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SISTER CARRIE, "CHAPTER IV": THEODORE DREISER'S "TIP-OF-THE-HAT" TO STEPHEN CRANE

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There are certain facts concerning Theodore Dreiser and Stephen Crane which are as *cliché* as the old hat alluded to above: the coincidence of their births in 1871; Dreiser's learning his newspaper trade by aping Crane's typical style of reporting; their respective stints at free-lance work; mutual connections with William Dean Howells and Frank Norris; their respect for Tolstoy's particular brand of literary realism; lack of proof that they ever met, despite a closely-shared circle of friends and acquaintances; the effect of Crane's "The Men in the Storm" and "An Experiment in Misery" on Dreiser's "Curious Shifts of the Poor" and *Sister Carrie*;[1] one could go on and on - but such a tallying of accounts is not the point of this essay.

Most of the record has been put straight or modified;[2] but no one, I think, has noted Dreiser's superbly turned kudo to Crane in the year of his death (1900), the year in which *Carrie* finally was published.[3] In brief, Dreiser has written in "Chapter IV" of *Sister Carrie* (one is tempted to state "deliberately contrived") an almost perfect paradigm of the style consistently exemplified by Crane's serious fiction.[4] This chapter should lay to rest at least two birds with one stone: first, that Dreiser was jealous or envious of young Crane's early success in the literary world; second, that Dreiser was "stupid, unlettered [and] a 'primitive.'"[5] Too many critics have missed both Crane's and Dreiser's ironic vision of the world; but it would be critically naive to think that those two journalists would have been mutually ignorant of each other's point of view.

The definitive, most concise definition of Stephen Crane's fictional mode is found explicated in Marston LaFrance's *A Reading of Stephen Crane*:

> If one were to set forth the pattern of action [which could be called 'typically Crane'] it would have to take the form of a psychological progression to awareness of reality: a character is faced with an unknown quality or situation which, for some reason, he soon has to experience; because he is apprehensive about what he does not yet understand, his imagination, in anticipation of the coming experience, becomes excited to the creation of terrifying illusions; these illusions become the immediate cause of fear, and both fear and illusions increase in intensity until the moment when the unknown becomes experienced; then, as reality never measures up to the imagination, the prosaic fact both dissipates the fear and reveals illusion for what it is; only the remembrance of both fear and illusion is left, and *ideally* this remembrance should make the protagonist ashamed of himself. The obvious implication of the final step is that if a man is sufficiently honest and intelligent to be ashamed of his own weaknesses he will eventually be able to understand himself and accept his place in a world full of other fallible human beings.[6]

The sub-title for the fourth chapter of *Sister Carrie*, "The Spendings of Fancy: Facts Answer with Sneers," ought to tip off the sensitive reader that Dreiser (like his mentor, Crane) is about to deal ironically with the disparity between the world of fantasy, imagination, or illusion and the world of hard facts and reality, and with the attendant "costs" of such spiritual myopia.[7] Dreiser has even prepared the reader for such a response in the preceding chapter: the reality which confronts Carrie from the beginning of her search for employment ("She realized in a dim way how much the city held. . . [p. 25]) is obscured by the personified baubles and trinkets which she sees calling to her from department stores. When she is repeatedly refused work, her imagination transforms her surroundings into an active, menacing environment:

> With the wane of the afternoon went her hopes, her courage, and her strength. She had been astonishingly persistent. So earnest an effort was well deserving of a better reward. On every hand, to her fatigued senses, the great business portion grew larger, harder, more stolid in its indifference. It seemed as if it was all closed to her, that the strug-

> gle was too fierce for her to hope to do anything at all.[8] (p. 28)

Once Carrie finds a position in the sweat-shop shoe factory, her attitude towards the city changes accordingly--once again coloured by her own imagination:

> Instantly the blood crept warmly over her body. Her nervous tension relaxed. She walked out into the busy street and discovered a new atmosphere. Behold, the throng was moving with a lightsome step. . . . The air was light. People were already pouring out of the buildings, their labour ended for the day. She noticed that they were pleased. . . . She hurried on, tired perhaps, but no longer weary of foot. What would not Minnie say! Ah, the long winter in Chicago --the lights, the crowd, the amusement! This was a great, pleasing metropolis after all. Her new firm was a goodly institution. Its windows were of huge plate glass. She could probably do well there. (p. 30)

Immediately Dreiser undercuts all this romantic illusion by having Carrie's thoughts return to Drouet who, by Dreiser's authorial intrusion, is already known to the reader as a manikin, at best: "Good clothes, of course, were the first essential [for seduction], the things without which he was nothing" (p. 4). Poor Carrie: the stage is not only prefigured for "Chapter IV" (and, by extension, for the rest of the novel); it is absolutely "set."

