over all of the reality of lives. See "An Apology for Crudity" in Notebook, p. 197:

Consider the smooth slickness of the average magazine story. There is often great subtlety of plot and phrase but there is no reality. Can such work be important? The answer is that the most popular magazine story or novel does not live in our minds for a month.

109/1. Note—On Saving Ideas. The heading "On Saving Ideas" is listed under "Omissions" and "Previous Cuttings" in the folder at the front of Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts in the Newberry Library. Therefore, Part VI, as well as Parts II, IV, and V, seems to have been cut from "Memoirs" material.

109/2-3. A certain thinness, poverty. See the note to 107/2, which discusses the similarity between Part VI, "Note—On Saving Ideas," and Part V, "Notes on the Novel."

109/4-5. Fred O'Brien, wrote a book called White Shadows on the South Seas. The list of friends whom Anderson intended to include in his autobiographical "Rudolph's Book of Days" (see the note to 70/13-14) includes Frederick O'Brien, along with the notion that Anderson knew him in New York and San Francisco (Memoirs, ed. White, p. xxi). On the book shelves in Mrs. Eleanor Anderson's home in Marion, Virginia, there is a copy of O'Brien's White Shadows on the South Seas (New York: The Century Company, 1920). Anderson is correct in saying that O'Brien wrote two more books about the islands of the South Seas; in fact, he wrote even a fourth. They are: Mystic Isles of the South Seas (New York: The Century Company, 1921), Atolls of the Sun (New York: The Century Company, 1922), and Mysteries of the South Seas (New York: Garden City Publishing Company, 1932).

109/9. He was a grand story teller. In a section called "Two Irishmen" in No Swank, Anderson speaks about Fred O'Brien and Maurice Long: "They were the two best story-tellers I ever knew. Never losing the balance of
a tale; catching, in talk, the pathos of lives; understanding, tender, imaginative men" (p. 33). See 107/10, where Anderson speaks about a certain Fred, and 108/2, where he speaks about Maurice Long.

In the winter of 1925 Fred O'Brien was living on the Mediterranean coast at Alassio, Italy, and Anderson wrote to him on February 15 apropos of a new book. The letter encourages O'Brien to write as if he were talking but gives no hint that Anderson thinks he is exhausting his theme:

Your life out there sounds pretty healthy and happy and I only hope you are at work on that book of yours. You may have to drive yourself at it for a while, but if you can only put yourself freely into it, as you talk, you will be caught up by it and be carried along and have a corking book. I only hope you do it. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

On May 20 Anderson wrote from New Orleans to Otto Liveright:

Frederick O'Brien, the man who wrote "White Stars in the South Seas" was here last week and is going to New York to live. I talked to him about you. If you would like to have him on your list you can get him I am sure. He told me he would get in touch with you. (Letters, Newberry Library, 1925.)

Either Anderson meant to write White Shadows on the South Seas in this letter or "White Stars in the South Seas" never found a publisher.

150/2-3. **doing good work in a good cause.** See 80/5-9, where Anderson speaks derisively about writing for a "cause." See also the note to 80/7.

150/6-7. **the difficulties of telling a story truly.** In the same section of A Story Teller's Story quoted in the note to 147/9-10, Anderson also speaks about these difficulties, again using the metaphor of a pregnant woman. The words bracketed and preceded by an asterisk are words Anderson added to the galley sheets; the words bracketed without an asterisk are words Anderson or an editor cut from the galleys ("Introduction," ed. White, pp. xvii-xviii).

For such men as you must understand there is always a great difficulty about telling the tale, after ["the scent has been picked up]. The tales ["that continually came to me]--in the way indicated above--could, of course, not become tales until I had clothed them. Having, from a conversation overheard or in some other way, got the tone of a tale, I was like a woman who has just become impregnated. Something was growing inside me. [Later,] at night, when I lay in my bed, I could feel the heels of the tale
kicking against the walls of my body. Often as I lay thus every word of the tale came to me quite clearly but when I got out of bed to write it down the words would not come. (ed., White, pp. 259-60.)

150/13. **the way to learn to use the imagination is to use it.** See the note to 80/13-14, which discusses Anderson's theory of the obligation that a writer has to the imaginative world. See also the following passage from "Man and His Imagination," which discusses the training of the imagination and the importance of an active imagination in everyday human relations:

Even if you are not actually practising writers, you can employ something of the writer's technique. When you are puzzled about your own life, as we all are most of the time, you can throw imagined figures of others against a background very like your own, put these imagined figures through situations in which you have been involved. It is a very comforting thing to do, a great relief at times, this occasionally losing sense of self, living in these imagined figures. This thing we call self is often very like a disease. It seems to sap you, take something from you, destroy your relationship with others, while even occasionally losing sense of self seems to give you an understanding that you didn't have before you became absorbed. (p. 64.)

150/15. **a full rich life.** In a letter to an aspiring writer, George Freitag, written on August 27, 1938, Anderson says: "I have had a good life, a full, rich life. I am still having a full, rich life." In the same letter Anderson also says: "It began to seem to me that what I wanted for myself most of all, rather than so-called success, acclaim, to be praised by publishers and editors, was to try to develop, to the top of my bent, my own capacity to feel, see, taste, smell, hear" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 404 and 405).

Furthermore, it was not only toward the end of his life that Anderson speaks in this vein. He who often during his lifetime indulged in self-pity wrote to Karl Anderson on February 1, 1922, telling him about the sales of the Modern Library edition of *Winesburg*, the third printing of *The Triumph of the Egg*, and his work on *Many Marriages*. He then admits: "And surely few men have been so blessed of the gods. Now, for a time I have money enough on which to live and a strong body that does not tire too easily. I have already had more recognition than I expected to
get in a lifetime" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1922.)

150/15-151/l. to feel more, see more, understand more. In many places, in addition to the letter to George Freitag quoted in the previous note, Anderson speaks about the importance of the development of the senses. See "Man and His Imagination," p. 40:

The lives of other humans are, as you all know, the source mate-
rials of the story teller and the story teller can sometimes be very cruel. He is one who has taught himself to observe. He wants, for the purpose of his craft, to develop to the highest possible pitch his own senses, to constantly see more, hear more, feel more. He is continually watching others, noting the way in which people walk, the way they hold their heads. . . . These things all have their significance to the story teller. At his best and when most aware, every movement of the body of another, the sound of his laughter, the way his mouth is held in repose and when speaking, the timbre of his voice, all of these things are full of meaning to him.

