A Library of Literary Criticism

MODERN AMERICAN LITERATURE

FOURTH EDITION

Volume II G-O

compiled and edited by
DOROTHY NYREN CURLEY
MAURICE KRAMER
ELAINE FIALKA KRAMER

of Literary Criticism

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by

DOROTHY NYREN CURLEY

Coordinator of Adult Services
Brooklyn Public Library

MAURICE KRAMER

Assistant Professor of English
Brooklyn College, The City University of New York

ELAINE FIALKA KRAMER

Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., New York

Printed in the United States of America
Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 76-76599
ISBN 0-8044-3046-2 Set
0-8044-3047-0 Vol. I
0-8044-3048-9 Vol. II
0-8044-3049-7 Vol. III

Second Printing, 1970

A LIBRARY OF LITERARY CRITICISM

A Library

MODERN

Volume II

G-O

Fourth enlarged edition

AUTHORS INCLUDED

Authors added in the fourth edition are marked (†)

VOLUME II

Garland, Hamlin
Garrigue, Jean
Gelber, Jack†
Gibson, William†
Ginsberg, Allen
Glasgow, Ellen
Gold, Herbert
Goyen, William
Grau, Shirley Ann†
Green, Paul†
Gregory, Horace
Guthrie, A. B., Jr.
Hammett, Dashiell†
Hawkes, John†
Hayes, Alfred
Hearn, Lafcadio
Heller, Joseph
Hellman, Lillian
Hemingway, Ernest
O. Henry†
Hersey, John
Heyward, DuBose†
Himes, Chester†
Howard, Sidney
Howe, Irving†
Howells, William Dean
Hughes, Langston
Inge, William
Jackson, Shirley
James, Henry
James, William†
Jarrell, Randall
Jeffers, Robinson
Jewett, Sarah Orne†
Jones, James
Jones, LeRoi†
Kantor, MacKinley
Kelly, George†
Kerouac, Jack
Kingsley, Sidney
Kreymborg, Alfred
Kunitz, Stanley
Lardner, Ring
Lattimore, Richmond†
Lawson, John Howard†
Levertov, Denise†
Levin, Meyer
Lewis, Sinclair
Lewisohn, Ludwig
Lindsay, Vachel
Lockridge, Ross†
London, Jack
Lowell, Amy
Lowell, Robert
McCarthy, Mary
McCullers, Carson
Macdonald, Dwight†
Macdonald, Ross†
McGinley, Phyllis†
MacKaye, Percy†

PERIODICALS USED

Where no abbreviation is indicated, the magazine references are listed in full.

	Accent
AHR	American Historical Review
AJHQ	American Jewish Historical Quarterly
AJS	American Journal of Sociology
AL	American Literature
Am	America
AM	American Mercury
AmQ	American Quarterly
AnR	Antioch Review
	Arizona and the West
AS	American Scholar
ASR	American Sociological Review
At	Atlantic Monthly
Bkm	Bookman
BkmL	Bookman (London)
	Book World
BNYPL	Bulletin of the New York Public Library
	Carleton Miscellany
	Century
	Chimera
CC	Christian Century
CE	College English
CF	Canadian Forum
	Christian Scholar
Cmty	Commentary
	Columbia University Forum
Com	Commonweal
CR	Chicago Review
Crit	Criterion
	Critic

	Criticism
	Critique
CS	Chicago Sun Book Week
CSM	Christian Science Monitor
CW	Catholic World
	Denver Quarterly
	Dial
DR	Dublin Review
DS	Drama Survey
EJ	English Journal
ELH	English Literary History
	Encounter
	English Studies
ER	Evergreen Review
ETJ	Educational Theatre Journal
	Forum
Fm	Freeman
	Griffin
	Georgia Review
Harper	Harper's Magazine
HdR	Hudson Review
HR	Hopkins Review
	Horizon
IJE	International Journal of Ethics
	Independent
IW	Independent Woman
JEGP	Journal of English and Germanic Philology
JF	Jewish Frontier
JHI	Journal of the History of Ideas
JP	Journal of Philosophy
JSS	Jewish Social Studies
	Judaism
KR	Kenyon Review
	Library Chronicle
	Life
LJ	Library Journal
LM	London Mercury
Lon	London Magazine
LR	Literary Review
LtR	Little Review
MD	Modern Drama
MFS	Modern Fiction Studies
MinnR	Minnesota Review