"Chapter IV" opens with Carrie's indulging "in the most high-flown speculations"; her fancy plunges "recklessly into privileges and amusements" as she mentally scatters "her meagre four-fifty a week with a swift and graceful hand." Her imaginary wealth "cleared for its prospective possessor the way to every joy and every bauble. . . . 'I will have a fine time,' she thought." Meanwhile, in the real world, Minnie is drudging her way through mundane household chores and mentally "calculating the purchasing power of eighty cents for Sunday's dinner" (p. 32). Neither her neglect to include car fare as part of her budget nor her brother-in-law's natural morbidity of mind even temporarily dampens Carrie's warm enthusiasm for her rose-coloured future. She "was not to be reduced to the common level of observation which prevailed in the flat" as she prattles on about "great plate glass windows" and "lots of clerks" and "the man [who] said they hired ever so many people." Carrie misses Hanson's ironic reply; but the reader should not: "It's not very hard to get work now . . . *if you look right*" (p. 33, italics added). Carrie's day-dreaming proceeds apace

and she manages to convince Minnie that they might go to the theatre: neither the initial "unspoken shade of disapproval to the doing of those things which involved the expenditure of money" nor Minnie's common-sense reckoning that "unless Carrie submitted to a solemn round of industry and saw the need of hard work without longing for play, how was her coming to the city to profit [her and] them" (pp. 34-35), is able to deflate Carrie's illusions. The following Saturday Carrie strolls along Jackson Street and she is "struck with the evidence of wealth": the reader should not ignore the irony implicit in the street's very name; for Jackson represented to the nineteenth-century American mind the epitome of democratic and financial egalitarianism. The street has its predictable effect on Carrie and she is happy to be out of the humdrum flat: "her thoughts now were of a more liberal character, and she punctuated them with speculations as to the whereabouts of Drouet" (p. 37). Monday morning with its attendant necessity to rise early (and its Sweeny-like Hanson at breakfast) partially subdue Carrie's spirits, but "in the sunshine of the morning, beneath the wide, blue heavens, with a fresh wind astir, what fears, except the most desperate, can find a harbourage?" (p. 38)

Thus far in "Crane's" psychological progression to awareness, Carrie is faced with the fear of poverty in Chicago: she has had at least three opportunities to "look right" at her situation and her future, but each time she has permitted her imagination to distort reality. If Dreiser is going to continue the Crane pattern of composition outlined above, then Carrie's fears and illusions must unite to heighten her apprehensiveness. The process follows as night the day. Carrie is afraid that she will not be able to maintain the pace of the assembly-line shoe factory: she sees at once that "an average speed was necessary," and she is intimidated by the shop-steward when she fumbles (pp. 40-41). As the physical odours and real temperatures rise, so does her imagination, and "the spirit of the place [impresses] itself upon her." Neither the lunch break nor the extended friendliness of her fellows, nor the presumption of a shop-boy--let alone the unsanitary bleakness of her surroundings manages to "awake" Carrie to her actual position in Chicago: "she made the average feminine distinction between clothes, putting worth, goodness, and distinction in a dress suit, and leaving all the unlovely qualities and those beneath notice in overalls and jumper" (p. 44). Then follows a paragraph (unfortunately, not cited by D. B. Graham) which is almost pure Crane:

> She felt as though she could hardly endure such a life. Her idea of work had been so entirely different. All during the long afternoon she thought of

> the city outside and its imposing show, crowds, and fine buildings. Columbia City and the better side of her home life came back. By three o'clock she was sure it must be six, and by four it seemed as if they had forgotten to note the hour and were letting all work overtime. The foreman became a true ogre, prowling constantly about, keeping her tied down to her miserable task. What she heard of the conversation about her only made her feel that she did not want to make friends with any of these. When six o'clock came she hurried eagerly away, her arms aching and her limbs stiff from sitting in one position (p. 45).

It is then that the obvious parallel with Crane and the climax of the chapter are stated baldly: "As she passed out along the hall after getting her hat, a young machine hand, attracted by her looks, made bold to jest with her.