See also a letter that Anderson wrote to Mary Helen Dinamoor on June 24, 1938, and which Dinamoor prints in her thesis, "An Inquiry into the Life of Sherwood Anderson as Reflected in His Literary Works," p. 67:

You ask what is my philosophy of life, but I am afraid the answer to that would take too long. I have wanted to develop, to the high-
est possible point, my sense of hearing, of all of taste. I have wanted most of all to develop my ability to enter the lives of others.

See also the statement in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 440: "I had wanted to tell the story of things seen, felt, tasted, heard, nothing more." See, finally, 156/14-157/3, where Anderson describes the writing of a story in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, at a time when all of his senses were "curiously awake" (157/3). The whole of Part VII, in fact, describes three moments of intense and creative awareness.

151/2. "Paper Pills." See the note to 17/4-5, where the paragraph from "Paper Pills" telling about the sweetness of the twisted apples of Wines-
burg is quoted in order to explain Anderson's preoccupation with the themes of loneliness and the grotesque. See also the note to 151/6, where there is a quotation from a letter from Anderson to Rosenfeld in which Anderson alludes to "Paper Pills."

"Paper Pills" gets its title from the scraps of paper on which
Doctor Reefy writes "thoughts, ends of thoughts, beginnings of thoughts" (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1919, p. 20). Doctor Reefy stuffs the scraps of paper containing his thoughts in his pockets, and they become round, hard balls. They actually become "Paper Pills" which save him and "the tall dark girl" he married from the almost universal loneliness of Winesburg. It is fitting that Anderson should allude to "Paper Pills" in the section of the "Writer's Book" called "Note--On Saving Ideas." Doctor Reefy's practice of writing down his thoughts and then destroying them prevents these thoughts from turning into "a truth that arose gigantic in his mind" (p. 20). Unlike the grotesques who parade before the mind's eye of the old writer in "The Book of the Grotesque," Doctor Reefy does not make any one truth "his" truth. The old writer's theory of the grotesque is that "the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood" (p. 5).

151/4-5. so many of our intellectuals are clinging to ideas. Throughout this section of the "Writer's Book" Anderson is speaking against "saving ideas" and "clinging to ideas," not against ideas themselves. See the note to 10/9-10, which shows that the charge of anti-intellectualism leveled against Anderson was at times unjust. There is no doubt, however, that throughout his life Anderson was handicapped by his lack of formal education and by his youthful isolation from the main stream of culture and ideas, a lack and isolation for which his later years never completely compensated. When comparing Anderson to D. H. Lawrence, Irving Howe draws a clear distinction between the intellectual backgrounds of the two men. In his biography of Anderson, Howe says: "Lawrence had a commanding grasp of Western culture when he decided it was not enough, Anderson had only scraps and fragments. Lawrence acted from the strength of secure renunciation, Anderson from the weakness of enforced deprivation" (p. 192).

151/6. We are to be saved by communism, or socialism, or fascism. See 80/7-9, where Anderson ironically says that propaganda literature should
be dedicated to "the cause," "to the overthrowing of capitalism, the making of a new and better world." Anderson, who spent his youth among the farmers and laborers of a small Midwestern town and his early manhood working in factories and warehouses in other Ohio towns and in Chicago, retained throughout his life his sympathy for the poor and downtrodden. This sympathy led him during the depression years to champion their cause in his writings and to turn more actively toward practical politics. His novel Beyond Desire, published by Liveright in 1932, shows his sincere devotion to the cause of the poor, often unorganized workers, especially in the South. His article "How I Came to Communism," New Masses, VIII (September, 1932), 8-9, gives the motives behind his activities in several communist causes.

For an analysis of his implications with socialistic and communist causes, see Schevill, pp. 271-94. Schevill discusses such things as Anderson's participation in the Danville, Virginia, mill strike, which lasted from September, 1930, until the end of January, 1931; his signing, in the spring of 1932, the communist manifesto, Culture and the Crisis, written by Edmund Wilson and issued by the League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford, and signed by such other literary men as Lincoln Steffens, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Newton Arvin, and Malcolm Cowley; and his work, in the summer of 1932, for the "Bonus Army," the Bonus Expeditionary Force which marched on Washington, D.C., asking for a higher bonus for veterans. Anderson consented to lead a group of writers to present in person a protest to President Hoover after the Bonus Army was dispersed by federal troops under the direction of Douglas MacArthur. President Hoover would not see the writers, and after Anderson left Washington he wrote his open letter to the President, "Listen, Mr. President," Nation, CXXXV (August 31, 1932), 191-93. Anderson gives his own interpretation of his part in the Bonus Army protest in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 531-32.

Anderson's third and last trip to Europe (see the note to 70/13) was to Amsterdam in late August and early September of 1932 to attend the leftist World Congress Against War. His account of the Congress, "At Amsterdam," appeared in New Masses, VIII (November, 1932), 11. Because his boat was delayed in its return voyage, Anderson was not able to
attend the meeting held for the delegates on their return; nor did he attend a meeting on "War and Culture" in New York in December of 1932. He sent, however, a statement to be read at the meeting. The statement, along with his letter to Ida Dailes of the American Committee for the World Congress Against War, is printed in Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 270-72.

As the depression in the United States declined in vigor and as Anderson's appreciation for President Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal grew, his enthusiasm for communism waned. On August 10, 1933, Henry Wallace, Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture, visited Ripshin and invited Anderson to become one of the New Deal's public relations writers. Anderson declined the offer, partly because he knew that it was financially necessary for him to devote most of his creative energies to the writing of his own books, and partly because he always felt, when he was most true to himself, that he was not the kind of writer who could write for a "cause." He did, however, submit several articles to Today, described by Raymond Moley, its editor, as "an American political weekly, independent of, although sympathetic with the administration" (Schevill, p. 309). The articles that Anderson wrote for Today are:

"No Swank," I (November 11, 1933), 23-24; reprinted in No Swank;

"Explain! Explain! Again Explain!" I (December 2, 1933), 3;

"At the Mine Mouth," I (December 30, 1933), 5, 19-21; reprinted, with revisions, in Puzzled America;

"Tough Babes in the Woods," I (February 10, 1934), 6-7, 22; reprinted in Puzzled America and The Sherwood Anderson Reader;

"Blue Smoke," I (February 24, 1934), 6-7, 23; reprinted in Puzzled America;

"Price of Aristocracy," I (March 10, 1934), 10-11, 23 (quoted in the note to 64/15-65/1);

"Tom Grey Could so Easily Lead Them," I (March 24, 1934), 8-9, 23; reprinted, with revisions, as "A Union Meeting," in Puzzled America;

"New Paths for Old," I (April 7, 1934), 12-13, 32; reprinted as "People" in Puzzled America;

"I Want to Work," I (April 28, 1934), 10-11, 22; last half of article reprinted, with revisions, in Puzzled America;

"A New Chance for the Men of the Hills," I (May 12, 1934), 10-11, 22-23; reprinted, with revisions, in Scholastic, XXVIII (February 1, 1935), 10-12, 27; reprinted as "TVA" in Puzzled America and The Sherwood Anderson Reader;

Finally, see Anderson's statement in *Memoirs*, ed. White, p. 156:

> If, in later life, I was sometimes to be called a "red," even a communist, which, of course, I never was, it was because every working woman I saw reminded me of my mother, coming into our little frame house on a winter day, after hanging a wash out on the line, her clothes frozen to her body.

