

CRITICAL ESSAYS ON *Mark Twain*, 1867-1910

BUDD

*Critical Essays on
Mark Twain,
1910–1980*

Louis J. Budd

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*Critical Essays on
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CRITICAL ESSAYS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

This series seeks to publish the most important reprinted criticism on writers and topics in American literature along with, in various volumes, original essays, interviews, bibliographies, letters, manuscript sections, and other materials brought to public attention for the first time. The second volume of Louis J. Budd's collection on Mark Twain anthologizes thirty essays published between 1910–1980, materials valuable not only for their interpretive insight but for their historical influence as well. In addition, Professor Budd has written a substantial introduction that puts each of the articles into its position in the long debate about Twain's proper place in American letters. Among the materials collected are statements by Owen Wister, Herman Wouk, and William Dean Howells, classic essays by H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, and Fred Lewis Pattee, and modern scholarship by Newton Arvin, John C. Gerber, and Judith Fetterley. We are happy to welcome this volume to the series, and we are confident that it will make a lasting contribution to American literary study.

JAMES NAGEL, GENERAL EDITOR

Northeastern University

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INTRODUCTION

I

This volume continues or joins *Critical Essays on Mark Twain, 1867-1910*. For even before Mark Twain's death, his personality as well as his oeuvre had achieved an enduring, magical force apart from the physical man who wore out at the age of seventy-five. Of course nobody insisted on the distinction before time enforced it. But by 1899 the then official literary passport to immortality had been issued: the first collected edition of Twain's work. Privately and ironically but exultantly, he agreed with his daughter in 1906 that he was a "recognized immortal genius." For a while, posthumous works arranged by his literary executor prolonged the impression of an active writer and thus blurred the line from the other side. Likewise, up into the 1930s a few critics could reminisce vividly about knowing him. In fact, Brander Matthews (whose essay is reprinted here) could have claimed a much closer friendship than he implied. While venerating the artistry of Twain's writings, his crony William Dean Howells understandably centered on the glow of their author's presence. This focus was confirmed by Alvin Johnson's judgment in 1920 that, along with the "scattered proofs of titanic power" in Twain's texts, the "oral tradition reveals a personality far greater."

Of course, a change in Twain's standing and the ways of discussing it did begin to operate in 1910. A probably jealous observer, hostile toward "humor with a nasal twang to it," gloated:

It will not be long before the real Mark Twain will be distinguished from the fictitious celebrity created by the truly wonderful advertising skill of his publishers. Indeed, in the ability he displayed in adapting himself to the advertising campaign so perfectly planned and carried out by them, there was more genius than shown in any of his writings for many years. His literary output long ago ceased to be spontaneous, yet he was always kept prominently before the public.¹

To put the matter more sympathetically, Twain had finally stopped expanding the reach of his fascinating persona and enriching its polyphonic

effects through interviews, triumphs at banquets, or apparently candid revelations of his moods, habits, and strategies. Between 1899 and 1910 he had regularly stirred suspense about late writings too fiery to appear while the author was around to bear the heat, and critical hedging against surprises lingers on, if now more in hope than anxiety. However, it became safer and safer to talk about a rounded, fixed career. Then, at some indeterminable point, Twain changed from a recent contemporary into an ancestor formed by a distinctly earlier era and therefore an era by definition less threatened but also less insightful than the tormented present. The humanistic challenge for criticism remains: to appreciate what Twain offered on his own terms and yet to press beyond antiquarianism and serve current needs.

After the burst of overdone eulogies in 1910 Twain's literary reputation shows a surprising consistency. The drama of highlighting the later battles among critics can blur three steadier patterns. First, the gulf between highbrow and lowbrow demands on his books was noticed from the first or, more precisely, so far back as 1885, perhaps sooner in England. Second, through critical storm and lull his popularity—and the provocation that poses to some intellectuals—has never wavered. Archibald Henderson, himself more learned than the run of the campus scholar while enough of a maverick to write the first biography of George Bernard Shaw, exulted at how Twain's humor had gone

everywhere making warm and lifelong friends of folk of all nationalities who have never known Mark Twain in the flesh. The stevedore on the dock, the motorman on the street-car, the newsboy on the street, the riverman on the Mississippi—all speak with exuberant affection of this quaint figure in his white suit, ever wreathed in clouds of tobacco smoke. . . . It is Mark Twain's imperishable glory, not simply that his name is more widely known than that of any other living man, but that it is remembered with infinite and irrepressible zest.²