"'Say, Maggie,' he called, 'if you wait, I'll walk with you'" (p. 45). Mr. Graham's handling of the remainder of the chapter is sound, and need not be reiterated here; but we should take one final glance at both LaFrance and at Dreiser in relation to the whole of *Sister Carrie*. "Ideally this . . . should make the protagonist ashamed of [herself]. . . . and if a [woman] is sufficiently honest and intelligent to be ashamed of [her] own weaknesses [she] will eventually be able to understand [herself] and accept [her] place in a world of other fallible human beings." Dreiser says of Carrie, "she felt ashamed in the face of the better dressed girls who went by. She felt as though she should be better served, and her heart revolted" (p. 46). Carrie is *not* Maggie, "a girl of the streets," but only in her own eyes. By the end of the novel, the difference between Carrie and Maggie is, in the final analysis, a matter of degree, not a difference in kind. It is not for nothing that Dreiser chose to call his next chapter, "A Glittering Night Flower: The Use of a Name," and this title points to a real distinction between the authors: if *Carrie* does not finally reverse the protagonists's psychological progression, it does, at least, add an ironic dimension. Whereas Crane's Maggie encounters her "terrifying illusions" *before* she is fated to face reality, Dreiser's Carrie seems to react to the real world through fantasy and euphoria. Because Carrie's imagination intrudes, *post hoc*, as it were, the prosaic, mundane facts of life are almost deliberately distorted so that she cannot make real progress toward a mature awareness of life. Moreover, Carrie is not ashamed of her illusions but of the reality she tries to escape.

It would seem, then, that "Chapter IV" of *Sister Carrie*

can be seen not only as a "tip-of-the-hat" to Stephen Crane. Despite the historical facts that, in 1899, Crane was in England and Dreiser was in the American mid-West (with Arthur Henry at Maumee), it was common knowledge that Crane was dying of tuberculosis and that Dreiser was wrapping up *Carrie*. "Chapter IV" of that novel is very nearly a complete "Crane" short story--it simply takes Carrie the rest of the novel to fail to recognize the reality which had met her at the train upon her arrival in Chicago. Carrie is a cut below Maggie because, unlike Crane's heroine, she never comes to see herself and her position realistically. Perhaps there is some irony in Dreiser's "Maggie" reference, for he must finally intrude didactically: "Oh, Carrie, Carrie! . . . Know, then, that for you is neither surfeit nor content. In your rocking-chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long, alone" (p. 557). Dreiser may have been more cynical than even Crane regarding man's ability to "accept his place" in the real world; but the limitations of both Carrie and her creator do not, in any way, detract from Dreiser's kudo to Crane. In the latter's own choice of phrase, "It's a daisy!"

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[1]Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap [1917] 1900): All subsequent references are to this edition and will be cited parenthetically within the text.

[2]*Cf.*, Ellen Moers, *Two Dreisers* (New York: Viking, 1969), *passim*; and, especially, Joseph Katz, "Theodore Dreiser and Stephen Crane: Studies in a Literary Relationship," *Stephen Crane in Transition*, ed. Joseph Katz (DeKalb: Northern Illinois University Press, 1972), pp. 174-204.

[3]D.B. Graham in "Dreiser's Maggie," *American Literary Realism*, 7 (Spring, 1974), 169-70, has touched the tip of the iceberg, but limits his observations to the rhetoric, diction, and some thematic implications of only sixteen lines of the Random House edition of *Sister Carrie* (1927 [1900]), pp. 45-46; and Graham is clearly at least as interested in the character differences between Maggie and Carrie as he is in the similarities between the authors' styles.

[4]Dreiser may have grumbled a little at George C. Jenks's whole-hearted endorsement of Crane in *Ev'ry Month* after October, 1896, when Dreiser left that periodical, but in later years he publicly admitted his "fascination" with Crane. *Cf.*, Katz, p. 175; also, Theodore Dreiser, *A Book About Myself* (New York: Boni & Liveright, 1922), p. 490.

[5]Moers, p. ix.

[6]Clarendon Press: Oxford, 1971, pp. 34-35.

[7]Chapter titles were added by Dreiser (with assistance from Arthur Henry) after *Carrie* was in the galley stage. Philip Williams, in "The Chapter Titles of *Sister Carrie*," *American Literature*, 36 (November, 1964), 359-365, points out that, "In Chapter IV Henry wrote the whole line: 'The Spendings of Fancy: Sordid facts reprove.' Dreiser dropped the latter half-line and substituted the more metrical and symbolic 'Facts Answer with Sneers'" (p. 364). One need not, however, be unduly concerned about a "Henry influence" because Williams also states that ". . . there is no evidence that he [Dreiser] was either ironic or callous in composing his titles. Rather, he quite earnestly sought the best symbols for each chapter. Where he drew on suggestions from Arthur Henry . . . he carefully revised almost every word in the direction of better rhythm and image" (p. 361).

[8]One is reminded, by Carrie's naive sense of "cosmic justice," of the four men in Crane's "The Open Boat," who thought that it would be an absurd miscarriage of justice if they were to be drowned after all their concerted hard work to keep their craft afloat.

THE FINANCIER ORDERS HIS TOMB

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At the wrought-iron gates of Greenwood Cemetery I inquired as to the location of Cypress Avenue, site of the tomb of Charles T. Yerkes, Jr., Dreiser's financier.