See also Anderson's letter to Edward H. Risley, Jr., the Harvard undergraduate who sent him his B.A. thesis, "Sherwood Anderson, the Philosophy of Failure," in 1938. Anderson explains to Risley:

> It is true that in '31 and '32, when I went about a good deal in industrial cities, when I saw American working men eating out of garbage cans, etc., I got pretty wrought up. I think it must have been during those years that I got what of the red label has been pasted on me.
Frankly, I don't think you can trust the Communists, and, as for yourself, I would a thousand times rather suggest that you trust your own natural reactions.

This I know, that Dreiser, one of my real friends, is no more a Communist than I am, and, only a few weeks ago, I had a note from Dos Passos that went a good deal further than I have here in saying, "To hell with them."

[P.S.] And all of this doesn't mean that I am not, heart and soul, for anything that I think will bring to an end the dominance of business in American life. I don't at all mind being canned ['called] "red." I just object to the Communists trying to herd me into their camp. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 395-96.)

In regard to Anderson's attitude toward fascism, see the three versions of a letter from Anderson to Paul Rosenfeld in the Sherwood Anderson Papers at the Newberry Library. Three times, first on August 4, then on August 5, and finally on August 14, 1936, Anderson attempted to write a frank letter to Rosenfeld explaining his position in regard to the rights of the artist, the rights of the worker, and his attitude toward fascism. At the top of the August 14 typed version of the letter, Anderson penciled in hand the words, "Not sent. Too smug." The following quotation is from this August 14 letter as printed by Jones and Rideout. It is interesting to see that in this letter Anderson alludes to "Paper Pills," implying that Rosenfeld was taking the "truth" of fascism too much to heart:

When you were here with us, there was almost constantly talk of Fascism and Communism, and it seemed to me that you had got hold of something, an idea difficult to put into words.

It had to do with the obligation of the artist, let's say to the tradition. At any rate, Paul, I gave myself credit with having known always what you were talking about.

But, Paul, as you talked, as you made little remarks, I kept thinking of a story I once wrote. I called it "Paper Pills."

You will remember that a year or two ago you took me to task because, in carelessly signing a certain manifesto [Culture and the Crisis], I betrayed the central meaning of the artist's life. I probably deserved what I got for signing something without reading it, largely through trust in the political and social keenness of Edmund Wilson.

Paul, I have been wondering this summer if you do not go pretty far the other way, and I have even, from many remarks dropped, got at times the impression that your fear and dread of Fascism springs sometimes almost altogether from the fear of what may happen to you
as Jew and have even sometimes thought that you might almost welcome Fascism if it suppressed the troublesome workers and gave you security in your own way of living.

There seemed to me, Paul, a kind of continual insistence, as though it would give you a kind of pleasure to believe that there exists a whole body of people, for convenience' sake called the proletariat, and that these people were a sullen and ugly folk, existing, as it were, in darkness down below us. I remember a kind of insistence on hatred that you seemed to want to make to cover the impulses of a great world of people.

Then one day when we were walking, you suddenly said, "There is one good thing about Fascism. It ends strikes," appearing thus to welcome the existence of a civilization that would clamp down whole bodies of people into a mold, holding them there for the comfort and security of a few. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 358-60.)

151/8. it has "a good proletarian angle." See 80/3-4, where Anderson speaks ironically of radical writers who "had turned to the writing of so-called proletariat stories," and 104/7-9, which gives Anderson's attitude toward propaganda literature. Notice also the ironic tone that Anderson uses in the following letter to his mother-in-law, Laura Lou Copenhaver, written in the spring of 1936:

A letter from Perkins of Scribners about Kit [Kit Brandon]. He says, "Extremely interesting, exciting and significant. It tells so much about America. It has plenty of the proletariat angle in it and much more rightly than the proletarians give it. It makes you realize what a strange country America now is." From which, mother, I take it that he is pleased with us. (As quoted in Homage to Sherwood Anderson, 1876-1941, ed. by Paul P. Appel, Mamaroneck, N.Y.; Paul P. Appel, Publisher, 1970, p. 210.)

151/10. to speak for the proletariat. See a letter that Anderson wrote to Maxwell Perkins of Charles Scribner's Sons on October 6, 1934:

I think that perhaps, for a year or two, I did rather go over to something like a Communist outlook. Now again I am rather uncertain about all that. This attempting to touch off the lives of human beings in relation to the world about them is much more healthy for us. I have no solution. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 307-308.)

The note to 79/14 explains Anderson's attitude towards the "social implication" of his work. In this context see a letter that Anderson wrote to Roger Sergel from Reno in December of 1923:
As to the social implication of a story, my own mind simply does not work in that channel. My friend Paul Rosenfeld once said I had a deficient social sense. Like yourself I think storytelling worthwhile in itself, for the sake just of storytelling, and one of the things that got me cleverly and beautifully.

Don't you rather think, Sergel, the quality that makes people aware of "social implication" is and should be implicit in good work?

Of course it [Sergel's novel Arlie Gelston] had social implication. What beautiful reality touched to life by an artist's fancy has not? (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 116.)

Finally, notice the ironic tone in the article "So You Want to Be a Writer," Saturday Review of Literature, XXI (December 9, 1939), 13-14:

You all know, or should know, that nowadays it isn't worth while writing novels about any class other than the proletariat. If you write novels about people of any other class the communists will get you. They'll call you a bourgeois, and then where are you?

151/12. early life was spent among the poor. See the note to 14/8-9, which discusses the poverty of Anderson's youth in Clyde.

151/12-13. sharpest impressions of life when he is young. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 109: "For the writer the impressions gained, say in the first twenty years of his life, impressions of events or of people so deeply impressed on the young mind, on the young imagination, are bound to be source material for him all of his life."