Third, better than most writers in the academic canon, Twain, perhaps because he often overrode the boundaries of genre, has survived the cycles of rigid theory. Inevitably, the structuralists and deconstructionists have turned to his texts, but more dutifully than hungrily; furthermore, the graduates rather than the doyens of those schools have done the prospecting. To be sure, the perfectly shaped anthology will carry every school in fair measure, and continuity will meet discontinuity in a lasting synthesis. But with the recent breakneck mutation in systems of criticism, who can predict what from the contemporary forum will strike 1990 as memorable or instructive?

The tireless interest that the public takes in Twain's personality has a counterpoint that Twain, no kinder toward professional critics than the typical author, would have been tempted to burlesque. Especially before the surprising breadth of tributes that the centennial of his birth evoked in

1935, the predictions that his legend was about to fade away sounded less sorry than relieved. While a leader of the first group to bring American literature squarely into the curriculum, Fred Lewis Pattee (reprinted here) sounded almost gratified:

The elements that most contributed to the phenomenal contemporary fame of Mark Twain for the most part have vanished. His inimitable presence we no longer can feel. The world for which he wrote has passed utterly. The circle of friends who knew him and loved him and sustained him is growing small. To the majority of readers today he is but a set of books. The real ordeal of Mark Twain is at hand now.

The romantic faith that the one noble stairway to immortality must build on recorded works of art—Keats’s “high piled books in charactry”—hangs on among critics too sophisticated to confess it openly. But Twain’s presence has soared past the grave, boosted at first by Henderson and Albert Bigelow Paine and in the 1930s by Bernard DeVoto, who traveled “in a gang all by himself” (to borrow a figure Twain liked).

No matter who feels qualified to condescend to Hal Holbrook, he is turning out the strongest booster of all. Though he was not the first impersonator—the breed may go back as far as 1868, and it swarmed into vaudeville during the season after Twain’s death—Richard Schickel’s review should convince anybody to give Holbrook credit for quality. His success overshadows the other sources and proofs of Twain’s indelible legend—the Broadway musicals, movies, advertisements, television specials, and “fillers” in the printed media. Such material hardly rates as an “essay” in the modern use of the word, but it affects the critical wars, just as every teacher of British and American literature is pushed toward disdain, perplexity, headpatting, or gratitude by the signs of Twain’s appeal. The reach of that appeal generates more essays than bibliographers can track down in newspapers, popular magazines (*Redbook* or *Armchair Detective*), and journals off the beat of literary scholars (*Architectural Review* or *Conservationist*). Since at least 1885 both amateurish and accomplished poems have addressed Twain respectfully; Alexander Pope would have let a few of them pass as essays. With the media hungering for content, used up quicker every year, Twain’s legend seems bound to survive. That white suit may be more famous now than ever.

Actually, the formalists keep a sharper eye on personality than they admit or perhaps recognize, and Twain is one of those authors like Byron, Poe, Baudelaire, Tolstoy, or Mailer who soon distract the vigilance toward ideological rigor. The New Critics quietly played the biographical card against Twain, and Freudians feel compelled to confront him either with his naive self-betrayal of compulsions, as Leslie Fiedler sees it, or with his burrowing psyche, dragged into harsh daylight again by Justin Kaplan. His grittiness had patches of basaltic gloom that now suits the

modernist temper. The paperback *Letters from the Earth*, bought by more traveling salesmen than Van Wyck Brooks would find believable, meets the most sophisticated standards for pessimism, and the "Mysterious Stranger" manuscripts have turned into a puzzle that ranks with "The Turn of the Screw" (rather than "The Lady or the Tiger?"). Critics establishing a genealogy for the Southern literary renaissance have claimed Twain as a native, too soon an exile but never a renegade despite *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. This anthology, if larger, would have included the relevant essays by Arlin Turner and Louis D. Rubin, Jr.³ Even so, those included show that his character usually elbows into any discussion of his artistry.