"Just bear to your right," called the gate attendant in his somewhat grumpy Brooklynese. "You'll see signs up there that tell you where to go." He turned back to directing automobiles, clearly more to his liking than humoring an outlander foolish enough to appear on foot.

In the Cowperwood saga, the Yerkes tomb plays an inconsequential role. Its fictional counterpart appears only in the sketchy final pages of *The Stoic*, and then almost as an afterthought. Finding himself mortally ill in London during the summer of 1905, Cowperwood hurriedly commissions an award-winning sculptor to design and build a mausoleum of pebble-gray granite in Greenwood. The six or seven months elapsing between this decision and the financier's death leave scarcely time enough to design, let alone erect and landscape a tomb as prestigious as that which Cowperwood orders. Yet when the moment arrives for his interment, the mausoleum is finished and in place, dominating its location, buried in trees, as if it had stood waiting in that spot for years. Which of course it had, since 1889. But Dreiser's alteration of facts in making fiction of them was not done for lack of knowing. He was well aware that the decision on Greenwood had been made, not in 1905, but sixteen years earlier, just after Yerkes had observed his fiftieth birthday. To order his tomb while passing that particular milestone was fully in character, for Yerkes typically looked well ahead, preparing his way for events to come, scheming and plotting for his future accommodation. By contrast, Cowperwood's action seems the belated thought of a man much too unaware of his own mortality.

When he set out on *The Financier*, Dreiser knew, not only of Yerkes' arrangement to be interred at Greenwood, but also of the storm of indignation which the announcement of his tomb-building had raised in Chicago. Yerkes had already come under considerable attack from astute newspapermen who had smelled out his arrogant scheme for consolidating all of the city's trolley lines into a single giant monopoly. Speculation was rife. One projection of future events had Yerkes milking the city dry, then, his fortune secured, abandoning it for the East and

Europe. He was confronted with this potentiality and with one of his most famous and most contemptuous statements confirmed it: "Well, Chicago is a good place to make money in, but New York is the best place to spend it."[1] Dreiser had in his notes a workable description of the tomb taken from the newspapers, as well as subsidiary data such as the lien placed against the Greenwood property in 1891 by the lawyer who had bought a judgment rendered against Yerkes for unpaid rent on a defunct New Hampshire stave mill in which he had been a partner with his father some thirteen years before.[2] However, in his fictional treatment, Dreiser elected not to place these materials in their actual sequence. One can speculate on his motivation. To follow life, the building of the tomb would have had to occur midway into *The Titan*. Such a strong concern on Cowperwood's part for establishing his rank in the next world conceivably might be interpreted, in fiction, as an incongruity. A sensuous capitalist might seem to be more consistent keeping his attention riveted fast upon the sexual delights and corporative machinations of the earthly scene.

Following my "instructions" from the gateman, I strolled for a half-hour into Greenwood's quiet park without happening upon a single clue which might fix my orientation. I was lost and knew it. But the beauty of this noonday reduced that consideration to trivia. Following three days of steady and depressing rainfall--New York brushed by an edge of the season's final tropical storm--the sun flooded brilliantly. The metropolitan atmosphere was rinsed clean of pollution, and every leaf and blade of grass in Greenwood gleamed like new. I had never had a true comprehension of the term "necropolis," but I felt myself coming to it, for Greenwood in every sense was a city of the dead. Not only were its boundaries clearly demarcated--walled-in, actually--with acres of stone piers and high wrought-iron fencing, but its rolling terrain formed an effective barrier to wall out the packed brick structures and raucous traffic sounds of Brooklyn. My back once turned on Fourth Avenue, I was in another world. A suitable hush prevailed; narrow macadam roads curved in and out between hills overshadowed by spreading maples and sycamores; grounds burgeoned with every variety of evergreen shrub and tree.

As with any city, the neighborhoods of Greenwood were distinct, visible to the eye, and identified by edifices designed to objectify the relative prestige of their owners. From architectural clues alone one could place the cemetery's beginnings in the years immediately prior to 1850, for all manner of monuments survived from that era. Many were of brownstone, impressively large and elaborately carved, somewhat appropriately dour, purely Victorian in vintage, as often as not festooned with stone drapery and lacework. Somewhat later, ap-

parently, the obelisk form had become a rage: Egyptian needles in granite and marble thrust upward, their narrow flanks laced with family names. Crosses were pervasive, in every range of dimension and complexity. Guardian angels spread marble wings; Carrara lambs dozed on marble pillows. Then, as the century waned, the Greek temple had caught the public fancy, and while its classic lines and chaste materials prevailed, those dark monuments of earlier decades were outmoded. This was the style chosen by Yerkes: neo-Parthenon. Each set of white marble pillars that came into view--and on certain avenues they seemed to crop up everywhere--impelled me to investigate on the chance that this might be the one I hunted. Reaching it invariably necessitated my scrambling up a steep slope, for then as now, the highlands had been choice real-estate, lots with a view. Most of the older, more ornate mausoleums commandeered these high positions, standing in solitary splendor, rank on rank along the crests. By contrast, in low-lying meadows, particularly along the broad lawns bordering the roads, spaces devoid of privacy or distinctiveness, the monuments were considerably more modest, packed together, and recent.