151/13-14. Most of my life I have written about small businessmen, workingmen. See two letters that Anderson wrote in January, 1930. He says to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill:

Really, if I belong to anything, I do belong to the defeated people. I have a notion that labor is defeated right now. Pretty soon, if I am not very careful, I will myself be an old man.

I ought to give what is in me, for the rest of my life, to my own people.

That means workers, defeated by Modern America, by the American scheme. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 204.)

To Roger and Ruth Sergel he remarks:

I have decided that, as I came originally out of the laboring classes, and as the laboring people are and always have been my first loves, I am going to try a year or two of more or less living with them. The most interesting place in America now is the South. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 206.)
151/16. the development of the imagination. With these words Anderson returns to the central idea of Part VI, "Note--On Saving Ideas," first explicitly expressed in 150/15-151/1. See the notes to 39/4-6, 80/13-14, and 150/13 for other statements of this central theme in Anderson's artistic creed.

152/10-11. subtle relationships, thoughts passing back and forth; things thought not said. These words serve as the epitome of one of the main themes of Winesburg, Ohio and of some of Anderson's greatest short stories, for instance, "The Egg," "I Want to Know Why," and "Unlighted Lamps."

152/17. I do not think that life is ever very dull. When speaking about the limitations that his own life places upon the artist, Anderson says in "A Note on Realism" in Notebook, pp. 73-74 (reprinted in "Man and His Imagination," p. 68); "Such men scold at the life immediately about. 'It's too dull and commonplace to make good material,' they declare. Off they sail in fancy to the South Seas, to Africa, to China. What they cannot realize is their own dullness. Life is never dull except to the dull."

153/3. a continual flow. See the note to 137/2, which discusses the similarity between Parts V and VI. See also a letter that Anderson wrote to Burton Emmett on June 26, 1928: "I seldom write things for a purpose or place. I try to let them flow out as they come into my head" (Letters, Newberry Papers, 1928), and the letter he wrote to Ferdinand and Clara Schevill in October, 1930: "I came home and went to work. My mind seems clear. It may be that now I am in one of those clear times of straight flow" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 224). Anderson also uses the metaphor of flowing in 69/1, 103/7, 153/11, and 157/10.

153/7-8. real purpose of all this writing is first of all to enrich the writer. See Sutton's remark in Exit to Elsinore regarding Anderson's "therapeutic" approach to literature (quoted in the note to 93/8). See also the longer of the two lectures with the Sherwood Anderson Papers in the
Newberry Library entitled "America: A Storehouse of Vitality." This lecture was written to be delivered in Portland, Oregon, in July of 1931:

And here let me point out to you that to the writer words are often enough what drink is to the drinker. It is to break up the fact of our own isolation we become tellers of tales. What we cannot know in the physical world we carry over into the imaginative world and try to understand it there. (p. 9.)

153/9. It isn't surely to get fame, recognition. See a letter that Anderson wrote to Alfred Stieglitz on June 20, 1925: "I'm not much worried about my work improving or going off. What I want is to do work that will please me a little. If I can do that, I'll be happy enough" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 144). See also Memoirs, ed. White, p. 546:

Fame, if you attain any fame, is a deceitful bitch. It gets between you and people. I have known fellow writers who having attained some fame were ruined by it. They began to take themselves seriously, become artificial. They lost all touch with the human beings about them.

See also the note to 89/17, which comments on Anderson's ambivalent attitude towards recognition and obscurity. Finally, see 51/2-6, where Anderson speaks about "the mythical thing called 'success.'"

153/10. Write and throw away again. See the notes to 98/2-3 and 131/9-10, which explain why Anderson wrote and threw away, especially between the years 1927 and 1930, when his creative energies seem to have been at low ebb. See also a letter that he wrote at the end of 1930; from Marion on December 13 he tells Charles Bockler:

Once it was terribly important to me to be producing. Now it is just as important to me to be sitting here, writing to you, as it would be to write what they call a masterpiece. There is a kind of stillness in me. I should be scared. In the mood in which I have written this year I can sell little or nothing. I make no money. It doesn't bother me.

Sometimes I think I am reaching out for something. I don't know. I write and destroy, write and destroy. I don't care at all. I really feel healthy. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 231.)

In Part I, "Prelude to a Story," Anderson also speaks about writing and throwing away, even when he is producing his best work. See 48/14-49/4 and their notes, which document the fact that Anderson wrote, threw away,
and rewrote extensively while working on *A Story Teller's Story* and "Death in the Woods." Part VII, the last section of the "Writer's Book," commences with the same idea: "I have seldom written a story, long or short, that I did not have to write and rewrite" (154/2-3).

153/11-12. *flow through your body, down your arm, through your hand.* In speaking of the years when his works were first finding publishers and when he first started to visit New York, Anderson says in *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 272:

> My own hands had not served me very well. Nothing they had done with words had satisfied me. There was not finesse enough in my fingers. All sorts of thoughts and emotions came to me that would not creep down my arms and out through my fingers upon the paper.

154/1. **Note.** Part VII, "Note," is printed in Rosenfeld's 1942 *Memoirs* as "Writing Stories," pp. 341-45. Therefore, "Note" is the third section of the "Writer's Book" that Paul Rosenfeld printed in an expurgated form. See the notes to 111/10-12. See also the Introduction for details on Rosenfeld's editing.

In his biography of Anderson, Schevill reviews Rosenfeld's edition of *Memoirs* and mentions both "Writing Stories" and "The Sound of the Stream," Rosenfeld's title for Part I. As was mentioned in the note to 111/10-12, Schevill says that the total effect created by *Memoirs* is the "creation of myth," and then continues:

> The symbols expand and grapple for meaning in all significant areas of American experience; economic in such chapters as "Money! Money!" and "Bayard Barton," political in "The Capture of Caratur" and "I Become a Protester," psychological in "I Write Too Much of Queer People," and aesthetic in "Writing Stories." If the *Memoirs* is less complete and integrated than *Winesburg*, it gains by its greater exploration of the nature of myth. All of these diverse mythological elements reach their climax in the chapter called "The Sound of the Stream." (p. 349.)

"Note" discusses the writing of three short stories: an unnamed story written in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, "I'm a Fool," and "The Man's Story." It is a discussion of the "glorious moments" when a short story is written in one absorbing burst of awareness and inspiration, although Anderson, when he began the manuscript, had intended to write about the difference
between the short story and the novel (163/1-5 and 166/4-5).

154/3. have to write and rewrite. See the note to 153/10.