MLQ	Modern Language Quarterly
	Midstream
	Modern Age
MP	Modern Philology
MR	Massachusetts Review
NAR	North American Review
	Nation
	National Review
NC	Nineteenth Century
	Nineteenth Century Fiction
NDQ	North Dakota Quarterly
NEQ	New England Quarterly
NL	New Leader
NMQ	New Mexico Quarterly
NR	New Republic
NSN	New Statesman and Nation, later Statesman and Nation
Nwk	Newsweek
NWW	New World Writing
NY	New Yorker
NYEP	New York Evening Post Book Section
NYHT	New York Herald Tribune Book Section
NYHTts	New York Herald Tribune Theater Section
NYR	New York Review of Books
NYT	New York Times Book Section
NYTd	New York Times Daily Newspaper
NYT mag	New York Times Magazine Section
NYTts	New York Times Theater Section
OM	Overland Monthly
	Outlook
Per	Perspectives U. S. A.
	Phylon
PMLA	Publications of the Modern Language Association
	Poetry
PR	Partisan Review
PS	Pacific Spectator
QJS	Quarterly Journal of Speech
Ren	Renascence
	Reporter
	Salmagundi
SAQ	South Atlantic Quarterly
	Science
Scy	Scrutiny
SLM	Southern Literary Messenger

SoR	Southern Review
	Southern Folklore Quarterly
Spec	Spectator
SR	Saturday Review of Literature, later Saturday Review Survey
SwR	Sewanee Review
SWR	Southwest Review
TA	Theatre Arts
TC	Twentieth Century
TCL	Twentieth Century Literature
TDR	Tulane Drama Review, later The Drama Review
	Theatre Magazine
	Time
	Tri-Quarterly
TSL	Tennessee Studies in Literature
UKCR	University of Kansas City Review, later University Review
UR	University Review
UTQ	University of Toronto Quarterly
VQR	Virginia Quarterly Review
WHR	Western Humanities Review
WLB	Wilson Library Bulletin
	Works
WSCL	Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature, later Contemporary Literature
YR	Yale Review

GARLAND, HAMLIN (1860–1940)

In Hamlin Garland we meet an earnest man—one who believes in his own work so thoroughly that he cannot fail to impress others. His characters are real men and women. He has lived with them, toiled with them, suffered and resented wrong with them. It would be impossible for him to write anything else than those dreary, hopeless stories of life upon Western ranches.

Edwin Markham, 1893 in mss. quoted in *AL*. May, 1945. p. 153

Mr. Garland's books seem to me as indigenous in the true sense as any our country has produced. They are western American, it is true, but America is mostly western now. . . . I like being in the company of men who believe so cordially in man's perfectibility; who believe that wrongs can really be righted, and that even in our depraved conditions, which imply selfishness as the greatest personal good, teach that generosity and honesty and duty are wiser and better things. I like stirring adventure without bloodshed, as I find it so often in his pages; I like love which is sweet and pure, chivalry which is in its senses, honor for women which recognizes that while all women ultimately are good and beautiful some women are better and beautifuller than others.

William Dean Howells. *NAR*. Oct., 1912. p. 526

American criticism, which always mistakes a poignant document for esthetic form and organization, greeted these moral volumes as works of art, and so Garland found himself an accepted artist. No more grotesque miscasting of a diligent and worthy man is recorded in profane history. He had no more feeling for the intrinsic dignity of beauty, no more comprehension of it as a thing in itself, than a policeman. He was a moralist endeavoring ineptly to translate his messianic passion into esthetic terms, and always failing. *A Son of the Middle Border,* undoubtedly the best of all his books, projects his failure brilliantly. It is, in substance, a document of considerable value—a naïve and often illuminating contribution to the history of American peasantry. It is, in form, a thoroughly third-rate piece of writing—amateurish, flat, banal, repellent. Garland got facts into it; he

got a sort of evangelical passion. But he couldn't get any charm. He couldn't get any beauty.

H. L. Mencken. *Prejudices: First Series* (Knopf). 1919. pp. 134–5

Mr. Garland told his early stories in the strong, level, ominous language of a man who had observed much but chose to write little. Not his words, but the overtones vibrating through them cry out that the earth and the fruits of the earth belong to all men and yet a few of them have turned tiger or dog or jackal and snatched what is precious for themselves while their fellows starve and freeze. Insoluble as are the dilemmas he propounded and tense and unrelieved as his accusations were, he stood in his methods nearer, say, to the humane Millet than to the angry Zola.

Carl Van Doren. *Nation*. Nov. 23, 1921. p. 596

To us of the Middle Border the Hamlin Garland books are epic. Their unashamed provincialism is their glory. Here is the perfection of the willingly provincial—not on the defensive, not in any challenge, never by a breath apologetic. But completely articulate. . . . Not only to one who knows the land and the people, but to anyone who finds inestimably worth while an honest record of any section of national life—of world life—the Border books are almost intolerably precious. They are the record of that rarest of creatures, the provincial who goes into the world and makes it his own without seeking to "change front"—and then tells the whole progress with power.