Shades of Veblen are conjured up by Greenwood, where it is strikingly apparent that a man's social status was to be measured by the location and splendor of his final residence. Yerkes, who in life had chosen to live among millionaires at Fifth Avenue and 86th Street, elected in Greenwood to lie on Cypress Avenue, near Ocean Hill. A good neighborhood: I recognized this the moment I chanced onto Cypress and followed it to its junction with Ocean Hill. A very good neighborhood, in fact; and still, not the very best, no more than the Yerkes location on Fifth Avenue could compare with the more elite neighborhood dominated by William Vanderbilt's white chateau some blocks south. Cypress does run through the desirable high grounds of the cemetery, yet it lies considerably below the elevation of Ocean Hill, whose ridge bears monuments such as that of Yerkes' erstwhile neighbor, Stephen Whitney: a brownstone gothic pile in the form of a Victorian chapel, replete with filigree stone and stained-glass. The Yerkes mausoleum stands a comfortable hundred feet off Cypress--no crowding close to the street--strategically centered in a circular plot, atop a slight rise which swells above its immediate surroundings, the sole Greek-style tomb in its vicinity. In design and positioning, it seems intended to--and does--dominate the graves of the financier's nearest "neighbors," the Whitehouses, Halls, Brushes, Snows, Wandells, Ryersons, and Danglers, none of whose gray obelisks or rudely-hewn Celtic crosses is allowed to encroach nearer than twenty-five feet of Yerkes' white temple.

Yerkes planned well. His Greenwood location remains a good one, and his temple is in pristine condition. It stands

upon a three-step pediment perhaps 25 X 40 feet at its base. Built of snowy Vermont granite, the temple faces north, its portico marked by four Ionic columns. The edges of its cornice and the fluting of its columns seem to be as sharp as the day they were cut. A pair of bronze central doors, perhaps seven feet tall, are marked with door-rings held fast between the jaws of lions, the same heraldic emblem which Yerkes adopted for the adornment of his Manhattan mansion. Approaching the tomb, I was struck by the remembrance that Dreiser in all likelihood had never visited this site, even though it was readily available to him. In 1911 he had sailed on the *Mauretania* determined to dog the footsteps of Yerkes through Europe, feeling it incumbent upon him to visit London, Paris, and those watering spots such as Monte Carlo where the financier had rubbed shoulders with high society. But apparently Dreiser had never felt the necessity for visiting the mausoleum itself. Earlier in 1911, when Mrs. Yerkes succumbed to what her physician described as a broken heart, Dreiser did not follow her body to the tomb, even though by that date he was deep into his planning for *The Financier* and its sequels. Instead, when he approached the final chapters of his trilogy in 1945 he sent Marguerite Tjader to scout the cemetery for him, and the physical aspects of the financier's grave depicted in *The Stoic* reflect her accurate observations, made forty years after the interment.

But had Dreiser himself taken the time to ride the subway to Brooklyn, would he have learned anything of value to his fiction? Conceivably, yes. It would not have escaped his eye, for instance, that the flat lintel above the great bronze doors bears a legend somewhat at odds with those customary in Greenwood. Whereas the typical mausoleum is inscribed with a generic term, ordinarily the last name of a family, this tomb is carved with heavy, square-cut letters which announce a single complete name: CHAS. T. YERKES. This tomb, unmistakably, is *his*, not to be shared with others (although in fact it was planned to be and is shared with his widow, the Aileen of the novels). The inscription suggests something of the ego buried here, and why Yerkes, rather than any of his fellow capitalists, should strike Dreiser as being the ideal model for the genre to be depicted in *A Trilogy of Desire*.

Also, unlike the usual Greek tomb in Greenwood, which is intended to be viewed from the front only and so has but a single columned portico, the Yerkes tomb is built with matching porticos, front and back, and its entire placement on its site indicates the intention that it be viewed as an object of rare beauty, to be admired from every angle. Most Greenwood mausoleums are constructed with thick walls lining either side of a narrow interior aisle; these walls actually are composed of tiers of coffin-sized niches which bear the remains of fathers,

mothers, sons, daughters, aunts, uncles, -in-laws, and other assorted relatives: family groups. But the Yerkes tomb is slender of wall and lined on its interior with white marble, highly burnished. The floor is of square gray and white marble tiles laid in checkerboard pattern. The stone ceiling is carved with mock-rafters which intersect to create a central cross. All of these features combine to enhance a capacious chapel which holds, not twin sarcophagi as told in the newspapers, but a single massive coffin of gray granite, which glistens with rubbing and so fills the interior space as to suggest direct comparisons with historical burial places such as Napoleon's tomb or the monumental alabaster coffins associated with the Valley of the Kings.