154/3-4. single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written. Anderson makes a significant revision in the manuscript in this sentence. The manuscript reads: "There are single short stories of mine that I have taken me ten or twelve years to get written." The change from active to passive voice helps convey one of the central tenets of Anderson's theory and practice of short story writing. If, as he says at 155/10-11, a short story "is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard," the writer of the short story has to labor, sometimes for ten or twelve years, to grasp the idea. The writer does not actually take ten or twelve years to write the story, but the story sometimes takes ten or twelve years "to get written." See 49/1-4, where Anderson also uses the passive voice in speaking of writing short stories: "Some of my best stories have been written ten or twelve times, and there is one story, 'Death in the Woods,' a magnificent tale, one of the most penetrating written in our times, that was ten years getting itself written." See also the note to 25/13-14, which comments on Anderson's unusually frequent use of the passive voice.

154/4-5. It isn't that I have lingered over sentences. See 48/14-15, where Anderson says: "I have never been one who can correct, fill in, rework his stories." The note for these lines explains in what respect the statement is true and in what respect it is not true.

154/7. Gertrude Stein. Karl Anderson was the first to introduce Sherwood to the writings of Gertrude Stein. He brought Sherwood a copy of Tender Buttons, published in 1914, when he was living in the boarding house at 735 Cass Street with "The Little Children of the Arts" and writing the Winesburg stories. Later Sherwood was also to read Stein's Three Lives. Sherwood speaks about the great influence that Gertrude Stein had on his writing in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, pp. 260-63.
The section commences:

How significant words had become to me. At about this time an American woman living in Paris—Miss Gertrude Stein—had published a book called *Tender Buttons* and it had come into my hands. How it had excited me. Here was something purely experimental and dealing in words separated from sense—in the ordinary meaning of the word sense—an approach I was sure the poets must often be compelled to make. Was it an approach that would help me? I decided to try it. (pp. 260-61.)

When Sherwood went to Europe in 1921 he met Gertrude Stein. He renewed his acquaintance when he returned to Europe in 1926-27, and he and Gertrude Stein enjoyed a lasting friendship until Sherwood's death in 1941.

154/8-9. She spoke, I think, of passionate sentences. In *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Gertrude Stein writes: "Gertrude Stein contended that Sherwood Anderson had a genius for using a sentence to convey a direct emotion, this was in the great American tradition, and that really except Sherwood there was no one in America who could write a clear and passionate sentence" ([Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein](https://archive.org/stream/selectedwritingsofgertrudestein/selectedwritingsofgertrudestein#page/n228/mode/2up), ed. by Carl Van Vechten [New York: Random House, 1946], p. 180). Rosenfeld in his edition of *Memoirs*, p. 341, omits this sentence.

154/11-12. "I can make myself miserable enough." Elizabeth Prall Anderson's *Miss Elizabeth*, pp. 76-77, contains a surprisingly similar passage: "Sherwood could not endure adverse criticism. He once asked me to look through his reviews, only showing him the ones that were favorable. He said he made himself miserable enough without having others do it for him."

154/13-14. I have asked her to show me only the more favorable criticisms. Mrs. Eleanor Anderson in an interview at Ripshin on July 17, 1970, told the present editor that Sherwood also asked her to go over the criticisms of his work and show him only the favorable ones. Sherwood's attitude toward criticism, however, was always ambivalent. See 84/12-14, where he says that his passion has always been to pay as little attention to criticism as possible. The note to 84/13-14 documents this ambivalent attitude.
154/15. **days of misery, of black gloom.** See 119/3-6 and 135/4-7, which also speak of "failures" (119/6) and "black gloom" (135/4-5). The note to 119/3 documents some of Anderson's periods of depression.

155/4. **I am best at the short story.** See 55/10-11: "I have had a profound effect on the art of short story writing." See also the surprising statement, for Anderson, of 147/11-12: "The novel is the real test of the man." See also the notes to these passages.

155/7. **admit they have never read anything else.** Anderson was fond of repeating this statement. See, for example, his letter to George Freitag written on August 27, 1938:

Critics who had ignored or condemned the book [Winesburg] now praised it.

"It's Anderson's best work. It is the height of his genius. He will never again do such work."

People constantly came to me, all saying the same thing.

"But what else of mine have you read since?"

A blank look upon faces.

They had read nothing else of mine. For the most part they were simply repeating, over and over, an old phrase picked up. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 406.)

See also his statement in Memoirs, ed. White, p. 297:

There would be a woman who would come up to me saying that she thought my Winesburg the best thing I'd ever done. It is so tactful telling a man of fifty-five that a book done when he was thirty-five contained his best work.

I would get a little sore when that one was sprung on me.

"What other and later books of mine have you read? Name them. I dare you."

155/8. **an opinion that is no doubt sound.** In an interview at the Newberry Library on June 5, 1969, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson told the present editor that Sherwood always thought of himself as a story teller, that he preferred his short stories to his novels, and that he thought his greatest contribution to American literature was in the field of the short story.

His critics and biographers generally agree with this opinion. In 1927 his biographer Cleveland Chase said: "It is in no way surprising
that Anderson should find his most complete expression in the short story. ... This often reiterated belief of his that only moments of 'awareness' are important is much more conducive to the episodic treatment of the short story than to the cumulative continuity of the novel" (p. 32). Also in 1927 Vernon Louis Parrington in Main Currents in American Thought, III (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, p. 371), said that Anderson's artistic talent was "limited in scope to episodic crises—hence his better stories short." In 1952 his erstwhile friend Van Wyck Brooks in The Confident Years (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, p. 500), spoke about "Sherwood Anderson, the admirable teller of tales who should never have attempted to write his ineffectual novels." One of the best summaries of Anderson's position in relation to the novel and the short story is in Maxwell Geismar's Introduction to Sherwood Anderson: Short Stories, p. xi:

There is, to be sure, a certain kind of curious logic behind the notion that Anderson wrote one great book and then quietly faded away. It makes sense if you follow his record through the mid-twenties—and ignore the books he wrote in the thirties. It makes sense, perhaps, if you deal only with his novels, which are generally poor, and completely ignore the fact that he was a natural-born short-story writer, completely as original in this genre as he was unsuited for the novel form. Anderson's later tales are different from the Winesburg tales and the other early volumes, but no less good—perhaps even better.

155/9-10. passionate interest. In his edition of Memoirs, p. 341, Rosenfeld changes this expression to "passion." In The American Short Story (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1961), Danforth Ross, when discussing Sherwood Anderson, states: "The short story,' he once said, 'is the result of a sudden passion'" (p. 30). Ross evidently is quoting from Rosenfeld's edition of the Memoirs.