In the last few years, penetrating essays have demonstrated that a fresh cycle of biographical analysis has started.⁴ Now that the complete edition of Twain's letters is about to back its promises with three volumes, his outward character will attract more study, in the process compounding its charm because his spontaneity and wit radiate through the letters more irresistibly than anywhere else. Likewise, his autobiography will get close attention as a shaggy-dog problem in the genre that has suddenly commanded debate about its rationale. Only a prophet can tell whether the feminist school will decide that Twain was particularly rewarding (or insensitive) and whether the onrolling sexual revolution will judge him an early liberator with the now swarming editions of *1601* or merely another Victorian sniggering at a stag party. An essay too long to include here has finally looked into the commonplace that he was the latter-day Rabelais.⁵ Anybody should predict, however, that more historians of science fiction will discuss him among those rare nineteenth-century intellectuals who contemplated the cosmos, not just the Darwinian struggle, and framed man against the immensity of light-years. Overall, no matter what flaws are magnified to belittle Twain's old appeal, another side of his character or mind spins into impressive view.

No debunker goes so far as to deny the tenacious popularity of his writings. Any banning of *Huckleberry Finn* makes news, followed by chiding editorials and letters from a "shocked citizen." The net effect is a reaffirmation, with a shot of antitoxin for the danger of becoming a bland classic. During the Great Depression, when a librarian tabulated the strength of Twain fans, their amplifying comments did not confess to using him simply as an escape though Newton Arvin, another distinguished pioneer in teaching American literature, made that charge anyway.⁶ The key point is that appreciation of his range of abrasive, even threatening ideas has worked down to the core of his audience. When *Newsweek* gave him major space (by its standards) in 1960, it faced up to his dark sides. Furthermore, it clearly assumed that his readership reached far beyond campuses. As Hamlin Hill has shown best, Twain aimed at the biggest possible sales;⁷ he would gloat today at being displayed on spinning racks in airports and drugstores and would admire the covers designed to lure

the eye. His mass audience, pleased to have its judgment confirmed, respects the fact that he has serious standing, proved sometimes in startling ways, such as the news that Pope John Paul I was a devotee. At home Twain heads the trio—rounded out by Poe and Frost—who have some degree of both popular and highbrow status as authors.

Today, the demotic audience still feels no need to box off its zest for Twain's personality from his writings. He wove himself—often by name—into his pages so aggressively that only the strictest theoretician can insist on the separation for a band of believers. A middle ground presents Twain as raconteur, as a gregarious soul with roots in folksay who enlivened formal or casual occasions, popping one-liners, spinning yarns, building from cues on the spot. We circulate a fund of Twainisms whose moment of birth or even authenticity can baffle the experts. Many semiliterates know somehow that Twain dazzled the age with his anecdotes, as Owen Wister fondly recalled as late as 1935 and Edgar Lee Masters jealously conceded. While communal memory stays clear on the point, "no one has undertaken an assessment of the enormous number of after-dinner and occasional speeches, toasts, and offhand remarks as an art form as important to Mark Twain as the memorized lecture-circuit performances."⁸ Is it philistine to add: more important to his public than many of his books?

That public expects his quips and anecdotes to leave a fallout of wisdom. The easy explanation can go back to the tradition of the cracker-barrel, front-porch philosopher. But Alan Gribben's research into Twain's reading warns us that he often thought and drolled at an obviously informed level.⁹ Eventually he appealed as much to the attitude of his times that encouraged tomes on the intellectual and moral system of Tennyson or Browning or, starting in the 1890s, liked testimony from businessmen on how Ralph Waldo Emerson had sustained their climb upward. Wilbur Marshall Urban, a Leipzig doctor of philosophy who had already published a 433-page treatise entitled *Valuation*, found it worthwhile to gauge Twain's caliber since humor is the "one moral invention" by Americans and Twain is "the Edison of our spiritual life."¹⁰ In 1940 his ideas on "education" were codified with total solemnity. While his "maxims" keep passing around, the reprintings at some disciple's expense dwindled after the 1920s, and the clever witticisms are outlasting those with a savage thrust. Still, many an admirer thinks of Twain as more shrewd than funny. An author who survives outside the research libraries after his or her vogue has waned must offer truths that the ordinary reader will try to live by though the mandarins of culture label them simplistic and the semioticians disassemble them. The best omen for Robert Frost's immortality on this earth is that some of his lines, however elusive under explication, get quoted in the mass media.