The mausoleum actually does contain those twin bronze coffins of which Dreiser had read, but this single block of granite is easily sizable enough to enclose them both. Its lid is carved with a raised cross whose position echoes that spreading across the ceiling, and at its head, facing north, appears the Yerkes monogram, an interlocking CTY as convoluted as some Saracenic arabesque. Mrs. Yerkes lies at her husband's right hand. After his years of philandering and hers of miserable endurance, this is her final victory, a pyrrhic one, probably, but something at least salvaged from a disastrous marriage by her obstinate refusal to give the financier his legal freedom. Of more importance, if the mausoleum door had chanced to stand slightly ajar as, fortuitously, it stood on the day of my own visit, Dreiser would have had the answer to a nagging question, the elusive date of Mrs. Yerkes' (and Aileen's) birth. The engraving presents the facts:

Charles Tyson Yerkes	Mary Adelaide Yerkes
1837-1905	1858-1911

None of the newspaper reports upon which Dreiser relied gave Mrs. Yerkes' birthdate, and it was ignored altogether in the elaborate genealogy which Yerkes commissioned in 1904. As a result, Dreiser, who always depended upon a foundation in actuality (during his newspaper days "Get the facts!" had been drilled into him to stay), became vague and equivocal whenever he dealt with the disparity in age between Cowperwood and Aileen. At any stage of the trilogy, it is apparent how old Cowperwood is (his age tallies with Yerkes' at most junctures of the story), but it is never quite clear how old his second wife may be. At times the Cowperwoods appear to be of the same generation; at other times they appear to be involved in a December-May romance. Usually, Dreiser opts for a ten-year difference in age, and at times, as in *The Stoic*, this is made explicit. But it is clear now that the actual difference amounted almost to twenty years. This is important in a number

of ways. As an instance, it helps to support the sense of fury felt by Aileen when Frank Cowperwood abandons her for other women in Chicago. This is no middle-aged wife being tossed aside, her best years long since behind her, but a life-loving girl just out of her twenties, supposedly in the prime of her mature beauty and sexuality, and the insult cut deep, surely.

As I left Greenwood in the afternoon, it was with little solid information but a considerable sense of satisfaction at having had to myself for a brief while this monument which (along with the observatory at Lake Geneva) is all that is left now of the financier's dreams. Glancing back over my shoulder at his tomb one last time and mindful of the many ambitious projects which were to have immortalized Yerkes as a humanitarian and philanthropist, I felt authorized to comment for Dreiser: "So it has all boiled down to this, a plot in a Brooklyn graveyard."

At a Y in the road, I met a pair of women on foot, the only other pedestrians I had seen that day. Both were perspiring from the long walk, and one of them carried an armful of pink gladiolas wrapped in a wilting newspaper. It was obvious from their hobbling that their feet ached.

"Mister," said the one with the gladiolas, "have you passed Turf Walk?"

"Just bear to the right, ladies," I called. "There will be signs telling you where to go."

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[1]Dreiser's manuscript notes for *The Financier* at UP. Note #522.

[2]*Ibid.*, note #561.

A DREISER CHECKLIST, 1977

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This checklist covers the year's work on Dreiser in 1977 plus a number of publications omitted from previous checklists. I wish to thank Shigeo Mizuguchi for providing the information on Dreiser studies published in Japan.

I. NEW EDITIONS, TRANSLATIONS AND REPRINTS OF DREISER'S WORKS

Epitaph. New York: Heron Press, 1930. Rpt. Norwood, PA: Norwood Eds., 1977.

Fine Furniture. New York: Random House, 1930. Rpt. Norwood, PA: Norwood Eds., 1977.

"Kathleen Mavourneen [poem]," *Dreiser Newsletter*, 8 (Fall 1977), 1.

Theodore Dreiser: A Selection of Uncollected Prose. Ed. Donald Pizer. Detroit: Wayne State Univ. Press, 1977.

"Watashi no Ima ni Dôzo [Will You Walk into My Parlor?]," in *Sekai Tanpen Meisaku Sen: Amerika Hen* [*A Selection of World's Short Story Masterpieces: U.S.A.*]. Trans. Makoto Nagahara. Tokyo: Shin Nihon Shuppan-sha, 1977. Pp. 115-67.