155/10-11. It is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard. See the note to 146/1. See also the quotation from "Paper Pills" cited in the note to 17/4-5. Anderson says that the story of Doctor Reefy "is delicious, like the twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg" (p. 19).

When commenting on the manner in which Anderson wrote the Winesburg stories, Malcolm Cowley in his Introduction to the Viking Compass edition
of Winesburg (1960, p. 13) comments: "All the stories were written rapidly, with little need for revision, each of them being, as Anderson said, 'an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard.'" Although he gives no source, Cowley is quoting from the "Writer's Book," either directly from the manuscript or from the section called "Writing Stories" in Rosenfeld's edition of Anderson's Memoirs, p. 341.

155/11-12. All of my own short stories have been written at one sitting. In his writings Anderson sometimes says that certain stories were written at one sitting, but it would be hard to prove that "all" were written in this way. What Anderson probably is referring to in this passage is the fact that the final version of a story was usually written in one burst of creative energy when, in definitive form, the idea was "grasped whole."

The stories that Anderson explicitly claims to have written "at one sitting" are "Hands," "I'm a Fool," and "The Man's Story." In regard to "I'm a Fool," see 160/12 to 162/12 and their notes; in regard to "The Man's Story," see 163/6 to 167/3 and their notes. In regard to "Hands," see the note to 20/2, which quotes a typescript in Box 2 of the "Memoirs" manuscripts, and Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 237 and 352-53. Finally, see the note to 48/14-15, which quotes William Phillips in regard to the composition of "Hands."

155/13. these glorious moments. See the note to 135/10, which comments on "these rich glad times" when Anderson worked well "under strange enough circumstances" (155/12). In the remainder of Part VII Anderson explicitly refers to these moments in 158/11, 159/14, 160/1-2, 160/12, 162/14, and four times on p. 166. Anderson seems almost obsessed with the idea that only during these moments of creative awareness can he do good work. See also A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 232, where, in speaking about his repudiation of business in Elyria in 1913, he remarks:

It was not until long afterward I came to the conclusion that I, at least, could only give myself with complete abandonment to the surfaces and materials before me at rare moments, sandwiched in between long periods of failure. It was only at the rare moment I could give myself, my thoughts and emotions, to work and sometimes, at rarer moments, to the love of a friend or a woman.
155/13. these pregnant hours. See A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 223. The context is again, as it was in the quotation given in the previous note, the decisive days prior to Anderson's departure from Elyria and business: "And being this thing I have tried to describe, I return now to myself sitting between the walls of a certain room and between the walls of a certain moment, too. Just why was the moment so pregnant? I will never quite know."

155/16. the little town of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. The present editor has not been able to identify the story written in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. The story, however, may be "The New Englander," for, as shown in the note to 98/11, Anderson in A Story Teller's Story, ed. White, p. 155, speaks about one of his "rich and fine spots" when he wrote "The New Englander" in a railroad station in Detroit. Anderson's memory very easily could have confused Detroit and Harrodsburg.

There is, also, among the Anderson Papers in the Newberry Library, a typewritten copy of a fragment of one of Anderson's stories. The fragment is dated December 15, 1916, and the story begins: "He was an old man." Before it abruptly breaks off at the end of page 3, the fragment tells of Tom, seventy-five, who cures warts, and his crippled wife of thirty. The fragment, therefore, seems to be an early draft of the story "Nobody Laughed," first published in The Sherwood Anderson Reader and labeled there "1939, unpublished." It is possible that the first draft of this story was written in 1916 and the final draft only in 1939. The opening scene of the story is laid in "the railroad station in a small Kentucky town." The original of the fragment is housed in the Hi Simon Papers in the University of Chicago Libraries.

If Anderson is mentioning the writing of his stories in Part VII in chronological order, and if, with the exception of "Nobody Laughed," the stories were published in the order in which they were written, either "Nobody Laughed" or "The New Englander" would have been written before the two stories which are mentioned by name. "The New Englander" was first published in the Dial for February, 1921; "I'm a Fool," in the Dial for February, 1922; and "The Man's Story," in the Dial for September, 1923.
156/1. when I was **still a writer of advertisements**. According to *Memoirs*, ed. White, pp. 201-202 (see the note to 87/6-7), and according to the letters in the Sherwood Anderson Papers, 1916-1922, Anderson's advertising business occasionally brought him to Kentucky. For example, see a letter written to Waldo Frank sometime in the spring of 1918: "Plan your trip out here so that you will be sure to be in the West during the last week in April. I have to go to Kentucky that week and you and Tennessee can go along" (Letters, Newberry Library, 1918).

156/2. I was at a railroad station. In *A Story Teller's Story*, ed. White, p. 154, Anderson speaks about the fact that he can write amid great physical discomfort:

> I had so trained myself to forget my surroundings that I could sit for hours lost in my own thoughts and dreams, or scribbling oftentimes meaningless sentences in a cold room in a factory street, on a log beside some country road, in a railroad station or in the lobby of some large hotel, filled with the hurrying hustling figures of business men, totally unconscious of my surroundings.

157/3. **all of your senses curiously awake.** See the quotations in the note to 150/15-151/1, which speak of the importance of the life of the senses. See also "Notes Out of a Man's Life" in *Notebook*:

> Tales are everywhere. Every man, woman and child you meet on the street has a tale for you. . . .
> 
> When I had been working well there was a kind of insanity of consciousness. There may be little nerves in the body that, if we could bear having them become sensitive enough, would tell us everything about every person we meet. (p. 183.)


> I have a passionate hunger to take a bite out of the now—the present. The now is a country to discover which, to be the pioneer in which I would give all thought, all memories, all hopes. My ship has but skirted the shores of that country. What is growing there?
I would take a bite out of the present. I would consume it quite. I would live my life in the present, in the now only. (p. 68.)

Anderson also speaks of the Now at 134/20, 158/12, and 166/7.

157/9-10. How the words and sentences flow, how they march! See the note to 69/1.

158/5-6. and she was grateful to me. These words are omitted in Rosenfeld's edition of Memoirs, p. 342, as are the words "growing in the field" in the next sentence (158/7). Perhaps Rosenfeld cut the first words because he thought them too frank and the second because he thought them redundant. In any case, he seems to be trying to improve on Anderson's style.

158/11-12. for this moment, for this glorious peep I am having into the land of the Now. See the notes to 155/13 and 157/7-8.

159/1. slattern. Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 342, changes this word to "flirt."

160/2-12. But I have gone . . . . But. This passage is cut by Rosenfeld in his version of "Writing Stories" in Memoirs, p. 343.