Learned commentators prefer to discuss not the impact of Twain's values but his reputation—both its relative standing and its prospects.

Ultimately, all criticism keeps reshaping the canon—the list nowhere legislated but widely accepted, even by literary terrorists, as the authority for who is a major artist.¹¹ Maintaining the canon exerts discrimination in almost the civil-rights sense; the insistence on judging relative worth can unwittingly assume that writers fall into two classes, innately separate and harmed by any miscegenation. The reviewers of a book about Twain or of a posthumous collection have seldom stuck to the immediate point. This drift toward projecting the final verdict strengthened during the 1920s when American literature graduated into a field of scholarship whose pioneers were pulled between asserting overdue claims and proving their sensitivity to the British canon. Even today some of their Ph.D.'s feel obliged to sound sterner than elitist colleagues. In the classroom the Great Tradition has to cope with constant reminders that Twain is widely known and liked. After some honored names draw at best a blank, his arouses warmth so noticeable that comment on pecking order seems mandatory. Of course many academics support Twain's prestige, and their essays in this volume try to nudge it higher. Others concede that it is holding up as mysteriously as the national solvency. But, on balance, he is too often treated like a rich-for-the-day prospector or a stockmarket bull who may panhandle tomorrow under the skyscraper he owned yesterday. Twainians cannot yet feel certain that he will stare from the academic Mount Rushmore.

Until 1940 or so there was in fact a continuing effort to swear off respect for his works. Urban's essay became a fuzzy on-the-other-handing from a professional logician. While not demonstrably hostile to popular culture, Urban, destined to produce a heavily assigned textbook in ethics, exemplified the lingering genteelist urge to elevate the masses. Just as vacillating, F. L. Pattee's essay recalls now a tagline of the 1970s: Was that a yes or a no? Owen Wister, whose own good time had passed long ago and who had fallen back on his Eastern status, held a reluctant undertone in his cheerleading for the centennial of Twain's birth.¹² After the lull of World War II, Twain has suffered, not alone, from the tendency of some critics to sound superior to whomever they examine, implying they could have made the novel or poem on trial more symmetrical in ideas and tighter in symbolism. Since they did not get around to inventing a hedonistic fallacy, it is allowable to suggest their intellect cannot sanction the Twain qualities that first attracted them. The latter part of this collection lacks enough essays in the vein of H. L. Mencken and DeVoto, especially their observant delight with his viscosity and irreverence that C. Merton Babcock does echo. As a truly sophisticated problem, our deepening grasp of Twain's mind and the society that shaped it requires superhuman balance in order to define his autonomy within the deterministic forces he overemphasized himself. Before we reach the stage of believing we can account for him convincingly, the suspicion arises that the quintessential Twain is being submerged.

For the shaky present, programmatic criticism climaxes the academics' reaction to the rise of demotic literature and soothes the humanists' eagerness to stake out their turf in the specialization of learning. Critics with an imposing methodology backed by facts from patient researchers are cowing the Sunday essayist who could reverse the sequence of *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882) and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889). But a new wave of informed interest has swelled up anyhow. On average the many Mark Twain doubles, who perform mostly as amateurs though a few semipros doubtlessly dream of livable incomes, hit a solid level of authenticity. The results of scholarship have trickled down better than any benefits of tax cuts for the wealthy, and adaptations for Public Broadcasting hire expert consultants, partly because the audience will catch bloopers or basic distortions of Twain's career.

II

The cycle of explication is still expanding if only because it made a later start with Twain than any other classic figure. Along with raising student opinion of his aesthetic weight, its collective result has magnified the importance of two or three texts (novels rather than books of travel) and of a few sketches and stories, actually less vital to Twain than his polemical essays by the 1890s. Furthermore, explication has focused on his latent abstractions rather than his humor, which is particularly hard to systematize.¹³ Recent volumes like this one have favored close analyses of his artistry and of the motifs most appealing to literary specialists.¹⁴ Of course, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* gets the most space by far.¹⁵ Yet *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* may run third behind *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, which is looser in structure but better haunted with false corridors. Lately, *A Connecticut Yankee* has attracted subtle readings of its plot as well as its imagery, and others are exploring the "Great Dark" manuscripts.¹⁶ My volume could fill itself with eloquent and penetrating explications.