II. NEW DREISER STUDIES AND NEW STUDIES THAT INCLUDE DREISER

Arikawa, Shôji. "Sozai to Sakuhin--*An American Tragedy* no Baai-- [Fact and Fiction--On *An American Tragedy*--]," *Bulletin of Kagoshima Prefectural Junior College: Cultural and Social Sciences* (Japan), 27 (1976), 95-111.

Bucco, Martin. "The East-West Theme in Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*," *Western American Literature*, 12 (Fall 1977), 177-83.

Callow, James T. and Robert J. Reilly. *Guide to American Literature from Emily Dickenson to the Present*. New York: Barnes & Noble, 1977. Pp. 51-53.

Cohen, Keith. "Eisenstein's Subversive Adaptation," in *The Classic American Novel and the Movies*. Eds. Gerald Peary and Roger Shatzkin. New York: Ungar, 1977. Pp. 239-56.

Cohen, Lester H. "Locating One's Self: The Problematics of Dreiser's Social World," *Modern Fiction Studies*, 23 (Autumn 1977), 355-68.

Davidson, Cathy N. and Arnold E. Davidson. "Carrie's Sisters: The Popular Prototypes for Dreiser's Heroine," *Modern Fiction Studies*, 23 (Autumn 1977), 395-407.

Dowell, Richard W. "Ask Mr. Markle?" *Dreiser Newsletter*, 8 (Spring 1977), 9-14.

__________. "Dreiser and Kathleen Mavourneen," *Dreiser Newsletter*, 8 (Fall 1977), 2-4.

Eckley, Grace. "Griffin's Irish Tragedy, *The Collegians* and Dreiser's American Tragedy," *Eire 19*, 1 (1977), 39-45.

Ensor, Allison R. "'All of Us Fail': Theodore Dreiser Writes a Creator of Nick Carter," *Dreiser Newsletter*, 8 (Fall 1977), 19-20.

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DREISER'S INTEREST IN INDIA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

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Dreiser was a fighter incarnate and lived all his life battling for something, struggling for causes. His pioneering work in emancipating American literature from the bondage of the genteel tradition and helping create a free atmosphere in which literature could flourish is well known. What, however, is not so well known is his work in the latter part of his life, when he fought for the unjustly treated sections of society and the down-trodden. In this cause, his sympathy and crusading zeal were not confined to his own country: he defended all oppressed peoples irrespective of any barriers. This dedication is evident from an examination of his correspondence with freedom fighters from India who had organized themselves in the United States to continue their struggle against the British and attain independence for the country.[1] Dreiser never approved of Britain's rule over countries in Asia and Africa and made no secret of his aversion to British Imperialist policies. A major part of a chapter in his book *America Is Worth Saving* is devoted to an account of the grim conditions brought about by the British rule in India.[2]

Encouraged by Dreiser's outspoken advocacy of freedom for all subject countries under foreign domination, "The India Society of America," with headquarters at New York City, sought his support for their cause and readily got it. Though he pleaded his inability to become a member of their Council because of lack of time, Dreiser agreed to be the guest of honor at their dinner.[3] The India Society, it appears from the correspondence, was receiving Dreiser's constant help and support from 1929 to 1931. In 1930, the Society's President wrote Dreiser suggesting the formation of an association to be called "American Friends of India's Independence." He also asked Dreiser to join a committee to sponser this campaign, adding: "It will be the greatest source of inspiration for my people if you will consent to help India."[4] Dreiser joined this committee and rendered whatever help he could.[5] Soon after, Mr. Sailendra Nath Ghose, President of the Indian organization, wrote to Dreiser: "Having discussed the question very thoroughly, we have come to the conclusion that we should like to have you act as President of the organization ["American Friends of India's

Independence Society"]. We have a sound reason for this decision which is the result of considerable deliberation."[6] In his reply, Dreiser explained his inability to accept this position because if he became President, as he put it, "I should desire to follow personally and clearly every movement of the Society, practically and ideologically. For this . . . I have not the time."[7]

The Depression, which soon followed, and numerous other activities which kept Dreiser preoccupied did not allow him to keep up his association with the Indian patriots, but in his subsequent social writings, he invariably spoke feelingly of India and its fight for independence. Soon after the nationwide civil-disobedience movement under Gandhi's leadership was launched in India in August 1942, Dreiser issued a statement strongly supporting the Indian people in their struggle for liberty and charging the British with creating and fostering sects and divisions "in order to keep India divided and to make their own rule easy and secure." He called it "the same policy that Hitler has pursued in the present War--that is to 'divide and rule.'"[8] He also urged the United States Government to exert pressure on the British Government to secure freedom for India, arguing: "Looking at this situation from the Allied point of view (not including England, of course) and the practical needs of the United Nations, I think the freedom of India would prove an enormous advantage. . . . India should have its freedom, and at once."[9]

How the people of India wished that Dreiser had lived two more years to see India emerge as a free nation in 1947!