160/12-13. I was in a big business office, surrounded by many people. With this sentence the section in Part VII that speaks about writing "I'm a Fool" commences. In Box 2 of "Memoirs" manuscripts in the Newberry Library there is a four-and-a-half page fragment entitled "I'm a Fool." This fragment is not printed in either Rosenfeld's or White's edition of Memoirs. Basically it recounts the same tale of writing "I'm a Fool" as told in the "Writer's Book," and in the two versions that are included in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 122-23 and 432-33. The manuscript reads in part:

There are such moments that come occasionally--rarely to writing men. I was one morning in the advertising office where I worked for years. Something happened to me. I had been given an assignment. There was a series of advertisements to be written. What it was all about I can't remember . . .

I went to my desk, sat down. Men and women were passing up and down past my desk. Some of them spoke to me and I answered. Why, I dare say that the boss, the head copy man, came to me. He would
have seen me writing furiously. I never did learn to write with any
skill on a typewriter. Perhaps he cautioned me about the series of
advertisements I was presumed to be writing. . . .
Interruptions of that sort, constantly going on as I sat writing
the story "I'm a Fool."
It didn't matter. I was far away.

161/1-2. the work in which I was presumed to be engaged. In a letter to
Waldo Frank written on September 15, 1917, as well as in the "Memoirs"
manuscript quoted in the previous note, Anderson tells about the way his
imagination was at work while he was presumed to be writing advertisements:

Now that I am back at my desk in the city and in the midst of all
the clatter of things I am having an experience that is always a de-
light to me. The thing is something that I am always being re-
mined of and always forgetting. It is this—that I always work
better and most freely when conditions for working are the worst.
I don't know that I clearly understand the reason for this but
believe I do. In a business office such as ours the mental condi-
tions are at the very worst. Men are occupied with matters so triv-
ial and so very unimportant that their minds run about in little
crazy circles. In self defense one is compelled to create and sus-
tain in his own mind a world of people who have significance. Day by
day as he goes on this created world becomes a thing more definite.
It comes to have height, breadth and thickness. . . .

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I am beginning again to live in a wonderful world. Things march
in long processions past me. I wake and sleep and dream in a world
full of significance. All the weary trivialities with which my hours
in the office are occupied count as nothing. (Letters, Newberry
Library, 1917.)

161/3. in a blue funk. In Memoirs, ed. White, in Anderson's first ac-
count of writing "Hands," he says that he came home to his Chicago rooming
house on a winter night "in a blue funk" but that soon the mood changed
and he wrote "Hands," his "first authentic tale" (p. 237).

161/11-12. wrote the story "I'm a Fool." Twice in the printed edition
of Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson tells how he wrote "I'm a Fool" in his
Chicago advertising office. On p. 122 he speaks about writing the story
after he had been given "an assignment to write certain advertisements of
pills to cure people's bound up bowels." See 85/15-86/17, where Anderson
describes his disgust when asked to use his abilities in the writing of
this kind of advertisement. On p. 432 of Memoirs he says that he was
asked to write advertisements, not for a cathartic, but "for the manufacturer of commercial fertilizer."

161/12. **It is a very beautiful story.** In the two accounts of writing "I'm a Fool" in Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson also has high praise for this story which is generally acknowledged as one of his finest. On p. 123 he says that it is a story "to be translated in languages all over the world" (see 39/12 and its note); on p. 433 he says: "It is a grand story, one of the great stories of our literature." In a letter to Van Wyck Brooks written in the summer of 1923, however, Anderson has some reservations about "I'm a Fool." To Brooks he wrote:

> I think also that "I'm a Fool" is a piece of work that holds water, but do you not think its wide acceptance is largely due to the fact that it is a story of immaturity and poses no problem? After all, isn't it, say, Mark Twain at his best, the Huckleberry Finn Mark Twain?

> In the same book [Horses and Men] there is a story, "There She Is--She Is Taking Her Bath" [see the note to 53/6], I would like you to read. And then the story called "The Man Who Became a Woman" and "The Man's Story."

> One doesn't want to go on always with the childlike feeling for surface, not just that. I suppose this is my quarrel with you, which isn't a quarrel because I love you and you have done so much for me, cleared so many paths for me. I mean, I presume, that I do not want you to like best of my things the things easiest to like. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 102.)

Critics who praise "I'm a Fool" include:


161/14. **I wrote thus.** In his edition of Memoirs, p. 343, Rosenfeld changes this expression to: "I wrote this story."

162/1. **Looking back thus on that poetical morning.** Once again Rosenfeld omits the word "thus." He also changes the word "poetical" to "particular" (Memoirs, p. 343).
162/14-15. The moments, the hours, in a writer's life of which I am here trying to speak seem very real to me. The end of the second account of the writing of "I'm a Fool" in Memoirs, ed. White, also alludes to the mystery that surrounded its composition and the relative unimportance of the circumstances of its composition. The creative moment of intense awareness is the important thing: "But why did it come at that moment and in that place? In what year or month did it come? How does it matter?" (p. 433).

163/1-2. I had intended, when I began to write, to speak of the great gulf that separates the two arts. Unfortunately Anderson, neither here nor in any of his writings, is able to articulate what he sees as the essential difference between the short story and the novel. He is a creative artist, not a theorist, and he cannot translate into theory what he instinctively understands and practices as an artist. He can give two descriptive definitions of the short story in 146/1 ("The Writing of the short story is a kind of explosion") and in 155/10-11 ("It is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard"); and he can recognize the importance of his work in the short story form in 45/4 (Winesburg is "one of the greatest [books] of our times"), in 55/10-11 ("I have had a profound effect upon the art of short story writing"), and in 155/4-8 ("I am best at the short story . . . an opinion that is no doubt sound"). Anderson comes nearest to articulating a theory of short story writing in 146/1-8. This passage, however, ends with the statement: "The actual physical feat of writing either a long or a short novel is another matter"; but the "other matter," the real difference between short story writing and novel writing, is never explained. This sentence, therefore, is very much like the two statements in the "Writer's Book" where Anderson admits that he is unable to pinpoint the essential difference between the short story and the novel: the passage from 162/15 to 163/5 (see especially 163/1: "writing of the long story, the novel, is another matter") and the passage from 166/4-5 ("I had started here to speak of the relationship of the story to the novel but have been carried away"). These passages are also similar to Anderson's statement in a letter written to Robert Morse Lovett in the spring of 1924: "One does not go from the novel to the short tale for any reason but that some themes offer themselves
for long, involved treatment, others for direct, simple treatment" (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, p. 123). Disappointingly, however, Anderson goes into no more detail about these themes. It is also disappointing to hear him say in the "Writer's Book": "It is not for nothing that we honor the novelists above the simple story tellers. The novel is the real test of the man" (147/10-12).