Nevertheless, it would still have to choose among essays that contradict each other because rigorous theory does not lead any more firmly to consensus than the impressionism of the 1910s and 1920s. For its non-thematic approach, therefore, Janet H. McKay's essay is used to represent the mountain of explication that almost overshadows *Huckleberry Finn* itself. She has the specific value of demonstrating its verbal magic, one of the few achievements granted Twain by carping Edgar Lee Masters and treated reverentially after Ernest Hemingway exaggerated its influence on American writers. At the other academic pole, this anthology could not find room for a pure specimen of scholarship that adds to the substantive knowledge about Twain texts or biography. Since 1963 the annual chapter in *American Literary Scholarship* has tried to point out such

lasting work, which both the explicators and the popularizers adapt gratefully.

With so many fine essays omitted, readers will not expect to meet totally foolish ideas, though an exhibit of Twain's reputation might sensibly include the hostile treatment he has lived through. Some readers may feel this collection has favored the semiamateurish. Without defensiveness, its central aim is to match the planes of Twain's genius with those that have mattered to the majority of his audible admirers. That entails matching the levels of discourse rather than imposing intricately circuited principles or high-range abstractions, which Twain practically never applied to literature. His influence on prose style has prevailed through example without the lift of a manifesto or catchwords. Though many strong intellects find *Huckleberry Finn* worthy of their powers, his complete notebooks and journals have lately revealed that his creative brooding seldom locked in on effects such as the infolding of a symbol that we now demand from literary art. Except in *What Is Man?* he seldom tracked a philosophical argument for long either. This anthology risks the charge of lowering the original level of its subject, of playing into the hands of skeptics about Twain, but the galaxy of approaches and judgments on record has compelled fundamental choices. While trying for balance it makes sure to present the Twain who surges on as a vivid personality. If a calculus of its contents were possible, I hope they would bear a high correlation to the totality of items listed in Thomas A. Tenney's magisterial *Mark Twain: A Reference Guide* (1977) and its annual supplements. The meta-aesthete who wants to monopolize Twain should scan a few issues of *Publisher's Weekly* to gauge how little the university presses count in the narrow world of books.

Critical preferences aside, everyone familiar with Twain bibliography will expect to find certain names in the table of contents. But a decision to use only self-contained essays has helped cause the glaring absence of Albert Bigelow Paine, Van Wyck Brooks, DeVoto, Delancey Ferguson, Edgar M. Branch, Walter Blair, Henry Nash Smith, William M. Gibson, James M. Cox, Justin Kaplan, and Hamlin Hill. Since they have contributed so much original thinking, they do keep turning up here in the work of others. Using only essays also excludes first-class chapters setting Twain in the context of the American "spirit" (John Macy), the Jeffersonian dream (V. L. Parrington), literary history (Dixon Wecter), the American novel, and the pastoral myth (Leo Marx). Mere limits of space blocked a fair sampling of Twain's foreign reputation, celebrated here by Archibald Henderson.¹⁷ Unfortunately, it is still of more than antiquarian interest that Twain was drafted for the Cold War.¹⁸ Overall, the foreign critics have led in attention to his reformist side, which the Americans Philip Foner and Maxwell Geismar have interpreted at book-length as biting radical.

Lately, a male has learned to notice whether the female critics get a

fair hearing. In the future they will fill a larger share of a Twain anthology if it features recent opinion. Engaging if only through silence the old question whether he is eminently a man's humorist they probably will much prefer his writings over the public personality who made a fetish of cigars or the art of profanity. As with other writers, they have begun to challenge the Freudian paradigms and, for example, to contend that Jim functions for Huck as a nurturing mother-figure, not a surrogate father. Since few male critics have denied Twain's weakness at portraying women he can expect stern analysis from the victims of his sentimentalism. However, he should fare better with the rising ethnic schools than most figures in the canon. While he played up to many stereotypes of WASP humor, critics who rate loyalty to one's origins or irreverence toward hierarchy as the ultimate ideological virtue will find redeeming qualities in him.