Zona Gale. *YR*. July, 1922. p. 852

Hamlin Garland has been called a realist; he might with better reason be called a romanticist. Like lads romantic, he paused, tired to the bone from plowing, to read of dukes and duchesses and of people with charmed lives. . . . Although he pictures his boyhood as hard, still the book probably considered his masterpiece, *A Son of the Middle Border,* tells of a bright world vanished, a landscape so beautiful that it hurt him to have some parts of it revealed to aliens. At every step, in his description of the terrible toil of his people, the beauty of the natural scene remains.

Ruth M. Raw. *SwR*. April, 1928. p. 202

What, one wonders, would have happened if he had kept his loyalty to the humble, hapless farmers of (his) early stories? What if he had extended that loyalty so that it embraced urban as well as rural laborers? He might have avoided the whole period of unhappy experimentation in romanticism, and he might have ended, not as a complacent and garrulous

chronicler of past glories, but as the great novelist he once gave promise of becoming.

Granville Hicks. *Nation*. Oct. 21, 1931. p. 436

Garland's "middle border" had been little treated in literature before, as deliberately chosen subject matter. Here it appeared, simple, humble—oh, so humble!—but with a certain candor, a direct view of life, that was to be its hallmark, and a new note in American culture. The country boy born in Wisconsin, who had declaimed the standard pieces of eloquence in a two-by-four academy in Iowa, who had seen what the pioneer was up against on the burning plains of Dakota, and who in good time had the chance to orient himself amidst the world's store of knowledge in Boston, swore to tell what he knew, without dressing or palliation. Young Garland in the first fresh tide of self-consciousness is almost the very type of intellectual young America, so eager, so serious, so full of his new truth.

Ferner Nuhn. *The Wind Blew from the East* (Harper). 1942. p. 80

The movement, nurtured by Howells, found its major spokesman in Hamlin Garland. . . . When he came to Boston and found the example and personal encouragement of Howells, he wrote his only substantial work of fiction: *Main-Travelled Roads,* the book that almost singlehandedly exploded the myth of the West as the Garden of America, the happy lair of noble primitives surrounded by the soft beneficence of a friendly nature. It was a work, Howells saw immediately, which expressed the sad spirit of the rural Northwest from the experiences of one who had been part of what he saw. Following Howells' precepts, Garland wrote out of his own experience and about the region that he knew best, and for the particular brand of realism which dealt explicitly with the provincial environment out of which an author came, he coined the word "veritism."

Everett Carter. *Howells and the Age of Realism* (Lippincott). 1954. pp. 120–1

See *Main-Travelled Roads* (short stories), *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* (novel), and *A Son of the Middle Border* (autobiography).

GARRIGUE, JEAN (1914–)

Using such symbols as the forest, the zoo, the statue and the centaur, Jean Garrigue explores the loves, loneliness and anxieties of modern man, crystallizing them in poems that have the sensuous immediacy of actual experience. The effect is achieved in an idiom that is always fresh and

meaningful, capable of analysis and with a music that has just the right amount of dissonance to identify it as contemporary. Miss Garrigue has passion and intellect and fine technical equipment with which to give them embodiment.

Stephen Stepanchev. *NYHT*. Sept. 28, 1947. p. 18

Jean Garrigue is a very resourceful young American poet, and *The Ego and the Centaur* is a rich and full record—if rather too much so—of her self-exploration. It leaves little doubt of her ability to range in any one of several directions and to learn from a number of people without losing her own identity. But the general effect of this book is one's feeling that Miss Garrigue finds it easier to try out the same idea in a number of different poems, all of them more or less unfinished, than to stake all her possibilities in one definitive poem and let it stand. The poetry is all over the book instead of being a number of poems in the book and the ink sometimes seems to run.

Henry Rago. *Com*. Jan. 16, 1948. p. 353

Miss Garrigue's first book of poems is notable for two qualities: an acute introspective sensibility, at its best in such delicate probings of mood and motive as "Letter for Vadya," and an unusual accuracy of physical observation, especially when she is dealing with animals. The verse is relentlessly honest, stripped of tricks—too stripped, perhaps—, alive at every point. . . . Unhappily . . . the greater part of the poems, for all their vitality, are marred by a sloppiness that seems to be the result less of obtuseness than of impatience. There is *brio* enough here, and to spare; but there is a tendency to sag, to go unkempt.

Dudley Fitts. *SR*. June 19, 1948. p. 26

This poet, whose first poems ten years ago were in a metaphysical-imagist vein and showed the influence of John Crowe Ransom and Marianne Moore, now steps forward with a very personal style of her own. When this style . . . is used to convey a lyrical ecstasy or a sensory nostalgia, it is effective. When it is used for straight description, it can be magnificent. . . . Unfortunately Miss Garrigue is not partial to . . . simplicity. Like Ransom, but without that poet's saving wit, she prefers the oblique, metaphysical, verbally affected and syntactically confused.