Although we are forced to say that Anderson could never arrive at a satisfactory theory regarding the essential difference between the short story and the novel, he can lay claim to an outstanding accomplishment: the creating of a wholly new art form in American letters. In "Waiting for Ben Huebchen" in Memoirs, ed. Rosenfeld, p. 289, he says:

I have even sometimes thought that the novel form does not fit an American writer, that it is a form which had been brought in. What is wanted is a new looseness; and in Winesburg I had made my own form. There were individual tales but all about lives in some way connected. By this method I did succeed, I think, in giving the feeling of the life of a boy growing into young manhood in a town. Life is a loose flowing thing.

163/6. There was the day in New York City. With these words Anderson starts the account of the third of the "glorious times in the life of the writer of short tales" (163/4-5), the time when he wrote "The Man's Story." The story is not mentioned by name until 165/3-4. "The Man's Story" and three other stories are mentioned at 98/10-12, where Anderson recounts a friend's praise of these stories and of his house at Ripshin.

In Memoirs, ed. White, Anderson tells how he used a building remembered from his youth as the setting for "The Man's Story." Cora was a young woman with whom he had a love affair when he was a laborer in Chicago. In Memoirs he says: "There is a story of mine, in the book called Horses and Men, the tale itself called 'The Man's Story,' in which I have used, as nearly as I could remember it, just the setting of Cora's place" (pp. 159-60).

163/7-8. I have spoken of how long it sometimes takes to really write a story. See 150/6-8, where Anderson says it is foolish to save ideas but that "when men speak of the difficulties of telling a story truly, getting at the real meat of a story, that is another matter." See also
The friend was Mr. Stark Young. In Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 434-35, Anderson tells the same story about writing "The Man's Story" in Stark Young's New York apartment as he tells here in the "Writer's Book." Another very similar account is in Elizabeth Prall Anderson's Miss Elizabeth, pp. 51-52. Stark Young, the New York drama critic and author, was a friend of Anderson's from the early twenties to the end of his life.

as I wrote hour after hour. In 103/14-104/3, where Anderson alludes to the writing of "The Man's Story" without naming it, he says: "I had written for ten hours" (103/15-16). In the account of Memoirs, ed. White, he says: "I had begun writing at eight in the morning and I wrote until five in the evening" (p. 435). See also 165/7, where Anderson says it was "in the late afternoon" when the story was finished.

Rosenfeld in his edition of "Writing Stories" in Memoirs, pp. 344-45, supplies the words "I remember that" before "as I wrote hour after hour."

For three, four, five years I had been trying to write it. See 49/4, where Anderson says that "Death in the Woods" was "ten years getting itself written," and 154/3-4, where he says: "There are single short stories of mine that have taken me ten or twelve years to get written." In regard to "The Man's Story," see also 163/7-8 and its note, as well as 164/5-6, where Anderson says: "There is this tale, Stark, that I have for years been trying to write."

that at least . . . had finished it. This passage is cut by Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 345.

Mr. Ralph Church. Anderson met Ralph Church in Paris during Anderson's trip to Europe in the winter of 1926-27. Church was then a student of philosophy at Oxford University. Anderson speaks of their Paris days together in Memoirs, ed. White, pp. 271-73 and 464-65. Anderson and Church started corresponding regularly when Anderson returned to
the United States in 1927; when Church returned he became professor of aesthetics at Cornell University.

165/12-13. sheets of my story thrown about the room. See 103/16, where Anderson speaks about "throwing the sheets on the floor as I filled them."

166/1. moments that bring glory into the life of the writer. Anderson says much the same thing in a letter to his son John, then an art student in Paris. The letter was probably written in April, 1927, and Anderson tells John that he had started a letter to him but then put it aside to work on his book:

I have perhaps written 2[000] or 3,000 words since then. Now I am tired, and my hands are shaky. It is still raining, harder than ever. I shall have to take a drink of moon to write to you at all.

What I want to say is something about the delight that may finally come to you in such moments of work. You may come to get out of canvases what I get out of sheets of paper.

I presume it is the power of losing self. Self is the grand disease. It is what we all are trying to lose.

I think the reason I want you to be an artist, have an artist's viewpoint, is just because such times compensate for so much else.

I presume that is why, loving you as my son, I want you to be an artist. I don't really give a damn whether you succeed or not. (Letters, ed. Jones and Rideout, pp. 167-68.)

166/2. get fame. In addition to the end of the letter to his son John quoted in the previous note, see also 45/14, where Anderson says: "after the years of writing, some fame got," and 153/7-9: "the real purpose of all this writing is first of all to enrich the writer. It isn't surely to get fame, recognition." See also the notes to 89/17 and 153/9.

166/3. true. Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 345, changes this word to "time."

166/4-5. I had started here to speak of the relationship of the story to the novel but have been carried away. This sentence is omitted by Rosenfeld in his edition of Memoirs, p. 345. Apropos of Anderson's
inability to speak of this relationship, see 163/1-2 and its note.

166/7. into the land of the Now. See 134/20, 157/7-8, and their notes.

166/15-16. a beautiful, a significant story and now I am drunk. See Memoirs, ed. White, p. 435: "Stark, I am drunk now but, before I got drunk, I wrote oh such a beautiful story."

166/17-167/1. At least at the moment, my story, written thus seemed very beautiful to me. Rosenfeld omits this sentence from his edition of "Writing Stories" in Memoirs, p. 345. See the note to 98/12, where Mrs. Eleanor Anderson is quoted as saying that Sherwood always said that his favorite story was "The Man's Story."


[Anderson] recognizes the mystical element in love of every sort, and he ranks love of creative work and sexual love first. The theme of sex is thus treated in Many Marriages, and in the most enigmatic and most unusual of his tales, and also the most avowedly mystical, "The Man's Story" in Horses and Men. I do not understand this story, but so far as I can decipher a meaning it is that through the love and possession of one woman a man may attain to a similar kind of union with the whole world. If sometimes one is tempted to demur at what seems Anderson's obsession with sex, one must remember that sex is for him a key to a larger experience. (p. 136.)
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G. PERSONAL LETTER

The dissertation submitted by Martha Mulroy Curry has been read and approved by members of the Department of English.

The final copies have been examined by the director of the dissertation. The signature which appears below verifies the fact that any necessary changes have been incorporated and that the dissertation is now given final approval with reference to content and form.

The dissertation is therefore accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

January 10, 1972

Edward Leitz
Signature of Adviser