My aim to ease the dominance of the Twain texts favored by formalist critics has encouraged omitting the essay perhaps reprinted most often—Leo Marx's brilliant "Mr. Eliot, Mr. Trilling, and *Huckleberry Finn*" (1953). Though Huck and Jim can symbolize the glories of rafting, wider soundings indicate that the legend of the river itself, often associated with Twain as Mississippi pilot, exerts as much charm as the two runaways. (Incidentally, his Hartford house and its family life are getting famous again and thus sharpening the line between the author and his ragged hero.) Detouring Huck's field of gravity helps to reveal the brisk disagreements along the range of Twain's writings. Mark Van Doren, ordinarily a model of urbane taste, could protest the harsh verdict someone had passed on the crude humor of "My Watch." On the other hand, free-lance essayists have liked *A Connecticut Yankee* far better than the academics. The gap between even the professional judgments—Arvin, grumpy about Twain otherwise, insists *A Connecticut Yankee* is "exceptionally sustained" but DeVoto, his hottest advocate, finds it a low point—justifies Henry James's warning that the reader simply will or will not like a book, whatever the learned tumult and shouting. Likewise, it is either sobering or heartening to discover that critics can fall into the unevenness they belabor in Twain. Having praised his naysaying, Masters declares *Joan of Arc* one of his greatest books—also acclaimed for "sheer artistry" by saturnine H. L. Mencken, who curiously preferred *A Tramp Abroad* over *The Innocents Abroad*. Maybe the explicators keep coming back to *Huckleberry Finn* as the only launching pad with enough common support. The volumes drawn from the Mark Twain Papers are now laying a broader base, and the Iowa/California Edition will step up the interest in Twain's short pieces, a process under way through the monumental *Early Tales & Sketches*. Eager to make Huck a rounded character, Twain criticism has yet to appreciate fully his agility in moving among his personae, though the Gerber and Brown essays included here will help anybody willing to learn.

Some may feel this collection should have given the center ring to the Brooks-DeVoto debate. Its partisans overrate, however, the interest that the reader dedicated to primary texts takes in the fury among critics who are—at least traditionally—serving under those texts. Furthermore, it only deepened the old cleavage between those who would have changed Twain fundamentally if they could and those who respect him as a marvel of uniqueness. Still, there is no use understating the debate either. It did set off a chain reaction, which Lewis Leary traces perceptively in his introduction for *Mark Twain's Wound*. Ideas stimulated by Brooks and DeVoto reappear throughout the later part of my volume, often with praise for both of them; their impact will continue to matter. A recent essay, not available for reprinting, reevaluates it incisively.¹⁹

The space saved from well chewed subjects has gone to four underdeveloped perspectives. First, beneath Twain's downhome tang he belongs firmly to transatlantic culture. This collection has favored essays from that viewpoint, and I wish it could have made room for a full discussion of Cervantes and Twain or Caroline Gordon's surprising bridge between him and Dante. The more predictable approaches to him as crypto-Victorian would also have gone into a bigger volume.²⁰ Second, my pattern of selection tries to suggest better his importance for writers who came after him.²¹ Mencken's enthusiasm was immediate and lusty while Robert Herrick, almost a generation older, waited until the end of his career to state or perhaps recognize Twain's liberating effects. A replete anthology would involve at least Sherwood Anderson, John Steinbeck, J. D. Salinger, and Norman Mailer.²² The heart of the matter lies in affinity and inspiration, not the "influence" proved by source hunting or the line Hemingway drew to his special needs. Third, this collection has therefore welcomed estimates from Twain's guild, starting inevitably with Howells but bypassing the familiar "Mark the Double Twain" by Theodore Dreiser and the crotchets of Masters to leave space for Mencken, Wister, Herrick, Herman Wouk, Kenneth Rexroth, and Edward Field though not Wright Morris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., or still other writers. Finally, this collection values Twain's appeal for the less self-conscious kinds of culture—the folk, oral, mythic, and visual modes.²³ To repeat: it hopes to encapsulate his significances for Western society since 1910. Actually, regimes under all ideologies have welcomed some of his works into every major language; for example, at least five translations of a Twain book have appeared in Albania since the mid 1950s, and many more in mainland China. Before reaching for the global Twain, however, we need a rounded grasp closer to home.

Chronologically, my choices aim to ensure fair weight for the criticism between 1910 and 1940, partly to scotch any implication that we have attained a definitive wisdom since then. Unimpeachable judgment can come only with some kind of Doomsday. Meanwhile, it is helpful to relearn that Paine's biography won an enthusiastic reception without