Selden Rodman. *NYT*. Nov. 8, 1953. p. 30

It takes but a few lines of Jean Garrigue's second volume *(The Monument Rose)* to hear a really significant voice sing out with deep internal drama and verbal excitement. . . . Being inventive, sensual, and lyrical—word-inventive—her language is often just as startling as her imagery and her

original phrasing, the essential elements if poetry is to remain alive and not become just a sentimental sewer. Even originality is not enough if it is merely sensational or extravagant; but when originality is allied to a critical intelligence and is embedded in the systematic values of poetry, then poetry renews itself and the reader, adding another page to literature's uncertain history. Jean Garrigue has done that, if modestly, with a dignified attitude and an exciting air.

Harry Roskolenko. *Poetry*. Dec., 1953. pp. 177–9

Her poetry is at once lush and cryptic, extravagant and concise. It is elaborate with color and imagery, rich with alliteration and a frequent Elizabethan elegance. . . . There are occasional overtones of Hopkins and Dylan Thomas in her work, but she is undeniably original and individual as an artist and a craftsman in complete command of her medium. . . . The poetic intensity, the wealth of light and color, and the real distinction of Miss Garrigue's work cannot fail to impress the perceptive and careful reader.

Sara Henderson Hay. *SR*. Jan. 16, 1954. pp. 19–20

The world of *The Monument Rose* is romantic in its richness and strangeness and curious elaboration of detail. . . . Most of all, though, and for all the elegance in particular words, the character of this poetry is just where it belongs, in the play between rhythms and syntax, the wave-motion so to say, which makes the identity of passage after passage and makes all one and most fine. This thing, the weaving and stitching, is the most neglected part of poetry at present, but attention to it is a mark of mastery, and the gift for it, the melodiousness which is, as Coleridge claimed, the final and distinguishing sign of a poet, is something Miss Garrigue wonderfully has.

Howard Nemerov. *SwR*. Spring, 1954. p. 317

Single lines, sudden perfect phrasings, real poetic breath—should one not be content with this? In the abstract there is more in Miss Garrigue than in many contemporary poets, yet it remains abstract and fragmentary, a playing of scales rather than a virtuoso incantation. . . .

Two poems, in fact, the "Discourse from Firenze" and "Soliloquy in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise," deplore the loss of the ancient gods and the freedom of the Renaissance or Keatsian artist who took from the heaven of man's imagination whatever he wanted, Christian or Pagan or mingled forms. She calls on the cemetery ornaments of Père Lachaise to come alive, not for the sake of the buried but for the sake of poetry. Yet she knows (although she does not always accept her own conclusion) that the modern poet must walk naked. "The passion is to keep the ignorance

up," she remarks in her most finished poem ("The land we did not know").
(K) Geoffrey H. Hartman. *KR*. Autumn, 1960. pp. 694–6

Leaving aside the poems about Colette, cats, country gardens, etc., her work contains a core of intensely and I should say fully humane poems, which are increasing in proportion to the whole. If they never rise to anything that can be called a pitch, they nevertheless preserve the attractive quietness of steady intellectual warmth. At the same time there can be no doubt that she has a splendid lyrical gift and uses rhyme and meter elegantly. This is a less rare attainment than her others; some of her poems could be transposed to volumes she never wrote and no one would know the difference; but in the best poems her softly modulated rhymes and assonances together with unexpected variations in the length and pace of her lines produce what she (elegantly) calls "a little native elegance": the effect is right and original.
(K) Hayden Carruth. *HdR*. Spring, 1965. p. 134

The extraordinary radiance pervading *A Water Walk by the Villa d'Este,* Miss Garrigue's preceding book, is more than often held to a congenial shimmer in this fifth collection of her poems [*Country without Maps*]; and though the far-flung verbalism of before now looks, in relaxation, only more native, the mood seems agreeably broadened: with much of the ecstatic remaining, has come a pausing for judgment. And it is within that pause that variations of style now chart and compass her moderating extravagance. Unlike Colette, who is commemorated here by a fine opening poem, Miss Garrigue seems no longer bowed to the hauteur of the rapturous alone, but rather to heavier indulgences which ask not only sympathy but the utmost care.
(K) Frederick Bock. *Poetry*. June, 1965. p. 229

See *The Ego and the Centaur, The Monument Rose, A Water Walk by the Villa d'Este, Country without Maps* (poems).

GELBER, JACK (1932–)

For while *The Connection* may not be "art," it is none the less arresting. . . . Though the play's form is unresolved, and some of the writing self-conscious as well as overlong, it is a bit of naturalism not without point and not without talent. . . . *The Connection* creates a distinct sense of authenticity, even in the terrible languor of pace which marks the opening of the proceedings. . . . The result will surely seem unpleasant for spectators eager for either "art" or entertainment, but there is a sort of