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[1]The letters are available at the Dreiser Collection, Rare Book Division, University of Pennsylvania Library. The generosity of the Library in allowing free use of its materials is gratefully acknowledged.

[2]See *America Is Worth Saving* (New York, 1941), pp. 96-108.

[3]Letter, Dreiser to Hari G. Govil, Executive Director, India Society of America, New York, dated November 25, 1929.

[4]Letter, Sailendra Nath Ghose to Dreiser, September 3, 1930.

[5]Letter, Ghose to Dreiser, October 2, 1930.

[6]Letter, Ghose to Dreiser, October 24, 1930.

[7]Letter, Dreiser to Ghose, October 28, 1930.

[8]Dreiser's "Statement" for publication in *India News* sent along with letter to Mr. R. Lal Singh, Editor, October 12, 1942.

[9]*Ibid.*

REVIEWS

Dreiser and Scandinavia

Dreiser Looks at Scandinavia, by Rolf Lundén. Stockholm: Almqvist & Wiksell, 1977. 144 pp.

On June 22, 1926, Dreiser and Helen Richardson embarked on the Danish SS *Frederik VIII* for a four-month tour of Europe, still savoring the literary and financial triumph of *An American Tragedy*. The trip was to be something of a working vacation, during which he would not only see the sights and visit the great and near-great but also negotiate with European publishers and collect material for *The Stoic*. The first stop was to be Oslo, and the following five weeks would be spent touring Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Dreiser's crossing on the *Frederik VIII* and these first five weeks provide the basis of Rolf Lundén's *Dreiser Looks at Scandinavia*.

In the opening two chapters, Lundén sets the stage by sketching Dreiser's personality, focusing on the restlessness and insecurity that made him such a frenetic and often suspicious, irascible traveler. Specifically, this background material concentrates on Dreiser's activities and literary reputation prior to and immediately after the success of *An American Tragedy*: his anti-English sentiments during World War I, the stormy relationship with Helen, the neglect by a generation of rebels he had anticipated, his struggle to complete *An American Tragedy*, and finally the prosperity and prestige that made a tour of Europe possible and timely.

Beginning with the third chapter, Lundén sees Dreiser and Helen off on the *Frederik VIII* and then follows their hectic itinerary around Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The narrative is based primarily on an unpublished diary Dreiser kept during the trip to record everything from the grandeur of the fjords to the price of a cake of soap. As Lundén notes in his preface,

this diary is cluttered by inconsequential details and written in a "telegraphic style," thus requiring both selectivity and supplementation. With each task, Lundén has succeeded well. By mining the diary for significant details and well-chosen quotations, he has effectively captured the tension and drama so often created by Dreiser's mercurial, often contradictory personality. Frequently, Dreiser recorded his boredom or irritation with Helen and tallied his successes at womanizing; however, he was equally capable of fits of jealousy when she was shown attention by other men. He was chronically peevish about accommodations and boorish with fellow tourists of all nationalities, yet taxi drivers, laborers and peasants apparently found him warm and responsive. On occasion he admitted that his heart ached for New York; then when interviewed by a local press, he would flay the United States for its cultural, intellectual and social limitations. By turns, he could rhapsodize about the scenery or become so preoccupied by a bus's inefficient schedule that he would virtually ignore the attractions. As Lundén so clearly demonstrates, Dreiser was not a relaxed or tolerant tourist.

Also, Lundén has used his familiarity with the Scandinavian countries and his considerable knowledge of Dreiser to round out the meaningful events of the trip. Dreiser's observations regarding what he saw and was told are accompanied by enough descriptive and background detail to demonstrate the insightfulness, naiveté or occasional wrongheadedness of these observations. His impressions of those he met are balanced by their impressions of him. Also, Lundén traces the outcome of friendships or contacts made during this trip and Dreiser's literary use of the Scandinavian experience, specifically in *The Stoic*.

The final section of the book, an appendix titled "Scandinavia Looks at Dreiser," is a brief but enlightening survey of the success of Dreiser's literature in Sweden, Denmark and Norway. This survey demonstrates not only the effects of his contacts with publishers during the Scandinavian tour but also the popularity of Dreiser's works up through 1974.

In his preface, Lundén writes: "This study has two modest objectives: to give a portrait of the middle-aged Dreiser and to outline the 1920s as these years appeared in America and in the Scandinavian countries. I do not claim to present any new interpretation of Dreiser or the decade in question. This will only be an attempt to make him and his time come alive." Clearly Lundén has achieved his objective. He has not attempted a study that will surprise or unsettle students of Dreiser scholarship. What he has attempted and succeeded in doing is to flesh out another interesting chapter in the life of one of American literature's most complex and contradictory figures.

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